

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
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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>
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