

## CYCLING NOTES.

(Title changed from "The Wheeling World.")

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive

at Worthing Local Studies Library

Turpin: 26.4.1905 P2C5-6

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING NOTES.</b></p> <p><b>E</b>ASTER has come and gone once more another cycling season has dawned; so again I crave my readers' kind attention to my gossip anent current wheeling topics.</p> <p>For although we cycle during the winter there is little to gossip about until spring bursts upon us, and, with its touch of youth, transforms the gloved and muffled wheelman into a boy—no matter what his age.</p> <p>Yes, I have recently seen a lot of bearded boys disporting themselves on their bicycles in the early spells of sunshine!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">And the Clubs are awake too!</p> <p>Excelsior energies have been directed to the proper carrying out of Monday's great Motor Carnival, and its success does the Club great credit.</p>	<p>credit.</p> <p>Doubtless we shall now have Captain Tree organising something to tempt the Clubmen out on the road.</p> <p>The Tarring Club has commenced Club running in serious earnest. Captain Collings is in command this year, and is anxious to maintain the popularity which the Figleaves' Club runs have attained hitherto.</p> <p>Despite counter - attractions and inclement weather fifteen members mustered for the opening run, which was to Littlehampton. The usual song-and-dance programme was provided, and everyone rode home happy.</p> <p>I am pleased to observe that the Spring Number of <i>Cycling</i> devotes a little space to Worthing and the neighbourhood, from the cyclo-photographer's point of view.</p> <p>We ourselves appreciate the fact that the West Tarring Schools were once a Palace of Thomas a Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury; we are proud of the old Fig Gardens; we think a lot of Selden's Cottage at Salvington, of Broadwater and Tarring Churches, of the</p>
	<p>Miller's Tomb, and the view from Chanctonbury, and so on.</p> <p>But it has always seemed to me we don't boom our historic attractions as we might, and the notice we have now received at so opportune a time will, I hope, turn the eyes of many a wheelman to Worthing.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>

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DICK TURPIN.

**THE WHEELING WORLD**

(return to original title)

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive

at Worthing Local Studies Library

Turpin: 3.5.05 P2C5.

<p><b>THE WHEELING WORLD.</b></p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p><b>D</b>URING the Easter holidays I joined a fellow wheelman, the Irrepressible, in a three-day jaunt, and as such excursions are much in favour with wheelmen, a brief account of our doings may be of interest. Good Friday looked far from propitious, but late in the morning we set off, eagerly pointing out the small patches of blue sky to each other, and trying not to see some ominous clouds. For the Easter tourist must be an optimist!</p> <p>However, things looked brighter as we proceeded, and soon after we passed through Arundel the sun was laughing at my companion, who, with a wicked twinkle in his eye, was cajoling a pair of youthful would-be scorchers into racing him.</p> <p>A stranger who had been following close for a mile or two was, like myself, greatly amused, though eventually a bit more pace left the embryo speedmen in the rear. The breathless but enthusiastic boys reminded me vividly of bygone Good Fridays on my first bicycles!</p> <p>Through Chichester and straight on to Fareham we rode without incident. Then we stopped for dinner, and the lady at the Red Lion soon identified me, reminding me that I was a broken and bandaged wreck when last I visited the house some months ago. I recalled it!</p> <p>We turned inland from Fareham, and rode through Botley and Romsey to Salisbury, where we stayed the night. The thirty-six miles from Fareham take one through much of the truly rural country, which now looks very gay indeed with fruit blossom.</p> <p>It struck us as very picturesque, in spite of our finding the hills drag a little, chiefly owing to a head wind.</p> <p>Some few miles before we reached "Sarum"—the milestones give the cathedral city its ecclesiastical name, only the signposts calling</p>	<p>to a head wind.</p> <p>Some few miles before we reached "Sarum"—the milestones give the cathedral city its ecclesiastical name, only the signposts calling it Salisbury—the road climbs a hill which gives a grand view of a large expanse of Wiltshire, with Salisbury peacefully grouped round its Cathedral, and the little river Nadder, with its partners, the Avon and Wiley, dreamily wandering through the meadows.</p> <p>Descending a hill a little further on we picked up a cyclist's cap, but, failing to find the cyclist, we unanimously voted the head-gear to a wayfarer we met a mile or two later, and rode into Salisbury.</p> <p>A solid tea occupied our attentions immediately we had washed; and our seventy-eight miles ride had made eating a pleasure as well as a necessity!</p> <p>Then a stroll round Salisbury, which has that air of respectability which one looks for in any city that has a Cathedral between six and seven centuries old.</p> <p>Next morning I tried to photograph it, but the four hundred feet spire was too tall for my apparatus when within the confined area of the Cathedral close. So I insulted one of the venerable close gateways instead.</p> <p>Resuming our journey, we made for Shaftesbury and westward as far as Henstridge—just to touch Somersetshire—then turning into Sherborne. Here we had dinner whilst a repairer fitted a new air tube to my front tyre, which had developed asthma, or something similar.</p> <p>Sherborne is twelve hundred years old—and looks it! The little Dorsetshire town is highly connected, it having been founded by Saint Baldhelm, who built a Church and a Monastery by way of a start.</p> <p>Later it became the capital of the Saxon kingdom of Wessex, and two brothers of Alfred the Great—Ethebald and Ethelbert—are buried there.</p>
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Nothing in particular seems to have happened at Sherborne since Saxon times. It had its full share of storm when Saxon and Dane were fighting their many battles, and since then has enjoyed one long calm for a thousand years.

Rather reluctantly we left Sherborne; riding leisurely, as it befits one when saying farewell to a patriarch in towns, and making our way in a south-easterly direction across Dorsetshire, finally stopping for the night at Wimborne.

After tea it was nice to have an evening smoke and stroll about the small town; round the dignified Wimborne Minster, with its quaint sun-dial, its chained library, and its curious clock with moving model suns, moons, and worlds, its organ meanwhile pealing out some preliminary Easter music.

The next day, with wind at our backs and sun shining brightly, we rode through the New Forest to Southampton, coming through Ringwood on the way. Once out of Southampton and across the floating bridge, we were soon speeding homewards through Fareham, Havant, and Emsworth.

Dinner was hardly digested when Chichester's familiar spire loomed ahead; Arundel seemed to appear in sight very soon afterwards, and a little later we were back in Worthing, and eating the sort of tea one should eat at the close of an Easter tour.

The wheelman in search of change of air and scene might do much worse than spend a few days in the district we covered. Our trip totalled two hundred and thirty miles, but one might easily arrange a longer one. Lovers of the picturesque will find much to admire!

Wiltshire villages consist of straggling rustic houses in gardens which are often separated

from the road by a stream, which is here and there spanned by small bridges or crossed by stepping-stones; the Avon at Ringwood looks very pretty, and the New Forest is a collection of pictures in itself.

The book-worm will think of Dickens' Tom Pinch when he touches Salisbury; perhaps he will go to Amesbury, where so many of Martin Chuzzlewit's years were spent; the town is close by.

And he will live through many of Thomas Hardy's scenes whilst roaming about Wiltshire.

Lastly, Wiltshire hams are only equalled by Dorset butter, and both are recommended—after much sampling—by

DICK TURPIN.

## THE WHEELING WORLD.

### A Weekly Survey.

#### DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

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## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 10.5.1905 P2C5:  
Dick introduces the "Man on the Hill."

<p><b>A Weekly Survey.</b></p> <p><b>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</b></p> <p>THE fortunes of the Worthing Excelsior Cycling and Athletic Club have been read! Yes, gentle reader, I have had its horoscope cast for your especial benefit by the Man on the Hill. For who could better wrest the mysteries of the future—so far as they relate to the destinies of the Cycling Club—from the Signs of the Zodiac than the Man on the Hill?</p> <p>For the Man on the Hill is the Secretary of the Cycling Club.</p> <p>Therefore on a recent occasion did I venture into his mystic cave, where I found him intently watching a wooden bowl—briar, I believe—which contained some smouldering, sweet-smelling incense, purchased from a neighbouring tobacconist.</p> <p>Bowing low before him I said in trembling tones: "Oh! Man on the Hill, tell me, will the Excelsior C.C. prosper in the season that has dawned?"</p> <p>Removing the bowl of incense, which he had held in his teeth by a kind of stem, the learned reader of the heavens emitted a cloud of smoke, and, after a fruitless search for his crystal ball, gazed profoundly into the depths of a glass inkpot which happened to be handy.</p> <p>Gradually a strange light illuminated his features as the spell began its work, and presently the Man on the Hill broke the strained silence.</p> <p>"The Star of the Cycling Club," said he in</p>	<p>"The Star of the Cycling Club," said he in impressive accents, "is in the ascendant, and is subject to powerful favouring influences from the star Presidents Warne, with which it has lately come in conjunction. This influence is working in the direction of future prosperity for the group of stars to which it belongs, and which represent the town of Worthing."</p> <p>For a moment the Man on the Hill drew inspiration—and smoke—from his fiery wooden bowl; then he again gazed into the glass inkpot.</p> <p>"In the near future," he continued, "on Whit Monday, in fact, I see a Sports Meeting being conducted by the Club. There seems to be a military display, and cheering crowds are watching the first-class sport for which the Club is justly famed.</p> <p>"Nine days farther into the future I see a hundred happy faces at the Club's annual Garden Party at Findon; games, tea, music, and dancing are all in full swing.</p> <p>"Again I see the Club revelling; it is the annual Strawberry Feed on July 5th, and there is tumult of mirth.</p> <p>"Peering deeper into the unveiled future, I perceive a vast concourse of cheering and excited spectators, who are thrilled by magnificent sport at the Club's Annual Race Meeting on August 23rd. It is a great day.</p> <p>"Every fortnight I can trace a band of Excelsiorites, headed by Captain Tree, cycling together to spend a jolly evening amidst rural surroundings.</p> <p>"Yes," concluded the learned seer as he pushed the glass inkpot from him, "the Excelsior Club will be a busy and successful Club in 1905!"</p> <p>So I crossed the great man's palm with silver a half-crown, which made me an Excelsiorite for another year—and inquired "Tell me, oh! Man on the Hill, will the Club hold any wicked road races?"</p>	<p>But he shirked the question. "My horologium tells me the day is far spent, and ere nightfall it is meet that I should sit on the hill, alone under the stars." And he hurried to catch the Findon bus.</p> <p>But, gentle reader, I think there is much truth in the predictions of the Man on the Hill. The Club is showing new signs of life on every hand; new members are wanted, and will, I hope, be forthcoming; the Club-run question is being seriously tackled; the President is all enthusiasm, and every one means to help things along.</p> <p>Scribe Fibbens says the necessary one shilling entrance fee and half-crown subscription will prove a sound investment; and I think that is right, good reader. Try it!</p> <p>When Edgar Henson won a gold medal last year for his twelve hours' ride, Read and Mungeam, of the Excelsior Club, were among those who followed him, Mungeam covering a very large proportion of the distance.</p> <p>Both were new to speed work then, and, finding they were interested, Edgar has kept an eye on them since. A week or two ago he started to take them to Crawley but he informs me they took him to Crawley instead!</p> <p>The new recruits kept grinding out miles at an alarming rate, and Edgar discovered that he had a big task on hand. Eighty-five minutes took them into Crawley, where coffee was gladly partaken of by the veteran.</p> <p>I understand that he touched no eatables, as the twenty-seven miles scorch with a pair of unsuspected fliers had furnished him with sufficient food for reflection. But Edgar is a tough subject, and since then has survived other rides in the company of the young bloods.</p> <p>Next week there is no Excelsior Club run; the Tarring C.C. visit Arundel.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 17.5.05 P2C5:

### THE WHEELING WORLD.

#### A Weekly Survey.

##### DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

A LOCAL motorist, who shall be nameless, has recently had grave reason to doubt the superiority of the motor-bike over its humble brother, the common or push-bicycle, as a means of locomotion.

He rode from Worthing to London to pay an afternoon call on friends, and reached his destination with no unusual incident—for a motorist, that is. True, he stopped half-a-dozen times through a troublesome trembler or a cantankerous contact-breaker, or some such ordinary hitch-up; but nothing special occurred.

But anon came the journey home.

Hours had flown, and when the motorist commenced the return run King Sol seemed to shake his head in pity and sorrow as he sank to sleep in the west. Then Dame Nature in silent sadness drew the enshrouding veil of evening o'er the scene of suffering that was to ensue. And the motorist lit his acetylene lamp.

At Croydon it was necessary to obtain a fresh supply of petrol. With misplaced generosity the petrol merchant included some dirt in the purchase. Naturally the tiny pipe which conveys the petrol from the tank very soon clogged.

So every few miles the motorist fervently breathed a benediction on the petrol-and-dirt purveyor, and dismantled to clear the pipe with a piece of wire.

Eventually he got to Crawley—half-way home—where he saw other motorists in trouble. It was a tri-car with an asthmatic air tube, and our man undertook the arduous role of the Good Samaritan.

A puncture was patched; the tube was un-

joined and joined afresh; the wheel was, by dint of much exertion, removed, and a spare tube put into the tyre. All this had occupied just about two hours, including various intervals when the three heated and dishevelled travellers had temporarily ceased their struggles in order to join hands round the obstinate machine, and utter weird incantations which specially apply to leaky tyres.

#### Home on the Instalment Principle.

After all, the new tube was but little better, and our friend left the other pilgrims of the night gallantly scorching home on the instalment system—two miles at a time, blowing up the tyre at the commencement of each instalment.

For quite a mile no fresh trouble delayed the Worthing motorist.

Then he happened across some cyclists, one of whom led a riderless bicycle, whilst another had charge of its owner, who was suffering from a bad accident which had occurred farther along the road. Finding he could not assist here, our motorist continued until he discovered another tri-car in trouble. Which soon happened!

Wearily he turned his lamp upon the awful apparition; wearily he asked if they wanted help; wearily they accepted his assistance, and wearily the machine was got to work after some time.

When the struggle was over the Worthing man discovered he had been three hours in travelling three miles! Which is well below the speed limit!

Things went monotonously well for some miles, but at Findon the belt remembered it was time something else happened. So the belt promptly broke.

The motorist transformed himself into a pedaller, and was soon propelling the machine by his own unaided exertions with fair prospect of arriving home before the morning milk—when the lamp gave out.

Replenishing it with some water from the

Replenishing it with some water from the pond at Findon, he slogged away in grim silence, and ultimately arrived at Worthing before the ingenious motor could think of anything else to go wrong.

I think there is considerable danger that the rider, who was only converted to motoring last season, will soon backslide into the ranks of the pedal pushers once again.

#### Good Resolutions.

The Excelsior C. and A.C. had quite a promising muster for the opening run last Wednesday. In various groups there were upwards of a dozen members enjoying an evening spin to Augmering, where the company passed a pleasant time—a time which caused quite a number of good resolutions (to regularly attend the runs) to be made during a charming moonlight ride home.

Last Thursday the Chichester C.C. held a hill-climb. The hill was not a desperate one, it being the ascent known as Fair Mile Bottom, near Slindon. Edgar Henson, of the Excelsior C.C., is a member of the Chichester Club, and entered the competition. Edgar would doubtless have preferred a stiffer hill—something which required climbing—but as it was he had no difficulty in making the fastest time and winning first prize, the placed men being: Henson, 6min. 7secs.; Tate, 6min. 18secs.; Grainger, 6min. 43secs.

The Magistrates at Andover, during two recent sittings, mulcted motorists in upwards of two hundred and forty pounds by way of fines and costs. The motorists will, I suspect, spell the name of the town "Hand over!"

Excelsiorites will be proud to know that their fellow member, G. A. Olley, holder of London-

Edinburgh and other records, is proposing to attempt something even bigger in July next. The speedy Vegetarian is arranging an attack on the Land's End to John O'Groats record, and contemplates prolonging his ride so as to create an unpaced bicycle record for a thousand miles! He is desirous of completing the latter distance in four days and a half, though should he occupy another day he will yet set up a record.

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At Croydon it was necessary to obtain a fresh supply of petrol. With misplaced generosity the petrol merchant included some dirt in the purchase. Naturally the tiny pipe which conveys the petrol from the tank very soon clogged.

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So every few miles the motorist fervently breathed a benediction on the petrol-and-dirt purveyor, and dismounted to clear the pipe with a piece of wire.

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Eventually he got to Crawley — half-way home—where he saw other motorists in trouble. It was a tri-car with an asthmatic air tube, and our man undertook the arduous role of the Good Samaritan.

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A puncture was patched; the tube was unjoined and joined afresh; the wheel was, by dint of much exertion, removed, and a spare tube put into the tyre. All this had occupied just about two hours, including various intervals when the three heated and dishevelled travellers had temporarily ceased their struggles in order to join hands round the obstinate machine, and utter weird incantations which specially apply to leaky tyres.

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**Home on the Instalment Principle.**

After all, the new tube was but little better, and our friend left the other pilgrims of the night gallantly scorching home on the instalment system—two miles at a time, blowing up the tyre at the commencement of each instalment.

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For quite a mile no fresh trouble delayed the Worthing motorist.

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Then he happened across some cyclists, one of whom led a riderless bicycle, whilst another had charge of its owner, who was suffering from a bad accident which had occurred farther along the road. Finding he could not assist here, our motorist continued until he discovered another tri-car in trouble. Which soon happened!

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Wearily he turned his lamp upon the awful apparition; wearily he asked if they wanted help; wearily they accepted his assistance, and wearily the machine was got to work after some time.

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When the struggle was over the Worthing man discovered he had been three hours in travelling three miles! Which is well below the speed limit!

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Things went monotonously well for some miles, but at Findon the belt remembered it was

time something else happened. So the belt promptly broke.

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The motorist transformed himself into a pedaller, and was soon propelling the machine by his own unaided exertions with fair prospect of arriving home before the morning milk----- when the lamp gave out.

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Replenishing it with some water from the pond at Findon, he slogged away in grim silence, and ultimately arrived at Worthing before the ingenious motor could think of anything else to go wrong.

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**Good Resolutions.**

The Excelsior C. and A.C. had quite a promising muster for the opening run last Wednesday. In various groups there were upwards of a dozen members enjoying an evening spin to Angmering, where the company passed a pleasant time - a time which caused quite a number of good resolutions (to regularly attend the runs) to be made during a charming moonlight ride home.

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Last Thursday the Chichester C.C. held a hill-climb. The hill was not a desperate one, it being the ascent known as Fair Mile Bottom, near Slindon. Edgar Henson, of the Excelsior C.C., is a member of the Chichester Club, and entered the competition. Edgar would doubtless have preferred a stiffer hill—something which required climbing—but as it was he had no difficulty in making the fastest time and winning first prize, the placed men being: Henson, 6min. 7secs. ; Tate, 6min. 18secs.; Grainger, 6min. 43secs.

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The Magistrates at Andover, during two recent sittings, mulcted motorists in upwards of two hundred and forty pounds by way of fines and costs. The motorists will, I suspect, spell the name of the town “Hand over !”

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Excelsiorites will be proud to know that their fellow member, G.A. Olley, holder of London to Edinburgh and other records, is proposing to attempt something even bigger in July next. The speedy Vegetarian is arranging an attack on the Land’s End to John o’Groats record, and contemplates prolonging his ride so as to create an unpaced bicycle record for a thousand miles! He is desirous of completing the latter distance in four days and a half, though should he occupy another day he will yet set up a record.

**DICK TURPIN.**

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive

at Worthing Local Studies Library

Turpin: 24.5.05 P3C5: Local Studies Library.

1.

### THE WHEELING WORLD.

#### A Weekly Survey.

#### DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

##### Cornwall in Sussex.

**M**OST Cornish villages are in Cornwall, I understand, but one at least may be found in Sussex. At any rate a brother Excelsiorite, who knows his Cornwall, says the quaint little fishing village of Bosham would readily pass as a bit of Cornwall. It certainly did not look like Sussex when we invaded it one day last week, although it has been in the county over a thousand years.

About five miles west of Chichester we turned to the left, and a few dozen kicks of the pedal showed us Bosham basking in the sun, and comfortably nestling close to the water's edge. For though Bosham is not on the open coast, the sea has penetrated inland a few miles, and Bosham and the sea take a great interest in each other.

It was evident to us from the number of boats we saw, and from the style of dress in vogue amongst the inhabitants, that most of Bosham's sons are fishermen; and outside many of the houses were to be seen little grass plots which evidently served as imaginary decks to retired Bosham skippers, who had erected neat, white-painted masts, complete with yard-arms and riggings.

Like the general run of wheelmen we feel interested in whatever such old-fashioned places may have to show us, so on this occasion we decided to roam along the shallow beach which lies between the waters of Bosham Channel and the odd-looking steps and patches of sea wall bordering the gardens and houses of Bosham.

We came across an old water mill, said to be one of eight such mills which the Domesday Book shows to have been hereabouts in Norman times. Needless to say the other seven are no more. Water mills cannot last for ever, even in Bosham!

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The Church is perhaps the chief item of interest in Bosham. Builders were restoring a large portion of the roof at the time of our visit, and one's fancy could picture the Saxon forefathers as they placed the huge slabs of stone in place a thousand years ago.

For the Church claims to be of Saxon origin, although a Bayeux tapestry inside the edifice shows the Bosham Church of that time without a tower. But ladies were ever ladies, and even those who worked tapestries did not always trouble themselves over accuracy in details.

##### And the Conqueror "Came Over"!

The tapestry in question depicts Harold invoking a blessing upon his visit to Normandy just before setting out; for it was from little Bosham that the Royal Saxon sailed on the journey which culminated in the coming of William the Conqueror.

Danish raiders carried off the first peal of bells which the Church possessed, but the weight of metal sank their vessel. Now when the present peal is rung there is an answering peal heard faintly in the distance.

Local legend maintains that it comes from the bells which are now in the bed of the ocean; unromantic people attribute it to an echo effect produced by the Itchenor Woods. But Bosham clings to legend and tradition, and as we rode away we could not imagine a more suitable home for it.

One Excelsiorite—of course it was the veteran Sam Clark!—was enthusiastic enough to cycle up to the Crystal Palace and help to swell the fifteen thousand spectators who watched the sport at *Cycling's* meeting on Saturday.

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Sam was on his new "speed-iron" with triple armed handle-bars. He found the heavy head wind provide him with plenty of collar work, and pedalled down Washington Bostel and Piets Hill, two descents both of whose gradients are usually sufficient to demand the checking influences of either back-peddalling or a brake.

At Faygate Sam got some of the rain Sussex roads need so badly, and through Reigate and Sutton the mud in places, Sam estimates, was two inches deep! However, about four hours brought the Veteran Champion of Sussex and his once spick and span machine, both very travel-stained, to the Crystal Palace.

Kramer, winner of many American Championships, was the draw of the meeting. He was competing with German, Dutch, and French riders in an International Match, winning two and being second in the third race of the series. Being disqualified for cutting in, he only came third on points; Germany and Holland, in the persons of Mayer and Schilling, sharing the victory.

Another Excelsiorite, E. Baruch Blaker, was among the competitors in the motor cycle race. Having to start on a steeply banked portion of the track, the sloping surface caused him to lose some seconds. Seeing that the race was run at a speed of over forty-six miles an hour, a few seconds were important, and no prize came to Worthing.

News of the Horsham Club runs must nearly turn Captain Tree and Captain Collings green with envy! Horsham's first run of the season brought out a master of fifty-seven; last week the members went three better, and made round figures, their run including Crawley and Handcross, a district which is looking exceptionally pretty just now as one or two Excelsiorites can vouch.

#### Our Athletic Chairman.

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Chairman Young was out for a spin a day or two back, and after a run to Brighton was returning through Steyning and Washington when his free-wheel developed extra freedom. It was so free, in fact, that it worked either forward or backward. Pedalling was not rewarded with progress.

But Chairman Young did not lose his presence of mind. He remembered that the Excelsior Club included pedestrians in its ranks. So he walked home!

Two or three miles nearer home some of the Club's speed walkers were doing heel-and-toe work at the same time. They were not overtaken by the new recruit!

Another member of the Club had a "free-wheel both ways" a couple of years back. He was far from home—the other side of Dorking. But he did not join the walkers.

The end of a tow-line, with an industrious fellow-Clubman at its beginning, satisfied him!

DICK TURPIN.

## THE WHEELING WORLD

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DICK TURPIN.

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 31.5.05

<p><b>THE WHEELING WORLD.</b></p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p><b>Some Motoring Misadventures.</b></p> <p><b>W</b>E have it on the authority—such as it may be—of a very energetic London journal that the motor-bicycle is “doomed”—or thereabouts. Well, locally the motor bicycle has been bringing its riders into numerous unsought adventures, but as to whether these riders have in consequence “doomed” their machines I can only leave it to the London journal to say. I was not present at the various adventures to hear what passed between man and machine, and therefore can only give the chapter of accidents.</p> <p>Since the commencement of the season one local motorist has personally demonstrated the impossibility of gracefully motoring across the pavement and into a hosiery shop. It was so inelegant that he gave up the attempt when within a few inches of a large plate-glass window, having already bent an iron blind-support in his endeavours.</p> <p>Another rider suddenly parted company with his steed owing to its making a most abrupt halt. Luckily, though he pitched on his head, he was only very slightly injured; but for some days he wore a neat Union Jack design in strips of sticking plaster on his forehead.</p> <p>Last week another motorist was speeding round the track at the Sports Ground, and was thrown rather awkwardly; fortunately he was not hurt.</p> <p>Yet another recently spent the night at Steyning, and next morning pedalled home the steed which should have propelled itself and carried him. A valve had given out, and he was without spare parts.</p> <p>Then again a famous local speedman, known</p>	<p>among the petrol brigade all over England, has now got such a fiery, untamed, high-g geared, feather-weight, three-horse power steed that he rarely trusts himself to ride it through the streets of the town. The metallic beast leads such a fast life that the undertaking would be risky; so he takes the belt off and shoves, until clear of the town.</p> <p><b>More Woes</b></p> <p>Yes; I feel inclined to agree with the energetic London journal. I am certain that at least some of these motor bicycles have been “doomed.”</p> <p>To complete my investigations I called upon the hero of a long list of motoring misadventures which I narrated a fortnight ago. He pointed to a box containing enough chunks of iron, wheels, screws, wires, and sundries to turn one's hair grey, and said it was his engine!</p> <p>It came about in this way.</p> <p>He had started for what, in his push-bike days, this rider would have called a nice spin, namely, a hundred miles ride to Tunbridge Wells and round home. Four times he had to stop and attend to his contact-breaker; then he had to refill his petrol tank; next the belt connection snapped; even the lamp got infected and caused three halts—two for water and the one for fresh carbide; and finally he got hung up at Portalside for want of yet more petrol.</p> <p>A friend obliged with what was alleged to be the proper article, and the motorist pleasantly spent an hour along the road about midnight trying to “make it go.”</p> <p>But it wouldn't oblige, so the refractory steed had to be pedalled home, this providing the unfortunate one with a healthy, vigorous exercise which he failed to fully appreciate between one and two o'clock in the morning.</p> <p>For a time, at least, he is riding a push-bike—to give his legs a rest!</p> <p><b>Puzzling the Rustic.</b></p>	<p><b>Puzzling the Rustic.</b></p> <p>A photographic member of the Excelsior Club was looking for “bits” near Storrington last Thursday, and, straying down the road to Chantry Hill, encountered a native of the secluded rural district he had invaded.</p> <p>“Isn't there a cascade somewhere round here?” inquired the cycle-photographer. The native looked puzzled, so the inquirer added that he believed it to be not far from Chantry Pond. Whereupon the native proceeded to act as guide to the pond.</p> <p>En route he was seen to be thinking out a knotty subject—evidently cascades—and presently he turned and asked the Excelsiorite, “Does this plant you are looking for grow much in these parts?”</p> <p>The wheelman succeeded in keeping his countenance, and modestly hinted as to the nature of cascades, which enabled his guide to speedily point out the very diminutive water fall which is to be seen there.</p> <p>Excelsior runs are being patronised to a greater degree this year than has been the case for several seasons. Nearly twenty members cycled to Rustington last Wednesday evening, and enjoyed themselves greatly in the little village. A large room and a good piano were placed at their disposal at the Lamb Inn, and the time passed so rapidly that Captain Tree had some difficulty in convincing his merry men—to say nothing of the ladies!—that the evening had gone when it really had.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
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## THE WHEELING WORLD.

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive

at Worthing Local Studies Library

Turpin: 7.6.05 P2

### THE WHEELING WORLD.

#### A Weekly Survey.

##### DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

THE problem which has of late been exercising the minds of most wheelmen is how not to puncture. Under the circumstances it has proved a difficult problem, for the roads have been in a worse state than for years. The prolonged dry weather has made some of them so loose that I fear they will remain in a bad way throughout the Season, although in the case of others the rain during the last two or three days has already effected a decided improvement. Worst of all has been the upper road to Arundel, particularly between Patching Pond and Hammerpot Hill, a very bad piece which no modest rainfall would suffice to put in order.

Yes, punctures were plentiful; I have seen four or five wayside repairing operations being performed in the course of a spin to Horsham and back on two separate occasions just lately, and on each occasion I also managed to add a couple of punctures to my own fairly large collection.

Ben Rogers, of the Excelsior C.C., holds the puncture record, I believe. On a spin home from Chichester last week he had no less than nine repairs to execute upon one tyre. And even then it leaked!

Another local wheelman punctured before he had passed through Broadwater when starting out for a ride. He gave up the unequal combat and returned home with the avowed intention of stabling his steed until surfaces improve. Presumably, however, his courage has since revived, as I saw the cautious one again braving the perils of the flint-strewn highways a few days later.

But everything has its compensations, and the bad roads provided opportunities for unusual sport. It was rare fun to start out on a ride and keep going till the usual puncture happened, then repair and come home.

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The wheelman had no idea how far he might get and the element of uncertainty lent the pursuit a great charm. And with really good luck one could get a fair run for an hour or so—if the party was not too numerous.

With a fellow Excelsiorite I had travelled to within three miles of Chichester the other day before a puncture—which only made four holes in the tyre!—proclaimed that we had reached our turning point. So we obediently repaired and returned.

A local wheelman was more than pleased one day last week to reflect that he had insured his machine. A runaway horse and cart had crashed into the bicycle, which had been left at the edge of the pavement, with the result that only a bent and twisted wreck of what had a minute previously been a nearly new machine remained.

As no claim seems to lay against owners of vehicles which accidentally damage unattended bicycles, the moral of the story seems to be, insure your bicycle before leaving it unattended.

The Whit-Monday race meeting of the Excelsior Club promises to be a most interesting display and is full of variety. A couple of open bicycle handicaps and a five miles scratch bicycle race; running, walking and cycling handicaps for club members, and a relay race between teams from Worthing Schools, should make a good programme.

But the Club decided to improve upon this and enlisted the 18th Company of the Army Service Corps who, besides giving the wagon dismantling and mounting display, which they carried out with so much success at the Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall last year, will exhibit their prowess at wrestling on horseback, whilst the band of the second battalion of the Lincolnshires will put the finishing touch to a really highgrade programme.

Such enterprise should command success, and

Such enterprise should command success, and I trust the Club will enjoy the traditional Excelsior C. C. weather, in which case a big gate will doubtless reward them.

A day or two ago a glittering cavalcade of wheelmen sped through Findon in splendour and pride; the sunlight glinted upon the brightly polished machines and dazzled the eyes of all beholders, its brilliance being only rivalled by the radiant smiles of the happy unsuspecting riders.

A dog appeared upon the scene!

The leader of the procession dodged the beast successfully, and the followers succeeded in doing the same. But, alas, they failed to dodge each other, and whilst three gallant knights of the pedal bit the dust, a new Don Quixote charged full tilt into the hedge!

I am glad to say none of them were hurt seriously; they were tough Excelsiorites, and a wash and brush up soon put them right. Indeed, my only reason for not publishing a casualty list is that the first concern of one of the victims was to caution his fellow-sufferers against allowing information of the catastrophe to reach the news-gathering ears of

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A local wheelman was more than pleased one day last week to reflect that he had insured his machine. A runaway horse and cart had crashed into the bicycle, which had been left at the edge of the pavement, with the result that only a bent and twisted wreck of what had a minute previously been a new machine remained.

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As no claim seems to lay against owners of vehicles accidentally (sic) damage unattended bicycles, the moral of the story seems to be, insure your bicycle before leaving it unattended.

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The Whit-Monday race meeting of the Excelsior Club promises to be a most interesting display and is full of variety. A couple of open bicycle handicaps and a five miles scratch bicycle race; running, walking and cycling handicaps for club members, and a relay race between teams from Worthing Schools, should make a good programme.

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But the Club decided to improve upon this

and enlisted the 18<sup>th</sup> Company of the Army Service Corps who, besides giving the wagon dismounting and mounting display, which they carried out with so much success at the Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall last year, will exhibit their prowess at wrestling on horseback, whilst the band of the second battalion of the Lincolnshires will put the finishing touch to a really highgrade programme.

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Such enterprise should command success, and I trust the Club will enjoy the traditional Excelsior C.C. weather, in which case a big gate will doubtless reward them.

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A day or two ago a glittering cavalcade of wheelmen sped through Findon in splendour and pride; the sunlight glinted upon the brightly polished machines and dazzled the eyes of all beholders, its brilliance being only rivalled by the radiant smiles of the happy unsuspecting riders.

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A dog appeared upon the scene!

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The leader of the procession dodged the beast successfully, and the followers succeeded in doing the same. But, alas, they failed to dodge each other, and whilst three gallant knights of the pedal bit the dust, a new Don Quixote charged full tilt into the hedge!

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I am glad to say none of them were hurt seriously; they were tough Excelsiorites, and a wash and brush up soon put them right. Indeed my only reason for not publishing a casualty list is that the first concern of one of the victims was to caution his fellow - sufferers against allowing information of the catastrophe to reach the news-gathering ears of

DICK TURPIN .

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 14.6.05 P2C4:  
Local Studies Library.

<p><b>THE WHEELING WORLD.</b></p> <p><b>A Weekly Survey.</b></p> <p><b>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</b></p> <p><b>T</b>HERE has been a good deal of water about during the Whitsuntide Holidays, and this has naturally directed the wheelman's thoughts into naval channels. Like greater sailors the cyclist has recognised the necessity of "keeping near the base of operations" and, incidentally, having a spare rig of dry clothes handy. During a "cruise" from Crawley to Worthing last Saturday afternoon, Howard of the Excelsior C.C. encountered a ten-horsepower thunder storm. He harboured under trees, but the water came through, so he stood out to sea again, and was soon making fair way, with his lee scoppers awash and the vessel's nose sending the foam—or, rather, mud—right down her decks.</p> <p>After a battle with the elements, which lasted two hours and a half, Howard came to anchor safely at Worthing, none the worse for his voyage. As a matter of fact he was better off! He had become a landed proprietor—having something less than a hundredweight upon himself and machine.</p> <p>I understand some ornamental water was included in his estate, there being a lake in each of Howard's boots, whilst a pretty, bubbling brooklet coursed its merry way from the saturated Excelsiorite's head to his heels.</p> <p>Ah! well. The wheelman who has not had his baptism of mud has not plumbed the full depths of the joys of cycling. The tub, rub down, and change of attire which should speedily follow such experiences is one of the biggest treats there is to life.</p> <p>I have tried it.</p>	<p>I have tried it.</p> <p>For all that I "kept near my base" during Whitsun, and though I cruised North, East, and West, I was never more than ten miles from home. Many Excelsiorites seemed to be taking their exercise on similar lines.</p> <p>On Whit-Monday I was naturally one of the thousands of spectators at the Excelsior Race Meeting, and, like most, enjoyed the sport. The Club recruits show up well in the one mile bicycle race, the way in which Read, Dean, and Woodward secured the prizes in that event being an eye-opener to some of the old 'uns.</p> <p>Howard, too, was a credit to his Club. In both the open half-mile and the open mile he rode with rare pluck, and not only finished second in both preliminary heats, but won second prize in both finals after some hard fighting.</p> <p>Sam Clark, the veteran of whom all the Excelsior boys are proud, had to be at Chichester to defend his title as the Veteran Champion of Sussex.</p> <p>Sam had long been looking forward to the struggle, and, like a good sportsman, had put in some hard and systematic work in preparation. For to win on this occasion meant that Sam would become the absolute owner of the cup which he was the means of obtaining for the veterans to race for.</p> <p>Needless, therefore, to say, that when President Warne announced, at the conclusion of the Excelsior Sports, that Sam had been victorious at Chichester the veteran's Clubmates raised a hearty cheer.</p> <p>Yes, they are proud of the "Old Friend" Sam, beyond a doubt!</p> <p>Another Excelsiorite, E. Baruch Blaker, was competing in the motor cycle races at Tunbridge Wells. Unfortunately there was a lot of water on the track, and Baruch had the bad luck to slip and fall just as his prospects of securing honours began to look promising.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
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## THE WHEELING WORLD

### A Weekly Survey.

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DICK TURPIN.

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive

at Worthing Local Studies Library

Turpin: 21.6.05 P2:

<p>THE WORTHING GAZETTE.</p> <p>THE WHEELING WORLD.</p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>FOR a day's dawdling awheel I think a spin I took early this week would be hard to beat. Though barely a sixty miles run, it takes one through five small country towns and many villages, some of which are well worth seeing for the rustic simplicity and rural charm which characterise them. On the way the rider sees one Cathedral; three Castles, two of which are in ruins; three parks; country seats of the Earl Marshal of England, a Lord, and a Duke; numerous interesting churches, and much pretty scenery. If that is not enough for a day I don't know where to suggest in Sussex. But to describe the spin.</p> <p>It was a lovely day for lazy riding, the sun being pretty warm and the wind too strong for it to be worth while to make a big journey. So I was not surprised, after riding through Findon and on to Washington Bostal, to find a few Excelsiorites basking in the sun and looking lazy.</p> <p>Further on, a rider was working nobly against a head wind whilst his lady derived considerable assistance by holding on to a line attached to her gallant knight's machine. A new kind of St. George and the Drag-on, I thought.</p> <p>Near Storrington I saw one of the tents which cycling campers use so largely now. I admired the camper's site, for he had chosen a spot which, though high and dry, was nicely sheltered from east and north. I also admired his pluck when I pictured him with only a thin, flimsy sheet 'twixt himself and a wet night! I like the brick-and-mortar tents best myself.</p> <p>Through Pulborough and Fittleworth, both</p>	<p>Through Pulborough and Fittleworth, both looking very pretty with the trees in full foliage and the fields wonderfully fresh, I noticed quite a number of patient fishermen plying rod and line by the river-side.</p> <p>A mile or two farther and I temporarily forsook the high road to roam across a brook or two and through some fields and a copse.</p> <p>I found my way, though it was twenty years since I had been there, at which time I and a number of other young men of tender years used to be robber chieftains and infest the region when we were not at school. The region looked strangely peaceful and very pretty, to my surprise.</p> <p>Petworth came next, its tall stately spire being visible for miles. Petworth House strikes one as a severely plain building, though the gardens and park are fine enough to make up the deficiency in beauty on the part of the house.</p> <p>Tillington Church then peeped out from a cluster of trees, after which I rode through Cowdray Park, switchbacking up and down a road which was shaded by some grand old trees, past numbers of fawn who glanced sharply round as I went by, though they unconcernedly renewed their grazing at once. Evidently they were not afraid of cyclists.</p> <p>The ruins of Cowdray Castle followed next, and were well worth making the half mile detour which is necessary to get to them. I only spared the time to make a single photograph of the place, and a resolution to come again; after I proceeded into Midhurst, discovered the road to Chichester, and was soon engaged in an eleven miles plug against the wind, which brought me to the Cathedral City.</p> <p>From Chichester I wandered lazily homewards through Arundel, thinking how accurate was the prophecy an unknown rider had sung out to me near Pulborough in the morning—"It's a nice day!"</p> <p>The unknown one was riding a tandem</p>	<p>The unknown one was riding a tandem with a rationally dressed lady; evidently this costume is not dead yet, though one sees it so rarely.</p> <p>Sam Clark wishes to express his thanks to all those friends who have congratulated him on again winning the Sussex Veterans' Championship; particularly "W. W. H.," who sends anonymously some verses from Willesden alluding to Sam's "red-hot tyre," and concluding with a suggestion:</p> <p>For those who want a lively jaunt, Just let them have as pacer The Champion Veteran—sure a better 'un There is not on a racer.</p> <p>Fresh from his successful efforts in sprint racing at the Excelsior Club's Whit-Monday Sports, Howard recently made an attack on the Club's hundred miles' medal ride. Having already secured the gold medal for a century in six hours and a half, it was necessary for the speed merchant to cover the distance in six hours and a quarter to secure further honours.</p> <p>Despite a stiff breeze and some rain, he rode the thirty-three miles to Westhampnett and back in one hour, fifty minutes, and was going strong when he punctured near Horsham.</p> <p>Finding he had to pump the tyre at too frequent intervals for speed purposes, he changed on to Medhurst's machine, but could not get comfortable, though he reached Woodhatch in good time.</p> <p>On the return journey he had to stop and change a wheel, however, and the loss of time which this involved just spoilt his ride, as he finished at Broadwater two minutes outside the very "warm" time of six hours and a quarter. Considering the tyre troubles and the hindering wind it was a splendid ride, and doubtless Howard will soon do battle with Father Time once again upon the almost classic Excelsior hundred miles course.</p> <p>I am glad to notice the Excelsior Club's runs continue to gain popularity. Nearly a score of</p>
		<p>I am glad to notice the Excelsior Club's runs continue to gain popularity. Nearly a score of members frivelled an hour or two away very enjoyably at Washington last Wednesday, even serious-minded speed merchants joining the happy throng.</p> <p>Race Secretary Duffield's tandem and the veteran Sam Clark's speed iron were to be seen at Henfield last Sunday, the small detachment of Excelsiorites having joined a force of about thirty of the Brighton Primrose League C.C., who were having tea and ruralising there. Our trio was made very welcome by the Brightonians, who are a jolly crew.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>

## THE WHEELING WORLD

### A Weekly Survey.

#### DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

FOR a day's dawdling awheel I think a spin I took early this week would be hard to beat. Though barely a sixty miles run, it takes one through five small country towns and many villages, some of which are well worth seeing

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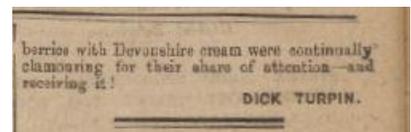
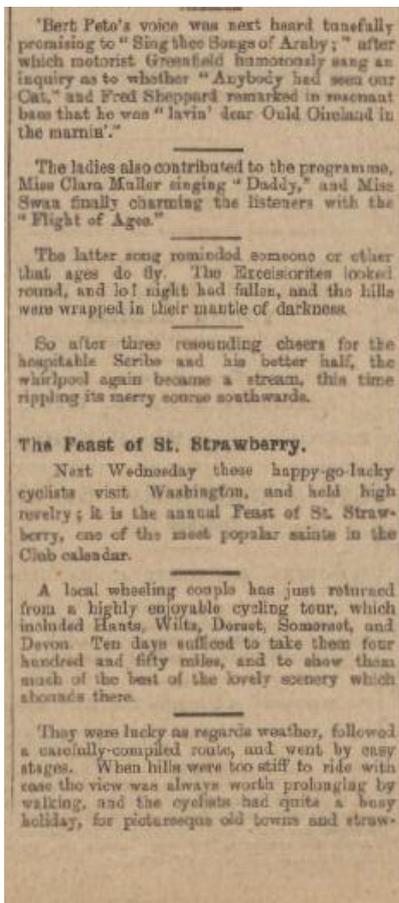
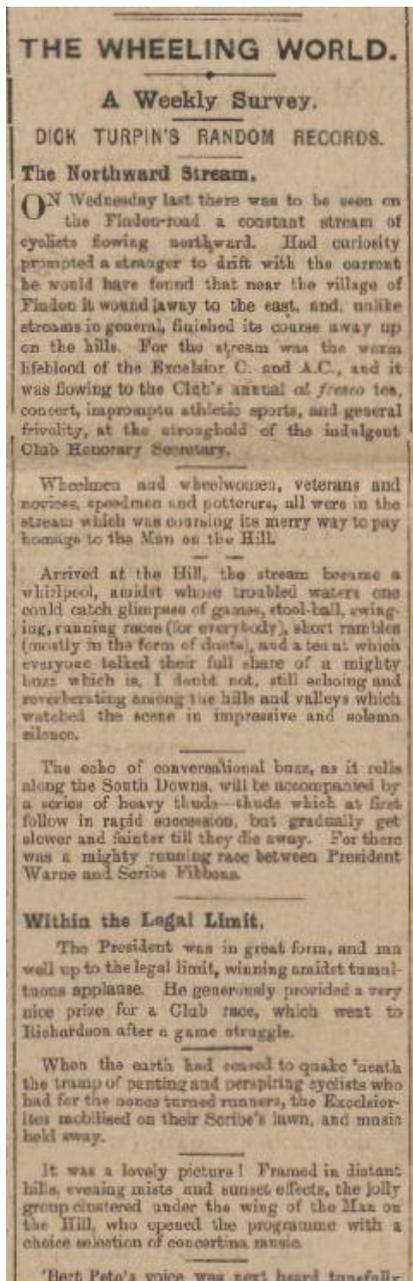
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DICK TURPIN

Worthing Gazette of 28.6.05 P2C6:  
 Local Studies Library.  
 THE WHEELING WORLD -  
 A Weekly Survey  
 DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.  
 Source cuttings followed by transcription.



**THE WHEELING WORLD**  
**A Weekly Survey**  
**DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS**

**The Northward Stream.**  
 On Wednesday last day' seen on the Findon Road a constant stream of cyclists flowing

northward. Had curiosity prompted a stranger to drift with the current he would have found that near the village of Findon it wound way to the east, and, and unlike streams in general, finished its course away up on the hills. For the stream was the warm lifeblood of the Excelsior C. and A.C., and it was flowing to the club's annual *al fresco* tea, concert, impromptu athletic sports, and general frivolity, at the stronghold of the indulgent Club Honorary Secretary.

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Wheelmen and wheelwomen, veterans and novices, speedmen and potterers, all were in the stream which was coursing its merry way to pay homage to the Man on the Hill.

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Arrived at the Hill, the stream became a whirlpool, amidst whose troubled waters one could catch glimpses of games, stool-ball, swinging, running races (for everybody). Short rambles (mostly in the form of duets), and a tea at which everyone talked their fair share of a might buzz which is, I doubt not, still echoing and reverberating among the hills and valleys which watched the scene in impressive and solemn silence.

-----

The echo of conversational buzz, as it rolls along the South Downs, will be accompanied by a series of heavy thuds - thuds which at first followed in rapid succession, but gradually get slower and fainter until they die away. For these there was a mighty running race between President Warne and Scribe Fibbens.

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#### **Within the Legal Limit.**

The president was in great form, and ran well up to the legal limit, winning tumultuous applause. He generously provided a very nice prize for a club race, which went to Richardson after a game struggle.

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When the earth has ceased to quake 'neath the tramp of panting and perspiring cyclists who had for the nonce turned runners, the Excelsiorites mobilised on their Scribe's lawn and music held sway.

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It was a lovely picture! Framed in distant hills, evening mists and sunset effects, the jolly group clustered under the wing of the Man on the Hill, who opened the programme with a choice selection of concertina music.

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Bert Peto's voice was heard tunefully promising to "Sing thee songs of Araby;" after which motorist Greenfield harmoniously sang an enquiry as to whether "Anybody had seen our cat," and Fred Sheppard remarked in

resonant bass that he was "lavin' dear Ouid  
Oireland in the Marnin."

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The ladies is also contributed to the  
programme, Miss Clara Muller singing  
"Daddy", and Miss Swann finally charming the  
visitors with the "Flight of Ages".

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The latter song reminded someone or other that  
ages do fly. The Excelsiorites looked round,  
and lo! night had fallen, and the hills were  
wrapped in their mantle of darkness.

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So after three resounding cheers for the  
hospitable Scribe and his better half, the  
whirlpool again became a stream, this time  
rippling its merry course southwards.

### **The Feast of St. Strawberry.**

Next Wednesday these happy-go-lucky cyclists  
visit Washington, and hold high revelry; it is  
the annual feast of St. Strawberry, one of the  
most popular saints in the club calendar

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A local Wheeling couple has just returned from  
a highly enjoyable cycling tour, which  
included Hants, Wilts, Dorset, Somerset, and  
Devon. Ten days sufficed to take them four  
hundred and fifty miles and to show them  
much of the best of the lovely scenery which  
abounds there.

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They were lucky as regards weather, followed  
a carefully-compiled route, and went by easy  
stages. When hills were too stiff to ride with  
ease the view was always worth prolonging by  
walking, and the cyclists had quite a busy  
holiday for picturesque old towns and  
strawberries with Devonshire cream were  
continually clamouring for their share of  
attention - and receiving it!

DICK TURPIN

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 5.7.05 P2C6

### THE WHEELING WORLD

#### A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS,

##### Larks—and Larks.

TTNLESS the wheelman be fortunate enough either to enjoy the salamander's fabled power of resisting intense heat or the lark's useful habit of early rising, he is not likely to compile large mileages under the present weather conditions. I am a poor naturalist, and my knowledge of larks is limited to certain mischievous undertakings at Club runs or in frivolous moments of my younger days; so I am not prepared to name the hour at which a well-conducted, respectable lark would rise at this time of the year.

But F. G. Bleach, of the Excelsior Club, and a friend of his could not have been much later than the lark a morning or two ago: they were bowling merrily northwards at half-past five, enjoying the pure morning air.

The two wheelmen must, I think, also have a little of the salamander in their constitutions; for they were not deterred by a sun which, after peeping modestly at them as they rode through Horsham and over the hilly stretch into Dorking, roasted them to a turn as they frizzled their way through Leatherhead and Kingston into London.

A general tour round brought them to London

Bridge, where they took the Croydon and Reigate road and pursued their homeward journey, which, though warm, was still enjoyable, and ultimately landed home with a ride of one hundred and twenty miles behind them.

Less larkish than this pair, the Irrepressible and I started a couple of hours later than they, and took much the same road. At Ashington we passed yet another Worthing pair, contentedly dawdling northwards, obviously enjoying the change from South-street and business to country roads and fresh air.

At Horsham we turned Crawley-wards, where London cyclists were much in evidence. Half-a dozen miles beyond Crawley, on the road to Leigh, I punctured. Following a recognised understanding between myself and my machine we turned to retrace our steps after having effected the needful repair, despite not having reached the place for which we had originally set out.

##### Horsham Means Business,

Twixt Crawley and Horsham we saw a speedy looking tandem standing out against the sky as it surmounted a distant rise in the road. When the fliers drew near we recognised F. A. Tomsett and A. H. Kay, of Horsham. Remarking that the plump F. A. T. was working off his f-a-t, we continued our way and soon met another Horsham man, Ryecroft, in the stern of a motor bike which was setting a pace of well

over twenty miles an hour. Horsham evidently means real business!

Such examples had not the least effect upon us, however, and we crawled home quite unblushingly at about ten miles an hour, very well pleased with our sixty-and-odd miles spin.

Excelsiorite Duffield's tandem and my trusty steed had just been stabled at Fittleworth the other afternoon when, to our surprise, a spick-and-span Rover cantered up to us, and a spick-and-span rider waved a white gloved hand in cheery salutation. It was Sam Clark, who had ridden through Arundel and Bignor, whilst we had chosen the Washington and Pulborough route, to arrive almost simultaneously at the pretty village.

So the four of us strolled up the banks of the river, and presently espied a couple of boatloads of Brighton Cyclist Club men, "Daddy" Beck, Veteran French, Charlie Dumbrell, and J. Phillips among them.

Twenty-five Brightonians had dined at the Swan Inn, and a fair number sat down to tea. We just finished our own meal in time to hear how they had enjoyed themselves, and for "Daddy" Beck to tell us of a projected amalgamation of Sussex cyclists to parade to Church at Hove in aid of a Hospital later on, and a general gossip before they set off for Brighton.

#### A Living Map.

#### A Living Map.

Then Sam piloted us on a new road. We went a short distance on the way to Bury, where we turned to the left through Greatham. It was quite a country lane—in two places gates had to be opened—and it was a very pleasant little panorama of hayfields and quaint cottages, birch trees and bracken, honeysuckle and wild flowers generally.

We collected an assortment of the latter, and accorded Sam a vote of thanks when we emerged on to the ordinary road at Wiggonholt Common, near Storrington. The veteran is a living map of country lanes which are unknown lands to the majority of wheelmen!

Edgar Henson joined our company as we were sauntering leisurely home in the evening shadows; he had been for an after-tea training spin to Dial Post, but contented himself with a touring gait for once in a way, and came home with us.

Last Wednesday the Excelsior Club mastered over a score for the run to Rustington, where, with an "orchestra" consisting of C. Willmer and a piano, a couple of hours of musical evening was indulged in. It is years since the Club's runs received such consistent support as is now the case.

By the way, the Club has been obliged to alter the date of the Grand Annual race Meeting in order to avoid clashing with other similar fixtures. It is now arranged for August 21st. The programme has been drawn up, and is one of the best and most lavish that the Club has prepared.

DICK TURPIN.

### THE WHEELING WORLD

#### A Weekly Survey.

#### DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

#### To be edited

#### Larks—and Larks.

UNLESS the wheelman be fortunate enough either to enjoy the salamander's fabled power of resisting intense heat or the lark's useful habit of early rising, he is not likely to compile large mileages under the present weather conditions. I am a poor naturalist, and my knowledge of larks is limited to certain mischievous undertakings at Club runs or in frivolous moments of my younger days; so I am not prepared to name the hour at which a well-conducted, respectable lark would rise at this time of the year.

But F. G. Bleach, of the Excelsior Club, and a friend of his could not have been much later

than the lark a morning or two ago: they were bowling merrily northwards at half-past five, enjoying the pure morning air.

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The two wheelmen must, I think, also have a little of the salamander in their constitutions; for they were not deterred by a sun which, after peeping modestly at them as they rode through Horsham and over the hilly stretch into Dorking, roasted them to a turn as they frizzled their way through Leatherhead and Kingston into London.

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A general tour round brought them to London Bridge, where they took the Croydon and Reigate road and pursued their homeward journey, which, though warm, was still enjoyable, and ultimately landed home with a ride of one hundred and twenty miles behind them.

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Less larkish than this pair, the Irrepressible and I started a couple of hours later than they, and took much the same road. At Ashington we passed yet another Worthing pair, contentedly dawdling northwards, obviously enjoying the change from South-street and business to country roads and fresh air.

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At Horsham we turned Crawley-wards, where London cyclists were much in evidence. Half-a dozen miles beyond Crawley, on the road to Leigh, I punctured. Following a recognised understanding between myself and my machine we turned to retrace our steps after having effected the needful repair, despite not having reached the place for which we had originally set out.

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### **Horsham Means Business,**

'Twixt Crawley and Horsham we saw a speedy looking tandem standing out against the sky as it surmounted a distant rise in the road. When the fliers drew near we recognised F.A. Tomsett and A.H. Kay of Horsham. Remark- ing that the plump F.A.T. was working off his f-a-t, we continued our way and soon met another Horsham man, Rycroft, in the stern of a motor bike which was setting a pace of over twenty miles an hour. Horsham evidently means real business!

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Such examples had not the least effect upon us, however, and we crawled home quite unblush- ingly at about ten miles an hour, very well pleased with our sixty-and-odd miles spin.

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Excelsiorite Duffield's tandem and my trusty steed had just been stabled at Fittleworth the other afternoon when, to our surprise, a spick- and-span Rover cantered up to us, and a spick- and-span rider waved a white gloved hand in

cheery salutation. It was Sam Clark, who had ridden through Arundel and Bignor, whilst we had chosen the Washington and Pulborough route, to arrive almost simultaneously at the pretty village.

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So the four of us strolled up the banks of the river, and presently espied a couple of boatloads of Brighton Cyclist Club men, "Daddy" Beck\* Veteran French, Charlie Dumbrell, and J. Phillips among them.

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Twenty-five Brightonians had dined at the Swan Inn, and a fair number sat down to tea. We just finished our own meal in time to hear how they had enjoyed themselves, and for "Daddy" Beck to tell us of a projected amalgamation of Sussex cyclists to parade to Church at Hove in aid of a Hospital later on, and a general gossip before they set off for Brighton.

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**A Living Map.**

Then Sam piloted us on a new road. We went a short distance on the way to Bury, where we turned to the left through Greatham. It was quite a country lane - in two places gates had to be opened - and it was a very pleasant little panorama of hayfields and quaint cottages, birch trees and bracken, honeysuckle and wild flowers generally.

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We collected an assortment of the latter, and accorded Sam a vote of thanks when we emerged on to the ordinary road at Wiggonholt Common, near Storrington. The veteran is a living map of country lanes which are unknown lands to the majority of wheelmen!

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Edgar Henson joined our company as we were sauntering leisurely home in the evening shadows; he had been for an after-tea training spin to Dial Post, but contented himself with a touring gait for once in a way, and came home with us.

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Last Wednesday the Excelsior Club mustered over a score for the run to Rustington, where, with an "orchestra" consisting of C. Willmer and a piano, a couple of hours of musical evening was indulged in. It is years since the Club's runs received such consistent support as is now the case.

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By the way, the Club has been obliged to alter the date of the Grand Annual race Meeting in order to avoid clashing with other similar fixtures. It is now arranged for August 21st. The programme has been drawn up, and is one of the best and most lavish that the Club has

prepared.

**DICK TURPIN**

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 12.7.05 P2C6

**THE WHEELING WORLD.**  
A Weekly Survey.  
DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

**On the Road.**  
CYCLISTS swarmed last week-end; indeed, I have rarely seen such numbers on the road. As I pedalled leisurely through Broadwater one Excelsiorite—C. Willmer—joined me; at Findon I felt a sinking sensation in the region of my back tyre, the cause being a pointed remark on the part of a sharp flint. 'Twas so near home that I broke my rule to return at the first puncture, and, whilst repairing, along came Baruch Blaker, then Sam Clark and three or four others, and finally the Stephenson-Standing tandem.

The push-bike portion of the gathering journeyed in company as far as Washington Bostel, meeting numbers of wheelmen and wheelwomen coming south.

Sam Clark then headed for Chanctonbury, where he purposed passing a lazy day in the digestion of an interesting book, to be followed by the digestion of an interesting tea at Bramber.

The tandem made streaks in the direction of Horsham, and my other companions joined some fellow-Excelsiorites who were indulging in a roadside siesta. I paddled lazily on, still meeting cyclists who perspired freely, and motorists who tore along as though afraid of seeing the cool-looking meadows where sleepy cows grazed peacefully under shady trees, and where nobody hurried for their lives.

At Horsham I decided to go on to Dorking, for the road, though hilly, is very pretty; and I pedalled through Kingsfold, Capel, and Holmwood into the old coaching town, feeling very well pleased with the switchback ride which had taken me through such interesting country.

Milk puddings and fruit occupied my attention

Milk puddings and fruit occupied my attention next, after which I retraced my wheelmarks for a mile or two, and was crossing Holmwood Common when a signpost invited me to turn eastward and go to Leigh. I accepted the invitation.

**Something Worth Seeing.**  
I was glad I did so, for I saw more of Holmwood Common; and it is worth seeing. Lanes and footpaths wind in and out, and give the rider many pretty glimpses of ponds and trees, little hills and dales, furze and bracken. I could have spent the day there!

However, I went on to Leigh, which apparently consists of a Church, a pretty-old house, a quaint pump and drinking fountain, and a typical wayside hostelry. That was all I noticed in the way of buildings.

But when I tried to photograph the fountain I suddenly discovered there was a large juvenile population at Leigh; and unfortunately a considerable part of it grouped before my camera!

To avoid drowning the fountain in a sea of youthful faces, I had to let one of the young men operate, whilst his large circle of friends stood round and watched him squeeze the ball and I sat for the picture. Perhaps the hint may be of use to other camera cyclists desirous of avoiding too many figures in their views.

From Leigh I rode on to Horley and Crawley, where an endless stream of tandems, singles, and motors were streaming back to London. At Crawley, by way of a change, I continued a mile or two down the Brighton road to Paease Pottage, and there turned along the lane through St. Leonard's Forest to Horsham. It was cool and shady and a pleasant change from the regular road, though its surface would not appeal to speedmen.

Eight riders from a North London Club were

Eight riders from a North London Club were skirmishing to find tea in Horsham, and speedily fastened on to me when I offered to act as guide. So we had our meal together. They had been on their annual two-days' run to Brighton, and were returning to Highgate that night after a jolly time.

At Ashington I joined a little homeward-bound knot of Excelsiorites who had ridden out to tea in the country, some at Washington, others farther on. Rural tea parties are getting quite a recognised thing with many Excelsiorites I find, and as we rode home I was fain to admit that such functions are indeed pleasurable little outings.

**A Hardy Annual.**  
There was a tea party on a big scale at Washington last Wednesday, when seventy-six Excelsiorites and friends journeyed to the Frankland Arms to take part in that hardy annual, the Strawberry Feast.

It was a busy time for Host Charman, who had a marquee on the grass for the accommodation of the wheelers.

Following the tea and strawberries came sports of various kinds, and a wide variety of pastimes ranging from a protracted "snowball" fight with hay, to songs and dancing. Fun was fast and furious, and everyone made merry to the top of their bent.

At Parkstone, in Dorsetshire, E. Baruch Blaker was successful in upholding the honour of the Excelsior Club last Wednesday. Baruch secured a gold medal for an exhibition motor ride, in addition to being one of the prize winners in the motor handicap.

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Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 19.7.05 P2C5

### THE WHEELING WORLD.

#### A Weekly Survey.

#### DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

RECENTLY I had occasion to remark on the similarity which the cyclist bears to the salamander and the lark. Since that occasion I have discovered that no small number rival the owl in their nocturnal habits. Yes, candour compels the confession that some of our local wheelmen are, at times, out all night. And, so far from being ashamed, they unblushingly assert they enjoy the experience! I am inclined to believe they do, for I have been on all-night rides either alone or in company on nearly a dozen occasions, and liked them all.

One night last week it was that a Tarring trio cycled away to the west, being overtaken by the morning and their friends simultaneously at Portsmouth.

After a day there the riders went on to Fareham, and struck right across Hampshire and on to Reading. Then to Chertsey, and from there home again unless an extension of the trip should be decided upon, which is possible, as Messrs. Norris, Chessell, and Tulett have wisely left their plans open for any addition they may fancy.

F. G. Bleach, of the Excelsior C.C., and Banbury, are also qualified owls. Last Saturday night they set out eastward. A hurried calculation tells me the sun was illuminating New Zealand when they started. But he came and met them with a bright smile at Tunbridge Wells. So did breakfast, the bright smiles this time being turned on by the wheelmen who had ridden two score miles.

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A pleasant ride home in the morning completed their journey.

Another knight of the night is Frank Hedger, who frequently rides by lamplight to Southampton, and yet another is C. T. Wells, of the Excelsior Club, who has seen many a sunrise when well on his way through Horsham and Dorking to Chiswick. At this time of the year, however, the latter pair belong rather to the larks than the owls, for the July sun is astir almost as soon as they. Only in the darker months do they become owls.

There is a new *entente cordiale*. It is between two cycling clubs, so does not involve crossing the seas or learning another language. On several occasions members of the Worthing Excelsior Club have met the Brighton Primrose League Cycling Corps; lately these occasions have been more frequent.

Last Sunday seven Worthing riders demonstrated the brotherhood—and sisterhood—of the wheel by joining the Primroses at Bramber, where all sat down to tea and fraternized.

Next Wednesday the two Clubs will again meet, the venue then being Beeding. I hope to see the Excelsiorites muster in strong numbers; the Primroses are very jolly, the Club being solely a social body, and a good evening should ensue.

Road races have changed since the early nineties. Then fierce-looking tandems swept along with two or three hard riding speed men in their wake, the riders heralding their approach with a discord of bell-ringing and hoarse cries. The competitor who entered a big road race in those days without at least three or four tandems at his disposal usually wasted his efforts.

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In one case I remember a little army of wheelmen was engaged to feed and pace one rider who was on a twenty-four hours' jaunt. This rider revelled in the luxury of riding well-sheltered behind tandem tricycles, which were in their turn paced by the more easily propelled tandem bicycles. Such was road racing in the good old days.

Things altered suddenly when pace-making was generally disallowed, and a day or two ago, when out in the early morning, I saw a good example of the new road-racing.

A one hundred miles race was in progress, but there was little to attract the attention of an outsider. A couple of wheelmen stood at Offington Corner; a little group waited farther on; and at awkward corners on the road to Arundel I noticed other watchers. I knew the badge they wore—that of the Southern C.C.—and recognised the Club colours in the dark and light blue ribbon, at the same time observing that bottles protruded from the pockets of many of the wheelmen.

Presently the scent grew warmer, and one by

Presently the scent grew warmer, and one by one about thirty competitors came along, quietly and unobtrusively, at intervals of half a mile or so in most instances. They looked like scorchers, and only checked their pace to hurriedly take speed drinks, rice, or fruit, and perhaps to sponge their faces before resuming the stern struggle. With a cheery word of encouragement from their clubmates, many of whom had ridden out fifty or sixty miles to perform their slight but welcome services, they vanished down the road.

An hour of this and the string of dusty riders had passed and were on the way back to Crawley, where, after much arithmetic, officials would ascertain who had won the race.

No noise, no tandems, no gangs of speedmen, and consequently no police interference. Arundel had hardly finished breakfast when the road racers had been and gone. Such is the new road racing. It is harder work than the old, and the new road racer is a sportsman right through.

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## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive

at Worthing Local Studies Library

Turpin: 26.7.05 P6C6

**THE WHEELING WORLD.**

**A Weekly Survey.**

**DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.**

**E**XPERTS assure me that a taste for camping out is like wealth—it is not readily acquired. I believe them. Still, there is a good deal of fun to be extracted from it, as a contingent of Excelsiorites found last week-end. Sam Clark sent a bell tent and some rugs to Uckfield; then at his invitation Bert Hales, Willmer, and I joined him on Saturday afternoon, and we jogged comfortably through Brighton and Lewes, to Uckfield. Here we found the tent, together with F. A. Tomsett and R. Stevenson of the Horsham C.C., who were to camp with us.

So after tea we set about the ceremony of pitching our tent. As Sam was an old volunteer and Tomsett, before winning County championships, had seen three years' Yeomanry service in South Africa, they were allowed to drag a pole and a vast expanse of canvas about whilst the rest of us carefully watched their labours "so as to know how to do it next time."

At last all the pegs and ropes were in place the straw and rugs made ready, and we set out for a stroll round Uckfield before turning in for the night.

The stroll was somewhat marred by different natives who, with more thought for crops than for cyclists, assured us that the glass was going down, and predicted rain, tempests, and other luxuries with an enthusiastic glee which seemed diabolical to us when we pictured our frail little canvas home.

The recruits among us quaked a little, but Sam assured us that the tent was waterproof; whilst Yeoman Tomsett said that if it rained much a trench round our tent would keep our ground dry. We hoped it wouldn't rain much, and turned in.

The novice campaigners found sleeping a

difficulty. A railway engine about fifty yards away favoured us with instrumental music, the engine having the assistance of an exceedingly heavy chorus of goods waggons. These were being shunted to and fro time after time, to an interminable accompaniment of bangs and crashes, whilst a greasy looking Mephistopheles, who drove the engine, produced some weird effects from the steam whistle.

So on an average two of us sorted out our straw and rugs every quarter of an hour. Then "Good-night" all round, a fruitless effort to beguile the Goddess of Sleep, and more sorting out.

Thus two hours toiled by and brought witching midnight. Also Medhurst, who had motored from Worthing in the dark.

Still the incessant crash and roar of railway waggons in torment kept us awake. We waited patiently for either the engine or the permanent way to get worn out, and, sure enough, about two o'clock in the morning things simmered down.

Then the silence was only broken by a wheezy pumping-engine which was evidently suffering from bronchitis; it was a couple of hundred yards away from us, all alone, and indulging in a mournful soliloquy of grunts and sneezes. We pitied the poor thing, and, after a final sorting out of straw and rugs, dropped off to sleep.

In the early morning the birds were singing cheerily, and one by one we woke up just in time to be greeted by the Mungeam brothers, who were bound for Chatham on a tandem. We wished them luck, peeped out of the tent, found it was raining, turned in and slept again.

Two hours later the tandem crew returned: the rain, which was playing kettle-drum solos on our tent, was too much for them. So we all had a wash and breakfast in a neighbouring institute.

Then Willmer was arraigned before a hastily assembled and rather undignified tribunal to answer a string of charges, ranging from high treason to riding without a light. There was enough evidence to convict him of doing more than his fair share to keep the camp awake over-

**Wednesday, July 26th, 1905.**

night, so he was mulcted in "coffee all round" after dinner.

Sam and Medhurst visited the Church, Stevenson gave me a derbbing at chess, and with gossip and reading the morning passed away very quickly. Then came dinner, after which we discovered the weather had cleared up.

So the party dispersed, Tomsett and Stevenson going back to Horsham, and four of the Excelsior contingent making for home, leaving Sam and Medhurst still revelling in their temporary lapses into a state of almost primitive barbarism.

But still we all enjoyed our taste of living under canvas; it yielded so much fun that even having to stick three patches on to my breathless tyre during the journey home caused no angry feelings in our breasts.

Sam was in form at Emsworth last Thursday. Riding in a Veterans' mile handicap he finished second to a man who, though eight years younger, had 140 yards start as compared with Sam's 80 yards allowance. He only lost first place by three inches.

Motor bicycles are all right when they are all right. So says Frank Medhurst, who motored to Salisbury and back after dinner one day last week, a journey of about a hundred and sixty miles, without experiencing any trouble with his fiery, untamed steed.

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Still the incessant crash and roar of railway waggons in torment kept us awake. We waited patiently for either the engine or the permanent way to get worn out, and, sure enough, about two o'clock in the morning things simmered down.

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Then the silence was only broken by a wheezy pumping-engine which was evidently suffering from bronchitis; it was a couple of hundred yards away from us, all alone, and indulging in a mournful soliloquy of grunts and sneezes. We pitied the poor thing, and, after a final sorting out of straw and rugs, dropped off to sleep.

-----

In the early morning the birds were singing cheerily, and one by one we woke up just in time to be greeted by the Mungeam brothers, who were bound for Chatham on a tandem. We wished them luck, peeped out of the tent, found it was raining, turned in and slept again.

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Two hours later the tandem crew returned ; the rain, which was playing kettle-drum solos on our tent, was too much for them. So we all had a wash and breakfast in a neighbouring institute.

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Then Willmer was arraigned before a hastily assembled and rather undignified tribunal to answer a string of charges, ranging from high treason to riding without a light. There was enough evidence to convict him of doing more than his fair share to keep the camp awake overnight, so he was mulcted in "coffees all round" after dinner.

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Sam and Medhurst visited the Church, Stevenson gave me a drubbing at chess, and with gossip and reading the morning passed away very quickly. Then came dinner, after which we discovered the weather had cleared up.

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So the party dispersed, Tomsett and Stevenson going back to Horsham, and four of the Excelsior contingent making for home, leaving Sam and Medhurst still revelling in their temporary lapse into a state of almost primitive barbarism.

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But still we all enjoyed our taste of living under canvas; it yielded so much fun that even having to stick three patches on to my breathless tyre during the journey home caused no angry feelings in our breasts.

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Sam was in form at Emsworth last Thursday, Riding in a Veterans' mile handicap he finished second to a man who, though eight years younger, had 140 yards start as compared with Sam's 80 yards allowance. He only lost first place by three inches.

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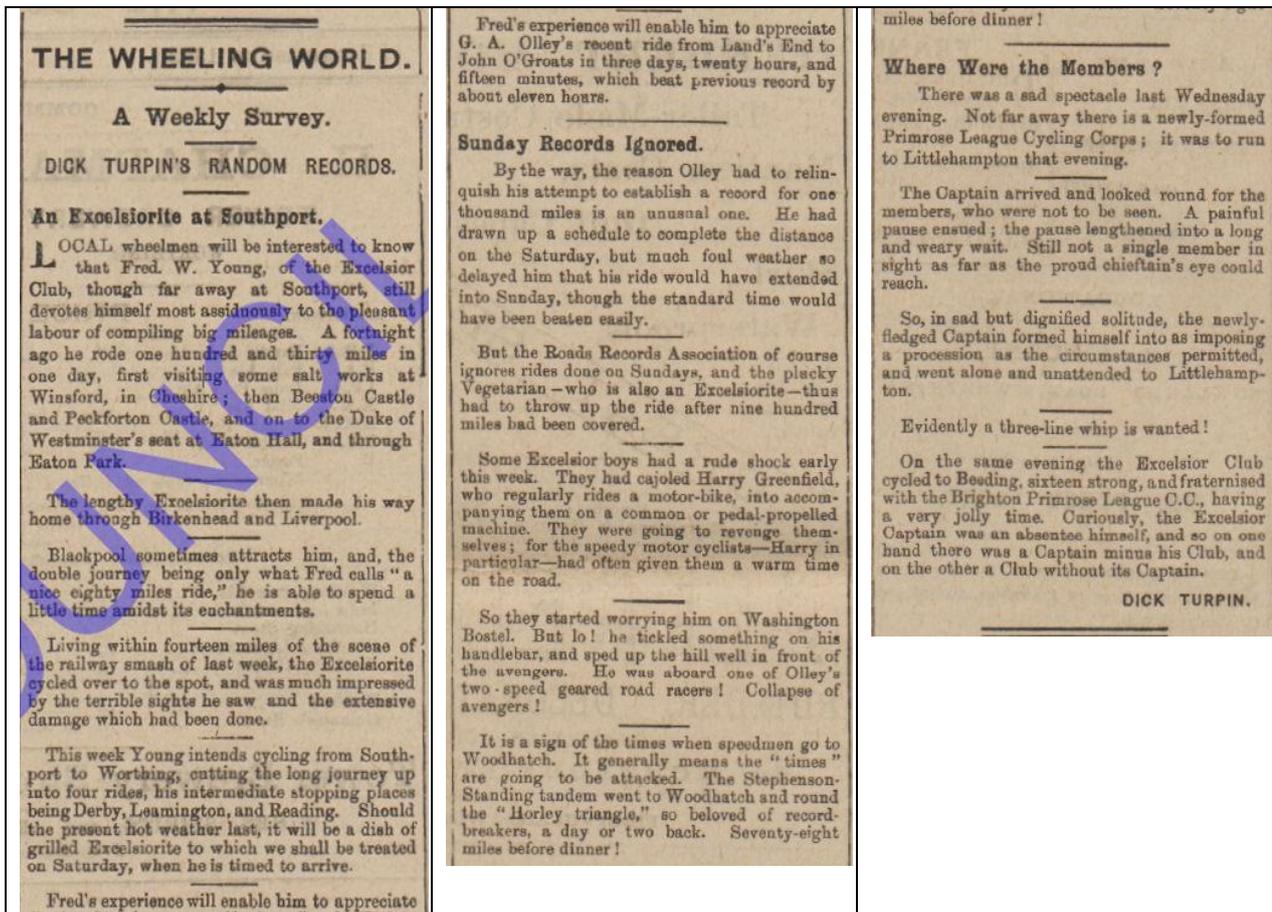
Motor bicycles are all right when they are all right. So says Frank Medhurst, who motored to Salisbury and back after dinner one

day last week, a journey of about a hundred and sixty miles, without experiencing any trouble with his fiery, untamed steed.

DICK TURPIN.

**THE WHEELING WORLD**

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 2.8.1905 P2C6



**THE WHEELING WORLD.**

**A Weekly Survey.**

**DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.**

**An Excelsiorite at Southport.**

LOCAL wheelmen will be interested to know that Fred. W. Young, of the Excelsior Club, though far away at Southport, still devotes himself most assiduously to the pleasant labour of compiling big mileages. A fortnight ago he rode one hundred and thirty miles in one day, first visiting some salt works at Winsford, in Cheshire; then Beeston Castle and Peckforton Castle, and on to the Duke of Westminster's seat at Eaton Hall, and through Eaton Park.

The lengthy Excelsiorite then made his way home through Birkenhead and Liverpool.

Blackpool sometimes attracts him, and, the double journey being only what Fred calls "a nice eighty miles ride," he is able to spend a little time amidst its enchantments.

Living within fourteen miles of the scene of the railway smash of last week, the Excelsiorite cycled over to the spot, and was much impressed by the terrible sights he saw and the extensive damage which had been done.

This week Young intends cycling from Southport to Worthing, cutting the long journey up into four rides, his intermediate stopping places being Derby, Leamington, and Reading. Should the present hot weather last, it will be a dish of grilled Excelsiorite to which we shall be treated on Saturday, when he is timed to arrive.

Fred's experience will enable him to appreciate

G. A. Olley's recent ride from Land's End to John O'Groats in three days, twenty hours, and fifteen minutes, which beat previous record by about eleven hours.

**Sunday Records Ignored.**

By the way, the reason Olley had to relinquish his attempt to establish a record for one thousand miles is an unusual one. He had drawn up a schedule to complete the distance on the Saturday, but much foul weather so delayed him that his ride would have extended into Sunday, though the standard time would have been beaten easily.

But the Roads Records Association of course ignores rides done on Sundays, and the plucky Vegetarian—who is also an Excelsiorite—thus had to throw up the ride after nine hundred miles had been covered.

Some Excelsior boys had a rude shock early this week. They had cajoled Harry Greenfield, who regularly rides a motor-bike, into accompanying them on a common or pedal-propelled machine. They were going to revenge themselves; for the speedy motor cyclists—Harry in particular—had often given them a warm time on the road.

So they started worrying him on Washington Bostel. But lo! he tickled something on his handlebar, and sped up the hill well in front of the avengers. He was aboard one of Olley's two-speed geared road racers! Collapse of avengers!

It is a sign of the times when speedmen go to Woodhatch. It generally means the "times" are going to be attacked. The Stephenson-Standing tandem went to Woodhatch and round the "Morley triangle," so beloved of record-breakers, a day or two back. Seventy-eight miles before dinner!

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**Where Were the Members?**

There was a sad spectacle last Wednesday evening. Not far away there is a newly-formed Primrose League Cycling Corps; it was to run to Littlehampton that evening.

The Captain arrived and looked round for the members, who were not to be seen. A painful pause ensued; the pause lengthened into a long and weary wait. Still not a single member in sight as far as the proud chieftain's eye could reach.

So, in sad but dignified solitude, the newly-fledged Captain formed himself into as imposing a procession as the circumstances permitted, and went alone and unattended to Littlehampton.

Evidently a three-line whip is wanted!

On the same evening the Excelsior Club cycled to Beeding, sixteen strong, and fraternised with the Brighton Primrose League C.C., having a very jolly time. Curiously, the Excelsior Captain was an absentee himself, and so on one hand there was a Captain minus his Club, and on the other a Club without its Captain.

DICK TURPIN.

**THE WHEELING WORLD**

**A Weekly Survey.**

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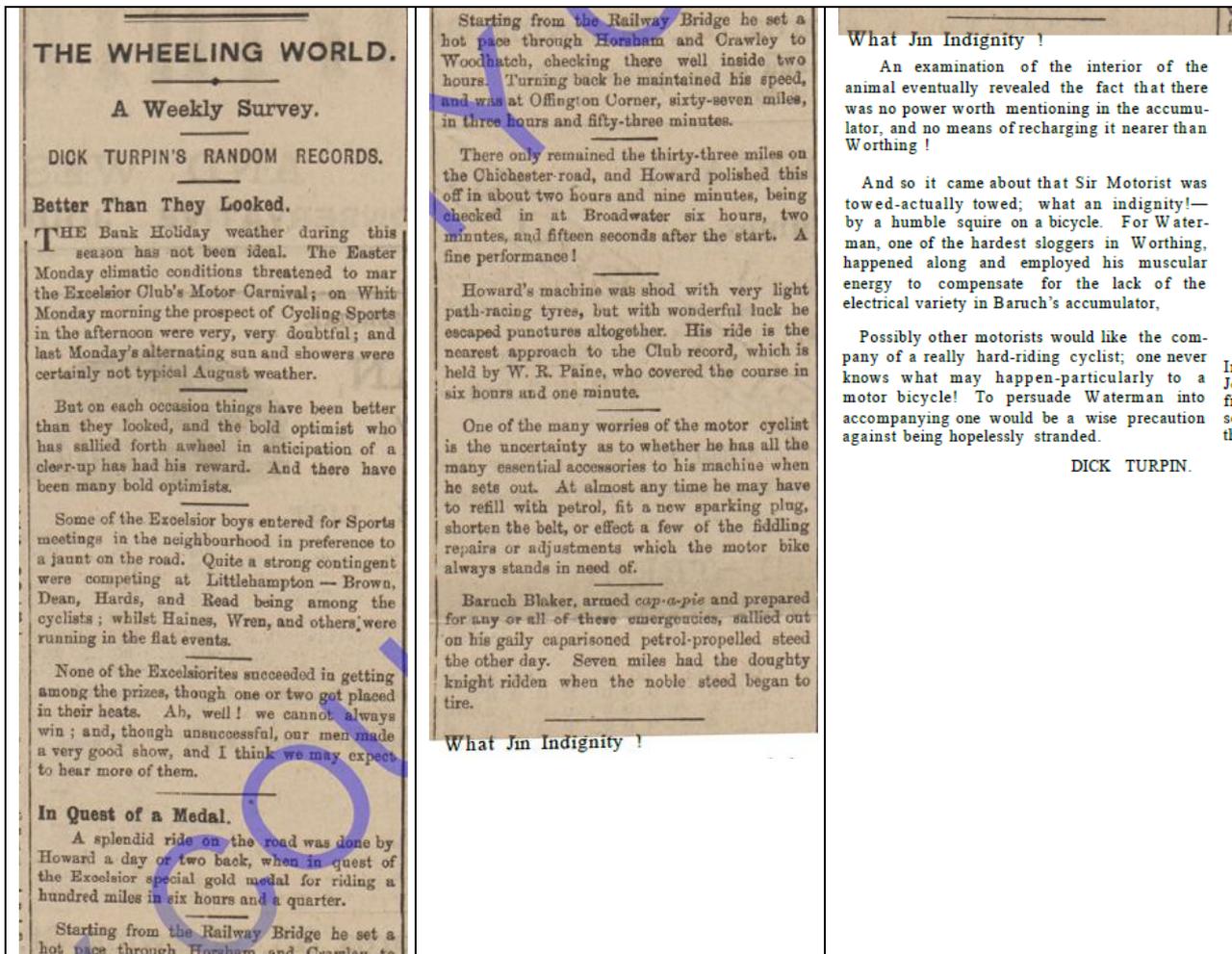
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**DICK TURPIN.**

# THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 9.8.1905 P2C5



## THE WHEELING WORLD

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

### Better Than They Looked.

THE Bank Holiday weather during this season has not been ideal. The Easter Monday climatic conditions threatened to mar the Excelsior Club's Motor Carnival; on Whit Monday morning the prospect of Cycling Sports in the afternoon were very, very doubtful; and last Monday's alternating sun and showers were certainly not typical August weather.

But on each occasion things have been better than they looked, and the bold optimist who has sallied forth a wheel in anticipation of a clear-up has had his reward. And there have been many bold optimists.

Some of the Excelsior boys entered for Sports meetings in the neighbourhood in preference to

a jaunt on the road. Quite a strong contingent were competing at Littlehampton - Brown, Dean, Hards, and Read being among the cyclists; whilst Haines, Wren, and others were running in the flat events.

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None of the Excelsiorites succeeded in getting among the prizes, though one or two got placed in their heats. Ah, well! we cannot always win; and, though unsuccessful, our men made a very good show, and I think we may expect to hear more of them.

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### **In Quest of a Medal.**

A splendid ride on the road was done by Howard a day or two back, when in quest of the Excelsior special gold medal for riding a hundred miles in six hours and a quarter.

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Starting from the Railway Bridge he set a hot pace through Horsham and Crawley to Woodhatch, checking there well inside two hours. Turning back he maintained his speed, and was at Offington Corner, sixty-seven miles, in three hours and fifty-three minutes.

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There only remained the thirty-three miles on the Chichester road, and Howard polished this off in about two hours and nine minutes, being checked in at Broadwater six hours, two minutes, and fifteen seconds after the start. A fine performance.

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Howard's machine was shod with very light path-racing tyres, but with wonderful luck he escaped punctures altogether. His ride is the nearest approach to the Club record, which is held by W. R Paine, who covered the course in six hours and one minute.

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One of the many worries of the motor cyclist is the uncertainty as to whether he has all the many essential accessories to his machine when he sets out. At almost any time he may have to refill with petrol, fit a new sparking plug, shorten the belt, or effect a few of the fiddling repairs or adjustments which the motor bike always stands in need of.

-----

Baruch Blaker, armed *cap-a-pie* and prepared for any or all of these emergencies, sallied out on his gaily caparisoned petrol-propelled steed the other day. Seven miles had the doughty knight ridden when the noble steed began to tire.

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### **What An Indignity!**

An examination of the interior of the animal eventually revealed the fact that there was no power worth mentioning in the accumulator, and no means of recharging it nearer than Worthing!

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And so it came about that Sir Motorist was

towed-actually towed; what an indignity!-  
by a humble squire on a bicycle. For Water-  
man, one of the hardest sloggers in Worthing,  
happened along and employed his muscular  
energy to compensate for the lack of the  
electrical variety in Baruch's accumulator,

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Possibly other motorists would like the com-  
pany of a really hard-riding cyclist; one never  
knows what may happen - particularly to a  
motor bicycle! To persuade Waterman into  
accompanying one would be a wise precaution  
against being hopelessly stranded.

**DICK TURPIN.**

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 16.8.1905 P2C5

### THE WHEELING WORLD.

#### A Weekly Survey.

#### DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

##### My Favourite Ride.

PURPLE heather, green bracken, a blazing sun, and a splendid view across a vast expanse of wooded hills and valleys stretching away into the distant haze. A stream of cyclists toiling up a three miles climb on the London-Portsmouth road, Excelsiorite Durant and I among the number. This was Hindhead as we saw it one day last week. It is my favourite ride.

We had started early and ridden through Horsham and Cranleigh to Godalming before the sun had put on the warmest of his smiles. So the three or four miles through pretty little Milford and over Witley Common still left us with sufficient energy to face the combined opposition of a head wind, a scorching sun, and the aforesaid climb; therefore we cycled up, though the majority of wheelmen were "padding the hoof."

I never saw the Hindhead country look so grand, and the views from the top—nearly nine hundred feet above sea level—were alone sufficient reward for our fifty miles ride to reach it.

Then came a steady four miles run down to Liphook, on through Rake and Petersfield, stopping for a light meal on the way. A windy journey over Butser Hill and through Horndean put us on the Worthing-Portsmouth road at Emsworth.

Thence we came through Chichester and

Arundel, reaching home with a total of just over a hundred miles—and a puncture thrown in!—voting it the best day's ride to be had from Worthing.

##### All the Talk!

The Annual Race Meeting of the Excelsior C.C., which takes place on Monday, is the topic of conversation far and near. A London speed tandem crew were talking with me about it between Redhill and Croydon at five o'clock the other morning. At Crawley, too, other speedmen from Town were on the subject of the Excelsior Club's Sports.

I understand the magnificent programme has attracted a good entry, and that spectators will be treated to some of the best sport. The Tandem Pursuit Race and the Five Miles Scratch event are particularly promising, whilst the Motor Bicycle Handicap will be a terrific struggle.

It is said that Baruch Blaker, in practising for the latter event, attained a speed which made the track so hot that the grass on it turned to hay! Next, please!

A toothsome morsel of confectionery comes to

hand with the announcement that G. A. Olley, the Vegetarian fier, has gone over to the Benedicts, and that Miss Queenie King—what a Royal name!—has become Mrs. Olley.

"George," as he is widely known in local cycling circles, is a good sort, and his numerous friends will all wish the happy pair the best of good fortune. Having recently commenced in business it is probable the record-holder, who owns allegiance to the Excelsior amongst other Clubs, will be content to retire on his numerous and hard-earned laurels.

He has beaten in one year records on Southern Roads at fifty and one hundred miles, in addition to twelve hours—a unique performance in itself. He still holds the fifty miles and twelve hours records, and has beaten the London to Edinburgh and the Land's End to John O'Groats' records; whilst he has met with fair success in good company when riding in

one and five miles scratch races. "George" has proved himself an all-round rider!

#### The Rule of the Road.

Motorists and cyclists do not yet understand each other on the road, and in consequence relations often get severely strained. The following letter from a local motor cyclist, who has cycled since the days of the old high bicycle, and can thus look at the situation both as a motorist and a cyclist, is, I think, fairly written. It may help to reassure the nervous, and in some degree soothe the wheelman who suffers from motorphobia, and would like all disciples of petrol locked up or hung.

DICK TURPIN.

To Mr. DICK TURPIN.

DEAR SIR—Would you kindly through the medium of your excellent column in the WORKING GAZETTE, put into cyclist's language what I will endeavour to convey to you. An appeal may justly be made to wheelmen to show a little more consideration for motorists. The direction I wish to convey, in which an improvement is necessary, is in obeying the rule of the road. A very large proportion of riders are constantly taking liberties with the rule, and as a natural consequence the motorist overtaking one or a party cannot tell what to do.

The most dangerous practice I have noticed is that of a party of cyclists dividing, some taking one side of the road and some the other. Many motorists—and cyclists as well—under these conditions refuse to pass until the cyclists are all on their proper side of the road; and they are wise, for in the event of an accident they would quite likely be held to have been guilty of negligence in attempting to pass the wheelman on the wrong side.

One cannot help thinking that many cyclists exhibit an entirely unreasonable fear of motors, and these riders are not ladies, but men who should not be supposed to be timorous.

On several occasions cyclists have been observed, on the approach of a motor, to dash wildly at the side of the road and fling themselves off, tumbling with their machines in each case. No doubt each man was firmly convinced that he had had a narrow escape, and yet in not one of these episodes was the motor travelling fast nor near to the rider, who, if he had remained on his machine, would not have been incommoded in any way.

Believe me,  
Yours respectfully,  
NOT A ROAD HOG.

## THE WHEELING WORLD

### A Weekly Survey.

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## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 23.8.1905 P2C5

**THE WHEELING WORLD.**  
A Weekly Survey.  
DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.  
**A Night Ride.**  
"I am that merry wanderer of the night."  
*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

**T**HUS far, and no farther, may I be permitted to quote Puck. To be a merry wanderer of the night has its charms; but to follow the example of a fairy who openly boasts of jesting to his King, and of beguiling fat and bean-fed horses; whilst he is proud, too, of worrying venerable old ladies when he is disguised as a roasted crab or a three-footed stool of the disappearing persuasion, might result in my expulsion from the ranks of the Excelsiorites.

So I contented myself with being a merry wanderer of the night, last week, when I decided upon a spin up to London and back.

It was a grand, still, moonlight evening, and half-past nine saw me pottering along the familiar Horsham road in company with my pipe and faithful steed. Horsham was settling down for the night, and even the moon retired before Crawley was reached.

Then it became real night riding. Save for a couple of fast motor cars which flashed past in a glare of acetylene lamps and two or three cyclists and pedestrians, I had the road all to myself.

Horley was sound asleep; over Reigate Common there was a hushed silence, and in fancy I heard the trees whisper to each other as I passed.

Redhill was restless, but things were calm again further on, and I pedalled through Merstham and on to Croydon, which was utterly deserted save for police, though the streets were ablaze with electric arc lamps.

Croydon past, and the fringe of London is

Croydon past, and the fringe of London is reached. Norbury and Streatham were sleeping; a cab or two and odd wanderers were about at Brixton, and from there on to London Bridge I saw little groups round the various street coffee stalls. And ever the policeman trying doors, searching doorways, corners, and passages with his bull's eye.

**Lifeless London!**

But it is a strange London. The tall shops are there and the lighted streets. But it is all so quiet. London lifeless: no cabs, 'buses, motors, carts, or people; it is worth a fifty miles ride at night to see.

At two o'clock in the morning I was almost the only person on London Bridge. On my last previous visit I was rushing to catch a train, and threading through a solid mass of hurrying humanity, half of whom were rushing to catch trains here, cabs there, or 'buses somewhere else.

Now I leaned lazily on the parapet and admired the pictorial effect of the lights along the Thames side which were reflected in the smooth dark water. And when later a large flock of sheep were driven over the Bridge the contrast was complete. The biggest flock of sheep I have ever seen; and on London Bridge!

However, I had not cycled up to the big city

However, I had not cycled up to the big city to dream, but to meet a brother wheelman. Having discovered him we set out, and were soon leaving silent London and heading south again.

Now the stars looked sickly, the sky paled in the east, and the air felt raw. To our left was the ghost of the Crystal Palace showing faintly in the dim light.

As we rode through Merstham the sun got up and glowed a deep red through the morning mists which rolled down the hills into the valleys. Then he rose in the heavens and lost the deep red glow, whilst the mists vanished, and by the time we reached Crawley a warm day had set in.

So breakfast received attention, after which we were not long in making our way through Horsham and home, with enjoyable recollections of the ride.

**DICK TURPIN.**

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However, I had not cycled up to the big city to dream, but to meet a brother wheelman. Having discovered him we set out, and were soon leaving silent London and heading south again.

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Now the stars looked sickly, the sky paled in the east, and the air felt raw. To our left was the ghost of the Crystal Palace showing faintly in the dim light.

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As we rode through Merstham the sun got up and glowed a deep red through the morning mists which rolled down the hills into the valleys. Then he rose in the heavens and lost the deep red glow, whilst the mists vanished, and by the time we reached Crawley a warm day had set in.

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So breakfast received attention, after which we were not long in making our way through Horsham and home, with enjoyable recollections of the ride.

**DICK TURPIN**

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 30.8.1905 P3C3-5

can be washed and cleaned just like real gems. They are exquisitely mounted in various new and handsome designs.

A polite and clever attendant is always in charge, prepared to demonstrate with methylated spirits—or with nitric acid, if necessary—that these manufactured diamonds will stand nearly all the tests of genuine diamonds. Truly a very interesting display, and one well worth visiting.

## THE WHEELING WORLD.

### A Weekly Survey.

#### DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

**H**AS the summer gone? I have a special interest in the question, as, at the time of writing these Random Records, I am more or less snugly ensconced in a kind of sand cave in the vicinity of West Chiltington, waiting for the rain to cease. For some time I have been anxiously looking for the next instalment of summer. The charm of even a temporary residence in a cave fails to captivate either my bicycle or myself, and we are anxious to take our departure from surroundings which take us back to the Stone Age, so I glance out at a tearful sky, look away to the rain-enveloped hills, and repeat: Has the summer gone?

The hour for lighting lamps gets earlier day by day; some of the trees have begun to shed their leaves; harvesting seems to be practically over; and at times the wind has a rare nip in it. Yes, brother wheelers, the season is a-going, and we must miss no opportunity of putting in some of those long rides planned by us when the year was young and all was hope!

Fred Young, the lengthy Excelsiorite, had

Fred Young, the lengthy Excelsiorite, had quite a tour when returning with a cycling chum to business at Southport after his visit to Worthing.

His wanderings first led him along the familiar road through Arundel and Chichester to Fareham, catching glimpses of the English and French Fleets from where their road overlooked Portsmouth.

Then right across Hampshire, getting caught in a soaking rain at Romsey, which gave them plenty of collar work as they ploughed through freshly made mud to the peaceful old city of Salisbury. The railway would have been re-

quisitioned to complete the journey through Amesbury and on to Pewsey but for the fact that this meant a three hours' wait for a train.

So the couple pushed on through mud and darkness, and finished their first day's ride just before ten o'clock p.m.

#### He Fancied a Change!

Two or three days spent about Wiltshire, and the ride was resumed. Weather conditions were a pleasant change after the initial mud-plugging experience. It was a beautiful day, and, with a strong wind behind them, the pair made good going through Marlborough, Swindon, and Farringdon to Oxford.

Here Fred's chum trained on to Banbury: I imagine he fancied a change after riding with our long friend, who, as most Excelsiorites know, is one of those wheelmen who like long doses of hard pedal-pushing. He caught the infection from Medhurst.

Less than an hour and a quarter sufficed for Young to reel off the twenty-two miles to Banbury, where his speedy arrival astonished his friend, whose train had not long preceded the cyclist, the pair meeting at Banbury Cross—of nursery rhyme notoriety—and continuing on to Leamington for the night.

A day at Leamington, where Fred's brother, W. J. Young, is now a staid citizen, though he often lives over again his life in the Excelsior Club, of which he once was Captain. By-the-bye, "Billy" Young wishes to know if I can remember his riding up Bury Hill after having broken off one pedal!

Are you sure it wasn't both pedals, Billy?

#### My Pet Project.

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This was the best day of the trip: it has for some time past been a pet project of my own to do almost the same ride, including the Shakespeare country, the Castles of Warwick and Kenilworth, pretty old Coventry, and the Derbyshire scenery.

The last day's ride was flat and uninteresting to Fred and his chum after this panorama of

scenes which had figured in history and romance, and of scenery which is rarely excelled in England; but they enjoyed the exercise at any rate, and nightfall found Fred at Southport and his chum at Winsford, both having benefited from their journey, whilst Fred's riding powers had resulted in the conversion of his friend to a physical culturist. For our Excelsiorite is a disciple of the dumb-bell, and his faith, like his muscle, is strong.

Another hobby of his is billiards; he has won a three-guinea first prize on the green cloth at Southport by his dexterity with the cue.

#### A Thrilling Experience.

Baruch Blaker's numerous and sympathetic friends will be glad to know the speedy motor cyclist is well on the road to recovery from the accident which befel him at the Excelsior Club's Annual Sports last week.

To be hurled from a machine travelling at nearly forty miles an hour is, to say the least, thrilling, and it is fortunate that the most serious damage Baruch sustained was a broken wrist.

Complete recovery will be a matter of several weeks, and the enforced abstinence from riding has compelled Blaker to cancel several engagements. In fact, it is probable the Excelsiorite will retire from the dangerous sport, content with the laurels he has earned.

Meantime he is doing marvels with his left arm in the way of taking machines to pieces, fitting tyres, and so on. When his right is again at liberty his present practice may qualify him to deal with fractious cycles two at a time!

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## THE WHEELING WORLD

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**DICK TURPIN.**

Dick Long first used the expression "time-trial" to describe Mungeam's and Hooker's medal rides in September 1905 - but in July of the same year while out for a Sunday potter he saw something new. Let him tell .....

"Road races have changed since the early nineties. Then fierce- (*tape garbled*) in their wake, the riders heralding their approach with a discord of bell-ringing and hoarse cries. The competitor who entered a big road race in those days without at least three or four tandems at his disposal usually wasted his efforts.

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In one case I remember a little army of wheelmen was engaged to feed and pace one rider who was on a twenty-four hours 'jaunt'. This rider revelled in the luxury of riding well-sheltered behind tandem tricycles, which were in their turn paced by the more easily propelled tandem bicycle. Such was road racing in the good old days.

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Things altered suddenly when pacemaking was generally disallowed, and a day or two ago, when out in the early morning, I saw a good example of the new road racing.

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A hundred miles race was in progress, but there was little to attract the attention of an outsider. A couple of wheelmen stood at Offington corner; a little group waited further on; and at awkward corners on the road to Arundel I noticed other watchers. I knew the badge they wore - that of the Southern C.C.- and recognised the club colours in the dark and light blue ribbon, at the same time observing that bottles protruded from the pockets of many of the wheelmen.

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Presently the scent grew warmer, and one by one about thirty competitors came along, quietly and unobtrusively, at intervals of half a mile or so in most instances. They looked like scorchers, and only checked their pace to hurriedly take speed-drinks, rice or fruit, and perhaps to sponge their faces before resuming the stern struggle. With a cheery word of encouragement from their clubmates, many of whom had ridden out fifty to sixty miles to perform their slight but welcome services, they vanished down the road.

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An hour of this, and the string of dusty riders had passed and were on their way back to Crawley, where after much arithmetic officials would ascertain who had won the race.

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No noise, no tandems, no gangs of speedmen, and consequently no police interference. Arundel had hardly finished breakfast when the road racers had been and gone. Such is the new road racing. It is harder work than the old, and the new road racer(s?) is a sportsman right through.

***Dick Turpin"***

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 6.9.1905, P2C?

<p><b>THE WHEELING WORLD.</b></p> <p><b>A Weekly Survey.</b></p> <p><b>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</b></p> <p><b>Attempting a Record.</b></p> <p>The night has been unruly; . . . and as they say, Lamentings heard i' the air, . . . with accents terrible.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Macbeth.</i></p> <p><b>N</b>OT long ago I selected a quotation anent a "merry wanderer of the night" when writing of some cycling experiences in the wee sma' hours. But the four tandem speed men of whom I have now to tell would rebel against being classified as merry wanderers after their doings last Saturday night!</p> <p>A London tandem crew, Bliss and Pearce, had arranged to attempt a twenty-four hours' record ride, and were desirous of covering something over three hundred miles in twice round the clock.</p> <p>For the first few hours all went well. The would-be record holders reached Offington Corner twenty minutes before the time at which Edgar Henson had arranged to feed them and hand them over to Stephenson and Standing, of the Worthing Excelsior Club, who were to follow them through the night.</p> <p>So Bliss and Pearce continued the ride, the Excelsior tandem putting on full speed, and joining them on the way to Cosham.</p> <p>The journey was at no time lacking in excitement; a couple of speed tandems on a dark night along roads fairly well supplied with corners is a combination which would hardly be likely to result in dreary monotony.</p> <p>A couple of belated pedestrians, hidden from the riders by the darkness, failed to observe the approaching lights, and kept to the middle of the road. Unfortunately the short distance</p>	<p>A couple of belated pedestrians, hidden from the riders by the darkness, failed to observe the approaching lights, and kept to the middle of the road. Unfortunately the short distance which is illuminated by a cycle lamp hardly gives the wheelman a chance to avoid a collision at times.</p> <p><b>Yowing Vengeance!</b></p> <p>This was one of the times! Luckily no one was hurt, but the sprawling pedestrians expressed a wish for a fistic encounter in the aforesaid "accents terrible" which left no doubt as to the sincerity of their desire.</p> <p>But the riders could not undertake nocturnal boxing contests concurrently with the pursuit of cycling records, and they rode away after some heated arguments had passed.</p> <p>Continuing to Fareham, they made a detour to Corhampton, then returned to Cosham, and away over the Portsdown Heights and along the exposed London-Portsmouth main road.</p> <p>Their troubles got rapidly worse. The night grew unruly and it rained steadily as the four speedmen ground along in the darkness. Then came the puncture fiend!</p> <p>After some struggling with a troublesome tyre it was necessary to remove the back wheel of one of the tandems. A nice occupation for a wet, dark night on a bleak and windy road; small wonder that there were "lamentings heard i' the air!"</p> <p>Ultimately the pros and cons were considered, and the latter found to be in a strong majority. So after sixteen hours of riding, puncture-repairing, pedestrian-soothing, and wheel-adjusting, the attempt was abandoned at Guildford, and the quartette sat down, with a relish begotten of much hard work, to a welcome breakfast.</p> <p>To surmount hills with ease the common practice nowadays is to use a multiple gear, taking advantage of the low speed when the work becomes hard.</p>	<p>To surmount hills with ease the common practice nowadays is to use a multiple gear, taking advantage of the low speed when the work becomes hard.</p> <p>But I witnessed an original and somewhat startling method, a day or two back, of reducing the labour of hill-climbing.</p> <p>A rider was alone on a tandem to which was attached a trailer wherein another cyclist was taking his ease. Half-way up Offington Hill the pace died down, so the man left the trailer, nimbly hopped on to the back seat of the tandem, and worked away happily until a bit of down-hill enabled him to resume his seat in the trailer.</p> <p><b>A Terrific Spill.</b></p> <p>Sam Clark and Baruch Blaker were in attendance at the Portsmouth Cycling Sports last Wednesday, the former acting as Assistant Judge on the occasion.</p> <p>Three Southampton Centre Championships were run off, all of which were won by the speedy Kingsbury. A terrific spill quite spoilt the finish of the three miles' open handicap. Eight riders were hotly contesting the last lap when the third man fell and brought down all those behind him, two of the unfortunate riders being thrown right over the railings which surround the track, whilst the machines were badly damaged.</p> <p>Walker, of the Portsmouth Arrow C.C., beside being very much cut about the head and legs, had his right shoulder dislocated and his arm broken. Cheverton, the Veteran Champion of the Isle of Wight and a friend and fellow-competitor of Sam's, lay bruised and senseless, whilst the other four fallen competitors were all more or less injured. It was, indeed, one of the worst smashes that have occurred in a cycling race, and is attributed to one of the riders looking back when taking a corner. This dangerous practice should be sufficient to disqualify competitors who are guilty of it; legislation to this effect would make men more careful of themselves and others.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><b>DICK TURPIN.</b></p>
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## THE WHEELING WORLD

### A Weekly Survey.

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## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 13.9.1905, P2C4

# THE WHEELING WORLD.

## A Weekly Survey.

### DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

#### In Prai-e of Sussex Roads.

**I**T is fortunate for the wheelman that county roads in general dry so quickly after rain; were they to behave like town streets I fear there would be but little really pleasurable riding during the present weather for the cyclist of average tastes. Mud-plugging is a stern pleasure which appeals only to a very limited number. But on Sussex county roads mud is almost a novelty in the cycling season, thanks to the rapidity with which even a heavy down-pour is absorbed.

Only a day or two back I set out almost immediately after a copious supply of rain water had been lavished upon roads which have lately been receiving far more showers than sunshine.

My machine and I tip-toed, so to speak, in a gingerly fashion through a heavy layer of mud until we were clear of "the houses," when, lo! we found the going good enough for anything except speed!

Indeed, I descried a tandem on ahead, swinging along at a pace which closely approached speed. I made violent efforts to overhaul the craft, but a stern chase only enabled me to get near enough to recognise the crew as consisting of Stephenson and Standing, before my sprint died away.

Standing, before my sprint died away.

On Washington Bostel, Waterman overtook me; he was striding along on a ninety-four gear, and as we rode together towards Storrington I found it necessary to pedal my modest sixty-eight pretty rapidly in order to live with him. And this despite a stiff breeze which would have troubled most men geared in the nineties!

#### A Few Photographic Libels.

Presently we parted company, Waterman going Petworth way whilst I proceeded to explore the network of lanes on either side of the road we had traversed. It is a favourite pastime with me, when in a lazy humour, to roam around there with my camera and perpetrate a few libels of the many picturesque bits which may be found.

And there is much to please the eye, for one may roam over open commons to which purple heather imparts a cheerful colouring, and where delicate little birch trees sway in the breeze. Or the wheelman may be attracted by the broad expanses of green bracken, in amongst which the tall fir trees stand out, bold and black, against the sky.

It is delightful to wander haphazard along the lanes one chances across, careless as to where they lead, and contented with the pictures they show the lazy wanderers.

Just off the road between Wiggonholt Common and Parham Park—in the Park—is a pond, surrounded by tall firs which crowd together hard to the water's edge, and shut out wind and sunlight.

It is black, gloomy, and as silent as the grave, but it is a picture!

The lanes also show the traveller sunlit

The lanes also show the traveller sunlit meadows, bordered perhaps by little streamlets, by the side of which cattle are grazing in the shade of grand old trees. Unfortunately a group of cows thus occupied objected to my attentions with the camera!

The far-stretching views obtained from the higher points along the roads will appeal to many; others will fancy the quaint old cottages, of which there are several specimens. There is no lack of variety in the network of lanes.

Ultimately I came out at Amberley, dropping across two members of the South London Photographic Society, who were finding pictorial material in the form of some willows by the edge of a pool near Amberley Castle.

### **A Retailer of History.**

Obtaining from the custodian of the Castle readily granted permission, I took a photograph of a portion of the ruined stronghold, and then placed my scanty knowledge of its history at the service of two lady cyclists who had inquired of me, with a pronounced French accent, where they were!

From Amberley I rode over Houghton Hill.

From Amberley I rode over Houghton Hill, and was soon sailing easily along the gradually descending road which skirts Arundel Park and brings one to Arundel.

A halt to mend a puncture was not in the least vexatious. I was in no haste to leave the road, which was prettily covered in with trees for much of the distance, though at one point it is open, and affords an expansive view, which includes Littlehampton and some miles of the coast.

In fact, I was in no hurry to get anywhere! It is a very good state of mind in which to enjoy cycling, and when I reached home and found I had occupied six hours in covering about twenty-eight miles, taking four photographs, consuming a few blackberries and some tobacco, I was very pleased that I had not allowed the muddy town streets to frighten me out of a potter.

**DICK TURPIN.**

## **THE WHEELING WORLD**

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The lanes also show the traveller sunlit meadows, bordered perhaps by little streamlets,

by the side of which cattle are grazing in the shade of grand old trees. Unfortunately a group of cows thus occupied objected to my attentions with the camera!

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The far-stretching views obtained from the higher points along the roads will appeal to many; others will fancy the quaint old cottages, of which there are several specimens. There is no lack of variety in the network of lanes.

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Ultimately I came out at Amberley, dropping across two members of the South London Photographic Society, who were finding pictorial material in the form of some willows by the edge of a pool near Amberley Castle.

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### **A Retailer of History.**

Obtaining from the custodian of the Castle readily granted permission, I took a photograph of a portion of the ruined stronghold, and then placed my scanty knowledge of its history at the service of two lady cyclists who had inquired of me, with a pronounced French accent, where they were!

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From Amberley I rode over Houghton Hill, and was soon sailing easily along the gradually descending road which skirts Arundel Park and brings one to Arundel.

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A halt to mend a puncture was not in the least vexatious. I was in no haste to leave the road, which was prettily covered in with trees for much of the distance, though at one point it is open, and affords an expansive view, which includes Littlehampton and some miles of the coast.

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In fact, I was in no hurry to get anywhere ! It is a very good state of mind in which to enjoy cycling, and when I reached home and found I had occupied six hours in covering about twenty-eight miles, taking four photographs, consuming a few blackberries and some tobacco, I was very pleased that I had not allowed the muddy town streets to frighten me out of a potter.

**DICK TURPIN**

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 20.9.1905, P2C6

<p><b>THE WHEELING WORLD.</b> A Weekly Survey. DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p><b>Up With the Lark.</b> THE welcome arrival of a good supply of fine and clear autumn weather has greatly increased the interest in time trials on the road, and the voice of the speedman is heard in the land at pretty frequent intervals by the wheelman who is up betimes. Things are quieter later in the day, for the speedman is an early bird; he will be awheel before sunrise, and ere mid-day the Fates have usually decided for him either that the coveted Club medal is to be his, or that his fifty or one hundred miles ride has proved fruitless—fruitless, that is, except for “the knock” or a crop of punctures!</p> <p>Hooker and Mungeam, of the Excelsior Club, were up with the lark a day or two back, in quest of road medals, being timed from the Railway Bridge at six o'clock and six-fifteen respectively.</p> <p>Both rode through Arundel to Westhampnett before tackling the longer section of the journey, Hooker covering this hilly seventeen miles in an hour; whilst Mungeam gained a minute upon this time.</p> <p>Hooker, however, travelled better on the ride back to Offington Corner, his time being fifty-seven minutes and his Club-mate's sixty-one minutes.</p> <p>In rounding the Corner Mungeam fell, his follower also coming down. A similar mishap occurred to Hooker near Southwater, but fortunately no one suffered more than an assortment of bruises and abrasions.</p> <p>Ryecroft, of the Horsham Club, was awaiting</p>	<p>Ryecroft, of the Horsham Club, was awaiting Hooker at Horsham with speed food, and the pair were both travelling well when Woodhatch was reached. Hooker's time for the thirty-six miles from Offington was two hours and eighteen minutes; Mungeam's was eight minutes less.</p> <p><b>On the Return.</b> Only the return journey through Crawley and Horsham to Broadwater now remained, and the wind that had hindered on the outward ride now proved handy. Although it was the final thirty-seven miles of a stiff hundred, Hooker rattled through it in two hours and eight minutes.</p> <p>Mungeam, however, lost time at West Grinstead, having to dismount through cramp; but he was only two minutes longer than Hooker on this section.</p> <p>W. R. Paine and Edgar Henson, together with a group of interested Club-mates, were awaiting the riders at the finish, where Hooker was checked in six hours and twenty-three and a half minutes after the start, and Mungeam in six hours and twenty minutes.</p> <p>Both men, therefore, secure the valued Club century gold, and are henceforth hall-marked in the speed world as men of class. I congratulate them!</p> <p>I have also to congratulate Edgar Henson, who on Monday covered a very troublesome fifty miles course in the smart time of two hours and forty two and a half minutes.</p> <p>Edgar is a member of the Chichester C.C., and was desirous of securing the gold medal offered by the Club to members who succeed in riding from Chichester via Offington Corner to Ashington and back in three hours and twenty minutes.</p>	<p>So the dawn of day on Monday found him leisurely pedalling down to Chichester in order to commence the attack. Not many men ride twenty miles and forthwith set out on a speed jaunt, but the journey through keen air had merely freshened up the Tarring wheelman, and at thirty-six minutes past six he was started from the Cathedral City by two Club officials, Messrs. Grainger and Napper. z</p> <p><b>Less than an Hour.</b> Three minutes under the hour he had ridden the eighteen miles to Offington Corner. Here C. T. Wells, of the Excelsior C.C., hitched on to follow him, leaving Stoner to sign his hurriedly dropped checking sheet and hand it to Greenfield, whose speedy motor enabled him to restore the document to Edgar.</p> <p>Ashington—half distance—was reached seventy-two minutes from the start. The pace now grew even hotter, and twenty-two minutes sufficed for Henson to return to Offington Corner, Sam Clark joining in following near this point.</p> <p>A rare bat was maintained right* away to the finish at Chichester, Henson's time for the distance being, as already stated, two hours and forty two and a half minutes. Previous best in the Chichester Club was by Mant, whose time was fifteen minutes slower than Edgar's.</p> <p>The ride compares most favourably with those at the same distance on a much easier course which the Brighton C.C. have been carrying out this year.</p> <p>The best of these performances so far is the ride this week by J. Phillipps, who was eleven and a half minutes slower than Henson, despite the easier course. Other Brighton men have done times varying up to three and a quarter hours.</p> <p>Shades of Frowd, Turner, Chilton, Foulger, and Sammy Upton! Where are the Brighton speed men of to-day, when fifteen miles an hour is all a man does in a “speed” fifty?</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
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## THE WHEELING WORLD

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

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DICK TURPIN.

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 27.9.1905, P2C5

### THE WHEELING WORLD.

#### A Weekly Survey.

#### DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

##### A Capital Stayer.

THE event of the week has been another exhibition of speed and stamina by Edgar Henson, who won the Excelsior Club's gold medal by riding a hundred miles in less than six hours and a half. As a matter of fact Edgar rode the distance in considerably less! He finished at Broadwater five hours and fifty-six and a half minutes after the start, thereby lowering the long-standing Club record by Bert Paine, who rode the course in six hours and one minute.

An analysis of Henson's time is of particular interest, as it shows his systematic method of tackling long distance speed work.

The course is divided into three equal portions. On the first section, to Westhampnett and back, Henson took one hour fifty-eight minutes. On the next, a straightaway ride to Woodhatch, near Reigate, against a cold, northerly wind, he was four minutes longer; and the final portion, the run home from Woodhatch, was ridden at a faster speed than either, the time occupied being one hour and fifty-six and a half minutes.

Had it not been for the heavy wind it is

probable that these times would have been still closer, but as it is they show a remarkably even and well maintained speed. They prove Edgar to be one of the finest stayers the Excelsior Club has produced, too! And he is "no chicken," being in the forties, an age when most men would make an indifferent exhibition at speed work.

Henson is very popular with road riders all over the place, and had no lack of helpers. G. A. Olley administered to his needs at Picts Hill, Horsham, and again at Washington. Several Horsham and Crawley men turned out to feed and follow him, and the Brothers Duffield, a well-known London tandem pair, looked after him at West Grinstead.

Parker the Plucky — a promising young Excelsiorite—greatly surprised everyone—including himself!—by following Henson right from the start until within ten miles from home. Then I believe the bearings of his bicycle got too hot for him to continue—or perhaps it was his throat! Something required lubrication very badly, I know.

##### Bless Her Heart!

But, more surprising still, a matronly old lady was one of Henson's assistants. The good-hearted dame, cajoled by her cycling son into rendering assistance, awaited Edgar near Crawley with some welcome tea and rice pudding. Madam, the speedmen thank and bless your kind heart!

Following Edgar Henson's fine ride comes a beautiful suggestion from his fellow speedman and near neighbour, Sam Clark. It is nothing less than that the Excelsior Club should promote a team relay race to London and back.

But the subtlety of the suggestion is revealed when the Veteran goes on to propose that each Ward in the borough should send a team! Now

But the subtlety of the suggestion is revealed when the Veteran goes on to propose that each Ward in the borough should send a team! Now, I'd like to know what other Ward would stand a dog's chance against the representatives of ancient and historic Terringes?

For, besides Sam Clark, Veteran Champion of Sussex, and Edgar Henson, the holder of "new-laid" Club records at fifty and a hundred miles, there are other rods in pickle for the competitors who face the "Terringian Terrors," as we may dub Sam's team.

There would, of course, be Ben Rogers and Harry Greenfield, whilst I have also discovered that the world-famous G. A. Olley, holder of records ranging from fifty miles to the Land's End to John o'Groats jaunt, was quite recently visiting Tarring, where he is often seen. He might be representing the Ward on the wheel in this deep-laid scheme of Sam's!

Again, only a day or two back, quite close to Tarring, I espied Leonard Drake, who holds the Southern twenty-four hours record and other honours. He was riding the identical tandem, with the identical partner, Aubrey Paine, upon which he broke the Land's End to London record a fortnight ago. And in the course of a short conversation this redoubtable man of speed inquired very specially after Sam Clark, of Tarring.

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I soon discovered that the tandem had met Sam before, and I am now wondering if Sam has enrolled him as yet another "T.T." It seems to me that, if the conditions could be altered a good match might be engineered between Tarring and Rest of England—if there is any left!

### Sign and Countersign.

F. G. Bleach and F. Farley, of the Excelsior Club, were amused when on a night ride with a friend a week ago. They were en route to London, and, about half-way, encountered a Club riding down, a hundred strong, headed by the Captain with a gleaming acetylene lamp.

Presently the Captain inquired in the voice of a stentor: "Are we downhearted?" And a chorus of "No!" was roared out with a volume of sound which must have awakened more than the echoes, its hearty ring quite proving the riders were not by any means in a state of despondency. But the sign and countersign thus exchanged in the wee sma' hours greatly tickled the Excelsiorites.

DICK TURPIN.

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**DICK TURPIN**

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 4.10.1905, P2C5

### THE WHEELING WORLD.

#### A Weekly Survey.

##### DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

###### Attempting a Record.

THOUGH many honours have befallen the Excelsior Club, there has ever been one which has been denied the illustrious body. Though it has produced many a good rider, can point to Bert Paine, who won County Championships innumerable, and Sam Clark, who is still the Veteran County Champion, and has put teams in the field which have defeated neighbouring Clubs' teams, yet never has a first-class Excelsiorite broken a road record.

Edgar Henson holds Chichester and Worthing Club records, and Bert Paine holds a Brighton Club record; but I refer, of course, to records open to attack by all comers, and made under the auspices of the recognised Road Records Associations.

Stephenson and Standing, and a large number of Club-mates and friends, hoped last week to remedy the omission, as the pair were making an attack on the twelve hours' tandem record on Southern roads, to beat which they had to ride the long journey of two hundred and two miles.

So towards the end of last week they hid themselves to Riddlesdowne, near Redhill, where speedmen are wont to congregate, and after a night's rest turned out and were started by an official in the nippy air at six o'clock in the morning.

A puncture lost valuable time in the first thirty miles, but a fine speed was maintained on the roads round Crawley, and by dint of hard work the precious minutes were regained.

Later, however, the brake gave a lot of

trouble, and finally it had to be removed altogether when the pair reached Offington Corner, at which place they had dropped about twenty five minutes outside their schedule. A stiff breeze pulled them about on the ride down to Farham, but they were well looked after by Harry Greenfield, who, on his motor bicycle, was a "guardian angel," and got food ready on ahead of them.

###### Brightening Prospects.

Flint Brothers, of Shoreham, and Worley and friend, from Portsmouth, followed on spare tandems; whilst Edgar Henson and others accompanied them also. But all the helpers in the world would fail to make it easier to ride against a strong wind.

However, after checking at Fareham things brightened up rapidly. The speed on the return journey went up in surprising fashion, and the chance of record looked brighter at almost every mile. Then again more time was lost through lack of food when Offington Corner was reached.

But Stephenson and Standing were not easily daunted, and they kept slogging on their way through Horsham and Crawley, getting back the precious minutes one by one.

But fortune did not smile on their efforts, and at the end of the twelve hours it was found they had ridden a hundred and ninety-seven miles, thus missing honours by the narrow margin of five miles; an extra fifteen minutes sufficed for them to ride this bit, so it is evident they were travelling well at the finish.

The ride is indeed a highly creditable per-

formance, and proves Stephenson and Standing to be a combination of a very speedy nature. Stephenson had, of course, already proved his speed by winning a couple of Excelsior gold medals on the hundred miles course and another for a twelve hours' ride. His pal, Standing, is new to the game, but it is clear we may expect to hear a lot more of him yet. It is not likely the pair will again attempt the record this year, though it is, I think, pretty certain that, with luck and the experience gained in this ride, they would put up new figures.

Sam Clark made fifty, not out, last Saturday. Tremble not, Fry and Abel! Our Veteraan will not wrest from you the laurels of the cricket field. It was fifty miles not out of the saddle, for Sam rode up to the Crystal Palace without a dismount.

By-the-bye, Sam is not intending to do as I feared he might in the event of a team race to London and back between the various Wards of the borough. It will be remembered I was anticipating Tarring would be represented by Sam Clark and Edgar Henson, and their record-breaking friends, Olley and Drake.

###### The Veteran's Visions.

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But in a prophetic dream Sam saw visions. The men were about to start for their respective positions when a dark, mysterious stranger, enshrouded in a black cloak and wearing a wide-brimmed soft hat low over his eyes, stole into the night. Sam followed—in the dream, of course.

The enshrouded one stealthily went from machine to machine, and Sam, with bated breath, helplessly watched him transfer the food of the Tarring men from one basket to another! Then the race started.

Horror of horrors! Instead of finding Blackberry's Cocoa in his handlebar basket, Sam discovered soda water and prunes, which is the diet Drake used on his Laud's End to London record. Drake had got Olley's mysterious vegetarian mixtures, and Olley had had to smoke Henson's perpetual cigarettes, leaving Edgar to fatten on the famous cocoa with which Sam embrocates his inner man.

All the Terringian Terrors were on the point

of death when Sam woke up, thus saving four valuable lives. But the dream has warned the Veteran.

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## THE WHEELING WORLD

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<sup>i</sup> Farlham? A rare Gazette typo – most likely Fareham

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 11.10.1905, P2C5

### THE WHEELING WORLD.

#### A Weekly Survey.

##### DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

###### Shadow and Substance.

SOME hours before sunrise a day or two back a couple of shadows might have been seen flitting noiselessly and rapidly through the semi-darkness. As the day dawned the two shadows gradually became two substances, and proved to be Edgar Henson and Albert Standing. They had risen about three o'clock in the morning, and, an hour or so later, were on their way to Chichester, from whence Edgar was to start an attempt upon the Chichester Club's hundred miles medal ride.

Twenty minutes past six saw the speedman started off by a Chichester official, and soon he was humming along through Emsworth, Havant, and Cosham, to Porchester, where several members of the Portsmouth Arrow C.O. checked him at twelve minutes past seven.

Turning, he travelled back to Chichester at exactly the same pace—seventeen miles an hour—and continued eastward through Arundel to Offington Corner, which was reached two hours and forty-nine minutes after the start, Edgar having ridden forty-eight and a half miles in this time.

Still maintaining an easy but very useful pace he reached Horsham in another sixty-nine minutes, once again got a check signed, this time by a Horsham wheelman, and then retraced his wheelmarks to the Cathedral City, taking sixty-seven minutes to Offington Corner, and a similar period from thence to Chichester.

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Edgar's time for the total distance, which is actually a hundred and one miles, thus works out at six hours and twelve and a half minutes, and is well inside the standard which Chichester sets for a gold medal. Indeed, it is believed to be the fastest ride done by any member of the Club.

Had it been required of him there is no doubt Edgar could have put up a similar ride to that recently done by him on the Excoelsior century course, when he was less than six hours.

But there was no object in so doing, and Henson accordingly drew up a time schedule for six hours and a quarter, to which he kept remarkably close until the last ten miles; then he tuned the speed up slightly in honour of a distinguished visitor who joined the little group of followers at Arundel.

###### A Sterling Rider.

The visitor was none other than T. S. Adcock, the old Chichester wheelman, who is known far and wide in the world of wheels, particularly to such boys of the old brigade as G. Lacy Hillier and the habitues of Ripley in bygone days.

Adcock was a sterling rider, and now, after an interlude of motoring, has returned to his first love—the push-bike.

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So it was natural that Edgar should honour his visitor with a bit of speed, and accordingly things were soon too lively for the other followers. One by one they fell away, and when Chichester came in sight only Henson and Adcock were left in the game, and the younger men had found that a road-rider in his forties or even fifties is in a good state of preservation!

I understand certain doughty knights of the Central Ward are prepared to raise the gauntlet thrown down by Sir Samuel de Tarring.

One who has been acclaimed the victor in many a hard fought tournament recently reined in his fretful charger, raised his vizor, and, addressing me as "Sir Scrivener," informed me that a counsel of knights had sent a herald into the enemy's camp with an acceptance of the challenge.

"But your adversaries are strong, Sir Robert," said I, timidly, to the knight.

"By my halidom, we fear not the saucy

varlets an they seek not the help of stranger knights from without their domain!" quoth he: "Sir Stephenson and Sir Medhurst have long won their spurs, and, like myself, are chafing to break a lance with the proud knaves!"

"Gadzooks!" he continued, "Sir Medhurst and I have not lost all our prowess in the field, though, by the saints, we have of late journeyed on the motor-bike when in quest of the Holy Grail, and perchance have gotten ourselves overmuch lazy. By all the pedats in Christendom, we will e'en show the Terringiaa Terrors that we fear them not!"

From which interview I gathered that it is likely a speed contest may be expected to take place between Tarring and the Central Ward, though I imagine it will hardly be before the opening of next season. It should be a good tussle.

DICK TURPIN.

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Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 18.10.1905, P6C5

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#### A Weekly Survey.

#### DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

##### The Irrepressible Henson.

**A** PERSPIRING Government official not a week ago toiled along under the burden of a novel postcard specially built for me by Messrs. Henson and Greenfield. It consisted of a fair-sized piece of board bearing my postal address on one side, and on the other what might have been a Bradshaw or A B C guide in Saxon days. That is presuming the Saxons ever travelled from Fareham to Chichester, Horsham, Redhill, and Croydon.

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So on Monday Edgar tackled the job, starting from Chichester at six a.m., hieing himself to Fareham and back in a couple of hours. Another hour or so saw him at Offington Corner; yet another, and he was at Horsham. On he went through Crawley, Redhill, and Purley, and six hours after the start he was on his way south with over a hundred miles to his credit.

Henson turned up smiling at Offington Corner, at which point a hundred and forty-two miles had been polished off in less than nine hours. Instead of going on to Chichester to finish, he put in an extra run to Shoreham Bridge and back, being anxious to compile a creditable total.

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Then he romped to Chichester, and, still having time to spare, rode yet another extra piece on the Barnham, Yapton, and Bognor road before ceasing his efforts. His total mileage is about a hundred and ninety-eight miles, which is, I believe, the finest performance ever done by a Southern rider in a paced twelve hours' jaunt. At its conclusion Henson was remarkably fresh, and a "high tea" at Chichester, in celebration of his success, was done such justice to as to prove the Tarring man was certainly none the worse for a ride the distance of which was about equal to a journey from Sussex to Yorkshire.

Throughout the ride Edgar was splendidly paced by Flint, of Shoreham, who bestrude a motor bike. Albert Standing followed for much of the distance on a spare machine, and Harry Greenfield, Sam Clark, and a few other Club-mates helped the speedy rider in the matter of feeding, following, and checking him.

Thus Edgar winds up a series of rides which prove him to be the best distance rider in Sussex at the present time. Last year he won a gold centre and a gold medal on the Excelsior century and twelve hour rides, and this year he has completed his collection by winning the Excelsior gold for the century, and gold medals for the Chichester Club's hill-climb, fifty and hundred miles rides, and twelve hours' jaunt.

##### The Guileless Tramp.

I suppose it is no more than natural that there should be a sort of mutual interest in each other felt by the wheelman and the prowling casual who is—or says he is—in search of work. Both casual and wheelman are, in a sense, tramps.

I met a rare specimen near Offington Corner one day last week. A respectable looking man with a well-kept beard and a general air of neatness inquired the distance to Chichester, his accent being that of a foreigner.

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Staggered when I told him he had eighteen miles to tramp, he expressed a wish to consult me as to a difficult position in which he found himself placed, and accordingly I endeavoured to look mildly interested. Britain and British methods puzzled him greatly, he being a native of Buenos Ayres, and having served as a sea captain, I forget how many years.

Appearances were all against the truth of this yarn; but I looked as guileless as I possibly could, and appeared to swallow it whole. Thus encouraged he took a polite interest in my bicycle and in cycling generally, and then, turning to business, he fairly let his imagination go.

At Buenos Ayres one could make a fortune of about any size according to what one fancied in the way of fortunes. Take myself, for instance; and he generously pictured me owning half a Republic or so, after only a few years in South America.

But destiny had called him away from this millionaire manufactory and provided him with a wealth, not in gold but in adventures.

So we stood and strolled by turns whilst my worthy sea-captain manned his vessel, took in cargo, and traded into all the odd corners of the world. Then he struck an unlighted derelict in mid ocean at dead of night, lost his ship, and was afloat in an open boat for days with plenty of other survivors, but a scarcity of food.

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All this time I had looked as innocent and credulous as a very young choir boy; so he forthwith wrecked another ship—this time on a coral reef—and, with a note of grief and sorrow in his voice, he let his wife and children find a watery grave in the wide lone sea.

Just before I could inquire how many times cannibals had endeavoured to digest him and his anecdotes, he got back to civilisation. Then came a long chain of travels in search of the owner for whom he sailed. A rush of business had taken this owner to Paris, Newhaven, Brighton, Worthing, and Chichester in rapid succession. And ever dogging on the trail, my sea captain was at his heels; but always he missed appointments by the merest shaves, shaves which kept rapidly paring away his financial resources.

So, at last, here he was; saved from derelicts, submerged coral reefs, and a large and varied assortment of perils of the vasty deep, only to be stranded at Offington Corner without a penny in hard cash. All he possessed was a bill of exchange, issued on the Continent, but useless owing to some mere formality in drawing up the document.

He produced the bill, together with letters from his two brothers, one a clergyman and the other a Consul in the service of the Argentine Republic.

I felt, under the circumstances, it would be mean to examine the yarn and test its value as a truthful bit of history. I accepted it as a fine specimen of imaginative work on the part of a man who might with training rival the creator of Captain Kettle.

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But the sea Captain was an artist; he worked the climax of his story neatly, and achieved the desired result. I last saw him carefully navigating himself down Salvington Hill; in the offing lay the Half Moon Inn, where doubtless the "desired result" was laid out to advantage.

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Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 25.10.1905, P2

### THE WHEELING WORLD.

#### A Weekly Survey.

#### DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

##### The Veteran Still in Form.

**S**AM CLARK is the latest local rider to go through a speed road ride. The Veteran had been turning out for one and another of the many medal-hunters, and assisting by feeding and following them. Like Henson, he is always ready to help a fellow sportsman, and the pair have rendered any amount of assistance to other speedmen.

Now, as the result of all this, Sam has taken the speed infection, and the disease suddenly manifested itself on Friday last, when he announced his intention of going for the Excelsior hundred miles medal ride.

So Friday morning found the Veteran on the Railway Bridge, where, at the word "Go!" he flitted off in the direction of Chichester, followed by T. A. Durant and A. Standing. A few minutes after two hours had passed he was back again at Offington Corner, with thirty-three miles to his credit.

A hasty application to a bottle of liquid speed food as he rode along, and, with Edgar Henson following him, Sam faced a cold northerly wind and plugged manfully up the Horsham road.

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At Crawley Henson's tyre punctured, and the Veteran toiled on alone to Woodhatch, where the operation of getting checked cost him some precious minutes. However, Sam "kept kicking," and soon got back to Crawley and Henson, being well pleased at the sight of both, for the air was heavy and cold, and solitary speed work was dreary.

On through Horsham a fair pace was maintained, and soon Sam was scenting the finish at Broadwater, where he was checked six hours and fifty minutes from the start. The ride thus ranks as a gold centre medal performance, with ten minutes to spare, and must be regarded as a good exhibition of pluck and endurance.

For Sam is essentially a sprinter, as many can testify who have met him in track racing; and he has especially cultivated speed rather than stamina. In witness whereof he has a long record as One Mile Veteran Champion of Sussex.

Also it must be remembered he is quite a veteran, being in his fiftieth year. And few veterans would undertake hundred-mile rides in less than seven hours in a cold, heavy atmosphere, on a windy day in late October.

Recently I had occasion to allude to the "Terringian Terrors" in this column. Now one of this noble band of wheelmen sends me an envelope directed—between you and me, good reader, in a lady's handwriting!—to the "Terringian Terror, etc., etc." Posted in London, it was duly delivered on the same day by that marvellous organisation, the Post Office, which with unerring aim can spot the T. T. from afar.

It is at once eloquent of the wide sphere influenced by the GAZETTE and the fame of the aforementioned "T. T.'s."

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Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 1.11.1905, P2C6

<p><b>THE WHEELING WORLD.</b></p> <p><b>A Weekly Survey.</b></p> <p><b>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</b></p> <p><b>A Sunny Autumn Ride.</b></p> <p><b>L</b>ET the wheelman catch Dame Nature in a sunny mood during the month of October, and he may then enjoy a ramble awheel under conditions which are not excelled at any time of the year. Taking advantage of a recent sunny mood, I rambled leisurely to Arundel, where, after a stiff pull up the main street, I took the road which skirts the Park, and arrived at the summit of Bury Hill.</p> <p>Here I stayed a few minutes to enjoy the good fresh breeze and far stretching view of undulating country afforded by my high standpoint, and then warily made my way down Bury Hill.</p> <p>A cycling photographer nonchalantly sped past at about double the speed my nerves permitted me to travel, but was soon overtaken on the level. So we jogged on to Fittleworth together, stopping to repair his tyre on the way.</p> <p>We had not parted long when I made another halt, this time to take a photograph of some cows placidly grazing by the banks of the little river; some swans and an old bridge helping to make a pretty scene, which afforded me an excuse for a half-hour loiter.</p> <p>Then on again over the airy, open common into quaint old Petworth, with its Elizabethan houses curiously mixed up with many varieties of a later date; with its tall, delicately shaped Church spire, and with its inelegant but commodious Petworth House.</p>	<p>Then on again over the airy, open common into quaint old Petworth, with its Elizabethan houses curiously mixed up with many varieties of a later date; with its tall, delicately shaped Church spire, and with its inelegant but commodious Petworth House.</p> <p>The road from Petworth through the village of Tillington is very pretty, and I soon found myself in Cowdray Park, making my way to the ruined Castle. I have a fancy for ruined Castles, and I spent an hour or more in taking some photos, smoking, and day-dreaming generally about the place.</p> <p><b>In Bygone Times.</b></p> <p>It is only at Cowdray that one can picture the scenes of revelry when Edward the Sixth visited Sir Anthony Browne there and banqueted "marvellously, nay, rather excessively;" or the wealth that was lavished in honour of Good Queen Bess in 1591, on her visit to acknowledge the Knight's loyalty.</p> <p>For Tony, his sons and grandsons, had gone in a troop to Tilbury on the coming of the Armada, and were the first to proffer their services to their Sovereign.</p> <p>But though the Knights of Cowdray became Viscounts Montagu, a shadow hung over the family. Henry the Eighth had given the Sir Anthony of his day Battle Abbey; and forthwith the Knight cleared out the monks, despite their not unnatural protests.</p> <p>Legend says that as the last cowled figure left the Abbey he told Sir Anthony that by fire and water his line should perish. Generation succeeded generation, until 1793. Then came the fire which gutted the Castle; a week later the last Viscount Montagu was drowned in the Rhine; and this was followed by the deaths of the two sons of his only sister, both of them being drowned whilst bathing at Bognor.</p>	<p>being drowned whilst bathing at Bognor.</p> <p>The curse thus remarkably fulfilled, the estate was sold to the Earl of Egmont. But the Castle still stands in ruins, a fitting monument to a blighted family.</p> <p>However, day dreaming in the ivy-clad ruins of a tower or smoking in leisurely contemplation of a huge mullioned window are occupations which allow the time to fly amazingly, and as I pedalled from Midhurst to Chichester the sun, now low in the west, warned me not to be too lazy. So I bustled up Cocking Hill, and enjoyed the easy down gradient into the Cathedral City, where I pulled up for tea.</p> <p>Then, as the Cathedral clock solemnly boomed the hour of six, I lit my lamp and pedalled along the dark and almost deserted road through Arundel home, very well pleased with my experience of cycling in sunny October.</p> <p><b>Bang went the Front Tyre!</b></p> <p>Hard luck was the lot of Drake and Bucknel, two London riders well-known locally, on their recent attempt to make a record for twenty-four hours' continuous riding on a tandem.</p> <p>All went well for some hours, and during the</p>
	<p>All went well for some hours, and during the night of the ride they were checked at Offington Corner by Sam Clarke and Edgar Henson, and at the same time fed with milk foods and custard. Then, with a hearty send-off, the tandem sped through Arundel and Chichester, on to Fareham, after which they took the Portsmouth to London road.</p> <p>Just before dawn of day they had covered one hundred and fifty miles, and were descending Hindhead, near Godalming, at a big speed.</p> <p>Bang! went the front tyre; the machine steered unsteadily and got into a cart rut; a</p>	<p>fall resulted, in which both men were badly shaken up and Drake injured his knee.</p> <p>So, after a hard all-night ride on a tandem, and with good prospects of success, the unfortunate ones had to "turn it in."</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>

## THE WHEELING WORLD.

### A Weekly Survey.

#### DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

##### A Sunny Autumn Ride.

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<sup>i</sup> Sam Clark.

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Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
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Researcher's note: I feel forced to assume paragraph dividers etc as previously, also that random bold type is a scanning fault.

### THE WHEELING WORLD.

#### A Weekly Survey.

#### DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

##### Variegated Weather.

TIDVEN under the ever-changing feather conditions we have lately enjoyed (?), the experience of a local tandem crew a few days ago was remarkable. During a ride of about one hundred yards they passed through all the four seasons of the year!

They enjoyed the spring as they vaulted like gymnasts into their saddles and started off; very soon they were "scorching" in a manner which suggested hot summer. But there was a layer of mud at the first corner. So summer faded rapidly into the fall. As they sat disconsolately in the mire they might have been pardoned for using the quotation

"Now is the winter of our discontent!"

And though, good reader, we are not placed literally in the same position as these tandemists were, yet we too have passed—almost as rapidly, it seems—through the four seasons. And now that we have reached the winter of our discontinuing, to some extent, the joys of the wheel, let us glance back over the season that has flown.

It has been a season of glorious weather, beautiful roads, and much riding of bicycles—but not much cycling! For though everyone owns a bicycle now, but few are cyclists; even the Cycling Clubs are losing their hold on riders, and Club runs have been a dead letter of late.

Still there are yet a few who cycle for cycling's

sake, and not as a means of transport in the pursuit of some other pastime. To see Chairman Young, of the Excelsiors, for instance; leisurely pedalling along the country roads he knows so well is a treat; there is Sam Clark, too, who knows nearly all the bye-lanes in West Sussex, and chats away to every rustic he meets. These men were enthusiasts in the days of the "good old ordinary," and are enthusiasts to-day.

##### Fresh Fields And Pastures New.

There are a few, too, who like their jaunts awheel to extend at least to the next county, and who have continually to work further afield in their rides in order to reach the ever tempting "bit of fresh road." There is Fred Young, who cycled across Hants and Wilts, and then pedalled his way up the country till he reached Southport; there is T. A. Durant, who toured away westwards to Devon and Cornwall and

back; and there is Molhurst—a cyclist at heart, though now he bestrides a motor—thinking nothing of a ride to Cardiff.

And if I mistake not, there are others who will be keen all-round wheelmen ere long. For though the Excelsior Club has no star track racing man to succeed Bert Paine, yet there has been a remarkable interest displayed in speed on the road this year; and the road is the wheelman's nursery.

Road-riding Excelsiorites have done creditably too! Edgar Henson heads the list, he having ridden the Club's hundred miles course in five hours, fifty-six and a half minutes, which thus beats Bert Paine's long standing Club record by four and a half minutes.

Edgar also made some ravages upon the treasury of the Obichester Club, of which he is a member.

Winning their hill-climb first, he next reeled off the fifty miles' ride in two hours, forty-two and a half minutes; then followed the hundred miles' jaunt, which occupied him six hours twelve and a half minutes; and finally he rode one hundred and ninety-eight miles in twelve hours, all but the latter ride being without pacemakers.

Henson is forty-three years old, but only commenced fast riding last year when he won Excelsior medals for one hundred miles and twelve hours.

It is a noteworthy fact that he has never made an unsuccessful attempt to win a medal, whilst all his rides this year have beaten previous Club records.

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The Excelsior hundred miles ride also attracted the attention of Howard, who won his second century gold medal in six hours two and a quarter minutes; Mungeam, who qualified for a gold medal in six hours and twenty minutes; Booker, who secured similar honours in six hours twenty-three and a half minutes; and last, but by no means least, the Veteran Sam Clark, who got over the distance in the gold centre time of six hours and forty minutes.

Sam had not intended to measure swords with Father Time at a hundred miles, but, with Henson, he had turned out to lend a sportsman's aid to so many others that he suddenly determined to show the boys that, despite being in his fiftieth year, he is not dead yet. Henson, who followed him much of the way, is confident that, but for a very hindering wind, Sam would have put up a hot time.

##### Where We Are Lacking.

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Turning from the road to the track we find Excelsiorites are chiefly conspicuous by their absence. The only honours that come to the Club were secured by the Veterans. For once again did Sam Clark meet all comers and successfully defend his title to be Veteran Amateur Champion of Sussex, thereby making the first Veteran's Challenge Cup his own property. Edgar Henson was also riding, and, after making the pace a good deal at the way, succeeded in finishing third.

The only bad accident of the year fell to the lot of E. Baruch Blaker, who was hurled from his racing motor bike when travelling at top speed at the Excelsior Club's successful Sports Meeting in August. Poor Baruch sustained a fractured wrist, from which he has now practically recovered.

And now, good readers, I can feel the Editorial hand shutting me down like a jack-in-the-box until the opening of next season. Let me, in bidding you "Adieu," express the hope that then all will once again have a kindly patience with gossiping

DICK TURPIN.

## THE WHEELING WORLD.

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