

THE WHEELING WORLD

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<p>THE WHEELING WORLD.</p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.</p> <p>A Big Day's Ride.</p> <p>WHAT 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>And Then to Bed!</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 Masbeth, 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>For the Medal.</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>Traces of the Great Storm.</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>DICK TURPIN.</p>
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A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

A Big Day's Ride.

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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.

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,
Warminster, and into Bath.

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.

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.

Sussex was asleep as he came through
Chichester. So far he had escaped punctures,
but before Arundel was reached this little over-
sight was remedied. For surely it must be an
oversight on the part of any tyre when it runs
two hundred miles without a puncture!

Well, anyway, Medhurst had a big repair job
on hand, thanks to a pointed remark on the
part of a sharp flint soon after leaving Chichester.

And Then to Bed!

Then came Arundel; Medhurst walking
the only hill he walked on the ride when he
dismounted for Causeway Hill, which was by no
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Doubtless Medhurst would, with Macbeth, dub
it "Chief nourisher in life's feast."

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.

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!

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.

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.

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!

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.

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.

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.

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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