

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>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.</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.