

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.