

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 30.3.1904, P2C7

NOTE: Damage in the library
pdf file dictated that I guess the
missing text, also note that the
header has changed.

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

I RECENTLY found from my almanac that Spring has commenced, and subsequently verified the information by sundry cycling excursions into the country, where there is ample evidence of its truth. Armed with this great secret, I lost no time in bearding the Editor in his den, before the advent of the tame Spring poet, and urging my plea for permission to resume my Gossip anent the doings of the wheel whirled—world, I should say. For the wheelman is busy now that roads and weather favour his pursuit to the uttermost.

Some of the more stout-hearted Excelsiorites have already put in a good deal of riding, Fred Young having seven hundred and odd miles to his credit, and Medhurst about nine hundred.

Both of them have twice ridden up Bury Hill since the close of last season, by the way, and whilst most of us were thinking twenty miles a long ride, the pair cycled to Portsmouth and back.

Roads were good, but the air was nippy, and a little snow fell during the run home.

A few weeks later Medhurst rode to London, aided by a favouring breeze which helped him to Croydon inside three hours.

On the return the same breeze caused him to seek shelter behind a friendly motor at Redhill. This took the Brighton road at Crawley, and, rather than sacrifice his pace-maker, Medhurst followed suit.

Eventually, after a couple of punctures, he finally separated from the motor near Cuckfield, and rode homewards through Brighton. His cyclometer said one hundred and twenty-two miles. A good ride, more especially so in the early months.

The form of cycling which the off-season rider usually extracts least enjoyment from is

The form of cycling which the off-season rider usually extracts least enjoyment from is the exploring of country by-lanes. Several Excelsiorites have been bitten over this.

On a recent Saturday afternoon the Irrepressible and I were out between Small Dole and Partridge Green. Tempted by the balmy air, the green fields, and the general air of innocence on the face of Nature, we decided to take a cross-country ramble on to the Ashington road.

Across a few meadows we wheeled our bicycles, admiring a rustic bridge which carried us over a rippling brooklet as we went.

But anon the scene was changed!

Our route took us away from the last vestiges of civilisation, and soon we found ourselves in what the natives term green lanes. These are, apparently, roads belonging to some prehistoric period, which have been going from bad to worse right down through the ages.

I have seen some mud at times, but never had I even dreamt so much of the undesirable commodity could be viewed at one time as we saw on that unfortunate afternoon.

After a mile or so of alternately tramping recklessly through the slime with our machines on our shoulders, and trespassing across meadows which promised better going, we bitterly repented the balmy green innocence which had tempted us off the beaten track, and imposed upon our own supply of the same characteristics.

I used to be sceptical of the old legend

I used to be sceptical of the old legend which relates that a coach and horses were lost in the mire of a Sussex road. Now I shrewdly have discovered its burial ground in those green lanes. At any rate, I believe the farm lanes which venture along them are counted with care.

Our progress was very slow, but by scrambling through a few hedges in the meadows, back again into the lanes and over a ditch or two, we came to better ground. With the aid of much grass we made a hasty trail of persons and machines; then, as soon as we could recognise each other, we swore a solemn oath on the hilts of our inflators never again to explore green lanes!

Then a bit of rough riding on farm roads brought us out near Ashington, and so home to a much-needed clean-up, and an even more needed tea.

The Easter Race Meetings are a little too early for the speed men of the Excelsior Club Cycling section, and I understand none of them are competing. E. Baruch Blaker has entered the motor-cycle races at the Preston Park Sports run by the Brighton C.C. on Easter Monday.

A two miles walk at the same meeting should receive the attention of some of our pedestrians. The prizes are good enough to command entries from men of class—the first being five guineas—and a fine field should turn out.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

I RECENTLY found from my almanac that Spring has commenced, and subsequently verified the information by sundry cycling excursions into the country, where there is ample evidence of its truth. Armed with this great secret, I lost no time in bearding the Editor in his den, before the advent of the tame Spring poet, and urging my plea for permission to resume my Gossip anent the doings of the wheel whirled - world, I should say. For the wheelman is busy now that roads and weather favour his pursuit to the uttermost.

Some of the more stout-hearted Excelsiorites have already put in a good deal of riding, Fred Young having seven hundred and odd miles to his credit, and Medhurst about nine hundred.

Both of them have twice ridden up Bury Hill since the close of last season, by the way, and

whilst most of us were thinking twenty miles a long ride, the pair cycled to Portsmouth and back.

Roads were good, but the air was nippy, and a little snow fell during the run home.

A few weeks later Medhurst rode to London, aided by a favouring breeze which helped him to Croydon inside three hours.

On the return the same breeze caused him to seek shelter behind a friendly motor at Redhill. This took the Brighton road at Crawley, and, rather than sacrifice his pace-maker, Medhurst followed suit.

Eventually, after a couple of punctures, he finally separated from the motor near Cuckfield, and rode homewards through Brighton. His cyclometer said one hundred and twenty-two miles. A good ride, more especially so in the early months.

The form of cycling which the off-season rider usually extracts least enjoyment from is the exploring of country by-lanes. Several Excelsiorites have been bitten over this.

On a recent Saturday afternoon the Irrespressible and I were out between Small Dole and Partridge Green. Tempted by the balmy air, the green fields, and the general air of innocence on the face of Nature, we decided to take a cross-country ramble on to the Ashington road.

Across a few meadows we wheeled our bicycles, admiring a rustic bridge which carried us over a rippling brooklet as we went.

But anon the scene was changed !

Our route took us away from the last vestiges of civilisation, and soon we found ourselves in what the natives term green lanes. These are, apparently, roads belonging to some prehistoric period, which have been going from bad to worse right down through the ages.

I have seen some mud at times, but never had I even dreamt so much of the undesirable commodity could be viewed at one time as we saw on that unfortunate afternoon.

After a mile or so of alternately tramping recklessly through the slime with our machines on our shoulders, and trespassing across meadows which promised better going, we bitterly repented the balmy green innocence which had tempted us off the beaten track, and imposed

upon our own supply of the same characteristics.

I used to be sceptical of the old legend relates that a coach and horses were lost in the mire of a Sussex road. Now I shrewdly believed we discovered its burial ground in those lanes. At any rate, I believe the farm carts which venture along them are counted with care.

Our progress was very slow, but by scrambling through a few hedges into meadows, back again into the lanes and across a ditch or two, we came to better ground, and with the aid of much grass we made a hasty toilet of persons and machines; then, as soon as we could recognise each other, we swore a solemn oath on the hilts of our inflators never again to explore green lanes!

Then a bit of rough riding on farm roads brought us out near Ashington, and so home to a much-needed clean-up, and an even more needed tea.

The Easter Race Meetings are a little too early for the speed men of the Excelsior Club Cycling section, and I understand none of them are competing. E. Baruch Blaker has entered the motor-cycle races at the Preston Park Sports run by the Brighton C.C. on Easter Monday.

A two miles walk at the same meeting should receive the attention of some of our pedestrians. The prizes are good enough to command entries from men of class—the first being five guineas—and a fine field should turn out.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin - 6.4.1904, P2C7

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

MARCH winds and April showers have both been pretty much in evidence during the Easter holidays, the result being that long cycling spins have for the most part been abandoned in favour of modest jaunts. A couple of hard-riding Excelsiorites had planned a trip into Hants and Wilts, but the cold grey dawa which was to view the start brought an unsympathetic head wind and the promise of much rain. So they exhibited that discretion which is the better part of valour—when valour is mud-plugging!

Another pair enjoyed a modest day's run of sixty-odd miles through Arundel to Petworth and Midhurst, returning by Chichester.

The roads could not have been better, and, as luck would have it, they were fortunate in not getting more than the fringes of a couple of showers.

On Monday a party of local wheelmen went to Preston Park to see the Brighton Cyclist Club's Race Meeting, the party being smaller this year than usual, as several of the "boys" had deserted to the Football Match, where they enjoyed seeing Worthing win the Senior Cup.

However, we numbered one competitor—Baruch Blaker, who was motoring—and two officials, in the persons of Field-Stewards Henson and Sam Clark.

In the Half-mile Handicap Offen, of Brighton, finished second to a very warm novice named Giles, of the Lyric C.C., who won in one minute four seconds, despite a troublesome wind.

In the mile Offen won his heat very neatly, and again secured second prize in the final. The

In the mile Offen won his heat very neatly, and again secured second prize in the final. The winner was Edwards, of Balham, who, with a neat jump, took advantage of a sprint made by another man when half a mile from the finish, and got away from the field before they realised what had happened.

In the Five Miles Scratch Race the other Brighton rider, G. N. Charman, secured second place to the great C. B. Kingsbury, who won fairly easily, though clearly not yet in real form. Offen was brought down by another competitor in this race, but was unhurt.

The motor-cycle race provided some thrilling sport, as half-a-dozen riders tore round the track at speeds varying up to thirty-six miles an hour, to an accompaniment of rattling explosions from the engines, which were allowed to be run unmuffled.

The first prize went to Richards, a London rider, our man Blaker finishing second, and Genn, of Wimbledon, third.

Baruch Blaker has now won the second prize in the motor race at these Sports three times. Each time it has taken the form of a salad bowl!

Charman and Offen, though Brighton men, are both members of the Worthing Excelsior Club, so it happens that all four of the second prizes were won by Excelsiorites.

I understand from W. R. Paine that he is undecided whether to race this year or not, as he cannot spare the time for a proper course of training. Some of the younger speedmen in the Club ought to be fit by this time, and I wonder that none of them should have been competing this Easter.

There is a whisper of a competition on the road later on; it may be they are reserving themselves for this.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

MARCH winds and April showers have both been pretty much in evidence during the Easter holidays, the result being that long cycling spins have for the most part been

abandoned in favour of modest jaunts. A couple of hard-riding Excelsiorites had planned a trip into Hants and Wilts, but the cold grey dawn which was to view the start brought an unsympathetic head wind and the promise of much rain. So they exhibited that discretion which is the better part of valour—when valour is mud-plugging!

Another pair enjoyed a modest day's run of sixty-odd miles through Arundel to Petworth and Midhurst, returning by Chichester.

The roads could not have been better, and, as luck would have it, they were fortunate in not getting more than the fringes of a couple of showers.

On Monday a party of local wheelmen went to Preston Park to see the Brighton Cyclist Club's Race Meeting, the party being smaller this year than usual, as several of the "boys" had deserted to the Football Match, where they enjoyed seeing Worthing win the Senior Cup.

However, we numbered one competitor—Baruch Blaker, who was motoring—and two officials, in the persons of Field-Stewards Henson and Sam Clark.

In the Half-mile Handicap Offen, of Brighton, finished second to a very warm novice named Giles, of the Lyric C.C., who won in one minute four seconds, despite a troublesome wind.

In the mile Offen won his heat very neatly, and again secured second prize in the final. The winner was Edwards, of Balham, who, with a neat jump, took advantage of a sprint made by another man when half a mile from the finish, and got away from the field before they realised what had happened.

In the Five Miles Scratch Race the other Brighton rider, G. N. Charman, secured second place to the great Kingsbury, who won fairly easily, although clearly not yet in real form. Offen was brought down by another competitor in this race, but was unhurt.

The motor-cycle race provided some thrilling sport, as half-a-dozen riders tore round the track at speeds varying up to thirty-six miles an hour, to an accompaniment of rattling explosions from the engines, which were allowed to be run unmuffled.

The first prize went to Richards, a London rider, our man Blaker finishing second, and Genn, of Wimbledon, third. Baruch Blaker has now won the second prize

in the motor race at these Sports three times.
Each time it has taken the form of a salad
bowl!

Charman and Offen, though Brighton men,
are both members of the Worthing Excelsior
Club, so it happens that all four of the second
prizes were won by Excelsiorites.

I understand from W. R. Paine that he is
undecided whether to race this year or not, as
he cannot spare the time for a proper course of
training. Some of the younger speedmen in the
Club ought to be fit by this time, and I wonder
that none of them should have been competing
this Easter.

There is a whisper of a competition on the
road later on ; it may be they are reserving
themselves for this.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin - 13.4.1904, P2C6

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

"And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie."

—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

THE cyclist is, at the present time, patronising the primrose beds in a wholesale manner, though I do not wish it to be inferred from the quotation that he is wont to depart from the truth; neither does he spend his time in idle repose. He usually returns laden with spoils which serve as pleasing reminders of his spin.

The country is certainly very tempting now to the lover of wild flowers, and many a sinful scorcher has loitered away a few enjoyable minutes in compiling a nosegay.

Washington Bostel seems to be the favourite hunting-ground for those in quest of primroses and violets, though a number of riders leave the beaten tracks in pursuit of daffodils, which are not quite so readily found.

The stiff breezes we have experienced lately make long rides rather toilsome, and supplement the attraction of wild flowers in tempting us to dawdle.

At least two Excelsiorites prefer taking their cycling in large doses, despite these temptations.

F. Medhurst and F. Young started off at eight a.m. a day or two back, and rode through Horsham, Crawley, and Redhill to London, where they sat down to a well-earned dinner with appetites whetted by the extra work caused by a troublesome wind on the journey up.

They spent some little time about Town, visiting St. Paul's Cathedral and having a general look round; after which they weighed anchor and retraced their wheelmarks across Surrey and Sussex—a good day's work!

Crowds of cyclists were out on the Surrey

Crowds of cyclists were out on the Surrey portion of the road, and the surface was in splendid trim. Another Worthing man, Frank Hedger, sampled the other London route—through Horsham, Dorking, and Leatherhead—and found it in equally good order.

The end of last week saw Durant, of the Excelsior Club, and myself plugging against a direct head wind to Portsmouth. It was heavy work, but we did not attempt any hurrying, and so managed to extract plenty of enjoyment from it.

We found the roads good for the most part, though the route is much used by motor cars, and, in places, their tyres had left a nasty mixture of coarse grit, which threatened the lighter tyres of the cyclist with trouble.

Portsmouth is not a town in which to cycle, and our main interest there was centred in dinner.

Having satisfactorily disposed of this, we were about to make for our bicycles again when a curious spectacle met my eyes.

I directed my companion's gaze to a table at which a police officer was partaking of liquid refreshment.

"Nothing wonderful about that," said Durant. "Look! it's milk!" I replied.

Then we bathed each other's temples with cold water.

We afterwards satisfied ourselves that both policeman and milk were real.

The Primrose League Cycling Corps—one of

The Primrose League Cycling Corps—one of the strongest social Cycling Clubs in Brighton—visited West Tarring in strong force on Sunday afternoon, and enjoyed the usual tea and stroll round.

Followers of Cycling and Athletic Sports will regret to hear that the Worthing Excelsior Club has been obliged to withdraw the proposed Whit Monday Sports this year.

Under the most favourable circumstances the meeting is financially a speculative undertaking, as the Club is in competition with neighbouring meetings on the same day. This year the expense attending it would have been greater, and it was felt that a loss would have to be faced if the meeting was held.

Since Boxing Day the Excelsior pedestrians have simmered down, but it is possible they will soon be up and at it once again.

One man, W. Constable, has notified his intention to attempt the Club standard medal walk of seven miles in the hour, in three or four weeks' time. If this move operates as it does in the Cycling Section, there will soon be more of the heel-and-toe artistes at work. I hope to see some interest displayed in these competitions.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

“ And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie.”
— *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

THE cyclist is, at the present time, patronising the primrose bods in a wholesale manner, though I do not wish it to be inferred from the quotation that he is wont to depart from the truth; neither does he spend his time in idle repose. He usually returns laden with spoils which serve as pleasing reminders of his spin.

The country is certainly very tempting now to the lover of wild flowers, and many a sinful scorcher has loitered away a few enjoyable minutes in compiling a nosegay.

Washington Bostel seems to be the favourite hunting-ground for those in quest of primroses and violets, though a number of riders leave the beaten tracks in pursuit of daffodils, which are not quite so readily found.

The stiff breezes we have experienced lately make long rides rather toilsome, and supplement the attraction of wild flowers in tempting us to dawdle.

At least two Excelsiorites prefer taking their cycling in large doses, despite these temptations.

F. Medhurst and F. Young started off at eight a.m. a day or two back, and rode through Horsham, Crawley, and Redhill to London, where they sat down to a well-earned dinner with appetites whetted by the extra work caused by a troublesome wind on the journey up.

They spent some little time about Town, visiting St. Paul's Cathedral and having a general look round; after which they weighed anchor and retraced their wheelmarks across Surrey and Sussex - a good day's work!

Crowds of cyclists were out on the Surrey portion of the road, and the surface was in splendid trim. Another Worthing man, Frank Hedger, sampled the other London route—through Horsham, Dorking, and Leatherhead—and found it in equally good order.

The end of last week saw Durant, of the Excelsior Club, and myself plugging against a direct head wind to Portsmouth. It was heavy work, but we did not attempt any hurrying, and so managed to extract plenty of enjoyment from it.

We found the roads good for the most part, though the route is much used by motor cars, and, in places, their tyres had left a nasty mixture of coarse grit, which threatened the lighter tyres of the cyclist with trouble.

Portsmouth is not a town in which to cycle, and our main interest there was centred in dinner.

Having satisfactorily disposed of this, we were about to make for our bicycles again when a curious spectacle met my eyes.

I directed my companion's gaze to a table at which a police officer was partaking of liquid refreshment.

"Nothing wonderful about that," said Durant. "Look! it's milk!" I replied.

Then we bathed each other's temples with cold water.

We afterwards satisfied ourselves that both

policeman and milk were real.

The Primrose League Cycling Corps - one of the strongest social Cycling Clubs in Brighton - visited West Tarring in strong force on Sunday afternoon, and enjoyed the usual tea and stroll round.

Followers of Cycling and Athletic Sports will regret to hear that the Worthing Excelsior Club has been obliged to withdraw the proposed Whit Monday Sports this year.

Under the most favourable circumstances the meeting is financially a speculative undertaking, as the Club is in competition with neighbouring meetings on the same day. This year the expense attending it would have been greater, and it was felt that a loss would have to be faced if the meeting was held.

Since Boxing Day the Excelsior pedestrians have simmered down, but it is possible they will soon be up and at it once again.

One man, W. Constable, has notified his intention to attempt the Club standard medal walk of seven miles in the hour, in three or four weeks' time. If this move operates as it does in the Cycling Section, there will soon be more of the heel-and-toe artistes at work. I hope to see some interest displayed in these competitions.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin - 20.4.1904, P2C7

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

ARUNDEL PARK was looking very beautiful the other day as I rode through it to Whiteways Lodge, in company with another Excelsiorite. The sun was warm and welcome, and, like the Park, reminded us of approaching summer. Deer were placidly grazing near the road, or trotting about with that dainty, graceful action which only a deer can display; and the views of peaceful Sussex smiling in the sunshine made us slow down when we reached the higher ground for a final glance before the fine old cluster of trees curtained off the scene.

From Whiteways Lodge we turned nearly southward, and crossed the Chichester road on our way to Bognor.

Through Felpham our route was along an old "roaming road." It had no connection with the fine straight roads made by Cæsar's legionaries.

On the contrary, we counted no less than ten right-angle turns in half a mile! A roaming road, indeed!

So we zig-zagged into Bognor, and then rode on to Chichester, where we took the straight road homewards through Arundel, and, aided by a westerly breeze, brought a pleasant fifty miles spin to a close like regular speed merchants.

I generally blame a cyclist for his carelessness when he finds himself on the road minus a repair outfit and plus a puncture.

On Saturday I came up with a young rider in these circumstances who had a good and novel reason for his seeming neglect.

It was a two-man job to detach or replace his tyre, he said, and he never attempted it alone.

Two spanners and half-an-hour's hard work

were necessary before that tyre was repaired; I was, by that time, thoroughly convinced of the soundness of his judgment in leaving his outfit at home.

G. A. Olley, the well-known London speedman, has been inhaling the ozone at Worthing for a few days.

He looked up his friends Peto, Henson, Sam Clark, and the rest, and I should not be greatly surprised if the plucky and persevering vegetarian is early on the road this season.

All the Excelsior boys who turned out for him on his record attempts last year would like to see him regain his laurels. With anything like average luck he should be able to advance the figures a little.

Olley is too good a sportsman to grumble at the long run of ill-luck he has experienced as regards weather, punctures, pacing motors, and so on. I mentioned it when gossiping with him last week.

But George was not worried. With a laugh he said he would be satisfied when he had a fair chance—not before!

C. Wilmer, of the Excelsior Club, had a remarkably free freewheel the other day. So free that it was free in both directions, and he could not pedal his machine forward.

Some of the Club boys, who saw his feet rapidly flying round whilst the machine would not respond, facetiously suggested he could not get his mixture right, or else the sparking was bad. At the least he seemed to want his accumulator recharged.

accumulator recharged.

However, with a bit of walking and a friendly push from his brother Clubman, W. Duffield, he eventually got the machine home.

He can now use it in the house as a home trainer!

The West Tarring C.C., intent on the competition promoted by *Cycling*, is now in full swing with Club runs. A good muster went to Bramber last week, and passed a jolly evening.

The Excelsior Club commences runs on May 4th, the slow division going to Washington, where they will meet the fast brigade, who go further up and return.

Please Note This!

Referring to my announcement of last week, that the Excelsior Club had decided to abandon their Whit Monday Race Meeting, I am pleased to say the Committee have since been able to make arrangements which permit of their carrying out the Sports as in previous years.

Details have not yet been decided upon, but the Excelsior Club means to maintain its reputation for good programmes. I hope to see fine weather and a big gate at the Sports Ground for the occasion.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

ARUNDEL PARK was looking very beautiful the other day as I rode through it to Whiteways Lodge, in company with another Excelsiorite. The sun was warm and welcome, and, like the Park, reminded us of approaching summer. Deer were placidly grazing near the road, or trotting about with that dainty, graceful action which only a deer can display; and the views of peaceful Sussex smiling in the sunshine made us slow down when we reached the higher ground for a final glance before the fine old cluster of trees curtained off the scene.

From Whiteways Lodge we turned nearly southward, and crossed the Chichester road on our way to Bognor.

Through Felpham our route was along an old "roaming road." It had no connection with the fine straight roads made by Caesar's legionaries.

On the contrary, we counted no less than ten right-angle turns in half a mile! A roaming road indeed!

So we zig-zagged into Bognor, and then rode on to Chichester, where we took the straight road homewards through Arundel, and, aided by a westerly breeze, brought a pleasant fifty miles spin to a close like regular speed merchants.

I generally blame a cyclist for his carelessness when he finds himself on the road minus a repair outfit and plus a puncture.

On Saturday I came up with a young rider in these circumstances who had a good and novel reason for his seeming neglect.

It was a two-man job to detach or remove his tyre he said, and he never attempted it alone.

Two spanners and half-an-hour's hard work were necessary before that tyre was repaired; I was, by that time, thoroughly convinced of the soundness of his judgment in leaving his outfit at home.

G.A. Olley, the well-known London speedman, has been inhaling the ozone at Worthing for a few days.

He looked up his friends Peto, Henson, Sam Clark, and the rest, and I should not be greatly surprised if the plucky and persevering vegetarian is early on the road this season.

All the Excelsior boys who turned out for him on his record attempts last year would like to see him regain his laurels. With anything like average luck he should be able to advance the figures a little.

Olley is too good a sportsman to grumble at the long run of ill-luck he has experienced as regards weather, punctures, pacing motors, and so on. I mentioned it when gossiping with him last week.

But George was not worried. With a laugh he said he would be satisfied when he had a fair chance - not before!

C. Wilmer, of the Excelsior Club, had a remarkably free freewheel the other day. So free that it was free in both directions, and he could not pedal his machine forward.

Some of the Club boys, who saw his feet

rapidly flying round whilst the machine would not respond, facetiously suggested he could not get his mixture right, or else the sparking was bad. At the least he seemed to want his accumulator recharged.

However, with a bit of walking and a friendly push from his brother Clubman, W. Duffield, he eventually got the machine home.

He can now use it in the house as a home trainer!

The West Tarring C.C. intent on the competition promoted by *Cycling*, is now in full swing with Club runs. A good muster went to Bramber last week, and passed a jolly evening.

The Excelsior Club commences runs on May 4th, the slow division going to Washington, where they will meet the fast brigade, who go further up and return.

Please Note This!

Referring to my announcement of last week, that the Excelsior Club had decided to abandon their Whit Monday Race Meeting, I am pleased to say the Committee have since been able to make arrangements which permit of their carrying out the Sports as in previous years.

Details have not yet been decided upon, but the Excelsior Club means to maintain its reputation for good programmes. I hope to see fine weather and a big gate at the Sports Ground for the occasion.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

**Source: Worthing Gazette archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library.**

Turpin: 27.4.1904, P2C7

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

ROADS are now in perfect trim; and local wheelmen are busily engaged in taking full advantage of this satisfactory condition of things. F. W. Young put in a long day's spin early this week by riding to Windsor and back. He started off at eight o'clock in the morning, and rode by way of Ashington and Loxwood to Guildford, and on to Windsor—a distance of sixty miles, which he covered in about four hours.

A similar time was spent in refreshing the inner man and looking round Windsor; after this he resumed his pedals, and made the return journey without a stop, reaching home at eight in the evening.

The ride is the longest that has yet been done in a day by an Excelsiorite during the present season.

'Tis half-a-dozen years since my cycling took me to Windsor, and I doubt whether I should be satisfied with a flying visit of this nature.

Especially as my riding speed would not give me anything like a four hours' stay in the interesting town!

The Old Stagers' Section of the Excelsior Club had a day in the country recently. They jogged gently through Washington, Billingshurst, and Adversane to Pulborough, and had a good time. This section never cover extravagant mileages, but I have noticed they always know the likely places for a plentiful supply of good fruit in season.

Then the younger bloods are glad of the Stagers as pilots!

A day or two back I was returning from a spin to Horsham with a fellow-Excelsiorite, when we sighted a couple of wheelmen in the offing, and gave chase.

An interval of a quarter of a mile separated us, but even old 'uns like a dust-up at times, and we accordingly put forth some special efforts.

and we accordingly put forth some special efforts.

A mile was reeled off smartly, but we had only reduced the interval by half, and a second mile still left a good bit 'twixt us and the unsuspecting fliers.

We began to lose interest—and breath!—but renewed our efforts, and, after the warmest work I have done this year, we came panting alongside.

The fliers proved to be Stevenson, of the Excelsior, in company with a hot novice.

We promptly dropped off, remarking, as they flew on, that, had we known whom we were chasing, we should have saved ourselves three miles of real hard work.

The programme of the Excelsior Club's Whit Monday Race Meeting is an attractively varied one, and should insure an interesting meeting.

Three open bicycle races are included—two handicaps and a five miles' scratch race; Club cycling, running, and walking handicaps are provided; two running races for boys, beside the relay race between the Elementary Schools, are being arranged; a high jump and an obstacle race also figure in the bill.

The Club make a strong point of avoiding

The Club make a strong point of avoiding monotony in the programme, and I hope the venture will once again meet with appreciation.

F. M. di Villa, well-known locally, and an ex-Champion of Sussex, followed the example of the speedy C. B. Kingsbury last week, and became a Benedict.

He is now honeymooning at Brussels and Paris.

Cecil Edge, a relative of the famous S. F. Edge, and himself a well-known motorist, started a big job on Saturday last at midnight.

Driving a light fifteen horse-power car, he left London for Land's End, this being the first stage of a run of two thousand miles, which he is attempting to do practically without a stop.

His course next takes him the entire length of England and Scotland to John o'Groats; thence back to London and down to Brighton and Worthing, returning to London for the finish.

Five hundred and fifty-four miles were covered in the first day, and Monday night found him at Perth, with nine hundred and twelve miles to his credit.

Should he stick to his schedule, he is due here in the wee sma' hours of to-morrow morning—1.30, in fact—and doubtless local motorists will be on hand to welcome the plucky chauffeur.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

ROADS are now in perfect trim; and local wheelmen are busily engaged in taking full advantage of this satisfactory condition of things. F. W. Young put in a long day's spin early this week by riding to Windsor and back. He started off at eight o'clock in the morning, and rode by way of Ashington and Loxwood to Guildford, and on to Windsor - a distance of sixty miles, which he covered in about four hours.

A similar time was spent in refreshing the inner man and looking round Windsor; after this he resumed his pedals, and made the return journey without a stop, reaching home at eight in the evening.

The ride is the longest that has yet been done in a day by an Excelsiorite during the present

season.

'Tis half a dozen years since my cycling took me to Windsor, and I doubt whether I should be satisfied with a flying visit of this nature.

Especially as my cycling speed would not give me anything like a four hours stay in the interesting town!

The Old Stagers' Section of the Excelsior Club had a day in the country recently. They jogged gently through Washington, Billingshurst, and Adversane to Pulborough, and had a good time. This section never cover extravagant mileages, but I have noticed they always know the likely places for a plentiful supply of good fruit in season.

Then the younger bloods are glad of the Old Stagers as pilots!

A day or two back I was returning from a spin to Horsham with a fellow-Excelsiorite, when we sighted a couple of wheelmen in the offing, and gave chase.

An interval of a quarter of a mile separated us, but even old 'uns like a dust-up at times, and we accordingly put forth some special efforts.

A mile was reeled off smartly, but we had only reduced the interval by half, and a second mile still left a good bit 'twixt us and the unsuspecting fliers.

We began to lose interest - and breath! - but renewed our efforts, and, after the warmest work I have done this year, we came panting alongside.

The fliers proved to be Stevenson, of the Excelsior, in company with a hot novice.

We promptly dropped off, remarking, as they flew on, that, had we known whom we were chasing, we should have saved ourselves three miles of real hard work.

The programme of the Excelsior Club's Whit Monday Race Meeting is an attractively varied one, and should insure an interesting meeting.

Three open bicycle races are included - two handicaps and a five miles' scratch race; Club cycling, running, and walking handicaps are provided; two running races for boys, beside the relay race between the Elementary Schools, are being arranged; a high jump and an obstacle race also figure in the bill.

The Club make a strong point of avoiding
monotony in the programme, and I hope the
venture will once again meet with appreciation

F. M. di Villa, well-known locally, and an ex-
Champion of Sussex, followed the example of
the speedy C.B. Kingsbury last week, and
became a Benedict.

He is now honeymooning at Brussels and
Paris.

Cecil Edge, a relative of the famous S. F.
Edge, and himself a well-known motorist,
started a big job on Saturday last at midnight.

Driving a light fifteen horse power car, he
left London for Land's End, this being the first
stage of a run of two thousand miles, which he
heⁱ is attempting to do practically without a stop.

His course next takes him the entire length
of England and Scotland to John o'Groats
thence back to London and down to Brighton
and Worthing, returning to London for the
finish.

Five hundred and fifty-four miles were covered
in the first day, and Monday night found him
at Perth, with nine hundred and twelve miles to
his credit.

Should he stick to his schedule, he is due here
in the wee sma' hours of to-morrow morning -
1.30 in fact - and doubtless local motorists will
be on hand to welcome the plucky chauffeur.

DICK TURPIN

ⁱ Gosh! another rare Gazette typo!

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin - 4.5.1904, P2C7

Wednesday, May 4th, 1904.

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

PLUCK and endurance, allied with skill, always evoke the admiration of cyclists, and it was not surprising that local wheelmen were very interested in the long motor run carried out by Cecil Edge and two companions last week. Praise is, of course, due to the car, but the performance of the men deserves even more credit—in the estimation of cyclists, at any rate. The speed was somewhat indiscreet at times on the final stage; probably the drivers were a little excited at nearing the close of their big ride.

A motor-cyclist in the Excelsior Club, who has a speed indicator fitted to his machine, followed the car a short distance up the road. On one stretch the pace exceeded thirty-five miles an hour!

The actual distance of Edge's run was 2,068 miles; the time taken was a hundred and thirty-six hours and fifteen minutes; and the engine was stopped only on two occasions, neither of which was due to faults in the engine itself.

A Tarring wheelman, Botting, had the misfortune to damage his knee-cap in a spill last week, caused by a mix-up with other traffic; another Tarring rider, Willmer, sustained a bad accident.

Whilst awheel on the upper Arundel-road a dog collided with him, and Willmer was thrown with such force as to be stunned. His injuries were so bad as to prevent his reaching home, and he was removed to the Horse and Groom, at Patching, where he spent the night.

Only a few weeks back Fred Young had an

awkward fall owing to the caprices of one of these pests.

Unfortunately most dog-owners show a brutal disregard for the danger to which cyclists and other road users are subjected through the mad vagaries of their uncontrolled and useless curs.

I hope to see the motorist cause an increase in the canine death-rate; it will be the best thing motors have done for cyclists. 'Tis said G. P. Mills carried, and used, a revolver for dogs when on his End to End record ride a dozen years back. A good example!

A skilful twist of the toe works wonders, too. Last Friday Baruch Blaker administered the boot cure to a mongrel which yelped at his motor-bike. It stopped the yelp beautifully.

An Excelsior speed quartette rendering some pedal music to quick time, early this week, reached Horsham, where they found fresh excitement.

A small confectionery shop was on fire in Middle-street, Horsham, and the fliers stopped their scorching to watch the bigger and more serious conflagration.

As things went on, and no opportunity of "rescuing" a few chunks of toffee presented itself, the interest wore off. Then, curiously enough, another fire broke out at Faygate.

This was extinguished before the Excelsiorites

This was extinguished before the Excelsiorites arrived on the scene ; then their own little scorch once again re asserted itself, and they made good time back to Worthing.

Last week -end a seventy -five miles *oad handicap was run off by the Wimbledon (I.O., the course being from Wimbledon to Brighton and back to Crawley.

G. A. Olley, who is a Vice-President of the Club, figured on the scratch mark in the eve&t, and achieved a really fine performance.

Riding unpaced on the course, which is by to means first-class, he won the race in tie splendid time of three hours, forty-one minutes, and fifty-seven seconds, showing a speed of over twenty miles an hour right through.

C. E. Rowe filled second place, his time being twenty minutes longer ; the third man was Barrett, who rode the distance in four and A quarter hours.

Olley was looked after by Henson and Peto, of Tarring, the pair checking him at Brighton and following him to Crawley. The Tarring men must be moving pretty well to have kept as near the speedy Vegetarian as they did, for they were within ten minutes of him at the close of the twenty and odd miles grind from Brighton to Crawley.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

----- DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS. -----

PLUCK and endurance, allied with skill, always evoke the admiration of cyclists, and it was not surprising that local wheelmen were very interested in the long motor run carried out by Cecil Edge and two companions last week. Praise is, of course, due to the car, but the performance of the men deserves even more credit—in the estimation of cyclists, at any rate. The speed was somewhat indiscreet at times on the final stage; probably the drivers were a little excited at nearing the close of their big ride.

A motor-cyclist in the Excelsior Club, who has a speed indicator fitted to his machine, followed the car a short distance up the road. On one stretch the pace exceeded thirty-five miles an hour!

The actual distance of Edge's run was 2,068 miles; the time taken was a hundred and thirty-six hours and fifteen minutes; and the engine was stopped only on two occasions, neither of which was due to faults in the engine itself.

A Tarring wheelman, Botting, had the misfortune to damage his knee-cap in a spill last week, caused by a mix-up with other traffic; another Tarring rider, Willmer, sustained a bad accident.

Whilst awheel on the upper Arundel-road a dog collided with him, and Willmer was thrown with such force as to be stunned. His injuries were so bad as to prevent his reaching home, and he was removed to the Horse and Groom, at Patching, where he spent the night.

Only a few weeks back Fred Young had an awkward fall owing to the caprices of one of these pests.

Unfortunately most dog owners show a brutal disregard for the danger to which cyclists and other road users are subjected through the mad vagaries of their uncontrolled and useless curs.

I hope to see the motorist cause an increase in the canine death-rate; it will be the best thing motors have done for cyclists. 'Tis said G.P. Mills carried, and used, a revolver for dogs when on his End to End record ride a dozen years back. A good example!

A skilful twist of the toe works wonders, too. Last Friday Baruch Blaker administered the boot cure to a mongrel which yelped at his motor-bike. It stopped the yelp beautifully,

An Excelsior speed quartette rendering some pedal music to quick time, early this week, reached Horsham, where they found fresh excitement.

A small confectionery shop was on fire in Middle-street, Horsham, and the fliers stopped their scorching to watch the bigger and more serious conflagration.

As things went on, and no opportunity of "rescuing" a few chunks of toffee presented itself, the interest wore off. Then, curiously enough, another fire broke out at Faygate.

This was extinguished before the Excelsiorites arrived on the scene; then their own little scorch once again re asserted itself, and they made good time back to Worthing.

Last week - end a seventy - five miles road handicap was run off by the Wimbledon C.C., the course being from Wimbledon to Brighton and back to Crawley.

G.A. Olley, who is a Vice-President of the Club, figured on the scratch mark in the event, and achieved a really fine performance.

Riding unpaced on the course, which is by no means first - class, he won the race in the splendid time of three hours, forty-one minutes, and fifty-seven seconds, showing a speed of over twenty miles an hour right through.

C. E. Rowe filled second place, his time being twenty minutes longer ; the third man was Barrett, who rode the distance in four and a quarter hours.

Olley was looked after by Henson and Peto, of Tarring, the pair checking him at Brighton and following him to Crawley. The Tarring men must be moving pretty well to have kept as near the speedy Vegetarian as they did, for they were within ten minutes of him at the close of the twenty and odd miles grind from Brighton to Crawley

DICK TURPIN.

Researcher's Note: Gazette "typos" are rare, although this article contains several. I have ignored them. JG.

THE WHEELING WORLD
Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies library.
Turpin - 11.5.1904, P2C7

<p>Wednesday, May 11th, 1904.</p> <p>THE WHEELING WORLD.</p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>THE opening run of the Excelsior Club's season was carried out on Wednesday, and the strong muster certainly looks most promising for the success of the effort Captain Peto is making to resuscitate the time-honoured, but almost defunct, Club run. The rendezvous was at Washington, and a steady stream of wheelmen and wheelwomen trickled up through Findon and over the Bostel to the Frankland Arms, where they were joined later in the evening by a contingent of the West Tarring C.C., which brought the gathering up to about sixty.</p> <p>The first attraction was the finish of a speed contest promoted by the Excelsior C.C. over a distance of twenty-three miles, the course having been so arranged as to end at Washington.</p> <p>Nine riders had been sent off earlier in the evening, and just before eight o'clock they began to arrive at the end of what had proved a tough struggle.</p> <p>For there had been a somewhat bothersome cross wind, which had harassed the riders both on the outward and the return journeys; also the starts had been rather long, and only in one or two instances had the men got together, and thereby secured an advantage by sharing the work of pace-making.</p> <p>The winner turned up in C. Wilmer (12 min. start), whose time was 1 hour 19 min.; Howard (7 min.) finished second in 1 hour 14 min.; the veteran Sam Clark (10 min.) being next in 1 hour 18 min.; whilst Fred Young (3 min.) made the fastest time, and finished fourth, in 1 hour 11 min. 21 sec.</p> <p>Then came A. E. Peto, 6 min. start; W. R. Paine, scratch; W. Stephenson, 2 min.; S. Hales, 3 min.; and Ben Rogers, 8 min.</p> <p>Hales punctured, and had to change</p>	<p>Hales punctured, and had to change machines; whilst Rogers had the misfortune to fall and injure a pedal.</p> <p>This piece of sport over, the Excelsiors and the Figleaves adjourned to the Frankland Arms, where Captain Peto and Captain Duffield set their respective Clubs a good example by rendering some excellent songs.</p> <p>Signor Botting, too, extracted a supply of dance music from the piano, and those who had light, fantastic toes (and some who hadn't!) tripped them.</p> <p>I was grumbling about dogs last week;</p> <p>Since then the Prime Minister of the Excelsior Club, Mr. J. Young, has had a fall owing to some mongrel brute which nearly made a hash of him.</p> <p>As it was, the Excelsior's leader was, I understand, in a bit of a stew for the moment.</p> <p>Which reminds me that later still W. Stephenson and F. Young were following a motor-car on the Horsham road, when a dozen or more hens ran foul, so to speak, of the car.</p> <p>One was unfortunate enough to get mixed up with the chain gear. There is now some <i>Chicken Mayonnaise a la Motor</i> up that way.</p> <p>Saturday's unpropitious weather made things bad for the Southern and Poly. Clubs, who were holding races at Herne Hill and the Crystal Palace respectively.</p> <p>The Southern was billed to run its tenth annual six hours' race, and motor pacing was allowed; but weather and other troubles resulted in the struggle being shortened to one hundred miles.</p> <p>F. T. Burgess, W. J. Pett, and S. Ascott were</p>	<p>F. T. Burgess, W. J. Pett, and S. Ascott were the only starters, and no great excitement was manifested in what has frequently proved a thrilling race in previous years.</p> <p>Pett covered thirty-one miles in the first hour, and fifty-nine in two hours. He led the way up to sixty-three miles, when Burgess passed him and held the lead for the remainder of the race, which he won in 3 hours, 42 minutes, 40 secs.</p> <p>Pett punctured whilst trying to regain his lost laps, and had to retire after changing machines. Ascot, who was about twenty miles in the rear, rode seventy-six miles in order to qualify for the second prize.</p> <p>The Polytechnic programme included a one-hour motor-paced race, which secured half-a-dozen starters, and was won by C. V. Clark, who rode thirty-one and a half miles in the time. Poncione and H. J. Harding were second and third, both within a mile of the winner.</p> <p>On Sunday the Anerley B.C. and the Stanley Club paid their annual visit to Worthing, putting up at the Albion Hotel—the country quarters of the former Club.</p> <p>About thirty of the Anerley "boys" and twenty Stanley-ites made the journey, and, despite the drabby roads and weather which, was by no means enlivening, the members of the two famous Clubs spent an enjoyable time.</p> <p>Honorary Secretary Fibbens wishes Excelsior* ites to know the Club's run card is now out, and the season's plans are in shape. Those who have not yet remitted the subscription for the current year are requested to lose no time in taking this important step, in order not to miss any part of the fun.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
---	---	---

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

THE opening run of the Excelsior Club's season was carried out on Wednesday, and the strong muster certainly looks most promising for the success of the effort Captain Peto is making to resuscitate the time honoured, but almost defunct, Club run. The rendezvous was at Washington, and a steady stream of wheelmen and wheel women trickled up through Findon over the Bostel to the Frankland Arms, where they were joined later in the evening by a contingent of the West Tarring C.C., which brought to the gathering up to about sixty.

The first attraction was the finish of the speed

contest promoted by the Excelsior C.C. over a distance of twenty -three miles, the course having been so arranged as to end at Washington .

Nine riders had been sent off earlier in the evening, and just before 8 o'clock they began to arrive at the end of what had proved a tough struggle.

For there had been a somewhat bothersome cross wind, which had harassed the riders both on the outward and the return journeys; also the starts had been rather long, and only in one or two instances had the men got together, and thereby secured an advantage by sharing the work of pace-making

The winner turned up in C. Wilmer (12 min. start), whose time was 1 hour 19 min.; Howard (7 min.) finished second in 1 hour 14 min.; the veteran Sam Clark (10 min.) being next in 1 hour 18 min.; whilst Fred Young (3 min.) made the fastest time, and finished fourth, in 1 hour 11 min. 21 sec.

Then came A.E. Peto, 6 min. start; W.R. Paine, scratch; W. Stephenson, 2 m in.; S. Hales, 3 min.; and Ben Rogers, 8 min.

Hales punctured, and had to change machines; whilst Rogers had the misfortune to fall and injure a pedal.

This piece of sport over, the Excelsiors and the Figleaves adjourned to the Frankland Arms, where Captain Peto and Captain Duffield set their respective Clubs a good example by rendering some excellent songs.

Signor Botting, too, extracted a supply of dance music from the piano, and those who had light, fantastic toes (and some who hadn't!) tripped them.

I was grumbling about dogs last week;

Since then the Prime Minister of the Excelsior Club, Mr. J. Young, has had a fall owing to some mongrel brute which nearly made a hash of him.

As it was, the Excelsior's leader was, I understand, in a bit of a stew for the moment.

Which reminds me that later still W. Stephenson and F. Young were following a motor-car on the Horsham road, when a dozen or more hens ran foul, so to speak, of the car.

One was unfortunate enough to get mixed up with the chain gear. There is now some *Chicken Mayonnaise a la Motor* up that way.

Saturday's unpropitious weather made things bad for the Southern and Poly clubs, who were holding races at Herne Hill and the Crystal Palace respectively.

The Southern that was billed to run its tenth annual six hours race, and motor pacing was allowed; but weather and other troubles resulted in the struggle being shortened to one hundred miles.

F.T. Burgess, W.J. Pett, and S. Ascott were the only starters, and no great excitement was manifested in what has frequently proved a thrilling race in previous years.

Pett covered thirty-one miles in the first hour, and fifty-nine in two hours. He led the way up to sixty-three miles, when Burgess passed him and held the lead for the remainder of the race, which he won in 3 hours, 42 minutes, 40 secs.

Pett punctured whilst trying to regain his lost laps, and had to retire after changing machines. Ascot, who was about twenty miles in the rear, rode seventy-six m in order to qualify for the second prize.

The Polytechnic programme included a one-hour motor-paced race, which secured half-a-dozen starters, and was won by C.V. Clark, who rode thirty-one and a half miles in the time. Poncione and H.J. Harding were second and third, both within a mile of the winner.

On Sunday the Anerley B.C. and the Stanley Club paid their annual visit to Worthing, putting up at the Albion Hotel - the country headquarters of the former Club.

About thirty of the Anerley "boys" and twenty Stanleyites made the journey, and, despite the draggy roads and weather which was by no means enlivening, the members of the two famous Clubs spent an enjoyable time.

Honorary Secretary Fibbens wishes Excelsiorites to know the Club's run card is now out, and the season's plans are in shape. Those who have not yet remitted the subscription for the current year are requested to lose no time in taking this important step, in order not to miss any part of the fun.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette archive
at Worthing Local Studies library.
Turpin: 18.5.1904, P2C7

<p>Wednesday, May 18th, 1904.</p> <hr/> <p>THE WHEELING WORLD.</p> <hr/> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <hr/> <p>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>CYCLING was never more enjoyable than during the last few days, when King Sol beamed down in genial warmth on a country thickly sprinkled with wheelers. Bicycles were in profusion everywhere, and Excelsiorites met Excelsiorites on every hand. Stevenson was at Crawley in search of a supplementary breakfast; he was also in search of his fellow Excelsiorite, Fred Young, who had set out on a private speed trial.</p> <p>He found both at once, for the long wanderer had ridden seventy-odd miles, and acquired an appetite which Stevenson foisted him busily ministering to.</p> <p>At Horsham they met another of the "boys," out for what was almost his first spin of the season. They came along together, till a speedy motor car tempted Young. He cannot resist temptation in the form of pancing!</p> <p>I came across Henson in the crossing, and we met Race Secretary Duffield: soon after this, Barneb Blaker and Haver came puffing up the Bostel on motor bikes, and, whilst gossiping, other Clubmen rolled up.</p> <p>Barneb had been away into Hertfordshire on a hill-climbing competition, but had not waited to ascertain what honours he had won.</p> <p>The same day a recent recruit to the wheeling ranks won a friendly wager by proving he could ride a hundred miles in twelve hours.</p> <p>Beyond two or three modest spins and a season's football in the Ramblers' Club, the rider had done no training; added to this he did not know his way, as his route took him well into Hampshire.</p> <p>However, he started early, and rode wisely at a moderate speed—about twelve miles an hour—through Arundel, Chichester, and Havant, to Cosham. Here he took a wrong turn, but, after a mile or two, got right again, and made the return journey.</p> <p>A stiff wind gave him plenty of work to do, but the embryo speed merchant stuck manfully to his job, and at half-time had completed over seventy miles.</p> <p>After a light meal he continued the ride,</p>	<p>After a light meal he continued the ride, taking the Horsham road, and winning his wager with about two hours to spare. The incident goes to show the value of steady pace, as only this enabled the rider, quite new to the pastime, to carry out the journey on so windy a day.</p> <p>The same day another Excelsior man (Durant) and I went round my pet hundred miles ride.</p> <p>We, too, started early, and swelled the number of the "children of the mist"—for there was quite a fog in places during the early morning. In fact, we looked hardly respectable as we rode into stushins at Horsham, with layers of dust and damp artistically spread on riders and machines.</p> <p>But we rode on over Rowhook Hill and through Cranleigh, soon looking cleaner as the dust shook off; and not long after we caught sight of an old Church standing away on the hills to our right—near Marrow Down, in fact.</p> <p>The Irrepressible reminded me it was St. Martha's, an old Chapel to which a hostel was once attached for the accommodation of the pilgrims to Canterbury. Chilworth, at the foot of the hill, is mostly Powder Mills.</p> <p>Guildford came next, where we passed St. Catherine's, now a ruin, but once a Chapel and hostel serving the same purpose as St. Martha's. Pilgrims in the time of Henry the Third seem to have been well looked after! Nowadays they would join the Cyclists' Touring Club.</p> <p>Through Godalming; then we commenced the Hind Head climb. The up-gradient stretches altogether make about two and a half miles; but the magnificent views are worth far more trouble.</p> <p>The bright-hued gorse made a fine colour contrast with the old and shabby heather—the heather will score when autumn comes, though!—and the colouring of the trees was magnificent.</p> <p>With my pipe aglow I dreamed and gazed over miles and miles of country, admired the</p>	<p>With my pipe aglow I dreamed and gazed over miles and miles of country, admired the Devil's Punch Bowl—a valley which would hold a sea of punch—and paused to look at the stone in memory of the seaman murdered by three ruffians, who were hung in chains on the top of the hill.</p> <p>Then we pushed away against the wind through Petersfield, over Butser Hill, and on to Emsworth; whence homewards, <i>via</i> Chichester and Arundel. It is a grand ride for change of country, and is not too long for a comfortable day: the distance is a hundred and six miles.</p> <p>Race Secretary Duffield informs me that entries for the Club's Whit Monday Sports are coming in very well, and there will be nearly double the number of riders in the open events as compared with last Whit Monday.</p> <p>It promises to be a good "show."</p> <p>Captain Peto wishes the Excelsior members to know that Wednesday runs start at 6.30 p.m. from the Railway Bridge. He is arranging some most attractive special runs, too, for other days in the week.</p> <p>On June 19th the Club have a run to Portsmouth, starting at four in the morning; breakfast at Portsmouth; a day in the Isle of Wight; and an evening sunter home. A week later he has fixed up an inter-Club run and tea with the Brighton Primrose League C.C., who always bring a strong muster of jolly cyclists.</p> <p>Next Wednesday's run is to Ashington.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
---	---	---

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

CYCLING was never more enjoyable than during the last few days, when King Sol beamed down in genial warmth on a country thickly sprinkled with wheelers. Bicycles were in profusion everywhere, and Excelsiorites met Excelsiorites on every hand. Stevenson was at Crawley in search of a supplementary breakfast; he was also in search of his fellow Excelsiorite, Fred Young, who had set out on a private speed trial.

He found both at once, for the long wanderer had ridden seventy-odd miles, and acquired an

appetite which Stevenson found him busily ministering to.

At Horsham they met another of the “boys,” out for what was almost his first spin of the season. They came along together, till a speedy motor car tempted Young. He cannot resist temptation in the form of pacing!

I came across Henson in the evening, and we met Race Secretary Duffield; soon after this, Baruch Blaker and Hewer came puffing up the Bostel on motor bikes, and, whilst gossiping, other Clubmen rolled up.

Baruch had been away into Hertfordshire on a hill-climbing competition, but had not waited to ascertain what honours he had won.

The same day a recent recruit to the wheeling ranks won a friendly wager by proving he could ride a hundred miles in twelve hours.

Beyond two or three modest spins and a season's football in the Ramblers' Club, the rider had done no training; added to this he did not know his way, as his route took him well into Hampshire.

However, he started early, and rode wisely at a moderate speed—about twelve miles an hour—through Arundel, Chichester, and Havant, to Cosham. Here he took a wrong turn, but, after a mile or two, got right again, and made the return journey.

A stiff wind gave him plenty of work to do, but the embryo speed merchant stuck manfully to his job, and at half-time had completed over seventy miles.

After a light meal he continued the ride, taking the Horsham road, and winning his wager with about two hours to spare. The incident goes to show the value of steady pace, as only this enabled the rider, quite new to the pastime, to carry out the journey on so windy a day.

The same day another Excelsior man (Durant) and I went round my pet hundred miles ride.

We, too, started early, and swelled the number of the “ children of the mist” - for there was quite a fog in places during the early morning. In fact, we looked hardly respectable as we rode into sunshine at Horsham, with layers of dust and damp artistically spread on riders and machines.

But we rode on over Rowhook Hill and through Cranleigh, soon looking cleaner as the dust shook off; and not long after we caught sight of an old Church standing away on the hills to our right - near Merrow Down, in fact.

The Irrepressible reminded me it was St. Martha's, an old Chapel to which a hostel was once attached for the accommodation of the pilgrims to Canterbury. Chilworth, at the foot of the hill, is mostly Powder Mills.

Guildford came next, where we passed St. Catherine's, now a ruin, but once a Chapel and hostel serving the same purpose as St. Martha's. Pilgrims in the time of Henry the Third seem to have been well looked after! Nowadays they would join the Cyclists' Touring Club.

Through Godalming; then we commenced the Hind Head climb. The up-gradient stretches altogether make about two and a half miles; but the magnificent views are worth far more trouble.

The bright-hued gorse made a fine colour contrast with the old and shabby heather - the heather will score when autumn comes, though! - and the colouring of the trees was magnificent.

With my pipe aglow I dreamed and gazed over miles and miles of country, admired the Devil's Punch Bowl - a valley which would hold a sea of punch - and paused to look at the stone in memory of the seaman murdered by three ruffians, who were hung in chains on the top of the hill.

Then we pushed away against the wind through Petersfield, over Butser Hill, and on to Emsworth; whence homewards, *via* Chichester and Arundel. It is a grand ride for change of country, and is not too long for a comfortable day; the distance is a hundred and six miles.

Race Secretary Duffield informs me that entries for the Club's Whit Monday Sports are coming in very well, and there will be nearly double the number of riders in the open events, as compared with last Whit Monday. It promises to be a good "show."

Captain Peto wishes the Excelsior members to know that Wednesday runs start at 6.30 p.m, from the Railway Bridge. He is arranging some most attractive special runs, too, for other days in the week.

On June 19th the Club have a run to Ports-

mouth, starting at four in the morning; breakfast at Portsmouth; a day in the Isle of Wight; and an evening saunter home. A week later he has fixed up an inter-Club run and tea with the Brighton Primrose League C.C., who always bring a strong muster of jolly cyclists.

Next Wednesday's run is to Ashington.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library.
Turpin: 25.5.1904, P2C8

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD.</p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>WHITSUNTIDE has come and gone; and what a Whitsuntide! It was just the very holiday to fill the wheelman's heart with joy. Ideal weather and good roads brought out cyclists in throngs, and local riders seemed to be everywhere. One party enjoyed themselves at Thakeham, ruralising; others dined <i>al fresco</i> at the Black Rabbit; Arundel Park bristled with Worthing wheelers inspecting the Volunteer Camp; whilst another party had a pleasant jaunt through Pulborough and Petworth, over Duncton Hill to Chichester, and home <i>via</i> Arundel.</p> <p>Most of the Excelsiorites gravitated to the Sports Ground on Monday to see the Club's Race Meeting, and were rewarded with some very keen sport.</p> <p>As will be seen from the complete account which appears elsewhere in the GAZETTE, a fairly numerous entry had been received for most of the events.</p> <p>The Club sprinters provided a very good race in the President's Mile, and the quality generally seemed to show a marked improvement upon previous years.</p> <p>Stanley Hales, who won, rode remarkably well, and promises to make a real flier. He also scored a first in the Open Mile Handicap in a way which delighted the spectators, and looked very promising for his future.</p> <p>Brown, Howard, and Laker, who were on the</p>	<p>Brown, Howard, and Laker, who were on the heels of Hales in the Club race, also show good form; and I was pleased to see Brown secure the third prize in the Open Half Mile race.</p> <p>All the four Excelsiorites are young, and there is every promise of their developing into smart riders.</p> <p>Edwards, of the Balham C.C., who won the Half Mile event, had a very good time of it at the meeting. In the Five Miles Scratch Race he won the lap prize both in his heat and in the final, and wound up by winning the race.</p> <p>He has been very successful this season, and is working back to short starts pretty quickly.</p> <p>Draper, of Putney, who secured the second prize in all three races, is, like Edwards, a rider who has scored wins at Worthing before.</p> <p>It is gratifying to the Club that their effort to provide a Bank Holiday attraction should be appreciated by the public in the way it was on this occasion.</p> <p>For it was one of the biggest "gates" I have seen on the ground, and the meeting was a financial as well as a sporting success.</p> <p>The assistance received from friends of the</p>	<p>The assistance received from friends of the Club is also very encouraging. Mr. E. Roffey, for instance, rendered yeoman service in helping Honorary Secretary Fihbens and the Committee at the ticket box—a responsible post!—and thanks are also due to Messrs. Parsons and Mr. East for the ready loan of timber for seating. Yes; the Club has many friends!</p> <p>E. Baruch Blaker was competing at Tunbridge Wells on Whit Monday in a Three Miles Motor Cycle Handicap, and, as usual, secured a prize. He finished third to Gen. of Wimbledon, and Walton, of St. John's C.C.</p> <p>The Half-mile Championship of Sussex was run at Eastbourne on the same day, and resulted in a win for the present One Mile Champion, Tomsett, of Horsham, who beat Offen; Gasson, of Rye, being third.</p> <p>The speedy Kingsbury was at Chichester, and was amongst the prizes as usual. He secured the Mile Handicap from Hamlin, of Reigate, and Kay, of Horsham; and, needless to say, won the Five Mile Scratch Race. Bryce and Fowler followed him home in this.</p> <p>The Half-mile went to the Chichester rider, Farr; with Mustchin, of Portsmouth, second; and Hamlin third.</p> <p>Next Wednesday Captain Peto is anxious for a big turn out of Excelsiorites, the run being to Angmering.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
---	--	--

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

WHITSUNTIDE has come and gone; and what a Whitsuntide! It was just the very holiday to fill the wheelman's heart with joy. Ideal weather and good roads brought out cyclists in throngs, and local riders seemed to be everywhere. One party enjoyed themselves at Thakeham, ruralising; others dined *al fresco* at the Black Rabbit; Arundel Park bristled with Worthing wheelers inspecting the Volunteer Camp; whilst another party had a pleasant jaunt through Pulborough and Petworth, over Duncton Hill to Chichester, and home *via* Arundel.

Most of the Excelsiorites gravitated to the Sports Ground on Monday to see the Club's Race Meeting, and were rewarded with some very keen sport.

As will be seen from the complete account which appears elsewhere in the GAZETTE, a fairly numerous entry had been received for most of the events.

The Club sprinters provided a very good race in the President's Mile, and the quality generally seemed to show a marked improvement upon previous years.

Stanley Hales, who won, rode remarkably well, and promises to make a real flier. He also scored a first in the Open Mile Handicap in a way which delighted the spectators, and looked very promising for his future.

Brown, Howard, and Laker, who were on the heels of Hales in the Club race, also show good form; and I was pleased to see Brown secure the third prize in the Open Half Mile race.

All the four Excelsiorites are young, and there is every promise of their developing into smart riders.

Edwards, of the Balham C.C., who won the Half Mile event, had a very good time of it at the meeting. In the Five Miles Scratch Race he won the lap prize both in his heat and in the final, and wound up by winning the race.

He has been very successful this season, and is working back to short starts pretty quickly.

Draper, of Putney, who secured the second prize in all three races, is, like Edwards, a rider who has scored wins at Worthing before.

It is gratifying to the Club that their effort to provide a Bank Holiday attraction should be appreciated by the public in the way it was on this occasion.

For it was one of the biggest gates I have seen on the ground, and the meeting was a financial as well as a sporting success.

The assistance received from friends of the Club is also very encouraging. Mr. E. Roffey, for instance, rendered yeoman service in helping Honorary Secretary Fibbens and the Committee at the ticket box - a responsible post! -and thanks are also due to Messrs. Parsons and Mr. East for the ready loan of timber for seating. Yes; the Club has many friends!

E. Baruch Blaker was competing at Tunbridge Wells on Whit Monday in a Three Miles Motor Cycle Handicap, and as usual secured a prize. He finished third to Genn, of Wimbledon,

and Walton, of St. Johns C.C.

The Half-mile Championship of Sussex was run at Eastbourne on the same day, and resulted in a win for the present One Mile Champion, Tom sett, of Horsham, who beat Offen; Gasson, of Rye, being third.

The speedy Kingsbury was at Chichester, and was amongst the prizes as usual. He secured the Mile Handicap from Hamlin, of Reigate, and Kay, of Horsham; and, needless to say, won the Five Mile Scratch Race. Bryce and Fowler followed him home in this.

The Half-mile went to the Chichester rider, Farr; with Mustchin, of Portsmouth, second; and Hamlin third.

Next Wednesday Captain Peto is anxious for a big turn out of Excelsiorites, the run being to Angmering.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 1.6.1904, P2C7

<p style="text-align: center;">A Weekly Survey.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">The Swan of Avon—matchless Bard!— Is famed o'er all the earth; But to forget were quite as hard The Swan of Fittleworth.</p> <p>THESSE sentiments are mine; the words were inscribed in the visitors' album by some former guest at the pretty hostelry mentioned in the last line. The Irrepressible and I thought them none too extravagant as we ministered to appetites which had assumed enormous proportions consequent upon a ride through Billingshurst and Loxwood to pretty little Hascombe, just out of Godalming.</p> <p>At Hascombe we explored a bye road leading through a pine forest, and landing us at Milford.</p> <p>Its surface was good, and, though hilly, it is a useful short cut for riders going to Farnham, Reading, and Oxford. It avoids Guildford and the tedious climb over the Hog's Back, taking the rider into Farnham by a route that is shorter, easier, and prettier.</p> <p>From Milford we came southwards through Haslemere, with the Hind Head away to our right, and then tackled the mountainous road to Midhurst.</p> <p>Oh, the Hills! At Hatchfarm we were about seven hundred feet above sea level, with Blackdown Hill—once a home of Lord Tennyson—rearing its crest nine hundred feet just to our left.</p> <p>The next minute our free-wheels swished, our brakes steadied the machines, and we had dropped between four and five hundred feet, and were pedalling on to the next hill, which was even more formidable. Midhurst was welcomed when it came in sight.</p> <p>Then the cool, tree-shaded greensward of Cowdray Park refreshed us, and we were soon through Petworth and on to Fittleworth with the above-mentioned appetites.</p> <p>Before leaving the Swan we had a look at the panels in the Coffee Room; they have been painted by some of the many artists who stay at the picturesque inn.</p> <p>Several were really good pictures, bearing the</p>	<p>Several were really good pictures, bearing the artists' signatures. There is a signboard, too, by the famous war artist, E. Caton Woodville. But what amused us was a sketch by the same great man showing himself "working out his keep" at the Swan!</p> <p>From Fittleworth we sauntered leisurely home through Pulborough and Washington. Our cyclometers remarked that we had covered eighty miles; our muscles made it double the distance.</p> <p>But cyclometers do not record extra mileage when hills are ridden; muscles do.</p> <p>Some Worthing riders were curious as to the use of the light rods recently placed at intervals on the Horsham-Worthing road, and which now carry a wire.</p> <p>It is, of course, a military telegraph line—a familiar object with most wheelmen. Quite a number of miles of this temporary line have been put up round the neighbourhood lately. I noticed a small bell-tent which served as camp and telegraph station, between Horsham and Guildford. Tommy Atkins looked well pleased with himself, too, and picked upon a lovely spot.</p> <p>The sight of his little tent in the sun, and the evidences of the soldier's free and easy life, made me almost a believer in conscription.</p> <p>There will soon be some warm novices out!</p>	<p>Several were really good pictures, bearing the artists' signatures. There is a signboard, too, by the famous war artist, E. Caton Woodville. But what amused us was a sketch by the same great man showing himself "working out his keep" at the Swan!</p> <p>From Fittleworth we sauntered leisurely home through Pulborough and Washington. Our cyclometers remarked that we had covered eighty miles; our muscles made it double the distance.</p> <p>But cyclometers do not record extra mileage when hills are ridden; muscles do.</p> <p>Some Worthing riders were curious as to the use of the light rods recently placed at intervals on the Horsham-Worthing road, and which now carry a wire.</p> <p>It is, of course, a military telegraph line—a familiar object with most wheelmen. Quite a number of miles of this temporary line have been put up round the neighbourhood lately. I noticed a small bell-tent which served as camp and telegraph station, between Horsham and Guildford. Tommy Atkins looked well pleased with himself, too, and picked upon a lovely spot.</p> <p>The sight of his little tent in the sun, and the evidences of the soldier's free and easy life, made me almost a believer in conscription.</p> <p>There will soon be some warm novices out!</p>
---	--	--

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

The Swan of Avon - matchless Bard! —
Is famed o'er all the earth;
But to forget were quite as hard
The Swan of Fittleworth.

THESSE sentiments are mine; the words were inscribed in the visitors' album by some former guest at the pretty hostelry mentioned in the last line. The Irrepressible and I thought them none too extravagant as we ministered to appetites which had assumed enormous proportions consequent upon a ride through Billings-

hurst and Loxwood to pretty little Hascombe,
just out of Godalming.

At Hascombe we explored a bye road leading
through a pine forest, and landing us at Milford.

Its surface was good, and, though hilly, it is
a useful short cut for riders going to Farnham,
Reading, and Oxford. It avoids Guildford and
the tedious climb over the Hog's Back, taking
the rider into Farnham by a route that is
shorter, easier, and prettier.

From Milford we came southwards through
Haslemere, with the Hind Head away to our
right, and then tackled the mountainous road
to Midhurst.

Oh, the Hills! At Hatchfarm we were about
seven hundred feet above sea level, with Black-
down Hill—once a home of Lord Tennyson—
rearing its crest nine hundred feet just to our
left.

The next minute our free-wheels swished, our
brakes steadied the machines, and we had
dropped between four and five hundred feet,
and were pedalling on to the next hill, which
was even more formidable. Midhurst was wel-
comed when it came in sight.

Then the cool, tree-shaded greensward of
Cowdray Park refreshed us, and we were soon
through Petworth and on to Fittleworth with
the above-mentioned appetites.

Before leaving the Swan we had a look at the
panels in the Coffee Room ; they have been
painted by some of the many artists who stay
at the picturesque inn.

Several were really good pictures, bearing the
artists' signatures. There is a signboard, too,
by the famous war artist, R. Caton Woodville.
But what amused us was a sketch by the same
great man showing himself " working out his
keep " at the Swan!

From Fittleworth we sauntered leisurely
home through. Pulborough and Washington.
Our cyclometers remarked that we had covered
eighty miles; our muscles made it double the
distance.

But cyclometers do not record extra mileage
when hills are ridden; muscles do.

Some Worthing riders were curious as to the
use of the light rods recently placed at intervals
on the Horsham-Worthing road, and which

now carry a wire.

It is, of course, a military telegraph line—a familiar object with most wheelmen. Quite a number of miles of this temporary line have been put up round the neighbourhood lately. I noticed a small bell-tent which served as camp and telegraph station, between Horsham and Guildford. Tommy Atkins looked well pleased with himself, too, and picked upon a lovely spot.

The sight of his little tent in the sun, and the evidences of the soldier's free and easy life, made me almost a believer in conscription.

There will soon be some warm novices out! Stevenson, of the Excelsior Club, is training F.B. Sheppard, of football fame; he took him to Guildford and back last Saturday afternoon - and evening.

One of the Club officials was piloting a sixty-year- old veteran on his first ride to Chichester, too. Though well on the heavy side he rode every hill on the way.

Stevenson was on the Horsham road early this week, when a little crowd of London men came along.

He dropped in behind, and the strangers accepted the challenge which this implied. They quickened up and tried hard to run away from the Excelsiorite, but after a mile or so he was still enjoying the pace, and some of their own men had been left well in the rear.

The London men looked very wrathful, which made Stevenson laugh.

Later on he dropped across J. F. Bliss, of the Dover Road C.C., training for an attack on the twenty-four hours' ride on Southern Roads. The ex-holder of the Dover-London record—he is forty years old, by-the-bye— would like the help of some Worthing men as followers, etc., when he tackles this big ride.

Next week the Excelsior Club meet the Littlehampton C.C. for an inter-Club run.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD
Source: Worthing Gazette archive
 at Worthing Local Studies Library
 Turpin: 8.6.1904, P2C6

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD</p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>ACT 2 of the Excelsior Club's new play, "Taking Acid," was very interesting. The play, I should explain, is a pastoral one, and the stage is the King's Highway. Some people classify the sort of thing as road-racing, but as it consists of a series of time trials carried out unostentatiously, this description is hardly correct.</p> <p>The six principal characters—all heroes in the play—were filled by F. Young, one minute start; W. Stephenson, two minutes; A. J. Howard, six minutes; F. Jackson, eight minutes; C. Wilmer, thirteen minutes; and A. Coote, sixteen minutes.</p> <p>The scenic effects, as far as road surfaces were concerned, were all that could be desired, and no one punctured; there was, however, a mighty nor-easter blowing, and this accounted for the premature exit—at various wayside hostleries—of one or two of the characters.</p> <p>They said they were "dead to the world!"</p> <p>But usually only villains die, unless in tragedy; this was not a tragedy, and the cast did not include one single villain!</p> <p>Not even a vigilant, watch-holding policeman; for these plays do not make themselves a nuisance to others, as road-racing sometimes did.</p> <p>The hero of heroes was the new actor, A. J. Howard, who not only scored first, but did the fastest time of all!</p> <p>At the fall of the curtain, which occurred after fifty miles, E. Baruch Blaker, who took the times and was Stage Manager, informed me the plot worked out as follows; 1, A. J. Howard, actual time 2 hours 47^ minutes; 2, F. Young, 2 hours 48 minutes; 3, W. Stephenson, 2 hours 55 minutes, and the fourth, C. Wilmer, who finished just after the curtain, and was not timed.</p> <p>Bearing in mind the strong draught on the</p>	<p>Bearing in mind the strong draught on the "stage," the times were all good. G. A. Olley, who is a real "star" at the game, was at the finish, and he said they were all very creditable.</p> <p>He had been similarly occupied on the previous day, and had done a really fine ride. The distance was twenty-five miles, and his time, the fastest that was made, was sixty-nine minutes—practically twenty-two miles an hour!</p> <p>At West Tarring people do not get old; they only increase their age, still retaining their youthful activity. Look, for instance, at Sam Clark!</p> <p>Another illustration was provided last week by Michael Millan, who has arrived at the tender age of sixty-four, but, still possessing his youthful vitality, recently wagered he would ride from Figland to Horsham in an hour and a half.</p> <p>Edgar Henson and a little group of inter-</p>	<p>Edgar Henson and a little group of interested riders accompanied the veteran Michael. Thus encouraged, he carried out a splendid ride for a man of his years, by covering the distance—about twenty miles—with six and a half minutes of his time to spare.</p> <p>Michael Millan is three times the age at which most cyclists ride at their best, but there are many average riders who, in their prime, would get a bit warm over his journey.</p> <p>Biding in the sunshine is usually reckoned as the sweets of cycling; presumably, therefore, riding in the rain would be counted the salts of cycling.</p> <p>In this case Medhurst and Young, of the Excelsior Club, have recently been indulging in a new form of Epsom Salts. They rode up to see the Derby last week, and were caught in a heavy downpour, accompanied with a thunder-storm; in fact, they did not reach Epsom until after the big event, owing to the arduous-damp-ing state of the weather.</p> <p>Next week the Excelsior Club will visit Steyn ing, making the journey via Shpreham.</p> <p>/ DICK TURPIN</p>
--	---	--

THE WHEELING WORLD.

 A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

ACT 2 of the Excelsior Club's new play, "Taking Acid" was very interesting. The play, I should add, is a pastoral one, and the stage is the King's Highway. Some people classify the sort of thing as road-racing, but as it consists of a series of time trials carried out unostentatiously, this description is hardly correct.

 The six principal characters - all heroes in the play - were filled by F. Young, one minute start; W. Stephenson, two minutes; A.J. Howard, six minutes; F. Jackson, eight minutes; C. Wilmer, thirteen minutes; and

A. Coote, sixteen minutes.

The scenic effects, as far as road surfaces were concerned, were all that could be desired, and no one punctured; there was, however, a mighty nor'-easter blowing, and this accounted for the premature exit - at various wayside hostelries - of one or two of the characters.

They said they were "dead to the world!"

But usually only villains die, unless in tragedy; this was not a tragedy, and the cast did not include one single villain!

Not even a vigilant, watch-holding policeman; for these plays do not make themselves a nuisance to others, as road-racing sometimes did.

The hero of heroes was the new actor, A.J. Howard, who not only scored first, but did the fastest time of all!

At the fall of the curtain, which occurred after fifty miles, E. Baruch Blaker, who took the times and was Stage Manager, informed me the plot worked out as follows; 1, A. J. Howard, actual time 2 hours 47 minutes; 2, F. Young, 2 hours 48 minutes; 3, W. Stephenson, 2 hours 55 minutes, and the fourth, C. Wilmer, who finished just after the curtain, and was not timed.

Bearing in mind the strong draught on the "stage," the times were all good. G.A. Olley, who is a real "star" at the game, was at the finish, and he said they were all very creditable.

He had been similarly occupied on the previous day, and had done a really fine ride. The distance was twenty-five miles, and his time, the fastest that was made, was sixty-nine minutes—practically twenty-two miles an hour!

At West Tarring people do not get old; they only increase their age, still retaining their youthful activity. Look, for instance, at Sam Clark!

Another illustration was provided last week by Michael Millan, who has arrived at the tender age of sixty-four, but, still possessing his youthful vitality, recently wagered he would ride from Figland to Horsham in an hour and a half.

Edgar Henson and a little group of interested riders accompanied the veteran Michael. Thus encouraged, he carried out a splendid ride for a man of his years, by covering the distance - about twenty miles - with six and a half

minutes of his time to spare.

Michael Millan is three times the age at which most cyclists ride at their best, but there are many average riders who, in their prime, would get a bit warm over his journey.

Biding in the sunshine is usually reckoned as the sweets of cycling; presumably, therefore, riding in the rain would be counted the salts of cycling.

In this case Medhurst and Young, of the Excelsior Club, have recently been indulging in a new form of Epsom Salts. They rode up to see the Derby last week, and were caught in a heavy downpour, accompanied with a thunder-storm; in fact, they did not reach Epsom until after the big event, owing to the ardour-damp-ing state of the weather!

Next week the Excelsior Club will visit Steyning, making the journey *via* Shoreham.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library.
Turpin: 15.6.1904, P2C6-7

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

SOON after sunrise the other morning my alarm clock assumed the aggressive, and its metallic tones informed me that it was time to be wheeling northwards to meet G. A. Olley, the Vegetarian crack, who was attacking the one hundred miles Southern Roads record.

With a sigh and a yawn I turned out, and, remembering that the early bird expects the biggest worm, I took the largest handy bottle and filled it with tea and egg for the early rising speed merchant.

I had not passed Offington corner when my front tyre went flat. T. A. Durant, of the Excelsior Club, had joined me; and in the cold, grey dawn we had the tyre off and searched for leaks.

There were none! The puzzled puncture-seekers replaced the tyre, whereupon it held all right!

I was too sleepy to seek an explanation. All sorts of strange things happen in the weird, uncanny hours which herald the real day.

The Irrepressible then cut out a useful bat as far as West Grinstead, where we had a breather before Olley sped down from Horsham-wards with Thomsett, the One Mile Sussex Champion, following. We joined in.

'Twas warm work, for Olley had a two speed gear, which made the pace awkward. We came to hills; up we started. When it "pulled," Olley tickled a little lever on his handle-bar, and his low gear operated, his feet revolving nearly as rapidly as I panted at times.

We chased him down to Offington Corner—

We chased him down to Offington Corner—twelve miles—and left Thomsett, with Excelsiorite Henson, to follow and feed him on his return from Arundel; whilst Durant and Howard acted as pilots on Washington Bostel.

Olley kept busy, despite a wind which hindered him on nearly all the route, and it did not seem long before we were all following him into Horsham again, where Howard and Thomsett were left to see him to the finish at Horley, the rest of us dropping off to seek breakfast at Kingsfold.

At Horley the official Time-keeper clicked his chronometer and informed the famous Vegetarian and his perspiring followers that he had beaten record by twelve minutes, his time for the hundred miles being five hours twenty-six minutes and nineteen seconds. A grand performance, which would take a lot of beating on a similar day.

I caught sight of the previous holder of the record—E. J. Steel, of the North Road Club—in Worthing per motor cycle a little later. On his petrol-propelled steed he looked as if unpaced cycling records would not appeal to him very strongly now.

The Brixton Ramblers, a twenty-four year

old Club, visited Worthing last Saturday and Sunday, fourteen of them putting up at the Railway Hotel after a forty-five miles competitive time trial which finished at Offington Corner.

Their handicap was so good that the first three men were within one minute, after allowing starts. Some good times were done, too, the best being two hours eighteen minutes by Partridge. P. A. Nix, who is a real old timer, and has ridden every type of machine since the good old ordinary, made the journey in two hours thirty-four minutes.

Harry Greenfield, of the Tarring and Worthing Clubs, met with a very nasty accident whilst motoring on the Arundel-road last Saturday.

A vehicle turning sharply out of a bye lane drew over to his side of the road, and left him no room either to pass or to stop. Though he stopped his engine and applied his brakes, he was unable to avoid a collision, in which he suffered a fractured fore-arm, and was thrown under the trap, receiving other injuries, in the shape of bruises and cuts.

Stanley Hales was with him on his bicycle, and was also badly thrown, but fortunately escaped with a severe knocking about and some nasty wounds, his face especially suffering.

Help was obtained, and the two wheelmen

Help was obtained, and the two wheelmen were driven to Angmering, where, after a long and tedious wait which was pluckily endured, they trained to Worthing.

Hales is about and practically all right, whilst Greenfield is going on as well as can be expected. Harry has a large circle of friends, all of whom are especially sorry for him, as he is well known as a careful and capable motorist.

The number of Excelsiorites who attended last week's run to Littlehampton would be a good subject for a guessing competition. The solution is shrouded in mystery, as all went in small parties and missed one another through misunderstandings as to the rendezvous when Littlehampton was reached.

Up to now I have learned of four little groups of wandering Worthingites looking for each other on that run.

This must not occur next Sunday, when the Club makes an all day excursion to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight; and Captain Peto has therefore arranged that members are to assemble at the Town Hall at four o'clock in the morning for the start. Oh! this early worm business!

On no account must members lose themselves next Wednesday! The fixture is the Honorary Secretary's run to Findon, where the Club ruralises once a year. Tickets for this run must be had by Monday next; they may be purchased of any of the Committee, and each member is privileged to introduce a friend. The Tarring Club is joining in, and the run will be well patronised. A brake will be run for the benefit of the tired ones; fare, one shilling.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

SOON after sunrise the other morning my alarum clock assumed the aggressive, and its metallic tones informed me that it was time to be wheeling northwards to meet G. A. Olley, the Vegetarian crack, who was attacking the one hundred miles Southern Roads record.

With a sigh and a yawn I turned out, and, remembering that the early bird expects the biggest worm, I took the largest handy bottle and filled it with tea and egg for the early rising speed merchant.

I had not passed Offington corner when my front tyre went flat. T.A. Durant, of the

Excelsior Club, had joined me; and in the cold, grey dawn we had the tyre off and searched for leaks.

There were none ! The puzzled puncture-seekers replaced the tyre, whereupon it held all right!

I was too sleepy to seek an explanation. All sorts of strange things happen in the weird, uncanny hours which herald the real day.

The Irrepressible then cut out a useful bat as far as West Grinstead, where we had a breather before Olley sped down from Horsham-wards with Thomsett, the One Mile Sussex Champion, following. We joined in.

'Twas warm work, for Olley had a two speed gear, which made the pace awkward. We came to hills ; up we started. When it " pulled," Olley tickled a little lever on his handle-bar, and his low gear operated, his feet revolving nearly as rapidly as I panted at times.

We chased him down to Offington Corner—twelve miles—and left Thomsett, with Excelsiorite Henson, to follow and feed him on his return from Arundel ; whilst Durant and Howard acted as pilots on Washington Bostel.

Olley kept busy, despite a wind which hindered him on nearly all the route, and it did not seem long before we were all following him into Horsham again, where Howard and Thomsett were left to see him to the finish at Horley, the rest of us dropping off to seek breakfast at Kingsfold.

At Horley the official Time-keeper clicked his chronometer and informed the famous Vegetarian and his perspiring followers that he had beaten record by twelve minutes, his time for the hundred miles being five hours twenty-six minutes and nineteen seconds. A grand performance, which would take a lot of beating on a similar day.

I caught sight of the previous holder of the record - E. J. Steel, of the North Road Club - in Worthing per motor cycle a little later. On his petrol-propelled steed he looked as if unpaced cycling records would not appeal to him very strongly now.

The Brixton Ramblers, a twenty-four year old Club, visited Worthing last Saturday and Sunday, fourteen of them putting up at the Railway Hotel after a forty-five miles competitive time trial which finished at Offington

Corner.

Their handicap was so good th at the first three men were within one minute, after allowing starts. Some good times were done, too, the best being two hours eighteen minutes by Part-ridge. P. A. Nix, who is a real old timer, and has ridden every type of machine since the good old ordinary, made the journey in two hours thirty-four minutes.

Harry Greenfield, of the Tarring and Worthing Clubs, met with a very nasty accident whilst motoring on the Arundel-road last Saturday.

A vehicle turning sharply out of a bye lane drew over to his side of the road, and left him no room either to pass or to stop. Though he stopped his engine and applied his brakes, he was unable to avoid a collision, in which he suffered a fractured fore-arm, and was thrown under the trap, receiving other injuries, in the shape of bruises and cuts.

Stanley Hales was with him on his bicycle, and was also badly thrown, but fortunately escaped with a severe knocking about and some nasty wounds, his face especially suffering.

Help was obtained, and the two wheelmen were driven to Angmering, where, after a long and tedious wait which was pluckily endured, they trained to Worthing.

Hales is about and practically all right, whilst Greenfield is going on as well as can be expected. Harry has a large circle of friends, all of whom are especially sorry for him, as he is well known as a careful and capable motorist.

The number of Excelsiorites who attended last week's run to Littlehampton would be a good subject for a guessing competition. The solution is shrouded in mystery, as all went in small parties and missed one another through misunderstandings as to the rendezvous when Littlehampton was reached.

Up to now I have learned of four little groups of wandering Worthingites looking for each other on that run.

This must not occur next Sunday, when the Club makes an all day excursion to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight; and Captain Peto has therefore arranged that members are to assemble at the Town Hall at four o'clock in the morning for the start. Oh ! this early worm business!

On no account must members lose themselves next Wednesday ! The fixture is the Honorary Secretary's run to Findon, where the Club ruralises once a year. Tickets for this run must be had by Monday next; they may be purchased of any of the Committee, and each member is privileged to introduce a friend. The Tarring Club is joining in, and the run will be well patronised. A brake will be run for the benefit of the tired ones; fare, one shilling.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library.
Turpin: 22.6.1904, P2C6-7

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

LAST week I complained of the "early morning practice of my alarum clock. Things have gone a point to the worse since then, for it fell to my lot recently to forswear what Macbeth calls "sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care . . . chief nourisher in life's feast," in order to follow and check a rider in his attempt to establish a record for twenty-four hours continuous riding on Southern roads. Thus it came about that a dark and moonless night found a group of Excelsiorites awaiting the rider's arrival at Offington Corner — "looking after Bliss" we had told the others.

The others failed to see any "bliss" about the ride till we informed them the rider was J. F. Bliss, a London veteran.

Eleven o'clock came, immediately followed by Bliss. Peto and Henson plied him with egg and tea; Sam Clark and the crowd wished him luck; and away he went, followed by a little string of riders, who left him to Durant and myself at Roundstone Crossing.

Careful directions had to be given him, for the road was dark and Bliss was a stranger in the land. But we kept going, and skipped through Arundel, which was nearly asleep, and on to Chichester, where only two or three night duty policemen were about.

Emsworth found me mending a puncture, between one and two in the morning, to the loudly-expressed disgust of a house-dog near at hand. Durant had gone on to Cosham, where he handed Bliss over to a couple of his Club-mates at half-past one.

They followed him beyond Fareham and back to us; but he had got a fit of the slows, and looked to be wearing badly before sunrise, the night ride on roads both strange and dark having told heavily on him.

From Cosham he started northward for Petersfield, Guildford, and Thames Ditton.

From Cosham he started northward for Petersfield, Guildford, and Thames Ditton. But we had not gone far before a loud clatter in our rear arrested our attention.

A Post Office cart had been ascending the hill, but the youthful driver was more enthusiastic on the subject of speed uphill than was the horse. In the argument that followed the harness broke; up went the shafts, down went the cart, and his Majesty's mail bags were lying about the road in a trice.

In the interests of the nation I went back and was assistant ostler to the official. By the time I was going again Durant had punctured, leaving Bliss perforce to continue alone. It was the Irrepressible's first puncture this year — after 1,900 miles! — and, happening just as we were starting our northward journey, we took it as a hint to change our course.

So we headed eastward, and came through Havant — now in daylight, though still sleeping; but in darkness and over-run by numerous cats when we passed through a few hours before — on to Chichester, Arundel, and home in time to eat the breakfast an eighty-mile ride in the night prepares one for.

Then did I "knit up the ravelled sleeve of care" with a brief spell of the "chief nourisher in life's feast," from which I awoke vastly refreshed.

Sam Clark went to Cosham to await Bliss on his return from Thames Ditton later in the day, and assisted him on the way back through Chichester to Offington. But Sam punctured, and lost trace of the rider near Arundel. Bliss's arrangements were far from thorough, and his lack of knowledge of some of the road had hampered the ex-holder of the London to Dover and back record, and, I fear, spoilt him.

Sam Clark and Edgar Henson decided an

Sam Clark and Edgar Henson decided an amusing wager last Wednesday evening. With three hundred yards start Sam ran up Washington Bostel whilst Edgar cycled, the full distance being thirteen hundred yards. It was an exciting race, but when the cyclist got going he came up the hill in fine style, winning by about two hundred yards. A number of Clubmen rode out to enjoy the contest, and it was quite a Club run.

Writing of the match between these two, who are both keen Ambulance men, reminds me that this work is one which cyclists should take interest in, both for the sake of one another and because a cyclist can often render first-aid more promptly than a pedestrian.

Henson has recently concluded giving a course of tuition to a class of five lads, and, though this is usually the duty of a qualified practitioner, he succeeded in imparting the useful knowledge so well that all his pupils passed the examination. He himself obtained a first-class diploma to add to his collection.

One of the lads soon applied his knowledge. A friend badly injured his foot with a piece of iron, and the juvenile ambulancer extracted the iron, stopped the bleeding, bandaged the foot, and conveyed the wounded one home on the back of his bicycle.

Stanley Hales has recovered from the bad shaking received when he and Greenfield fell. He competed at Preston Park on Saturday in the meeting organised by the Brighton C.H., and won second prize in the open mile off the one hundred and fifty yards mark, being only beaten by a wheel. Bravo, Stanley!

The Excelsior's Isle of Wight run had to be declared off owing to several unavoidable absences. So Race Secretary Duffield tandemed to Selsea, where a most enjoyable day was put in; another pair visited Eastbourne; whilst a group of Excelsiorites and Figleaves were to be seen at West Chiltington.

From what I gather the Excelsior boys might

well copy the Anerley Club and include Selsea in their visiting list. It's a fine spot!

The Brighton Mitre Club held a fancy dress carnival and dance at St. Ann Well, Brighton, last Saturday, and it proved very successful affair. Among the thirty-thirty fancy costumed competitors were two Tarring wheelmen—G. Skinner, as a Strolling Play, and A. Carter, in Clown's attire—the former winning a silver watch as first prize in the gentlemen's class.

These little revelries are ways enjoyable, and the Tarring men would like to see similar fixtures promoted by a local Club.

Next week's runs are: Excelsior, Brighton; West Tarring, Steyning.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

LAST week I complained of the "early morning practice of my alarum clock. Things have gone a point to the worse since then, for it fell to my lot recently to forswear what Macbeth calls "sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care . . . chief nourisher in life's feast," in order to follow and check a rider in his attempt to establish a record for twenty-four hours con-

tinuous riding on Southern roads. Thus it came about that a dark and moonless night found a group of Excelsiorites awaiting the rider's arrival at Offington Corner - "looking after Bliss" we had told the others.

The others failed to see any "bliss" about the ride till we informed them the rider was J.F. Bliss, a London veteran.

Eleven o'clock came, immediately followed by Bliss. Peto and Henson plied him with egg and tea; Sam Clark and the crowd wished him luck; and away he went, followed by a little string of riders, who left him to Durant and myself at Roundstone C crossing.

Careful directions had to be given him, for the road was dark and Bliss was a stranger in the land. But we kept going, and skipped through Arundel, which was nearly asleep, and on to Chichester, where only two or three night duty policemen were about.

Emsworth found me mending a puncture, between one and two in the morning, to the loudly expressed disgust of a house-dog near at hand. Durant had gone on to Cosham, where he handed Bliss over to a couple of his Club-mates at half-past one.

They followed him beyond Fareham and back to us; but he had got a fit of the slows, and looked to be wearing badly before sunrise, the night ride on roads both strange and dark having told heavily on him.

From Cosham he started northward for Petersfield, Guildford, and Thames Ditton. But we had not gone far before a loud clatter in our rear arrested our attention.

A Post Office cart had been ascending the hill, but the youthful driver was more enthusiastic on the subject of speed uphill than was the horse. In the argument that followed the harness broke; up went the shafts, down went the cart, and his Majesty's mail bags were lying about the road in a trice.

In the interests of the nation I went back and was assistant ostler to the official. By the time I was going again Durant had punctured, leaving Bliss perforce to continue alone. It was the Irrepressible's first puncture this year -after 1,900 miles!- and, happening just as we were starting our northward journey, we took it as a hint to change our course.

So we headed eastward, and came through

Havant— now in daylight, though still sleeping; but in darkness and over-run by numerous cats when we passed through a few hours before — on to Chichester, Arundel, and home in time to eat the breakfast an eighty-mile ride in the night prepares one for.

Then did I “knit up the ravelled sleeve of care” with a brief spell of the “chief nourisher in life’s feast,” from which I awoke vastly refreshed.

Sam Clark went to Cosham to await Bliss on his return from Thames Ditton later in the day, and assisted him on the way back through Chichester to Offington. But Sam punctured, and lost trace of the rider near Arundel. Bliss’s arrangements were far from thorough, and his lack of knowledge of some of the road had hampered the ex-holder of the London to Dover and back record, and, I fear, spoilt him.

Sam Clark and Edgar Henson decided an amusing wager last Wednesday evening. With three hundred yards start Sam ran up Washington Bostel whilst Edgar cycled, the full distance being thirteen hundred yards. It was an exciting race, but when the cyclist got going he came up the hill in fine style, winning by about two hundred yards. A number of Clubmen rode out to enjoy the contest, and it was quite a Club run.

Writing of the match between these two, who are both keen Ambulance men, reminds me that this work is one which cyclists should take interest in, both for the sake of one another and because a cyclist can often render first-aid more promptly than a pedestrian.

Henson has recently concluded giving a course of tuition to a class of five lads, and, though this is usually the duty of a qualified practitioner, he succeeded in imparting the useful knowledge so well that all his pupils passed the examination. He himself obtained a first-class diploma to add to his collection.

One of the lads soon applied his knowledge. A friend badly injured his foot with a piece of iron, and the juvenile ambulancer extracted the iron, stopped the bleeding, bandaged the foot, and conveyed the wounded one home on the back of his bicycle.

Stanley Hales has recovered from the bad shaking received when he and Greenfield fell. He competed at Preston Park on Saturday in the meeting organised by the Brighton C.H., and won second prize in the open mile off the

one hundred and fifty yards mark, being only beaten by a wheel. Bravo, Stanley!

The Excelsior's Isle of Wight run had to be declared off owing to several unavoidable absences. So Race Secretary Duffield tandemed to Selsea, where a most enjoyable day was put in; another pair visited Eastbourne; whilst a group of Excelsiorites and Figleaves were to be seen at West Chiltington.

From what I gather the Excelsior boys mightⁱ well copy the Anerley Club and include Selsea in their visiting list. It's a nice spot!

The Brighton Mitre Club held a fancy dress carnival and dance at St. Ann's Well, Brighton, last Saturday, and it proved a very successful affair. Among the thirty-three fancy costumed competitors were two Tarring wheelmen - G. Skinner, as a Strolling Player, and A. Carter, in Clown's attire - the former winning a silver watch as first prize in the gentlemen's class.

These little revelries are always enjoyable, and the Tarring men would like to see similar fixtures promoted by a local Club.

Next week's runs are: Excelsior, Brighton; West Tarring, Steyning.

DICK TURPIN.

ⁱ Unfortunately the third panel of Dick Long's Gazette report is creased, dictating that I must infer some of the text.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 29.6.1904, P2C5-6

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

I AM writing these "Random Records" at the Red Lion, Fareham, after a run of bad luck on—and off!—the wheel. Fred Young had organised a little party of his fellow Excelsiorites to make an excursion across West Sussex and Hants into Wilts, last Saturday, and I was among the number. A lovely spin in the dark hours was somewhat marred by Howard puncturing twice and myself once. Then I lost a part of my pump, and of course wanted it badly whilst alone near Cosham. My lamp also somersaulted off the machine at another point for no apparent reason.

But the worst was to come.

Descending a hill in daylight, with brakes applied, I and one of the others collided in a quite unaccountable manner, and I croppered badly, the other rider escaping.

Medhurst and Young were as good as nurses to me. They soon found water and bathed my head, which was bleeding, after which I discovered my collar-bone to be broken; whereupon we tramped back to Fareham and had it set.

Medhurst and the local Superintendent of Police then aroused the hostelry at four a.m., and installed me in idle restlessness.

Accidents will happen; and though the other riders exonerate me from any carelessness, I mustn't grumble.

Sam Clark turned up at the Red Lion later in

the morning. He was looking out for W. de Creux Hutchinson, of the Vegetarian C.O., who was attacking the twenty-four hours' record made by Bliss last week. The Vegetarian arrived about two hours late—luck dead against him. I could sympathise!

In the night he lost his way and climbed signposts; in the day he had punctured—ten times in all!—but Sam cheered him up, and gave him a good send off on his road back through Havant and Chichester.

Last Wednesday witnessed a joint Club run, composed of the Excelsior and the Tarring Clubs, which was a run to be proud of.

The occasion was the Excelsior Honorary Secretary's run to Findon, and over one hundred members and friends availed themselves of his invitation to breathe the pure, fresh air of the Findon Downs. Advance parties reached the spot early in the afternoon, and a steady stream of merry wheelers kept trickling across the Fair Green in time to join in at the *al fresco* tea at six o'clock.

This interesting item was disposed of in a leisurely and satisfactory manner, and was followed by some impromptu sports. These provoked great mirth. The setting sun was wreathed in smiles as he beamed down upon ladies who were competing in the egg and spoon race or rivalling A. A. Shrubbs.

Or perhaps he enjoyed seeing the numerous falls experienced by the sterner sex in the sack races, and their frequent departure from the heel and toe rule in their walking (?) race.

Then the scene was changed. The moon arose, and mingled soft silvery beams with the many coloured lights from fairy lamps and Chinese lanterns with which Honorary Secretary Fibbens had bedecked his lawn; whilst the fairy-footed wheelmen and wheelwomen danced the graceful waltz, the rollicking polka, the Lancers, and the barn dance on the greensward to the strains of a piano manned by W. Botting and a violin in the hands of C. Willmer.

There were some good songs given, too, by

There were some good songs given, too, by talented singers. Frank Rich and Frank Simpson are vocalists of real quality, and Kneller as a comedian is hard to beat.

When the evening was far spent H. Kneller's humorous song, "I'm Tired," seemed to find an echo in the breasts of the busy pleasure-seekers, and accordingly Mr. and Mrs. Fibbens were thanked and cheered, Auld Lang Syne was sung, and the happy, laughing stream rippled back to Worthing.

Quite an unusual degree of activity is being displayed at the present time amongst local wheelmen. Last week-end T. A. Durrant arose a little in advance of the lark, and scooted merrily away through Guildford, Reading, Oxford, and Banbury, finally bringing up at Stratford-on-Avon for the night.

The distance—one hundred and forty miles—is a good day's work, but he was none the worse. His run back from the home of Shakespeare was easily accomplished in less than a day.

Another early-rising Excelsiorite—F. G. Bleach—rode through Croydon and Bromley to Sidcup in time for breakfast. He spent some part of the day in sampling Kentish strawberries, and enjoyed himself generally, and on reaching home again found he had totalled about a hundred and forty miles.

Then again W. R. Paine set off last week with a motor cycling friend for a run into Warwickshire, and a scamper round for a few days. The charms of the petrol-propelled steed seem to have helped to tempt Bert off the racing track.

I have since learnt the doings of Medhurst and Young's party after my unfortunate desertion.

From Fareham they continued—after seeing me safe—through Romsey to Salisbury, where they breakfasted before the final run on to quiet little Pewsey, in Wiltshire.

Here they were welcomed with secondary breakfasts of a "full roadster" description,

after which they enjoyed a nap, and then spent a good bit of the day there, returning by the same route later.

Altogether the ride is just about two hundred miles, and it is the longest one-day run that any local riders have carried out. A week or two back Medhurst rode to Salisbury and home again in a day, a ride of one hundred and fifty-two miles.

News has just reached me that Hutchinson—for whom Sam Clark was waiting at Fareham—succeeded in beating the record for twenty-four hours on Southern Roads, made by Bliss last week when he covered two hundred and eighty-six miles. Hutchinson used practically the same route, and despite his numerous punctures and misfortunes he rode three hundred and five miles. A good performance, indeed!

I expect there will be no Club runs next week; the Excelsior boys will be busy with their Evening Race Meeting, and they are anxious that Tarring should postpone strawberry feasting a week in order to amalgamate for the purpose.

DICK TURPIN.

* * Dick Turpin's many friends will be sincerely sorry to hear that the consequences of the misadventure are really much more serious than the genial wheelman's modest account of the occurrence would seem to indicate. One gratifying circumstance is that the accident will not wholly incapacitate Mr. Turpin, who hopes to devote himself to his daily duties, but a full month must elapse before he can expect complete recovery from the effects of the fall.—*Editor, GAZETTE.*

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

I AM writing these "Random Records" at the Red Lion, Fareham, after a run of bad luck on — and - off! - the wheel. Fred Young had organised a little party of his fellow Excelsiorites to make an excursion across West Sussex and Hants into Wilts, last Saturday, and I was

among the number. A lovely spin in the dark hours was somewhat marred by Howard puncturing twice and myself once. Then I lost a part of my pump, and of course wanted it badly whilst alone near Cosham. My lamp also somersaulted off the machine at another point for no apparent reason.

But the worst was to come.

Descending a hill in daylight, with brakes applied, I and one of the others collided in a quite unaccountable manner, and I croppered badly, the other rider escaping.

Medhurst and Young were as good as nurses to me. They soon found water and bathed my head, which was bleeding, after which I discovered my collar-bone to be broken; whereupon we tramped back to Fareham and had it set.

Medhurst and the local Superintendent of Police then aroused the hostelry at four a.m., and installed me in idle restlessness.

Accidents will happen; and though the other riders exonerate me from any carelessness, I mustn't grumble.

Sam Clark turned up at the Red Lion later in the morning. He was looking out for W. de Creux Hutchinson, of the Vegetarian C.C., who was attacking the twenty-four hours' record made by Bliss last week. The Vegetarian arrived about two hours late —luck dead against him. I could sympathise!

In the night he lost his way and climbed signposts; in the day he had punctured —ten times in all! - but Sam cheered him up, and gave him a good send off on his road back through Havant and Chichester.

Last Wednesday witnessed a joint Club run, composed of the Excelsior and the Tarring Clubs, which was a run to be proud of.

The occasion was the Excelsior Honorary Secretary's run to Findon, and over one hundred members and friends availed themselves of his invitation to breathe the pure, fresh air of the Findon Downs. Advance parties reached the spot early in the afternoon, and a steady stream of merry wheelers kept trickling across the Fair Green in time to join in at the *al fresco* tea at six o'clock.

This interesting item was disposed of in a leisurely and satisfactory manner, and was followed by some impromptu sports. These

provoked great mirth. The setting sun was wreathed in smiles as he beamed down upon ladies who were competing in the egg and spoon race or rivalling A. A. Shrubbs.

Or perhaps he enjoyed seeing the numerous falls experienced by the sterner sex in the sack races, and their frequent departure from the heel and toe rule in their walking (?) race.

Then the scene was changed. The moon arose, and mingled soft silvery beams with the many coloured lights from fairy lamps and Chinese lanterns with which Honorary Secretary Fibbens had bedecked his lawn; whilst the fairy-footed wheelmen and wheel women danced the graceful waltz, the rollicking polka, the Lancers, and the barn dance on the greensward to the strains of a piano manned by W. Botting and a violin in the hands of C. Willmer.

There were some good songs given, too, by talented singers. Frank Rich and Frank Simpson are vocalists of real quality, and Kneller as a comedian is hard to beat.

When the evening was far spent, H. Kneller's humorous song, "I'm Tired." seemed to find an echo in the breasts of the busy pleasure-seekers, and accordingly Mr. and Mr. Fibbens were thanked and cheered, Auld Lang Syne was sung, and the happy, laughing stream rippled back to Worthing.

Quite an unusual degree of activity is being displayed at the present time amongst local wheelmen. Last week-end T.A. Durrant arose a little in advance of the lark, and scooted merrily away through Guildford, Reading, Oxford, and Banbury, finally bringing up at Stratford-on-Avon for the night.

The distance - one hundred and forty miles - is a good day's work, but he was none the worse. His run back from the home of Shakespeare was easily accomplished in less than a

Another early-rising Excelsiorite - F.G. Bleach - rode through Croydon and Bromley to Sidcup in time for breakfast. He spent some part of the day in sampling Kentish strawberries, and enjoyed himself generally, and on reaching home again found he had totalled about a hundred and forty miles.

Then again W.R. Paine set off last week with a motorcycling friend for a run into Warwickshire, and a scamper round for a few days. The charms of the petrol propelled steed seem to have helped to tempt Bert off the racing

track.

I have since learnt the doings of Medhurst and Young's party after my unfortunate desertion.

From Fareham they continued-after seeing me safe - through Romsey to Salisbury, where they breakfasted before the final run on to quiet little Pewsey, in Wiltshire.

Here they were welcomed with secondary breakfasts of a "full roadster" description, after which they enjoyed a nap, and then spent a good bit of the day there, returning by the same route later.

Altogether the ride is just about two hundred miles, and it is the longest one-day run that any local riders have carried out. A week or two back, Medhurst wrote to Salisbury and home again in a day, a ride of one hundred and fifty-two miles.

News has just reached me that Hutchinson - for whom Sam Clark was waiting at Fareham - succeeded in beating the record for twenty-four hours on Southern Roads, made by Bliss last week when he covered two hundred and eighty-six miles. Hutchinson used practically the same route and despite his numerous punctures and misfortunes he rode three hundred and five miles. A good performance, indeed!

I expect there will be no Club runs next week; the Excelsior boys will be busy with their evening race meeting, and they are serious that Tarring should postpone strawberry feasting a week in order to amalgamate for the purpose.

DICK TURPIN.

**

* Dick Turpin's many friends will be sincerely sorry to hear that the consequences of the misadventure are really much more serious than the genial wheelman's modest account of the occurrence would seem to indicate. One gratifying circumstance is that the accident will not wholly incapacitate Mr Turpin, who hopes to devote himself to his daily duties, but a full month must elapse before he can expect complete recovery from the effects of the fall. - *Editor*, GAZETTE.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 6.7.1904, P2C5

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

A MONTH ago I gave an account of Act. I. of the Excelsior Club's new play, "Taking Acid," the occasion being the second round in the Club's competitive time trials on the road. The third round has now been run, and the weather was in so tearful a condition that much water was mixed with the "acid" which the hardworking speedmen are always presumed to be taking when excess of hard work is telling on them.

So far as I can learn, the addition of rain water in no way alleviates the effect of the "acid." One of the competitors—I won't say which—tried no fewer than four applications of mineral water by way of a change, and finished the fifty miles in quite an inflated condition as the result!

Only four Excelsiorites faced the starter, E. Baruch Blaker, who sent them off at five-minute intervals, and timed them in later in the day with the following result:

	TIME.
1. Coote (22min. start)	3 19 35
2. H. A. Howard (scratch)	3 0 45
3. W. Stephenson (10min. start)	3 24 25
4. C. Willmer (22min. strt).	Time unrecorded.

A lot of rain fell during the ride, and time was lost at the turning point through the absence of an official. Punctures were also experienced, which accounts for the slowness of the times.

One more round—a twenty-five miles' trial—finishes the competition, and as Howard has once been first, and was second on the two other occasions, he is practically certain of the honour of winning premier position in the series.

In a five miles scratch race for motor bicycles

at the Plymouth Argyle Club's Sports, E. Baruch Blaker finished third to Tessier and Hodgkinson out of a pretty warm field.

After the races the promoting Club entertained their visitors in a most sportsmanlike manner. Blaker and several of the motorists spent a jolly three days in Plymouth.

By the way, Baruch reeled off a lap on our Sports Ground in twenty-six seconds whilst testing his motor recently. Thirty-four and a half miles an hour! I hope he won't set the grass on fire.

Coached by Sam, Mrs. Clark rode to Portsmouth one day last week, returning a day or two later with another lady cyclist. Evidently Sam's better half has quite recovered from her accident early this season, as this is her longest ride.

The Tarring Patriarch, sixty-four-year-old Michael Millan, last week reduced his record from Tarring to the Horsham Town Hall. He rode the distance in seventy-four minutes, which is good travelling indeed.

The three-wheeler does not appeal to many as a speed instrument, but there are a few crack road riders who can extract a lot of pace from their light, wood-rimmed tricycles, which weigh but little more than the light bicycle.

This was evidenced last Saturday by R. Seymour Coble, of the North Road Club, who set up a new record for an unpaced tricycle ride of one hundred miles on the road. His time was five hours forty-nine minutes and twenty-five seconds, which beats Markham's ride of last year by nearly eight minutes.

Some of the boys, even among those keen on road medals, would get very warm at following Coble, though mounted on their light two-wheelers! Still, there is this to be said: Up North they dodge the hills more than did the Excelsior Committee when choosing the century course!

Saturday also witnessed another hundred miles ride, the classic race for the Carwardine Gold Cup at the Crystal Palace, which drew five starters in the persons of G. A. Olley (winner 1901-2), L. Meredith (winner 1903), F. T. Burgess, W. J. Pett, and H. S. Harding, all London men.

A great race was expected between Olley, who only wanted one win to make the magnificent trophy his own, and L. Meredith, the newer star.

The three thousand spectators were, however, disappointed, as Olley was practically out of the race from the start, his pace-makers being of little or no use to him for a good deal of the fifty-eight miles he rode before bowing to the ill-luck which has dogged him continually for over two years.

Meredith won easily in the record time of three hours thirty-seven minutes forty-six and one-fifth seconds; Burgess finished second in another nineteen minutes; Pett came next in two more minutes. Harding had retired at the seventeenth mile.

Next Wednesday the Excelsior and the Tarring Clubs amalgamate their forces for the purpose of raiding the strongholds of the toothsome strawberry at Washington. Captains Peto and Duffield are anxious to dispose of tickets to all intending raiders not later than Monday next.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

A MONTH ago I gave an account of Act. II. of the Excelsior Club's new play, "Taking Acid," the occasion being the second round in the Club's competitive time trials on the road. The third round has now been run, and the weather was in so tearful a condition that much water was mixed with the "acid" which the hardworking speedmen are always presumed to be taking when excess of hard work is telling on them.

So far as I can learn, the addition of rain

way in no way alleviates the effect of the "acid." One of the competitors - I won't say which - tried no fewer than four applications of mineral water by way of a change, and finished the fifty miles in quite an inflated condition as the result!

Only four Excelsiorites faced the starter, E. Baruch Blaker, who sent them off at five-minute intervals, and timed them in later in the day with the following result:

- | | TIME. |
|----------------------------------|------------------|
| 1. Coote (22min. start) " " | 3.19.35 |
| 2. H.A. Howard (scratch). " " | 3. 0.45 |
| 3. W. Stephenson (10 min. start) | 3.24.25 |
| 4. C. Willmer (22min. strt) | Time unrecorded. |

A lot of rain fell during the ride, and time was lost at the turning point through the absence of an official. Punctures were also experienced, which accounts for the slowness of the times.

One more round - a twenty-five miles' trial—finishes the competition, and as Howard has once been first, and was second on the two other occasions, he is practically certain of the honour of winning premier position in the series.

In a five miles scratch race for motor bicycles at the Plymouth Argyle Club's Sports, E. Baruch Blaker finished third to Tessier and Hodgkinson out of a pretty warm field.

After the races the promoting Club entertained their visitors in a most sportsmanlike manner. Blaker and several of the motorists spent a jolly three days in Plymouth.

By the way, Baruch reeled off a lap on our Sports Ground in twenty-six seconds whilst testing his motor recently. Thirty-four and a half miles an hour! I hope he won't set the grass on fire.

Coached by Sam, Mrs. Clark rode to Portsmouth one day last week, returning a day or two later with another lady cyclist. Evidently Sam's better half has quite recovered from her accident early this season, as this is her longest ride.

The Tarring Patriarch, sixty-four-year-old Michael Millan, last week reduced his record from Tarring to the Horsham Town Hall. He rode the distance in seventy-four minutes, which is good travelling indeed.

The three-wheeler does not appeal to many as

a speed instrument, but there are a few crack road riders who can extract a lot of pace from their light, wood-rimmed tricycles, which weigh but little more than the light bicycle.

This was evidenced last Saturday by R. Seymour Cobley, of the North Road Club, who set up a new record for an unpaced tricycle ride of one hundred miles on the road. His time was five hours forty-nine minutes and twenty-five seconds, which beats Markham's ride of last year by nearly eight minutes.

Some of the boys, even among those keen on road medals, would get very warm at following Cobley, though mounted on their light two-wheelers! Still, there is this to be said; Up North they dodge the hills more than did the Excelsior Committee when choosing the century course!

Saturday also witnessed another hundred miles ride, the classic race for the Carwardine Gold Cup at the Crystal Palace, which drew five starters in the persons of G. A. Ollev (winner 1901-2), L. Meredith (winner 1903), F.T. Burgess, W.J. Pett, and H.S. Harding, all London men.

A great race was expected between Olley, who only wanted one win to make the magnificent trophy his own, and L. Meredith, the newer star.

The three thousand spectators were, however, disappointed, as Olley was practically out of the race from the start, his pace-makers being of little or no use to him for a good deal of the fifty-eight miles he rode before bowing to the ill-luck which has dogged him continually for over two years.

Meredith won easily in the record time of three hours thirty-seven minutes forty-six and one-fifth seconds; Burgess finished second in another nineteen minutes; Pett came next in two more minutes. Harding had retired at the seventeenth mile.

Next Wednesday the Excelsior and the Tarring Clubs amalgamate their forces for the purpose of raiding the strongholds of the toothsome strawberry at Washington. Captains Peto and Duffield are anxious to dispose of tickets to all intending raiders not later than Monday next.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 5.7.1904, P2C6

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

WITH the weather we have been having during the last few days the average wheelsman's fancy is prone to turn to thoughts of sun hats and cooling drinks—speaking for myself, at any rate. This is not the case with the speedmen of the Excelsior C.C., two of whom—F. Medhurst and H. A. Howard—had the audacity to “go for the hundred” when the thermometer was doing the same thing, only in a different way.

Medhurst was not in his best form, though he was less than two hours going to Westhampnett and back, which is good work.

He lost a little on the run up through Horsham and Woodhatch, owing to a hindering wind, and decided to choose a better day.

Howard also beat two hours upon the ride to Westhampnett and back; his time was one hour fifty-three minutes, which is, I believe, the best that has been made without pacing by any Excelsiorite.

Riding very strongly, he was at Horsham, with half his ride accomplished, six minutes under three hours; another hour found him at Woodhatch, the northern end of the course, where he made a brief stop to obtain a signature to his checking card and a refresher for himself, before tackling the final thirty-three miles.

He took things steadily back to Crawley and Horsham, but after some food at the latter place his tyre punctured.

Which was inconsiderate on the part of the

tyre, when a time trial was being ridden! Probably the additional weight of the meal at Horsham was the proverbial “last straw!”

At any rate, the puncture necessitated Howard's changing on to W. Stephenson's machine. This he promptly did, and hurried home, being checked by W. Duffield at the finish, his time for the hundred miles being six hours and eighteen minutes. He thus qualified for the Club gold medal, with twelve minutes to spare.

Howard was followed by Stephenson from Ball's Hut to Offington and away up to Woodhatch, F. W. Young and C. Willmer joining in; Medhurst and his follower, Durant, also saw a good deal of his riding. They all express the opinion that he is the fastest road-rider in the Club at the present time.

Last Wednesday, at the Excelsior Evening Race Meeting, he ceased to rank as a Novice on the track, by winning the Novices' Mile from the scratch mark; he also finished second in the Two Miles Handicap.

Some good finishes were witnessed at the Meeting, and the spectators were pleased with a taste of the quality the Club can show in its ranks. Stanley Hales is a most promising rider, and, as will be seen from the account elsewhere in the GAZETTE he proved himself capable of giving his Club-mates long starts and good beatings.

Perhaps speed-cycling is hereditary: Stanley's father was a well-known flier on Sussex tracks in the days of the good old ordinary; and for some years after the safety and the pneumatic tyre came in he could do his bit.

I remember about ten years ago he resurrected

I remember about ten years ago he resurrected his racing costume, and showed the Club boys his back wheel more than once at the Club Meeting, to their surprise.

Arrangements are now in hand for the Club's big Annual Race Meeting, and it is intended to provide a programme of Sports which shall beat all previous efforts.

Star performers have promised to compete, among others being A. A. Shrubbs and G. E. Lamer, Champions of England at running and walking, who will be seen in Three and Two-Mile Handicaps respectively.

The Quarter-Mile Flat Amateur Championship of Sussex and a couple of other flat races, in addition to two open Bicycle Handicaps and a Five Miles' Bicycle Scratch Race, will make a good programme. Other very interesting races will be a Three Miles' Motor Handicap and a Half-Mile Walk for Boys living in Worthing.

The Club has always aimed at attracting first-class competitors, and a special point is being made of this for the coming meeting, in view of which the amount voted for prizes is the largest in the Club's experience.

A brother wheelman challenged me last week! Not to fight, not to race; neither of us being equal to these forms of contest at present. 'Twas Harry Greenfield, who is well on the road to recovery from his broken arm, and he vows he will be on the wheel before my collar-bone will allow me to cycle again.

He has now been relieved of one splint, but, as my damage was so much slighter than his, he will have to lose no time! However, neither of us will run foolish risks through undue haste.

By the way, Honorary Secretary Fibbens informs me there still remain a few of the splendid photos of the Club taken on the occasion of the Findon run. They may be obtained in exchange for one shilling, and must be considered good value at that figure.

Next weeks runs are: Excelsior C.C., Henfield; West Tarring C.C., Lyminster, *via* Rustington.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

WITH the weather we have been having during the last few days the average wheelsman's fancy is prone to turn to thoughts of sun hats and cooling drinks - speaking for

myself, at any rate. This is not the case with the speedmen of the Excelsior C.C., two of whom - F. Medhurst and H.A. Howard - had the audacity to "go for the hundred" when the thermometer was doing the same thing, only in a different way.

Medhurst was not in his best form, though he was less than two hours going to Westhampnett and back, which is good work.

He lost a little on the run up through Horsham and Woodhatch, owing to a hindering wind, and decided to choose a better day.

Howard also beat two hours upon the ride to Westhampnett and back; his time was one hour fifty-three minutes, which is, I believe, the best that has been made without pacing by any Excelsiorite.

Riding very strongly, he was at Horsham, with half his ride accomplished, six minutes under three hours; another hour found him at Woodhatch, the northern end of the course, where he made a brief stop to obtain a signature to his checking card and a refresher for himself, before tackling the final thirty-three miles.

He took things steadily back to Crawley and Horsham, but after some food at the latter place his tyre punctured.

Which was inconsiderate on the part of the tyre, when a time trial was being ridden! Probably the additional weight of the meal at Horsham was the proverbial "last straw!"

At any rate, the puncture necessitated Howard's changing on to W. Stephenson's machine. This he promptly did, and hurried home, being checked by W. Duffield at the finish, his time for the hundred miles being six hours and eighteen minutes. He thus qualified for the Club gold medal, with twelve minutes to spare.

Howard was followed by Stephenson from Ball's Hut to Offington and away up to Woodhatch, F.W. Young and C. Willmer joining in; Medhurst and his follower, Durant, also saw a good deal of his riding. They all express the opinion that he is the fastest road-rider in the Club at the present time.

Last Wednesday, at the Excelsior Evening Race Meeting, he ceased to rank as a Novice on the track, by winning the Novices' Mile from the scratch mark; he also finished second in the Two Miles Handicap.

Some good finishes were witnessed at the Meeting, and the spectators were pleased with a taste of the quality the Club can show in its ranks. Stanley Hales is a most promising rider, and, as will be seen from the account elsewhere in the GAZETTE he proved himself capable of giving his Club-mates long starts and good beatings.

Perhaps speed-cycling is hereditary: Stanley's father was a well-known flier on Sussex tracks in the days of the good old ordinary; and for some years after the safety and the pneumatic tyre came in he could do his bit.

I remember about ten years ago he resurrected his racing costume, and showed the Club boys his back wheel more than once at the Club Meeting, to their surprise.

Arrangements are now in hand for the Club's big Annual Race Meeting, and it is intended to provide a programme of Sports which shall beat all previous efforts.

Star performers have promised to compete, among others being A. A. Shrubbs and G. E. Lamer, Champions of England at running and walking, who will be seen in Three and Two-Mile Handicaps respectively.

The Quarter-Mile Flat Amateur Championship of Sussex and a couple of other flat races, in addition to two open Bicycle Handicaps and a Five Miles' Bicycle Scratch Race, will make a good programme. Other very interesting races will be a Three Miles' Motor Handicap and a Half-Mile Walk for Boys living in Worthing.

The Club has always aimed at attracting first-class competitors, and a special point is being made of this for the coming meeting, in view of which the amount voted for prizes is the largest in the Club's experience.

A brother wheelman challenged me last week! Not to fight, not to race; neither of us being equal to these forms of contest at present. 'Twas Harry Greenfield, who is well on the road to recovery from his broken arm, and he vows he will be on the wheel before my collar-bone will allow me to cycle again.

He has now been relieved of one splint, but, as my damage was so much slighter than his, he will have to lose no time! However, neither of us will run foolish risks through undue haste.

By the way, Honorary Secretary Fibbens informs me there still remain a few of the splendid photos of the Club taken on the occasion of the Findon run. They may be obtained in exchange for one shilling, and must be considered good value at that figure.

Next week's runs are: Excelsior C.C., Henfield; West Tarring C.C., Lyminster, *via* Rustington.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 20.7.1904, P2C6

Note: I have assumed that the lack of line separators is due to poor PHOTO-copying, so have used them throughout.

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD.</p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>PHEW! It is warm on the road now, with a vengeance! I am writing these Random Records during frequent halts in the course of a walk to Washington and back, so speak—or rather, write—from experience, as well as observation. With a spare pipe in one pocket and my collar and tie in another, I have been afoot for half the day, and the lengthening shadows are hinting that I should waste no more time.</p> <p>But, warm or not, cyclists are out in crowds; stayer and sprinter, tourist and potterer, all are awheel.</p> <p>Even the veriest speed merchants are, for the most part, content with a touring gait, and free-wheeling is indulged in down the most modest gradients. But the blazing sun makes every wheelman a scorcher, no matter what his pace is, this weather.</p> <p>Hales, Howard, and Stephenson, of the Excelsior Club, were the only riders I came across who seemed to be in a hurry. They had been to Thakeham with Fred Young, Willmer, and other Club-mates, and were riding homewards at a pace which was nearly up to the legal limit.</p> <p>Thakeham is a good place to go to at this time of the year. Long ago the Old Stagers' Section of the Club discovered that fruit cultivation was carried on by a local Boniface, who, for a consideration, allows his customers the run of the garden.</p> <p>I understand the boys did not run in the</p>	<p>I understand the boys did not run in the garden, however; raspberry canes and red currant bushes kept getting in their way.</p> <p>Last Wednesday the Excelsior and the Tarring Clubs amalgamated for the purpose of keeping the Feast of St. Strawberry, and making a pilgrimage to a certain shrine at the foot of Washington Bostel, where a long list of mystic rites and ceremonies were performed.</p> <p>The first of these was the sacrifice of many millions of strawberries. Long altars had been set up on trestles for the occasion, and the pilgrims were soon sacrificing with as much enthusiasm as ever Druid burned his basketful of human offerings.</p> <p>Then a series of sports were held for both ladies and gentlemen. Miss Coote scored heavily, winning the one hundred yards and the egg-and-spoon race for ladies, and also partnering Mr. Roy Duffield in winning the relay race.</p> <p>Miss Marshall secured the free-wheeling competition for ladies, and the consolation race went to Miss Dudney, the prize in the latter event being presented by Mrs. Rose, of the Tarring</p> <p>For the road-racing sex only two prizes were offered. Bert Paine free-wheeled away from his fellow competitors and won the first; whilst Captain Peto displayed the greatest bravery and activity in "rescuing" a little chap in the Victoria Cross Race, and so secured the second.</p> <p>The pilgrims then left the sports arena, and</p>	<p>The pilgrims then left the sports arena, and adjourned to the Temple of Terpsichore, where, of course, dancing formed their principal occupation, though at intervals the light fantastic toes would pause in their tripping for a few minutes.</p> <p>In these pauses Frank Rich or Frank Simpson would delight the ears of all with a first-class song, admirably rendered—as, for instance, Blumenthal's "Evening Song."</p> <p>Ten o'clock, and the command to start for home, came all too quickly; and the pilgrims formed up and made their way homewards over the somewhat loose and "puncturesque" road through Findon, which was last week the scene of a Lamb Fair, the passage of the lambs over the roads being answerable for many of the recent tyre troubles.</p> <p>I know two or three Worthing men who are "something in the City," and cycle down from Town regularly every week-end through the summer, spending the Sunday by the sea, and starting for London before the lark commences his business on Monday.</p> <p>One of these, Frank Hedger, was grinding up a hill near Epsom on his weekly journey when he dropped into casual conversation with a cyclist whom he overtook.</p> <p>Mutual surprise was the result of each discovering the other was connected with Worthing. The stranger was the son of a local Minister, and he soon allowed himself to be persuaded into making what was his first cycling spin from London to his Worthing home, where his unexpected visit took his parents by surprise.</p> <p>The Excelsior and the Tarring Clubs again amalgamate next Wednesday, when they hold a joint run to Storrington.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
--	---	--

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

PHEW! It is warm on the road now, with a vengeance! I am writing these Random Records during frequent halts in the course of a walk to Washington and back, so speak—or rather, write—from experience, as well as observation. With a spare pipe in one pocket and my collar and tie in another, I have been afoot for half the day, and the lengthening shadows are hinting that I should waste no more time.

But, warm or not, cyclists are out in crowds; stayer and sprinter, tourist and potterer, all are awheel.

Even the veriest speed merchants are, for the most part, content with a touring gait, and free-wheeling is indulged in down the most modest gradients. But the blazing sun makes every wheelman a scorcher, no matter what his pace is, this weather.

Hales, Howard, and Stephenson, of the Excelsior Club, were the only riders I came across who seemed to be in a hurry. They had been to Thakeham with Fred Young, Willmer, and other Club-mates, and were riding homewards at a pace which was nearly up to the legal limit.

Thakeham is a good place to go to at this time of the year. Long ago the Old Stagers' Section of the Club discovered that fruit cultivation was carried on by a local Boniface, who, for a consideration, allows his customers the run of the garden.

I understand the boys did not run in the garden, however; raspberry canes and red currant bushes kept getting in their way.

Last Wednesday the Excelsior and the Tarring Clubs amalgamated for the purpose of keeping the Feast of St. Strawberry, and making a pilgrimage to a certain shrine at the foot of Washington Bostel, where a long list of mystic rites and ceremonies were performed.

The first of these was the sacrifice of many millions of strawberries. Long altars had been set up on trestles for the occasion, and the pilgrims were soon sacrificing with as much enthusiasm as ever Druid burned his basketful of human offerings.

Then a series of sports were held for both ladies and gentlemen. Miss Coote scored heavily, winning the one hundred yards and the egg-and-spoon race for ladies, and also partnering Mr. Roy Duffield in winning the relay race.

Miss Marshall secured the free-wheeling competition for ladies, and the consolation race went to Miss Dudney, the prize in the latter event being presented by Mrs. Rose, of the Tarring

For the road-racing sex only two prizes were offered. Bert Paine free-wheeled away from his fellow competitors and won the first; whilst Captain Peto displayed the greatest bravery and activity in "rescuing" a little chap in the Victoria Cross Race, and so secured the second.

The pilgrims then left the sports arena, and adjourned to the Temple of Terpsichore, where,

of course, dancing formed their principal occupation, though at intervals the light fantastic toes would pause in their tripping for a few minutes.

In these pauses Frank Rich or Frank Simpson would delight the ears of all with a first-class song, admirably rendered - as, for instance, Blumenthal's "Evening Song."

Ten o'clock, and the command to start for home, came all too quickly; and the pilgrims formed up and made their way homewards over the somewhat loose and "punctnresque" road through Findon, which was last week the scene of a Lamb Fair, the passage of the lambs over the roads being answerable for many of the recent tyre troubles.

I know two or three Worthing men who are "something in the City," and cycle down from Town regularly every week-end through the summer, spending the Sunday by the sea, and starting for London before the lark commences his business on Monday.

One of these, Frank Hedger, was grinding up a hill near Epsom on his weekly journey when he dropped into casual conversation with a cyclist whom he overtook.

Mutual surprise was the result of each discovering the other was connected with Worthing. The stranger was the son of a local Minister, and he soon allowed himself to be persuaded into making what was his first cycling spin from London to his Worthing home, where his unexpected visit took his parents by surprise.

The Excelsior and the Tarring Clubs again amalgamate next Wednesday, when they hold a joint run to Storrington.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 27.7.1904, P2C6-7

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD.</p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>A COUPLE of Worthing wheelmen, Messrs. R. A. and C. H. Bentall, have just returned from a very jolly tour in the West of England. Their route lay through Southampton and on to Salisbury, where a day was spent in rambling round the Cathedral, the Cross, and the interesting old city in general.</p> <p>Thence by easy stages to Bath and Bristol, where they left their bicycles and boated to Cardiff and on to Ilfracombe. "Shank's ponies" were the steeds which next carried them fifty miles in two days, in which time they "did" Lynmouth, Clevedon, Weston-super-Mare, and Minehead. They saw the Cheddar Caves on the Mendip Hills, Wells Cathedral, and all that could be managed in the time.</p> <p>Bristol and bicycles came round once again, and soon the brothers were pedalling through Bath towards home; turning northwards, however, to visit Oxford and its little neighbour, Witney—where the blankets come from!</p> <p>Their steering wheels then headed south-</p>	<p>Their steering wheels then headed southwards, and, spending a night at Reading on the way, they finished their trip by a straight run home, by which time they had cycled four hundred miles and walked fifty, extracting something of interest or fun from every mile.</p> <p>The West of England is a splendid touring ground, rich in scenery and interest.</p> <p>The Five Miles Amateur Championship of Sussex was competed for at Chichester on Thursday last, and went to Tomsett, of Horsa-ham. Our man, Stanley Hales, was riding; but, though he shaped well, he sacrificed too much by making a two-lap sprint at the finish, and failed to secure one of the coveted medals.</p> <p>In a Three Miles Handicap for Motor Cycles E. Baruch Blaker rode from scratch and finished third. His time was 5mins. 51 4-5 secs., and it beats anything previously achieved on that track. Hunt (30 secs. start) won the race, taking six seconds more than Baruch.</p> <p>The course of true love never did run smooth—even when used by cycling lovers.</p> <p>A Worthing young lady, attended by her cavalier, was wheeling along the rustic lanes in</p>	<p>Wednesday, July 27th, 1904.</p> <p>the summer twilight. But for the softly sighing zephyr, all Nature was hushed to rest. Overhead, the canopy of blue was spangled with pale stars, which mingled their soft radiance with Luna's silvery beams, thus illumining the scene with a tender, sympathetic light—and all that sort of thing, you know, my dear reader.</p> <p>But, alas! the riders—who were very, very close together—allowed their steeds to make too intimate an acquaintance with each other. The steeds not entertaining quite the same sentiments towards each other as did the riders, there was a nasty crash!</p> <p>No one was hurt, and the cavalier soon rescued his lady, the ramble being resumed with a laugh at its sudden interruption. But the incident may well serve as a warning to others in whom I have—accidentally, of course!—observed similar tendencies when awheel in couples.</p> <p>At Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Saturday the Amateur Championships of the British Empire were raced for in the presence of a crowd the equal of which had not been seen at the Gosforth track for ten years.</p> <p>The chief event, the One Mile Race, was won by H. D. Buck, of the Anerley B.C.; J. S. Benyon, of Manchester, who was the holder, being put out of the race by a puncture. In the Quarter-mile event Benyon succeeded in scoring a win, but another puncture awaited him in the five miles.</p> <p>His fellow competitors pulled up for him in a sportsmanlike manner, but after a magnificent finish he was beaten at the post by inches, D. Flinn, of Pollockshaw, being the victor.</p> <p>Next week's runs are: Excelsior, Black Rabbit, Arundel; West Tarring, Bramber.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
--	---	--

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

A COUPLE of Worthing wheelmen, Messrs R.A. and C.H. Bentall, have just returned from a very jolly tour in the West of England. Their route lay through Southampton and on to Salisbury, where a day was spent in rambling round the Cathedral, the Cross, and the interesting old city in general.

Thence by easy stages to Bath and Bristol where they left their bicycles and boated to Cardiff and on to Ilfracombe. "Shank's ponies" were the steeds which next carried them fifty miles in two days, in which time they "did" Lynmouth, Clevedon, Weston-super-Mare, and Minehead. They saw the Cheddar Caves on the Mendip Hills, Wells Cathedral, and all that could be managed in the time.

Bristol and bicycles came round once again,
and soon the brothers were pedalling through
Bath towards home; turning northwards, however,
to visit Oxford and its little neighbour,
Witney - where the blankets come from!

Their steering wheels then headed south-
wards, and, spending a night at Reading on the
way, they finished their trip by a straight run
home, by which time they had cycled four
hundred miles and walked fifty, extracting
something of interest or fun from every mile.

The West of England is a splendid touring
ground, rich in scenery and interest.

The Five Miles Amateur Championship
Sussex was competed for at Chichester on
Thursday last, and went to Tomsett, of Hors-
ham. Our man, Stanley Hales, was riding;
but, though he shaped well, he sacrificed too
much by making a two-lap sprint at the finish,
and failed to secure one of the coveted medals.

In a Three Miles Handicap for Motor Cycles
E. Baruch Blaker rode from scratch and finished
third. His time was 5 mins. 51 4-5 secs., and it
beats anything previously achieved on that
track, Hunt (30 secs, start) won the race, tak-
ing six seconds more than Baruch.

The course of true love never did run smooth
-even when used by cycling lovers.

A Worthing young lady, attended by her
cavalier, was wheeling along the rustic lanes in
the summer twilight. But for the softly
sighing zephyr, all Nature was hushed to rest.
Overhead, the canopy of blue was spangled with
pale stars, which mingled their soft radiance
with Luna's silvery beams, thus illumining
the scene with a tender, sympathetic light - and
all that sort of thing, you know, my dear
reader.

But, alas. the riders - who were very, very
close together - allowed their steeds to make too
intimate an acquaintance with each other. The
steeds not entertaining quite the same senti-
ments towards each other as did the riders,
there was a nasty crash!

No one was hurt, and the cavalier soon
rescued his lady, the ramble being resumed with
a laugh at its sudden interruption. But the-,
incident may well serve as a warning to others
in whom I have - accidentally, of course!__
observed similar tendencies when awheel in
couples.

At Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Saturday the Amateur Championships of the British Empire were raced for in the presence of a crowd the equal of which had not been seen at the Gosforth track for ten years.

The chief event, the One Mile Race, was won by H.D. Buck, of the Anerley B.C.; J.S. Benyon, of Manchester, who was the holder, being put out of the race by a puncture. In the Quarter-mile event Benyon succeeded in scoring a win, but another puncture awaited him in the five miles.

His fellow competitors pulled up for him in a sportsmanlike manner, but after a magnificent finish he was beaten at the post by inches, D. Flinn, of Pollockshaw, being the victor.

Next week's runs are : Excelsior, Black Rabbit, Arundel; West Tarring, Bramber.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 3.8.1904, P2C5

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD.</p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>GRINDING motors and scorching sun combined to make the roads terribly loose and dusty, but the highways and bye-ways were, on Monday, thronged with wheelmen intent upon a spin, even if occasional wayside halts were necessary to repair punctures.</p> <p>And punctures were in profusion, thanks to the razor-edged pieces of flint with which the roads were plentifully sprinkled.</p> <p>I picked up a piece of wood, from which two vicious wire nails projected point upwards, in readiness for the tyres of the unwary, on the Findon road.</p> <p>It bore evidence of having been specially prepared for the occasion, and if the wicked little boy whose handiwork it is will call at the office the instrument will be returned. He had better bid his mother farewell first!</p> <p>Hot weather and bad roads keep the Excelsior boys from indulging in long runs just at present, but they still take exercise.</p> <p>Medhurst, Stevenson, and Howard had a ride to Horsham and Crawley the other day at a fair speed. On the spin home they discovered Fred Young near Ashington conducting an orchard-stripping run. The fliers joined him, and appreciated the fruit which had been collected.</p> <p>Ben Rogers had a little adventure when on a jaunt to Chichester this week. He was entering the Cathedral city when a dog was interrupted in the enjoyment of a meal in the middle of the road off some cooked food presumably dropped by a belated reveller the previous evening.</p>	<p>dropped by a belated reveller the previous evening.</p> <p>The canine darted away from his interrupter, and, in his haste, interrupted Ben by getting mixed up with the front wheel. The Tarring man came down, but was not hurt bodily; his feelings were hurt at the dog's hasty departure. But the dog was wise!</p> <p>I sauntered up to Horsham on Monday to see the Sports there and to cheer Stanley Hales, who was competing.</p> <p>Stanley had no luck, though he gave a good display in the heat of the One Mile Scratch Race. It was clear the circular track bothered him, the absence of straight sides making it difficult to pass other men.</p> <p>This famous Polytechnic man, R. Janson, was riding, and won the scratch race in easy fashion, Hamlin, of Putney, being the only man to make a fight for it.</p> <p>In the running events Horsham had also secured one or two star men, Shrubbs, the one to ten miles Champion of England, being top-sawyer, of course. Godfrey Shaw, the Champion hurdle jumper of ten years ago, gave a good display, too, in the hurdle race, but failed to get among the prizes.</p> <p>On the run home I dropped across another</p>	<p>On the run home I dropped across another Worthing man, A. J. Hilliard, returning from a run to Guildford and across to Dorking.</p> <p>He had found plenty of bad road, but only sustained one puncture, and felt very well satisfied when we landed home without further troubles.</p> <p>Mr. Hilliard is one of the old brigade; he rode the bone-shaker for a while, and did his first tour on the high ordinary, so it was not surprising that the conversation ran on old times.</p> <p>For I always like to hear of the days when Clubmen started together, kept together, and returned together, without finding the pace too fast or too slow.</p> <p>Of course conditions are altered, and there is more difference between the speed of one rider and another nowadays, which, I suppose, accounts for something. But fancy a Club run to the Sir Roger Tichborne at Alfold now for dinner! The boys would arrive singly or in pairs.</p> <p>Next week's runs are: Worthing Excelsior C.C., Pulborough; West Tarring C.C., Ashington.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
---	--	--

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

GRINDING motors and scorching sun combined to make the roads terribly loose and dusty, but the highways and bye-ways were, on Monday, thronged with wheelmen intent upon a spin, even if occasional wayside halts were necessary to repair punctures.

And punctures were in profusion, thanks to the razor-edged pieces of flint with which the roads were plentifully sprinkled.

I picked up a piece of wood, from which two vicious nails projected point upwards, in readiness for the tyres of the unwary, on the Findon road.

It bore evidence of having been specially prepared for the occasion, and if the wicked little boy whose handiwork it is will call at the office the instrument will be returned. He had better bid his mother farewell first!

Hot weather and bad roads keep the Excelsior boys from indulging in long runs just at present, but they still take exercise.

Medhurst, Stevenson, and Howard had a ride to Horsham and Crawley the other day at a fair speed. On the spin home they discovered Fred Young near Ashington conducting an orchard-stripping run. The fliers joined him, and appreciated the fruit which had been collected.

Ben Rogers had a little adventure when on a jaunt to Chichester this week. He was entering the Cathedral city when a dog was interrupted in the enjoyment of a meal in the middle of the road off some cooked food presumably dropped by a belated reveller the previous evening.

The canine darted away from his interrupter, and, in his haste, interrupted Ben by getting mixed up with the front wheel. The Tarring man came down, but was not hurt bodily; his feelings were hurt at the dog's hasty departure. But the dog was wise !

I sauntered up to Horsham on Monday to see the sports there and to cheer Stanley Hales, who was competing

Stanley had no luck although he gave a good display in the heat of the One Mile Scratch Race. It was clear the circular track bothered him, the absence of straight sides making it difficult to pass other men.

The famous Polytechnic man, R. Janson, was riding, and won the scratch race in easy fashion, Hamlin, of Putney, being the only man to make a fight for it.

In the running events Horsham had also secured one or two star men, Shrubbs, the one to ten miles Champion of England, being top-sawyerⁱ, of course. Godfrey Shaw, the Champion hurdle jumper of ten years ago, gave a good display, too, in the hurdle race, but failed to get among the prizes.

On the run home I dropped across another Worthing man, A.J. Hilliard, returning from a run to Guildford and across to Dorking.

He had found plenty of bad road, but only

sustained one puncture, and felt very well satisfied when we landed home without further troubles.

Mr. Hilliard is one of the old brigade; he rode the bone-shaker for a while, and did his first tour on the high ordinary, so it was not surprising that the conversation ran on old times.

For I always like to hear of the days when Clubmen started together, kept together, and returned together, without finding the pace too fast or too slow.

Of course conditions are altered, and there is more difference between the speed of one rider and another nowadays, which, I suppose, accounts for something. But fancy a Club run to the Sir Roger Tichborne at Alfold now for dinner! The boys would arrive singly or in pairs.

Next week's runs are: Worthing Excelsior C.C., Pulborough; West Tarring C.C., Ashington.

DICK TURPIN.

ⁱ Another reference to pit-sawing. The top-sawyer (or "top-dog") stood atop the log, while the "under-dog" stood in the pit, cheered only by the fact that his pull the saw was aided by gravity.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 10.8.1904, P2C6

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

ROADS generally are in so loose a condition that cycling seems just at present only to be carried on in the most modest fashion. Cyclists still go out, but do not go far. A day or two ago I went for a spin which occupied three hours, but only took me to Angmering and back! I was reluctantly compelled to hold two tyre-repairing demonstrations in the first four miles, and this accounts both for the length of the time and the brevity of the ride.

Another annoyance I suffered at the tongue of a brother wheelman from Hertfordshire: he would persist in contrasting the Sussex flint tracks with the beautifully kept highways in his part of the country.

I didn't like it, for the reflection that other people know how to make real roads does not comfort the rider who has to endure the puncturesque roads of Sussex.

Edgar Henson had a busy holiday, so to speak, last week.

He was at Milton, near Christchurch, in Hants, where he had the entire charge of the Ambulance Department of a Camp composed of Chichester, Canterbury, and Winchester Regiments of the Church Lads' Brigade.

What with cases of sunstroke and cycling accidents, the Tarring man was thoroughly engaged, the "patients" admitted during one day alone numbering thirty-two. On Friday Sam Clark turned up per bicycle, and lent a hand with the first-aid work, at which both are experts.

The pair managed, however, to eke out a little

time in which to explore the New Forest, Sam sustaining the only puncture of the trip at the historic spot where Rufus Stone marks the place at which the Royal, but unpopular, Norman also sustained a puncture of a more serious nature, it being caused by the misdirected arrow of a fellow huntsman and resulting fatally.

At Christchurch Sam indulged in his hobby of inspecting old Churches, and the wheelmen were much interested in a list of charitable bequests which was painted up in the tower of one of the ecclesiastical edifices.

Ten shillings a year went to remunerate a "suitable, God-fearing man" who annually preached a sermon on the miseries of man! Bicycles were not invented in those days, so presumably mankind allowed its miseries greater sway. Nowadays we go for a spin and forget

Three shillings and fourpence was the annual

income from a legacy to the poor, who, I take it, were not so important an item as the miseries.

At Milton the cyclists visited a "folly," in the shape of a tower two hundred and thirty-six feet in height, built of concrete blocks and iron girders. Not even its builder has the faintest idea of its purpose, and it simply serves to exercise the minds and muscles of the numerous visitors who toil up its three hundred and eighty-six steps.

After seeing Henson and the three Regiments of juvenile soldiers embark at Bournemouth Sam weighed anchor and pedalled his speedy craft back through the New Forest—now looking A.L.—to Southampton, and thence horn?, covering over ninety miles on the last day of his interesting ride.

It is "all hands to the pump" now with the Excelsior Club, in order to make a big success of the annual Race Meeting on Wednesday next.

Honorary Race Secretary Duffield informs me that entries are coming in splendidly from runners and walkers, cyclists and motorists; and he is expecting a really fine show.

A fine trophy has been provided by the members of the Corporation to be run for; whilst a local gentleman, prominent in the motoring world, has put up another magnificent trophy for competition between the motor cyclists. Everything looks very promising.

DICK TURPIN,

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

ROADS generally are in so loose a condition that cycling seems just at present only to be carried on in the most modest fashion.

Cyclists still go out, but do not go far. A day or two ago I went for a spin which occupied three hours, but only took me to Angmering and back! I was reluctantly compelled to hold two tyre-repairing demonstrations in the first four miles, and this accounts both for the length of the time and the brevity of the ride.

Another annoyance I suffered at the tongue of a brother wheelman from Hertfordshire: he would persist in contrasting the Sussex flint tracks with the beautifully kept highways in his part of the country.

I didn't like it, for the reflection that other

people know how to make real roads does not comfort the rider who has to endure the "puncturesque" roads of Sussex.

Edgar Henson had a busy holiday, so to speak, last week.

He was at Milton, near Christchurch, in Hants, where he had the entire charge of the Ambulance Department of a Camp composed of Chichester, Canterbury, and Winchester Regiments of the Boys' Brigade.

What with the cases of sunstroke and cycling accidents, the Tarring man was thoroughly engaged, the "patients" admitted during one day alone numbering thirty-two. On Friday Sam Clark turned up per bicycle, and lent a hand with the first-aid work, at which both are experts.

The pair managed, however, to eke out a little time in which to explore the New Forest, Sam sustaining the only puncture of the trip at the historic spot where Rufus Stone¹ marks the place at which the Royal, but unpopular, Norman also sustained a puncture of a more serious nature, it being inflicted by the misdirected arrow of a fellow huntsman and resulting fatally.

At Christchurch Sam indulged his hobby of inspecting old churches, and the wheelmen were more interested in a list of charitable bequests which was painted up in the tower of one of the ecclesiastical edifices.

Ten shillings a year went to remunerate a "suitable, God-fearing man" who annually preached a sermon on the miseries of man! Bicycles were not invented in those days, so mankind presumably allowed its miseries greater sway. Nowadays we go for a spin and forget them.

Three shillings and fourpence was the annual income from a legacy to the poor, who, I take it, were not so important an item as the miseries.

At Milton the cyclists visited a "folly," in the shape of a tower two hundred and thirty-six feet in height, built of concrete blocks and iron girders. Not even its builder has the faintest idea of its purpose, and it simply serves to exercise the minds and muscles of the numerous visitors who toil up its three hundred and eighty-six steps.

After seeing Henson and the three Regiments of juvenile soldiers embark at Bournemouth Sam weighed anchor and pedalled his speedy

craft back through the New Forest—now looking
Al.—to Southampton, and thence home,
covering over ninety miles on the last day of
his interesting ride.

It is “all hands to the pump” now with the
Excelsior Club, in order to make a big success
of the annual Race Meeting on Wednesday next.

Honorary Race Secretary Duffield informs me
that entries are coming in splendidly from
runners and walkers, cyclists and motorists;
and he is expecting a really fine show.

A fine trophy has been provided by the mem-
bers of the Corporation to be run for; whilst a
local gentleman, prominent in the motoring
world, has put up another magnificent trophy
for competition between the motor cyclists.
Everything looks very promising.

DICK TURPIN.

ⁱ A “more durable memorial” was erected in 1841, possibly
the iron one which still stands there. When we (Daphne
and I) visited in 1957, we were told that it encloses the
original stone. JDG.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 17.8.1904, P2C5.

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD.</p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>LAST Wednesday witnessed the final tussle in the series of road handicaps run by the Excelsior Club through the season. Only five men lined up for the event, which was a twenty-five miles race; and the Starter, E. Barnah Blaker, soon dispatched them on their journey. Roads were in a very loose state, and two of the men, Howard and Coote, were unfortunate enough to puncture, and thus lose their chance of success, although both rode out the distance.</p> <p>A big crowd of Excelsiorites awaited the finish at Washington, the complete result being:</p> <table border="0"><tr><td>1 W. Stephenson (6min. start).....</td><td>1 hour 16min.</td></tr><tr><td>2 F. Young (4min.).....</td><td>1 hour 11min.</td></tr><tr><td>3 C. Willmer (10min.).....</td><td>1 hour 19 min.</td></tr><tr><td>4 A. J. Coote (3min.).....</td><td>1 hour 21min.</td></tr><tr><td>5 A. J. Howard (scratch).....</td><td>1 hour 17min.</td></tr></table> <p>Taking the series of four races, Howard proves to be the winner, having scored one first, two seconds, and one fifth, thereby registering ten points, the lowest, and therefore the best record.</p> <p>Young and Willmer follow with thirteen points apiece, whilst Stephenson ranks fourth with fifteen points, and Coote fifth with nineteen. The latter, a new Clubman, did not ride in the first event, and this put eight points to his total.</p> <p>A great deal of interest has been taken in the races, and some very good performances have been done. Stephenson's time for the twenty-five miles is the best for the distance, though closely approached by Young's 1 hour, 11min., 21 sec. Howard's 2 hours, 47min., 30sec. for the fifty, ridden on a very windy day, is the best of the longer rides; Young being again very near it, only a few seconds behind.</p> <p>The Excelsior Club had a glorious run to</p>	1 W. Stephenson (6min. start).....	1 hour 16min.	2 F. Young (4min.).....	1 hour 11min.	3 C. Willmer (10min.).....	1 hour 19 min.	4 A. J. Coote (3min.).....	1 hour 21min.	5 A. J. Howard (scratch).....	1 hour 17min.	<p>the longer rides; Young being again very near it, only a few seconds behind.</p> <p>The Excelsior Club had a glorious run to Washington last Wednesday, nearly fifty turning out. The road races usually draw a crowd, and, once out, the fun is kept moving without trouble.</p> <p>The speed division supplied a pianist in the person of G. Willmer, and a vocalist in W. Stephenson; the steady brigade answered by putting forward Fred Sheppard. Between them the trio discoursed enough sweet music to keep the Excelsiorites busily engaged, either at listening with all their ears or dancing with all their toes, until it was time for Host Charman to allude to the provisions contained in a certain Act of Parliament.</p> <p>Then the cyclists bid farewell to the hospitable 1 rankland Arms, and leisurely wended their way to Worthing, wistfully wishing weekly road races were held—there would then be weekly Club runs!</p> <p>On the Horsham road the other day a couple of London riders, after assisting a straw hatted cyclist who was tandeming with a lady, and had tyre troubles, fell into a casual conversation on wheeling matters.</p> <p>The talk turned to racing, and the Londoners found the straw-hatted one was mildly interested. They averred that Olley's recent fifty miles' record in 2 hours 17 minutes was a good ride; he reluctantly agreed. The Londoners then proceeded to freely and vigorously criticise Olley's riding powers, and asserted that his day was over. The straw-hatted one, with saddened smile, agreed again.</p> <p>Washington Bostel came next, where I was awaiting his arrival. There was a merry laugh on his face, and a bewildered smile adorned each of the Londoners, when I introduced the straw-hatted one to a friend as G. A. Olley!</p> <p>The straw hat had disguised the famous Vegetarian, I suppose, for the others had seen him on the track numbers of times.</p> <p>Excelsiorites and other friends of Fred Young will be glad and sorry to hear he is leaving Worthing shortly to take up a situation at Southport—glad he is improving his position, and sorry to lose his presence in Club run, road</p>	<p>They averred that Olley's recent fifty miles' record in 2 hours 17 minutes was a good ride; he reluctantly agreed. The Londoners then proceeded to freely and vigorously criticise Olley's riding powers, and asserted that his day was over. The straw-hatted one, with saddened smile, agreed again.</p> <p>Washington Bostel came next, where I was awaiting his arrival. There was a merry laugh on his face, and a bewildered smile adorned each of the Londoners, when I introduced the straw-hatted one to a friend as G. A. Olley!</p> <p>The straw hat had disguised the famous Vegetarian, I suppose, for the others had seen him on the track numbers of times.</p> <p>Excelsiorites and other friends of Fred Young will be glad and sorry to hear he is leaving Worthing shortly to take up a situation at Southport—glad he is improving his position, and sorry to lose his presence in Club run, road race, and—chief of all—orchard-stripping outings</p> <p>Always more of a road-riier than a track sprinter, Fred has improved wonderfully this year, and, had he stayed here, would undoubtedly have qualified for the hundred miles gold medal—his pet ambition. As it is, however, he holds both silver and gold-centre medals for the distance, having won these when he was a beginner at the game.</p> <p>Next Wednesdays runs are: Worthing Excelsior C.C., Angmering; West Tarring C.C., Littlehampton. Another event on the same day will be the race at Eastbourne for the One Mile Veterans' Championship of Sussex.</p> <p>Of course Sam Clark is competing, and means, if possible, to again put his name on the Cup which he was the means of providing, despite his forty-eight years.</p> <p>Edgar Henson is also riding, so we shall see how he has been wearing during his forty-one years. Both are in good form, and will, I am sure, give all the other Sussex veterans something to do. The best luck to both, says</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
1 W. Stephenson (6min. start).....	1 hour 16min.											
2 F. Young (4min.).....	1 hour 11min.											
3 C. Willmer (10min.).....	1 hour 19 min.											
4 A. J. Coote (3min.).....	1 hour 21min.											
5 A. J. Howard (scratch).....	1 hour 17min.											

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

LAST Wednesday witnessed the final tussle in the series of road handicaps run by the Excelsior Club through the season. Only five men lined up for the event, which was a twenty-five miles race; and the Starter, E. Baruch Blaker, soon dispatched them on their journey. Roads were in a very loose state, and two of the

men, Howard and Coote, were unfortunate enough to puncture, and thus lose their chance of success, although both rode out the distance.

A big crowd of Excelsiorites awaited the finish at Washington, the complete result being:

- 1 W. Stephenson (6min. start).....1 hour 10min.
- 2 F. Young (4min.).....1 hour 11min .
- 3 C. Willmer (10min.).....1 hour 19 m in .
- 4 A.J. Coote (9min.).....1 hour 21min.
- 5 A.J. Howard (scratch) 1 hour 17min.

Taking the series of four races, Howard proves to be the winner, having scored one first, two seconds, and one fifth, thereby registering ten points, the lowest, and therefore the best record.

Young and Willmer follow with thirteen points apiece, whilst Stephenson ranks fourth with fifteen points, and Coote fifth with nineteen. The latter, a new Clubman, did not ride in the first event, and this put eight points to his total.

A great deal of interest has been taken in the races, and some very good performances have been done. Stephenson's time for the twenty-five miles is the best for the distance, though closely approached by Young's 1 hour, 11min., 21 sec. Howard's 2 hours, 47min., 30sec. for the fifty, ridden on a very windy day, is the best of the longer rides; Young being again very near it, only a few seconds behind.

The Excelsior Club had a glorious run to Washington last Wednesday, nearly fifty turning out. The road races usually draw a crowd, and, once out, the fun is kept moving without trouble.

The speed division supplied a pianist in the person of G. Willmer, and a vocalist in W. Stephenson; the steady brigade answered by putting forward Fred Sheppard. Between them the trio discoursed enough sweet music to keep the Excelsiorites busily engaged, either at listening with all their ears or dancing with all their toes, until it was time for Host Charman to allude to the provisions contained in a certain Act of Parliament.

Then the cyclists bid farewell to the hospitable Frankland Arms, and leisurely wended their way to Worthing, wistfully wishing weekly road races were held — there would then be weekly Club runs !

On the Horsham road the other day a couple of London riders, after assisting a straw hatted cyclist who was tandeming with a lady, and

and had tyre troubles, fell in to a casual conversation on wheeling matters.

The talk turned to racing, and the Londoners found the straw - hatted one was mildly interested. The averred that Olley's recent fifty miles; record in 2 hours 17 minutes was a good ride; he reluctantly agreed. The Londoners then proceeded to freely and vigorously criticise Olley's riding powers, and asserted that his day was over. The straw - hatted one, with saddened smile, agreed again.

Washington Bostel came next, where I was awaiting his arrival. There was a merry laugh on his face, and a bewildered smile adorned each of the Londoners, when I introduced straw - hatted one to a friend as G.A. Olley!

The straw hat had disguised the famous Vegetarian, I suppose, for the others had seen him on the track numbers of times.

Excelsiorites and other friends of Fred Young will be glad and sorry to hear he is leaving Worthing shortly to take up a situation at Southport - glad he is improving his position, and sorry to lose his presence in Club run, road race, and— chief of all— orchard -stripping outings

Always more of a road-rider than track sprinter, Fred has improved wonderfully this year, and, had he stayed here, would undoubtedly have qualified for the hundred miles gold medal - his pet ambition. As it is, however, he holds both silver and gold-centre medals for the distance, having won these when he was a beginner at the game.

Next Wednesday's runs are: Worthing Excelsior C.C., Angmering; West Tarring C.C., Littlehampton. Another event on the same day will be the race at Eastbourne for the One Mile Veterans' Championship of Sussex.

Of course Sam Clark is competing, and means, if possible, to again put his name on the Cup which he was the means of providing, despite his forty-eight years.

Edgar Henson is also riding, so we shall see how he has been wearing during his forty-one years. Both are in good form, and will, I am sure, give all the other Sussex veterans something to do. the best luck to both, says

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 24.8.1904, P2C4

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD.</p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>"IT'S like champagne!" This was exclaimed by a well-known London wheelman as he and I rode southwards out of Horsham the other morning. The remark referred to the air, which had a delicious, fresh crispness in it which the London man appreciated after the sullied atmosphere of Town. In fact, after a few sniffs he averred he could scent the briny, and was soon gavotting around like a two-year-old.</p> <p>I had ridden up the road with provender for Howard, who was attempting a hundred and seventy-one miles in twelve hours, to win a Club gold medal, and W. Stephenson, who was following him.</p> <p>Howard had been started by W. Duffield at six o'clock, and had reached Woodhatch in just over two hours, getting back to Horsham and completing his first fifty miles inside three hours.</p> <p>Offington was reached in three hours fifty minutes, and Howard ticked off his hundredth mile, down near Fareham, just after six hours from the start!</p> <p>Riding as strongly as ever, he checked and fed at Fareham, then tackled the thirty-six miles back to Offington in two hours and twenty-four minutes.</p> <p>Only the thirty-three miles to Southwater and back now remained, and Howard had three hours and eighteen minutes at his disposal. But he wanted to beat Stephenson's memorable ride, and he had finished with seventy minutes to spare.</p> <p>So Howard buckled to with a will, and reeled</p>	<p>off the distance in two hours and five minutes, and winning the Club's much-coveted gold medal for riding a hundred and seventy-one miles in the day.</p> <p>Stephenson followed Howard for the greater part of the way, but a crop of punctures and bursts put him <i>hors de combat</i> before the finish.</p> <p>Last Thursday the Brighton Cyclists' Club Championship was to be raced for at Preston Park, the distance being five miles.</p> <p>Of recent years the title has been in the safe keeping of the speedy Worthing member, W. R. Paine, who also held two shares in the Feldwicks Trophy; but he has not trained or raced at all this year, so I fully expected that even the Brighton C.C. would provide at least one man who could screw up the courage to meet him.</p> <p>But it was not to be! Bert Paine therefore rode the distance alone, untrained, and on a friend's machine, winning the Championship and making the Feldwicks Trophy his own by a bloodless victory.</p> <p>Perhaps, after all, his fellow-Clubmen were wise not to meet him, for he rode the distance in the remarkably smart time of 13 minutes 12.5 seconds.</p> <p>Methinks the Brighton C.C.—once a crack</p>	<p>Methinks the Brighton C.C.—once a crack Club—would fare badly in a bout with the Worthing Excelsior.</p> <p>Stanley Halse, the Excelsior scratch man, showed good form at his Club's race meeting last Wednesday, his prize in the open mile and his victory over G. A. Olley in the motor-paced match being well deserved.</p> <p>Brown and Howard would also worry the Brighton C.C. men on the path; whilst on the road I shudder to think what they would receive at the hands of our leading half-dozen riders.</p> <p>Whilst descending God's Hill at Crawley, in company with Howard and Stephenson the other day, Frank Medhurst sustained a very nasty fall through over-running Howard's back wheel.</p> <p>Medhurst was thrown with considerable force, and cut his knees about very badly; some of the flesh from one of them being completely removed.</p> <p>Assistance was obtained from two other riders on the spot, and the wounds were washed and bandaged as well as could be managed under the circumstances. Medhurst then took train to Worthing, where he received proper medical attention; but I gather from him that his knee—at present in "bandages and a splint"—will have to remain stiff for six weeks.</p> <p>Frank, nevertheless, has no lack of pluck, and the various Excelsiorites who have looked him up find him cheerful and determined not to allow the enforced confinement to get on his nerves.</p> <p>Next Wednesday the Excelsiorites have a run by special invitation to Old Shoreham. Captain Peto is particularly desirous of a big muster on this occasion, as the fixture is one which always affords a most enjoyable evening. The West Tarring Club's destination is Brighton.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
--	--	--

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

"IT'S like champagne!" This was exclaimed by a well-known London wheelman as he and I rode southwards out of Horsham the other morning. The remark referred to the air, which had a delicious, fresh crispness in it which the London man appreciated after the sullied atmosphere of Town. In fact, after a few sniffs he averred he could scent the briny, and was soon gavotting around like a two-year-old.

I had ridden up the road with provender for Howard, who was attempting a hundred and seventy-one miles in twelve hours, to win a Club gold medal, and W. Stephenson, who was following him.

Howard had been started by W. Duffield at six o'clock, and had reached Woodhatch in just over two hours, getting back to Horsham and completing his first fifty miles inside three hours.

Offington was reached in three hours fifty minutes, and Howard ticked off his hundredth mile, down near Fareham, just after six hours from the start!

Riding as strongly as ever, he checked and fed at Fareham, then tackled the thirty-six miles back to Offington in two hours and twenty-four minutes.

Only the thirty-three miles to Southwater and back now remained, and Howard had three hours and eighteen minutes at his disposal. But he wanted to beat Stephenson's memorable ride, and he had finished with seventy minutes to spare.

So Howard buckled to with a will, and reeled off the distance in two hours and five minutes, and winning the Club's much-coveted gold medal for riding a hundred and seventy-one miles in the day.

Stephenson followed Howard for the greater part of the way, but a crop of punctures and bursts put him *hors de combat* before the finish.

Last Thursday the Brighton Cyclists' Club Championship was to be raced for at Preston Park, the distance being five miles.

Of recent years the title has been in the safe keeping of the speedy Worthing member, W. R. Paine, who also held two shares in the Feldwicke Trophy; but he has not trained or raced at all this year, so I fully expected that even the Brighton C.C. would provide at least one man who could screw up the courage to meet him.

But it was not to be! Bert Paine therefore rode the distance alone, untrained, and on a friend's machine, winning the Championship and making the Feldwicke Trophy his own by a bloodless victory.

Perhaps, after all, his fellow-clubmen were wise not to meet him, for he rode the distance in the remarkably smart time of 13 minutes 12 2-5 seconds.

Methinks the Brighton C.C. - once a crack Club - would fare badly in a bout with the Worthing Excelsior.

Stanley Hales, the Excelsior scratch man, showed good form at his Club's race meeting last Wednesday, his prize in the open mile and his victory over G.A. Olley in the motor-paced match being well deserved.

Brown and Howard would also worry the Brighton C.C. men on the path; whilst on the road I shudder to think what they would receive at the hands of our leading half-dozen riders.

Whilst descending Goff's Hill at Crawley, in company with Howard and Stephenson the other day, Frank Medhurst sustained a very nasty fall through over-running Howard's back wheel.

Medhurst was thrown with considerable force, and cut his knees about very badly; some of the flesh from one of them being completely removed.

Assistance was obtained from two other riders on the spot, and the wounds were washed and bandaged as well as could be managed under the circumstances. Medhurst then took train to Worthing, where he received proper medical attention; but I gather from him that his knee - at present in bandages and a splint - will have to remain stiff for six weeks.

Frank, nevertheless, has no lack of pluck, and the various Excelsiorites who have looked him up find him cheerful and determined not to allow the enforced confinement to get on his nerves.

Next Wednesday the Excelsiorites have a run by special invitation to Old Shoreham. Captain Peto is particularly desirous of a big muster on this occasion, as the fixture is one which always affords a most enjoyable evening. The West Tarring Club's destination is Brighton.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 31.8.1904, P2C4-5

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

LAST Wednesday a number of Excelsiorites made an excursion to Eastbourne, to see the twenty-ninth Race Meeting of the Eastbourne Bicycle Club. The item of chief interest to the Excelsiorites was the One-mile struggle for the Veterans' Championship of Sussex. Half-a-dozen starters lined up; Brighton, Worthing, and Eastbourne each sending a conle.

Bang! went the pistol, and away they flew, Edgar Henson taking the lead, with Sam Clark hanging on, and the Brighton and Eastbourne men in the rear, losing ground.

This order prevailed whilst the first lap was rattled off in forty-five seconds, and the second in forty-three; but before the finish of the third lap, which took forty-two seconds, Sam Clark put on a burst of speed which took him to the front.

Then the bell rang, and, amid the exultant yells of his Club-mates, the forty-eight-year-old athlete sailed around the final circuit, and again made himself Veteran Champion of Sussex, his time for the mile being 2 minutes 54 1-5th seconds.

Edgar Henson had no difficulty in beating French, of Brighton, for second place, in addition to winning the lap prize. Thus the Worthing pair secured four prizes out of the five put up for the event; Sam receiving as first prize a pretty kettle and stand, in addition to a share in the Veterans' Silver Cup; whilst Edgar Henson's exertions were rewarded with a nice-looking fruit dish as second prize, and a silver cigarette case as lap prize.

The Quarter-mile Championship of Sussex was also competed for at the meeting, and Bert Paine got up in the eyent.

Bert had done a lot of "training" just before the race; but, unfortunately, it was of the railway order.

In fact, he had journeyed from Birmingham

In fact, he had journeyed from Birmingham and Coventry straight to Eastbourne without either bicycle or rest, and the machines he borrowed on the ground were so strange to him that he failed to take the somewhat awkward corners of the track, and got off the course once or twice.

Thus it came about that, after many years Bert was beaten in a County Championship the placed men being Tomsett, of Horsham Offen, of Brighton; and Fowler, of Chichester

Stanley Hales was riding in the handicaps, and succeeded in scoring a place in a two miles heat, but had no luck in the final.

Last week Howard wrested from Stephenson his Club record of a hundred and seventy-one miles in 10 hours 50 minutes.

The other day, therefore, Stephenson girded up his loins and set out to win fresh honours on the road, choosing the hundred miles course for the attempt. As he had already won the gold medal for this distance it was necessary for him to cover the course in six and a quarter hours and thereby win a special Club medal.

So at ten minutes past seven on a lovely morning W. Duffield signed his check and said "Go!" He went.

A puncture at Arundel, a hurried change on to a spare machine ridden by Howard, and Billy was soon turning at Westhampnett, and heading for Offington in smart style. Another puncture! No spare machine was to be had, so precious time had to be lost.

But he got back to Offington one minute under the two hours, and with help put the tyre right, losing another ten minutes.

Howard had now rejoined him, and he tackled ..

Howard had now rejoined him, and he tackled the sixty-seven miles through Horsham and Crawley to Woodhatch and back, travelling so well that he regained the valuable minutes by the time he checked at Woodhatch, three hours and fifty-five minutes after the start.

Stephenson now had the job well in hand, so contented himself with swinging along home at sixteen miles an hour; W. Duffield timing him in at the end of the hundred, six hours and ten minutes after he had issued the command "Go!" *

Stephenson thus won the second of the Club special gold medals, the first having been won by—I expect you could guess the name, dear reader—W. R. Paine, who rode the hundred, despite tyre troubles, in six hours and one minute in September, 1902.

Roads are, I am pleased to find, getting a lot better. A couple of early-rising wheelmen, F. G. Bleach and F. Farley, found the going very

Wednesday, August 31st, 1904.

good during a spin to Eastbourne and back the other morning.

They spent over an hour at Eastbourne, yet reached home again in time for the midday meal, having risen with the lark and breakfasted at Lewes, the town "of clean windows and pretty faces," as someone once said.

I reminded one of the pair of this remark; he naively admitted he had not noticed the windows!

Next week's Club's runs are: Excelsior C.C., Littlehampton; Tarring C.C., Rustington.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

LAST Wednesday a number of Excelsiorites made an excursion to Eastbourne, to see the twenty-ninth Race Meeting of the Eastbourne Bicycle Club. The item of chief interest to the Excelsiorites was the One-mile struggle for the Veterans' Championship of Sussex. Half-a-dozen starters lined up; Brighton, Worthing, and Eastbourne each sending a couple.

Bang! went the pistol, and away they flew, Edgar Henson taking the lead, with Sam Clark hanging on, and the Brighton and Eastbourne men in the rear, losing ground.

This order prevailed whilst the first lap was rattled off in forty-five seconds, and the second in forty-three; but before the finish of the third lap, which took forty-two seconds, Sam Clark put on a burst of speed which took him to the front.

Then the bell rang, and, amid the exultant yells of his Club-mates, the forty-eight-year-old athlete sailed around the final circuit, and again made himself Veteran Champion of Sussex, his time for the mile being 2 minutes 54 1-5th seconds.

Edgar Henson had no difficulty in beating French, of Brighton, for second place, in addition to winning the lap prize. Thus the

Worthing pair secured four prizes out of the five put up for the event; Sam receiving as first prize a pretty kettle and stand, in addition to a share in the Veterans' Silver Cup; whilst Edgar Henson's exertions were rewarded with a nice-looking fruit dish as second prize, and a silver cigarette case as lap prize.

The Quarter-mile Championship of Sussex was also competed for at the meeting, and Bert Paine got up in the event.

Bert had done a lot of "training" just before the race; but, unfortunately, it was of the railway order.

In fact, he had journeyed from Birmingham and Coventry straight to Eastbourne without either bicycle or rest, and the machines he borrowed on the ground were so strange to him that he failed to take the somewhat awkward corners of the track, and got off the course once or twice.

Thus it came about that, after many years Bert was beaten in a County Championship the placed men being Tomsett, of Horsham Offen, of Brighton; and Fowler, of Chichester

Stanley Hales was riding in the handicaps, and succeeded in scoring a place in a two miles heat, but had no luck in the final.

Last week Howard wrested from Stephenson his Club record of a hundred and seventy-one miles in 10 hours 50 minutes.

The other day, therefore, Stephenson girded up his loins and set out to win fresh honours on the road, choosing the hundred miles course for the attempt. As he had already won the gold medal for this distance it was necessary for him to cover the course in six and a quarter hours and thereby win a special Club medal.

So at ten minutes past seven on a lovely morning W. Duffield signed his check and said "Go!" He went.

A puncture at Arundel, a hurried change on to a spare machine ridden by Howard, and Billy was soon turning at Westhampnett, and heading for Offington in smart style. Another puncture! No spare machine was to be had, so precious time had to be lost.

But he got back to Offington one minute under the two hours, and with help put the tyre right, losing another ten minutes.

Howard had now rejoined him, and he tackled the sixty-seven miles through Horsham and Crawley to Woodhatch and back, travelling so well that he regained the valuable minutes by the time he checked at Woodhatch, three hours and fifty-five minutes after the start.

Stephenson now had the job well in hand, so contented himself with swinging along home at sixteen miles an hour; W. Duffield timing him in at the end of the hundred, six hours and ten minutes after he had issued the command "Go!"

Stephenson thus won the second of the Club special gold medals, the first having been won by - I expect you could guess the name, dear reader - W. R. Paine, who rode the hundred, despite tyre troubles, in six hours and one minute in September, 1902.

Roads are, I am pleased to find, getting a lot better. A couple of early-rising wheelmen, F. G. Bleach and F. Farley, found the going very good during a spin to Eastbourne and back the other morning.

They spent over an hour at Eastbourne, yet reached home again in time for the midday meal, having risen with the lark and breakfasted at Lewes, the town "of clean windows and pretty faces," as someone once said.

I reminded one of the pair of this remark; he naively admitted he had not noticed the windows!

Next week's Club's runs are : Excelsior C.C., Littlehampton; Tarring C.C., Rustington.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 7.9.1904, P2C5

<p style="text-align: center;">A Weekly Survey.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>AFTER the recent rains the roads are better than they have hitherto been during the season, and, with luck as regards weather, the wheeler may look forward to a magnificent cycling autumn. Dame Nature's home is always more fully furnished in autumn than in any other season, and is infinitely prettier. It looked very tempting to me the other day as I took a spin up beyond Horsham, particularly the numerous and heavily laden fruit trees I had to pass on the way.</p> <p>Cyclists were out in full force. I saw many who, like myself, were lazing along enjoying a smoke; others were keeping a swinging pace; whilst one rationally-attired member of the tender sex was essaying to win a fifty-miles road medal. Brave girl! But is it worth while?</p> <p>There is a lot of pleasure to be extracted in a quiet way from the bicycle. A local sportsman, familiar to Excelsiorites as a lap-scorer, and to the Town Football Club as Secretary, recently returned from a cycling jaunt which must have proved very enjoyable.</p> <p>Accompanied by his better half, he rode up to Kingston-on-Thames in half a day for a start, which was good work for the lady. Thence by boat down the Thames as far as Henley, where the wheels were resumed and the trip continued as far as Town, much of the City itself being cycled through.</p> <p>Leaving London, the cyclists wandered off</p>	<p>Leaving London, the cyclists wandered off into Kent, and spent a day or two in the Garden of England, eventually reaching home again by a sixty-two miles ride from pretty little Eltham, through Beckenham, Croydon, Redhill, and Horsham. An ideal short tour!</p> <p>During the past week-end Edgar Henson sallied forth in quest of the Excelsior Club's hundred miles medal, and achieved a very good ride—especially for a veteran, and one who has, until recently, given no attention to speed work.</p> <p>Edgar started off at a warm pace, and covered the hilly thirty-three miles to West-hampnett and back in two hours and five minutes; reached Horsham in another seventy minutes, and checked at Woodhatch four hours and ten minutes from the start.</p> <p>This looked like another gold medal ride, but unfortunately Henson's tyre burst in the next few miles. He changed on to a strange machine, but after a while found the higher gear was telling on him too much.</p> <p>So he again changed, this time on to Sam Clark's machine, and got along better, although he had to ride it with adjustment of handle-bars which did not fit him at all well.</p> <p>This was awkward, as there was a bothersome breeze to ride against; but Edgar slogged away, and, although missing the coveted gold, landed home in time to secure honours in the shape of a gold-centre medal.</p> <p>Henson was looked after chiefly by his fellow-veteran, Sam Clark, and Greenfield on his motor cycle; whilst quite a number of Excelsior men followed him on different parts of the ride.</p> <p>All praise the performance, and the general opinion is that Edgar is capable, with better luck, of qualifying for a gold medal.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
---	---

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

AFTER the recent rains the roads are better than they have hitherto been during the season, and, with luck as regards weather, the wheeler may look forward to a magnificent cycling autumn. Dame Nature's home is always more fully furnished in autumn than in any other season, and is infinitely prettier. It

looked very tempting to me the other day as I took a spin up beyond Horsham, particularly the numerous and heavily laden fruit trees had to pass on the way.

Cyclists were out in full force. I saw many who, like myself, were lazing along enjoying a smoke; others were keeping a swinging pace; whilst one rationally-attired member of the tender sex was essaying to win a fifty-miles road medal. Brave girl! But is it worth while?

There is a lot of pleasure to be extracted in a quiet way from the bicycle. A local sportsman, familiar to Excelsiorites as a lap-scorer, and to the Town Football Club as Secretary, recently returned from a cycling jaunt which must have proved very enjoyable.

Accompanied by his better half, he rode up to Kingston-on-Thames in half a day for a start, which was good work for the lady. Thence by boat down the Thames as far as Henley, where the wheels were resumed and the trip continued as far as Town, much of the City itself being cycled through.

Leaving London, the cyclists wandered off into Kent, and spent a day or two in the Garden of England, eventually reaching home again by a sixty-two miles ride from pretty little Eltham, through Beckenham, Croydon, Redhill, and Horsham. An ideal short tour!

During the past week-end Edgar Henson sallied forth in quest of the Excelsior Club's hundred miles medal, and achieved a very good ride - especially for a veteran, and one who has, until recently, given no attention to speed work.

Edgar started off at a warm pace, and covered the hilly thirty-three miles to West-ham-pnett and back in two hours and five minutes; reached Horsham in another seventy minutes, and checked at Woodhatch four hours and ten minutes from the start.

This looked like another gold medal ride, but unfortunately Henson's tyre burst in the next few miles. He changed on to a strange machine, but after a while found the higher gear was telling on him too much.

So he again changed, this time on to Sam Clark's machine, and got along better, although he had to ride it with adjustment of handle-bars which did not fit him at all well.

This was awkward, as there was a bothersome

breeze to ride against; but Edgar slogged away, and, although missing the coveted gold, landed home in time to secure honours in the shape of a gold-centre medal.

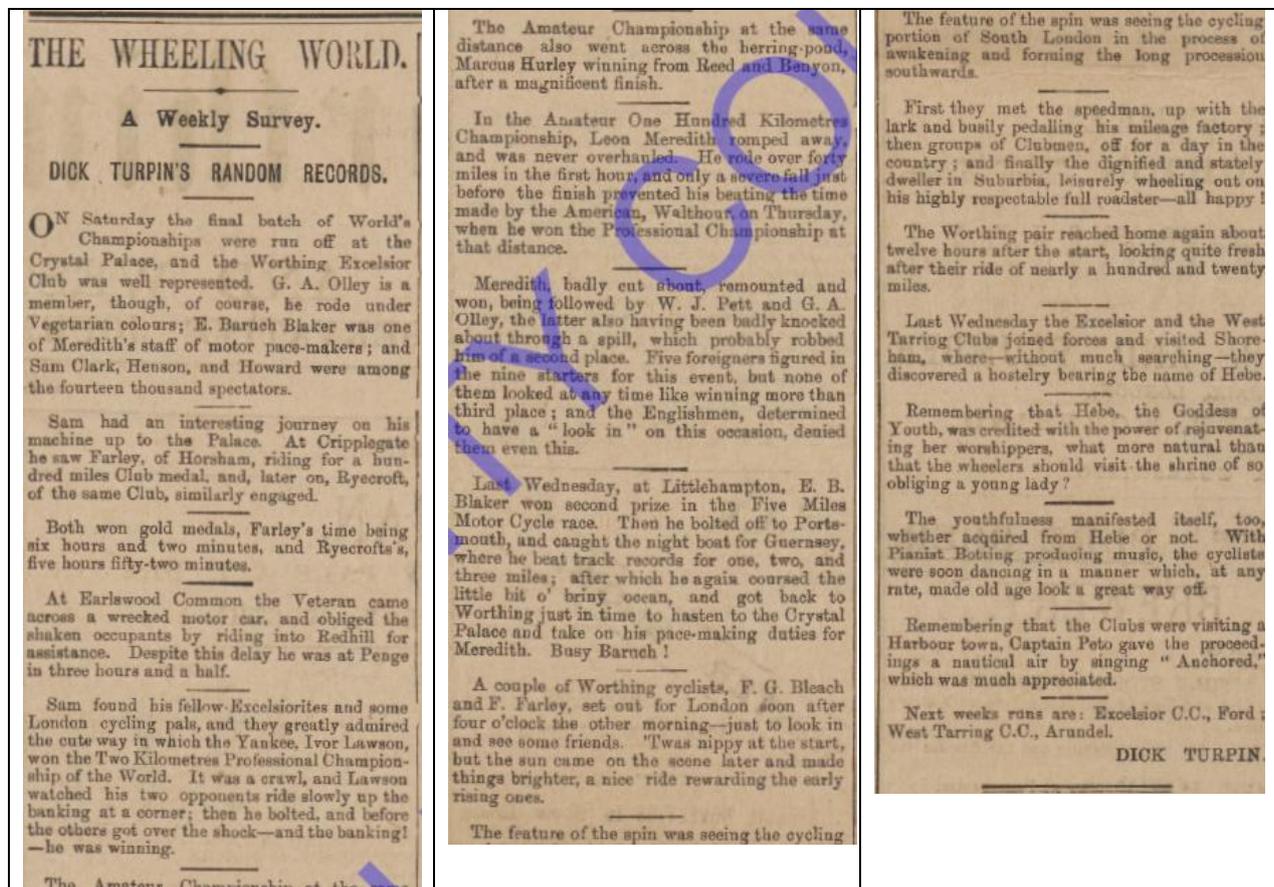
Henson was looked after chiefly by his fellow-veteran, Sam Clark, and Greenfield on his motor cycle; whilst quite a number of Excelsior men followed him on different parts of the ride.

All praise the performance, and the general opinion is that Edgar is capable, with better luck, of qualifying for a gold medal.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 14.9.1904, P2C5



THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

ON Saturday the final batch of World's Championships were run off at the Crystal Palace, and the Worthing Excelsior Club was well represented. G. A. Olley is a member, though, of course, he rode under Vegetarian colours; E. Baruch Blaker was one of Meredith's staff of motor pace-makers; and Sam Clark, Henson, and Howard were among the fourteen thousand spectators.

Sam had an interesting journey on his machine up to the Palace. At Cripplegate he saw Farley, of Horsham, riding for a hundred miles Club medal, and, later on, Rycroft, of the same Club, similarly engaged.

Both won gold medals, Farley's time being

six hours and two minutes, and Rycrofts's, five hours fifty-two minutes.

At Earlswood Common the Veteran came across a wrecked motor car, and obliged the shaken occupants by riding into Redhill for assistance. Despite this delay he was at Penge in three hours and a half.

Sam found his fellow Excelsiorites and some London cycling pals, and they greatly admired the cute way in which the Yankee, Ivor Lawson, won the Two Kilometres Professional Championship of the World. It was a crawl, and Lawson watched his two opponents ride slowly up the banking at a corner; then he bolted, and before the others got over the shock - and the banking! - he was winning.

The Amateur Championship at the same distance also went across the herring-pond, Marcus Hurley winning from Reed and Benyon, after a magnificent finish.

In the amateur One Hundred Kilometres Championship, Leon Meredith romped away, and was never overhauled. He rode over forty miles in the first hour, and only a severe fall just before the finish prevented his beating the time made by the American, Walthour, on Thursday, when he won the Professional Championship at that distance.

Meredith, badly cut about, remounted and won, being followed by W.J. Pett and G.A. Olley, the latter also having been badly knocked about through a spill, which probably robbed him of a second place. Five foreigners figured in the nine starters for this event, but none of them looked at any time like winning more than third place; and the Englishmen, determined to have a "look in" on this occasion, denied them even this.

Last Wednesday, at Littlehampton, E. B. Blaker won second prize in the Five Miles Motor Cycle race. Then he bolted off to Portsmouth, and caught the night boat for Guernsey, where he beat track records for one, two, and three miles; after which he again coursed the little bit o' briny ocean, and got back to Worthing just in time to hasten to the Crystal Palace and take on his pace-making duties for Meredith. Busy Baruch!

A couple of Worthing cyclists, F. G. Bleach and F. Farley, set out for London soon after four o'clock the other morning—just to look in and see some friends. 'Twas nippy at the start, but the sun came on the scene later and made

things brighter, a nice ride rewarding the early rising ones.

The feature of the spin was seeing the cycling portion of South London in the process of awakening and forming the long procession southwards.

First they met the speedman, up with the lark and busily pedalling his mileage factory ; then groups of Clubmen, off for a day in the country; and finally the dignified and stately dweller in Suburbia, leisurely wheeling out on his highly respectable full roadster - all happy !

The Worthing pair reached home again about twelve hours after the start, looking quite fresh after their ride of nearly a hundred and twenty miles.

Last Wednesday the Excelsior and the West Tarring Clubs joined forces and visited Shoreham, where - without much searching -they discovered a hostelry bearing the name of Hebe.

Remembering that Hebe, the Goddess of Youth, was credited with the power of rejuvenating her worshippers, what more natural than that the wheelers should visit the shrine of so obliging a young lady ?

The youthfulness manifested itself, too, whether acquired from Hebe or not. With Pianist Botting producing music, the cyclists were soon dancing in a manner which, at any rate, made old age look a great way off.

Remembering that the Clubs were visiting a Harbour town, Captain Peto gave the proceedings a nautical air by singing "Anchored," which was much appreciated.

Next weeks runs are: Excelsior C.C., Ford ; West Tarring C.C., Arundel.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 21.9.1904, P2C5

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A Weekly Survey. DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>THE autumn of the astronomer commences this week; but the autumn of the cyclist—whose seasons are not fixed by solstice and equinox—is already well under way. The cyclist judges by the “nippy” morning air, the leaves which have commenced to fall, the ripened fruit, and the early hour in the evening at which he has to light his lamp.</p> <p>But what a lovely autumn! Cyclists are out in shoals; and all the world and his wife seem to be blackberrying.</p> <p>Nevertheless, one or two wheelmen get out upon long journeys. Sam Clark and a friend set out the other day for Mayfield, but missed the little East Sussex town somehow, and pulled up within a few miles of Tunbridge Wells.</p> <p>So the pair changed their destination to Hastings, which they reached without further adventure.</p> <p>On the return they were joined at Lewes by Edgar Henson and a friend; Bert Paine's father swelled the throng soon after; whilst yet another wheeling acquaintance accompanied them for a part of the journey.</p> <p>One morning this week some local cyclists who are also choristers had been out early—for singing lessons from the lark, or to tune their vocal organs with the fresh country air; I cannot say which.</p> <p>After a walk up the Bostel one of the party had stopped to light his pipe, when a violent blow at the back sent him flying! When he recovered breath he discovered a strange cyclist sprawling on the ground, after having ridden up the hill with his head down, and charged into the chorister without seeing him!</p> <p>The conversation which ensued is, fortunately,</p>	<p>The conversation which ensued is, fortunately, lost to history; but the incident is a warning against allowing one's mind to be totally absorbed in the labour of pedalling when climbing hills, or in the pleasant occupation of lighting a pipe when the hill is surmounted.</p> <p>Another minor mishap to a Worthing cyclist serves as a warning against a common but risky practice with many wheelmen. The rider was hurrying along with a bag in his hand; his knee struck the bag, which then knocked the handlebar round sharply, and a nasty fall followed, resulting in damage to person and clothing.</p> <p>Several instances of spills caused in this way have come under my notice; and I still recall some weird gyrations of my own, made in similar circumstances over a dozen years ago, when I carried a bag in that way. Since which I have carried no other!</p> <p>Out beyond Poynings the other day the Irrepressible and I witnessed a spill which forethought would have prevented. A Sussex chess-player living in Brighton was speeding gaily along with a fair wind and—incidentally—a loose chain.</p> <p>The chain came off suddenly; the rider did ditto more suddenly, but was unhurt, except for a shaking and a plentiful supply of scratches. But he availed himself of our services in tightening his chain before remounting.</p> <p>I had a little kodak in my pocket, and would dearly have liked to snap the chessman in the act of falling—as a warning to others with loose chains, of course.</p> <p>But we had just “taken” the little Church</p>	<p>But we had just “taken” the little Church at Coombe, so the mixture of subjects might have been too great a strain. Situated on the slope of a fairly steep hill, the diminutive edifice offers some difficulties to the beginner in the black art.</p> <p>Standing far enough from the Church, we were too far down the hill for a camera held level to take a picture of more than its base.</p> <p>So one of us acted as tripod by holding the camera on his head; the other climbed a friendly rail, held on to the “tripod,” took aim, and just managed to click the shutter before the camera over-balanced and things collapsed generally!</p> <p>I was surprised to learn recently, from a lady member of a London Cycling Club, that medals are offered for rides upon the road by the fair ones who belong to the Club, as well as to the mere men.</p> <p>In fact, my informant—at one time a member of the Tarring C.C., and still a keen devotee of the wheel—had recently won a specimen of the Club jewellery by riding twenty-five miles in one hour forty minutes and nineteen seconds. Good work for a lady handicapped with a skirt, and riding an ordinary ladies' roadster bicycle!</p> <p>The amalgamated forces of the Tarring and Excelsior Clubs only brought out a muster of eight last Wednesday for the run to Washington.</p> <p>But the eight enjoyed themselves. They found a Fife and Drum Band and also a pianist when they reached their objective, and frivelled away an hour or two in song and dance before making the return journey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
---	---	--

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

THE autumn of the astronomer commences this week; but the autumn of the cyclist—whose seasons are not fixed by solstice and equinox—is already well under way. The cyclist judges by the “nippy” morning air, the leaves which have commenced to fall, the ripened fruit, and the early hour in the evening at which he has to light his lamp.

But what a lovely autumn! Cyclists are out in shoals; and all the world and his wife seem to be blackberrying.

Nevertheless, one or two wheelmen get out

upon long journeys. Sam Clark and a friend set out the other day for Mayfield, but missed the little East Sussex town somehow, and pulled up within a few miles of Tunbridge Wells.

So the pair changed their destination to Hastings, which they reached without further adventure.

On the return they were joined at Lewes by Edgar Henson and a friend; Bert Paine's father swelled the throng soon after; whilst yet another wheeling acquaintance accompanied them for a part of the journey.

One morning this week some local cyclists who are also choristers had been out early - for singing lessons from the lark, or to tune their vocal organs with the fresh country air; I cannot say which.

After a walk up the Bostel one of the party had stopped to light his pipe, when a violent blow at the back sent him flying! When he recovered breath he discovered a strange cyclist sprawling on the ground, after having ridden up the hill with his head down, and charged into the chorister without seeing him!

The conversation which ensued is, fortunately, lost to history; but the incident is a warning against allowing one's mind to be totally absorbed in the labour of pedalling when climbing hills, or in the pleasant occupation of lighting a pipe when the hill is surmounted.

Another minor mishap to a Worthing cyclist serves as a warning against a common but risky practice with many wheelmen. The rider was hurrying along with a bag in his hand; his knee struck the bag, which then knocked the handlebar round sharply, and a nasty fall followed, resulting in damage to person and clothing.

Several instances of spills caused in this way have come under my notice; and I still recall some weird gyrations of my own, made in similar circumstances over a dozen years ago, when I carried a bag in that way. Since which I have carried no other!

Out beyond Poynings the other day the Irrepressible and I witnessed a spill which forethought would have prevented. A Sussex chess-player living in Brighton was speeding gaily along with a fair wind and - incidentally - a loose chain.

The chain came off suddenly; the rider did

ditto more suddenly, but was unhurt, except for a shaking and a plentiful supply of scratches. But he availed himself of our services in tightening his chain before remounting.

I had a little kodak in my pocket and would dearly have liked to "snap" the chessman in the act of falling - as a warning to others with loose chains, of course.

But we had just "taken" the little Church at Coombe, so the mixture of subjects might have been too great a strain. Situated on the slope of a fairly steep hill, the diminutive edifice offers some difficulties to the beginner in the black art.

Standing far enough from the Church, we were too far down the hill for a camera held level to take a picture of more than its base.

So one of us acted as tripod by holding the camera on his head; the other climbed a friendly rail, held on to the "tripod," took aim, and just managed to click the shutter before the camera over-balanced and things collapsed generally.

I was surprised to learn recently, from a lady member of a London Cycling Club, that medals are offered for rides upon the road by the fair ones who belong to the Club, as well as to the mere men.

In fact, my informant - at one time a member of the Tarring C.C., and still a keen devotee of the wheel - had recently won a specimen of the Club jewellery by riding twenty-five miles in one hour forty minutes and nineteen seconds. Good work for a lady handicapped with a skirt, and riding an ordinary ladies' roadster bicycle!

The amalgamated forces of the Tarring and Excelsior Clubs only brought out a muster of eight last Wednesday for the run to Washington.

But the eight enjoyed themselves. They found a Fife and Drum Band and also a pianist when they reached their objective, and frivelled away an hour or two in song and dance before making the return journey.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 28.9.1904, P2C7

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A Weekly Survey. DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>AFTER having on several occasions proved his right to be Champion Veteran of Sussex, Sam Clark, like Alexander the Great, has been sighing for fresh worlds to conquer.</p> <p>He has just conquered Hampshire, to be going on with.</p> <p>At the Portsmouth Police Sports last Saturday Sam was invited to ride against H. Evans, the Champion Veteran of Hampshire; and though the notice was short and the Sussex Veteran was not exactly fit, he accepted the invitation.</p> <p>Evans was naturally quite at home on the three-lap cinder track on which the race was run, and the Portsmouth men fully expected him to win; but Sam intended to make a fight of it, and went ahead at the start, making the pace for the first lap.</p> <p>The Hampshire man went to the front in the second lap; Sam hung on and watched his chance. As they encountered the wind, early in the final lap, Sam put on a fine sprint and literally romped away, gaining about one hundred and fifty yards in the finishing furlong, and winning easily in 2 mins. 44 1/5 secs.</p> <p>C. B. Kingsbury was in great form at the same meeting, and won a five miles handicap from scratch, out of a field of a dozen riders. His time was 12 mins. 1 sec., which is record for the Portsmouth track.</p> <p>Edgar Henson accompanied Sam to the meeting, and acted as Head Competitors' Steward, having no fewer than four "understudies!" They look after things at Portsmouth. Edgar must be pretty famous as Competitors' Steward; he has served in that capacity at a number of different meetings.</p> <p>Strawberries are not over yet! Six miles beyond Chichester the Irrepressible and I pulled up at a wayside halting place kept by Mr. Thackthwaite—an old Worthing man—and he showed us some good specimens, just picked from outdoor beds which have been yielding fruit for some time past.</p>	<p>Strawberries are not over yet! Six miles beyond Chichester the Irrepressible and I pulled up at a wayside halting place kept by Mr. Thackthwaite—an old Worthing man—and he showed us some good specimens, just picked from outdoor beds which have been yielding fruit for some time past.</p> <p>G. A. Olley, the vegetarian rider, has just been indulging in another long speed jaunt on the road, this time with a view of beating the record for twelve hours' riding on southern roads, which has stood for twelve months at one hundred and ninety-eight miles.</p> <p>The air was somewhat heavy at the start near Merstham; but Olley, though feeling the effects of his recent bad fall at the Crystal Palace, kept to his schedule as he rode up to Parley and then returned southwards, continuing, after a detour or two, through Crawley and Horsham to Offington Corner—a spot which is historic in road racing.</p> <p>Here another Vegetarian handed him food and without dismounting—for he had recently lost time through a puncture—he went on to Shoreham Bridge and back.</p> <p>Henson, Stephenson, and other Worthing men now followed him, and he set off westward at a clinking pace. Time was precious, and level crossing gates were opened in readiness for the record-breaker.</p> <p>At Ford another puncture awaited him, and a hasty change on to a Worthing man's machine was made. This punctured Ls than</p> <p>On through Chichester, Emsworth, Havant, and Fareham; now a follower drops out of the bunch feeling tired; now a fresh man joins the speedy group; at Chichester Captain Light, of the 7 Vegetarian Club, is waiting with food; at Fareham a tandem pair—lady and gentleman—bring up more provisions; they also wear the green triangular badge of the great Vegetarian Club.</p> <p>Back from Fareham the tale is still the same: Olley in front, and a group of men following him—some from Portsmouth, others from London and Horsham; whilst Worthing is also well represented.</p>	<p>Back from Fareham the tale is still the same: Olley in front, and a group of men following him—some from Portsmouth, others from London and Horsham; whilst Worthing is also well represented.</p> <p>At Chichester Henson sprints after the record-breaker with a refresher; at Arundel Sam Clark awaits him with some speed food at Offington Corner there is a bath of water and other things. But Olley does not stop; he snatches a bite and a bottle, and keeps "riding out the miles.</p> <p>From Offington Corner he starts northward on the last section of the ride, but soon another puncture occurs. This time "Gosser" Green—the king of record breakers—is in attendance with a similar machine to Olley's own mount, so the delay is only a matter of seconds.</p> <p>"Gosser" Green, who breaks records with the ease which proverbially attaches to shelling peas, stops to repair the damaged tyre.</p> <p>At Washington Bostel Sam Clark wishes Olley luck and eases up; thus the last of the Worthing contingent drops behind, and comes home to anxiously await tidings as to the result of the record-breaker's ride.</p> <p>Through Horsham, Crawley, and Redhill, Olley rode out the remaining hours and minutes, and at the call of time it was found he had ridden two hundred and three miles, thus exceeding the previous best by five miles. A fine performance indeed! DICK TURPIN.</p>
---	---	--

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

AFTER having on several occasions proved his right to be Champion Veteran of Sussex, Sam Clark, like Alexander the Great has been sighing for fresh worlds to conquer.

He has just conquered Hampshire, to be going on with.

At the Portsmouth Police Sports last Saturday Sam was invited to ride against H. Evans, the Champion Veteran of Hampshire; and though the notice was short and the Sussex Veteran was not exactly fit, he accepted the invitation.

Evans was naturally quite at home on the three-lap cinder track on which the race was

run, and the Portsmouth men fully expected him to win; but Sam intended to make a fight of it, and went ahead at the start, making the pace for the first lap.

The Hampshire man went to the front in the second lap; Sam hung on and watched his chance. As they encountered the wind, early the final lap, Sam put on a fine sprint and literally romped away, gaining about one hundred and fifty yards in the finishing tussle, and winning easily in 2 mins. 44 4-5 secs.

C.B. Kingsbury was in great form at the same meeting, and won a five miles handicap from scratch, out of a field of a dozen riders. His time was 12 mins. 1 sec., which is record for the Portsmouth track.

Edgar Henson accompanied Sam to the meeting, and acted as Head Competitors' Steward, having no fewer than four "understudies!" They look after things at Portsmouth. Edgar must be pretty famous as Competitors' Steward; he has served in that capacity at a number of different meetings.

Strawberries are not over yet! Six miles beyond Chichester the Irrepressible and I pulled up at a wayside halting place kept by Mr. Thackthwaite - an old Worthing man - and he showed us some good specimens, just picked from outdoor beds which have been yielding fruit for some time past.

G. A. Olley, the vegetarian rider, has just been indulging in another long speed jaunt on the road, this time with a view of beating the record for twelve hours' riding on southern roads, which has stood for twelve months at one hundred and ninety-eight miles.

The air was somewhat heavy at the start near Merstham ; but Olley, though feeling the effects of his recent bad fall at the Crystal Palace, kept to his schedule as he rode up to Parley and then returned southwards, continuing, after a detour or two, through Crawley and Horsham to Offington Corner - a spot which is historic in road racing.

Here another Vegetarian handed him food and without dismounting - for he had recently lost time through a puncture - he went on to Shoreham Bridge and back.

Henson, Stephenson, and other Worthing men now followed him, and he set off westward at a clinking pace. Time was precious, and the level crossing gates were opened in readiness for

the record-breaker.

At Ford another puncture awaited him, and a hasty change on to a Worthing man's machine was made. This punctured less than two miles on, so Olley and Henson had to wait and mend up.

On through Chichester, Emsworth, Havant, and Fareham; now a follower drops out of the bunch being tired; now a fresh man joins the speedy group; at Chichester Captain Light, of the Vegetarian Club, is waiting with food; at Fareham a tandem pair - lady and gentleman—bring up more provisions; they also wear the green triangular badge of the great Vegetarian Club.

Back from Fareham the tale is still the same: Olley in front, and a group of men following him - some from Portsmouth, others from London and Horsham; whilst Worthing is also well represented.

At Chichester Henson sprints after the record-breaker with a refresher; at Arundel Sam Clark awaits him with some speed food; at Offington Corner there is a bath of water and other things. But Olley does not stop; he snatches a bite and a bottle, and keeps grinding out the miles.

From Offington Corner he starts northward on the last section of the ride, but soon another puncture occurs. This time "Gosser" Green - the king of record breakers - is in attendance with a similar machine to Olley's own mount, so the delay is only a matter of seconds.

Olley goes on, and Green, who breaks records with the ease which proverbially attaches to shelling peas, stops to repair the damaged tyre.

At Washington Bostel Sam Clark wishes Olley luck and eases up; thus the last of the Worthing contingent drops behind, and comes home to anxiously await tidings as to the result of the record-breaker's ride.

Through Horsham, Crawley, and Redhill, Olley rode out the remaining hours and minutes and at the call of time it was found he had ridden two hundred and three miles, thus exceeding the previous best by five miles. A fine performance indeed! DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 5.10.1904, P2C6

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

CYCLING was not very attractive during the past week-end; it was a case of mud-guards and mackintoshes. But October does not usually treat us this way, and we must hope for better things before long. There is one thing to be said: the roads soon dry after rain, even at this time of the year.

I sauntered up the Horsham road the other day, finding a trio of Excelsior speed men at Washington. They came along at quite a modest pace—out of respect for my years, I suppose!

One solitary flier was out—an Emsworth man, worrying along on a hundred miles ride—and a few steady-going riders.

I had a camera out. I have recently practised this as an excuse for dawdling, so we "took" the recently burnt Knepp Castle, though the light was bad.

I also tried my novice hand upon my Club-mates. This was rash!

I made a rule not to take subjects who are capable of hitting the operator when he produces the result of his labours. Subjects will not make allowance—enough allowance, at any rate—for my liking.

I am sorry to have to chronicle another cycling accident. What a number we have experienced this year!

The victim on this occasion is Ben Rogers, the popular member of both the Tarring and Excelsior Clubs, who, not many months ago, broke his collar-bone.

Ben was cycling in Worthing one day last

Ben was cycling in Worthing one day last week, and two youngsters, who had been larking on the pavement, suddenly transferred their scene of operations to the roadway without a moment's warning.

The wheelman, who was riding very steadily, was brought down with an awkward fall, and had the misfortune to break the same collar-bone over again. A stranger picked him up and saw to his receiving medical attention, and poor Ben is now in dock once more for a few weeks, but is making satisfactory progress.

Youngsters playing in the street are a menace to the most careful wheelman. All their forms of recreation seem to demand that they should dart about the road in a most erratic way, with an utter disregard to vehicle or pedestrian.

Another local cyclist had a similar experience to Rogers last week, but fortunately no damage was done. Not even when the sweet youth grumbled at the wheelman he had brought down!

The rider restrained his feelings, and, with the aid of two passing pedestrians, tried in a kind way to convince the boy that he should not rush blindly into the middle of the road.

Excelsiorites are congratulating their Club-mate, Fred Blann, upon his new dignity of father. Fred is one of the pioneers of the Excelsior Club, and needless to say, Mr. Blann, junior, is destined to become a wheelman. A flier, too, I understand; for already he is on speed food of much the same nature as the road racing man uses, and, moreover, is doing well.

Riding up Bury Hill last week an Excelsior man was putting in so much work that he pulled the handlebar completely out of his machine, the bolt having worked loose.

He was not to be "done," so replaced the bar, remounted, and climbed the remainder of the hill.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

CYCLING was not very attractive during the last week-end; it was a case of mud-guards and mackintoshes. But October does not usually treat us this way, and we must

hope for better things before long. There is one thing to be said: the roads soon dry after rain, even at this time of the year.

I sauntered up the Horsham road the other day, finding a trio of Excelsior speed men at Washington. They came along at quite a modest pace - out of respect for my years, I suppose!

One solitary flier was out - an Emsworth man, worrying along on a hundred miles ride—and a few steady-going riders.

I had a camera out. I have recently practised this as an excuse for dawdling, so we “took” the recently burnt Knepp Castle, though the light was bad.

I also tried my novice hand upon my Club-mates. This was rash!

I made a rule not to take subjects who are capable of hitting the operator when he produces the result of his labours. Subjects will not make allowances - enough allowance, at any rate - for my liking.

I am sorry to have to chronicle another cycling accident. What a number we have experienced this year!

The victim on this occasion is Ben Rogers, the popular member of both the Tarring and Excelsior Clubs, who, not many months ago, broke his collar bone.

Ben was cycling in Worthing one day last week, and two youngsters, who had been larking on the pavement, suddenly transferred their scene of operations to the roadway without a moment's warning.

The wheelman, who was riding very steadily, was brought down with an awkward fall, and had the misfortune to break the same collar-bone over again. A stranger picked him up and saw to his receiving medical attention, and poor Ben is in dock once more for a few weeks, but is making satisfactory progress.

Youngsters playing in the street are a menace to the most careful wheelman. All their forms of recreation seem to demand that they should dart about the road in a most erratic way, with an utter disregard to vehicle or pedestrian.

Another local cyclist had a similar experience to Rogers last week, but fortunately no damage was done. Not even when the sweet youth

grumbled at the wheelman he had brought down!

The rider restrained his feelings, and, with the aid of two passing pedestrians, tried in a kind way to convince the boy that he should not rush blindly into the middle of the road.

Excelsiorites are congratulating their Club - mate, Fred Blann, upon his new dignity of father. Fred is one of the pioneers of the Excelsior Club, and needless to say, Mr. Blann, junior, is destined to become a wheelman. A flier, too, I understand; for already he is on speed food of much the same nature as the road racing man uses, and, moreover, is doing well.

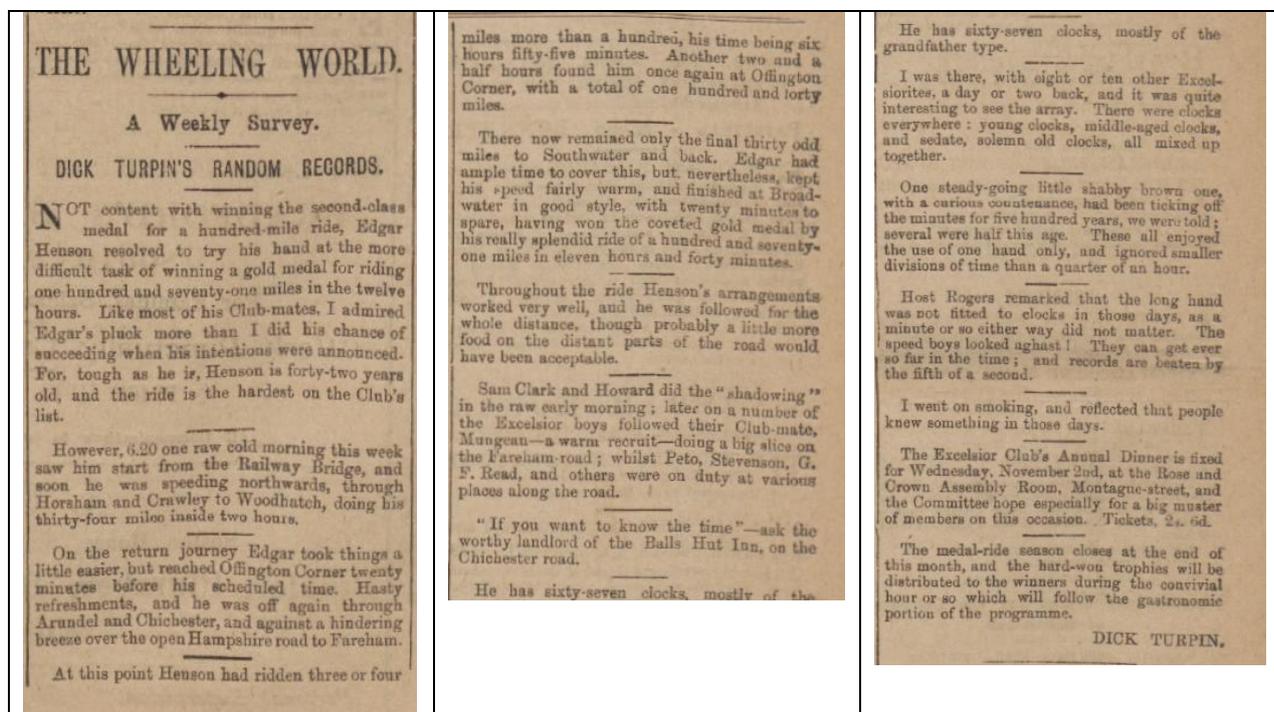
Riding up Bury Hill last week an Excelsior man was putting in so much work that he pulled the handlebar completely out of his machine, the bolt having worked loose.

He was not to be "done," so replaced the bar, remounted, and climbed the remainder of the hill.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 12.10.1904, P2C6-7



THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

NOT content with winning the second-class medal for a hundred-mile ride, Edgar Henson resolved to try his hand at the more difficult task of winning a gold medal for riding one hundred and seventy-one miles in the twelve hours. Like most of his Club-mates, I admired Edgar's pluck more than I did his chance of succeeding when his intentions were announced. For, tough as he is, Henson is forty-two years old, and the ride is the hardest on the Club's list.

However, 6.20 one raw cold morning this week saw him start from the Railway Bridge, and soon he was speeding northwards, through Horsham and Crawley to Woodhatch, doing his thirty-four miles inside two hours.

On the return journey Edgar took things a little easier, but reached Offington Corner twenty minutes before his scheduled time. Hasty refreshments, and he was off again through Arundel and Chichester, and against a hindering

breeze over the open Hampshire road to Fareham.

At this point Henson had ridden three or four miles more than a hundred, his time being six hours fifty-five minutes. Another two and a half hours found him once again at Offington Corner, with a total of one hundred and forty miles.

There now remained only the final thirty odd miles to Southwater and back. Edgar had ample time to cover this, but nevertheless kept his speed fairly warm, and finished at Broadwater in good style, with twenty minutes to spare, having won the coveted gold medal by his really splendid ride of a hundred and seventy-one miles in eleven hours and forty minutes.

Throughout the ride Henson's arrangements worked very well, and he was followed for the whole distance, though probably a little more food on the distant parts of the road would have been acceptable.

Sam Clark and Howard did the "shadowing" in the raw early morning; later on a number of the Excelsior boys followed their Club-mate, Mungeam - a raw recruit, doing a big slice on the Fareham road; whilst Peto, Stevenson, G. F. Read, and others were on duty at various places along the road.

"If you want to know the time" - ask the worthy landlord of the Balls Hut in, on the Chichester road.

He has sixty-seven clocks, mostly of the grandfather type.

I was there, with eight or ten other Excelsiorites, a day or two back, and it was quite interesting to see the array. There were clocks everywhere: young clocks, middle-aged clocks, and sedate, solemn old clocks, all mixed up together.

One steady-going little shabby brown one, with a curious countenance, had been ticking off the minutes for five hundred years, we were told; several were half this age. These all enjoyed the use of one hand only, and ignored smaller divisions of time than a quarter of an hour.

Host Rogers remarked that the long hand was not fitted to clocks in those days, as a minute or so either way did not matter. The speed boys looked aghast! They can get ever so far in the time; and records are beaten by the fifth of a second.

I went on smoking, and reflected that people knew something in those days.

The Excelsior Club's Annual Dinner is fixed for Wednesday, November 2nd, at the Rose and Crown Assembly Room, Montague Street, and the Committee hope especially for a big muster of members on this occasion. Tickets, 2s. 6d.

The medal-ride season closes at the end of this month, and the hard-won trophies will be distributed to the winners during the convivial hour or so which will follow the gastronomic portion of the programme.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 19.10.1904, P2C6-7

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A Weekly Survey. DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>"Let others tell of storms and showers; I tell of sunny morning hours."</p> <p>By this couplet a recently-erected sundial at South Holmwood allots itself a very pleasant duty. It was telling of a very enjoyable sunny morning hour one day last week, as the Irrepressible and I passed it on our way to Dorking and Leatherhead.</p> <p>Certainly the sun-dial's observation seems to cast a slur upon the useful weather-glass, and a well-conducted, rain-predicting barometer might be pardoned for replying:</p> <p>"Let dials cast their shadows black; I tell you when to wear a 'mac.'"</p> <p>However, on the day in question no mackintoshes were necessary, and we voted it one of the best we have had during one of the best seasons for some years.</p> <p>From Leatherhead we prospected, taking a Surrey lane which led us through Leigh, where an artist was transferring one of the numerous pretty "bits" on to his canvas.</p> <p>Leigh abounded in "bits," and a resolution to transport a camera thereto was put and carried unanimously, the date to be fixed when the days lengthen.</p> <p>Soon Crawley appeared, and the smooth roads tempted half of our party to enliven the pace.</p> <p>I was the other half, and had to "leather in" as we reached Horsham and came down through Ashington at a fair pace, winding up with a total of eighty-four very pleasant miles through clear, bracing air, such as we don't often get.</p> <p>I suppose 'tis Dame Nature's October brew, and the dame is choice over it!</p> <p>Medhurst is recovering from his accident at Crawley a few weeks back, when he had to have his knee in splints whilst new flesh grew.</p> <p>He was well enough last week to start off at</p>	<p>He was well enough last week to start off at four o'clock one cold, dark morning with Farnden, a mile-devouring friend of his, for a "little jaunt."</p> <p>Through Chichester, Havant, and Fareham the scenery is familiar to them. This was as well, for 'twas too dark to admire the view.</p> <p>At Botley, Farnden—who had merely ridden fifty miles with Medhurst to give him a send-off! returned, breakfasting at Fareham on the way back.</p> <p>Medhurst wanted no second breakfast, and dined in the saddle, his menu being simply a quarter of a pint of tea!</p> <p>Two o'clock found him at Bristol, having ridden one hundred and thirty miles in the ten hours.</p> <p>Two days later he made the return journey, a chilly east wind and some mud being in operation, and making the miles longer, as it were.</p> <p>He must be nearly well again!</p> <p>A few days later he had a shot at the Excelsior Club's hundred miles medal ride, his aim being to ride the distance in six hours and a quarter, and so win the special gold medal.</p> <p>Medhurst already holds the ordinary gold medal for six hours and a half; but unfortunately, though his stamina proved equal to a greater task, his speed had suffered from the long time he has been unable to ride.</p> <p>So after riding ninety-odd miles of the course Medhurst found he must miss the coveted "special" by six or seven minutes, and thereupon abandoned the attempt. He was quite fresh, but unable to extract the necessary speed.</p> <p>Doubtless the narrow margin by which he missed will tempt him to go again ere the end of the month.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
---	--

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

"Let others tell of storms and showers;
I tell of sunny morning hours."

By this couplet a recently-erected sundial at South Holmwood allots itself a very pleasant duty. It was telling of a very enjoyable sunny morning hour one day last week, as the Irrepressible and I passed it on our way to Dorking and Leatherhead.

Certainly the sun-dial's observation seems to cast a slur upon the useful weather-glass, and a well-conducted, rain - predicting barometer might be pardoned for replying;

"Let dials cast their shadows black;
I tell you when to wear a 'mac.'"

However, on the day in question no mackintoshes were necessary, and we voted it one of the best seasons we have had for some years.

From Leatherhead we prospected, taking a Surrey lane which led us through Leigh, where an artist was transferring one of the numerous pretty "bits" on to his canvas.

Leigh abounded in "bits" and a resolution to transport a camera thereto was put and carried unanimously, the date to be fixed when the days lengthen.

Soon Crawley appeared, and the smooth roads tempted half of our party to enliven the pace.

I was the other half, and had to "leather in" as we reached Horsham and came down through Ashington at a fair pace, winding up with a total of eighty-four very pleasant miles through clear, bracing air, such as we don't often get.

I suppose 'tis Dame Nature's October brew, and the dame is choice over it!

Medhurst is recovering from his accident at Crawley a few weeks back, when he had to have his knee in splints whilst new flesh grew.

He was well enough last week to start off at four o'clock one cold, dark morning with Farnden, a mile-devouring friend of his, for a "little jaunt."

Through Chichester, Havant and Fareham, the scenery is familiar to them. This was as well, for 'twas too dark to admire the view.

At Botley, Farnden - who had merely ridden fifty miles with Medhurst to give him a send-off! returned, breakfasting at Fareham on the way back.

Medhurst wanted no second breakfast, and dined in the saddle, his menu being simply a quarter of a pint of tea!

Two o'clock found him at Bristol, having ridden one hundred and thirty miles in the ten hours.

Two days later he made the return journey, a chilly east wind and some mud being in operation, and making the miles longer, as it were.

He must be nearly well again!

A few days later he had a shot at the

Excelsior's hundred miles medal ride, his aim being to ride the distance in six hours and a quarter, and so win the special gold medal.

Medhurst already holds the ordinary gold medal for six hours and a half: but unfortunately, though his stamina proved equal to a greater task, his speed has suffered from the long time he has been unable to ride.

So after riding ninety-odd miles of the course, Medhurst found he must miss the coveted "special" by six or seven minutes, and thereupon abandoned the attempt. He was quite fresh, but unable to extract the necessary speed.

Doubtless the narrow margin by which he missed will tempt him to go again ere the end of the month.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 26.10.1904, P2C4

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A Weekly Survey. DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>EXCELSIORITES and the many friends of Fred Young will be pleased to hear he is very well satisfied with things at Southport, where the exigencies of business have recently taken him. He has joined the Southport C.C., which boasts a membership of two hundred. The Club eschews scorching, and the members are given to extracting their entertainment from the Club rooms, where billiard tables, a piano, and other indulgences appeal to their luxury-loving dispositions.</p> <p>There are no road races or Club runs; the roads, too, are not of the class we enjoy down South.</p> <p>Fred, however, has had some very fair rides, visiting Blackpool, Lancaster, Preston, and Morecambe during one ride; and Manchester, Birkenhead, and Liverpool on another.</p> <p>Such a catalogue of big centres of population certainly does not suggest an ideal touring ground for the wheelman.</p> <p>On one occasion he came across some members of his new Club, and as he passed them they hung on. The late Excelsiorite scented some sport, but a few vigorous strokes of the pedals were sufficient for the men behind, and they gave up the struggle.</p> <p>Sam Clark, after following Henson up through Horsham and Crawley on his recent ride, struck off from Reigate for an interesting Surrey ramble.</p> <p>His route lay over Banstead Downs, through</p>	<p>At the latter town Sam inspected the Church, and was greatly interested in a tablet bearing an inscription whereby interest upon four hundred pounds is to be divided among certain poor so long as the inscription shall remain legible.</p> <p>For the sake of the poor I hope the stonemason responsible for the tablet put in some really lasting work!</p> <p>Resuming his journey Sam rode through Mickleham—which boasts some fine carving—on through Dorking and Horsham, and so home. Roads were good all the way; plenty of interest is to be extracted from the country; and, altogether, the ride is one of the best whole-day rambles in the neighbourhood.</p> <p>All-night riding is essentially a summer recreation in the minds of most wheelmen who indulge at all in this form of cycling. At this time of the year there is no scorching heat-wave to dodge, and we do not enthuse over the romantic delights of gliding along the country roads with the soft breath of evening fanning our fevered cheeks—and so forth!</p> <p>Nevertheless, one Worthing man—Frank Hedger—was to be found riding to London by night last week.</p> <p>At Findon he met a couple of cyclists, one of whom had broken his chain. Frank endeavoured, unsuccessfully, to act the Good Samaritan, and after half an hour's fruitless effort discovered that it was commencing to rain.</p> <p>This was not cheering to a man with fifty miles to ride, but he set about it, leaving the chainless one to walk the few remaining miles of his journey.</p> <p>At Ashington a motor cyclist was hung up with some minor trouble, but promised to over-</p>	<p>take Frank ere long—a promise which, by the bye, he failed to keep.</p> <p>At Horsham things were muddy; at Dorking they were more so; and the still-descending rain made them worse than ever as London was approached.</p> <p>So the Worthing man was not sorry to avail himself of such refreshment as could be obtained at a night coffee stall, where a couple of policemen and a belated wayfarer were also regaling themselves.</p> <p>At night I have found policeman to be gifted with splendid powers of imagination. This also was Hedger's experience on this occasion.</p> <p>Snake yarns and deeds of heroism gave way to fishing yarns. This was serious, and Frank left for home whilst one of the party was telling of a fish which weighed seven tons! "It was a rhinoceros!" he said.</p> <p>G. A. Olley is, it will be remembered, a member of the Worthing Excelsior Club; the members, therefore, will be the more pleased at his having beaten the record of E. H. Grimsdell, of the North Road Club, from London to Edinburgh.</p> <p>Olley covered the distance—three hundred and eighty-two miles—in twenty-seven hours and eleven minutes, beating the previous record by fifty-two minutes.</p> <p>During this year Olley has beaten the five miles grass track record, doing this upon our own track in August; and has lowered the Southern Road Record at fifty and one hundred miles, and also for twelve hours. This, in addition to his latest achievement, is a splendid season's work.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
--	---	---

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

EXCELSIORITES and the many friends of Fred Young will be pleased to hear he is very well satisfied with things at Southport, where the exigencies of business have recently taken him. He has joined the Southport C.C., which boasts a membership of two hundred. The Club eschews scorching, and the members are given to extracting their entertainment from the Club rooms, where billiard tables, a piano, and other indulgences appeal to their luxury-loving dispositions.

There are no road races or Club runs; the roads, too, are not of the class we enjoy down South.

Fred, however, has had some very fair rides, visiting Blackpool, Lancaster, Preston, and Morecambe during one ride; and Manchester,

Birkenhead, and Liverpool on another.

Such a catalogue of big centres of population certainly does not suggest an ideal touring ground for the wheelman.

On one occasion he came across some members of his new Club, and as he passed them they hung on. The late Excelsiorite scented some sport, but a few vigorous strokes of the pedals were sufficient for the men behind, and they gave up the struggle.

Sam Clark, after following Henson up through Horsham and Crawley on his recent ride, struck off from Reigate for an interesting Surrey ramble.

His route lay over Banstead Downs, through Sutton and on to Wimbledon, returning by way of Ewell, Ashstead, and Leatherhead.

At the latter town Sam inspected the Church, and was greatly interested in a tablet bearing an inscription whereby interest upon four hundred pounds is to be divided among certain poor so long as the inscription shall remain legible.

For the sake of the poor I hope the stonemason responsible for the tablet put in some really lasting work!

Resuming his journey Sam rode through Mickleham - which boasts some fine carving - on through Dorking and Horsham, and so home. Roads were good all the way; plenty of interest is to be extracted from the country; and, altogether, the ride is one of the best whole-day rambles in the neighbourhood.

All-night riding is essentially a summer recreation in the minds of most wheelmen who indulge at all in this form of cycling. At this time of the year there is no scorching heat-wave to dodge, and we do not enthuse over the romantic delights of gliding along the country roads with the soft breath of evening fanning our fevered cheeks - and so forth!

Nevertheless, one Worthing man - Frank Hedger - was to be found riding to London by night last week.

At Findon he met a couple of cyclists, one of whom had broken his chain. Frank endeavoured, unsuccessfully, to act the Good Samaritan, and after half an hour's fruitless effort discovered that it was commencing to rain.

This was not cheering to a man with fifty miles to ride, but he set about it, leaving the chainless one to walk the few remaining miles of his journey.

At Ashington a motor cyclist was hung up with some minor trouble, but promised to overtake Frank ere long - a promise which, by the bye, he failed to keep.

At Horsham things were: at Dorking they were more so: and the still-descending rain made them worse than ever as London was approached.

So the Worthing man was not sorry to avail himself of such refreshment as could be obtained at a night coffee stall, where a couple of policemen and a belated wayfarer were also regaling themselves.

At night I have found policemen to be gifted with splendid powers of imagination. This also was Hedger's experience on this occasion.

Snake yarns and deeds of heroism gave way to fishing yarns. This was serious, and Frank left for home while one of the party was telling of a fish which weighed seven tons! "It was a rhinoceros!" he said.

G.A. Olley, it will be remembered, is a member of the Worthing Excelsior Club; the members, therefore, will be more pleased at his having beaten the record of E.H. Grimsdell, of the North Road Club, from London to Edinburgh.

Olley covered the distance - three hundred and eighty-two miles, in twenty-seven hours and eleven minutes, beating the previous record by fifty-two minutes.

During this year Olley has beaten the five miles grass track record, doing this upon our own track in August; and has lowered the Southern Road Records at fifty and one hundred miles, and also for twelve hours. This, in addition to his latest achievement, is a splendid season's work.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD.

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 2.11.1904, P2C6

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

WITH the rapidly shortening days the wheelman is usually content with a correspondingly abbreviated spin. But there is ample enjoyment to be obtained by the cyclist who is satisfied with thirty or forty-mile rambles, or even less, as a fellow-Excelsiorite and I experienced the other day, when upon a camera run to Pulborough and up the river.

We started soon after sunrise, to allow time for leisurely explorations which cycle-photography demands, and only the early-rising milkman and a marrow-freezing nor'-easter were in evidence as we rode out of Worthing.

Over Washington Bostel—where the road shows signs of looseness which bodes ill for winter riding—and through Storrington we went, making our first stop at Wigginholt Common, where the silver birch and rusty brown bracken provided us with a promising picture.

Then on to Pulborough, where we chartered a boat—at least, an alleged boat!

We took turn and turn at the violent efforts required to row the unwieldy vessel up the river, and my arms still ache as I recall my share in the exertions, whilst my companion softly hummed snatches of song—"On, on, my barque," and requested it to "Speed thro' the foam."

But the barque—which was most aptly named *The Snail*!—declined to speed through anything.

Nevertheless we reached Stopham Bridge in course of time, having landed at various points on the way to select subjects for the camera. There was no lack of material, for the river is always pretty; but I think it never shows to the same advantage as when the trees which line the banks and overhang the water are clad in their autumn foliage.

Business over, the *Snail* crawled gently back with us to Pulborough. We got aboard our

Business over, the *Snail* crawled gently back with us to Pulborough. We got aboard our more speedy craft, and were not long in reeling off our return journey, for there was enough nip in the October air to remind early rising wheelmen of dinner.

The close time for Excelsior medals was drawing near, and Frank Medhurst wanted a specimen of the Club jewellery.

So last Thursday, though still carrying a scar obtained at Crawley, he attacked the twelve hours' ride.

From the Railway Bridge to Woodhatch he found a lot of heavy mist, and he checked at the northern end of the course two hours and five minutes after the start, in a saturated condition.

Bert Paine had arranged to follow him, but owing to the atmospheric condition he lost him, and had to give it up at Horsham—missed, owing to the mist, as it were.

So Bert and Sam Clark checked the rider when he returned to Offington Corner, four hours and twenty-five minutes after the start, and then followed him up to Southwater and back.

Medhurst again reached Offington in less than another two hours, and as he had now ridden nearly one hundred miles in six hours and twenty three minutes he was left with ample time to ride the remaining seventy-odd miles to Fareham and back.

After a hasty meal he set off, now followed by Edgar Henson, and in two and a half hours was getting his card signed at Fareham.

He now took things easily on the run home, and devoted some time at Chichester to a meal arranged for by Henson during the outward ride, finally being timed in at Broadwater by W. Duffield four minutes inside the twelve hours.

Medhurst thus acquires one of the hard-won gold medals for riding one hundred and seventy-one miles in "once round the clock."

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

WITH the rapidly shortening days the wheelman is usually content with a correspondingly abbreviated spin. But there is ample enjoyment to be obtained by the cyclist who is satisfied with thirty or forty - mile rambles, or even less, as a fellow-Excelsiorite and I experienced the other day, when upon a camera run to Pulborough and up the river.

We started soon after sunrise, to allow time for leisurely explorations which cycle-photography demands, and only the early-rising milkman and a marrow-freezing nor'-easter were in evidence as we rode out of Worthing.

Over Washington Bostel—where the road shows signs of looseness which bodes ill for winter riding - and through Storrington we went, making our first stop at Wigginholt Common, where the silver birch and rusty brown bracken provided us with a promising picture.

Then on to Pulborough, where we chartered a boat—at least, an alleged boat!

We took turn and turn at the violent efforts required to row the unwieldy vessel up the river, and my arms still ache as I recall my share in the exertions, whilst my companion softly hummed snatches of song - “ On, on, my barque,” and requested it to “ Speed thro’ the foam.”

But the barque - which was most aptly named *The Snail!* - declined to speed through anything.

Nevertheless we reached Stopham Bridge in course of time, having landed at various points on the way to select subjects for the camera. There was no lack of material, for the river is always pretty; but I think it never shows to the same advantage as when the trees which line the banks and overhang the water are clad in their autumn foliage.

Business over, the *Snail* crawled gently back with us to Pulborough. We got aboard our more speedy craft, and were not long in reeling off our return journey, for there was enough nip in the October air to remind early rising wheelmen of dinner.

The close time for Excelsior medals was drawing near, and Frank Medhurst wanted a specimen of the Club jewellery.

So last Thursday, though still carrying a scar

obtained at Crawley, he attacked the twelve hours' ride.

From the Railway Bridge to Woodhatch he found a lot of heavy mist, and he checked at the northern end of the course two hours and five minutes after the start, in a saturated condition.

Bert Paine had arranged to follow him, but owing to the atmospheric condition he lost him, and had to give it up at Horsham - missed, owing to the mist, as it were.

So Bert and Sam Clark checked the rider when he returned to Offington Corner, four hours and twenty-five minutes after the start, and then followed him up to Southwater and back.

Medhurst again reached Offington in less than another two hours, and as he had now ridden nearly one hundred miles in six hours and twenty three minutes he was left with ample time to ride the remaining seventy-odd miles to Fareham and back.

After a hasty meal he set off, now followed by Edgar Henson, and in two and a half hours was getting his card signed at Fareham.

He now took things easily on the run home, and devoted some time at Chichester to a meal arranged for by Henson during the outward ride, finally being timed in at Broadwater by W. Duffield four minutes inside the twelve hours.

Medhurst thus acquires one of the hard-won gold medals for riding one hundred and seventy-one miles in "once round the clock."

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 2.11.1904, P2C7

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD.</p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>REALLY we must shake hands with ourselves when we consider what a prolonged riding season the wheelman is enjoying this year! Here we are in November, and even now the weather, though somewhat variegated, is good enough to allow of country rambles in plenty. The rain we have had has put the roads into splendid order once more.</p> <p>After a brisk ride up to Horsham on Saturday the Irrepressible one cycled through part of St. Leonard's Forest, to enjoy a panoramic view of foliage in all its autumn tints.</p> <p>It was so pretty that he leisurely retraced his wheelmarks, to delight himself with a second inspection.</p> <p>St. Leonard's Forest is always beautiful, and a spin from Horsham to Pease Pottage, just south of Crawley, is certain to please the eye at any time of the year. I have seen numbers of magnificent rhododendrons along there in the summer.</p> <p>Another ride for the cyclist in search of the picturesque is through Arundel Park to Whiteways Lodge.</p> <p>A couple of Excelsiorites pronounced it excellent at the close of a run last Saturday.</p> <p>After seeing the Park—and, incidentally, his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, who seemed to be enjoying a stroll and admiring the autumnal aspect—the riders turned southwards, through Fair Mile Bottom.</p> <p>There was some free-wheeling for a good</p>	<p>There was some free-wheeling for a good distance, and the pair struck the Arundel-Chichester road at Ball's Hut Inn, then rode through Arundel, made a detour to Littlehampton, and eventually arrived home well satisfied with their ride.</p> <p>The Annual Dinner of the Excelsior Club was a big success.</p> <p>Members turned up in full force for the occasion, and it was an animated scene upon which the Club President, Alderman Captain A. B. S. Fraser, gazed, as he headed the table with Mr. G. H. Warne, a liberal patron, and Mr. G. A. Olley, the widely-renowned record breaker, on either side of him.</p> <p>Scribe Fibbens re-assured the "boys," and said that, despite the loss over the Annual Race Meeting in August, when wet weather spoilt the attendance, the Club can still boast a shot in its locker.</p> <p>Captain Peto welcomed the Club's distinguished member, Olley, who had journeyed from Town expressly to attend the function. Olley, in reply, made his second public speech, and said kind things about the members who have assisted him upon some of his rides.</p> <p>Kneller and Greenfield convulsed the gathering with a duet wherein the pair laughed in a most irresistibly comic manner; and Messrs. Cooper, Creese, Kidd, Peto, Jay, and others contributed to a programme which made the hours literally fly past, and all too soon came the time to join hands around the festive board, and make the welkin ring with "Auld Lang Syne."</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
---	--

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

REALLY we must shake hands with ourselves when we consider what a prolonged riding season the wheelman is enjoying this year! Here we are in November, and even now the weather, though somewhat variegated, is good enough to allow of country rambles in plenty. The rain we have had has put the roads into splendid order once more.

After a brisk ride up to Horsham on Saturday the Irrepressible one cycled through part of St. Leonard's Forest, to enjoy a panoramic view of foliage in all its autumn tints.

It was so pretty that he leisurely retraced his wheelmarks, to delight himself with a second inspection.

St. Leonard's Forest is always beautiful, and a spin from Horsham to Pease Pottage, just south of Crawley, is certain to please the eye at

any time of the year, I have seen numbers of magnificent rhododendrons along there in the summer.

Another ride for the cyclist in search of the picturesque is through Arundel Park to White-ways Lodge.

A couple of Excelsiorites pronounced it excellent at the close of a run last Saturday.

After seeing the Park - and, incidentally, his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, who seemed to be enjoying a stroll and admiring the autumnal aspect - the riders turned southwards, through Fair Mile Bottom.

There was some free-wheeling for a good distance, and the pair struck the Arundel-Chichester road at Ball's Hut Inn, then rode through Arundel, made a detour to Little-hampton, and eventually arrived home well satisfied with their ride.

The Annual Dinner of the Excelsior Club was a big success.

Members turned up in full force for the occasion, and it was an animated scene upon which the Club President, Alderman Captain A.B.S. Fraser, gazed, as he headed the table with Mr. G.H. Warne, a liberal patron, and Mr. G.A. Olley, the widely-renowned record breaker, on either side of him .

Scribe Fibbens re-assured the "boys," and said that, despite the loss over the Annual Race Meeting in August, when wet weather spoilt the attendance, the Club can still boast a shot in its locker.

Captain Peto welcomed the Club's distinguished member, Olley, who had journeyed from Town expressly to attend the function. Olley, in reply, made his second public speech, and said kind things about the members who have assisted him upon some of his rides.

Kneller and Greenfield convulsed the gathering with a duet wherein the pair laughed in a most irresistibly comic manner; and Messrs. Cooper, Creese, Kidd, Peto, Jay , and others contributed to a programme which made the hours literally fly past, and all too soon came the time to join hands around the festive board, and make the welkin ring with "Auld Lang Syne."

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 16.11.1904, P2C6

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A Weekly Survey. DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>NOT often at this late season does the wheelman enjoy so many opportunities of riding as in this present year of grace. If it were not for the rapidly thinning trees and the early hour at which sunset effects are in evidence we should begin to doubt the almanac.</p> <p>As it is, we keep pedalling away, and some Excelsior cyclometers show very good figures. T. A. Durant, for instance, has ridden three thousand eight hundred miles this year, and Sam Clark has covered well over three thousand.</p> <p>The other day, in the course of a spin to Pict's Hill at Horsham, in company with the former, I was a little surprised to find the roads in so good a condition as they were.</p> <p>Recent rain had drained off nicely owing to the well-preserved surface, and, had we been younger and more rash, we should have been tempted into scorching.</p> <p>Indeed, the Irrepressible was the cause of one outburst of a few miles, when we hung on to a motor doing a modest seventeen to the hour.</p> <p>But coming events—in the shape of road, mending material, at present standing in heaps by the wayside—already cast ominous shadows upon the hopes of the hardy mud-plugger who believes in riding through the winter.</p> <p>At Washington, on the way back, we encountered quite a strong contingent of Excelsiorites, and things wore quite a summer aspect.</p> <p>Baruch Blaker and Greenfield represented the</p>	<p>motor section, whilst Willmer, Ben Rogers, and various other pedal pushers made up a big muster. Chairman Young, heading Thakehamwards, was cutting along in the style that we all expect from the tough "old boys" who once wore Hussar-braided uniforms and bestrode the high bicycle.</p> <p>Though the Excelsior Chairman is so active, the Secretary, I am sorry to say, is not in the same happy condition.</p> <p>Cycling to Findon on Saturday, Scribe Fibbens had the misfortune to side-slip, and sustained a badly-bruised arm and dislocated shoulder.</p> <p>The wielder of the Club quill is by no means a scorcher, but side-slips come, alas! to all. My own experience leads me to believe the more careful riders suffer most—possibly owing to nervousness which dictates the extra care.</p> <p>Pedestrians—and we are all pedestrians to some extent—will be interested to know that the course over which the Boxing Day Walk—known to fame as Jack Miles' Annual—is to be altered this year.</p> <p>The new route will be from West-street, by Marine Parade and South-street, through Worthing, and straight away over the Bostel to Washington and back.</p> <p>Some few weeks back I occupied the greater part of a day in sauntering afoot over the same route; and I suppose Jack and his "lads" will do the double journey in something under three hours!</p> <p>Still, there is a considerable difference between the age of Jack Miles and that of</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
--	---

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

NOT often at this late season does the wheelman enjoy the opportunities of riding as in this present year of grace. If it were not for the rapidly thinning trees and the early hour at which sunset effects are in evidence we should begin to doubt the almanac.

As it is, we keep pedalling away, and some Excelsior cyclometers show very good figures. T.A. Durant, for instance, has ridden three thousand eight hundred miles this year, and Sam Clark has covered well over three thousand.

The other day, in the course of a spin to Pict's Hill at Horsham, in company with the former, I was a little surprised to find the roads in so good a condition as they were.

Recent rain had drained off nicely owing to the well-preserved surface, and, had we been

younger and more rash, we should have been tempted into scorching.

Indeed, the Irrepressible was the cause of one outburst of a few miles, when we hung on to a motor doing a modest seventeen to the hour.

But coming events - in the shape of road mending material, at present standing in heaps by the wayside - already cast ominous shadows upon the hopes of the hardy mud-plugger who believes in riding through the winter.

At Washington, on the way back, we encountered quite a strong contingent of Excelsiorites, and things wore quite a summer aspect.

Baruch Blaker and Greenfield represented the motor section, whilst Willmer, Ben Rogers, and various other pedal pushers made up a big muster. Chairman Young, heading Thakeham - wards, was cutting along in the style that we all expect from the tough "old boys" who once wore hussar-braided uniforms and bestrode the high bicycle.

Though the Excelsior Chairman is so active, the Secretary, I am sorry to say, is not in the same happy condition.

Cycling to Findon on Saturday, Scribe Fibbens had the misfortune to side-slip, and sustained a badly-bruised arm and dislocated shoulder.

The wielder of the Club quill is by no means a scorcher, but side-slips come, alas! to all. My own experience leads me to believe the more careful riders suffer most - possibly owing to nervousness which dictates the extra care.

Pedestrians - and we are all pedestrians to some extent - will be interested to know that the course over which the Boxing Day Walk - known to fame as Jack Miles' Annual - is to be altered this year.

The new route will be from West-street, by Marine Parade and South - street, through Worthing, and straightaway over the Bostel to Washington and back.

Some few weeks back I occupied the greater part of a day in sauntering afoot over the same route; and I suppose Jack and his "lads" will do the double journey in something under three hours!

Still, there is a considerable difference between the age of Jack Miles and that of

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 23.11.1904, P2C5

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD.</p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>A HALFPENNY and a knife would not be considered by any means a complete touring outfit, even for the speed tourist, out for the week-end and doing a hundred miles or less. But this was the extent of G. A. Olley's luggage when he started on his recent twenty-seven hours ride from London to Edinburgh.</p> <p>The coin was for the purpose of paying a toll—in Yorkshire, I believe. I recollect paying a similar toll when riding to York six or seven years ago. It seemed curious, after nearly two hundred miles of wide, well-kept, and historic main road, to be suddenly confronted with a toll-gate. And to be on a Black Bess which was incapable of leaping such obstacles!</p> <p>Olley's knife was destined to play a novel part.</p> <p>Being unable to secure enough followers to insure a suitable spare machine at all points, in case of puncture, he had decided on strong measures.</p> <p>Three machines were prepared by loosening the wheels and putting two spare tyres in the frame alongside the back wheel, and one with the front wheel.</p> <p>The tyres, which were of the usual light type used by speedman, were then tied clear of the wheels, and were thus in a position which enabled them to be put on without the necessity of removing the wheels in the event of puncture.</p> <p>So, when the Vegetarian sustained a puncture, he hopped off, cut the injured tyre through, discarded it, and replaced it with a spare one which was inflated by one man as another fixed it in position. Quick work, but expensive! One of the three machines cast a tyre three times on the ride!</p>	<p>Little in the way of startling novelty seems to have been unearthed for the Stanley Club's Annual Cycle Show this week at the Agricultural Hall.</p> <p>Fittings in general and variable speed-gears in particular continue to find occupation for inventor and designer, but, so far as the bicycle itself is concerned, no real change has been made for nearly ten years.</p> <p>I know of a light little mount which has been used a good deal for nine seasons. I would ride it in preference to much of the new, trashy stuff now on the market; it is more up-to-date.</p> <p>No; high-grade bicycles have altered but little except in the matter of brakes, free-wheels, and speed gears. The aim of to-day is not to raise the standard of workmanship, but to lower the price of the cycle.</p> <p>Two of the leading firms are putting up a machine with two brakes and a free wheel at £6 15s. and £7 respectively for next year!</p> <p>Nearly ten years ago I searched right through the Stanley Show of that time, and then paid double as much for a stripped speed mount!</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
---	--

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

A HALFPENNY and a knife would not be considered by any means a complete touring outfit, even for the speed tourist, out for the week-end and doing a hundred miles or less. But this was the extent of G.A. Olley's luggage when he started on his recent twenty-seven hours ride from London to Edinburgh.

The coin was for the purpose of paying a toll - in Yorkshire, I believe. I recollect paying a similar toll when riding to York six or seven years ago. It seemed curious, after nearly two hundred miles of wide, well-kept, and historic main road, to be suddenly confronted with a toll-gate. And to be on a Black Bess which was incapable of leaping such obstacles!

Olley's knife was destined to play a novel part.

Being unable to secure enough followers to insure a suitable spare machine at all points, in case of puncture, he had decided on strong measures.

Three machines were prepared by loosening the wheels and putting two spare tyres in the frame alongside the back wheel, and one with the frame alongside the back wheel, and one with the front wheel.

The tyres, which were of the usual light type used by speedmen, were then tied clear of the wheels, and were thus in a position which enabled them to be put on without the necessity of removing the wheels in the event of puncture.

So, when the Vegetarian sustained a puncture, he hopped off, cut the injured tyre through, discarded it, and replaced it with a spare one which was inflated by one man as another fixed it in position. Quick work, but expensive! One of the three machines cast a tyre three times on the ride!

Little in the way of startling novelty seems to have been unearthed for the Stanley Club's Annual Cycle Show this week at the Agricultural Hall.

Fitments in general and variable speed-gears in particular continue to find occupation for inventor and designer, but, so far as the bicycle itself is concerned, no real change has been made for nearly ten years.

I know of a light little mount which has been used a good deal for nine seasons. I would ride it in preference to much of the new, trashy stuff now on the market; it is more up-to-date.

No; high-grade bicycles have altered but little except in the matter of brakes, free-wheels, and speed gears. The aim of to-day is not to raise the standard of workmanship, but to lower the price of the cycle.

Two of the leading firms are putting up a machine with two brakes and a free wheel at £6 15s. and £7 respectively for next year!

Nearly ten years ago I searched right through the Stanley Show of that time, and then paid double as much for a stripped speed mount!

DICK TURPIN.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 30.11.1904, P2C6

THE WHEELING WORLD.
A Weekly Survey.
DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

FROST has put an end to all regular cycling, and again brought the time round when my readers and I gather in fancy round an imaginary crackling wood fire in the jovial parlour of some picturesque old roadside hostelry - this, too, being a creature of our imagination. There we sample mine host's fare - which, alas! also has no real existence - whilst we review the events of the season that has gone.

We draw up our chairs.

The speed member is first with the poker; he vigorously stirs the fire, and as we gaze with half-closed eyes, the glowing embers change, and we see the Club fliers slogging away at road handicaps and medal rides.

In the panorama of flames Howard - the man of the year - emerges triumphant from the four road handicaps, with Fred Young, Willmer, Stephenson, and Coote close behind him.

Again a speedman takes the poker, and this time we see, one by one, the long distance men sally forth like King Arthur's knights in search of the Holy Grail. Only that our Sir Galahad and Sir Lancelot of to-day are out for Club medals!

Howard is again the leader, winning gold medals at both one hundred miles and twelve hours; Stephenson wins a special gold for the hundred; Henson scores a gold for the twelve hours and a gold-centre for the hundred; and Medhurst secures a gold for the twelve hours. Truly our scorchers have had a memorable year!

The tourist gives the fire a less violent stirring than did the speed merchants.

But amongst the glowing logs we catch glimpses of the irrepressible gaily pedalling across Sussex and Surrey, a bit of Hants, Berks, Oxford, a slice of Gloucester's solitude, and Warwick, resting for the night on the banks of the Avon.

Then we see Medhurst, forgetful of a recent

Then we see Medhurst, forgetful of a recent smash, make a long ride westwards which lands him at Cardiff in a day.

A kick from the Club Captain, and in the flying sparks we see a happy, laughing throng of wheelers - ladies and gentlemen. Now they have just finished an al fresco tea at the Club Honorary Secretary's abode, and are roystering at base-ball, sack races, dancing on the lawn, and singing the chorus to one of the Club comedian's songs.

Now they ramble to Shoreham or Washington in company, passing many a jolly hour together, whilst anon they potter in twos and threes to Arundel and Bramber. But always jolly!

It is the Veterans' turn with the poker.

The sparks show us Eastbourne, and we gaze breathlessly as again we see Henson and Sam Clark bolt from the other Sussex Veterans who would fain be Champion. We hear the bell ring and the crowd cheer madly. Sam has darted away, and a cheer almost bursts from our fireside group as we see him finish first, with his Club-mate Henson second, and the rest out of it.

Looking again, we see Sam administer a beating to the Veteran Champion of Hampshire. Bravo, Sam!

A gloomy-looking stranger, hitherto unnoticed by us, now gives a kick to the fire.

In the smoke and soot we see a rapid succes-

ion of ugly spills. Sam Clark's better half is the first victim, and for weeks cannot cycle. Then poor Ben Rogers breaks a collar-bone twice; Harry Greenfield fractures his arm; Medhurst severely injures his knee; Turpin half-heartedly imitates Rogers with one of his collar-bones; and Secretary Fibbens is just sustaining his painful spill and shoulder dislocation when we fall on the gloomy stranger and drive him forth. But what a lot of accidents we have had this year!

Our Scribe uses his uninjured arm to trim the fire. We see the good old Excelsior Club still running well; true, the Race Meetings have not been money-making concerns this year owing to the bad weather, but from the sporting point of view they were real achievements.

However, there is still a shot in the Club's locker, and the members' roll is not on the decrease. We note with pride the hale and hearty appearance of the old boys - those who launched the Club - when the members gather round the festive board for the Annual Dinner.

We watch the flickering picture of the Annual Dinner with interest, for it is an animated scene. But presently we see the group rise, link hands, and give voice with true cycling gusto. It is Auld Lang Syne!

And so, my dear reader, we break up our imaginary fireside group, and leave the fanciful hostelry.

Outside, as we take our machines, we observe

the sun has sunk behind the hills, the day is over, and the evening mists remind us it is Winter.

Thus closes the season, and we ride home in the gathering darkness, full of the happy remembrances it has left us, and eager for the night of Winter to pass. Then, once again, Hurrah! for the wheel.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

FROST has put an end to all regular cycling, and again brought the time round when my readers and I gather in fancy round an imaginary crackling wood fire in the jovial parlour of some picturesque old roadside hostelry - this, too, being a creature of our imagination. There we sample mine host's fare - which, alas! also has no real existence - whilst we review the events of the season that has gone.

We draw up our chairs.

The speed member is first with the poker; he vigorously stirs the fire, and as we gaze with half-closed eyes, the glowing embers change, and we see the Club fliers slogging away at road handicaps and medal rides.

In the panorama of flames Howard - the man of the year - emerges triumphant from the four road handicaps, with Fred Young, Willmer, Stephenson, and Coote close behind him.

Again a speedman takes the poker, and this time we see, one by one, the long distance men sally forth like King Arthur's knights in search of the Holy Grail. Only that our Sir Galahad and Sir Launcelot of to-day are out for Club medals!

Howard is again the leader, winning gold medals at both one hundred miles and twelve hours; Stephenson wins a special gold for the hundred; Henson scores a gold for the twelve hours and a gold-centre for the hundred; and Medhurst secures a gold for the twelve hours. Truly our scorchers have had a memorable year!

The tourist gives the fire a less violent stirring than did the speed merchants.

But amongst the glowing logs we catch glimpses of the Irrepressible gaily pedalling across Sussex and Surrey, a bit of Hants, Berks Oxford, a slice of Gloster's solitude, and Warwick, resting for the night on the banks of the Avon.

Then we see Medhurst, forgetful of a recent smash, make a long ride westwards which lands him at Cardiff in a day.

A kick from the Club Captain, and in the flying sparks we see a happy, laughing throng of wheelers - ladies and gentlemen. Now they have just finished an al fresco tea at the Club Honorary Secretary's abode, and are roystering at base-ball, sack races, dancing on the lawn, and singing the chorus to one of the Club comedian's songs.

Now they ramble to Shoreham or Washington in company, passing many a jolly hour together, whilst anon they potter in twos and threes to Arundel and Bramber. But always jolly!

It is the Veteran's turn with the poker. The sparks show us Eastbourne, and we gaze breathlessly as again we see Henson and Sam Clark bolt from the other Sussex Veterans who

would fain be Champion. We hear the bell ring and the crowd cheer madly. Sam has darted away, and a cheer almost bursts from our fireside group as we see him finish first, with his Club-mate Henson second, and the rest out of it.

Looking again, we see Sam administer a beating to the Veteran Champion of Hampshire. Bravo, Sam!

A gloomy-looking stranger, hitherto unnoticed by us, now gives a kick to the fire.

In the smoke and soot we see a rapid succession of ugly spills. Sam Clark's better half is the first victim, and for weeks cannot cycle. Then poor Ben Rogers breaks a collar-bone twice; Harry Greenfield fractures his arm; Medhurst severely injures his knee; Turpin half-heartedly imitates Rogers with one of his collar-bones; and Secretary Fibbens is just sustaining his painful spill and shoulder dislocation when we fall on the gloomy stranger and drive him forth. But what a lot of accidents we have had this year!

Our Scribe uses his uninjured arm to trim the fire. We see the good old Excelsior Club still running well; true, the Race Meetings have not been money-making concerns this year owing to the bad weather, but from the sporting point of view they were real achievements.

However, there is still a shot in the Club's locker, and the members' roll is not on the decrease. We note with pride the hale and hearty appearance of the old boys - those who launched the Club - when the members gather round the festive board for the Annual Dinner.

We watch the flickering picture of the Annual Dinner with interest, for it is an animated scene. But presently we see the group rise, link hands, and give voice with true cycling gusto. It is Auld Lang Syne!

And so, my dear reader, we break up our imaginary fireside group, and leave the fanciful hostelry.

Outside, as we take our machines, we observe the sun has sunk behind the hills, the day is over, and the evening mists remind us it is Winter.

Thus closes the season, and we ride home in the gathering darkness, full of the happy remembrances it has left us, and eager for the night of Winter to pass. Then, once again, Hurrah! for the wheel.

DICK TURPIN .