

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 25.4.06 P2C6

## THE WHEELING WORLD.

### A Weekly Survey.

#### DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

##### The Art of Road-Mending.

THE cycling season has set in with a burst this year, and once again the Editor has consented to provide me with the necessary space to gossip about the doings of local wheelmen and matters of general cycling interest. Let me promptly make use of it to wish all my readers a happy new (cycling) year! And many of them!

The years will be far happier when the authorities entrusted with the care of the country roads in Sussex get a clearer grasp of the art of road-mending—if they ever do! Failing this happy condition of "intelligence, matters would be much improved if the authorities would leave the roads alone altogether.

Findon road is a beautiful illustration of the truth of these remarks. The road repairers—actuated, we will charitably assume, by good intentions—got to work. But good intentions will never pave the way to Findon, and colossal ignorance has proved no more successful.

Loads of flints, loads of dust, and loads of water were heaved more or less promiscuously about the highway. King Sol was shining down upon the scene; it was so funny to see men "repairing" a road in that way that he burst into warm laughter; this caused the water to evaporate, leaving the loads of flints and loads of dust to be churned about by a stream of cyclists, motorists, drivers, and pedestrians who were glad to find some patches still "unrepaired."

Farther up the road, beyond West Grinstead,

one day, a week or two ago—a mere matter of about one hundred and fifty miles! He exceeded this total by ten miles, a week or so later, by riding to Bournemouth and back, Bert Hall accompanying him half-way.

These two, with Durant and I, potted up Dorking a few days later, Medhurst proving to be in great form. A new rider made a promising start, too, by cycling to Brighton; thence to London, and back to Brighton, and so home. A hundred and twenty miles is a day's work for a good man, let alone a beginner!

The Captain of the Excelsior C.C. has arranged a series of "pleasant runs to pleasant places." The first is fixed for Wednesday when the venue is Washington. The 01 starts from the Railway Bridge at six o'clock in the evening.

DICK TURPIN.

#### REMARKABLE VALUE IN CYCLES.

NOWADAYS everyone quotes that old saw: "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." Nobody will dispute its equal efficacy when adapted to the riding of a cycle. Ride a machine for a few days running and you soon know its points good or bad. Obviously, a firm who asks you to that before your purchase becomes binding must build on the solid foundation of quality.

When, in addition, that firm offers cycles of grades at about one-third less than the prices of other makers, delivered free wherever you live, and accompanied by a warranty for from two to six years, you commence to wonder how and where such remarkable terms can be obtained.

Briefly these are some of the good points of a particularly good catalogue now being sent to you for the asking by the Mead Cycle Company, Liverpool. No doubt the firm and its cycles are already known to most of our readers. But, be that as it may, all interested in cycling should possess a copy of that catalogue. It teems with information apart from that which is useful to purchasers.

To hear of warranted cycles from £4 or £5 up to £8 14s. 6d. for the very best procurable suggests the golden millennium. Yet these are sensible things.

Farther up the road, beyond West Grinthead, the properly-made granite road was in very fair order, but it was in Surrey where one ignored the possibility of punctures.

Between Horsham and Worthing one rider of my acquaintance suffered no less than seven punctures one day last week. Another, on the same road, had such a fearful gash in his tyre that he and his friends failed to mend it.

They were about sixteen miles from Worthing; it was late at night and the last train had gone. So they walked home, arriving at three o'clock in the morning. They met some London wheelmen who also were padding the hoof with punctured tyres, and wishing they were not forty-odd miles from home.

### Hopeful for Tyre Manufacturers!

Baruch Blaker tells me he counted a dozen men whiling away their time in the pleasant (?) occupation of puncture mending during a motor drive to Horsham one day last week. Already this season parties of which I have been one have had to pull up half-a-dozen times for the same purpose. 'Twill be a good year for tyre manufacturers! Worse luck!

Local wheelmen are not deterred, however, by fear of puncture, and some long rides have been done. Medhurst rode to Windsor and back in

to near or warranted cycles from 24 or 25 up to £8 14s. 6d. for the very best procurable suggest? the golden millennium. Yet these are roughly the figures on which the Mead Company are doing business this season, and if the voices of the prophets are to be relied upon, it would be wise to invest in a few Mead machines before prices go again, as those prophets predict they will.—A.M.

## THE RIFLE CLUB

### Fixtures For May.

CISSBURY RANGE. 3.0.

Wed., 2nd.—Practice, 2 p.m.,	Mr. E. C. Towgo O1
Friday, 4th.	Mr. A. Boy8
Wed., 9th.	Mr. W. S. Andre*
Friday, 11th.	Mr. F. O. Goldhf
Tues., 15th.	Mr. A. PuttoCb
Friday, 18th.	Mr. J. N.
Wed., 23rd.	Mr. G. J. Hagge;
Friday, 25th.	Mr. C. E. Thoma-

Monday, 28th.—Sussex Twenty Club Shoot, at Mile Oak Range Mr. W. G. Fell?

A silver spoon will be presented by Mr. G Taylor to the member making the highest score during the month who has not previously won the Skilled Shot Certificate.

W. G. PELLE, Hon. Sec

An advertisement in the GAZETTE is well laid out.

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The following advertisement was placed immediately below the above Dick Long article, perhaps to imply a connection - Naughty-naughty!

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##### Modern Luxuries.

TWO-SPEED gears promise to be the fashion amongst up-to-date Excelsiorites this season. And truly the speed performances of Edgar Hanson last year on such a gear compel even such old-fashioned, conservative riders as myself to admit there are advantages to be gained by its use. But I love the simple life, and shun such mechanical luxuries as free-wheels, conster hubs, and change-speed gears.

About half-a-dozen Excelsior men are riding two-speeders now, and all speak in high favour of them. Hanson's new machine for this year is fitted with the device.

Medhurst has discovered that it has virtues for the man who desires to suddenly drop in behind fast motor-cars; Durant has satisfied himself that it increases the scope of his all-day rides; Bert Hales is pleased with its hill-climbing powers; Mungeam has ordered a "speed-iron" with change-gear, and others have got, or are getting, machines similarly fitted.

It has even been predicted that I shall be converted to two-speedism ere the season closes. But I am sceptical. I rode the free wheel a thousand miles, then the longing for the brisk bit of pedalling down hill, which only the fixed-wheel rider knows, was too much for me, and I backed—*or* back-pedalled—into my old ways again.

The new gears are really wonderful little pieces of mechanism, I must say. The excellent workmanship which a roadside examination of one recently revealed would surprise those who have never inspected the interior of these fittings.

The examination was made after a quartette of us had ambled up through Horsham to Dorking. Two of the company rode two-speeders, one of which was troublesome. When the low gear was switched into action some evil spirit in the hub exclaimed at frequent intervals "Snatchety-snatch!"

##### Painfully Monotonous.

The monotony of this grew painful, and the rider contented himself with the high gear. Soon another evil spirit took up his abode in the high gear, and obliged the company with a passably good imitation of a strong chorus of whistle pipes!

Mile followed mile, the chorus gradually increasing its output of shrieks. Then for a change we had the low gear and "snatchety-snatch," resuming high gear and its tin orchestra effect for relief. So at Capel, on the way home, the expert of the company decided to

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With my pipe alight I expounded my doctrine of the simple cycling life to unheeding ears. The expert meanwhile removed his coat and set to work with spanners, screw-driver, etc., until he had filled my cap with cogwheels, springs, ratchets, sliding cones, nuts, washers, and a general conglomeration of works.

In half an hour he announced he had completed the dissection but could not trace the spirits; the rest of us looked helplessly at the contents of my cap, and hoped he would be able to reassemble what appeared to be the component parts of a badly kept printing machine.

Another half hour passed, during which the expert, muttering sundry incantations, wrestled with the refractory items of machinery, and finally informed us he had, at any rate, replaced everything.

On resuming our ride, much to our joy and the expert's wonderment the gear behaved excellently after the incident, and gave no trouble for the rest of the day. He puzzled himself as to what had effected the cure for a long time, and finally accepted our solution of the mystery—we attributed it to his incantations when replacing the pint or two of cogwheels, springs, etc.!

So far as I can learn, no other gear has given trouble; all in use by Clubmen are now working perfectly, the total distance covered with them up to date being about two thousand miles.

##### A Note of Sympathy.

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All Excelsiorites and local wheelmen generally will deeply sympathise with Mr. J. Young and his two sons, Will and Fred, in the sad bereavement which has befallen them. I suppose no family has been more closely associated with the Excelsior Club from its inception down to the present time.

Mr. Young was one of the founders and early members, as also was his brother; he has for many years served as Chairman of the Committee. Of his sons, Will has filled the office of Club Captain, and Fred held a prominent place in the ranks of the speedmen. All were held in esteem by their wide circle of friends, who deplore with them the irreparable loss they have sustained.

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##### "Pleasant Runs to Pleasant Places."

##### The First Instalment.

WE were told by DICK TURPIN last week that Mr. W. Duffield, in his capacity of Captain of the Excelsior Cycling and Athletic Club, had arranged a series of "pleasant runs to pleasant places" on behalf of the Cycling section of the Club. The programme opens this evening, and the fixtures for the months of May and June are as follows:

MAY.	JUNE.
2.—Washington.	6.—Patching, via Lower Road through Goring Woods to the For.
9.—Angmering.	13.—Beeding.
16.—Shoreham.	20.—Arundel.
23.—Rustington.	27.—Brighton (Hippodrome).
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On each occasion a start is made from the Railway Bridge at six o'clock.

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16. - Shoreham.	Woods to the Fox.
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30. - Washington.	20. - Arundel.
	27. - Brighton (Hippodrome).

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### THE WHEELING WORLD.

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##### The Troublesome Canine.

I WONDER, will the day ever dawn which will see the average dog behave as a rational animal when on the King's highway! Doggy has his redeeming features, but the wheelman will never appreciate them whilst he continues to dash wildly about the road, to the danger of travellers whose very existence he ignores.

Two or three miles out of Worthing the other day I chanced across a motor cycling soldier who had been badly knocked about through a spill caused by a frolicsome canine. The man's injuries were sufficiently bad to prevent him from walking, whilst the machine had been rendered unrideable.

The owner of the dog rendered all the assistance in his power, finally giving the wounded soldier a lift in his trap.

I took the belt off the damaged motor bike, and, after half an hour's exertion, managed to reach a roadside hostelry, where I left the machine to await the repairer.

The man was severely out, bruised, and lamed; the machine suffered a smashed pedal, a destroyed lamp, twisted forks, much damage to the electrical fittings, and probably other troubles which only an examination would reveal. As generally happens, the dog was absolutely unharmed! How is it?

##### On Losing One's Way.

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"What place is this?" The question was put to me by a rider whose almost spotless goto meeting suit of clothes made it clear he had not travelled ten miles. The "place" happened to be Findon, so I answered his question and rode on, amused to reflect how soon some folks lose their way.

About an hour later I had lost my own!

I had left the Horsham road before reaching Ashington, and wandered about those pretty lanes around Chiltington and Thakeham. Taking little notice of direction, I had zigzagged through pinewoods, across a bit of common, past old farmhouses, tumble-down cottages, and a duck-pond or two, stopping once or twice when things seemed more interesting than usual.

Finally I had decided to head southward and strike Pulborough or Storrington.

I acted on the decision, and had been going two or three miles when I encountered a signpost which informed me that another eight and a half miles would lead me—not at Pulborough, but at Horsham.

At the same time the midday sun broke through the clouds; it was straight behind me, so I was obliged to admit my south was really north!

But these lanes are well worthy of the attention of the wheelman when in a humour to wander lazily through pretty rural Sussex.

##### The Luckless Trio.

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Bad luck dogged the steps, or rather wheels, of three Worthing wheelmen one day last week. They had cycled through Fittleworth and Petworth, and were on the way to Chichester, when, after nudging up tedious Dancton Hill, one discovered his tyre to be leaking.

A lot of time was spent in searching for a puncture, and finally it was found that the valve required re-sewing—a nasty job on the roadside, which occupied three-quarters of an hour.

The unfortunate man's companions did not escape scatheless. One suffered no less than three separate punctures; whilst a pedal on the other man's machine got jammed, in addition to which he sustained three punctures from thorns. Luckily the leakage was so slow that he was able to continue riding without stopping to repair. Those are the sort of punctures I prefer.

##### The Veteran's Newly-Found Luxury.

"Stick to your fixed wheel" says Sam Clark, who has just got his 1906 machine. It is a speedy-looking little jigger, with twenty-six inch wheels and small Paris tyres. I shall expect our Champion Veteran to exhibit a turn of speed again this year.

Sam is like myself—he does not appreciate the lazy free-wheel or the luxurious change-speed gears.

This year, for the first time, he is indulging in a brake, which little refinement I have used and liked for three years now.

Next Wednesday the Excelsior Club's weekly run is to Shoreham, the start being made at 6 p.m. from the Railway Bridge.

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**T**EARFUL skies having occasioned the abandonment of the Excelsior Club's first run, the excursion to Angmering last week must be regarded as the opening run of the Club season. And a most successful opening it was too!

In all, eighteen Excelsiorites cycled to Angmering, under the command of Captain Duffield. Ladies and mere male things, speed-men and potterers, all were represented.

A couple of stably mixed tandems, some eminently respectable full roadster bicycles, a comfortable trailer, and such rakish-looking mounts as Edgar Henson's new two-speed road racer—all were to be seen in the flock of machines which found a fold at the Lamb Inn.

A brief ramble, an hour or so of song and dance, and then the Captain's command to start the return journey. So, with lamps and hearts aglow, the Excelsiorites pedalled happily homewards with pleasant recollections of the opening run.

##### Riders' Risks.

Excelsiorite Jay has just had a nasty experience. Over a week ago he suffered a spill from his machine, which left him bruised and stiff. He has just discovered his collar-bone to be broken, after an interval of some few days.

During this time he has driven a motor-car and knocked about generally, inconvenienced, as he thought, by nothing worse than a stiff and bruised shoulder.

Collar-bone fractures are not always easy to detect; awkward falls from a bicycle, however, seem more often to break a collar-bone than any other part of the human frame, and special attention should be directed here after a nasty spill.

I have had two accidents of this sort. On the second occasion I had a difficulty in convincing the doctor that there was a fracture. When satisfied, I recollect he complimented me on the neat manner in which I had fitted myself together!

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##### A Pretty Piece of Sussex.

Between Amberley and Worthing no fewer than three dogs came barking after me at different times last Saturday. Possibly they had read my disapproval of them in last week's GAZETTE, and desired to return the compliments!

It is always a pretty run to Amberley, either through Arundel or by Washington and Storrington. But at no other time of the year does it strike me as looking so well as now, when spring has given trees and fields a delightful freshness.

The road from Amberley over Houghton Hill to Arundel Park seemed especially interesting to me on Saturday.

From the high standpoint afforded by it one could enjoy a fine panoramic view of Bury, Amberley and Houghton. Here and there a glimpse was caught of the Arun lazily winding its way through the meadows which occupy the valley between Houghton and Ræckham Hills. And everywhere the trees, in their new spring foliage, added beauty to the scene.

On Houghton Hill I left the road, depositing my steed in an adjoining field, and wandered by a footpath down the hillside to the little river. A stroll along its banks brought me to South Stoke, where I discovered some photographically minded friends who had found much material for pictures in the landscape I had been admiring.

We obtained tea from a cottage, and partook of it picnic fashion on the grass. It was the only fitting way to have tea amidst such lovely surroundings.

##### Turpin to the Rescue!

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This pleasant occupation completed to our satisfaction, more photography was indulged in by my friends, whom I left busily engaged in coaxing pictures in all directions. Rejoining my bicycle, I was soon making my way through Storrington and Washington en route for home.

Twixt Findon and Broadwater I found two lady cyclists hampered by a punctured tyre. Volunteering my services, I was informed that they had already repaired the tyre in two places without remedying the trouble. For lady riders to repair tyres on the roadside is, even nowadays, rather unusual; and I endeavoured to show my appreciation of their self-reliant characters by completing the repair.

But in the twilight I had to confess failure—and consequent humiliation!—and the only assistance I could render was to inflate the tyre once or twice, thus enabling the lady to ride most of the way into Worthing.

Next week's Excelsior run is arranged for Rustington.

##### The Lesson Was Lost.

The Y.M.C.A. Cycling Club comprises a little band of wheelmen with a penchant for rural excursions of from forty to fifty miles—a businesslike distance for a Club-run.

Last Saturday afternoon five of the members, with Captain Ernest Goodall in command, betook themselves to Arundel and along the Chichester road for two or three miles.

They then explored the lanes on the south side of the road, emerging finally at Bognor in time for tea and a stroll on the Pier.

On the homeward journey a puncture was sustained near Patching Pond. This afforded an elderly wheelman—past whom they had gaily pedalled whilst he plodded up Hammerpot Hill—an opportunity of playfully moralising on the evils of scorching.

But I greatly fear the lesson was lost; exuberant youth soon repaired its puncture, and the elderly moralist did not reach home first!

DICK TURPIN.

## THE WHEELING WORLD

#### A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

##### An Auspicious Opening.

**T**earful skies having occasioned the abandonment of the Excelsior club's first run, the excursion to Angmering last week must be regarded as the opening run of the club's season. And most successful is opening it was too!

In all eighteen Excelsiorites cycled to Angmering, under the command of Captain Duffield. Ladies and mere male things, speed-men and potterers, all were represented.

-----  
A couple of stately mixed tandems, some eminently respectable full roadster bicycles, a comfortable trailer, and such rakish-looking mounts as Edgar Henson's new two-speed road racer - all were to be seen in the flock of machines which found a fold at the Lamb Inn.

-----  
A brief ramble, an hour or so of song and dance, and then the Captain's command to start the return journey. So the lamps and hearts aglow the Excelsiorites pedalled happily homewards with pleasant recollections of the opening run.

#### **Riders' Risks.**

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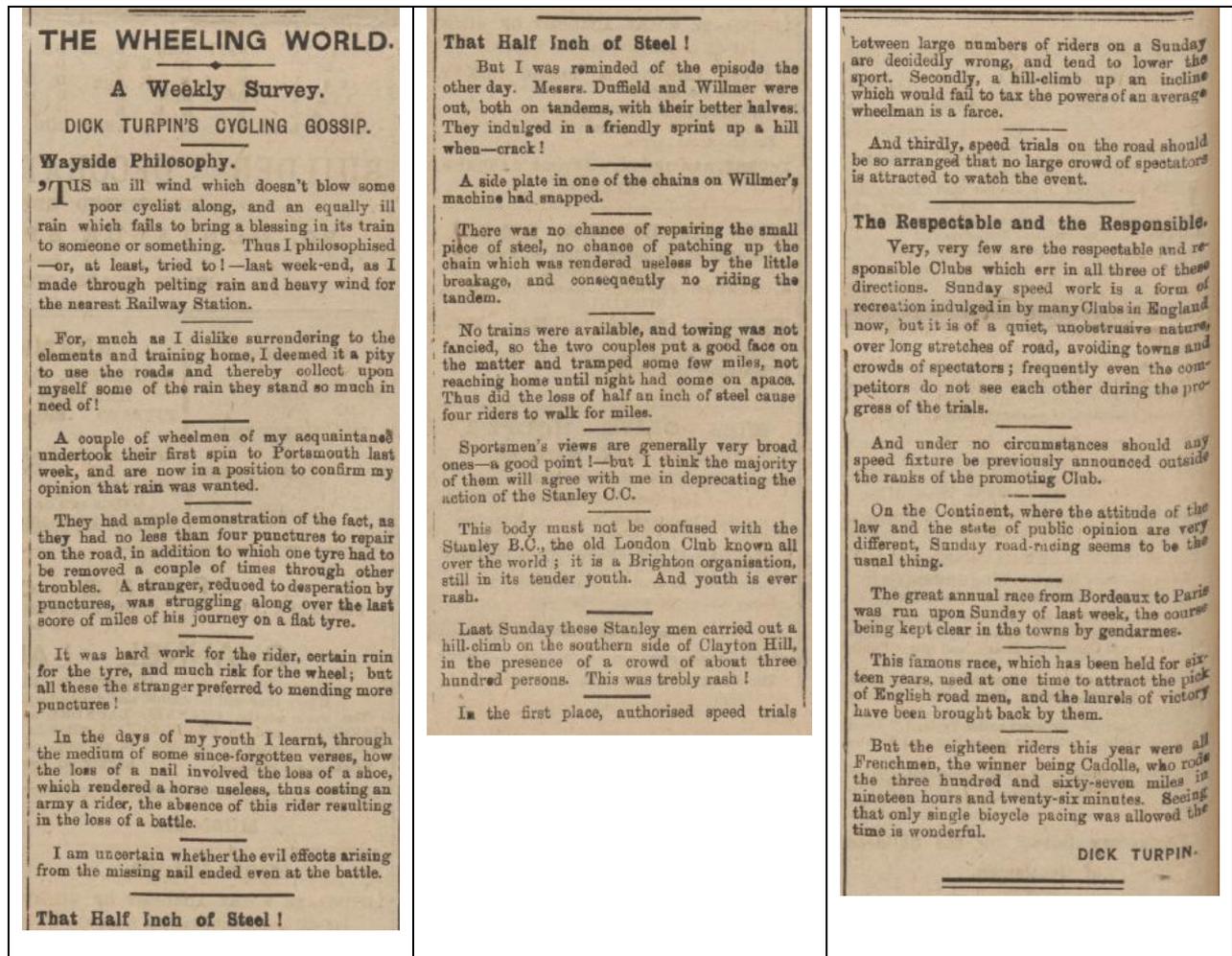
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DICK TURPIN.

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin – 23.5.06 P2C?



## THE WHEELING WORLD

### A Weekly Survey.

#### DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

##### Wayside Philosophy.

**T**IS an ill wind which doesn't blow some poor cyclist along, and an equally ill rain which fails to bring a blessing in its train to someone or something. Thus I philosophised—or, at least, tried to!—last week-end, as I made through pelting rain and heavy wind for the nearest Railway Station.

For, much as I dislike surrendering to the elements and training home, I deemed it a pity

to use the roads and thereby collect upon  
myself some of the rain they stand so much in  
need of!

-----  
A couple of wheelmen of my acquaintance  
undertook their first spin to Portsmouth last  
week, and are now in a position to confirm my  
opinion that rain was wanted.

-----  
They had ample demonstration of the fact, as  
they had no less than four punctures to repair  
on the road, in addition to which one tyre had to  
be removed a couple of times through other  
troubles. A stranger, reduced to desperation by  
punctures, was struggling along over the last  
score of miles of his journey on a flat tyre.

-----  
It was hard work for the rider, certain ruin  
for the tyre, and much risk for the wheel; but  
all these the stranger preferred to mending more  
punctures!

-----  
In the days of my youth I learnt, through  
the medium of some since-forgotten verses, how  
the loss of a nail involved the loss of a shoe,  
which rendered a horse useless, thus costing an  
army a rider, the absence of this rider resulting  
in the loss of a battle.

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**That Half Inch of Steel!**

But I was reminded of the episode the  
other day. Messrs. Duffield and Willmer were  
j out, both on tandems, with their better halves.  
They indulged in a friendly sprint up a hill  
when—crack!

-----  
A side plate in one of the chains on Willmer's  
machine had snapped.

-----  
There was no chance of repairing the small  
piece of steel, no chance of patching up the  
chain which was rendered useless by the little  
breakage, and consequently no riding the  
tandem.

-----  
No trains were available, and towing was not  
fancied, so the two couples put a good face on  
the matter and tramped some few miles, not  
reaching home until night had come on apace.  
Thus did the loss of half an inch of steel cause  
four riders to walk for miles.

-----  
Sportsmen's views are generally very broad  
ones—a good point !—but I think the majority  
of them will agree with me in deprecating the  
action of the Stanley C.C.

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This body must not be confused with the  
Stanley B.C., the old London Club known all

over the world; it is a Brighton organisation, still in its tender youth. And youth is ever rash.

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Last Sunday these Stanley men carried out a hill-climb on the south side of Clayton Hill, in the presence of about three hundred persons. This was trebly rash!

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In the first place, authorised speed trials between large numbers of riders on a Sunday are decidedly wrong, and tend to lower the sport. Secondly a hill-climb up an incline which would fail to tax the powers of the average wheel-man is a farce.

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And thirdly, speed trials on the road should be so arranged that no large crowd of spectators is attracted to watch the event.

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**The Respectable and the Responsible**

Very, very few are the respectable and responsible Clubs which err in all three of these directions. Sunday speed work is a form of recreation indulged in by many Clubs in England now, but it is of a quiet, unobtrusive nature, over long stretches of road, avoiding towns and crowds of spectators; frequently even the competitors do not see each other during the process of the trials.

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And under no circumstances should a speed fixture be previously announced outside the ranks of the promoting Club.

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On the Continent, where the attitude of the law and the state of public opinion are very different, Sunday road-racing seems to be the usual thing.

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The great open race from Bordeaux to Paris was run up on Sunday of last week, the course being kept clear in the towns by gendarmes.

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This famous race, which has been run for sixteen years, used to attract the pick of English roadmen, and the laurels of victory have been brought back by them.

-----  
But the eighteen riders this year were all Frenchmen, the winner being Cadolle, who rode the three hundred and sixty-seven miles in nineteen hours and twenty-six minutes. Seeing that only single bicycle pacing was allowed, the time is wonderful.

**DICK TURPIN.**

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 30.5.1906 P?C?

<p><b>THE WHEELING WORLD.</b></p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.</p> <p>"When he perceives the envious clouds are bent To dim his glory, and to stain the track Of his bright passage . . ."</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Richard II.</i></p> <p><b>Staining the Track.</b></p> <p>HAD Richard the Second been a wheelman, Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, could scarcely have made a more fitting allusion to his Monarch. That is presuming the Immortal Bard had chosen to set the scene in similar meteorological conditions to those we have lately experienced!</p> <p>For of late clouds in plenty have been bent, and a corresponding quantity of glory has been dimmed. As to the tracks of our bright passage—well, they were more than stained when I last went a-wheeling.</p> <p>"Via Onklo kun siaj 50 jaroj, estas bela vera forteca. Prezentu miajn respektojn amikecojn ol Sinjora Sam Clark."</p> <p>No good reader, these are not remarks addressed to a refractory tyre; neither is it a medical prescription gone mad, although the words emanate from a doctor in France who is a student of Esperanto, the new language which we are told will become universal.</p> <p>"Your Uncle," writes the doctor, "with his fifty years, is a very strong man. Present my respectful compliments to Mr. Sam Clark."</p> <p>A relative of our Veteran, who corresponds with fellow students in Esperanto in France and Germany, received the message some time back. The doctor is clearly a keen sportsman, judging from some of the nice things he says of "Sinjoro Sam Clark"—nice things which I would repeat but that Sam will not permit me.</p> <p><b>What the Veteran Has Accomplished.</b></p>	<p><b>What the Veteran Has Accomplished.</b></p> <p>After a perusal of them I certainly consider Sam can lay claim to have strengthened <i>l'entente cordiale</i>; indeed, I am not certain he has not hurried up the universal disarmament of nations a trifle! Knowledge of what a Britisher with a burden of fifty years can do may well make the world in general somewhat hesitant of trying war-like conclusions with 'us. Good old "Sinjoro Sam Clark!"</p> <p>Harold Carter, one of West Tarring's wheelmen now in business in London, had a nasty experience last week. Turning a corner near Tottenham Court-road his machine skidded and he was thrown badly.</p> <p>The traffic was thick, and luckily for him he fell clear of it; but how narrowly he escaped was proved by the fact that a motor-bus was unable to avoid his machine, which was run over and practically destroyed.</p> <p>Cycling in London and large cities generally is attended by risks which few provincial wheelmen, in their comparative safety, can fully appreciate. As I have slowly threaded my way through City streets I have often marvelled that accidents are so rare.</p> <p><b>To The West!</b></p> <p>"Westward ho!" was the cry of a couple of Excelsiorites—Messrs. Medhurst and Farnden—as they bestrode their steeds one day last week and set off at six o'clock in the morning. And Westward ho! it was.</p> <p>Dinner-time found them at Salisbury with appetites sharpened by the seventy-odd miles ride against a stiff breeze. Another pair of wheelmen, from Portsmouth, rendered the Worthing men valuable assistance in the agreeable role of trenchermen.</p> <p>Suffice it to say that the quartette cleared an establishment out of roast lamb, roast pork, milk puddings, and stewed fruit! Then they had cake, whilst there was cake! And finally, bread and cheese! Cycling must be a healthy pastime indeed!</p> <p>Resuming the journey, Farnden went on to Bath, making the respectable total of a hundred and twenty miles. Medhurst accompanied him some distance, and then retraced his wheelmarks</p>	<p>also to bath! This seems complicated geography until I explain that Medhurst's bath was at Romsey.</p> <p>Nature attempted to provide him with one as he returned through Salisbury, the rain coming down freely as he pedalled mile after mile, but he was not altogether satisfied in the matter. Hence the bath and a night's rest at Romsey.</p> <p>Free as a lark, next morning saw him gaily making his way to Southampton and home through Chichester, the sickle wind having meanwhile changed, so as again to provide him with plenty of exercise.</p> <p>Rude Boreas also treated Farnden in a similar manner a couple of days later, when he returned from Bath. So he entrained near Salisbury and came on to Southampton, resuming his bike then for the ride home. Nevertheless both men enjoyed their hasty visit to the West.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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## THE WHEELING WORLD

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

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*Richard II.*

**Staining the Track.**

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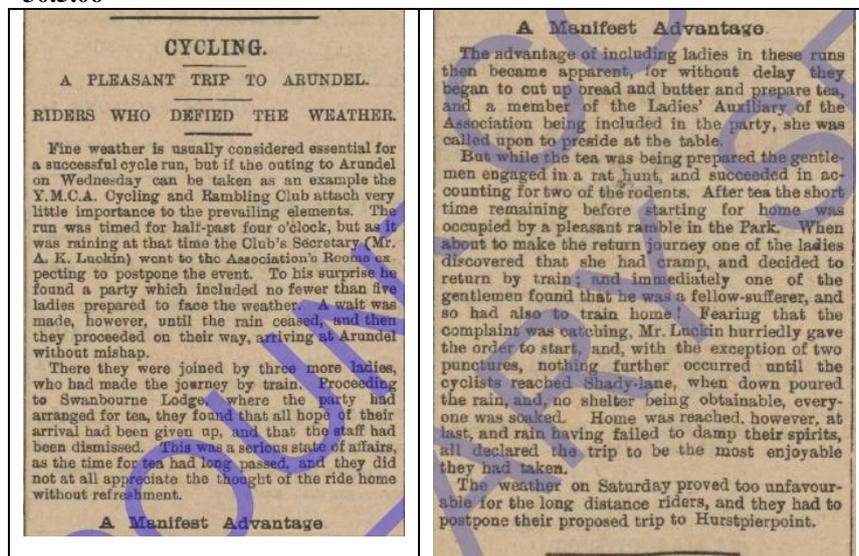
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**DICK TURPIN.**

## CYCLING

New column, author not stated – probably Richard Long.

30.5.06



## CYCLING

### A PLEASANT TRIP TO ARUNDEL.

#### RIDERS WHO DEFIED THE WEATHER.

Fine weather is usually considered essential for a successful cycle run, but if the outing to Arundel on Wednesday can be taken as an example the Y.M.C.A. Cycling and Rambling Club attach very little importance to the prevailing elements. The run was timed for half-past four o'clock, but as it was raining at that time the Club's Secretary (Mr. A.K. Luckin) went to the Association's Rooms expecting to postpone the event. To his surprise he found a party which included no fewer than five ladies prepared to face the weather. A wait was made, however, until the rain ceased, and then they proceeded on their way, arriving at Arundel without mishap.

There they were joined by three more ladies, who had made the journey by train. Proceeding to Swanbourne Lodge, where the party had arranged for tea, they found that all hope of their arrival had been given up, and that the staff had been dismissed. This was a serious state of affairs, as the time for tea had long passed, and they did not at all appreciate the thought of the ride home without refreshment.

#### A Manifest Advantage

The advantage of including ladies in these runs then became apparent, for without delay they began to cut up bread and butter and prepare tea, and a member of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the

Association being included in the party, she was called upon to preside at the table.

But while the tea was being prepared the gentlemen engaged in a rat hunt, and succeeded in accounting for two of the rodents. After tea the short time remaining before starting for home was occupied by a pleasant ramble in the Park. When about to make the return journey one of the ladies discovered that she had cramp, and decided to return by train; and immediately one of the gentlemen found that he was a fellow-sufferer, and so had also to train home. Fearing that the complaint was catching, Mr. Luckin hurriedly gave the order to start, and, with the exception of two punctures, nothing further occurred until the cyclists reached Shady-lane, when down poured the rain, and, no shelter being obtainable, everyone was soaked. Home was reached, however, at last, and rain having failed to damp their spirits, all declared the trip to be the most enjoyable they had taken.

The weather on Saturday proved too unfavourable for the long distance riders, and they had to postpone their proposed trip to Hurstpierpoint.

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 6.6.1906 P2C7

<p><b>THE WHEELING WORLD.</b></p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.</p> <p>Some Whitsuntide Performances.</p> <p><b>W</b>HITSUNTIDE past and gone! Another Bank Holiday relegated to the past; not however, without having been turned to excellent account by thousands of wheelers. The rain about which we have been grumbling has served to freshen up and beautify the country beyond all praise; the roads, too, have been transformed for awhile into really good surfaces by the succession of showers, which seem to work like magic in welding loose dust and stones into a harmonious whole.</p> <p>During my Whitsuntide travels I encountered several hundred wheelmen, but I believe I only saw two cases of puncture. A month ago one might have seen two dozen.</p> <p>Medhurst and Durant stemmed the tide of London wheelmen flowing southward, and pedalled through Horsham and Crawley to the neighbourhood of Horley, where they turned for home. Soon they espied a speedy-looking tandem in the distance, and made after it.</p> <p>The tandemons proved to be a London road-racing pair, bound for Littlehampton, and were perfectly willing to act as pace-makers for the Excelsiorites. Speed was therefore tuned up to something in the neighbourhood of eighteen miles an hour, and the quartette careered gaily through Horsham and down the road as far as Findon in quick time.</p> <p>Medhurst and Durant had both ridden well</p>	<p>Medhurst and Durant stemmed the tide of London wheelmen flowing southward, and pedalled through Horsham and Crawley to the neighbourhood of Horley, where they turned for home. Soon they espied a speedy-looking tandem in the distance, and made after it.</p> <p>The tandemons proved to be a London road-racing pair, bound for Littlehampton, and were perfectly willing to act as pace-makers for the Excelsiorites. Speed was therefore tuned up to something in the neighbourhood of eighteen miles an hour, and the quartette careered gaily through Horsham and down the road as far as Findon in quick time.</p> <p>Medhurst and Durant had both ridden well over a thousand miles already this season, and are doubtless very fit. But to hang on to tandems for twenty-odd miles at a stretch in boiling sunshine—pew!</p> <p><b>Something Was Wrong I</b></p> <p>Speaking of mileages, a local lady rider has achieved a remarkable performance. A cyclometer had been newly fitted to her machine, and anxious to have at least a few miles registered, the lady set out awheel one recent afternoon.</p> <p>After a seemingly short spin she had the extreme satisfaction of reading on the cyclometer a mammoth mileage of no less than nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-five miles!</p> <p>The lady felt almost certain she had not ridden quite so far in the time, and that something must be wrong.</p> <p>Something was wrong: the mystery was solved by the discovery that the cycle man had fitted the cyclometer to work backwards!</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
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## THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

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After a seemingly short spin she had the extreme satisfaction of reading on the cyclometer a mammoth mileage of no less than nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-five miles!

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The lady felt almost certain she had not ridden quite so far in the time, and that something must be wrong.

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Something was wrong: the mystery was solved by the discovery that the cycle man had fitted the cyclometer to work backwards!

DICK TURPIN.

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 13.6.1906 P2C6-7

### THE WHEELING WORLD.

#### A Weekly Survey.

##### DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

###### Peaceful Invasion of Hampshire.

THE first of a series of all-day runs for Excelsiorites and friends was carried out in a highly successful manner this week. It was arranged by Edgar Henson, who chose to pay a visit to his birthplace and the haunts of his boyhood.

This happened to be well into Hampshire, and involved a journey of over a hundred miles; so at half-past six o'clock in the morning a gang of over a dozen riders might have been seen leaving Tarring, accompanied for the first mile by a blythe and gay young lady wheeler, who had risen early to see us safely off.

As we pedalled steadily through the clear fresh morning air even the veriest sluggard

amongst us averred the pleasure was worth the effort entailed by early rising.

Through Findon, over the Bostal, on to Storrington, Pulborough, and Petworth, a steady pace of about fourteen miles an hour was maintained by the slow-coaches, in which class I found myself. The speed section were content with briefer glimpses of the beautiful, green, far-stretching landscape, basking in the morning sun, and losing itself in a hazy distance. So the speed section waited for us at Petworth.

Then we jogged along the Midhurst-road and through Cowdray Park, where some of us dodged across to see the ivy-clad Cowdray Castle ruins. A wash and breakfast at Midhurst, a photograph of the group which had now grown to sixteen, and we bade farewell to four of our number, who were unable to devote the whole day to the run.

The remaining dozen pedalled on to Petersfield, and continued along the road to Winchester, George Stoner sustaining the first tyre troubles of the day on this road. He led off with three punctures, adding yet another later in the day!

Midday found the boys busily engaged in finishing a work which was presumably begun a few thousand years ago! A ring of huge stones, apparently Druidical remains, was seen by the roadside, and a loose "pebble" weighing a few hundredweight was rolled up out of the ditch to keep its fellows company.

###### Honouring a Charger.

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Close by Edgar pointed out a huge mound of flints marking the burial place of the charger which carried General Sir George Greenwood through the Crimean War. When the charger's working days were done the General had him shod with silver, and at the death of the faithful animal his master personally collected and wheeled the tons of flints in a barrow to the spot.

But the pretty Hampshire lanes drew us on, and, soon after a frugal meal of bread and cheese had been done full justice to, we found ourselves passing through charming little Cheriton, with its rustic cottages, roadside streamlet, and small bridges.

Then came Alresford, followed by a stroll through Titchborne Park, made famous by the great law case.

Sawkins punctured near here, and thus afforded us an opportunity of enjoying a leisurely look around. Edgar Henson then took us along a lane or two, in order that he might have a look at a roomy old thatched cottage which was his birthplace.

Then we walked across country and got on to a road which took us through Bishop's Waltham, with its ruined Monastery, and on to Fareham. It was now straight-away riding through Cosham, Havant, and Emsworth, to Chichester, the Cathedral clock booming out the hour of six as we entered the city.

Here we were joined by about a dozen

Here we were joined by about a dozen Excelsiorites and friends, and a jolly party sat down to a well-earned high tea.

Then came the homeward journey. It was a fine spectacle to see the two dozen riders, headed by the tandems of Captain Duffield and Private Willmer, set off for the evening spin home.

Aided by the Veteran Sam Clark, Edgar Henson had maintained a steady pace throughout the day. But the restraint was now relaxed and a sprint up-hill indulged in now and then, just to let off steam!

To have seen Henson and Sam, Flint of Shoreham, and Mungam, or indeed any of us, one would scarcely think we were just finishing a ride of a hundred and thirteen miles.

One youthful rider, Bert Churcher, rode the whole day on a fairly weighty machine geared to ninety-two! And climbed all the hills that were climbed, too!

Worthing was reached just at lighting-up time, and the party dispersed after voting Henson's all-day run a big success.

###### A Modern Drake

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As nearly as I can remember it was a little over three centuries ago when the South of England blazed out in beacon fires. They were the signals for Admiral Drake and other brave hearts to win glory in repelling the Armada.

History repeated itself in a small way last Thursday, for at Crawley had gathered a little army of choice speed men, whose centre of interest was Leonard Drake.

The mighty Admiral's speedy namesake—a great friend of several Worthing men—was to assault the tricycle record from London to Brighton and back.

At four o'clock in the morning, when only larks and racing cyclists were about, he set off from Crawley northward. About eighteen miles an hour over the deserted roads soon brought him to Hyde Park Corner, where an official duly obeyed him as he turned southward. Gaily he rattled back across Surrey, the watchers at Crawley and along the road giving him an encouraging cheer, and occasionally a handy dose of speed food.

A few miles before reaching Brighton he met the Veteran, Sam Clark, who was ready at his post, though Drake's speed was such that he was along earlier than arranged by about twenty minutes.

Hasty greetings, the offer of some grapes from Sam, and the flying cyclists were at Brighton, and threading their way to the Aquarium, the recognised turning-point for record breakers. On the way back Drake punctured. The famous Green was following with a spare trike, which was soon responding to Drake's vigorous pedal-thrusts.

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And before half the country had read its morning paper Leonard Drake was again entering Crawley, reeling off—at twenty to the hour!—the last of the hundred and odd miles which had twice taken him across two counties.

Drake's time for the journey proved to be six hours, twenty-five minutes, fifty-six seconds, which beats the previous tricycle record by about twenty-seven minutes.

###### An Assembly of Speed Merchants.

Business over, the speedmen from outlying points on the road trickled into Crawley—E. J. Steel, the North Road man, Harry Green of the Silverdale, Halbert of the Raleigh, one or two Bath Road fiers, Kay and others from Horsham, and our friend Sam, who knew and was known by most of the party.

It was a merry throng of hard-riding sportsmen, all ready to lend aid to a fellow-scorcher, and all proud to see him win the much coveted honour of being a record-breaker.

Some time passed in congratulations and in fighting their battles o'er again, and the party of fiers dispersed, Sam seeing the Horsham contingent home, and returning to Worthing feeling all the better for his ride of about seventy miles.

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#### A Weekly Survey.

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**DICK TURPIN.**

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<sup>i</sup> Here Richard Long is not commenting on the lady's sexuality, uses the adjective "gay" in its original sense of "happy and care-free"

<sup>ii</sup> For metric-only readers, a hundredweight, usually abbreviated to "cwt" was 1/20<sup>th</sup> part of a ton, roughly 50 kilogrammes in Buonaparte numbers.

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 20.6.1906 P2C-

### THE WHEELING WORLD.

#### A Weekly Survey.

#### DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

##### The Roughest Ride in Sussex.

MANY riders are content in the hot summer months with a quiet saunter a wheel to one or other of the pretty Sussex villages we have so handy—a riverside one for preference. This was the programme of a couple of Worthing wheelers—E. F. Exton and another—one day last week. They selected Burpham, which was a wise choice; but there are various routes to Burpham, and they picked the worst!

Leaving the Arundel-road at the Poling crossway, where stands a smithy, they turned northward. It is the roughest ride in Sussex, I really think. A long, steady climb, an extremely rough, loose descent which is unrideable; a steep hill ascended by a green lane which has to be walked; then a sharp run down to Burpham, which requires very careful riding.

A much nicer way is to keep to the Arundel road until the Causeway Hill near Arundel Railway Station has been descended. A turning to the right will then take the cyclist along a mile or two of well-kept road, right into the pretty little riverside haunt.

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However, the couple reached Burpham after having alternately punctured their tyres two or three times.

Then they headed across country to Amberley, Exton still sustaining tyre casualties. It was a pretty journey, however, and when the tyre finally collapsed, after the bursts and punctures had totalled seven, the couple were quite content to walk and enjoy the views of the pretty winding stream, the tree-clothed hills, and the gentle sweeping valleys.

Reaching Pulborough, a new tube was obtained, and pedestrian exercise abandoned in favour of a spin home through Storrington and Washington.

##### The Calves and the Camera.

Another favourite run is to Fittleworth, the seventeen miles or so of undulating road being just a nice ride. It leaves the cyclist fully prepared to stroll along the banks of the Rother after stabling his steed at the Swan.

Whilst dawdling along that way a day or two back I turned northward soon after passing through Pulborough and over Stopham Bridge. I found that road soon degenerated into a cart track, and later becomes a footpath through meadows.

It was a pleasant walk, and looked very pretty, with the Arun meandering down to join forces with the Rother, and change from stream into river. I strolled for a mile or two, and greatly excited the curiosity of some younger members of a herd of cows when I set up my camera to photograph a bit of landscape which took my eye.

No sooner did I get my head under the focussing cloth than a couple of these calves would take up their position close in front of the camera. I drove them away several times, but finally had to give up the picture.

Getting back to the road, I jogged on to Fittleworth. More strolling along river banks—a form of pastime which is very agreeable to me on a hot day!

Fishermen were to be seen in plenty; not so the fish, who, I gathered, were scarce. Half-a-dozen photographers seemed to be having better luck, though personally I only found two "bits."

Captain Duffield and some other Excelsiorites turned up later on, and we had tea together in the Artists' Room at the Swan Hotel.

Numerous artists have sought and found pictorial inspiration at Fittleworth. It was a happy thought on their part to decorate the room by painting pictures in the panels of the wainscot. Most of the landscapes are of the neighbourhood around, and are eloquent of the picturesque quality of the country.

Pictures of Petworth and Tillington Churches,

however, bore witness that wielders of the brush do not regard a three or even six miles' search as an impossibility when looking for pictorial material.

### Reducing The Horse-Power.

Fifteen Excelsiorites turned out for the weekly run last Wednesday, and had a royal time at Bramber. On the way home the Willmer tandem was descending the hill near Beeding when the front tyre punctured badly. The deflated tyre made steering downhill a difficult task.

A spill was the result, but nobody was hurt! Unfortunately a pedal was broken off, and the tandem continued the journey propelled by a correspondingly reduced horse-power—that is, if I may class the pedal-pushing energies of the Club's jovial pianist as horse-power!

It was only a week or two ago he broke one of the chains on his tandem through excess of zeal when ascending this same hill, and had to rely on the back rider for all the work to reach home.

Willmer was able to use one pedal this time, but he proposes to blindfold the tandem when he next rides this fateful hill!

DICK TURPIN.

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**DICK TURPIN.**

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 27.6.1906 P2C5

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### THE WHEELING WORLD.

#### A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

##### Some Hundred Milers

DESPITE scorching sunshine and parched highways, several wheelmen are putting in rides of a hundred miles or thereabouts in the day. I have not sufficient of the salamander in my constitution to withstand the heat.

Frank Medhurst and Bert Hales rode to Tunbridge Wells one day last week, choosing the road through Brighton, Lewes, and Uckfield. Another Worthing rider, C. S. Ashford, had preceded them by a few hours along the same route, but the two small parties did not meet in Tunbridge Wells, and returned to Worthing without happening upon each other.

I understand the wheelers indulged once or twice in friendly sprints with chance fellow cyclists whom they overtook on the road, in which sprints the honour of Worthing was upheld.

Medhurst displayed some neat generalship in one of the "scrapes." By slowing down he induced a strange hang-on to do the same when nearing Palmer Hill. Hales meanwhile kept going, and when some little distance ahead he heard a warning ring which told him Medhurst was sprinting away from the stranger. Hales' start and Medhurst's hill-climbing prowess enabled the couple to leave the stranger out of sight.

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Medhurst and Ashford were out again a few days later—in company this time. Despite a blazing sun they romped along at about seventeen miles an hour up to Horsham, and then made for Guildford, where they stayed to dine. Then the arduous climb over the Hog's Back was tackled, and they went on to Farnham.

Here they turned southward, the road affording a fine view across Farnham Common before running through some pretty woods, from which it emerged just in time to let our pair enjoy a glimpse of Franscham ponds away to their left. Continuing, they were soon at Petersfield, where they turned eastward through Midhurst and Petworth to Pulborough and—tea!

Again refreshed, the couple were soon spinning through Storrington and Washington, reaching home with a total of about one hundred miles behind them.

##### A Holiday Awheel.

The Irrepressible Durant and Mrs. Durant have been awheeling in the North for a fortnight. Contenting themselves with daily stages of fifty or sixty miles, alternating with a day or two of walking, they made their way through Guildford, Reading, Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon, and on to Baxton.

They found Warwick busily anticipating the forthcoming historic pageant; they saw Kenilworth, and visited Coventry; they explored quite a number of Derbyshire dales, and wandered wherever fancy led them.

The time thus spent passed all too quickly,

3.

The time thus spent passed all too quickly, and last Saturday saw the pair pedalling from near Reading to Worthing, their cyclometers having registered five hundred and eighty miles in what, to them, seemed to have been no time at all!

##### Cycling and Sentiment.

Another local cyclist with a penchant for lengthy spins is F. G. Bleach, who on Saturday rode up to London for the week-end. En route he met C. T. Wells, an Excelsiorite, who is now located at Chiswick. He seemed of an opposite mind to Bleach, and was riding from London to Worthing for the week-end.

"Twixt ourselves, good readers, I rather suspect there was more unanimity of idea in the minds of these two riders than appears on the surface.

For though riding in contrary directions, a little bird informs me they had each undertaken their sixty miles ride to see a most particular friend. Odsabodikins! What knight-errant would begrudge the ride when the particular friend is a lady?

Another Worthing man, similarly attracted,

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Another Worthing man, similarly attracted, rode up from Southampton for the week-end, setting out for the return journey at midnight, and having a very enjoyable fifty miles spin with silent roads and starlit sky for company. These latter-day knights-errant put novelette heroes quite in the shade!

The soft, silvery beams of Luna oft illumine the paths of these lone wanderers as their glittering steeds fleetly transport them across whole counties to greet the one—and all that sort of thing, gentle reader.

##### High Festival at Findon.

Last Wednesday evening witnessed the Excelsiorites in an unusually happy vein. For Secretary Fibbens had invited them to his annual Garden Party. Numbers of riders, many of them ladies, had cycled up to Findon during the afternoon, and fifty sat down to an *al fresco* tea.

This put them in a jolly humour, and King Carnival reigned supreme. The lady riders engaged in laughter-provoking walking races, in running competitions, and in a shuffling-backwards contest.

Mere males were to be seen hopping along like birds, and engaging generally in quaint sports. And President Warne raced Scribe Fibbens. It was a game struggle. Bravely did the wielder of the Club pen "put his best leg foremost," but the laurels of victory went to

5.

the President, who, for once, tried to exceed the legal limit.

At the conclusion of the impromptu Olympic Festival the victors were gracefully handed their prizes by Miss Walters. The awards evoked considerable pleasure, particularly a lady's handsome purse presented by Miss Burnes, and a box of cigars contributed by Mr. F. G. Blann.

Music next held sway, the Secretary's piano, ably manned in turn by C. Willmer and C. Hills, pouring forth a flood of melody which provoked the wheelers to foot it right merrily on the greensward. In the intervals of rest Captain Duffield and Charley Hills charmed the company with song, until it was suddenly discovered to be ten o'clock.

Then "Good-night" to Mrs. Fibbens and the Scribe, "Lights up!" and a spin home in the cool evening.

DICK TURPIN.

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**A Holiday Awheel.**

The Irrepressible Durant and Mrs. Durant have been awheeling in the North for a fort-

night. Contenting themselves with daily stages of fifty or sixty miles, alternating with a day or two of walking, they made their way through Guildford, Reading, Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon, and on to Buxton.

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They found Warwick busily anticipating the forthcoming historic pageant; they saw Kenilworth, and visited Coventry; they explored quite a number of Derbyshire dales, and wandered wherever fancy led them.

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The time thus spent passed all too quickly, and last Saturday saw the pair pedalling from near Reading to Worthing, their cyclometers having registered five hundred and eighty miles in what, to them, seemed to have been no time at all!

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**Cycling and Sentiment.**

Another local cyclist with a penchant for lengthy spins is F.G. Bleach, who on Saturday rode up to London for the week-end. En route he met C.T. Wells, an Excelsiorite, who is now located at Chiswick. He seemed of an opposite mind to Bleach, and was riding from London to Worthing for the week-end.

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'Twixt ourselves, good readers, I rather suspect there was more unanimity of idea in the minds of these two riders than appears on the surface.

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For though riding in contrary directions, a little bird informs me they had each undertaken their sixty miles ride to see a most particular friend. Odsbodikins! What knight-errant would begrudge the ride when the particular friend is a lady?

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Another Worthing man, similarly attracted, rode up from Southampton for the week-end, setting out for the return journey at midnight, and having a very enjoyable fifty miles spin with silent roads and starlit sky for company. These latter-day knights-errant put novelette heroes quite in the shade!

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The soft, silvery beams of Luna oft illumine the paths of these lone wanderers as their glittering steeds fleetly transport them across whole counties to greet the one - and all that sort of thing, gentle reader.

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**High Festival at Findon.**

Last Wednesday evening witnessed the Excelsiorites in an unusually happy vein. For Secretary Fibbens had invited them to his annual Garden Party. Numbers of riders, many of them ladies, had cycled up to Findon during the

afternoon, and fifty sat down to an *al fresco* tea.

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This put them in a jolly humour, and King Carnival reigned supreme. The lady riders engaged in laughter-provoking walking races, in running competitions, and in a shuffling-backwards contest.

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Mere males were to be seen hopping along like birds, and engaging generally in quaint sports. And President Warne raced Scribe Fibbens. It was a game struggle. Bravely did the wielder of the Club pen "put his best leg foremost," but the laurels of victory went to the President, who, for once, tried to exceed the legal limit.

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At the conclusion of the impromptu Olympic Festival the victors were gracefully handed their prizes by Miss Walters. The awards evoked considerable pleasure, particularly a lady's handsome purse presented by Miss Burnes, and a box of cigars contributed by Mr. F.G. Blann.

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Music next held sway, the Secretary's piano, ably manned in turn by C. Willmer and C. Hills, pouring forth a flood of melody which provoked the wheelers to foot it right merrily on the greensward. In the intervals of rest Captain Duffield and Charley Hills charmed the company with song, until it was suddenly discovered to be ten o'clock.

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Then "Good night" to Mrs. Fibbens and the Scribe, "Lights up!" and a spin home in the cool evening.

**DICK TURPIN.**

# THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 4.7.1906 P2C5

## THE WHEELING WORLD.

### A Weekly Survey.

#### DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

##### Away to the West!

MUCH is doing just now in the world of wheels. Excelsiorites are simply streaming over the face of the earth! 'Tis not many days ago when Edgar Henson, accompanied by his son Percy, set out for Cardiff. The pair were escorted by other Worthing men as far as Fareham.

Beyond Southampton a Hants rider—dropped across casually—tried to do some escorting of a speedy order. Those who have sampled Edgar's speed qualities will quite understand why the stranger stopped when Romsey was reached!

On through Salisbury and Warrminster went the Excelsiorites, putting up for the night further on the road. Next day an easy jaunt to Bristol and a boat across to Cardiff ended their journey, and brought them to the centre from which they enjoyed a week's holiday.

On their return side Cardiff to Salisbury was the first stage. They put up at the Salisbury Y.M.C.A., an institution which Edgar cordially recommends to anyone visiting the interesting old city.

Worthing men were on the look out for the travellers for the second day, some meeting them between Chichester and Fareham. In fact, Captain Duffield and a strong bodyguard brought the speedmen home after the whole company had sat down to tea together at Chichester.

##### More Industrious Wheelmen.

Another example of industry a wheel is furnished by Raggett and the two brothers Mangan. Seven o'clock the other morning saw them heading northwards. A puncture hindered them at West Grinstead, but they were soon going again.

Horsham was passed; then Crawley, which was alive with cyclists; Redhill came next, and was soon followed by Croydon—and another puncture!

Then they reached Streatham, and had yet another puncture! Striking out into Kent, they got as far as Chislehurst; here a goodly slice of the day was spent. Their luck as regards punctures was still out when the homeward journey was made. But the worst was a puncture at Redhill just after dark.

However, they reached home at one o'clock in the morning, tired but happy, having covered well over a hundred miles, and sustained half-a-dozen punctures between the three of them.

A few days later F. George Bleach went over

very much the same ride. He rode via Horsham, Crawley, Redhill, and Croydon to Sidcup and back.

Rising with the lark, George was on his way at half-past four in the clear morning air. No puncture troubles hindered him, though missing the road added half a dozen miles to his journey. Ten o'clock p.m. saw him home again, with a hundred and eighteen miles behind him, to say nothing of a jolly day in Kent.

##### An Early Morning Experience.

Riding from Worthing to Chiswick last week, C. T. Wells had an awkward experience at Leatherhead.

A milk carrier, dashing along in the usual early morning style, like a charioteer, ran him down at a corner. Luckily a buckled front wheel was the only damage.

So the Excelsiorite managed to obtain a spare front wheel—a size or so too small, as it happened—and continued his journey. He looked quite like a professional racing man last Saturday when he rode down, still having the diminutive front wheel in use.

Forty miles is a day's ride for one wheelman; it is an evening spin for another. Sawkins somewhat surprised me an evening or two back when he informed me he had just cycled to Redgwick and back. But I find this sort of thing is very popular with some of our more enthusiastic younger wheelers.

Half the distance used to satisfy me when I was their age. And I've got worse since then!

Excelsiorites rallied in force last Wednesday, when the Club officially visited the Hippodrome at Brighton. Amongst the eighteen members under Captain Duffield's command were the Veteran Sam Clark, Edgar Henson, and Willmer, whose tandem kept up its reputation for wickedness by sustaining the only puncture of the run.

Another strong turn out of the Club was witnessed when a quiet spin over to tea at Bramber was carried out on Sunday. I am told the muster was a striking testimonial to the popularity of Bramber and out-of-door teas.

##### A Word of Warning.

E. Baruch Blaker was motor cycling round Crawley way a week or so ago, when word was

brought by a riding acquaintance of his that a nasty accident had happened up the road.

Baruch investigated, and discovered that a motor cyclist—desirous of assisting a lady friend who was cycling—had been pushing her along as he motored beside her. A sudden swerve, a sickening crash, and the poor girl lay stunned and bleeding; internal injuries of a serious nature were afterwards discovered. All for the sake of a few extra miles per hour!

The moral is obvious, and Baruch only asks that I should mention the sad accident as a warning to those, both cyclists and motorists, who assist companions to accomplish a speed which is beyond their power.

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## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 11.7.1906 P3C3

### THE WHEELING WORLD.

#### A Weekly Survey.

##### DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

###### The Raid on the Strawberries.

IT was about ten years ago that the Excelsior Club held its first Strawberry Feast, and the fixture has been one of the most popular annual events ever since. Last Wednesday was no exception to the rule. About a hundred Excelsiorites and friends sat down in a marquee at the Frankland Arms, Washington, to partake of tea, strawberries, and cream, and most thoroughly they enjoyed themselves.

Everything was just right: it was a beautiful evening; the company was in the gayest of moods; the luscious strawberries were at their best; and the cream was perfect.

Needless to relate, everybody was supremely happy.

After tea came sports—such sports! To see the mere male wrestling with the mysteries of hot-trimming was simply great. After much musing of needles and much hanging of ribbons F. Amours, E. Hill, and the Veteran Sam were adjudged the prize-winning millinery murderers.

Then Fred Flint won the men's coasting race in fine style, F. Hill and E. J. Dean being second and third. Miss Duffield proved victorious in the Ladies' Free-wheeling competition, with Miss Dickenson and Miss Everett not far behind.

First prize in the Ladies' Bottle-ledge was won by Miss Parker; Miss Dickenson and Miss Harrison securing the other awards in this intricate test of steersmanship.

A foot race backwards between the ladies resulted in a victory for Miss Little; Miss Fenn and Miss Nellie Duffield being adjudged second and third in the art of retrograde movement. Miss Buras presented a prize for a Ladies' Blindfold Race, which was cleverly won by Miss Miss Duffield.

###### Terpsichorean Revels.

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Twilight was now changing to darkness, and the party allowed themselves to be ejected into the large room at the Frankland Arms by the simple expedient of a waltz produced from Host Charman's piano by the capable hands of Miss Essie Osborne. Obarley Willmer, too, rendered yeoman service as pianist, as dance and song succeeded each other with wonderful rapidity.

And all too soon the hundred and odd revelers were gently jogging home by bike and brake, voting the evening one of the best that have been.

A few days later I pattered over to Barpham, and joined some dozen Excelsiorites who were rustinating there.

It was an afternoon on which to be lazy, so I chose the easy way, following the Arundel road nearly to the Railway Station, and turning northward along a couple of miles or so of road which, by-the-by, is only two dozen years old. The ancient way, as sign-posted, is the turning by the blacksmith's shop at Poling.

But it is a rough, hilly road; a ride of a mile along it takes one to Cross-roads, where stood a gibbet upon which Upperton, a well-known highwayman, died. Even this attraction could not lure me from the easy way.

At Barpham G. Gale and C. Willmer were fishing. The latter had hooked a couple of fish, whilst the former had a catch which could be expressed only in round figures—perfectly round ones!

However, he secured one fish later in the day, and two specimens were added to the haul by others. A couple of boats were chartered and we made a voyage up the river nearly to Stoks. I was rowing during part of the trip, and added a "crab" to the catch! *Taxa a fresco* at the cottage next claimed our attention.

###### The Veteran's Ruling Passion.

Then Sam's ruling passion asserted itself: he visited the Church, escorting two of the ladies who were interested—Miss Fletcher and Mrs. Willmer. Barpham Church is well worthy of a visit. Early Norman, with additions of Early English, it repays the visitor who carefully inspects it.

The register dates back to 1653—only ten years after the troublous times when Barpham stood across the Arun and saw Arundel Castle twice besieged within a month, and both times surrender, Charles the First's troopers taking it from the Roundheads, and losing it again, the Castle getting nearly destroyed in the process.

anon Captain Duffield called us out of our

dreams with orders to inspect tyres. Among other casualties was the wicked Willmer tandem, which maintained its reputation and insisted on a couple of patches on its front tyre.

The tyre repairing ceased over, we strolled along the Arun for half-an-hour, then made our fishing tackle up into a big parcel, our fish into a small ditto, and hied us leisurely home in the cool of the evening.

Nearing West Tarring we witnessed a narrow escape of a collision between a motor car and a cart at Poultry Corner.

Each invisible to the other, one coming from Findon and the other from Roundstone way, they were within an ace of adding yet another to the tale of accidents of which that cross-road has been the scene.

What an opportunity some short-sighted Rural Authorities are allowing to slip they do not realise!

###### Valiant Young Wheelmen.

A quartette of young Excelsiorites have been busily cultivating speed powers of late, and are now considered "pretty warm." The four fliers are all under nineteen years of age, and desire to measure their pace against that of any other four cyclists in Sussex of similar age.

The Excelsiorites therefore throw down the gage of battle and challenge any four cyclists in the county, under nineteen years of age, to ride a series of quarter-mile matches against them on the track! Now, young Sussex, who among you will lift the gage?

Roads are bad and punctures beset the path of the wheelman, yet road records continue to be beaten.

Drake's tricycle record from London to Brighton and back only lasted ten days; then J. Dudley Daymond, a Bath-roader well-known to a few Worthing riders, beat it by riding the one hundred and four miles in six hours and nineteen minutes.

A couple of North-road men, J. C. Paget and M. R. Mott, covered the same course on a tandem bicycle in five hours and nine minutes—another record!

Finally, last Saturday Smith and Scott, of the Havlock Club, ~~covered~~ fifty miles on the Southern Roads course in two hours and eight minutes and fifty seven seconds, which even on the quiet lanes and in the early morning is a wonderful ride.

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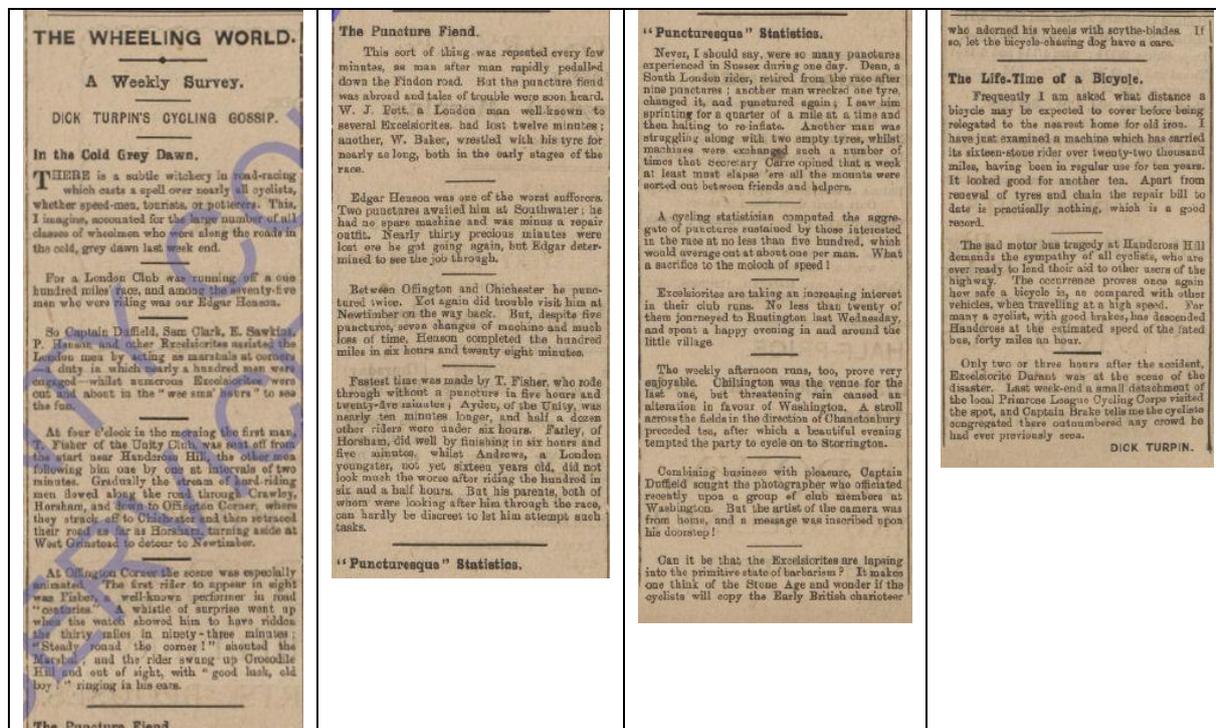
**DICK TURPIN**

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<sup>i</sup> **Researcher's note:** not totally true: the elderly Jack Upperton was hanged at Horsham Heath, and his body brought back to hang in chains at Burpham, close by the site of his alleged crime. Read the full story at Valerie Martin's web-site "This is Findon".

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 18.7.1906 P3C5



## THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

### In the Cold Grey Dawn

There is a subtle witchery in road-racing which casts a spell over all cyclists, whether speed-men, tourists, or potterers. This, I imagine, accounted for the large number of all classes of wheelmen who were along the roads in the cold grey dawn last week-end.

For a London Club was running off a one hundred miles' race, and among the seventy-five men who were riding was our Edgar Henson.

So Captain Duffield, Sam Clark, E. Sawkins, P. Henson and other Excelsiorites assisted the London men by acting as marshals at corners—a duty in which nearly a hundred men were engaged—whilst numerous Excelsiorites were out and about in the "wee sma' hours" to see the fun.

At four o' clock in the morning the first man, T. Fisher of the Unity Club, was sent off from the start near Handcross Hill, the other men following him one by one at intervals of two minutes. Gradually the stream of hard-riding men flowed along the road through Crawley, Horsham, and down to Offington Corner, where they struck off to Chichester and then retraced their road as far as Horsham, turning aside at West Grinstead to detour to Newtimber.

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At Offington Corner the scene was especially animated. The first rider to appear in sight was Fisher, a well-known performer in road "centuries." A whistle of surprise went up when the watch showed him to have ridden the thirty miles in ninety - three minutes; "steady round the corner!" shouted the Marshal; and the rider swung up Crocodile Hill<sup>1</sup> and out of sight, with "good luck, old boy!" ringing in his ears.

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### **The Puncture Fiend.**

This sort of thing was repeated every few minutes, as man after man rapidly pedalled down the Findon road. But the puncture fiend was abroad and tales of trouble were soon heard. W. J. Pett, a London man well-known to several Excelsiorites, had lost twelve minutes; another, W. Baker, wrestled with his tyre for nearly as long, both in the early stages of the race.

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Edgar Henson was one of the worst sufferers, Two punctures awaited him at Southwater; he had no spare machine and was minus a repair outfit. Nearly thirty precious minutes were lost ere he got going again, but Edgar determined to see the job through.

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Between Offington and Chichester he punctured twice. Yet again did trouble visit him at Newtimber on the way back. But, despite five punctures, seven changes of machine and much loss of time, Henson completed the hundred miles in six hours and twenty eight minutes.

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Fastest time was made by T. Fisher, who rode throughout without a puncture in five hours and twenty-five minutes; Ayden, of the Unity, was nearly ten minutes longer, and half a dozen other riders were under six hours. Farley, of Horsham, did well in finishing in six hours and five minutes, while Andrews, a London youngster, not yet sixteen years old, did not look much the worse after riding the hundred in six and a half hours. But his parents, both of whom were looking after him throughout the race, can hardly be discreet to let him attempt such tasks.

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**"Puncturesque" Statistics.**

Never, I should say, were so many punctures experienced in Sussex during one day. Dean, a South London rider, retired from the race after nine punctures; another man wrecked one tyre, changed it, and punctured again; I saw him sprinting for a quarter of a mile at a time and then halting to re-inflate. Another man was struggling along with two empty tyres, whilst machines were exchanged such a number of times that secretary Carre opined that a week must elapse 'ere all the mounts were sorted out between friends and helpers.

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A cycling statistician computed the aggregate of punctures sustained by those interested in the race at no less than five hundred, which would average out at about one per man<sup>ii</sup>. What a sacrifice to the moloch<sup>iii</sup> of speed!

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Excelsiorites are taking an increasing interest in their club runs. No less than twenty of them journeyed to Rustington last Wednesday, and spent a happy evening in and around the little village.

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The weekly afternoon runs, too, prove very enjoyable. Chilmington was the venue for the last one, but threatening rain caused an alteration in favour of Washington. A stroll across the fields in the direction of Chanctonbury preceded tea, after which a beautiful evening tempted the party to cycle on to Storrington.

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Combining business with pleasure, Captain Duffield sought the photographer who officiated recently upon a group of club members at Washington. But the artist of the camera was from home, and a message was inscribed upon his doorstep!

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Can it be that the Excelsiorites are lapsing into the primitive state of barbarism? It makes one think of the Stone Age and wonder if the cyclists will copy the Early British charioteer who adorned his wheels with scythe<sup>iv</sup> blades. If so, let the bicycle-chasing dog have a care.

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**The Life-Time of a Bicycle.**

Frequently I am asked what distance a bicycle may be expected to cover before being relegated to the nearest home for old iron. I have just examined a machine which has carried its sixteen-stone rider over twenty-two thousand miles, having been in regular use for ten years. It looked good for another ten. A part from renewal of tyres and chain the repair bill to date is practically nothing, which is a good record.

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The sad motor bus tragedy at Handcross Hill demands the sympathy of all cyclists, who are ever ready to lend their aid to other users of the highway. The occurrence proves once again how safe a bicycle is, as compared with other vehicles, when travelling at a high speed. For many a cyclist, with good brakes, has descended Handcross at the estimated speed of the fated bus, forty miles an hour.

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Only two or three hours after the accident, Excelsiorite Durant was at the scene of the disaster. Last week-end a small detachment of the local Primrose League Cycling Corps visited the spot, and Captain Brake tells me the cyclists congregated there outnumbered any crowd he had ever previously seen.

**DICK TURPIN.**

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<sup>i</sup> Crockhurst Dell Hill – currently known as Crockhurst Hill.

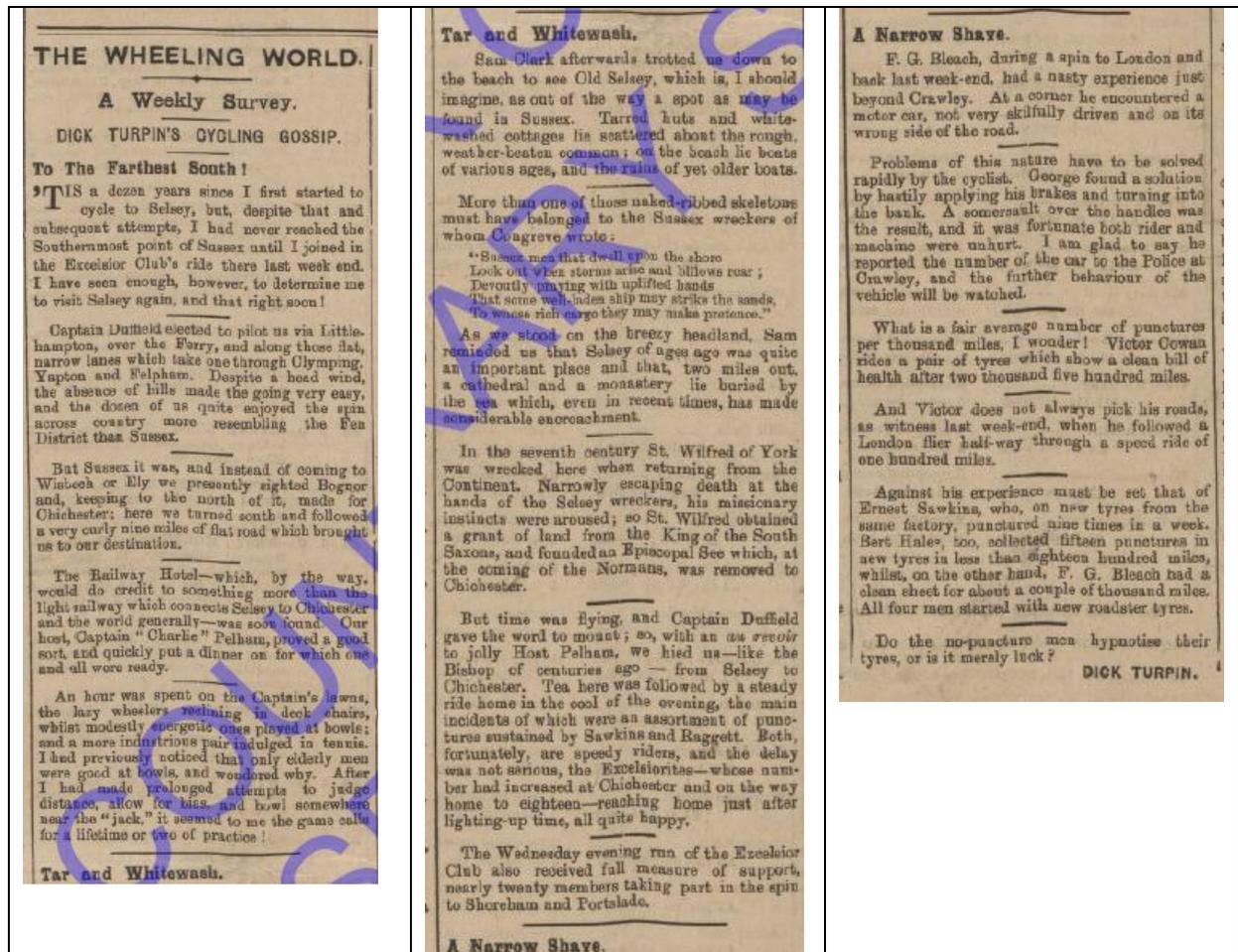
<sup>ii</sup> No Dick, this works out to nearly seven per rider – and you an accountant!

<sup>iii</sup> Ancient Canaanite god associated with child sacrifice.

<sup>iv</sup> Many believe this to be a myth.

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 18.7.1906 P2C4



## THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

### To The Farthest South!

THIS a dozen years since I first started to cycle to Selsey, but, despite that and subsequent attempts, I had never reached the Southernmost point of Sussex until I joined in the Excelsior Club's ride there last week end. I have seen enough, however, to determine me to visit Selsey again, and that right soon!

Captain Duffield elected to pilot us via Littlehampton, over the Ferry, and along those flat, narrow lanes which take one through Clymping, Yapton and Felpham. Despite a head wind, the absence of hills made the going very easy, and the dozen of us quite enjoyed the spin

across country more resembling the Fen District than Sussex.

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But Sussex it was, and instead of coming to Wisbech or Ely we presently sighted Bognor and, keeping to the north of it, made for Chichester; here we turned south and followed a very curly nine miles of flat road which brought us to our destination.

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The Railway Hotel - which, by the way, would do credit to something more than the light railway which connects Selsey to Chichester and the world generally - was soon found. Our host, Captain "Charlie" Pelham, proved a good sort, and quickly put a dinner on for which one and all were ready.

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An hour was spent on the Captain's lawns, the lazy wheelers reclining in deck chairs, whilst modestly energetic ones played at bowls; and a more industrious pair indulged in tennis. I had previously noticed that only elderly men were good at bowls, and wondered why. After I had made prolonged attempts to judge distance, allow for bias, and bowl somewhere near the "jack," it seemed to me the game calls for a lifetime or two of practice!

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### **Tar and Whitewash.**

Sam Clark afterwards trotted us down to the beach to see Old Selsey<sup>i</sup>, which is, I should imagine, as out of the way a spot as may be found in Sussex. Tarred huts and whitewashed cottages lie scattered about the rough, weather-beaten common; on the beach lie boats of various ages, and the ruins of yet older boats.

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More than one of those naked-ribbed skeletons must have belonged to the Sussex wreckers of whom Congreve wrote:

"Sussex men that dwell upon the shore  
Look out when storms arise and billows roar;  
Devoutly praying with uplifted hands  
That some well-laden ship may strike the sands,  
To whose rich cargo they may make pretence."

As we stood on the breezy headland, Sam reminded us that Selsey of ages ago was quite an important place and that, two miles out, cathedral and a monastery lie buried by the sea which, even in recent times, has made considerable encroachment.

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In the seventh century St. Wilfred of York was wrecked here when returning from the Continent. Narrowly escaping death at the hands of the Selsey wreckers, his missionary instincts were aroused; so St. Wilfred obtained a grant of land from the King of the South Saxons, and founded an Episcopal See which, at

the coming of the Normans, was removed to Chichester.

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But time was flying, and Captain Duffield gave the word to mount; so, with an *au revoir* to jolly Host Pelham, we hied us - like the Bishop of centuries ago - from Selsey to Chichester. Tea here was followed by a steady ride home in the cool of the evening, the main incidents of which were an assortment of punctures sustained by Sawkins and Raggett. Both, fortunately, are speedy riders, and the delay was not serious, the Excelsiorites - whose number had increased at Chichester and on the way home to eighteen - reaching home just after lighting-up time, all quite happy.

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The Wednesday evening run of the Excelsior Club also received full measure of support, nearly twenty members taking part in the spin to Shoreham and Portslade.

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**A Narrow Shave.**

F. G. Bleach, during a spin to London and back last week-end, had a nasty experience just beyond Crawley. At a corner he encountered a motor car, not very skilfully driven and on its wrong side of the road.

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Problems of this nature have to be solved rapidly by the cyclist. George found a solution by hastily applying his brakes and turning into the bank. A somersault over the handles was the result, and it was fortunate both rider and machine were unhurt. I am glad to say he reported the number of the car to the Police at Crawley, and the further behaviour of the vehicle will be watched.

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What is a fair average number of punctures per thousand miles, I wonder! Victor Cowan rides a pair of tyres which show a clean bill of health after two thousand five hundred miles.

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And Victor does not always pick his roads, as witness last week-end, when he followed a London flier half-way through a speed ride of one hundred miles.

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Against his experience must be set that of Ernest Sawkins, who, on new tyres from the same factory, punctured nine times in a week. Bert Hale, too, collected fifteen punctures in new tyres in less than eighteen hundred miles, whilst, on the other hand, F. G. Bleach had a clean sheet for about a couple of thousand miles. All four men started with new roadster tyres.

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Do the no-puncture men hypnotise their tyres, or is it merely luck?

## DICK TURPIN.

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<sup>1</sup> I take this to be the area we knew as “East Beach” in the 1950/60s, some at least of it was then much as described. London developer moved in and built 300+ bungalows there in the mid ‘60s

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 1.8.1906 P2C7

### THE WHEELING WORLD.

#### A Weekly Survey.

##### DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

###### On the Grid.

“GRIDIRON — A grated utensil for broiling flesh,” says my dictionary. A mystery is solved! I can now plainly perceive the aptness of the word “grid-iron” as used by precocious small boys when describing a bicycle. For of a truth the flesh which is found on bicycles during this tropical heat stands a great chance of being very nicely broiled.

But still the wheelman goes awheeling: I suppose the novel sensation of being, as it were, both the joint and the cook appeals to him as he frizzles merrily along the sun-scorched road!

At any rate, eight Worthing men rode over seven hundred miles between them during the day last week-end, just for all the world as though the thermometer was not about two hundred—or thereabouts!—in the shade.

Ernest Sawkins' cyclometer showed him to have covered a hundred and twenty miles, whilst Victor Cowan's mileage recorder was only three short of this total, after the pair had been chasing up and down Sussex with sundry speed merchants.

Another Excelsiorite, Standing, visited Aldershot; whilst F. G. Beach and E. Banbury cycled to Hind Head. The remaining three of the eight broiled bicyclists were Medhurst, Ashford, and Bert Hales, who betook themselves to Dorling and back, and thus contributed about a couple of hundred miles to the seven hundred.

The Hind Head couple took a shorter route than I have yet ridden—I will try it when we get some cool weather. At Ashington they set across westward to Adversane, and by Wimbrough Green to Godalming; then over Hind Head and on as far as Liphook, where they made through Haslemere to Midhurst, coming home by Petworth and Pulborough.

It measured eighty-four miles; the roads were reasonably good, and of course the country affords some of the finest scenery to be found in a day's ride from here.

###### A Trip to Horsham.

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The Excelsiorites were at Horsham for tea on their week-end run, about a dozen being in the company. Tea was followed by a stroll round the town, where we saw the old stocks and the bull ring in the Carfax; guessed the ages of the old houses near the Railway Station; and admired the tall decorated spire of Horsham Church.

Time did not afford us a chance of an evening spin to St. Leonard's Forest. It was a pity, for the legend has it that travellers riding through the Forest at night are accompanied by a headless figure which vaults into the saddle and rides behind them. What a deliciously cool sensation for the traveller!

Two members of the Y.M.C.A. Cycling and Rambling Club—Messrs. Robert and Frank Buntall—have just returned from a fortnight's abode in Derbyshire and Yorkshire.

Cycling as far as London, they took train to Mallock. Here a day or two was pleasantly occupied in short excursions. The famous Chatsworth House was visited; Haddon Hall, which we remember figures in *Peveril of the Peak*, was also inspected. And Dove Dale, perhaps the prettiest bit of Derby, was thoroughly explored.

Then the wheelmen went on to Sheffield and Doncaster, had a look at the Abbey at Selby, and sailed gaily into York. The fine old walled city, its beautiful Minster, its picturesque Shambles, and other carefully-preserved old bits—all were full of interest to the travellers, one of whom found plenty of material for his camera.

From York they went on to Bridlington and Scarborough for a sniff of the briny. Then away across the county of broad acres to ride through Swale Dale, round by the Butter Tubs, and back through Wensley Dale. Harrogate came next, and then Leeds, where the cyclists finished out their holiday, training back home

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###### A Challenge.

A Worthing push cyclist has challenged a motor cyclist to an all-day ride. It sounds rash on the part of the push cyclist, I know; but he has had experience himself of the frailties of the motor bicycle as a distance demolishing demon.

For he motored at one time; and never, I believe, did his motor riding distance exceed that which he has pedalled in a day.

And on form the challenged motorist is a certain loser, for no less than seven hours were occupied in one way or another—chiefly another, which comprised wrestling with works and tyres!—during a journey from Portsmouth to Worthing. I understand, too, that a roadside hedge had to be repaired after the mettlesome motor had passed!

So the push cyclist has at least a sporting chance.

Last Tuesday Leonard Drake made a brave effort to scour the London to Brighton and back tri-cycle record so recently made by him, and upset by J. Dudley Daymond tea days later.

Sam Clark assisted his friend, and all was going well up to between eighty and ninety miles. Then Drake went all to pieces, and it was plain to Sam, who can read the signs when a man is having a bad time, that to go on would be a folly, which might bring serious trouble in its train. So Leonard took the good advice of our Veteran and “turned it in.”

Doubtless Drake, who is full of pluck and determination, will try again later, as Sam tells me he is good enough if in proper condition.

DICK TURPIN.

## 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: 8.8.1906 P5C7.

<p><b>THE WHEELING WORLD.</b></p> <p><b>Terrors of the Road.</b></p> <p><b>C</b>YCLING will soon be a thing of the past unless the road surfaces improve. A month ago I really thought them as hard as they were capable of being, but since that time the going has steadily got worse and worse. In a spirit of recklessness I ventured out the other day, and, being lucky, got as far as Arundel without a puncture. Which looked promising. Alas! I was soon undeceived.</p> <p>My front tyre expired with a sigh, which made me determine not to be so rash as to extend my journey beyond Arundel. I mended the puncture and set out for home; but only four miles had been covered when another, and louder sigh provided me with a second opportunity of repairing.</p> <p>Twenty yards further on I pulled up for a third time, and at Patching Pond I was again patching tyres. Then Dame Fortune relented, and I got home without further trouble.</p> <p>The two Excelsior Captains fared worse when they tandemed to Goodwood last week. Cycling Captain Dafield is used to mending punctures on Club runs, but the Athletic Captain, "Jack" Miles, had previously only a limited experience of tyre-repairing. This was soon remedied, for the two Captains sustained no less than seven punctures on their journey over the torn-up roads.</p> <p>Torn up they were indeed, for 'twas said four hundred motor cars were counted to pass during one morning alone. And our roads are not made for motor cars.</p> <p><b>Local Sportsman At Littlehampton.</b></p>	<p><b>Local Sportsman At Littlehampton.</b></p> <p>Worthing was in force at the Littlehampton Sports on Bank Holiday. Oliver, of the London Athletic Club, who won first prize in the Quarter Mile Flat Race, is a Worthing man. Haynes, Willey, and Grevatt were also competing in the running events, but did not, on this occasion, get amongst the prizes.</p> <p>A warm quartette of Excelsior sprinters were riding in the cycling races, Jay winning his heat in the Half-mile Handicap, and scoring third in the final; whilst Reed cleverly won his heat in the Quarter-mile Scratch Race, but was unsuccessful in the final. Luckin and Parker rode in very good style also, but failed to get placed.</p> <p>I understand Bert Paine has got the quartette in hand, and doubtless, with a little experience in riding races, we shall find the Excelsior boys amongst the "pots." For Bert has got a new racing machine, and is putting his pupils to serious track work.</p> <p>The Excelsior Club visited Bramber last week, and looked up the members of the Brighton Mitre and Primrose Clubs, who have been camping up the river for some weeks. Nearly a dozen Excelsiorites were there, and greatly enjoyed a ramble in the fields whilst the Veteran Sam Clarke discussed camps and Clubs with his brother Veteran, "Daddy" Beck, of Brighton.</p> <p><b>DICK TURPIN.</b></p>	
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## THE WHEELING WORLD.

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### **Local Sportsmen At Littlehampton.**

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**DICK TURPIN.**

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 15.8.1906 P2C6

<p><b>THE WHEELING WORLD.</b></p> <p><b>A Weekly Survey.</b></p> <p><b>DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.</b></p> <p><b>A Big Day's Ride.</b></p> <p><b>W</b>HAT is the distance that may be considered a fair day's ride? Fifty miles, say I. In my frivolous youth I said a hundred, but I am wiser—or lazier!—now. Frank Medhurst rode two hundred and thirty miles in one day's ride last week. Yes! two hundred and thirty miles, which is the longest jaunt a local man has been guilty of.</p> <p>Half-past five in the morning saw him heading away westward, and he rode without a dismount through Chichester, Havant, Fareham, and Botley. Rain came on before Romsey was reached, and frequent stops for shelter were necessary as he continued through Salisbury, Wexminster, and into Bath.</p> <p>Nine hours sufficed him for this trying ride of a hundred and fifteen miles. Some friends were visited, and two or three hours passed ere he commenced his return journey. By the way, he posted a card to Worthing at Bath and raced it home; Frank won by nearly forty hours, so I imagine he is a kind of human telegram!</p> <p>As the evening deepened into night he retraced his morning's wheelmarks, stopping an hour or more at Salisbury to fortify the inner man. Hampshire was going to bed as Medhurst pedalled along its dark roads and through its silent towns and villages.</p> <p>Sussex was asleep as he came through Chichester. So far he had escaped punctures, but before Arundel was reached this little oversight was remedied. For surely it must be an oversight on the part of any tyre when it runs two hundred miles without a puncture!</p> <p>Well, anyway, Medhurst had a big repair job on hand, thanks to a pointed remark on the part of a sharp diat soon after leaving Chichester.</p> <p><b>And Then to Bed!</b></p> <p>Then came Arundel; Medhurst walking the only hill he walked on the ride when he dismounted for Causeway Hill, which was by no means his stiffest climb. And then, Worthing and sleep! I don't know how a man sleeps after a two hundred and thirty miles ride, but I imagine he makes a pretty thorough job of it. Doubtless Medhurst would, with Masbath, dub it "Chief nourisher in life's feast."</p> <p>Medhurst has previously ridden some big distances; only last Easter he went to Bournemouth and back in a day—a hundred and sixty miles.</p> <p>The brothers Mungoon, too, rode to Chatham</p>	<p>The brothers Mungoon, too, rode to Chatham and back a week or so ago, which is a similar distance. Men who do such rides must have a real passion for work!</p> <p><b>For the Medal.</b></p> <p>The first attempt to be made this season to win one of the Excelsior Club medals was doomed to be unsuccessful. Jack Standing it was who set off from the Railway Bridge, followed by Cowan and Sawkins, whilst Reed and Jay, on a tandem, were also in attendance.</p> <p>Arundel was passed safely, but near West-hampstead Standing punctured. Neither of the spare machines suited him, so the tyre was repaired and the ride continued. But at Offington Corner it was found that the thirty-three miles had consumed two hours and twenty-five minutes, so after sampling the loose flints on the Finton-road Standing abandoned the attempt.</p> <p>The roads were simply vile; needless to say Sawkins, the Puncture King, sustained his usual series of tyre mishaps, whilst Cowan also had a puncture—his first in three thousand miles!</p> <p>This is a remarkable record. T. A. Durant recently punctured after an immunity from trouble for nine hundred and fifty miles. He considered this a long run of luck, but then he has had as many as three punctures in eight miles in his time.</p> <p><b>Traces of the Great Storm.</b></p> <p>Medhurst has just trotted his two colts, Ashford and Bert Hales, over Hindhead. A passing motor car gave them a friendly lead for a few miles on the way to Horsham, after which they rode steadily through Ouseley and on to Guildford.</p> <p>Here they witnessed the results of a violent storm which occurred there last week. Numbers of large trees lay uprooted not far off the road; the roof of a cottage had been blown off; the Bridge in Guildford had been slightly damaged, and things generally had received a shaking up.</p> <p>Through quaint old Godalming, past pretty little Millford Church with its lyah-gate, and the trio were soon slogging away at the three mile</p>	<p>Wednesday, August 15th, 1906.</p> <p>climb up Hindhead. Whether Ashford was admiring the far-sweeping Devil's Punch Bowl which lay on his right, surrounded by majestic hills, or whether he was gazing on ahead to see the stone cross which marks where three ruffians were hung for the murder of a seaman on the Hindhead, I know not.</p> <p>But unfortunately he somehow over-ran Medhurst's back wheel, fell, and was run over by Bert Hales. Some slight injury to his knee and a little damage to his machine did not deter him from continuing the climb to the top of the hill, however.</p> <p>Petersfield was the next town, and soon the trio were confronted by Butser Hill. This, again, they all surmounted, and then rode across the open country to Havant in the face of half a gale and the whole of a heavy shower. On to Chichester for tea, then home in the cool of the evening with a total of one hundred and six miles each, and only four punctures 'twixt the trio.</p> <p><b>DICK TURPIN.</b></p>
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## THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

A Big Day's Ride.

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it "Chief nourisher in life's feast."

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Medhurst has previously ridden some big  
distances; only last Easter he went to Bourne-  
mouth and back in a day - a hundred and sixty  
miles.

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The brothers Mungeam, too, rode to Chatham  
and back a week or so ago, which is a similar

distance. Men who do such rides must have real passion for work!

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**For the Medal.**

The first attempt to be made this season to win one of the Excelsior Club medals was doomed to be unsuccessful. Jack Standing it was who set off from the Railway Bridge, followed by Cowan and Sawkins, whilst Reed and Jay, on a tandem, were also in attendance.

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Arundel was passed safely, but near West-hampnett Standing punctured. Neither of the spare machines suited him, so the tyre was repaired and the ride continued. But at Offington Corner it was found that the thirty-three miles had consumed two hours and twenty-five minutes, so after sampling the loose flints on the Findon-road Standing abandoned the attempt.

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The roads were simply vile; needless to say Sawkins, the Puncture King, sustained his usual series of tyre mishaps, whilst Cowan also had a puncture—his first in three thousand miles!

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This is a remarkable record. T. A. Durant recently punctured after an immunity from trouble for nine hundred and fifty miles. He considered this a long run of luck, but then he has had as many as three punctures in eight miles in his time.

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**Traces of the Great Storm,**

Medhurst has just trotted his two colts, Ashford and Bert Hales, over Hindhead. A passing motor car gave them a friendly lead for a few miles on the way to Horsham, after which they rode steadily through Cranleigh and on to Guildford.

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Here they witnessed the results of a violent storm which occurred there last week. Numbers of large trees lay uprooted not far off the road; the roof of a cottage had been blown off; the Bridge in Guildford had been slightly damaged, and things generally had received a shaking up.

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Through quaint old Godalming, past pretty little Milford Church with its lych-gate, and the trio were soon slogging away at the three mile climb up Hindhead. Whether Ashford was admiring the far-sweeping Devil's Punch Bowl which lay on his right, surrounded by majestic hills, or whether he was gazing on ahead to see the stone cross which marks where three ruffians were hung for the murder of a seaman on the Hindhead, I know not.

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But unfortunately he somehow over-ran Medhurst's back wheel, fell, and was run over by Bert Hales. Some slight injury to his knee and a little damage to his machine did not deter him from continuing the climb to the top of the hill, however.

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Petersfield was the next town, and soon the trio were confronted by Butser Hill. This, again, they all surmounted, and then rode across the open country to Havant in the face of half a gale and the whole of a heavy shower. On to Chichester for tea, then home in the cool of the evening with a total of one hundred and six miles each, and only four punctures 'twixt the trio.

**DICK TURPIN.**

## THE WHEELING WORLD.

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 22.8.1906 P2C4

<p><b>THE WHEELING WORLD.</b> A Weekly Survey. DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.</p> <p><b>All Hail, The Puncture King!</b></p> <p>THE first of the Excelsior Club medals to be won this season has just been secured by Ernest Sawkins, a recent member of the Club, and one who, though only in his twentieth year, is already known to fame. He is the Puncture King, and he receives the homage due to one who has numbered seventeen punctures in three weeks.</p> <p>Fortune favoured his tyres when Captain Duffield sent him off at six o'clock the other morning. Followed by Victor Cowan, he slipped along through Arundel to Westhamptett in an hour. Here George Stöner checked him, and seventy minutes sufficed for his return to Offington.</p> <p>The brothers Standing now joined in following Sawkins as he set out for a long ride to Woodhatch; a spill, in which Cowan and Albert Standing figured, serving to vary the monotony ere Finsden was reached. A very fair pace was maintained, despite a choppy wind, and Woodhatch was reached at twenty-five minutes past ten, the sixty-seven miles having occupied four hours and twenty-five minutes.</p> <p>Cowan had punctured at West Grinstead, but a hasty repair enabled him to meet Sawkins before he had reached Crawley on his return journey.</p> <p>At Horsham Sawkins was still wearing very well, having kept to his schedule all through the ride. Numerous Excelsiorites were awaiting him along the road, and he arrived at Broadwater, with nearly a dozen fellow cyclists, at twenty minutes to one. His total time was thus six hours and forty minutes, Ernest therefore qualifying for the gold centre medal with five minutes to spare. "Not bad, for the first slip!" was Edgar Henson's remark, and indeed the ride is highly creditable considering the conditions.</p> <p>For Sawkins, though a very active rider, had</p>	<p>not done any preparatory work on the course; the wind was a hindering one in every direction, and it will be admitted that a thirty-six pounder geared to eighty-four is not an ideal "speed-ran."</p> <p>Last week-end the Excelsior Club visited Henfield, a party of half-a-dozen arriving there in time for a stroll around the interesting little town before tea. Later on reinforcements arrived, and a delightful evening ride homewards by Beeding and Shoreham terminated a pleasant outing.</p> <p><b>Laughter and Lament.</b></p> <p>"How are the mighty fallen!" Thus ran the inscription, placed—I guess by a waggish cyclist—upon a disabled motor car. A Worthing wheelman riding from Winchester espied it by the roadside not far from Midhurst, and laughed for five miles!</p> <p>But sorrow came to the wheelman in the same week. He arose with the lark and sallied out a wheel to help some road racing cyclists. A hard morning's work left him hungry and thirsty, and all alone at Crawley.</p> <p>Then the sad truth was borne in upon the wheelman that he had left money, watch, and everything he could barter, safe at home. The only valuables he had with him were a hunger and thirst which a dyspeptic millionaire would cheerfully have given a good dividend-paying railway for.</p> <p>So he wearily pedalled home, tantalised for twenty-seven miles by hotel and inn, eating-house and confectioner's shop, gazing the cattle grazing in the fields, and realising that the cyclist as well as the motorist is born to trouble.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>	
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## THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

### All Hail the Puncture King!

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twenty-seven miles by hotel and inn, eating-  
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cyclist as well as the motorist is born to trouble.

**DICK TURPIN.**

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 29.8.1906 P2C4

<p><b>THE WHEELING WORLD.</b></p> <p><b>DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.</b></p> <p><b>In the Early Morn.</b></p> <p><b>T</b>HERE was a sight at Offington Corner for the early riser about a week ago. A knot of cyclists were congregated there shortly after five o'clock awaiting the arrival of competitors in a two hundred miles road race arranged by the Catford Cycling Club.</p> <p>A London man was in charge of a hand truck loaded with bananas, rice - pudding, Bovril, eggs beaten in tea or lemonade and various other forms of speed diet. Sam Clark was on duty with water and list of competitors, and helpers generally were there in plenty.</p> <p>About five-thirty Captain Duffield and W. H. Long deserted a moving speck far up the road. It was Carre, the first man, and soon he was at the Corner, and easing up to receive a bottle of tea and egg and some rice. Heated comments upon the behaviour of Dame Fortune and the slothfulness of the man in charge of his own machine flew about as the racer hurried on again upon the borrowed mount which he had been riding for thirty miles.</p> <p>A minute passed, another speck hove in sight. 'Twas J. Dudley Daymond, who studied his pace to partake of Benger's food, and inquired tenderly "Where's Carre?" Encouraged by learning that he was gaining on number one, he spun a way towards Arundel, looking none the worse for his forty-odd miles.</p> <p>One by one nineteen other men followed, being duly led by the group of wheelmen and occasionally timed by Sam Clark. Hastily some told tales of punctures or responded cheerfully to the query "How are you going, old boy?" during the brief pause in their long ride.</p> <p>The last to arrive sat in the road whilst the group removed the back wheel from his machine and exchanged a leaking tyre for a fresh one. Five minutes sufficed for the operation, and away he went, leaving the punctured tyre to be repaired ere he returned.</p> <p><b>All That Was Left of Them!</b></p>	<p><b>All That Was Left of Them!</b></p> <p>Feeders and checkers now went home to breakfast, whilst the heat went away westward through Arundel, Chichester, and Havant to Cosham. Here they turned and again made for Offington Corner, the sixty-three miles to Cosham and back being done well under four hours.</p> <p>Sam and the party were awaiting the men, who had now covered over a hundred miles. Daymond came first, and in a trice he was taking in food whilst willing hands sponged and lightly massaged him.</p> <p>Carre came next, the programme being repeated. And so on, with but little variation, as man after man came along, some looking worn and anxious, and others, notably Daymond, Ayden, Smith, Fisher, and Cannon, looking none the worse.</p> <p>The youthful enthusiast, Dudley Walker, took the racers' machines and saw all was right; Sam recorded the time of arrival; Humphreys, of the Catford Club, superintended the corps of feeders; and Edgar Henson saw to the sponging and massage.</p> <p>But as the day wore on numbers of men had to retire through punctures and other troubles, and eventually only eight of the original twenty-one were riding.</p> <p>The finish took place near Couhdon, where it was found Ayden had made fastest time, having ridden the two hundred miles in twelve hours and thirty-six minutes; Smith, Patmore, Cannon, and Carre got through during the next hour, the other three to finish being Starke, Haigh, and lies.</p> <p>During the progress of the race S. F. Edge, a once famous speed cyclist, now known to the world as a winner of the Gordon-Bennett motor trophy, came up and looked on comfortably from the seat of a sixty horse power racing car.</p> <p>T. W. J. Britten, another old rider, prominent as a leading official in the National Cyclists Union, chanced along. He too was greatly interested, and especially pleased to see the Worthing boys, from young Dudley Walker to the Veteran Sam, helping the sport along.</p> <p><b>A Pleasing Prospect.</b></p>	<p><b>A Pleasing Prospect.</b></p> <p>By the invitation of the Club's genial President, Councillor Warne, the Excelsiorites visit Selsey on Sunday next. The start will be made from the Railway Bridge at 9.45 am, and an easy, pleasant day is arranged. Captain Duffield hopes for a specially big muster, and asks that all members who propose to join in the run will notify him by Thursday.</p> <p>The Excelsiorites were at Fittleworth for the run last week-end, and greatly enjoyed themselves. Threatening rain in the morning had made the spin look doubtful, but King Sol broke out of his cloud-prison and smiled genially on the cyclists. Arrived at Fittleworth, a crew of Clubmen voyaged up the Rother, whilst four or five others wandered along the river banks.</p> <p>Chauffeurs Hewer and Gale arrived on the scene in time to swell the number to eleven at tea, after which an amateur made a brave attempt to photograph the little crowd of laughing wheelers.</p> <p>Then the Club dawdled leisurely out of Fittleworth on the homeward run, an artist being espied upon Fittleworth Bridge busily engaged upon a large canvas. Hopes that a group of Excelsiorites might soon figure on the walls of the Royal Academy rose in every wheelman's breast. But no; a glance as they rode past showed the wielder of the brush to have chosen a view up the river with a sunset effect in preference to the group. And it was so fine that the wheelers admitted the wisdom of his preference!</p> <p>Taking the bye-road through Greatham, the party pedalled leisurely along over the Common. It was looking its best in the evening light, faintly echoed as it was in the numerous small patches of water beside which cattle placidly grazed, whilst here and there a tree gave relief to the broad flat waste.</p> <p>At Washington it was lamp time, and soon the cluster of lights trickled along through Findon and home in the cool of the evening.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
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## THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

### DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

#### In the Early Morn.

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About five-thirty Captain Duffield and W. H. Long descried a moving speck, far up the road. It was Carre, the first man, and soon he was at the Corner, and easing up to receive a bottle of tea and egg and some rice. Heated comments upon the behaviour of Dame Fortune and the slothfulness of the man in charge of his own machine flew about as the racer burned on again upon the borrowed mount which he had been riding for thirty miles.

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A minute passed, another speck hove in sight. 'Twas J. Dudley Daymond, who steadied his pace to partake of Bengers' food, and inquire tenderly "Where's Carre?" Encouraged by learning that he was gaining on number one, he spun away towards Arundel, looking none the worse for his forty-odd miles.

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### **All That Was Left of Them!**

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But as the day wore on numbers of men had to retire through punctures and other troubles, and eventually only eight of the original twenty-one were riding.

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DICK TURPIN.

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 5.9.1906 P2C6

**THE WHEELING WORLD.**  
DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.  
A Weekly Survey.

**A Record Club Run.**  
NEVER before, I believe, has so large a number of Excelsiorites attended a Club run as was the case last Sunday. At the invitation of President Warne the members journeyed to Selsey, and when it became known that the President himself would be there nearly every able-bodied Excelsiorite who could kick a pedal resolved to be there too! For to say President Warne is popular in the Club is a mild way of expressing it.

A radiant sun made things more than warm for the numerous groups of wheelers as they pedalled along either through Arundel and Chichester with the speed section, or through Littlehampton, Yapton, and Bognor with the steady brigades, under the command of Captain Duffield and Sub-Captain Willmer.

Numbers of wheelers had already stabled their steeds at the Station Hotel when I reached Selsey. And still they came! A swarm of singles, four tandems, two motor bikes, and a trailer. Then a distant sound of throbbing engines rapidly grew nearer, and along came the President.

Aboard his majestic Daimler were Chairman Young, Messrs Miles, Whittington, Tree, and E. Duffield, all looking quite glad that they had been adjudged unable to cycle the thirty miles each way.

Some few punctures were mended, after which a wash and grooming-down were indulged in; then tennis in a mild form, and bowls in a milder form, whiled half-an-hour away. By this time the party felt in the right frame of mind to enjoy the splendid dinner which the President had caused to be provided. Accordingly the party, numbering nearly fifty, nearly a dozen being ladies, now adjourned to a tent specially erected on the hotel lawn, and, with the President in the Chair, did ample justice to the viands placed before them.

**A Popular Proposition.**

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Chairman Young then expressed the Club's sense of indebtedness to the generous and sporting President, who acknowledged the thanks of the Excelsiorites in a neat little speech. Heartily the happy audience applauded their host's suggestion that the run should be repeated later in the season, when he hoped an even larger master might result.

A siesta, varied with claret cup, bowls, tennis, tea, photography, etc., followed; then the President's Daimler took the ladies around Selsey, a load of the sterner sex going later. All too soon came the time to depart, however, and the stream of wheels flowed along the winding road to Chichester.

Here most of us stayed for tea and to repair half-a-dozen punctures acquired on the way. Then a stroll round the Cathedral City, and once again we were awheel, the setting sun casting long shadows as we ambled leisurely through Barnham and Yapton to Littlehampton.

Lamps were lit when we reached the Ferry, for night had fallen. For once no one was impatient at the slow crawl of the floating bridge as it carried us over the gently rippling water, which here and there reflected the lights of Littlehampton.

Down the river a couple of large vessels lay idly on the water, their tall masts standing out sharply against the moonlit sky, with an impressive effect which seemed to hush our little ferry into an admiring silence.

At Littlehampton it was necessary to await Chauffeur Gale, who had inadvertently altered his route so as to include Bognor—so we discovered when his motor bicycle came panting along some few minutes after. Then, when the party was fully mobilised, a final start was made and Worthing was reached without adventure, everyone expressing the delight they had extracted from the President's run.

**Some Miscellaneous Matters.**

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The final Wednesday evening run of the Excelsiors for this season was held last Wednesday, when nineteen cyclists betook themselves to Washington, and spent a very pleasant evening.

Edgar Henson left speed cycling until somewhat late in life; nevertheless he made a good show when he did commence. He has not forsaken road work on wheels, but has recently indulged in a variation. After getting among the prize winners in the Veterans' Running Race at Worthing he resolved to try again.

So on Thursday he raced in a similar event at Emsworth. Edgar ran away from the entire field, and won first prize easily. As is generally known, he trains entirely upon a well-known brand of cigarette, which I will not here advertise. But I think I must get some!

Chairman Young has just returned from a week's holiday awheel. Not a cycling tour—a week's holiday with a cycle! He rode by very easy stages through Horsham, Crawley, East Grinstead, and Tunbridge Wells to Chatham and back.

He chummed with farmers; he went over orchards and hop gardens; he visited paper mills, and strolled around Tunbridge Wells; he lazed about in pretty villages, and sat along the roadside in the country and smoked the pipe of peace. In between times he did a little cycling.

Needless to say Chairman Young looks a lot the better for his week's holiday with a cycle.

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## THE WHEELING WORLD.

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**DICK TURPIN.**



## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 12.9.1906 P2C6

**THE WHEELING WORLD.**  
A Weekly Survey.  
DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

**In The Early Morn.**

**E**RE the uncertain glimmer in the eastern sky had broadened into light the other day a little group of wheelers might have been seen on the Railway Bridge. They were speedmen; and speedmen are accustomed to rising in the "wee sma' hours," breakfasting by lamplight, and setting out on a long ride whilst yet the chanticleer of the morn has scarce cleared his throat with a preliminary "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The central figure of the little group of speedmen was Mungeam, intent on riding a hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours, and thereby winning an Excelsior Club gold medal.

At 5.25 Captain Duffield said "Go!" He went; Henson following on a spare machine, and a good steady pace took him through Horsham and Crawley to Woodhatch in two hours and five minutes, another similar space of time serving for the journey back, despite a puncture.

At Offington Mungeam's friend, Baggett, followed him as he pedalled westward through Arundel, Chichester, Emsworth, Havant, and Cosham to Fareham, the western end of the course.

At this point Mungeam had ridden one hundred and three miles in six hours and fifty minutes, still going well.

Hastily taking light food, he set about the return journey to Offington, where the score read a hundred and thirty-nine miles in nine hours and a half. Now Mungeam tackled the final stretch, to Southwater, near Horsham, and back. This thirty-one miles, in spite of another puncture and a bit of a breeze, was completed in two hours and a quarter, Mungeam finishing his one hundred and seventy miles at Broadwater with fifteen minutes in hand.

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"Jack" is now doubly half-marked as a long-distance speedman, having won the hundred miles gold medal last year. Bravo! Mungeam.

**"Diddler's" Loosesome Journey.**

A couple of hours after Mungeam had started on his ride the Club Captain sent off another aspirant for speed honours, Fred Jay, alias "Diddler," to wit. Never having ridden more than forty miles in a day, Jay had selected the hundred miles ride in preference to the longer journey.

And all alone he set off, riding in determined style. The thirty-three miles to Westhampnett and back occupied a mere two hours, which was "not bad for a little 'un." His fiftieth mile provided him with a puncture, so, still alone, he changed the tyre near Horsham and continued the game.

Beyond Crawley he had difficulty in finding the way, but eventually checked at Woodhatch all right; then he made tracks for home, riding the thirty-four miles in two hours and six minutes.

Jay's time for the hundred miles was six hours and forty-three minutes, which qualifies him for the gold-centre medal, and proves him to be as full of pluck as he is of rashness.

Fancy! a hundred mile ride without training, or even a chum to get food ready.

But I fear we all are sometimes rash. I confess I was the other day. I took C. S. Ashford, of the Excelsior Club, to see Bury Hill. He had heard a great deal, but had seen nothing of this one-mile climb which raises the travelling three hundred and fifty feet.

Ashford, of course, must attempt to ride it, he being as rash as the rest of us; and, working manfully, he succeeded in his task. But I was goat enough to follow on! And though I did manage to labour up all right, some distance behind my companion, I got no satisfaction. For it shocked me to think that at my time of life I knew no better.

**An Incident at the Crocodile.**

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At Offington Corner a day or two ago I saw a painful accident occur in a very simple way, and, though bad, the consequence might easily have been far worse. A couple of local wheelmen came down the Findou-road and turned to their right up the Crocodile, or, as the Ordnance map hath it, Crouchhurst Dell.

The second rider, a man of about fifty, not riding fast, ran wide and fouled a triangular piece of grassy bank which divides the road.

Pitching heavily over the handlebar, he fell with an awful thud, and was bruised, shaken, and out about. Examination revealed that his finger was broken, so after being bathed and bandaged by Mr. Jesse Farncombe and other wheelmen, with the assistance of the kind people at Offington Lodge, the poor fellow was driven to the Hospital, still in a somewhat dazed condition.

The two triangular grass banks at Offington Corner have frequently proved a nuisance; I should like to see the smaller one removed and the other reduced in size. Under present-day traffic conditions the space they occupy is too precious.

The sad accident in Brighton-road last Sunday, dealt with elsewhere in the GAZETTE, is one which arouses the deep sympathy of all cyclists.

It again goes to show the need of having one's machine under absolutely perfect control. This and the exercise of reasonable caution at all times should be a habit with all of us; it is a duty we owe to ourselves and to other users of the road. Every day this duty becomes more imperative, and it is one which would avoid practically all the terrible accidents we hear of.

DICK TURPIN.

## THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

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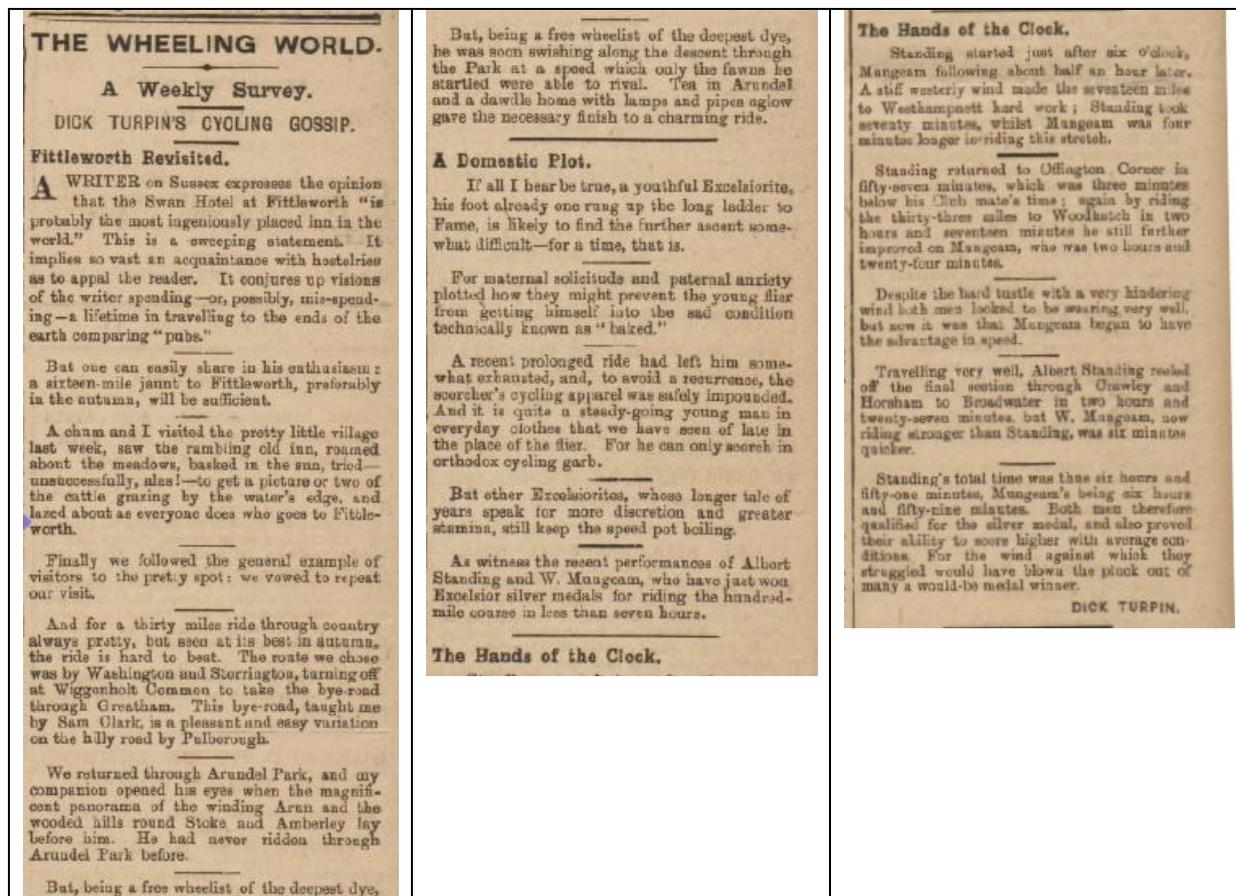
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**DICK TURPIN.**

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 19.9.1906 P2C7



## THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

### Fittleworth Revisited.

A WRITER on Sussex expresses the opinion that the Swan Hotel at Fittleworth "is probably the most ingeniously placed inn in the world." This is a sweeping statement. It implies so vast an acquaintance with hostleries as to appal the reader. It conjures up visions of the writer spending - or, possibly mis-spending - a lifetime in travelling to the ends of the earth comparing "pubs".

But one can easily share in his enthusiasm: a sixteen-mile jaunt to Fittleworth, preferably in the autumn, will be sufficient.

A chum and I visited the pretty little village

last week, saw the rambling old inn, roamed about the meadows, basked in the sun, tried - unsuccessfully, alas! - to get a picture or two of the cattle grazing by the water's edge, and lazed about as everyone does who goes to Fittleworth.

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Finally we followed the general example of visitors to the pretty spot: we vowed to repeat our visit.

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And for a thirty miles ride through country always pretty, but seen at its best in autumn, the ride is hard to beat. The route we chose was by Washington and Storrington, turning off at Wiggonholt Common to take the bye-road through Greatham. This bye-road, taught me by Sam Clark, is a pleasant and easy variation on the hilly road by Pulborough.

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We returned through Arundel Park, and my companion opened his eyes when the magnificent panorama of the winding Arun and the wooded hills round Stoke and Amberley lay before him. He had never ridden through Arundel Park before.

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But, being a free wheelist of the deepest dye, he was soon swishing along the descent through the Park at a speed which only the fawns he startled were able to rival. Tea in Arundel and a dawdle home with lamps and pipes aglow gave the necessary finish to a charming ride.

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### **A Domestic Plot.**

If all I hear be true, a youthful Excelsiorite, his foot already one rung up the long ladder to Fame, is likely to find the further ascent somewhat difficult—for a time, that is.

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For maternal solicitude and paternal anxiety plotted how they might prevent the young flier from getting himself into the sad condition technically known as "baked."

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A recent prolonged ride had left him somewhat exhausted, and, to avoid a recurrence, the scorcher's cycling apparel was safely impounded. And it is quite a steady-going young man in everyday clothes that we have seen of late in the place of the flier. For he can only scorch in orthodox cycling garb.

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But other Excelsiorites, whose longer tale of years speak for more discretion and greater stamina, still keep the speed pot boiling.

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As witness the recent performances of Albert Standing and W. Mungeam, who have just won Excelsior silver medals for riding the hundred-

mile course in less than seven hours.

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**The Hands of the Clock.**

Standing started just after six o'clock, Mungeam following about half an hour later. A stiff westerly wind made the seventeen miles to Westhampnett hard work; Standing took seventy minutes, whilst Mungeam was four minutes longer in riding this stretch.

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Standing returned to Offington Corner in fifty-seven minutes, which was three minutes below his Clubmate's time; again by riding the thirty-three miles to Woodhatch in two hours and seventeen minutes he still further improved on Mungeam, who was two hours and twenty-four minutes.

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Despite the hard tustle<sup>i</sup> with a very hindering wind both men looked to be wearing very well, but now it was that Mungeam began to have the advantage in speed.

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Travelling very well, Albert Standing reeled off the final section through Crawley and Horsham to Broadwater in two hours and twenty-seven minutes, but W. Mungeam, now riding stronger than Standing, was six minutes quicker.

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Standing's total time was thus six hours and fifty-one minutes, Mungeam's being six hours and fifty-nine minutes. Both men therefore qualified for the silver medal, and also proved their ability to score higher with average conditions. For the wind against which they struggled would have blown the pluck out of many a would-be medal winner.

**DICK TURPIN.**

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<sup>i</sup> "Tustle" – as Dick Long spelled it.

## THE WHEELING WORLD.

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 26.9.1906 P2C2

<p><b>THE WHEELING WORLD.</b></p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.</p> <p><b>Long Rides by Night.</b></p> <p><b>A</b>LL-NIGHT riding seems during later years to have ceased to appeal to the wheelman as forcibly as in the days of the old high bicycle. The possibility—nay, probability—of punctures in the darkness probably goes far to explain the present lack of enthusiasm for this form of pastime.</p> <p>But night riding is not dead. Walter de Creux Hutchinson, of the Vegetarian C.C., is trying hard to keep it alive. Twice during the last fortnight the determined Vegetarian has set out a wheel at eight o'clock in the evening intent on riding three hundred and fifty miles or so during the night and the following day.</p> <p>And though he has not yet succeeded in this heavy but self-imposed task, he has done a great deal to foster night riding. For during the night he has ridden from near Croydon southwards to Offington Corner, westwards nearly to Portsmouth, and then northwards up to Thames Ditton.</p> <p>Over this stretch of nearly a hundred and fifty miles Hutchinson has had the assistance of numerous cyclists, who followed or led him on his dark journey.</p> <p>And dark it was, as Edgar Henson, and Ernest Sawkins can affirm! They followed the would-be record breaker from Hersham to Arundel, bidding him "Good morning" at half-an-hour after midnight as they left him at the latter town.</p> <p>After about fifteen hours of hard work</p>	<p>After about fifteen hours of hard work Hutchinson had to abandon the ride near Chichester on the return journey, a troublesome wind putting records out of the question.</p> <p><b>A Primrose Leaguer Awheel.</b></p> <p>A night ride of a much more peaceable and quiet character was recently undertaken by Captain Brake, of the Primrose League Cycling Corps. Midnight found him swinging steadily along towards Arundel, and during the small hours he cycled through Chichester, Emeworth, Havant, and Fareham; at daybreak he was crossing the Ferry into Southampton, feeling fresher than when he had left Worthing.</p> <p>Continuing his ride Captain Brake rode out of Hants into Dorset, stopping to breakfast en route. Then he made his way leisurely across the better county into the land of cyder. At least, cyder has hitherto always been regarded as Somerset's chief characteristic, but Captain Brake was more impressed with its hills.</p> <p>However, he pulled up that night at Crewkerne feeling none the worse for his night and day ride; although by missing his way he had encountered even more hills than otherwise would have been the case.</p> <p>The Primrose League Skipper then put in a few days' holiday in Somerset "on his own," though he happened across two old Worthing-</p>	<p>ites—Mr. Drake and Mr. Norton—during his roam around.</p> <p><b>In Search of Glory.</b></p> <p>Another youthful Excelesiorite, E. Maginn, has just carried out a ride which establishes his claim to be considered "class." On a very windy day he set out in search of glory and a medal for a hundred miles ride.</p> <p>The glory promised to be easily obtained, for after the thirty-three miles to Westhampton and back had been polished off Maginn had to force his way against a pretty stiff northerly wind. This wind was making eleven miles an hour pretty hard work for other Excelesiorites I could name.</p> <p>But the wiry Maginn struggled along bravely, and at last Woodhatch slowly gave in sight. A drink and a signature, then back to Broadwater with a fair wind, Maginn winning—and thoroughly earning—a gold centre medal in six hours and thirty-seven minutes.</p> <p>For a philosopher commend me to Harry Hooker, a speedy member of one of the London Clubs and a chum of several Excelesiorites. Harry, on a hundred miles ride, was going great guns; about seventy miles had been ridden, and he had twenty-and-odd minutes in hand, when his back tyre cut up altogether.</p> <p>When a gold medal thus vanishes as the rider is, so to speak, about to grasp it, most men would rail at their luck. But Hooker is seasoned; he came back to the Frankland Arms, discovered there was duck for dinner, and proved by his appetite how lightly he bore his misfortune on the road!</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
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A Weekly Survey.

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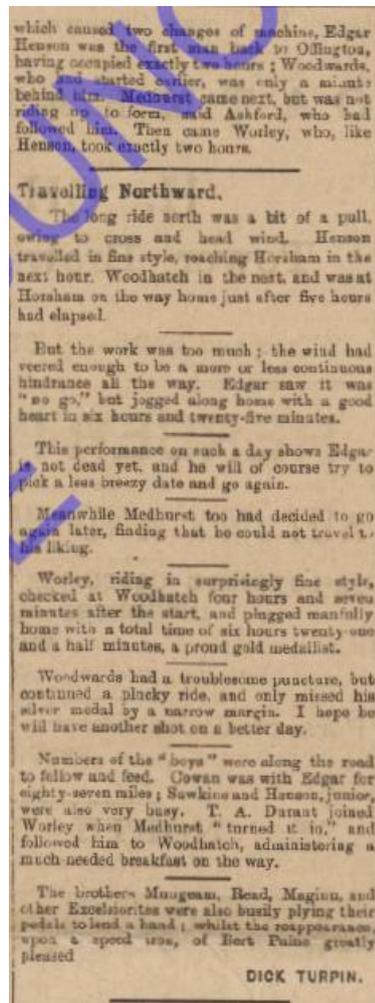
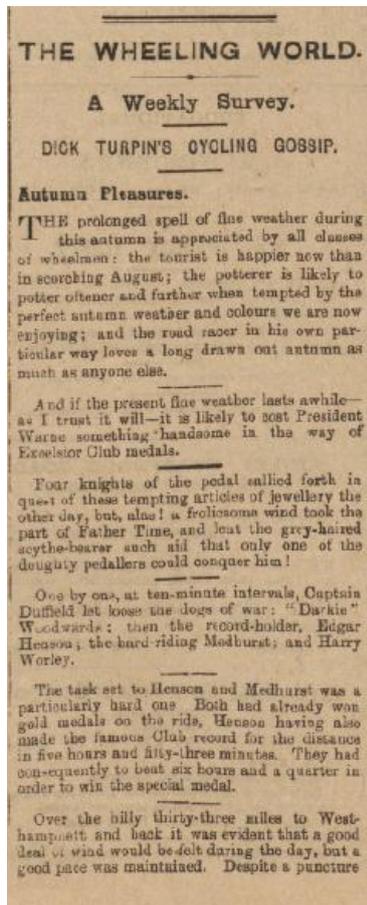
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**DICK TURPIN.**

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 3.10.1906 P2C5



## THE WHEELING WORLD.

### A Weekly Survey.

#### DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

##### Autumn Pleasures.

**T**HE prolonged spell of fine weather during this autumn is appreciated by all classes of wheelmen; the tourist is happier now than in scorching August; the potterer is likely to potter otener and further when tempted by the perfect autumn weather and colours we are now enjoying; and the road racer in his own particular way loves a long drawn out autumn as much as anyone else.

And if the present weather lasts awhile – as I trust it will - it is likely to cost President Warne something handsome in the way of Excelsior Club medals.

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Four knights of the pedal sallied forth in quest of these tempting articles of jewellery the other day, but, alas! a frolicsome wind took the part of Father Time, and lent the grey-haired scythe-bearer such aid that only one of the doughty pedallers could conquer him!

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One by one, at ten-minute intervals, Captain Duffield let loose the dogs of war: "Darkie " Woodwards; then the record-holder, Edgar Henson; the hard-riding Medhurst; and Harry Worley.

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The task set to Henson and Medhurst was a particularly hard one. Both had already won gold medals on the ride, Henson having also made the famous Club record for the distance in five hours and fifty-three minutes. They had consequently to beat six hours and a quarter in order to win the special medal.

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Over the hilly thirty-three miles to West-hampnett and back it was evident that a good deal of wind would be felt during the day, but a good pace was maintained. Despite a puncture which caused two changes of machine, Edgar Henson was the first man back to Offington, having occupied exactly two hours; Woodwards, who had started earlier, was only a minute behind him. Medhurst came next, but was not riding up to form, said Ashford, who had followed him. Then came Worley who, like Henson, took exactly two hours.

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**Travelling Northward.**

The long ride north was a bit of a pull, owing to cross and head wind. Henson travelled in fine style, reaching Horsham in the next hour, Woodhatch in the next, and was at Horsham on the way home just after five hours had elapsed.

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But the work was too much; the wind had veered enough to be a more or less continuous hindrance all the way. Edgar saw it was "no go," but jogged along home with a good heart in six hours and twenty-five minutes.

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This performance on such a day shows Edgar is not dead yet, and he will of course try to pick a less breezy date and go again.

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Meanwhile Medhurst too had decided to go again later, finding that he could not travel to his liking.

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Worley, riding in surprisingly fine style, checked at Woodhatch four hours and seven minutes after the start, and plugged manfully

home with a total time of six hours twenty-one and a half minutes, a proud gold medallist.

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Woodwards had a troublesome puncture, but continued a plucky ride, and only missed his silver medal by a narrow margin. I hope he will have another shot on a better day.

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Numbers of the "boys" were along the road to follow and feed. Cowan was with Edgar for eighty-seven miles; Sawkins and Henson, junior, were also very busy. T. A. Durant joined Worley when Medhurst had "turned it in" and followed him to Woodhatch, administering a much-needed breakfast on the way.

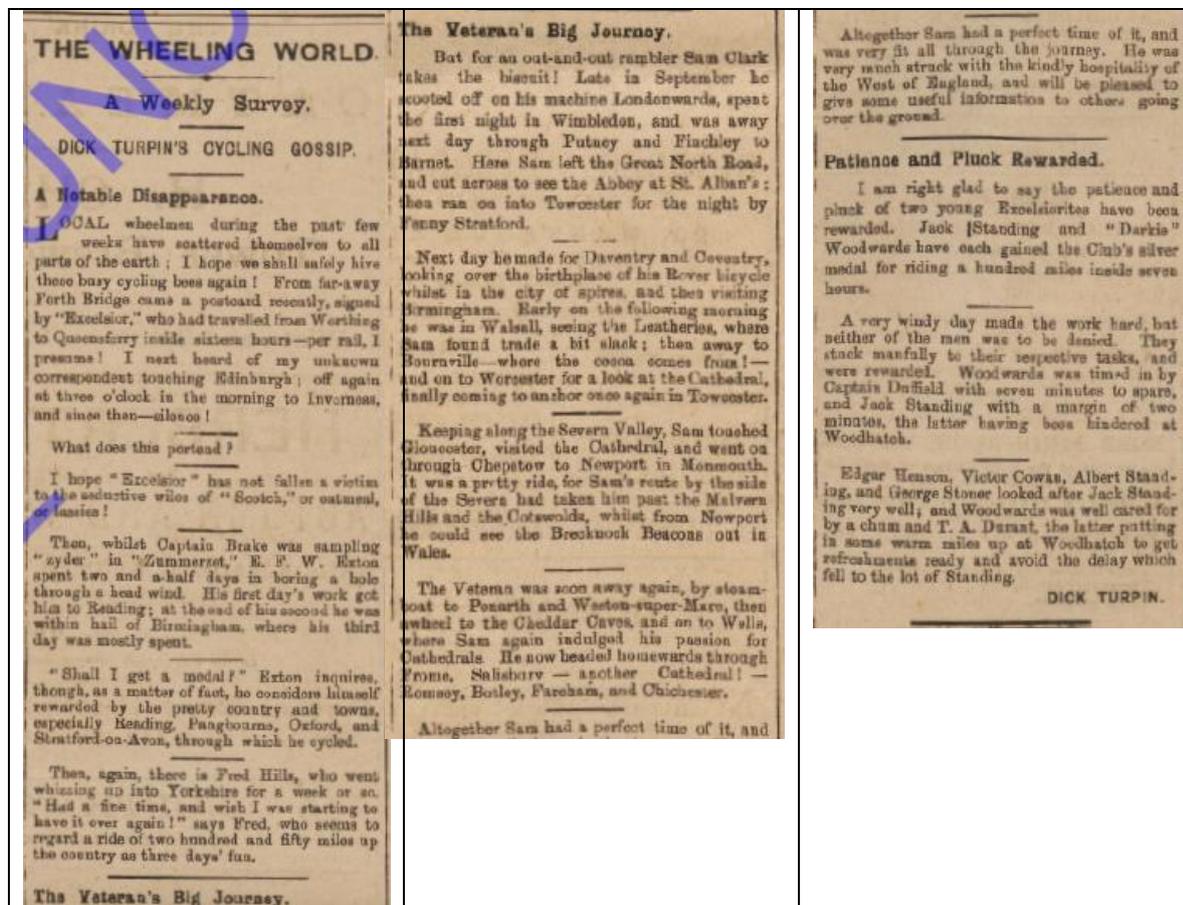
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The brothers Mungeam, Read, Maginn and other Excelsiorites were also busily plying their pedals to lend a hand; whilst the reappearance, on a speed iron, of Bert Paine greatly pleased.

**DICK TURPIN.**

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 10.10.1906 P2C6



## THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

### A Notable Disappearance.

LOCAL wheelmen during the past few weeks have scattered themselves to all parts of the earth; I hope we shall safely have these busy cycling bees again! From far-away Forth Bridge came a postcard recently, signed by "Excelsior," who had travelled from Worthing to Queensferry inside sixteen hours - per rail, I presume! I next heard of my unknown correspondent touching Edinburgh; off again at three o'clock in the morning to Inverness, and since then - silence!

What does this portend ?

I hope "Excelsior" has not fallen a victim to the seductive wiles of "Scotch," or oatmeal,

or lassies!

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Then, whilst Captain Brake was sampling zyder in “Zummerzet,” E.F.W. Exton spent two and a-half days in boring a hole through a head wind. His first day’s work got him to Reading; at the end of his second he was within hail of Birmingham, where his third day was mostly spent.

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Shall I get a medal?” Exton inquires, though, as a matter of fact, he considers himself rewarded by the pretty country and towns, especially Reading, Pangbourne, Oxford, and Stratford-on-Avon, through which he cycled.

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Then, again, there is Fred Hills, who went whizzing up into Yorkshire for a week or so. “Had a fine time, and wish I was starting to have it over again!” says Fred, who seems to regard a ride of two hundred and fifty miles up the country as three days’ fun.

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**The Veteran's Big Journey.**

But for an out-and-out Rambler Sam Clark takes the biscuit! Late in September he scooted off on his machine Londonwards, spent the first night in Wimbledon, and was away next day through Putney and Finchley to Barnet. Here Sam left the Great North Road, and cut across to see the Abbey at St. Alban’s; then ran on into Towcester for the night by Fenny Stratford.

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Next day he made for Daventry and Coventry, looking over the birthplace of his Rover bicycle whilst in the city of spires, and then visiting Birmingham. Early on the following morning he was in Walsall, seeing the Leatheries, where Sam found trade a bit slack; then away to Bournville - where the cocoa comes from! - and on to Worcester for a look at the Cathedral, finally coming to anchor once again in Towcester.

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Keeping along the Severn Valley, Sam touched Gloucester, visited the Cathedral, and went on through Chepstow to Newport in Monmouth. It was a pretty ride, for Sam’s route by the side of the Severn had taken him past the Malvern Hills and the Cotswolds, whilst from Newport he could see the Brecknock Beacons out in Wales.

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The Veteran was soon away again, by steam boat to Penarth and Weston-super-Mare, then awheel to the Cheddar Caves, and on to Wells, where Sam again indulged his passion for Cathedrals. He now headed homewards through Frome, Salisbury - another Cathedral! - Romsey, Botley, Fareham, and Chichester.

Altogether Sam had a perfect time of it, and was very fit all through the journey. He was very much struck with the kindly hospitality of the West of England, and will be pleased to give some useful information to others going over the ground.

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**Patience and Pluck Rewarded.**

I am right glad to say the patience and pluck of two young Excelsiorites have been rewarded. Jack Standing and "Darkie" Woodward have each gained the Club's silver medal for riding a hundred miles inside seven hours.

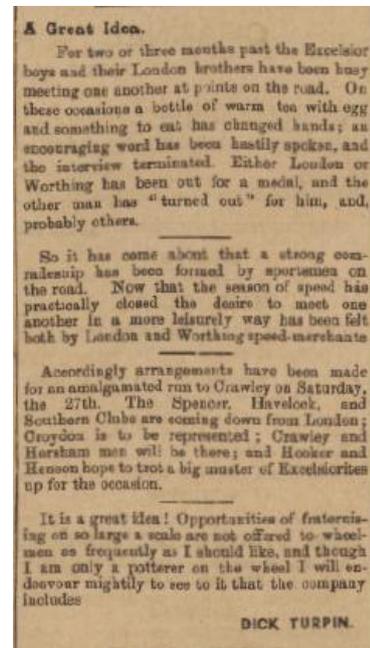
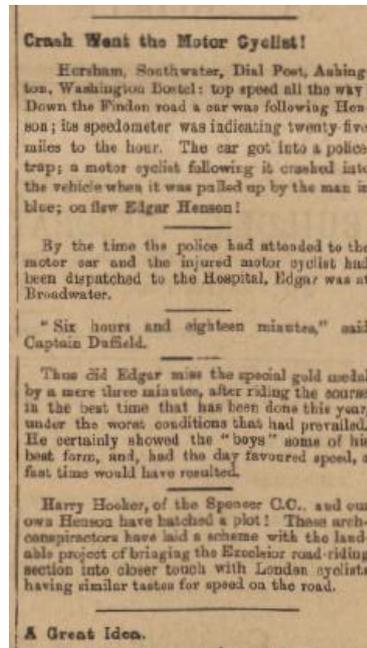
-----  
A very windy day made the work hard, but neither of the men was to be denied. They stuck manfully to their respective tasks, and were rewarded. Woodward was timed in by Captain Duffield with seven minutes to spare, and Jack Standing with a margin of the minutes, the latter having been hindered at Woodhatch.

-----  
Edgar Henson, Victor Cowan, Albert Standing, and George Stoner looked after Jack Standing very well; and Woodward was well cared for by a chum and T.A. Durant, the latter putting in some warm miles up at Woodhatch to get refreshments ready and avoid the delay which fell to the lot of Standing.

**DICK TURPIN.**

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 17.10.1906 P2C6



## THE WHEELING WORLD.

### A Weekly Survey.

#### DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

"The first niggling of October frost"  
*Wordsworth.*

#### Edgar versus Boreas!

**A** HUNDRED years old, but beautifully descriptive of what Edgar Henson experienced shortly after six o'clock a morning or two ago. The speed man was riding against time and, incidentally, a pretty heavy, cold wind from the north. So cold was it that patches of ice were to be seen on the road near Arundel.

Followed by Sawkins, Cowan, and Maginn, he cut along in great style; less than two hours saw him to Westhamnett and back to Offington. Maginn had a spill at Hammerpot on the return ride, but escaped unhurt, although Cowan, unable to dodge the prostrate wheelman, rode clean over him.

-----  
From Offington the work was very heavy; it was a duel between Edgar Henson and King Boreas, both being in good fighting trim!

-----  
Kay, of Horsham, stared when Edgar came along. "Billy" Pett, the fifty miles Champion of Great Britain, and Hugo, his Club-mate, were awaiting the rider at Woodhatch, but did not expect him as the day turned out. There was far too much wind for fast riding.

-----  
But Edgar got there!

-----  
The run home was easy. Sawkins, who penetrated to Crawley, timed some of the miles to be reeled off at thirty to the hour. It was a flying dash for thirty-four miles in the hope of recovering the time lost in fighting King Boreas.

-----  
**Crash Went the Motor Cyclist!**

Horsham, Southwater, Dial Post, Ashington, Washington Bostel: top speed all the way! Down the Findon road a car was following Henson; its speedometer was indicating twenty five miles to the hour. The car got into a police trap; a motor cyclist following it crashed into the vehicle when it was pulled up by the man in blue;<sup>i</sup> on flew Edgar Henson!

-----  
By the time the police had attended to the motor car and the injured motor cyclist had been dispatched to the Hospital, Edgar was at Broadwater.

-----  
"Six hours and eighteen minutes," said Captain Duffield.

-----  
Thus did Edgar miss the special gold medal by a mere three minutes, after riding the course in the best time that has been done this year, under the worst conditions that had prevailed. He certainly showed the "boys" some of his best form, and, had the day favoured speed, a fast time would have resulted.

-----  
Harry Hooker, of the Spencer C.C., and our own Henson have hatched a plot! These arch-conspirators have laid a scheme with the laudable project of bringing the Excelsior road-riding section into closer touch with London cyclists having similar tastes for speed on the road.

-----  
**A Great Idea.**

For two or three months past the Excelsior boys and their London brothers have been busy meeting one another at points on the road. On these occasions a bottle of warm tea with egg and something to eat has changed hands; an encouraging word has been hastily spoken, and

the interview terminated. Either London or Worthing has been out for a medal, and the other man has "turned out" for him, and, probably others.

-----

So it has come about that a strong comradeship has been formed by sportsmen on the road. Now that the season of speed has practically closed the desire to meet one another in a more leisurely way has been felt both by London and Worthing speed-merchants.

-----

Accordingly arrangements have been made for an amalgamated run to Crawley on Saturday, the 27th. The Spencer, Havelock, and Southern Clubs are coming down from London ; Croydon is to be represented; Crawley and Horsham men will be there; and Hooker and Henson hope to trot a big master of Excelsiorites up for the occasion.

-----

It is a great idea! Opportunities of fraternising on so large a scale are not offered to wheelmen as frequently as I should like, and though I am only a potterer on the wheel I will endeavour mightily to see to it that the company includes

**DICK TURPIN.**

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<sup>i</sup> The Worthing Gazette of 17.10.1906 (**P5C7**) reports a motor-cycle crash: Sgt. Payne and two constables were speed-checking on a ¼-mile length between Offington corner and Vale Farm (where Vale Road is now?). After the sergeant had given the signal to stop a car he noticed a motor-cyclist riding close behind it, so gave a "cancel last" signal - not seen by his constable. The car stopped in 30-40 yds but the motor-cyclist crashed into it, and was taken to hospital in the car. The "Worthing Ambulance" of the day, a wicker-work barrow, pushed by a sturdy copper, did not attend.

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 24.10.1906 P2C4

### THE WHEELING WORLD.

#### A Weekly Survey.

##### DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

###### Delights of Autumn Cycling.

AUTUMN is on the wane; those patches of mud on the country roads are steadily increasing in size and in number; leaves are falling, and the time to light up gets earlier day by day. But when we are favoured with a sunny day in late autumn what can be better than a day on the wheel!

"Worth a week in August!" said I to a chum as we pedalled Arundelwards on one of these sunny

"Bather!" came the reply.

My companion, like myself, is not very partial to being broiled alive as he toils along a glaring, dusty road, with King Sol beaming down on him from a cloudless sky.

From Arundel we wandered a wheel along the riverside footpath to Amberley, doing a little photography and some blackberrying on the way.

Thence by the road to Bury and on to Bignor to see the Roman pavement.

Neither of us had visited it before, and both were surprised to see so much remaining flooring of the villa where presumably lived the Governor of the district. Protected by well-built sheds are portions of the paving, with the figure of Ganymede and a head representing Winter.

The hot-air piping under the floor can be traced; some of the original foundations of the walls are there; ... the fragments of columns still remain.

There are many indications of the size of the villa, which occupied a very large site. Clearly Bignor was a much more important place when the triumphant Roman called it Ad Decimum, and when it marked ten miles up the Stane Street from Regnum, otherwise Chichester.

Soon we had to move the hands of time on

two thousand years, however, and betake ourselves to our bicycles. The bye-lanes round West Burton, Coates, and Fittleworth attracted us.

And, whilst photographing a bit near Fittleworth, where two graceful swans added an interest to the foreground of a promising landscape, we looked at our watches. Lo! the day had vanished; it was tea time.

It was only a matter of minutes ere we were discussing an ample repast in the Swan hostelry not bird, this time!—and voting a sunny day in October the real thing for pleasant cycling.

###### Edgar's Ill-Luck Again.

Yet again has Edgar Henson proved that he can ride a hundred miles in six hours and a quarter; yet again has the coveted medal been snatched from his grasp at the last moment by ill-luck!

Starting off in good style an hour saw him at Westhampnett; two hours found him back at Offington; in three hours he was at Horsham, having ridden half the worst half of the hundred miles.

Bespattered with the sticky mud that made speed work difficult, but riding well nevertheless, the fourth hour took him to Woodhatch, and the fifth hour brought him back as far as Horsham.

Rain on this stretch of road gave Edgar a drenching; the wind, too, had swung round to the south and, at the critical time, was very strong; the mud was still flying.

But despite everything Edgar was over the top of Washington Bostel with still nineteen minutes in which to ride home.

This has previously been more than sufficient time for the speedy Henson; but a puncture intervened and valuable time was lost whilst another machine was adjusted for him. Meantime Edgar had been struggling along on the deflated tyre, thus doing work which told heavily.

So he finished up in six hours and nineteen

minutes and a half, a ride which only he himself has beaten this year. Edgar takes a sportsman's view of things. With all his bad luck he has twice this year ridden the course in faster time than his Club-mates, and proved that decent luck would permit of his winning the special medal. "Never mind the medal," said Edgar when this was pointed out; "I am satisfied with the performance!"

###### Securing a Medal.

J. Flint, a Shoreham member of the Excelsior Club, succeeded in winning the gold centre medal on the same day, taking exactly fifteen minutes longer than Henson.

Flint rode very gamely, starting eleven minutes after Henson. Slowly this interval increased to sixteen minutes on the run to Westhampnett and back; at Woodhatch it was twenty-nine minutes, but on the final ride home Flint pulled back three minutes, and arrived at Broadwater to receive the congratulations of Edgar and the boys upon winning his first Club medal.

It will not be his last, I imagine, for Flint's ride under the adverse conditions which prevailed on the day shows him to be in the gold medal class.

Keen interest is being taken in the amalgamated run to Crawley next Saturday. It formed the subject of conversation with four London tandem crews which I met a day or two back; they represented various Clubs who were coming down to meet the Excelsiorites at Crawley.

I informed by Captain Dnfield that the main body of Worthing men set out from the Railway Bridge at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon; tea at Crawley at half-past six.

DICK TURPIN.

### THE WHEELING WORLD.

#### A Weekly Survey.

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"Worth a week in August!" said I to a chum as we pedalled Arundelwards on one of these sunny days.

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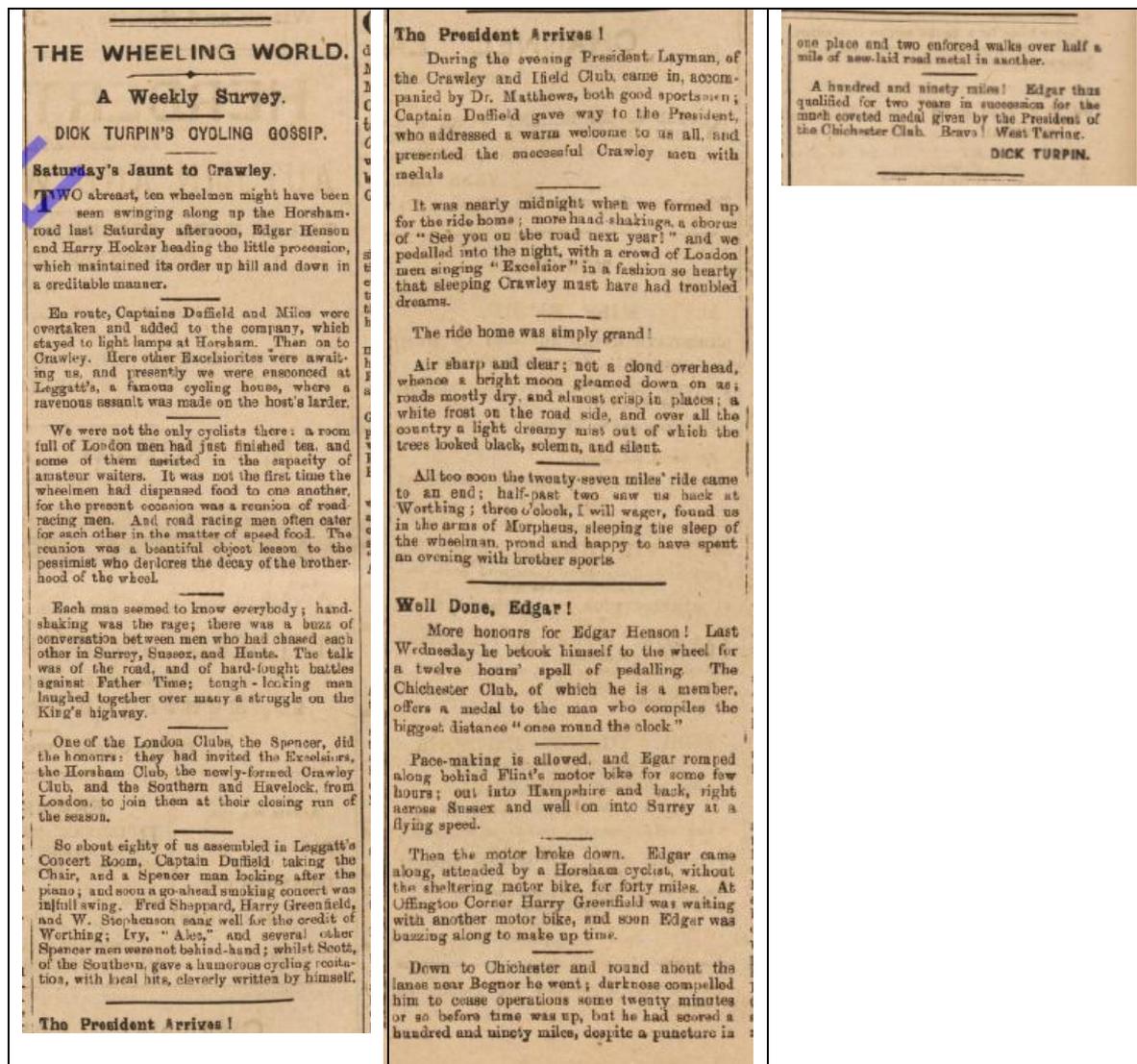
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**DICK TURPIN.**

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 31.10.1906 P2C6



## THE WHEELING WORLD.

### A Weekly Survey.

#### DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

##### Saturday's Jaunt to Crawley.

TWO abreast, ten wheelmen might have been seen swinging along up the Horsham-road last Saturday afternoon, Edgar Henson and Harry Hooker heading the little procession, which maintained its order up hill and down in a creditable manner.

En route, Captains Duffield and Miles were

overtaken and added to the company, which stayed to light lamps at Horsham. Then on to Crawley. Here other Excelsiorites were awaiting us, and presently we were ensconced at Leggatt's, a famous cycling house, where a ravenous assault was made on the host's larder.

-----

We were not the only cyclists there; a room full of London men had just finished tea, and some of them assisted in the capacity of amateur waiters. It was not the first time the wheelmen had dispensed food to one another, for the present occasion was a reunion of road-racing men. And road racing men often cater for each other in the matter of speed food. The reunion was a beautiful object lesson to the pessimist who deplores the decay of the brotherhood of the wheel.

-----

Each man seemed to know everybody; hand-shaking was the rage; there was a buzz of conversation between men who had chased each other in Surrey, Sussex, and Hants. The talk was of the road, and of hard-fought battles against Father Time; tough-looking men laughed together over many a struggle on the King's highway.

-----

One of the London Clubs, the Spencer, did the honours: they had invited the Excelsiors, the Horsham Club, the newly-formed Crawley Club, and the Southern and Havelock, from London, to join them at their closing run of the season.

-----

So about eighty of us assembled in Leggatt's Concert Room, Captain Duffield taking the Chair, and a Spencer man looking after the piano; and soon a go-ahead smoking concert was in full swing. Fred Sheppard, Harry Greenfield and W. Stephenson sang well for the credit of Worthing; Ivy, "Alec," and several other Spencer men were not behind-hand; whilst Scott, of the Southern, gave a humorous cycling recitation, with local hits, cleverly written by himself.

-----  
**The President Arrives!**

During the evening President Layman, of the Crawley and Ifield Club, came in, accompanied by Dr. Matthews, both good sportsmen; Captain Duffield gave way to the President, who addressed a warm welcome to us all, and presented the successful Crawley men with medals.

-----

It was nearly midnight when we formed up for the ride home; more hand shakings, a chorus of "See you on the road next year!" and we pedalled into the night, with a crowd of London men singing "Excelsior" in a fashion so hearty

that sleeping Crawley must have had troubled dreams.

-----  
The ride home was simply grand!

-----  
Air sharp and clear, not a cloud overhead,  
whence a bright moon beamed down on us;  
roads mostly dry, and almost crisp in places: a  
white frost on the road side, and over all the  
country a light dreamy mist, out of which the  
trees looked black, solemn and silent.

-----  
All too soon the twenty-seven miles' ride came  
to an end; half-past two saw us back at  
Worthing; three o'clock, I will wager, found us  
in the arms of Morpheus, sleeping the sleep of  
the wheelman, proud and happy to have spent  
an evening with brother sports.

-----  
**Well Done, Edgar!**

More honours for Edgar Henson! Last  
Wednesday he betook himself to the wheel for  
a twelve hours' spell of pedalling. The  
Chichester Club, of which he is a member,  
offers a medal to the man who compiles the  
biggest distance "once round the clock."

-----  
Pace-making is allowed, and Edgar romped  
along behind Flint's motor bike for some few  
hours; out into Hampshire and back, right  
across Sussex and well on into Surrey at a  
flying speed.

-----  
Then the motor broke down. Edgar came  
along, attended by a Horsham cyclist, without  
the sheltering motor bike, for forty miles. At  
Offington Corner Harry Greenfield was waiting  
with another motor bike, and soon Edgar was  
buzzing along to make up time.

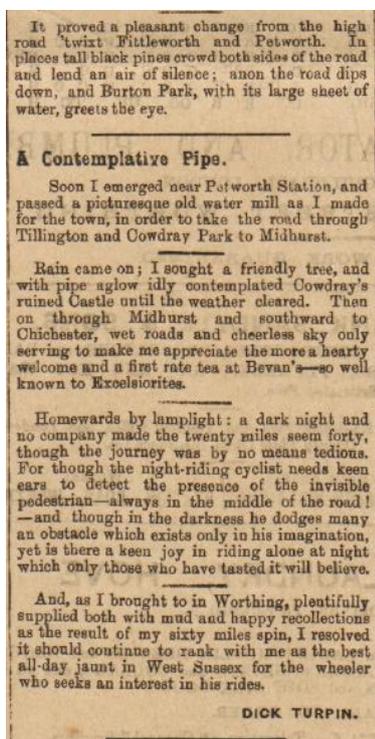
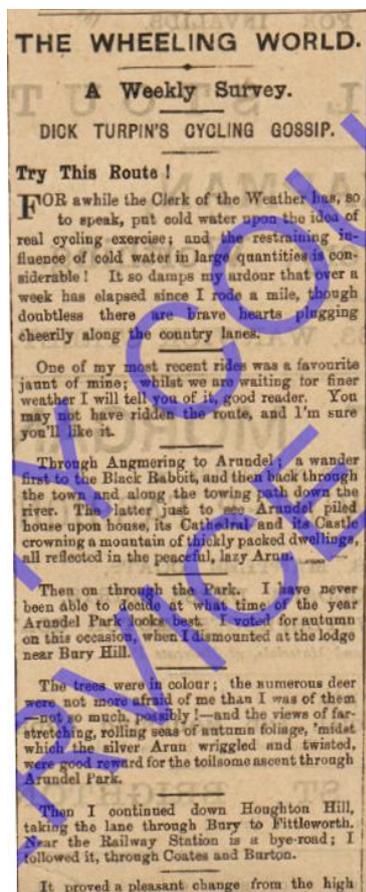
-----  
Down to Chichester and round about the  
lanes near Bognor he went; darkness compelled  
him to cease operations some twenty minutes  
or so before time was up, but he had scored a  
hundred and ninety miles, despite a puncture in  
one place and two enforced walks over half a  
mile of new-laid road metal in another.

-----  
A hundred and ninety miles! Edgar thus  
qualified for two years in succession for the  
much coveted medal given by the President of  
the Chichester Club. Bravo! West Tarring.

**DICK TURPIN.**

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 7.11.1906 P2C5



## THE WHEELING WORLD.

-----  
A Weekly Survey.  
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DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.  
-----

### Try this Route!

FOR a while the Clerk of the Weather has, so to speak, put cold water upon the idea of real cycling exercise; and the restraining influence of cold water in large quantities is considerable. It so dampens my ardour that over a week has elapsed since I rode a mile, though doubtless there are brave hearts plugging cheerily along the country lanes.

-----  
One of my most recent rides was a favourite jaunt of mine; whilst we are waiting for finer weather I will tell you of it, good reader. You may not have ridden the route, and I'm sure you'll like it.  
-----

Through Angmering to Arundel; a wander  
first to the Black Rabbit, and then back through  
the town and along the towing path down the  
river. The latter just to see Arundel piled  
house upon house, its Cathedral and its Castle  
crowning a mountain of thickly packed dwellings,  
all reflected in the peaceful, lazy Arun.

-----

Then on through the Park. I have never  
been able to decide at what time of the year  
Arundel Park looks best. I voted for autumn  
on this occasion, when I dismounted at the lodge  
near Bury Hill.

-----

The trees were in colour; the numerous deer  
were not more afraid of me than I was of them  
- not so much, possibly! - and the views of far-  
stretching, rolling seas of autumn foliage, 'midst  
which the silver Arun wriggled and twisted,  
were good reward for the toilsome ascent through  
Arundel Park.

-----

Then I continued down Houghton Hill,  
taking the lane through Bury to Fittleworth.  
Near the Railway Station is a bye road; I  
followed it, through Coates and Burton.

-----

It proved a pleasant change from the high  
road 'twixt Fittleworth and Petworth. In  
places tall black pines crowd both sides of the road  
and lend an air of silence; anon the road dips  
down, and Burton Park, with its large sheet of  
water, greets the eye.

-----

#### **A Contemplative Pipe.**

Soon I emerged near Petworth Station, and  
passed a picturesque old water mill as I made  
for the town, in order to take the road through  
Tillington and Cowdray Park to Midhurst.

-----

Rain came on; I sought a friendly tree, and  
with pipe aglow idly contemplated Cowdray's  
ruined Castle until the weather cleared. Then  
on through Midhurst and southward to  
Chichester, wet roads and cheerless sky only  
serving to make me appreciate the more a hearty  
welcome and first rate tea at Bevan's - so well  
known to Excelsiorites.

-----

Homewards by lamplight: a dark night and  
no company made the twenty miles seem forty,  
thought the journey was by no means tedious.  
For though the night-riding cyclist needs keen  
ears to detect the presence of the invisible  
pedestrian - always in the middle of the road!  
- and though in the darkness he dodges many  
an obstacle which exists only in his imagination,  
yet there is a keen joy in riding alone at night  
which only those who have tasted it will believe.

-----

And, as I brought to in Worthing, plentifully supplied both with mud and happy recollections as the result of my sixty miles spin, I resolved it should continue to rank with me as the best all-day jaunt in West Sussex for the wheeler who seeks an interest in his rides.

**DICK TURPIN.**

## THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 7.11.1906 P2C5

THE WHEELING WORLD.  
A Weekly Survey.  
DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

**End of the Chapter.**

SO short a time ago it seems since we were discussing where to cycle at Eastertide, and yet we have whirled our way through another cycling season, and with some surprise find ourselves almost on the threshold of winter.

We have, so to speak, reached the summit of another hill on the highway of life—a hill which marks the end of one more stage in our ride.

And from these summits we like to take the opportunity of casting a retrospective glance over the stage we have just travelled ere we attempt to peer into the mists which enshroud the stage along which our wheels will next travel.

As we look back over 1906 the predominant feature seems to be sunshine. Hundreds of pretty, sunlit landscapes present themselves to the eye of memory, which discerns many a jolly group of wheelers wending along the high-ways and byeways. Yes, indeed; sunshine has been plentiful!

Excelsiorites will recall more Club outings during the past year than has been the case for several seasons, for Captain Duffield's energy has resulted in happy runs to such spots as Henfield, Fittleworth, Burpham, and Horsham.

The big turn-out of wheelers at the invitation of President Warne will be long remembered by the half-a-hundred who spent so enjoyable a day at Selsey too. Again, the Strawberry Feast at Washington, and the Honorary Secretary's outing to Findon, each served to supply a hundred cyclists with a glad heart a-piece.

And Next Year!

THE WHEELING WORLD.  
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And Next Year!

But Excelsior muscles are the right sort; the men have "got there." The hundred miles course has this year been ridden by Edgar Benson (6 hours 19 min.), H. Worley (6 hours 21 min.), J. Flint (6 hours 34 min.), E. Maginn (6 hours 37 min.), E. Sawkins (6 hours 40 min.), F. Jay (6 hours 43 min.), A. Standing (6 hours 51 min.), D. Woodwards (6 hours 53 min.), J. Standing (6 hours 58 min.), and W. Mungean (6 hours 59 min.). Only one man has tackled the twelve hours' ride, to wit, J. Mungean, who won the gold medal by riding one hundred and seventy miles, with a quarter of an hour to spare at the end of his journey.

**On the Racing Track.**

Turning to the race-path we are proud to find Sam Clark still the Veteran Champion of Sussex. And we get a surprise when we see Benson forsake for the moment his "speed-iron" and win a prize in a veteran's running race at the Excelsior's Annual Sports!

And he does not stay at that; he has him to Emsworth and beats all the other veterans in a quarter-mile running race there. Resuming his bicycle he rides a hundred and ninety miles in twelve hours behind motor pacing; this brings him the valued medal offered by the President of the Chichester Club, of which Edgar is a member.

It is Benson again who has been mainly instrumental in bringing the Excelsior men into contact with wheelmen from London and other parts. Riding in the Southern hundred miles road race, and assisting in speed work very largely, he is widely known by the speed riders on Southern roads. Hence we find nearly a score of Excelsior men riding to Crawley, fraternising with a hundred or so assorted scorchers from London and round about, and returning at dead of night with a deep conviction that the "brotherhood of the wheel" still exists.

Yes, good reader! the stage of our journey just concluded has, I am sure, brought its full measure of enjoyment; it is interesting to pause and gaze back over it. And as we turn to resume our journey, let me wish you many a brisk spin over the frosty roads we can see just on ahead. Such spins will keep you fit and ready for the sunshine we hope for in 1907!

DICK TURPIN.

## THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

### End of the Chapter.

SO short a time ago it seems since we were discussing where to cycle at Eastertide, and yet we have whirled our way through another cycling season, and with some surprise find ourselves almost on the threshold of winter.

We have, so to speak, reached the summit of another hill on the highway of life - a hill which marks the end of one more stage in our ride.

And from these summits we like to take the opportunity of casting a retrospective glance over the stage we have just travelled ere we

attempt to peer into the mists which enshroud  
the stage along which our wheels will next  
travel.

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As we look back over 1906 the predominant  
feature seems to be sunshine. Hundreds of  
pretty, sunlit landscapes present themselves  
to the eye of memory, which discerns many a  
jolly group of wheelers wending along the high-  
ways and byeways. Yes, indeed; sunshine has  
been plentiful!

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Excelsiorites will recall more Club outings  
during the past year than has been the case for  
several seasons, for Captain Duffield's energy  
has resulted in happy runs to such spots as  
Henfield, Fittleworth, Burpham, and Horsham.

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The big turn-out of wheelers at the invitation  
of President Warne will be long remembered  
by the half-a-hundred who spent so enjoyable a  
day at Selsey too. Again, the Strawberry  
Feast at Washington, and the Honorary Secre-  
tary's outing to Findon, each served to supply a  
hundred cyclists with a glad heart a-piece.

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**And Next Year!**

Edgar Henson's run into Cheriton and  
around Hampshire proved so enjoyable that I  
anticipate more of such hundred-mile Club runs  
next year. What a buzz of excitement the six-  
teen wheelmen made over that breakfast at  
Midhurst! Oh! yes. I was there!

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Turning from Club outings to individual  
rides, we notice quite a number of men carrying  
out long jaunts.

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"Excelsior," whose identity is still hidden by  
a veil I cannot pierce, seems to have got farthest  
away; I had postcards sent by the unknown  
one from Edinburgh and Queensferry.

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Captain Brake, of the Primrose League C.C.,  
pedalled down to Somersetshire; T.A. Durant  
went a-rambling midst the dales of Derby;  
Exton cycled to Birmingham; Hill rode to  
Yorkshire; and the Veteran Sam Clark had a  
big trip around the West of England, touching  
Coventry, and working his way down to  
Newport, in Monmouthshire, a tour full of  
interest.

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Medhurst, whose propensity for condensing  
a week's tour into a one-day ride is well known,  
carried out a two hundred and thirty miles ride  
to Bath and back 'twixt one early morn and  
the wee sma' hours which preceded the next.  
The Brothers Mungeam, too, rode to Chatham  
and back, a hundred and sixty miles, at one

sitting.

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Gazing back over 1906, we see more Excelsior speed men on the road than ever, bravely battling their way against King Boreas, who ever seems to direct his winds against them, and the puncture demon, who has also been very much in evidence.

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But Excelsior muscles are the right sort; the men have "got there." The hundred miles course has this year been ridden by Edgar Henson (6 hours 19 min.), H. Worley (6 hours 21 min.), J. Flint (6 hours 34 min.), E. Maginn (6 hours 37 min.), E. Sawkins (6 hours 40 min.), F. Jay (6 hours 43 min.), A. Standing (6 hours 51 min.), D. Woodward (6 hours 53 min.), J. Standing (6 hours 58 min.), and W. Mungeam (6 hours 59 min.). Only one man has tackled the twelve hours' ride, to wit, J. Mungeam, who won the gold medal by riding one hundred and seventy miles, with a quarter of an hour to spare at the end of his journey.

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**On the Racing Track.**

Turning to the race-path we are proud to find Sam Clark still the Veteran Champion of Sussex. And we get a surprise when we see Henson forsake for the moment his "speed-iron" and win a prize in a veteran's running race at the Excelsior's Annual Sports!

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And he does not stay at that: he hies him to Emsworth and beats all the other veterans in a quarter-mile running race there. Resuming his bicycle he rides a hundred and ninety miles in twelve hours behind motor pacing; this brings him the valued medal offered by the President of the Chichester Club, of which Edgar is a member.

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It is Henson again who has been mainly instrumental in bringing the Excelsior men into contact with wheelmen from London and other parts. Riding in the Southern hundred miles road race, and assisting in speed work very largely, he is widely known by the speed riders on Southern roads. Hence we find nearly a score of Excelsior men riding to Crawley, fraternising with a hundred or so assorted scorchers from London and round about, and returning at dead of night with a deep conviction that the "brotherhood of the wheel" still exists.

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Yes, good reader! the stage of our journey just concluded has, I am sure, brought its full measure of enjoyment; it is interesting to pause and gaze back over it. And as we turn to resume our journey, let me wish you many a

brisk spin over the frosty roads we can see just  
on ahead. Such spins will keep you fit and  
ready for the sunshine we hope for in 1907!

**DICK TURPIN.**