

Researcher's note: with this first issue of 1907, i.e. that of 1st May 1907, the Gazette type-setters have radically changed the heading of Richard Long's articles. I lack the skill to replicate that, but here's my best effort.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 1.5.1907 P3C6

<p style="text-align: center;">THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>In the Saddle Again! SEEING that we have arrived at the season of the year which witnesses a rekindling of interest in wheeling matters, I have once again been able to prevail upon the Editor to allow me the space wherein to gossip as of yore. So, good reader, we find ourselves at the start of another season. Shall it be that, through the medium of these Weekly Gossips, you and I together mount our machines and pedal along side by side over the ups and downs, in the sunshine and shadow, through the little incidents the season will bring?</p> <p>Let us hope there may be more of sunshine than of shadow, and that our miles may be mingled with mirth!</p> <p>In any case our journey through the season has commenced under happy circumstances. King Sol has been lavish of his smiles, and we wheelers have had more than usual encouragement to stretch our wings after a lazy winter.</p> <p>Tempted by fair skies and good roads, we have betaken ourselves to the wheel; stirred to unwonted enthusiasm by the life and energy of Nature in spring, we have already visited once again many of our familiar haunts.</p> <p>I Break New Ground. During one of these little wing-stretching excursions recently I broke fresh ground; to my companion—U. S. Ashford, of the Excelsior C.C.—it proved as pleasing as to me; and possibly other wheelers with rambling tendencies may be interested.</p> <p>A sturdy member of the Alexandra C.C. had</p>	<p>A sturdy member of the Alexandra C.C. had passed us—quite as quickly as we could get—as far as Washington, whence we took the road through Storrington and Pullborough.</p> <p>Just beyond Pullborough and Stopham we turned to the right, along a bye-lane which, after wriggling up hill and down for a mile, brought us to Harwood's Green, hitherto unexplored by us.</p> <p>At Rome copy the Romans; at Harwood's Green do as Harwood's Green does! That is to say, "Don't hurry!"</p> <p>Harwood's Green is obviously one of the places that never has and never will hurry. We copied it.</p> <p>An hour after our arrival I had succeeded in leisurely photographing one of the tiny streamlets to be found there, lazily winding in and out among the rushes to join the Arun, which is close at hand. And I was similarly engaged upon a primrose-strewn meadow, which, sloping away down to the river, with some half-dozen cows dawdling in and out among its scrub trees, looked very pleasing.</p> <p>Ashford, after making a selection from a well-stocked bank of daffodils, was taking a geography lesson—so I understand—from the Belle of the Green.</p> <p>From Road to River. Continuing our ramble, mostly afoot, we reamed through a wood and across more fields for a mile or so to Pullingham. In ordinary times a bridge spans the Arun here; but the Arun, augmented by spring rains, had suddenly become of impetuousness, with the result that the bridge had become an island in mid-stream!</p> <p>Inquiries and bribes, with more tramping</p>	<p>Inquiries and bribes, with more tramping over fields, brought us to a boat into which we carefully bestowed ourselves and machines, whilst a couple of young men of the neighbourhood completed the crew.</p> <p>Putting off was somewhat exciting, but ultimately we got the unwieldy vessel under way, reached the opposite bank, and effected a landing; our Pullingham friends scrambling back to the other side again after drifting some distance down stream.</p> <p>Farther up the river we came across an old lock and a now disused canal; picturesque it was, and of service as a landmark, for, locating it on the map, we soon found our way by path and bye-lane to Codmore Hill, on the Pullborough-Billingshurst road, thence through Pullborough and Storrington home.</p> <p>The piece of country we explored should, I think, appeal to the cyclist who is in no hurry, does not mind some tramping, and likes to get off the beaten and motor-ridden track in search of the really rural.</p> <p>Going Farther Afield. More energetic riders would have preferred the company of Frank Malhurst recently: he rode to Bath and back with scarcely a stop! Or that of Standing, Sawkins, and Cowan—the two former on a tandem—when they scorchered to Horsham last Saturday week.</p> <p>Coming home late at night they were caught in heavy rain, but forgot all the discomfort in the joy of doing "good time." Oh! that Horsham-road!</p> <p>It holds a subtle fascination for the speed man, and many a hundred three-minute miles it must have witnessed.</p> <p>But I like the Harwood's Green pace better!</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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A sturdy member of the Alexandra C.C. had paced us—quite as quickly as we cared for - as far as Washington, whence we took the road through Storrington and Pulborough.

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Continuing our ramble, mostly afoot, we roamed through a wood and across more fields for a mile or so to Pullinghamⁱ. In ordinary times a bridge spans the Arun here; but the Arun, augmented by spring rains, had suddenly become of importance, with the result that the bridge had become an island in mid-stream!

Inquiries and bribes, with more tramping over fields, brought us to a boat into which we carefully bestowed ourselves and machines, whilst a couple of young men of the neighbourhood completed the crew.

Putting off was somewhat exciting, but ultimately we got the unwieldy vessel under way, reached the opposite bank, and effected a landing; our Pullingham friends scrambling back to the other side again after drifting some distance down stream.

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the joy of doing "good time." Oh that Horsham road!

It holds a subtle fascination for the speed man, and many a hundred three-minute miles it must have witnessed.

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DICK TURPIN.

ⁱ This may be modern Pallingham (I remember a Wey and Arun canal lock there), but "Pullingham" was certainly Dick Long's spelling here.

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Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 8.5.1907 P3C5

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>Spring and Its Glories. WHITE fleecy clouds flying across a sunny sky, driven by a breeze which made pedalling rather warm work; roads perfect just for a few hours, thanks to the showers of yesterday; every twig on every tree tipped with green and telling of life; the thrush and the nightingale giving gratuitous music lessons; my bicycle running as sweetly as could be, when—"Toot! toot!" exclaimed a hoarse-throated demon perched apparently on my right shoulder, and roaring in my ear.</p> <p>A hasty wobble to the grassy roadside, and L.C. several-hundred-and-something tore past, close at my elbow!</p> <p>Perhaps I was dreaming; perhaps it was the head wind which deadened the approaching noise; anyway, I felt very little affection for L.C., etc., as the monster rushed granting onwards, leaving a legacy of dust and petrol fumes.</p> <p>Farther on I overtook a couple of cyclists, and we dug steadily away Arundel-wards, listening for nightingales with one ear and motor cars with the other.</p> <p>Beauties of Arundel. Arrived at Arundel, we rambled around to the Black Rabbit. My companions were Volunteers, and their anticipations of next month's Camp became more eager as we went.</p> <p>For the river looked very inviting to anyone inclined for boating. Swanborne Lake was gay with swans; a peacock proudly exhibited his plumage as we rode past; and the Park—well, the Park is always a delight to me.</p> <p>And I gathered from my companions that the forthcoming week of military life was not likely to prove so strenuous as to entirely debar them from enjoyment of the beauties of Arundel.</p> <p>Feeling the Draught. The March winds, which have been so active in May, proved very troublesome, even to the hardy, all-the-year-riders—the Invicta wheelers.</p> <p>About a dozen of them cycled to Brighton</p>	<p>About a dozen of them cycled to Brighton last Wednesday, and on the return journey "felt the draught." So strong was the wind that riding was almost impossible; in fact a little bird whispered to me that more than one member had perforce to walk some miles of the way.</p> <p>And didn't get home till very nearly morning!</p> <p>Medhurst and Ashford, of the Excelsior Club, were also on the same road. Hard workers as they are, ten miles an hour was enough for them.</p> <p>'Tis a breezy ride between Brighton and Worthing. I remember struggling home with a fractious lamp in half a gale a few years back. I used no less than forty-eight matches, got terribly excited, and finally had to tie a handkerchief all round the lamp, and keep an inch of wick blazing to prevent its being extinguished.</p> <p>What I Want to Know. A quintette of speedy Excelsiorites—dubbing themselves the Potterers' C.C., of all things!—inform me they rode from Washington to Houghton Bridge in fifteen minutes recently.</p> <p>The distance is eight miles, so that the speed works out at thirty-two miles an hour. The road is by no means an ideal one for fast work.</p> <p>Now, what I wish to know is this: Did the Potterers, when they departed from Washington, also bid adieu to the Washingtonian love of truth they once possessed?</p> <p>If they did not, then it is my bounden duty to acquaint the Club Handicapper with the names of the five Potterers, otherwise, at the Excelsior Club's Sports on Whit Monday, I can in fancy already see the fiery five romping along yards in front of their fellow competitors, with the track simply smouldering under their wheels!</p> <p>Another speed merchant, Bert Churcher, had been eagerly looking forward to the Whitsuntide Sports, but unfortunately has disabled himself.</p> <p>Putting in a bit of time in the garden to keep fit, he was using a fork, when he impaled his big toe upon the implement—a painful experience, which will, I fear, keep the big gear pusher away from hard riding for some weeks.</p> <p><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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A WEEKLY SURVEY

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Spring and Its Glories.

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A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Dick Turpin". The signature is written in dark ink on a light-colored, slightly textured background.

ⁱ For the first time, the Gazette displays Richard Long's
"Dick Turpin" signature.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 15.5.1907 P2C6

<p style="text-align: center;">THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>Something about Stocks.</p> <p>“NO, they wouldn't be much good for now-a-days!” admitted a police constable to Medhurst, Ashford, and myself at Shalford the other day. The subject of the admission was a set of weather-beaten stocks just outside the Parish Church. The policeman opined that so populous an outskirts of Guildford would require accommodation for more than two prisoners in this twentieth century.</p> <p>Are we so much worse than our forefathers, or does the law now proscribe as crimes what once were merely follies?</p> <p>Leaving the question to the policeman and the stocks, we pedalled through Guildford and down the London-Portsmouth road.</p> <p>But not for long! Ere we cleared Guildford, Medhurst's front tyre expired with a sigh—its second offence that morning, by-the-by. We did not mind, as the delay occurred at the foot of the mound whereon stands the ruined St. Catherine's Chapel.</p> <p>And we climbed up to enjoy a close inspection of the old hostel, which, centuries ago, served to shelter the pilgrims on their way from Winchester to Canterbury.</p> <p>At our feet a stream of nowadays pilgrims, doing their penance in speedy motor cars, from London to Portsmouth and back. They formed an animated spectacle, which clashed strangely with our imaginary picture of sackcloth-clad pedestrians who pulled up footsore and weary to stay a night at St. Catherine's.</p> <p>The Return From Cloudland.</p> <p>Medhurst brought us abruptly back to earth by completing his repair. At Godalming my tyre punctured, and gave us a breather before tackling the three miles climb up Hind Head against a lively sou'-wester.</p> <p>For space give me Hind Head! 'Tis said the grand panorama of far-stretching country runs into thirteen counties. Anyway, the eye wanders on all sides over miles of farze-dlad common and away into a distance, which is only ended by hills lost in blue haze.</p> <p>And as for the Devil's Punch Bowl—an ocean of punch wouldn't fill the vast sweeping valley! We wondered whence His Satanic Majesty got his thirst. Probably climbing Hind Head against sou'-westers!</p> <p>Soon we were at Liphook, doing full justice to dinner—but no punch! Thence on through Petersfield, over breezy Butser Hill, and down to Emsworth. A dawdle home through Chichester and Arundel in the cool of the evening made a pleasant conclusion to our hundred mile ride—my first this year.</p> <p>Beating Father Time.</p> <p>Take Time by the forelock is the advice of the sage. Methinks the road-racing cyclist is laying the counsel to heart this year. For four of our “speed worms”—A. Standing, J. Standing, Cowan, and Sawkins—have already been helping some of their London comrades in their bouts with Father Time.</p> <p>Speed-work in May seems unreasonably early; I suppose the good condition of the roads must account for the speed men having been bustling about between Crawley and Brighton a day or two back. Well, one can't have too much of a good, healthy sport!</p> <p>I recently saw Lanny—a familiar figure on account of his wholesale medal rides—busily airing a new machine, and looking very fit already. We are getting on!</p> <p>At the Altar.</p>	<p>At the Altar.</p> <p>“With Mr. and Mrs. J. Dudley Daymond's Compliments,” says the latest of a long procession of silver-printed cards. So another eagle is caged. As Honorary Secretary of the Southern Roads Records Association, and holder, at different times, of the one hundred miles amateur track record, London, Brighton tricycle record, and various Southern Road records, Daymond ranks as a front-rank man.</p> <p>Yet his many friends in Worthing will bear witness to his modesty, which, coupled with a sportsman's good heart, went far to explain why “the boys” would always turn out in crowds for Dudley. May fortune smile upon him and his new partner!</p> <p>Writing of Daymond recalls his compeer on road and path, G. A. Olley. The unquenchable thirst for speed cycling which the popular Vegetarian always possessed has again manifested itself. From Land's End to John of Groat's—his most recent record—is not far enough! He is now arranging an attempt on the thousand miles' record, to come off shortly.</p> <p>Probably there is no one else in Great Britain so qualified as Olley for the task; he has speed, stamina, and the knowledge of how to feed and sleep on big rides. Should George have the luck he deserves, I anticipate a fine performance from him.</p> <p>Might Have Been Worse!</p> <p>A Worthing cyclist, E. S. Jordan, had the unfortunate experience of being run down by a motor car on the Shoreham road on Sunday. The machine was wrecked, and the rider received several nasty cuts and bruises besides being badly knocked about.</p> <p>The motorists conveyed the damaged wheelman to the Hospital, where he was bandaged up. I understand Mr. Jordan was endeavouring to cross the road, and that he misjudged the speed of the oncoming car. A week will elapse before he is able to get about again.</p> <p>But how very much worse things might have been!</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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A CYCLING EXPERIENCE.

Was a Practical Joker at Work on the Front?

To the Editor of the GAZETTE.

SIR,—Are the authorities at Worthing playing an elaborate practical joke on the cyclists who visit your charming town from the east? Late on Saturday evening, some time after dark, I was cycling along the eastern portion of the Front, when I was conscious of meeting some extraordinary resistance, and before I had quite realised what was happening, my machine had come to a dead stop, as if I had run into a somewhat elastic wall, and I was thrown clean off.

As I was picking up my machine, my lamp, and my scattered senses, I heard a shrill feminine scream, saw a lady leaving her cycle in a manner more expeditious than elegant, and heard a deep masculine ejaculation: "What in the name—!" etc.

It was therefore no freak of my own or of my machine that brought me to the ground. I then saw that the ground was covered for about a hundred yards, and to the depth of two or three inches, with sand.

In places there were deep ruts; in other

places there were corresponding elevations. My bicycle had found itself unable to plough its way through one of these drifts. In the dark the state of the ground was not discernable from the saddle. There was no light set up, or any indication of unusual conditions.

I found no sign of any convulsion of Nature that thus had converted what I generally know as an excellent surface into a miniature Sabara. I could only attribute the presence of the sand to human agency.

Of course a practical joker must have derived immense satisfaction from the expressions of the faces of cyclists as they came into contact with these heaps, and proved that a cycle is not adapted to ploughing operations: people whose sense of humour runs that way must have found the neighbourhood rich in comedy!

But as I nursed my strained wrist I must confess that the humorous aspect of the situation did not exactly obtrude itself upon me. Supposing there had been a motor-car behind me at the moment I was thrown! And surely a sand storm in the desert would have been child's play compared to the effects that two or three powerful cars would work up as they ploughed their way through!

Yours indignantly,

A BRIGHTON CYCLIST.

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But as I nursed my strained wrist I must confess that the humorous aspect of the situation did not exactly obtrude itself upon me. Supposing there had been a motor-car behind me at the moment I was thrown! And surely a sand storm in the desert would have been child's play compared to the effects that two or three powerful cars would work up as they ploughed their way through !

Yours indignantly,

A Brighton Cyclist .

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 22.5.1907 P2C7

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

Might Have Been Worse!

WHITSUNTIDE weather was hardly ideal for the cyclist, but, despite cloudy skies and a chilly nor'-easter, the roads were lively with wheelers. And though the sun scarce showed himself, the roads were in excellent trim and very free from dust. At Easter we had both sun and dust; hedges and roadside greenery were smothered in white, and Washington Bostel, I remember, looked like a snow-clad mountain pass. Yes; Whitsuntide weather might have been much worse.

The rueful ruminations of "A Brighton Cyclist" in last week's GAZETTE anent the layer of sand in Brighton-road were so humorously phrased that the sympathy his experience evoked was equalled by the smiles which resulted from his relation thereof.

There is danger by night in a patch of deeply laid sand, and wheelers will rejoice to know that the cause of our friend's downfall is now removed.

Tarred Road Surfaces.

Which reminds me: Sompting is one of the latest converts to tarred road surface. True, the experiment is being hardly so well carried out as it might be, but it is a step in the right direction.

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C. T. Wells—an old Excelsiorite—noticed extensive tarring operations at Leatherhead last week. The specially treated roads at Godalming and Milford, and also in and near Henfield, I found to be keeping in grand order when over them recently.

Henfield is the chosen venue for the Excelsior Club's President's run this year. A deputation of Clubmen, in the President's car, made a prospecting trip last week, and wisely allowed themselves to be overcome by the beauties of Henfield.

'Twould be hard to beat. I am anxiously awaiting the 16th of June, this being the date for which Captain Duffield tells me the popular outing is arranged.

Theories That Agreed.

Pedalling gently along the Shoreham-road the other day, I heard the swish of another rider's wheels as he rapidly overtook me. Some old page in my cycling life seemed to have opened again as I found myself once more "hanging on." A mile passed; I hastened ahead, and took my turn at making the pace.

I felt as frisky as Sawkins or Cowan, or some other of the speed boys, to whom this sort of thing is a daily occurrence.

The stranger and I, having thus introduced ourselves in strict accordance with the traditions of the road, fell into conversation. He was not a speed merchant, yet to my joy he was no believer in free wheels or speed gears.

His theory, like my own, is that idle pedalling downhill serves to keep the riders' joints free and in good working order. For just a thousand miles, one year, I used a free wheel, but had then to conclude it was of no service to me; I got lazier than ever!

An Unknown Joy.

An Unknown Joy.

Except for racing purposes, the free wheel is now universal; even many racing men use the device. It was quite comforting, therefore, to meet a fellow disciple of the fixed wheel for ordinary cycling.

Ah! you freewheelists; for you the mad, headlong rush down hill at a speed you never realise. But you know not the exhilarating joy which is for the fixed wheel rider behind you, with the pedals carrying his feet round to a tune which would infuse life into an Egyptian mummy!

Taste it, my free-wheeling pleasure-seeker! You will want more. Then farewell to the clumsy speed gear, with its levers and rods, its pinions and ratchets, and its occasional lapses into uselessness.

For pedalling down hill will teach quick pedalling; then you can with comfort ride a single gear low enough to climb hills with comfort.

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Dick Turpin

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 29.5.1907 P2C7

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>"Stranger, from harm protect this seat, Where young and old may rest and meet; All should unite to guard what all may share— A general good should be a general care."</p> <p>My Gratuitous Suggestion. THUS reads a notice which overlooks a roadside seat on the way from Bolney to Cowfold. Judging from the well-preserved appearance of the seat a few days back, the bit of philosophy at the end of the verse is proving effective.</p> <p>It caused me to contrast the condition of the seat with the state of the average hired bicycle. Poor tired-out hired bicycle! You are badly treated, and though "all may share," there appears to be very little evidence of "general care" for your well-being.</p> <p>So here and now I make a suggestion gratuitously to the cycle trade: Paint lines three and four of the above verse in some prominent place on each of the ill-used machines. They are faithfully helping to soop in a shilling an hour in the lowly and humble sphere of life to which changing fashions in bikes have driven them.</p> <p>Surely the lines apply to the case; if they are effective in securing "general care" of the hired bike in its old age, the cycle trade will doubtless erect a statue to my memory.</p> <p>I should like a large one in bronze, please!</p> <p>Meantime the hired bike will, I suppose, go on in patience, enduring the scorn of the new and up-to-date private bike and the disrespect even of its hirer. We treat the poor stooed shamefully!</p> <p>What Should He Say?</p>	<p>What Should He Say? Cycling near Chichester last week with some friends, a clumsy youth collided with one of our party. We first lectured the youth, then temporarily repaired the machine belonging to our party, and lastly looked at the offender's bike.</p> <p>It was one of the hired persuasion!</p> <p>The front wheel was a series of fine curves—beautiful but quite useless as a wheel. Five minutes j-u-jitsu, and some of us were out of breath, but the wheel was rideable.</p> <p>Said the youth, looking at the rough and ready repair: "What shall I say to the man at the shop?" I replied: "Put the machine in a dark corner, and say 'Good-night' to him!"</p> <p>For 'twas only a hired bike!</p> <p>Those Unreliable Proverbs! Some Excelsior boys, rising early a day or two back, missed becoming "healthy, wealthy, and wise," as the proverb promises. All that happened, as they pedalled through the rain to Horsham, Crawley, and Redhill, was that they were smothered in mud.</p> <p>Later the weather cleared, and sluggards cycled in comfort. Oh, those proverbs, how they mislead us!</p> <p>The proverb, I ween, has quite gone out of date which warns us against sitting up half the night. I say "Early to bed and then early to rise makes the wheelman get smothered in slimy mud pies!"</p> <p>I hope the concealed rhyme in that bit misses</p>	<p>I hope the concealed rhyme in that bit misses the vigilant Editor; 'twere a pity that a revised proverb should be dardied to an expectant world just when it is most needed. I must have sat too long upon that roadside seat!</p> <p>However, to return to our Excelsior boys! They safely reached Redhill, about half a dozen strong, and despite their—well, travel-stained appearance, to put it mildly—were soon busy. For they had undertaken the journey to help some London fellow-sportsmen who were running off a fifty miles' road race.</p> <p>Now, I do call that sportsmanlike conduct, beyond a doubt! We can do with a lot of men like Edgar Heason, Sawkins, Cowan, Hooker, Chureber, Thompson, Standing, and Co.</p> <p>Which Reminds Me. And we have some others coming along, by all accounts. I vot of several youthful wheelmen whose limited stature at present keeps them mostly on juvenile machines. But they are keen as mustard! I should think Dudley Walker, Leonard Duffield, and W. Blythe have twenty "training spins" per week!</p> <p>Anyway, two of them ran away from the Excelsior Captain's tandem a few days back, and only waited for him at West Grinstead to be sure of their road.</p> <p>The Captain, by the way, was <i>en route</i> to Henfield, to fix up for President Warne's run on the sixteenth of June.</p> <p>Which reminds me that all Excelsiorites who propose joining in this run to Henfield are asked to send their names to Captain Duffield by Saturday of this week. A very large number is expected at this, the great run of the season, and it is necessary to make complete arrangements beforehand.</p> <p><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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A WEEKLY SURVEY

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THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 5.6.1907 P3C6

<p style="text-align: center;">THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>A Wayside Picture.</p> <p>A LONG, straight stretch of undulating road, with no beginning and no ending; on either side broad open common, spreading out to join a cloudy sky in the extreme distance; a weather-beaten post, surmounted by a battered iron rooster, and looking strangely solemn as the sinking sun gave the flying rain clouds a "Good-night" kiss.</p> <p>Such was the picture which a chum and I saw as we stood on Ditchling Common one day last week.</p> <p>Our ride had taken us to Steyning, on through Partridge Green, and across to Henfield, Hassocks, and Ditchling.</p> <p>We had pedalled in leisurely fashion, for the hedgerows, gay with hawthorn and freshened by a recent shower, invited us to linger. Thrush and cuckoo seconded the invitation, and we were in no wise loth to accept.</p> <p>But ultimately we arrived at Ditchling, having declined an offer of being included in a rustic cricket match on the roadside common near Partridge Green—one of those cricket matches in which the ball frequently loses itself in the furze bushes, and the players, pending its discovery, indulge in a smoke.</p> <p>What Ditchling Showed Us.</p> <p>As we rode into Ditchling we were at once impressed with the ancient village. On our right was a fine specimen of an old house, half-timbered, with gabled front, its roof all moss-grown, and its diamond shaped window-panes set in lead. The ambling old building, which claims to have sheltered the ex-Queen Anne, looked fully deserving of its name—The Old Palace.</p> <p>Facing the venerable building was Ditchling Church, itself very old, standing, it is believed, on the site of a much older Church of Saxon origin. Its low shingled spire and Horsham stone roof at once give it a picturesque appearance, and mark it as an object of interest.</p>	<p>We peeped inside, had a look at the stained windows, admired four large arches supporting the tower, and at the same time giving dignity to a somewhat plain interior. Then we fell into a lengthy chat with the Verger—a sixty years old inhabitant of Ditchling.</p> <p>We inquired the way to Jacob's Post, and after directing us, the old boy, with a chuckle, related how he once missed a good opportunity of making a little fortune.</p> <p>A Crime of Other Days.</p> <p>His story began in 1734, when Jacob Harris, a Jew pedlar, murdered and robbed a man and wife on Ditchling Common, subsequently being hung at Horsham for his crime.</p> <p>As a gentle hint to others with a leaning towards murder and robbery, Jacob's body was hung in chains on a gibbet upon the Common. This spot is now marked by Jacob's Post, which has replaced the original gibbet.</p> <p>Some years ago our Verger was engaged to splice a small new piece into the post. He did so. Then it dawned upon him that he would have been wise to have put in a large piece of new wood.</p> <p>A piece of the old post, corresponding in size, might have proved an El Dorado for the worthy Verger. For a much believed local legend has it that small fragments of Jacob's Post, carried in a pocket, guarantees one against suffering from toothache. These fragments ought to fetch some money!</p> <p>Leaving Ditchling we rode northwards over the Common, dismounting to have a closer look at the Post, before continuing on to Wivelsfield</p>	<p>and Cuckfield. Here we cut across to Cowfold, and came through Henfield and Beeding.</p> <p>Undecided whether to ride home by way of Shoreham or Steyning, we spun a coin; it selected Steyning for us, thereby adding four or five miles to our ride, which totalled sixty-three miles when we reached home.</p> <p>A Gallant Wheelman.</p> <p>My enraptured gaze frequently discerns a gallant knight of the pedals engaged in succouring some distressed damsel a wheel, his sturdy arm assisting her to make headway against wind and hill as they pedal along in closest company.</p> <p>But a wheelman well known in local circles has gone one better in gallantry. He has rendered the welcome assistance to two ladies!—two ladies simultaneously I mean; that is the great point! I know other wheelmen who—but there, I won't give 'em away.</p> <p>As the doubly gallant one is a chum of mine, I mustn't give him away either. For, did I do so, I can well imagine the result. You see, there are quite a number of ladies who appreciate a friendly push when head wind has to be encountered. And I shouldn't like to see him overtaxed.</p> <p>Still, I have a great inclination to make provision for my old age out of the discovery. For instance, a missing word competition—six stamps and a coupon from page, so-and-so. Prizes—anything the Editor can spare. And a four-line specimen of doggerel as follows:</p> <p>A cyclist bravo went forth one breezy day, With ladies twain to cheer him on his way; The ladies found head wind hard labour spells, Our cyclist towed them both, brave Charlie W—</p> <p>But I will refrain from pursuing the subject, lest greed for gold get the better of me.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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¹ The story is told in greater detail in Charles Harper's

"The Brighton Road". That day three people died at Jacob Harris's hands; Mr. Miles, landlord of the Royal Oak (Wivelsfield), the serving-maid who had come downstairs to investigate, then Mrs. Miles, murdered on her sick-bed. Harris cut the throats of all three: none died at once, and Miles lived long enough to identify his killer.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 12.6.1907 P3C7

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>"He goes before me and still dares me on: When I come when he calls, then he is gone!" —<i>Midsummer Night's Dream.</i></p> <p>In Quest of the Medals. VICTOR COWAN might well have echoed this remark of Lysander's a day or two back, for his chum, Ernest Sawkins, was enacting the role of Demetrius in creditable style. They were both in quest of the gold medals offered by the Excelsior Club for members who ride a hundred miles in six hours and a half. And as Sawkins was sent off fifteen minutes ahead of Cowan, it naturally came about that the second speedman was ever close on the trail of the first. For they are a well matched pair.</p> <p>The next line of the quotation wouldn't apply at all. You will remember it, my good reader: "The villain is much lighter heeled than I!"</p> <p>The villain! Now, who could be less of a villain than the genial, smiling Ernest?</p> <p>And as for being lighter heeled than "Lysander" Cowan—well, I take it, the bicycles would be the heels in the case of cyclists; and the two fliers were on machines exactly alike.</p> <p>For three new "speed irons," belonging to a number specially built for a forthcoming big record attempt, had come down to Edgar Henson on the day before. And our boys took our advice, Edgar taking the third, and gave them their baptism of fire by setting forth, as I had said, in quest of the hundred miles gold medal.</p> <p>The Captain's Command.</p>	<p>The Captain's Command. Two minutes after six o'clock in the morning it was when Captain Duffield said "Go!" to Sawkins. Instantly he set off in the direction of Chichester. Exactly a quarter of an hour later Cowan was let loose and followed him.</p> <p>Sawkins was only fifty-four minutes on the hilly seventeen miles to Westhampnett, where, after checking, he turned to retrace. Cowan was even quicker, gaining three minutes on this stretch.</p> <p>Sawkins was back at Offington—thirty-three miles—in two hours; Cowan still had his three minutes in hand when he returned. On the road through Horsham and Crawley to Woodhatch both men travelled in first-rate style. Sawkins reeled off this piece—another thirty-three miles, by the way—in one hour and fifty-three minutes.</p> <p>Securing the Coveted Honours. Cowan was delayed some minutes at Horsham by a sharp touch of the cramp; nevertheless, an hour and fifty-eight minutes sufficed for him on this stretch.</p> <p>Only the thirty-four miles run back to the finish now remained, and both men had sufficient time in hand to make success in their difficult task fairly safe.</p> <p>True, a stiff wind had sprung up, too late to help very much, though in time to make the ride southward through Crawley and Horsham home to Broadwater a very heavy task. But working with real determination, both men succeeded in qualifying for the coveted honours.</p> <p>"Demetrius" Sawkins completed the hundred miles in six hours and sixteen minutes, whilst "Lysander" Cowan wound up in six hours and twenty-one and a half minutes: both the speed worms looking quite happy and none the worse.</p> <p>Fast and Faster.</p>	<p>Fast and Faster. Yes, Cowan could continue my quotation one line further: "I followed fast, but faster did he fly;" though the difference in speeds was certainly very slight, and but for Cowan's cramp, would have been still slighter.</p> <p>Edgar Henson followed for two-thirds of the ride; Harry Greenfield, P. Hanson, T. A. Durant, A. Standing, Bert Churcher, and others, including several kindred speed men from London, turned out to follow and assist. To say nothing of an unknown admirer at Horsham, who handed me two roses as button-holes for the fliers! Fancy trusting me with 'em!</p> <p>He did not know me! I need hardly add the boys have not yet received the well meant gift!</p> <p>More Peaceful Pursuits. Turning from war with Father Time to peace with everybody, I quote from the new little fixture card of the Excelsior Club: "June 15, President's Dating. Grand opening ^{with} Lunch, White Hart Hotel, Hensfield, one o'clock sharp. Tea, Friar's Tea Gardens, Bramber, five o'clock. Start 10.20 a.m. punctually."</p> <p>I have a great mind to start now!</p> <p><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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THE WHEELING WORLD.
A WEEKLY SURVEY
Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

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More Peaceful Pursuits.

Turning from war with Father Time to peace with everybody, I quote from the little fixture card of the Excelsior Club:

“June 16. President’s Outing. Grand opening ride. Lunch, White Hart Hotel, Henfield, one o’clock sharp. Tea, Friar’s Tea Gardens, Bramber, five o’clock. Start 10.30 a.m. punctually.”

I have a great mind to start now!

Dick Turpin

Researcher’s note:

I may already have said that as Gatwick airport did not then exist, the road from Crawley to Woodhatch cut directly North from Crawley, i.e. across what is now the airport.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 19.6.1907 P2C6-7

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>"'Tis sometimes said the Club run's dead Now, when 'tis wanted most; Well, if 'tis so I'd have you know It's left a solid ghost!" —Turpentine trillings.</p> <p>A Ghost of Substance. YEA, forsooth, a very solid ghost! Judging by the attendance of Excelsiorites at President Warne's run. Two or three of us—a wind against us and a Gale with us, by-the-bye—saw one group mending a puncture, whilst Edgar Henson and several others flitted past. And on the road I detected a recently shed hairpin, from which I deduced—yes, deduced is the word!—that the ladies had preceded us. All going to Henfield!</p> <p>With the roads washed clean, the hedgerows and the fields refreshed, and the air sweetened by the previous day's rain, it looked as though Dame Nature had made a special house cleaning in view of the Excelsior President's run!</p> <p>"Turn off to the right," said our Gale just after we passed through Ashington, and a mile or two of pretty lane brought us out on the Steyning-Partridge Green-road; thence through Partridge Green—the cleanest village in Sussex, said one of our party—and on to Henfield. Our route was certainly as pretty as any of the half-dozen variations on the way to a pretty place.</p> <p>Knots of wheelmen were strolling about Henfield as we rode in. Laundry had ridden down from Harrow, Worley from Portsmouth, Mungam from Chichester, the Flint Brothers from Shoreham, whilst another man mentioned Midhurst.</p> <p>Ere greetings were over, "Toot!" and up dashed the President, with Chairman Young and a big party in his Datum.</p> <p>We Dine.</p>	<p>We Dine. Dinner had been arranged by the President at the White Hart Hotel, and with a mighty buzz, three-score wheelers swarmed into the big room, where a beautifully put-on meal received ample justice. It was a busy time for the waiters whilst those sixty appetites were being satisfied!</p> <p>Then with half a hundred cigars aglow, we one and all joined with Chairman Young in expressing our thanks to the President.</p> <p>In reply came a few ringing words in favour of athletics—not only in sport but in pastime. Athletics will keep the nation's vitality up, said the President, who hoped to see an even larger party of wheelers next year; for cycling was a happy form of athletics, both in pastime and in sport.</p> <p>Captain Deffield reminded his merry Excelsiorites that the President's invitation included not only Henfield but Bramber, and that tea was fixed for the latter place at five o'clock. So shortly we took our departure from Henfield, filled, so to speak, with pleasant recollections of the little town.</p> <p>Southwards we went, across a bit of open common, where small ponds and long grass provide a paradise for geese and cows. Further on the gaily rising road took us over the Downs, and we glided down into Beeding and Bramber.</p> <p>The car party were treated to a motor trip to Chancetonbury by way of a novelty.</p> <p>We Also Tea.</p>	<p>We Also Tea. We, stabling our machines, climbed to the old Castle and had a look round. The spirits of departed De Braose Barons—if they can haunt a spot were ginger beer and swings attract the living!—might have picked up some useful cricket wrinkles from the little match we played.</p> <p>Much of the cricket was of a class which a respectable spectator does not often get a chance of seeing. Neither does anyone else.</p> <p>'Tis just as well!</p> <p>Some of the play was good, however, and the summons to tea concluded an interesting game in a pleasing manner. For tea <i>al fresco</i> is a great institution at Bramber. Bramber stands or falls by its teas on the lawn, teas in the garden, and teas by the river. Long may it continue to do so!</p> <p>The meal comfortably disposed of, followed by contemplative cigars, and the Excelsiorites departed themselves with a couple of huge balls brought by the President. Larger and much heavier than toothballs, they were hurled from one to another by a ring of the boys, the "butter-fingered" ones being declared out.</p> <p>Cowan and Sawkins came victorious through the fun-provoking contest.</p> <p>As a further aid to digestion, several of the boys displayed their trick cycling powers. A</p>	<p>couple of pairs of nimble Excelsiorites demonstrated the art of using one machine for two riders, the second was standing on the shoulders of the first. Other pairs tried.</p> <p>Fortunately the lawn was soft to fall upon.</p> <p>And Then We Return. But the evening was wearing on, and soon we had to bid adieu to the President and the car party as they set out on the return. Then a stroll through the riverside meadows, a final look round Bramber, and the stream of cyclists wandered through Shoreham and home once again.</p> <p>Not a rider there but meant all the thanks he had accorded President Warne earlier in the day. And not one that ever enjoyed a Club run more!</p> <p>Hilly Olley Ho! 'Twixt the writing and printing of this week's Gossip, G. A. Olley, Vegetarian and Worthing Excelsiorite, hopes to ride the most part of a four figure mileage. He is attacking the longest road record in Great Britain, the thousand miles.</p> <p>Starting late on Monday from Hitchin, he goes over roads innumerable in Herts, Cambridge, Bedford, and so on; gradually working away into Yorkshire. His first sleep is not until twenty-nine hours of riding have been accomplished.</p> <p>Edgar Henson is taking a big share in looking after Olley; Percy Henson and Jack Standing have also gone to help the famous speedman. Success to him!</p> <p><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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THE WHEELING WORLD.
A WEEKLY SURVEY
Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

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THE WHEELING WORLD.

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 26.6.1907 P2C5-6

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p>	<p>The Ubiquitous Edgar. Edgar had to be all over the place. To Cambridge and Huntingdon he went; on to Stamford, King's Lynn, Wisbech, and away to Grantham; back again and into Bedford.</p>	<p>away!—gained enough ground to dodge down a side road and get his lamp right.</p>
<p>Olley's Latest Achievement. ONE thousand miles in four days, nine hours, and three minutes! Such is the latest performance of George A. Olley, long distance speedman, Vegetarian, and Excelsiorite.</p>	<p>Carrying spare tyres, two changes of clothes, and odd sundries; preparing food, arranging checkers, and joining in the everlasting chase after Olley with a spare machine, Edgar Henson had no light task.</p>	<p>Nonchalantly he returned, looking innocent. "Seen a man without a light?" queried one of the constables, as he came up.</p>
<p>At four p.m. on Monday last week, Olley left Hitchin. Day and night he pedalled, only twice enjoying for an hour or two at most the luxury of bed; buffeted about by a gale of wind, which at times made six miles an hour a real labour; here and there a snatch of fruit, custard, tea, or egg and milk; a five minutes' sleep now and again at the roadside.</p>	<p>Albert Standing was mainly with Edgar, with another spare machine and plenty of riding on hand. A bed at Grantham, a window ledge at Sleaford—'twas all the same to the hardy road riders, who can sleep anywhere.</p>	<p>"He's just gone that way; nearly knocked me off," said the innocent Excelsiorite, who had the joy of seeing the police continue the chase, whilst he, the wanted one, made after Olley.</p>
<p>For they who would break records on the road must have muscles of steel, constitutions of iron, and withal the knowledge how best to use their powers.</p>	<p>Each of our boys sustained a minor accident, Percy Henson having a side-slip in Peterborough, whilst Edgar Henson and Standing did the same thing somewhere in Lincolnshire. No harm was done.</p>	<p>And with Olley into Hitchin, the last five miles being ridden in eighteen minutes. And then sleep. Not five minutes rolled up in a coat by the roadside with Henson, watch in hand, measuring the time as a doctor would medicine. But the sleep that befits a man who has been banged about through days and nights by a gale of wind.</p>
<p>Edgar Henson was one of Olley's special stewards; Percy Henson and Albert Standing were among the followers riding spare machines.</p>	<p>One of our trio nearly fell into the hands of the Law. On the last night of the ride Olley was heading back to Hitchin at a big speed, when our culprit's light failed. And from two strangers a wheel came a loud voiced question as to the whereabouts of the light that was not.</p>	<p>Record breaker and followers slept like tops for six hours, and woke looking none the worse for their big ride.</p>
<p>And they worked! Since they left Worthing their mileages have ascended seven or eight hundred miles. Percy's wanderings took him to Bedfordshire on the one hand, and to breezy Skegness, on the Lincolnshire coast, on the other.</p>	<p>The Chase.</p>	<p>Up The Hill!</p>
<p>Including a night in the hedge, he had thirty-six hours' sleep—on the irregular instalment system!</p>	<p>The wicked one, some distance behind his fellow scorchers at the time, answered in unflattering terms. Then perceived he that his questioners were cycling police! He went.</p>	<p>A couple of Excelsiorites figured in a hill climb at Shoreham last week. J. Standing won the heat in which he rode, but discovered that full success could only be obtained by two more journeys up the hill—that is to say, a semi final and a final. He resigned.</p>
<p>The Ubiquitous Edgar.</p>	<p>They followed. Eight miles the chase lasted before What's-his-name—I masn't give him</p>	<p>Fred Jay, however, was not deterred by this. He persevered through the series, and was successful in winning the fourth prize from a fairly numerous crowd of competitors.</p>
		<p>But to make the climb three times! The Shoreham men intend that prize winners shall thoroughly earn their awards.</p>
		<p>Missummer day has come and gone in a howl of wind and a downpour of rain. Yet the wheeler is an optimist in weather matters.</p>
		<p>The Invicta Club go forth in quest of the strawberry this week; next week the Y.M.C.A. Cycling Club follow suit; and on the same occasion the Excelsior Club will devote their energies to completing the work of devastation. Washington and Brantner are the chosen venues.</p>
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THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY

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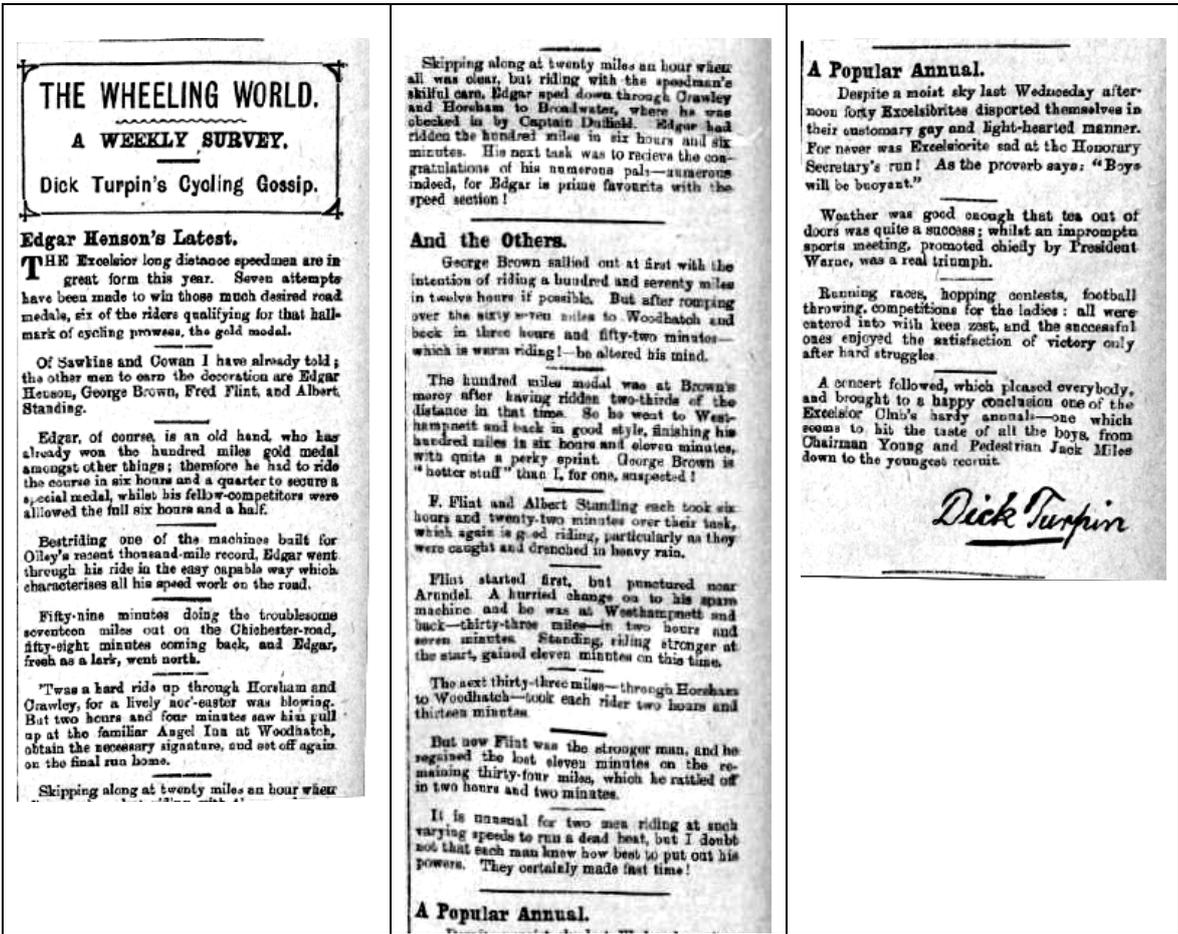
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Dick Turpin

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 3.7.1907 P2C7



THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

Edgar Henson's Latest.
THE Excelsior long distance speedmen are in great form this year. Seven attempts have been made to win those much desired road medals, six of the riders qualifying for that hallmark of cycling prowess, the gold medal.

Of Sawkins and Cowan I have already told; the other men to earn the decoration are Edgar Henson, George Brown, Fred Flint, and Albert Standing.

Edgar, of course, is an old hand, who has already won the hundred miles gold medal amongst other things; therefore he had to ride the course in six hours and a quarter to secure a special medal whilst his fellow-competitors were

allowed the full six hours and a half.

Bestriding one of the machines built for Olley's recent thousand-mile record, Edgar went through his ride in the easy capable way which, characterises all his speed work on the road.

Fifty-nine minutes doing the troublesome seventeen miles out on the Chichester-road, fifty-eight minutes coming back, and Edgar fresh as a lark, went north.

'Twas a hard ride up through Horsham and Crawley, for a lively nor'-easter was blowing. But two hours and four minutes saw him pull up at the familiar Angel Inn at Woodhatch obtain the necessary signature, and set off again on the final run home.

Skipping along at twenty miles an hour when all was clear, but riding with the speedman's skilful care, Edgar sped down through Crawley and Horsham to Broadwater, where he was checked in by Captain Duffield. Edgar had ridden the hundred miles in six hours and six minutes. His next task was to receive the congratulations of his numerous pals - numerous indeed, for Edgar is prime favourite with the speed section!

And the Others.

George Brown sallied out first with the intention of riding a hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours if possible. But after romping over the sixty-seven miles to Woodhatch and back in three hours and fifty-two minutes - which is warm riding - he altered his mind.

The hundred miles medal was at Brown's mercy after having ridden two-thirds of the distance in the time. So he went to Westhampnett and back in good style, finishing his hundred miles in six hours and eleven minutes, with quite a perky sprint. George Brown is "better stuff" than I, for one, suspected!

F, Flint and Albert Standing each took six hours and twenty-two minutes over their task, which again is good riding, particularly as they were caught and drenched in heavy rain.

Flint started first, but punctured near Arundel. A hurried change on to his spare machine and he was at Westhampnett and back - thirty-three miles - in two hours and seven minutes. Standing, riding stronger at the start, gained eleven minutes on this time.

The next thirty-three miles - through Horsham to Woodhatch - took each rider two hours and thirteen minutes.

But now Flint was the stronger man, and he regained the lost eleven minutes on the remaining thirty-four miles, which he rattled off in two hours and two minutes.

It is unusual for two men riding at such varying speeds to run a dead heat but I doubt not that each man knew how best to put out his powers. They certainly made fast time.

Popular Annual.

Despite a moist sky last Wednesday afternoon forty Excelsiorites disported themselves in their customary gay and light-hearted manner. For never was Excelsiorite sad at the Honorary Secretary's run! As the proverb says: "Boys will be buoyant."

Weather was good enough that tea out of doors was quite a success; whilst an impromptu sports meeting, promoted chiefly by President Warne, was a real triumph.

Running races, hopping contests, football throwing, competition s for the ladies: all were entered into with keen zest, and the successful ones enjoyed the satisfaction of victory only after hard struggles.

A concert followed, which pleased everybody, and brought to a happy conclusion one of the Excelsior Club's hardy annuals - one which seems to hit the taste of all the boys, from Chairman Young and Pedestrian Jack Miles down to the youngest recruit.

Dick Turpin

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 10.7.1907 P2C6-7

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>A Recent Photographic Experience. MOST cyclo-photographers of my acquaintance regard the summer months as offering but few opportunities of pictorial landscape work. A blazing sun and heavy-foliaged trees make pictures difficult to obtain. But I thought I had "struck ile" last week.</p> <p>From some high-lying open ground off the Washington-Steyning road I looked across the tree-dotted country at the foot of Chanctonbury. A chain of Downs stretched away in the distance to Rackham Hill by Amberley, and overhead struggled a procession of clouds, wild and rugged, hurried on by a lively sou'-easter.</p> <p>I rigged up the camera, chose some furze-bush foreground, and thought to secure a picture from some part of the grand panorama. It was some time since I chanced across anything more impressive.</p> <p>Then it rained—rained in real earnest, too!</p> <p>Ashford, of the Excelsior, was with me, and we spent the next half-hour under an attenuated furze-bush—more for its company than for the feeble shelter it afforded.</p> <p>Occasionally we wrung out the saturated focussing cloth which was protecting the camera, and waited on, hoping to entitle our picture "After the Storm." Alas! there was no "after." The sky went dark grey, and the rain kept remorselessly on.</p> <p>We rode home drenched, without using a plate. Yet we could both laugh when Ashford—wet through—remembered too late he had his waterproof cape with him!</p> <p>Wheelers and The Wet.</p>	<p>Wheelers and The Wet. A couple of Worthing men riding down from Town a week ago found even more rain. They sheltered at Leatherhead when things got very bad; but things continued very bad. Which is to say, the rain abated not.</p> <p>Two hours of patient waiting, and they were cheered by a slight improvement which tempted them to continue their ride.</p> <p>When they arrived at Worthing A was in a soaked condition; B was equally as drenched, and also smothered in mud.</p> <p>For B had left his mud guards at home in order that he might the owner give A a "dusting-up." A's dusting-up did not happen; B had a mudding-up in place thereof!</p> <p>The Excelsior's Good Fortune. The Excelsior C.C. is always fortunate in matters meteorological. It is an article of Captain Duffield's faith that rain cannot fall on Excelsior people at a Club function. But rain came perilously near the strawberry-feasting Excelsiorites at Washington last Wednesday.</p> <p>However, the scene of operations was transferred from Host Oharman's lawn to the large Club room, where nearly forty jolly revellers regaled themselves with tea and strawberries. A programme of songs and dances followed, and the weather cleared sufficiently to make the evening spin home an enjoyable one.</p> <p>And the Captain still holds to his faith.</p>	<p>And the Captain still holds to his faith.</p> <p>Certainly the Excelsior run last week-end to Wisborough Green furnishes further evidence in support of such faith. I started late and had to ride through rain for two or three miles. But when I met the Club they were revelling in sunshine along the road near Billingshurst. As usual, those lucky folk had seen no rain, and hoped the setting I had received would teach me to be practical for the future. I think it will.</p> <p>From Wisborough Green we returned to tea at Washington and an evening spin through Steyning, Bramber, and Shoreham. During the day all these places had rain, but not whilst the Excelsior Club was about. Not likely!</p> <p>It certainly looks as if Captain Duffield is right! He and his merry mob might enrich themselves by making hay this summer on the Club race. Judging by the fields I have seen, very few people are succeeding as well as they might.</p> <p>The Voice of the Alarm. "Whirr-r-r!" and in a trice I had travelled back from Broadland at the back of a more tin-throated alarm clock. Yagudly I wondered at the instrument's brazen impudence in summoning me prematurely from the garden of sleep back to—what?</p> <p>Oh! yes, of course! 'Tis a quarter past four in the morning. A London Club is running a hundred miles' race, and I must await them at Arundel in an hour's time. Hasty preparations ensue; then into the saddle and away.</p> <p>A London man met me at Arundel; he had travelled all night to take up his post. First by motor taxi, which passed at Crawley, and then shed a crank at Horsham, whence, alternately walking and riding a borrowed machine, he covered the last thirty miles, and reached his allotted position with an hour to spare. He was a sportsman!</p> <p>Soon the competitors came spaddling along one by one, were duly checked, and started back with half their task carried through.</p> <p>Anxious to let my fellow-Excelsiorites see I could emulate the bird, I hastened along the route of the race as soon as my duties were over. Ashford was at Hammerpot Hill to keep the course clear; Captain Duffield was helping</p>	<p>to feed the men at O'lington; Harry Greenfield, T. A. Dumas, V. Cowen, Sam Clark, with a sprinkling of London men, were all wide awake, and helping at tricky corners or where a flying wheelman, strange to the road, might come to grief.</p> <p>I set me wondering how many alarm clocks are required to run a road race!</p> <p><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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THE WHEELING WORLD.
A WEEKLY SURVEY
Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

A Recent Photographic Experience.
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Occasionally we wrung out the saturated focussing cloth which was protecting the camera, and waited on, hoping to entitle our picture "After the Storm." Alas! there was no "after." The sky went dark grey, and the rain kept remorselessly on.

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Wheelers and The Wet.

A couple of Worthing men riding down from Town a week ago found even more rain. They sheltered at Leatherhead when things got very bad; but things continued very bad. Which is to say, the rain abated not.

Two hours of patient waiting, and they were cheered by a slight improvement which tempted them to continue their ride.

When they arrived at Worthing A was in a soaked condition; B was equally as drowned, and also smothered in mud.

For B had left his mud guards at home in order that he might the easier give A a "dusting-up." A's dusting-up did not happen; B had a mudding-up in place thereof!

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And the Captain still holds to his faith.

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From Wisborough Green we returned to tea at Washington and an evening spin through Steyning, Bramber, and Shoreham. During the day all these places had rain, but not whilst the Excelsior Club was about. Not likely !

It certainly looks as if Captain Duffield is right! He and his merry men might enrich themselves by making hay this summer on the Club runs. Judging by the fields I have seen, very few people are succeeding as well as they might.

The Voice of the Alarum.

"Whirr-r-r-r!" and in a trice I had travelled back from dream land at the beck of a mere tin-throated alarum clock. Vaguely I wondered at the instrument's brazen impudence in summoning me peremptorily from the garden of sleep back to - what?

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A London man met me at Arundel; he had travelled all night to take up his post. First by motor bike, which punctured at Crawley, and then shed a crank at Horsham, whence, alternately walking it and riding a borrowed machine, he covered the last thirty miles, and reached his allotted position with an hour to spare. He was a sportsman !

Soon the competitors came speeding along one by one, were duly checked, and started back with half their task carried through.

Anxious to let my fellow-Excelsiorites see I could emulate the lark, I hastened along the route of the race as soon as my duties were over. Ashford was at Hammerpot Hill to keep the course clear; Captain Duffield was helping to feed the men at Offington; Harry Greenfield, T.A. Durant, V. Cowan, Sam Clark, with a sprinkling of London men, were all wide awake,

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wheelman, strange to the road, might come to
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It set me wondering how many alarum clocks
are required to run a road race!

Dick Turpin

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 17.7.1907 P2C6-7

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>Our One-Act Comedy. BASKING in the sun, idly gazing across the Arun and away over the meadows to Arundel Castle, standing out sharp and bold against the sky, Bert Hales, Ashford, and I awaited the coming of the Excelsior Club.</p> <p>We were at Burpham, having ridden there by the road as per sign posts. At Poling, on the Arundel road, we turned to the right and bounced over the uneven surface as we pedalled up to cross roads where Highway Upperton years ago terminated his career by the then fashionable method of being gibbeted. Poor wretch!</p> <p>Then the rough track descended abruptly past an old chalk pit, and climbed with equal suddenness to the summit of another hill, whence it plunged recklessly into Burpham.</p> <p>Excelsiorite Gale, like us, chose the sign-posted route. But does not recommend it!</p> <p>Looking down the river, we saw the main body of the Club at a distant spot, where the easy young road—only twenty-five years old—from Arundel Station bent into view.</p> <p>"Another quarter of an hour!" said Ashford; and sure enough at the allotted time Captain Duffield and party were pulling up where we sat. An hour went quickly, after which tea, to the accompaniment of nearly a score of tongues. For Excelsior teas are one act comedies, in which each player has a speaking part!</p> <p>He "Knewed" Worthing!</p>	<p>He "Knewed" Worthing! Some of us discovered the oldest inhabitant of Burpham after tea. We were roaming along the top of the cliff, selecting wild flowers and enjoying the frequent glimpses of the Arun, wriggling away northward past Stoke's pretty little Church.</p> <p>"Worthing!" exclaimed the old chap, as we chatted with him on the cliff: "I knowed Worthing afore you did, I reckon!" And with many a laugh he recalled his boyhood escapades, many of them in Broadwater and Worthing.</p> <p>Greenfield and Sawkins, wanting exercise, took some of the ladies a-boating, but the walk through the meadows towards Stoke claimed most of us.</p> <p>Then as the sun wrapped himself in an evening cloud, and went to rest behind Houghton Hill, the signal was given, we formed up, mounted, and reluctantly left Burpham. A cheery "Good night!" came from a large round face full of smiles.</p> <p>'Twas the oldest inhabitant again, on the look-out for our departure.</p> <p>"To Get There First!" A quartette of Excelsior boys were recently riding from Horsham to Worthing—Duffield, Durant, Greenfield, and Standing. There had been a road race, and our boys—glad to have seen their London friends, Robbins, Pett, and Fisher, finish the hundred miles in very little over five and a half hours—were themselves setting a good pace.</p> <p>Three strangers overtook them near West Grinstead.</p> <p>Durant—remembering he had been following speedmen for seventy miles—thought of the coming climb at Knepp Castle, and decided to bring on the inevitable crisis—you know, good reader, what speedmen are!—before the hill was reached. So promptly sprinted!</p> <p>Result—a spread-eagled field, and time to get up Knepp Hill; then a ding-dong race for fourteen miles, Greenfield, Standing, and one of the strangers getting away; Durant—despite previous ride—and Duffield leaving the two other strangers hopelessly in the rear, with little chance of finding their speedier companion again that day!</p>	<p>Ah! those speedmen. 'Tis in vain I oesh the rambling E. V. Lucas: "To get there first! 'Tis time to sing The knell of such an sin." in his "Song Against Speed. They will keep on.</p> <p>Trying His Strength. At Arundel the other day I encountered Frank Melhurst. Starting well on in the afternoon, he had been to Fareham and back "to try his strength," and ridden the first sixty miles without a dismount! I wonder what this portends.</p> <p>After finishing some small tyre repair a day or two ago, I unwittingly commenced to clean my bike. Yes, fancy cleaning it! The trusty steed trembled nervously at the unwarmed experience. Then "Phew!" exclaimed the back tyre. It was too sudden a shock.</p> <p>And the tyre has not been its old self since I removed that three months' accumulation of road material. In two days three patches have been put on, the valve twice re-sealed, and an old patch re-fixed. The tyre leaks more rapidly than ever now! I must put the mad back.</p> <p><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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THE WHEELING WORLD.
A WEEKLY SURVEY
Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

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an old chalk pit, and climbed with equal suddenness to the summit of another hill, whence it plunged recklessly into Burpham.

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Ah! these speedmen. 'Tis in vain I echo the rambling E.V. Lucas:
*"To get there first! 'Tis time to ring
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----- **Trying His Strength.**

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And the tyre has not been its old self since I removed that three months' accumulation of road material. In two days three patches have been put on, the valve twice re-seated, and an old patch re-fixed. The tyre leaks more rapidly than ever now! I must put the mud back.

Dick Turpin

¹ Dick Long is a little adrift here. Elderly Jack Upperton was tried at East Grinstead, found guilty of attacking the Steyning mail, was hanged on Horsham Heath, and his corpse returned to be hung in chains near the scene of the crime. This story is expertly told at Valerie Martin's "This is Findon" web-site, at http://www.findonvillage.com/0143_findons_mounted_postboy.htm and in a book "Horsham, a Millennium of facts...". Bungled and inhumane hangings on Horsham Heath were key in bringing about "the drop".

ⁱⁱ At first I thought this "new route" (constructed 1882) was the main road from Poling to Crossbush, but on reflection realised that it must be the road which runs parallel to the railway, from the bottom of the Causeway, to Burpham.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 24.7.1907 P2C6-7

THE WHEELING WORLD.
A WEEKLY SURVEY.
Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

A New Excelsior Record.
THE Excelsior Club is rapidly becoming "National—not Local," as the Catford C.C. styled itself in bygone days. Portsmouth, Harrow, Horsham, and Shoreham contribute members—aye, and keen members!—to the Excelsior C.C. One of these, Arthur H. Kay, of Horsham, recently rode for the Club hundred miles medal, doing a splendid performance, and setting up a new Club record of five hours and forty-two minutes for the distance.

This is fourteen minutes under the previous best, which was put up by Edgar Henson in 1905.

Kay set off at a very warm pace right from the first, punctured, and changed to Cowan's machine, which he had later to exchange for Henson's mount, getting back to his own about twenty five miles after the start.

Using a gear of no less than one hundred and fifteen when conditions were favourable, and only dipping to ninety-one for hills, Kay made it hot for his followers. Ernest Hawkins has vivid recollections of the head-on rush down Piers Hill into Horsham, after keeping up over twenty miles to the hear from Ollington, and coming a fowl on the way!

Ernest stayed to breakfast in Horsham.

leaving Kay to continue with the almost world-renowned Harry Goss—a champion of Kay's—following on a spare machine. Harry Hooker was waiting at Woodhaven to sign the checking card and wish Kay "Good luck!" as he rapidly retraced his tracks.

And, riding strongly right to the end, Kay landed home at Broadwater, at once a medal winner and the holder of a Club record. His first hundred miles' ride too!

The Puncture Trouble.
J. Flint of Shoreham, has also succeeded in winning the Excelsior "century ride" medal. Flint rode pretty consistently from start to finish, and completed the course in six hours and twenty three minutes, without locking any the worse.

In fact, he was riding faster during the last two hours than at any other period, covering over thirty-four miles in the time.

Two other Excelsiorites set out in search of the coveted decoration, but their plans went awry. Luckin's machine mangled one of its pedals, and "Eddie" decided both would have to be on duty when a medal is the objective of a ride. So he came back.

Brown, the other unfortunate, sustained four wounds in his tyre. And followed Luckin's example.

Talking of punctures, Cowan repaired thirteen in half a day recently. Only one belonged to Victor, most of the others being in the tyres of audacious speed men, among them an individual who had punctured his tyre in nine places!

He had got into a very worried state, and ridden on a flat tyre for a dozen miles. He worried, indeed, that he neglected to express his thanks to Cowan for the timely aid!

'Tis not the pneumatic tyre only which troubles the wheelman, though Time has, with most of us, softened the feelings with which we regarded the solid tyre of other days. But only with most of us—there are exceptions.

One of the exceptions is a local man whose riding is sometimes in a motor and at others on a solid-tired bicycle. Descending the B-always Bridge recently, he felt some hearty whacks upon his back!

suspecting the wheels to be merely a violent form of greating on the part of a friend, he inquired angrily: "What the four-cylinder engine are you playing at?"

No reply! Merely a continued whacking!

He dismounted, found no use, and finally discovered his solid tyre had got out through allowing a yard of solid rubber to wash round promiscuously and deal a blow at every revolution of the wheel. With all our troubles our tyres draw the line at belabouring us.

Edgar and the J.P.
At five-thirty in the morning, a day of two back, Edgar Henson found himself swiped out beyond Arundel. I need hardly explain one of Edgar's pals was doing a speed ride.

An affable gentleman on horseback chanced along and got into conversation with the waiting wheelman. First they discussed road surfaces, then cycling, then road racing. Mr. Affable Gentleman was more than interested. He was quite curious!

But Edgar knew him for a Magistrate, and

assumed a saintly innocence when the representative of the law asked if any racing was on. And if so, at what time? These speed men are wily dogs, good readers, and like not official assistance in their wicked doings.

Mud And Its Uses.
Last week I bewailed an unruly tyre of mine, which collapsed repeatedly as soon as I gave my machine that rare treat—a cleaning. I have remedied the matter now.

A dozen Twickenham Wheelers had ridden to Worthing during the night on Saturday. Next day I accompanied them as far as Ashington, and despite our modest pace we raised a nice cloud of dust. I got my share!

Leaving the Twickenham men, I sauntered round some of the bye-lanes 'twixt Ashington and Partridge Green; then around to West Grinstead, where the Excelsior Club were mastering to tea.

This was followed by a ramble through fields during which threatening rain clouds gave Captain Daifield the straight tip to collect his wheelers and start for home.

We didn't get much rain, but fortunately I had just enough to turn into mud the dust I had previously been enveloped with by the Twickenham Wheelers. My tyre is as good as gold once again! And I shall treat the precious mud with all due respect.

Dick Turpin

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He dismounted, found no one, and finally discovered his solid tyre had got cut through-allowing a yard of solid rubber to swish round promiscuously and deal a blow at every revolution of the wheel. With all our troubles our tyres draw the line at belabouring us.

Edgar and the J.P.

At five thirty in the morning, a day or two back, Edgar Henson found himself awheel out beyond Arundel. I need hardly explain one of Edgar's pals was doing a speed ride.

An affable gentleman on horseback chanced along and got into conversation with the waiting wheelman. First they discussed road surfaces, then cycling, then road racing. Mr. Affable Gentleman was more than interested. He was quite curious!

But Edgar knew him for a Magistrate, and assumed a saintly innocence when the representative of the Law asked if any racing was on. And if so, at what time! These speed men are wily dogs, good reader, and like not official assistance in their wicked doings.

Mud And Its Uses.

Last week I bewailed an unruly tyre of mine, which collapsed repeatedly as soon as I gave my machine that rare treat - a cleaning - I have remedied the matter now.

A dozen Twickenham Wheelers had ridden to Worthing during the night on Saturday. Next day I accompanied them as far as Ashington and despite our modest pace we raised a fine cloud of dust. I got my share!

Leaving the Twickenham men, I sauntered round some of the bye-lanes 'twixt Ashington and Partridge Green; then around to West Grinstead, where the Excelsior Club were

mustering to tea.

This was followed by a ramble through fields during which threatening rain clouds gave Captain Duffield the straight tip to collect his wheelers and start for home.

We didn't get much rain, but fortunately I had just enough to turn into mud the dust I had previously been supplied with by the Twickenham Wheelers. My tyre is as good as gold once again! And I shall treat the precious mud with all due respect.

Dick Turpin

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 31.7.1907 P2C6-7

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>Beating Rude Boreas. THE list of Excelsior speed men seems an inexhaustible one. Scarcely a week has gone lately without one or other of the boys, rigged out in the lightest of cycling apparel, and bestriding a scant-looking "speed-iron," indulging in a bout with Father Time.</p> <p>The latest to dart away from the Railway Bridge in the early hours was Harry Worley, an Excelsiorite now located at Portsmouth.</p> <p>Harry skipped along gaily, covering the thirty-three miles out and home on the Chichester-road in an hour and fifty-two minutes.</p> <p>This was good work, but Worley improved on it!</p> <p>He rattled through the next thirty-three miles, aided by a fair breeze, in an hour and forty-eight minutes. This brought him to Woodhatch, with ample time for the last stretch, on which he now had to fight his late friend Boreas, who was blowing heartily from the south-west.</p> <p>So Worley set about him, and pedalled his way back through Crawley and Herringham with praiseworthy industry. 'Twas stiff work, but he kept up an average of fourteen miles an hour.</p> <p>At Washington he punctured, but was able to continue on his slowly leaking tyre to the finish at Broadwater. Here it was found he had ridden the hundred miles in six hours and nine minutes, which qualifies him for a special medal to keep company with that won by him last year.</p> <p>The Sanctity of the Bye-lane. Since the coming of the motor we cyclists have felt an increased respect for the bye-lane. A few years ago, when dust, and roar, and rattle drove us off the torn-up main roads, we</p>	<p>perhaps felt somewhat towards the car as other oxiles might feel to their oppressors.</p> <p>But keep our bye-lanes sacred, and the motorist is welcome to race, and hoot, and raise dust clouds on the main road. 'Tis but a little while, and the goggled one will be aeroplaning as frantically as now he motors.</p> <p>Meantime the bye-lane holds more pleasure than we dreamt of in the pre-motoric age.</p> <p>So thought I one recent Saturday, as I trundled out of Storrington, leaving a growling motor bus behind, as I made along the road to Amberley and Houghton.</p> <p>Amberley with its Castle, Houghton with its picturesque cottages, and sleepy Bury are better sights than they would be if taken away from the Arun and Amberley brooks and dumped alongside a hard high road!</p> <p>From Bury I took a lane to West Burton, where a native was once surprised to find the village named on the map a traveller carried. There was ground for the surprise, I thought, as I looked around at the few scattered cottages.</p> <p>On the Sussex Highlands. A rough steep track then took me up on to the Downs. It was a scramble! Deep ruts, cut by the rains of ages, scored long lines down the track, which was strewn with large sharp flints. I found walking and pushing the bike a highly athletic pursuit.</p> <p>But the summit repaid the labour. It was Bignor Hill, and its seven hundred and odd feet commands a view away past Blackdown to Hind Head on the one hand, and to Leith Hill by Dorking on the other.</p> <p>It commanded a view of some rain too! And</p>	<p>It commanded a view of some rain too! And I was not sorry to see the first three showers heading away from my direction. In a procession they swept across Guildford and Dorking way.</p> <p>Leaving my bike beneath a tree, I wandered about on the Downs with a camera for about four hours, much to the annoyance of the rabbits, who resented an intrusion into a domain which, I imagine, they enjoy without much interruption.</p> <p>But sunset warned me to pack up, for I knew no way off the hill except to retrace my steps. Which I didn't intend doing!</p> <p>Half-a-mile along the first path I tried were a couple of men, luckily, who put me right. For I was wrong, of course! In fact, I was on what was once the old Roman Stone Street, and heading for Regium—as Chichester—until pulled up!</p> <p>Then a couple of miles of lumpy riding along a track which used my machine as a battledore, with myself as a shuttlecock. This brought me out at the north end of Arundel Park, whence the journey home was pleasant enough to gradually accustom me to motors and dust after the free open air of Bignor Hill.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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Dick Turpin

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 7.8.1907 P2C5

<p style="text-align: center;">THE WHEELING WORLD. ----- A WEEKLY SURVEY. ----- Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">And shall our Laundry try, And shall our Laundry try Ten thousand times, yet will he win, Or know the reason why!</p> <p>Riding for the Medal. I THOUGHT it was the jingling Trelawney verse of my school days, escaped from the particular history lesson it belongs to, and come to haunt me, until I remembered that Cecil Laundy, of the Excelsiors, was riding for a medal. He generally is!</p> <p>For Laundy, though a perfect cyclist, is no speedman; he rides well, and can keep on at a pace which only just fails to win medals. So ironical Fate has implanted in Laundy's heart a craving for a medal! And if his attempts do not yet number ten thousand, they will in time. If necessary!</p> <p>On the occasion in question Laundy—a member of many Clubs, and a very frequent medal hunter—was riding for the Excelsior medal.</p> <p>Laundy's first seventeen miles occupied sixty-five minutes; then an unlucky puncture cost him ten minutes, despite friendly aid from Gowan and Sawkins.</p> <p>On again at the same speed, and back to Ollington. Faster now, with the wind astern as he makes through Horsham and Crawley to Woodhatch inside two hours.</p> <p>Battling With the Breeze.</p>	<p>Battling With the Breeze. Then a long tussle against the breeze as he fights his way back to Broadwater in two hours and forty minutes. And Cecil Laundy beams with pride: he has won a silver medal for riding a hundred miles in six hours and fifty-six minutes!</p> <p>Laundy is a man who would make a better show in twelve hours, staying power being his strong point, but the present ride is one that proves him, at any rate, an accomplished cyclist if no speedman. A sportsman he is beyond a doubt; his oft-repeated attempts on medal-rides are alone sufficient evidence of this.</p> <p>Jack Standing, also in quest of a medal, struck a bad patch of luck the other day. In the first thirty miles he punctured, and was also brought down by a clumsy cyclist who crashed into him on Hammerpot Hill.</p> <p>The time lost by the puncture Jack had hoped to recover, but the spill gave him a severely sprained wrist, which prevented the use of one hand. Like a game chick he kept going, but at forty-four miles could endure it no longer, so adjourned his ride.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

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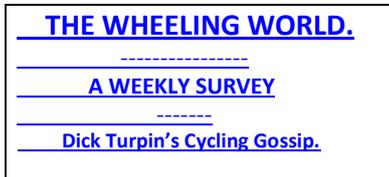
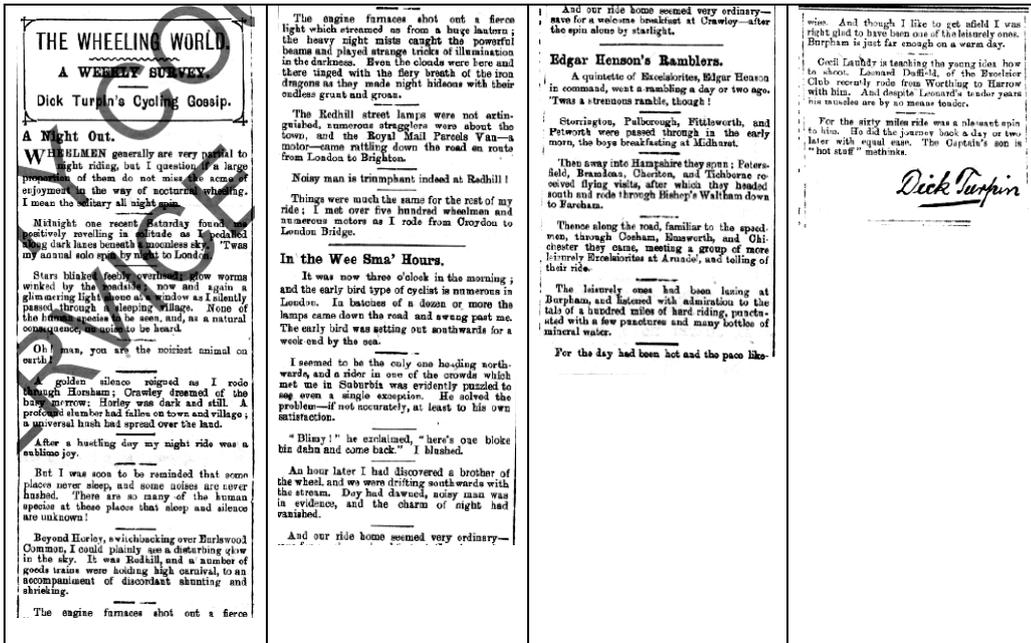
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Turpin: -14.8.1907 P2C5-6

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THE WHEELING WORLD.
A WEEKLY SURVEY

[Dick Turpin's cycling gossip](#)

A Night Out.

WHEELMEN generally are very partial to night riding, but I question if a large proportion of them do not miss the acme of enjoyment in the way of nocturnal wheeling. I mean the solitary all night spin.

Midnight one recent Saturday found me positively revelling in solitude as I pedalled along dark lanes beneath a moonless sky. 'Twas m-y annual solo spin by night to London.

Stars blinked feebly overhead; glow worms

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winked by the road side; now and again a glimmering light shone at a window as I silently passed through a sleeping village. None of the human species to be seen, and, as a natural consequence, no noise to be heard.

Oh! man you are the noisiest animal on earth!

A golden silence reigned as I rode through Horsham; Crawley dreamed of the busy morrow; Horley was dark and still. A profound slumber had fallen on town and village; a universal hush had spread over the land.

After a hustling day m-y night ride was a sublime joy.

But I was soon to be reminded that some places never sleep, and some noises are never hushed. There are so many of the human species at these places that sleep and silence are unknown!

Beyond Horley, switchbacking over Earlswood Common, I could plainly see a disturbing glow in the sky. It was Redhill, and a number of goods trains were holding high carnival, to an accompaniment of discordant shunting and shrieking.

The engine furnaces shot out a fierce light which streamed as from a huge lantern; the heavy night mists caught the powerful beams and played strange tricks of illumination in the darkness. Even the clouds were here and there tinged with the fiery breath of the iron dragons as they made nigh hideous with their endless grunts and groan.

The Redhill street lamps were not extinguished, numerous stragglers were about the town, and the Royal Mail Parcels Van - a motor - came rattling down the road en route from London to Brighton.

Noisy man is triumphant indeed at Redhill!

Things were much the same for the rest of my ride; I met over five hundred wheelmen and numerous motors as I rode from Croydon to London Bridge.

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In the Wee Sma' Hours.

It was now three o'clock in the morning; and the early bird type of cyclist is numerous in London. In batches of a dozen or more the lamps came down the road and swung past me. The early bird was setting out southwards for week-end by the sea.

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I seemed to be the only one heading northwards, and a rider in one of the crowds which met me in Suburbia was evidently puzzled to see even a single exception. He solved the problem - if not accurately, at least to his own satisfaction.

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"Blimy!" he exclaimed, "here's one bloke bin dahn and come back." I blushed.

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An hour later I had discovered a brother of the wheel, and we were drifting southwards with the stream. Day had dawned, noisy man was in evidence, and the charm of night had vanished.

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And our ride home seemed very ordinary - save for a welcome breakfast at Crawley - after the spin alone by starlight.

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Edgar Henson's Ramblers.

A quintette of Excelsiorites, Edgar Henson in command, went a-rambling a day or two ago 'Twas a strenuous ramble, though!

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Storrington, Pulborough, Fittleworth, and Petworth were passed through in the early morn, the boys breakfasting at Midhurst.

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Then away into Hampshire they spun; Petersfield, Bramdean, Cheriton, and Tichborne received flying visits, after which they headed south and rode through Bishop's Waltham down to Fareham.

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Thence along the road, familiar to the speedmen, through Cosham, Emsworth, and Chichester they came, meeting a group of more leisurely Excelsiorites at Arundel, and telling of their ride.

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The leisurely ones had been lazing at Burpham, and listened with admiration to the tale of a hundred miles of hard riding, punctuated with a few punctures and many bottles of mineral water.

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For the day had been hot and the pace likewise. And though I like to get afield I was right glad to have been one of the leisurely ones. Burpham is just far enough on a warm day.

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Cecil Laundry is teaching the young idea how to shoot. Leonard Duffield, of the Excelsior Club, recently rode from Worthing to H-arrow with him. And despite Leonard's tender years his muscles are by no means tender.

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For the sixty miles ride was a pleasant spin to him. He did the journey back a day or two later with equal ease. The captain's son is "hot stuff"! methinks,

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Dick Turpin

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THE WHEELING WORLD.
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Stars blinked feebly overhead; glow worms winked by the roadside; now and again a glimmering light shone at a window as I silently passed through a sleeping village. None of the human species to be seen, and, as a natural consequence, no noise to be heard.

Oh! man, you are the noisiest animal on earth!

A golden silence reigned as I rode through Horsham; Crawley dreamed of the day before; Horley was dark and still. A protracted elevator had fallen on town and village; a universal hush had spread over the land.

After a bustling day my night ride was a sublime joy.

But I was soon to be reminded that some places never sleep, and some noises are never hushed. There are so many of the human species at these places that sleep and silence are unknown!

Beyond Horley, switching over Earlswood Common, I could plainly see a disturbing glow in the sky. It was Redhill, and a number of goods trains were holding high carnival, to an accompaniment of discordant chunting and shrieking.

The engine furnaces shot out a fierce light which streamed on from a huge lantern; the heavy night mists caught the powerful beams and played strange tricks of illumination in the darkness. Even the clouds were here and there tinged with the fiery breath of the iron dragons as they made night hideous with their endless grunts and groans.

The Redhill street lamps were not extinguished, numerous stragglers were about the town, and the Royal Mail Parcel Van—a motor—came rattling down the road en route from London to Brighton.

Noisy man is triumphant indeed at Redhill!

Things were much the same for the rest of my ride; I met over five hundred wheelmen and numerous motors as I rode from Croydon to London Bridge.

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"Blimy!" he exclaimed, "here's one bloke bin dahn and come back." I blushed.

An hour later I had discovered a brother of the wheel, and we were drifting southwards with the stream. Day had dawned, noisy man was in evidence, and the charm of night had vanished.

And our ride home seemed very ordinary—save for a welcome breakfast at Crawley—after the spin alone by starlight.

Edgar Henson's Ramblers.

A quintette of Ecclesiastics, Edgar Henson in command, went a rambling a day or two ago. 'Twas a strenuous ramble, though!

Storrington, Pulborough, Pittsworth, and Petworth were passed through in the early morn, the boys breakfasting at Midhurst.

Then swag into Hampshire they spun; Petersfield, Bramdean, Chertton, and Titchborne received flying visits, after which they headed south and rode through Bishop's Waltham down to Eareham.

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The leisurely ones had been lazing at Burpham, and listened with admiration to the tale of a hundred miles of hard riding, punctuated with a few punctures and many bottles of mineral water.

For the day had been hot and the pace likewise. And though I like to get afield I was right glad to have been one of the leisurely ones. Burpham is just far enough on a warm day.

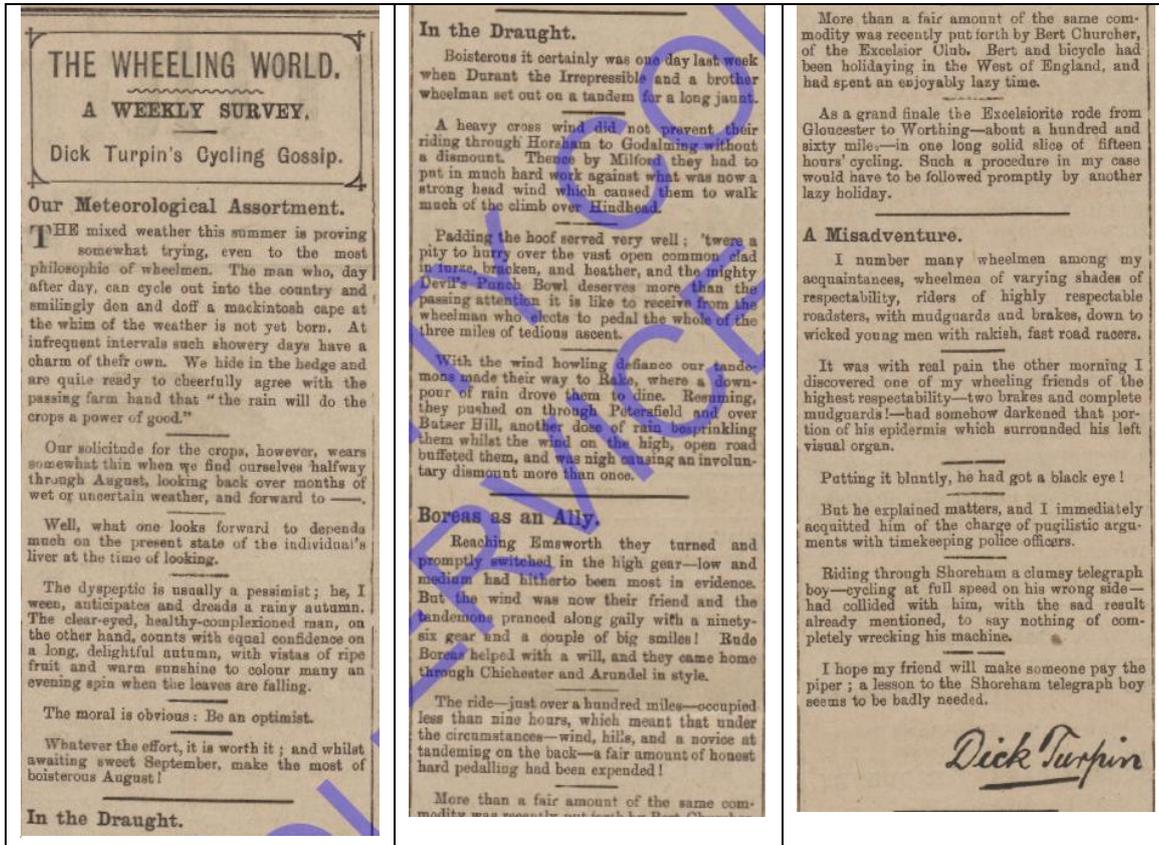
Cecil Laundry is teaching the young idea how to shoot. Leonard Duffield, of the Excelsior Club, recently rode from Worthing to Harrow with him. And despite Leonard’s tender years his muscles are by no means tender.

For the sixty miles ride was a pleasant spin to him. He did the journey back a day or two later with equal ease. The captain’s son is “hot stuff”! methinks,

Dick Turpin

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 21.8.1907 P2C5



THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

Our Meteorological Assortment.

THE mixed weather this summer is proving somewhat trying, even to the most philosophic of wheelmen. The man who, day after day, can cycle out into the country and smilingly don and doff a mackintosh cape at the whim of the weather is not yet born. At infrequent intervals such showery days have a charm of their own. We hide in the hedge and are quite ready to cheerfully agree with the passing farm hand that "the rain will do the crops a power of good."

Our solicitude for the crops, however, wears somewhat thin when we find ourselves halfway through August, looking back over months of wet or uncertain weather, and forward to -.

Well, what one looks forward to depends much on the present state of the individual's liver at the time of looking.

The dyspeptic is usually a pessimist; he, I
ween, anticipates and dreads a rainy autumn.
The clear-eyed, healthy-complexioned man, on
the other hand, counts with equal confidence on
a long, delightful autumn, with vistas of ripe
fruit and warm sunshine to colour many an
evening spin when the leaves are falling.

The moral is obvious : Be an optimist.

Whatever the effort, it is worth it; and whilst
awaiting sweet September, make the most of
boisterous August!

In the Draught.

Boisterous it certainly was one day last week
when Durant the Irrepressible and a brother
wheelman set out on a tandem for a long jaunt.

A heavy cross wind did not prevent their
riding through Horsham to Godalming without
a dismount. Thence by Milford they had to
put in much hard work against what was now a
strong head wind which caused them to walk
much of the climb over Hindhead.

Padding the hoof served very well; 'twere a
pity to hurry over the vast open common clad
in furze, bracken, and heather, and the mighty
Devil's Punch Bowl deserves more than the
passing attention it is like to receive from the
wheelman who elects to pedal the whole of the
three miles of tedious ascent.

With the wind howling defiance our tande-
mons made their way to Rake, where a down-
pour of rain drove them to dine. Resuming,
they pushed on through Petersfield and over
Butser Hill, another dose of rain besprinkling
them whilst the wind on the high, open road
buffeted them, and was nigh causing an involun-
tary dismount more than once.

Boreas as an Ally.

Reaching Emsworth they turned and
promptly switched in the high gear - low and
medium had hitherto been most in evidence.
B u t the wind was now their friend and the
tandemons pranced along gaily with a ninety-
six gear and a couple of big smiles! Rude
Boreas helped with a will, and they came home
through Chichester and Arundel in style.

The ride - just over a hundred miles - occupied
less than nine hours, which meant that under
the circumstances - wind, hills, and a novice at
tandeming on the back - a fair amount of honest
hard pedalling had been expended!

More than a fair amount of the same com-
modity was recently put forth by Bert Churcher,

of the Excelsior Club. Bert and bicycle had been holidaying in the West of England, and had spent an enjoy ably lazy time.

As a grand finale the Excelsiorite rode from Gloucester to Worthing - about a hundred and sixty miles - in one long solid slice of fifteen hours' cycling. Such a procedure in my case would have to be followed promptly by another lazy holiday.

A Misadventure.

I number many wheelmen among my acquaintances, wheelmen of varying shades of respectability, riders of highly respectable roadsters, with mudguards and brakes, down to wicked young men with rakish, fast road racers.

It was with real pain the other morning I discovered one of my wheeling friends of the highest respectability - two brakes and complete mudguards!— had somehow darkened that portion of his epidermis which surrounded his left visual organ.

Putting it bluntly, he had got a black eye!

But he explained matters, and I immediately acquitted him of the charge of pugilistic arguments with timekeeping police officers.

Riding through Shoreham a clumsy telegraph boy - cycling at full speed on his wrong side - had collided with him, with the sad result already mentioned, to say nothing of completely wrecking his machine.

I hope my friend will make someone pay the piper; a lesson to the Shoreham telegraph boy seems to be badly needed.

Dick Turpin

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 28.8.1907 P2C7

<p style="text-align: center;">THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>Through the Pine Woods. "GOING to be a regular summer day!" was the prediction which awoke me one recent morning. A peep through the window supported the prophecy; there was promise of blazing sunshine, and I planned accordingly for a gentle dawdle.</p> <p>The forecast proved correct. It was real summer as I pedalled over the Bostel to Washington, past harvested fields, baking in the sun, and over roads which would perhaps be better for a shower.</p> <p>Beyond the turning-point for Storrington I went, leaving the Horsham road for the lane through the shady pine woods. Then to the right, past Chilmington Common—gay with heather just now—and on to Pulborough.</p> <p>'Tis a pretty way, which makes a pleasant change from the road through Storrington and Wiggonholt. A brooklet bearing the proud title "the River Ohlt" meanders along not far away; the reeds and river grasses growing by its banks, together with some cattle grazing close at hand, tempted me to while half an hour away with the camera. Alas! the cattle were restless.</p> <p>At Pulborough I crossed the bridge over the Arun, and rode southward, staying to look in at the little Church of St. Botolph's at Hardham, or, as the Domesday Book had it, Heriedeham.</p> <p>The little old Church boasts what is thought by some to be the earliest set of mural paintings in England, dating back to about the twelfth century.</p> <p>A Hopeless Modern Mixture.</p>	<p>A Hopeless Modern Mixture. Farther on I espied the remains of Hardham Priory of Black Canons, an institution which flourished in the reign of Henry the Second. Now the remains are hopelessly mixed with a modern dwelling, and lose all character.</p> <p>Coldwaltham came next, then sleepy Watersfield—a hamlet which once aspired to a Market and a Fair. The Charter for these was granted six hundred years ago, since which time things appear to have quieted down along this road—which, by the way, is practically a bit of the old Roman Stone Street.</p> <p>Then on through Bury, Houghton, and Amberley, with its Ossie basking in the sun, away to my left, as I trudged up the long hill which brought me to Arundel Park. A ramble round passed half-an-hour away before continuing to Arundel, whence I turned off for Burpham.</p> <p>For the Excelsior Club—badly bitten by beautiful Burpham—was taking tea there yet once again!</p> <p>In the evening we went across the ferry, and over the meadows to Otham and back, ere we reluctantly left Burpham. And as we dawdled homewards in the light of a full moon methought 'twas a fitting wind-up to a regular summer day.</p> <p>Laundy's Latest Success. Cecil Laundy—a Worthing Excelsiorite, living at Harrow—has many friends locally. One and all they will join with me in heartily congratulating him, for he has just achieved his ambition by winning a gold medal for riding a hundred and seventy-three miles odd in twelve hours.</p> <p>The medal is one offered by the Southern C.C., the only other Club to which Laundy owes allegiance; and it completes a set—silver, gold centre, and gold—won by Cecil from the Southern C.C., to which I hope he will add a similar set from the Excelsior Club.</p> <p>Laundy takes me to task for writing of his "wholesale" medal rides: he insists that he has only made a total of eight actual medal rides in two years, outside of training spins, private trials, and jaunts to help his Club-mates.</p> <p>I am sorry, Cecil! but I had seen you so frequently that I jumped at my conclusion, I fear.</p> <p>Concerning Some Others.</p>	<p>Concerning Some Others. Excelsiorite Durant is away touring the Wye Valley, seeing Tintern Abbey, roaming about Monmouth, putting up at picturesque timbered farmhouses, and so on. "We have not got so far by fifty miles as we intended," runs a written confession. Which looks like an enjoyable tour!</p> <p>The veteran Sam Clark is at his old game again! I thought he had at last dropped racing, not having been on the track for months. But no! Last Thursday he broke out at Emsworth, and won second prize in a Veterans' open mile handicap, only missing first prize by a length. When is Sam really going to steady down, I wonder?</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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Dick Turpin

ⁱ Probably whitewashed over during Henry VIII's Reformation: In 2002, when we (my wife, daughter and I) re-visited Eyam, the Derbyshire plague village, church renovations had just uncovered similar murals, probably slightly later than those at Hardham. I thought it would've been improper to photograph them, so didn't ask.

ⁱⁱ I was puzzled by this route - but then Dick perhaps knew a little-used path, or went across country - again!

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 4.9.1907 P2C6

<p style="text-align: center;">THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>The Bye-Lane Month. SEPTEMBER! The month of all the year in which Dame Nature effects the greatest changes in her ever-varying garb. A bye lane month indeed is September. For 'tis not on the main road that we can note the coming and going of the many wayside wild flowers, the bracken changing from green to brown, the thinning of the trees, the ripening of blackberries and nuts.</p> <p>No; for the bye lane takes a jealous care of its secrets, and the main road knows them not.</p> <p>On the main road Ashford (of the Excelsior Club) and I met Bert Pope the other day. Bert had a motor bike out for an airing, and the main road does very well for that sort of thing.</p> <p>"Yes, it certainly is a bit floury!" he admitted, in reply to a remark of mine about the flying dust clouds. Floury was a mild term for it! Our after car went past, and the air was full of "flour."</p> <p>Beyond Washington we left both motorist and main road, turning off for Warminghurst, the Thakeham pine woods lying to our left. 'Twas a small, unambitious track, rough and grass-grown in many places. But we were in no hurry: hurry is for the main road.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Where Penn Once Lived.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Where Penn Once Lived.</p> <p>Warminghurst, a drowsy little Church and two or three houses, was once of more importance than 'tis to day. Less it could never have been! The Shelleys lived here, and later William Penn the Quaker.</p> <p>The large house wherein lived the founder of Pennsylvania was long ago destroyed—a pity, for it bore the reputation of being haunted. The Quaker Meeting House at Cootham, built with timber from one of Penn's ships, still stands.</p> <p>Beyond Warminghurst our lane became more interesting and less rideable. Not floury, as was the main road, but flowery. As we marked the pleasing colours which broke up the banks, we envied the artist's power.</p> <p>I paid such homage with the camera as was possible, whilst Ashford roamed the fields and gathered nuts.</p> <p>And so on, through Coolham, Barns Green, and Itchingfield to Broadbridge Heath, where we found the Arun. Here it is a mere infant in the way of rivers; it has seen no more of the world than its baby wriggings from St. Leonard's Forest, a few miles away, has shown it.</p> <p>We photographed the innocent little thing, and turned back to a lane over Coneshurst Common, and through Chilmington. An hour was laced away amidst the heather and bracken before we went on through the pine woods, and reluctantly emerged once again on the Horsham-Worthing road.</p> <p>And through the "flour" homewards, with pleasant recollections of the thirty miles of bye-lanes wherein the most part of a day had quickly sped.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Some Excelsior Doings.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Some Excelsior Doings.</p> <p>Jack Standing, of the Excelsior Club, recently made an attempt on the Shoreham Club's standard twenty miles. Our man beat the time—sixty-eight minutes—handsomely, and yet was not pleased with himself: he wished to pack the twenty miles up neatly in a one-hour parcel—but was three seconds over time!</p> <p>"Started 4.30 a.m., arrived at London at 7.50 a.m.; making a day run of it."</p> <p>Nay, good reader, not my own words! To start at such an hour would be almost an impossibility to me; and to ride to London in so brief a time is beyond my wildest nightmare! The laconic description is by Ernest Sawkins, Excelsiorite, who was an early bird the other morning, and had flown to London ere some people were well awake.</p> <p>Other early birds were on the wing at the same time, but their search for that proverbial biggest worm took them in a different direction.</p> <p>These were Edgar Henson, Victor Cowan, and J. Mungean, who sped away at half past five a.m., and found themselves at Hastings in time for breakfast. Yes, and back at Worthing by midday! A hundred miles!</p> <p>I had been invited to join the run, but scented a rodent when Cowan mentioned that there exists a certain record for the double journey between Hastings and Worthing. It now transpires that Edgar intends having a cut at that record, and the "run" to which I was invited was a training speed ride. A lucky escape for me!</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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ⁱ The Blue Idol meeting house is still in use in 2018, see Internet: <http://www.blueidol.org/>

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 11.9.1907 P2C5

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

Round the Clock.

THE morning mists hung heavy over the Horsham road the other day, as sundry lightly-clad cyclists sped northward to Wood-hatch, collecting enough moisture from Nature's veil to be wet through when they stayed at the little Reigate suburb to be checked.

For the lightly-clad ones were on a speed jaunt. They were riding a hundred and sixty miles in twelve hours for gold centre medals.

Victor Cowan was first, with Edgar Henson riding a spare machine. Two hours and seven minutes sufficed him for this thirty-three miles. Ernest Sawkins followed, in two hours and ten minutes.

With an easy swing they retraced their tracks to Offington Corner, at which point Victor had gained fifteen minutes on his chum Ernest.

Then to Ashington, and back once more to Offington Corner, where Club mates awaited them. At this stage of the proceedings eighty odd miles had been covered in about five hours, and the "boys," both looking quite happy, were enjoying their first "round the clock" ride to the full.

Away to the West!

Westward the chase went now; Arundel, Chichester, Emsworth, and Havant were passed, and Fareham came in sight. The quarry was now utterly at the mercy of the Excelesior huntmen. Cowan was no less than an hour and a half inside of the time schedule he had framed for his ride; Ernest, who had sustained a puncture, was only nine minutes slower than Cowan.

Therefore both men indulged themselves in the unusual luxury—on a speed ride—of a sit-down dinner at Fareham. It was a pleasant change after a menu which comprised bottles of tea and milk, accompanied by bananas or other handy forms of food partaken of by the roadside, or possibly whilst still riding.

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over two hours, and the boys had completed their task of a hundred and sixty miles. At the finish Victor Cowan had an hour and forty-three minutes to spare; his chum, Ernest Sawkins, had an hour and thirty-nine minutes in hand.

So there is little to choose between the two, who so easily tackled what is really a big ride. Indeed, had they ridden out the full twelve hours and aimed to compile as large a mileage as possible, methinks there would have been a new Club record on the books!

Odds and Ends.

Offington Corner is a busy spot. Harry Greenfield and his brother recently took census of the wheelers who passed during an hour. Things were no livelier than usual, but Kay, of Horsham, was "Number one hundred and twenty-five" just as the hour was up.

Through Horsham on to Guildford, over Hog's Back and away to Reading, was the morning spin of a Worthing man last Saturday. He rose early, took things easily, enjoyed the roads, and admired the scenery.

More than once I have been to Reading, and at other times have found—or, rather lost!—myself beyond Guildford. The short cuts from Guildford bewilder me. But there is much to see and admire along some of these roads.

Cyclists and Patriotism.

My readers will have seen, in last week's interesting column by SEES BONA, his telling appeal to the local cyclist. I read with much interest of Mackechnie, the Bulsway wheelman, ready with cycle and rifle to scout for a threatening impi of Zulus. The moral was clear: the cyclist who can use cycle and rifle is a valuable item in warfare.

And if, SEES BONA, we can raise a local Cyclist Scout Section it would, as you say, be a step in the right direction. For other Sussex towns would speedily follow; inter-town manoeuvres between the scouts might then be arranged, and the knowledge thus acquired would make the wheelman invaluable in case of need.

The cyclist is a strong patriot: what more

natural than that the wheelman to whom hill and dale, wood and meadow, road and lane are familiar friends—what more natural than that he should love his country? And fight for it!

In the Hour of Need.

The steel that taught him some of his patriotism may well help him in the hour of England's need! It only remains to acquire the knowledge which should make a man able to shoot and scout.

At the inception of the Rifle Club I joined it in the belief that scouting and signalling were to be part of the Club's programme. "Flag-wagging" has long held a fascination for me, and I hoped for much-needed practice.

Later, when the National Cyclists' Union compiled, for the War Department, a register of cycling guides, I undertook to pilot any stray Army Corps that came my way.

So, SEES BONA, you see I am with you, and will do what I can. Now, who is for the Cyclist Scout Section?

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Cyclists and Patriotism.

My readers will have seen, in last week's interesting column by SPES BONA, his telling appeal to the local cyclist. I read with much interest of Mackechnie, the Bulawayo wheelman, ready with cycle and rifle to scout for a threatening impi of Zulus. The moral was clear: the cyclist who can use cycle and rifle is a valuable item in warfare.

And if, SPES BONA, we can raise a local Cyclist Scout Section it would, as you say, be a step in the right direction. For other Sussex towns would speedily follow; inter-town manoeuvres between the scouts might then be arranged, and the knowledge thus acquired would make the wheelman invaluable in case of need.

The cyclist is a strong patriot; what more natural than that the wheelman to whom hill and dale, wood and meadow, road and lane are familiar friends - what more natural than that he should serve his country? And fight for it?

In the Hour of Need.

The steed that taught him some of his patriotism may well help him in the hour of England's need! It only remains to acquire the knowledge which would make a man able to shoot and scout.

At the inception of the Rifle Club I joined it in the belief that scouting and signalling were to be part of the Club's programme. "Flag-wagging" has long held a fascination for me, and I hoped for much-needed practice.

Later, when the National Cyclists' Union compiled, for the War Department, a register of cycling guides, I undertook to pilot any stray Army Corps that came my way.

So, SPES BONA, you see I am with you, and will do what I can. Now, who is for the Cyclist Scout Section ?

Dick Turpin

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 18.9.1907 P3C3

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

The Wanderers.

THE wandering season is now in full swing, and local wheelmen are being heard of in all sorts of places. My unknown correspondent, "Excelsiorite," who wrote from the land of parritch and Scotch lassies at the end of last season, has got back to England. Only just within its borders, though!

The mysterious one sent me a postcard from Carlisle a week ago. In the Lake District he has found some big climbs—"Bury Hill is not in it!" saith he.

Another Excelsiorite, A. H. Brake, has been down "Zammerzet" way with his son. Round Crewkerne they too found plenty of stiff hills, and were glad of the other brakes on some of the tricky descents.

Alfred is one of the old brigade, and did some big rides on the high bicycle; but I was surprised when he rode home, a hundred and thirty miles, in one day. Did he train for the ride on the cyder of the county, I wonder?

The Irrepressible Durant, too, has been away tandeming to Wales and back. In a fortnight the tandem seems to have been everywhere.

Encountering An Army.

Between Abingdon and Oxford an Army was on the march, in connection with the Wiltshire Manœuvres. The wheelers had to sprint ahead or wait an hour to allow a long procession of guns, men, and horses to cross a narrow bridge first.

The tandem won by a short head. It was

The tandem won by a short head. It was much better than puncturing in the wake of artillery, which choke the road and ruin its surface.

Gloucester was next, then a choppy time forrying over the Severn; Tintern Abbey receiving attention in due course. Then the Brecon Beacons and the Black Mountains, towering high up into threatening clouds, frowned a doubtful welcome to Wales.

But the frown became a sunny smile as the tandem swung on to Aberswyth, continued by stages to lofty Cader Idris, and dawdled to Dolgelly.

Snowdon was explored on two or three days, on foot and by rail; whilst Capal Curig tampered them to delay their journey to Bettws-y-Coed and Llandudno.

Loth to Leave.

Went with mountaineering—sometimes on the higher peaks they looked down on a sea of clouds—what with loitering in the valleys, steady climbs awhael, and the luxury of free-wheeling as much as nine miles at a stretch, the cyclists were loth to leave the Principality.

Even "Machynlleth" on a finger post did not worry them. The front rider read the first half, the back one did the rest; the pronunciation is described as resembling a sneeze turned back upon itself!

A visit to Shrewsbury and another to Stratford-on-Avon, and by the time the wheelers were home again seventeen counties had been touched, and seven hundred and eighty miles ridden.

Beaten By Boreas.

There was a mighty breeze fighting four Excelsior boys the other day. The boys were after medals, and the fight was strong. On the whole I think Boreas won the day. Certainly "Bertie" Hales, riding very gamely, got a silver medal, with nine minutes to spare, on the hundred miles course; Fred Flint, too, got one by riding a hundred and forty miles inside ten hours.

But Laundry turned the game up after three

But Laundry turned the game up after three punctures in eighty miles, and Jack Standing followed suit after a few hours' dual with the gale.

So I consider Boreas scored a point, for all four men are capable of winning honours on a less windy day.

Last week I commented upon the busy character of Oflington Corner, a test count having shown that a hundred and twenty-five cyclists passed the spot during a comparatively quiet hour.

Last Saturday a serious accident occurred there which illustrates the necessity of considerable care in negotiating the corner.

To Avert the Danger.

A local motor car was coming Findon-road, and through to West Tarring, when a tandem rapidly descended "Crocodile" Hill—Crockhurst Dell Hill, to be accurate—and crashed into the rear of the motor.

The riders, a lady and gentleman, were flung violently one to either side of the road, and had to be removed to the Worthing Hospital, where it was found that concussion of the brain had been sustained by both. Fortunately they are now recovering.

Some months ago the hedges at the Corner were lowered. A great saving of danger resulted, as traffic was visible from one road to the other. In view of the awkwardness of Oflington Corner, the hedges, which have grown again, should, I think, be cut down to a height of three or four feet.

It Looks Promising!

Captain Duffield informs me he is arranging a quiet dawdle through bye-lanes for the 22nd, starting about ten o'clock in the morning. Dinaer will be fixed for Wisborough Green; the party then propose to imitate the Arun, and meander leisurely down through Palborough and Amberley to Barham. Looks promising!

The Captain offers a welcome to any cyclists who care to join in; but he wishes them to notify him by Thursday, so that he may complete arrangements.

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THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 25.9.1907 P2C6

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

At the Three Crowns.

FIFTEEN jolly faces were ranged round a festive board within an old country hostelry a day or two back. Eight of the said faces were those of Excelsiorites; half-a-dozen anglers were there, and the jolliest countenance of all was that of him who presided over the feast.

He was Mice Host of the Three Crowns at Wyseberg, or Wisborough Green, as the present century hath it. There is an open hearth with fire-dogs and big chimney corners at the Three Crowns. There is also a fruit garden, and good cheer. To say nothing of a warm welcome.

We came away very satisfied with Wisborough Green, and portered leisurely along to Adversane, down the old Roman Stane Street, through Pultorough to Bury, and up the Hill.

Bert Hales rode Bury, but the rest of us had to be content to admire his prowess—we were on a holiday, and walked the hill.

A bye-path in Arundel Park bounced us in a lively manner to Offham, where we crossed the Arun. Then the Captain piloted us over the low-lying meadows and brooklands to Burpham.

Ferrying across the river, we were soon teazing at the familiar cottage; then a walk round, and the order to "light up."

For the day had flown, and we pedalled home with the full moon shining his best, to give a good finish to a most enjoyable Club run.

Cyclists and Motorists.

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Certain motorists are agitating with the object of compelling the cyclist to display a coloured light at the back of his machine when riding at night.

One motorist, who collided with a cyclist, complains that it cost him five pounds to compensate the victim for the loss of his machine. "Besides," he continues, "I had a nervous collapse for two days."

Poor man! The cyclist's nerves do not count; for the wheelman loves nothing better than to be wiped out of the landscape by the kind and gentle motor.

What becomes of the pedestrian? He carries no light, walks in the middle of the road when it is dark, and is less able to execute a rapid dive into the wayside ditch when King Motor comes.

I suppose that at sunset all pedestrians must climb trees and await the dawn. Otherwise the motorist who runs over them may get a "nervous collapse," and the road be littered with dead pedestrians!

The only alternative is a brutal one: The motorist might drive steadily.

A Real Sussex Hundred.

The speed men of the Excelsior Club are loth to put away the sword and swear a truce with Father Time. Indeed, Edgar Henson has attacked the scythe-bearer in a fresh place! He has annexed the unpaced record from Worthing to Hastings and back, a thoroughbred Sussex hundred miles ride.

Leaving the Town Hall at six o'clock he rode against a cold easterly wind through Shoreham and Brighton at a fine pace, which landed him beyond Lewes in sixty-six minutes.

Away on through Bignor, past Hellingly, and on into the far corner of East Sussex at a rattling speed rode Edgar, reaching Hastings three hours and one minute after the start. O. T. March, an East Sussex rider of the old brigade, was waiting at the Monument. He duly checked him and administered refreshments.

Wasting no time, Edgar was soon in the saddle again. Westward ho! it was now, and mile after mile was ticked off at about twenty to the hour. At Lewes, Edgar had gained fifteen minutes on his schedule; an hour later he was pulling up at the Town Hall, where it was found he had done the double journey in five hours and fifty-nine minutes.

Cowan, Sawkins, Fred Flint, Baker of the Brighton Stanley, and others followed over various parts of the ride. Flint sustained an awkward accident, and damaged his machine through dodging a flock of sheep, but was able to get home after some delay.

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Plucky Riding.

Cecil Laundry, too, has been at it again. Despite a heavy wind and delay through a bearing getting loose, Cecil won a gold medal by riding a hundred and seventy-one miles in twelve hours.

The performance was a striking example of plucky riding, and when Laundry rattled off the last few miles at three minutes each, finishing up with two minutes to spare, he had surprised his Excelsiorite Club mates more than a trifle.

Albert Standing, too, put up a fine performance on the same day. He rode a hundred and fifty-six miles, and won the gold centre medal with twenty-two minutes to spare. Truly, the Excelsior boys are, as many a London man has remarked to me, "hot on the road!"

Some Fragments.

That mysterious Will o' the wisp, "Excelsiorite," writes from Liverpool this week. He read last week's GAZETTE near Douglas. The anonymous one is having a fine time, he informs me.

I commend SPES BONA's remarks of last week to the Committee of the local Cycling Clubs. He says definitely that the Miniature Rifle Club will accept the Cycling Clubs bodily at a fixed sum.

What a fine chance to keep the men together in the winter months! A Club competition or two and an inter-Club contest at the Miniature Range ought to catch on. Now, Excelsior and Invicta!

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THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 2.10.1907 P2C5

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>Angelic Cyclists. RECENTLY a new Cycling Club has been started at Worthing; and started under the most favourable circumstances, too! To begin with, no fewer than fifty men ride under the smart new badge of this smart new Club.</p> <p>In the next place a road time trial has already been run off. And now for the climax, the culminating point in the way of favourable circumstances: the new Club's official title.</p> <p>The badge—a silvered shield with a blue band—bears in bold letters the bold inscription: "The Worthing Angels!" Nothing less than angels!</p> <p>Excelsior, Invicta, Alexandra, look ye well to your laurels! Fifty men, fifty machines, and fifty brand-new badges have taken the road with such a send-off as never was!</p> <p>The Angels were very happy a few days ago, carrying out their first time trial, the course being from Offington Corner to Horsham and back.</p> <p>Some Promising Performances.</p>	<p>Some Promising Performances. No less than sixteen members were sent off by Timekeeper Parker at regular intervals, and despite tyre troubles some promising riding was done.</p> <p>A good struggle was well fought out, and at its close 'twas found that medals were won by half a dozen, namely: C. Dabbs, C. Lee, J. Clark, C. Mitchell, B. Baker, and O. Heather.</p> <p>Unfortunately, the official mislaid his watch, and the times were not taken.</p> <p>Amongst the tyre victims during the contest I noticed Charlie—but there, I had better say a member of the Worthing Angels. Irritated by more than one tyre collapse, he admitted not feeling at all angelic.</p> <p>So, in a heated moment, he severed the air-tube, and thus made further repairing an impossibility! Then he walked the seven miles home, and carried the machine—a pilgrimage of penance which enabled the Worthing Angel to cool down to smiling temperature.</p> <p>We all have these angry passions, Charlie—I mean Mr. Angel. An Anerley man with me at the time admitted having done the same thing under provocation; whilst more than once I—but I won't confess!</p> <p>The Hastings Record.</p>	<p>The Hastings Record. Edgar Henson's unpaced ride to Hastings and back in five hours and fifty-nine minutes last week has made Sussex wheelmen look. It now transpires that the previous best time over this rather rough-and-tumble hundred miles was by J. Moren, of Hastings, as far back as 1892. He brought the record down to seven hours and fifteen minutes, which was then considered very good riding.</p> <p>In fact, the Hastings Club offered gold medals to members doing the ride under eight hours.</p> <p>The course is a trying one, and now that Edgar Henson has cut so large a slice—an hour and sixteen minutes—off the previous time, I should think it a very difficult task to still improve on this pure bred Sussex hundred.</p> <p>However, the Excelsior "close time" for medal rides has now set in, and the energies that have been directed to Woodhatch and Fareham have now leisure to look towards Hastings.</p> <p><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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ⁱ A fairly early use of the expression "time-trial".

ⁱⁱ Then how were the placings determined?

THE WHEELING WORLD.

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 9.10.1907 P3C3

Worthing Local Studies Library

<p style="text-align: center;">THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>On the Wane. TRULY the season is on the wane! It behoves us to put in those rides which somehow get postponed, or the winter will be here, making long spins somewhat of an undertaking. Things looked very dull a day or two back as I pushed through the mud to Findon and Washington. The roadside was strewn with dead leaves; the horse chestnuts were falling; puddles were plentiful, and heavy mists hid Chanctonbury's crown of beech trees.</p> <p>Beyond the Bostel 'twas better. The granite road to Horsham had drained and provided very fair going. By the way, why do we think of nothing but the speed qualities of the Horsham road? We find different interests in other roads, but here 'tis always speed.</p> <p>I think it likely that good Queen Bess saw more of Ashington on her visit in 1591 than all our flitting through has shown us. Then the ruin of Knepp Castle, where the de Braose Barons held sway and King John was entertained.</p> <p>On another road we should almost hear the tramp of steel-clad knights, with their esquires and retainers; we don't on the Horsham road. We merely calculate how long the thirteen miles from Worthing have taken us to ride.</p> <p>And the chances are that we fail even to see the shingled spire of West Grinstead Church, not far away, nestling in the trees on our right as we scurry down the hill which takes us past the Castle.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>Intended Reformation.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Intended Reformation.</p> <p>So on this occasion, when I arrived at Horsham in a somewhat warm condition, with a general idea that the country looked fresh and sweet after the rain, whilst the roads were almost fit for speed, I determined to reform!</p> <p>A look round at Horsham's oft-pictured Causeway, where short-cropped limes and chestnuts line the edge of the pavement and face a row of irregular, picturesque gabled houses, the Church closing the end of the way and putting a finishing touch to the best "bit" in Horsham.</p> <p>Then I made my exit from the town at its eastern end, crossing over our little friend the Arun—here in its infancy—on my way to Cowfold.</p> <p>Five o'clock tolled out from St. Hugh's Monastery as I passed, and I wondered if the Carthusian brothers were just sitting down to tea in the warm. Clouds were looking ominous, and I postponed my own meal in order to make the best of the road; it was tarred for the greater part of the way from Horsham to Henfield.</p> <p>Then through Beeding to Shoreham, a flounder along the lumpy lower road in the rain, and I was home. The route is a pleasant alternative to the cut-and-dried Horsham road, and very pretty in many places. Easier coming from Horsham than going to it, for the climb from Cowfold would be tedious.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>A Wayside Scene.</p> <p>Cross-roads; a cyclist waiting beneath the signpost and gazing earnestly away into the distance. Every minute a glance first at his watch and then at a group of bottles and fruit which lay at his feet. Then he resumes his look-out for the coming speedman.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p style="text-align: center;">'Tis a familiar scene.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">'Tis a familiar scene.</p> <p>Captain Duffield, of the Erecliors, is the watchman on this occasion; F. Bowie, of the Unity Club, is the speedman. Bowie is attempting twelve hours record; since morning he has come from near Croydon, southwards across Surrey and Sussex to Worthing; then westwards well into Hants, being now on his return.</p> <p>Presently a bustle. Captain Duffield has sighted Bowie. Hastily arranging bottles of speed drink, he mounts. Bowie comes along, slows down from eighteen miles an hour to eight, and takes first a drink and then a bite, looking pretty comfortable for all his hundred and twenty miles.</p> <p>The men riding behind on spare machines receive similar attention, then with a parting "Good luck to you, Bowie!" the Unity man bends again to his task, his followers quicken up, and the riders are soon out of sight.</p> <p>More cross roads, more waiting and watching cyclists, and more speed foods. Incidentally a lot more of bending to the task as well!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>A Noteworthy Performance.</p> <p>Then the twelfth hour ticked itself out, and Bowie had broken record, riding the splendid total of two hundred and seven miles. The ride is noteworthy as being the first on Southern Roads to beat a British record, in this instance a World's record also.</p> <p>A number of road riding men from London, Croydon, Horsham, and Worthing are arranging a meet at Crawley on Saturday now that they have ceased speed operations for a while. I understand a good muster of Worthing men are riding up in order to fraternise with their brother "speedworms" in a more leisurely manner than the sign post and cross roads interview permits of.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

On the Wane.

TRULY the season is on the wane! It behoves us to put in those rides which somehow get postponed, or the winter will be here, making long spins somewhat of an undertaking. Things looked very dull a day or two back as I pushed through the mud to Findon and Washington. The roadside was strewn with dead leaves; the horse chestnuts were falling; puddles were plentiful, and heavy mists hid Chanctonbury's crown of beech trees.

Beyond the Bostel 'twas better. The granite road to Horsham had drained and provided very fair going. By the way, why do we think of nothing but the speed qualities of the Horsham road? We find different interests in other

roads, but here 'tis always speed.

I think it likely that good Queen Bess saw more of Ashington on her visit in 1591 than all our flitting through has shown us. Then the ruin of Knepp Castle, where the de Braose Barons held sway and King John was entertained.

On another road we should almost hear the tramp of steel-clad knights, with their esquires and retainers; we don't on the Horsham road. We merely calculate how long the thirteen miles from Worthing have taken us to ride.

And the chances are that we fail even to see the shingled spire of West Grinstead Church, not far away, nestling in the trees on our right as we scurry down the hill which takes us past the Castle.

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which lay at his feet. Then he resumes his look-out for the coming speedman.

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Captain Duffield, of the Excelsiors, is the watchman on this occasion; F. Bowie, of the Unity Club, is the speedman. Bowie is attempting twelve hours record; since morning he has come from near Croydon, southwards across Surrey and Sussex to Worthing; then westwards well into Hants, being now on his return.

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DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD.

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 16.10.1907 P2C5

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>What Happened at Crawley. TWO hundred and more speedmen, sound in wind and limb, were making the rafters ring at the George Assembly Rooms, Crawley, last Saturday evening. 'Twas the annual reunion of the road-racer, and London lungs were pitted against Worthing lungs, Horsham throats vied with Croydon throats, as chorus after chorus went rolling out into the night.</p> <p>In the afternoon the scorchers had engaged the Crawley Football Club in friendly encounter between the goals. But despite so famous a Captain as the record-breaking Harry Green, the wheelmen lost, getting one goal to Crawley's three.</p> <p>Our men were not assisting in the football match, I must hasten to add. From which I wish it inferred that the result would have been very different had they been playing.</p> <p>We will assume so!</p> <p>As it was, Edgar Henson had started early, gone on to Norwood, scaled a long, stiff hill by the Palace grounds, and was hanging on to a speedy motor cycle on his way down to Crawley whilst the match was happening.</p> <p>And the other boys, in the absence of their shepherd, had a misadventure which delayed them on the way. Bert Hals and Victor Cowan played "kiss-cannons," costing Victor a couple of spokes and a slightly bent crank.</p> <p>However, Worthing was fully represented by tea-time, and also at the reveries which followed, and which continued to follow until midnight!</p> <p>Then, with farewells until next Easter or so,</p>	<p>the Excelsiors mounted and rode into the night. Between Crawley and Horsham numbers of rabbits on the road were startled by the gleam of bicycle lamps; nearer home a night policeman wondered what was afoot—or a wheel; and after a fortunately eventless ride the Excelsiors came trickling through darkness into Worthing at half-past two in the morning.</p> <p>Ringin' Down The Curtain. And thus was the curtain rang down on the past season's road racing, with its many stirring scenes, its victories and defeats, its pains and pleasures.</p> <p>Well, 'tis high time to garb both man and machine in a different fashion to that adopted by the speed man. For the wheelman must go mud-plugging if he ride much at this time of the year. Mudguards and macintoshes are the order now.</p> <p>So I discovered at Bignor last Thursday, when walking up the steep, unmade—and unmade!—road which climbs the hill from West Barten. I slipped and slid through a sticky mixture of chalk and earth nicely wetted according to taste; presently I noticed my front wheel was not revolving, but sliding over the sticky mixture.</p> <p>The wheel had accumulated a plentiful sample of the said mixture between the tyre and the mudguard, and jammed! I heaved a sigh out of whoever we stook our sights, and a few pounds of mud out of the guard. And went on, having to repeat both forms of heaving once or twice ere I reached the top!</p> <p>That wild, desolate bit of road takes my eye.</p>	<p>That wild, desolate bit of road takes my eye. Steep, ragged, scored with deep ruts wherein ages of rains have rushed down to make the sticky mixture, it waited only the flying storm clouds of last Thursday to complete the scene. I wished I could paint!</p> <p>'Twas Worth It! Yes, the climb was hard, but 'twas worth the labour. Steep indeed it is; so Belinus the Roman road-maker found it. For the great predecessor of Telford and Macadem had to depart from his regular practice of keeping straight ahead. A curve in the road bore witness to the victory of Bignor over the Roman in this particular.</p> <p>Coming back to modern roads again, I saw the fiftieth milestone on the Worthing-London road for the first time a few days back. Nearly at the top of the Bostel on the east side of the road is the "stone," which, like many of its brothers, is of iron. Simply the figures "50," nothing further does this laconic mark tell us. I think I know eight milestones now 'twixt Horsham and Worthing.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
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THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

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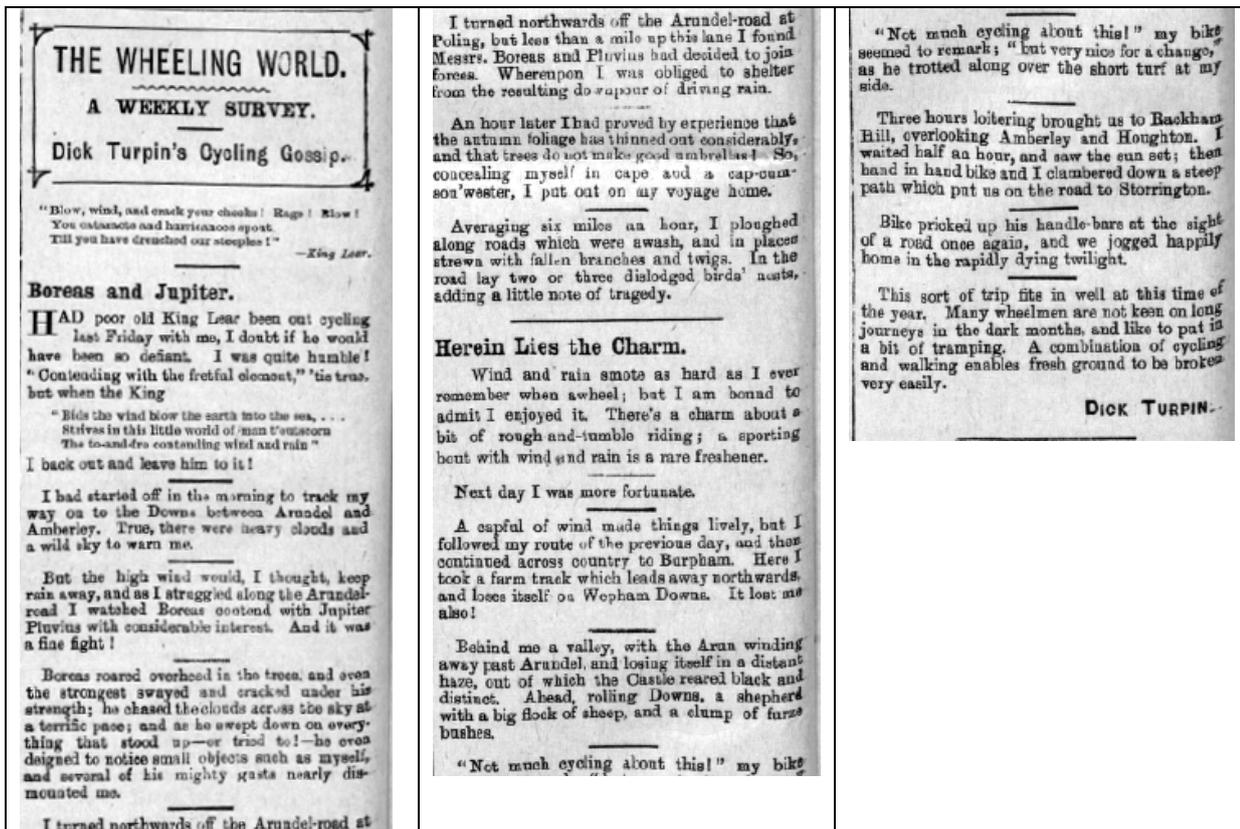
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DICK TURPIN.



THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

 Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

"Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! Rage! Blow!
 You cataracts and hurricanes spout
 Till you have drenched our steeples!"

 -King Lear,

Boreas and Jupiter.

HAD poor old King Lear been out cycling last Friday with me, I doubt if he would have been so defiant. I was quite humble! "Contending with the fretful element," 'tis true, but when the King

"Bids the wind blow the earth in to the sea, . . .
 Strives in this little world of man t' outscorn
 The to-and-fro contending wind and rain"

I back out and leave him to it!

I had started off in the morning to track my way on to the Downs between Arundel and Amberley. True, there were heavy clouds and a wild sky to warn me.

But the high wind would, I thought, keep

I turned northwards off the Arundel-road at Poling, but less than a mile up this lane I found Messrs. Boreas and Pluvius had decided to join forces. Whereupon I was obliged to shelter from the resulting downpour of driving rain.

An hour later I had proved by experience that the autumn foliage has thinned out considerably, and that trees do not make good umbrellas! So, concealing myself in a copse and a cap-cum-season's wester, I put out on my voyage home.

Averaging six miles an hour, I ploughed along roads which were awash, and in places strewn with fall-n branches and twigs. In the road lay two or three dislodged birds' nests, adding a little note of tragedy.

Herein Lies the Charm.

Wind and rain smote as hard as I ever remember when a wheel; but I am bound to admit I enjoyed it. There's a charm about a bit of rough-and-tumble riding; a sporting bout with wind and rain is a rare freshener.

Next day I was more fortunate.

A capful of wind made things lively, but I followed my route of the previous day, and then continued across country to Burpham. Here I took a farm track which leads away northwards, and lost itself on Wepham Downs. It lost me also!

Behind me a valley, with the Arun winding away past Arundel, and losing itself in a distant haze, out of which the Castle reared black and distinct. Ahead, rolling Downs, a shepherd with a big flock of sheep, and a clump of furze bushes.

"Not much cycling about this!" my bike

seemed to remark; "but very nice for a change," as he trotted along over the short turf at my side.

Three hours loitering brought us to Backham Hill, overlooking Amberley and Houghton. I waited half an hour, and saw the sun set; then hand in hand bike and I clambered down a steep path which put us on the road to Storrington.

Bike pricked up his handle-bars at the sight of a road once again, and we joggled happily home in the rapidly dying twilight.

This sort of trip fits in well at this time of the year. Many wheelmen are not keen on long journeys in the dark months, and like to put in a bit of tramping. A combination of cycling and walking enables fresh ground to be broken very easily.

DICK TURPIN.

rain away, and as I struggled along the Arundel-road I watched Boreas contend with Jupiter Pluvius with considerable interest. And it was a fine fight!

Boreas roared overhead in the trees, and even the strongest swayed and cracked under his strength; he chased the clouds across the sky at a terrific pace; and as he swept down on everything that stood up - or tried to! - he even deigned to notice small objects such as myself, and several of his mighty gusts nearly dismounted me.

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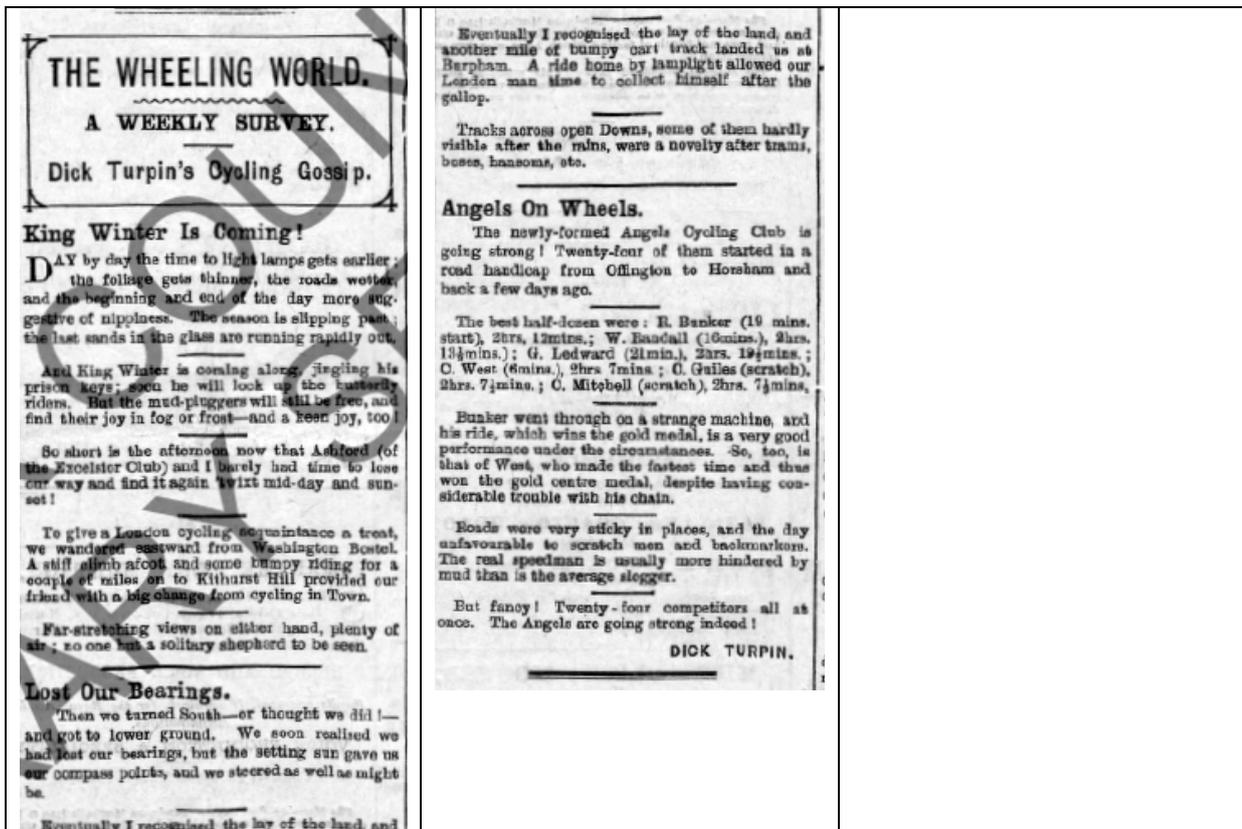
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DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 30.10.1907 P2C4



THE WHEELING WORLD

A Weekly Survey.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

King Winter is Coming!

DAY by day the time to light lamps gets earlier; the foliage gets thinner, the roads wetter, and the beginning and end of the day more suggestive of nippiness. The season is slipping past; the last sands in the glass are running rapidly out.

And King Winter is coming along, jiggling his prison keys; soon he will lock up the butterfly riders. But the mud-pluggers will be free, and find their joy in fog or frost - and a keen joy too.

So short is the afternoon now that Ashford (of the Excelsior Club) and I barely had time to lose our way and find it again 'twixt mid-day and sunset!

To give a London cycling acquaintance a treat, we wandered westward from Washington Bostel. A stiff climb afoot, and some bumpy riding for a couple of miles on to Kithurst Hill provided our friend with a big change from cycling in Town.

Eventually I recognised the lay of the land, and another mile of bumpy cart track landed us at Bergham. A ride home by lamplight allowed our London man time to collect himself after the gallop.

Tracks across open Downs, some of them hardly visible after the rains, were a novelty after trams, buses, hansom, etc.

Angels On Wheels.

The newly-formed Angels Cycling Club is going strong! Twenty-four of them started in a road handicap from Offington to Horsham and back a few days ago.

The best half-Josen were: R. Bunker (19 mins. start), 2hrs. 12mins.; W. Baudall (16mins.), 2hrs. 13½mins.; G. Ledward (21min.), 2hrs. 19½mins.; C. West (6mins.), 2hrs. 7mins.; C. Gules (scratch), 2hrs. 7½mins.; C. Mitchell (scratch), 2hrs. 7½mins.

Bunker went through on a strange machine, and his ride, which wins the gold medal, is a very good performance under the circumstances. So, too, is that of West, who made the fastest time and thus won the gold centre medal, despite having considerable trouble with his chain.

Roads were very sticky in places, and the day unfavourable to scratch men and backmarkers. The real speedman is usually more hindered by mud than is the average slogger.

But fancy! Twenty-four competitors all at once. The Angels are going strong indeed!

DICK TURPIN.

Far-stretching views on either hand, plenty of air; no one but a solitary shepherd to be seen.

Lost Our Bearings.

Then we turned South - or thought we did!— and got to lower ground. We soon realised we had lost our bearings, but the setting sun gave us our compass points, and we steered as well as might **be.**

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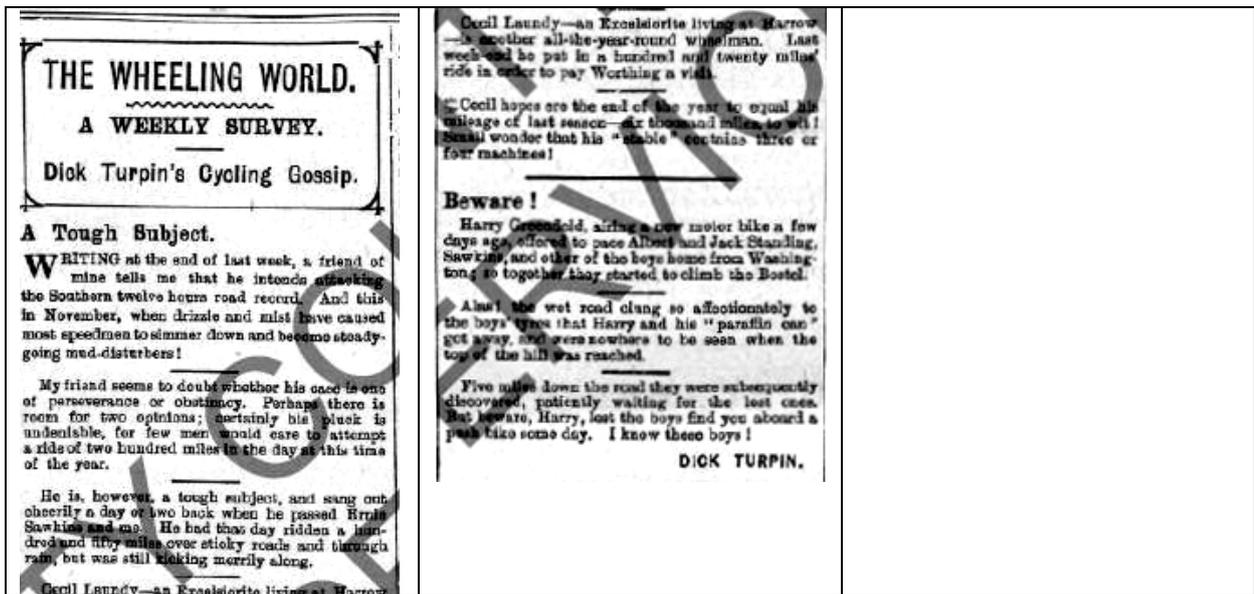
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THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 6.11.1907 P2C5



A Tough Subject.

WRITING at the end of last week, a friend of mine tells me that he intends attacking the Southern twelve hours road record. And this in November, when drizzle and mist have caused most speedmen to simmer down and become steady-going mud-disturbers!

My friend seems to doubt whether his case is one of perseverance or obstinacy. Perhaps there is room for two opinions; certainly his pluck is undeniable, for few men would care to attempt a ride of two hundred miles in the day at this time of the year.

He is, however, a tough subject, and sang out cheerily a day or two back when he passed Ernie Sawkins and me. He had that day ridden a hundred and fifty miles over sticky roads and through rain, but was still kicking merrily along.

Cecil Laundry - an Excelsiorite living at Harrow - is another all-the-year-round wheelman. Last week-end he put in a hundred and twenty miles' ride in order to pay Worthing a visit.

Cecil hopes ere the end of the year to equal his mileage of last season - six thousand miles, to wit! Small wonder that his “stable” contains three or

four machines!

Beware!

Harry Greenfield, airing a new motor bike a few days ago, offered to pace Albert and Jack Standing, Sawkins, and other of the boys home from Washington; so together they started to climb the Bostel.

Alas! I the wet road clung so affectionately to the boys' tyres that Harry and his "paraffin can" got away, and were nowhere to be seen when the top of the hill was reached.

Five miles down the road they were subsequently discovered, patiently waiting for the lost ones. But beware, Harry, lest the boys find you aboard a push bike some day. I know these boys!

DICK TURPIN.

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>"When the summer fields are mown, When the buds are fledged and flown, And the dry leaves strew the path, With the falling of the snow, With the cawing of the crow, Once again the fields we mow And gather in the aftermath." —<i>Langfellow.</i></p> <p>End of the Season. WELL, good reader, I think we have arrived at the aftermath-gathering stages as regards cycling. Our excursions during the next few months are likely to be less frequent and shorter than the jaunts of the past season; and the Editor is hovering over me with an extinguisher which has already been applied to the cricketer and the summer sportsman generally.</p> <p>But ere we say our partings, let us turn and look back over the way we have just ridden.</p> <p>The weather, on the whole, has been very un-nerved during 1907, but perhaps this has made wheeling none the less enjoyable. I, for one, do not enjoy hard pedalling under a blustering sky, and the shorter rambles of the past season, untroubled by showers, have taken me into a verdant fresh and charming bye-way. Many a wheelman of my acquaintance has this year "potted" more than usual. And enjoyed cycling more than usual in consequence.</p> <p>Some Special Spins. But Edgar Henson and the Excelsior boys have not been lay. One of their special spins was through Falborough and Midhurst away into Hampshire, touching Cheriton and Tisbury, coming home by the Havant and Chichester road—something over a hundred miles altogether.</p> <p>Another day they were at Badhill whilst yet the morning was young. Edgar and Percy Henson, with Albert Standing, rode up and down the country after G. A. Olley, when he covered one thousand miles in four days and nine hours and three minutes.</p> <p>Did not one of the Worthing trio, when chased in the dark by two cycling police, elude his pursuers, light his offending lamp, and then send the constables on a wild goose chase down a side road after nobody? I wonder if Edgar was the guilty man!</p> <p>Another example of industrious pedalling is</p>	<p>Another example of industrious pedalling is Henson's record ride from Worthing to Hastings and back in five hours and fifty-nine minutes. Frank Medhurst, too, has not been idle. Always fit, he rode to Bath and back with scarcely a stop one day quite early in the year, long before some of us had got into riding trim.</p> <p>Almost my longest ride this year—a hundred mile spin over Hindhead, through Farnfield and Emsworth—was in company with Medhurst and Ashford. 'Twas an effort for me, but a mere dawdle to the hard-riding Medhurst!</p> <p>The Great Feature. But the feature of the year has been the harvest of medals which the speed section of the Excelsior Club has gathered on the road. Never before have so many victories been won by the Club boys; never has so much sporting enthusiasm existed. The following is a list of the men to be "hall-macked": One hundred miles, A. H. Kay, 4hrs. 42mins.; E. Henson, 4hrs. 5mins.; H. Wortley, 4hrs. 3mins.; G. Brown, 4hrs. 11mins.; E. Sawkins, 4hrs. 16mins.; V. Cowan, 4hrs. 21mins.; A. Standing, 4hrs. 22mins.; F. Flint, 4hrs. 23mins.; J. Flint, 4hrs. 23mins.; C. Laundry, 4hrs. 26mins. Twelve hour rides: D. Laundry, 171 miles; A. Standing, 156 miles; V. Cowan, 156 miles; E. Sawkins, 158 miles; F. Flint, 140 miles.</p> <p>In the twelve hours rides it should be remembered that Flint had a couple of hours to spare, Sawkins and Cowan an hour and half, and Standing twenty-two minutes, after riding the distances with which they are credited.</p> <p>Turning now to the Club run side of cycling, we lose than sixty Excelsiorites assembled to dine at Hoobold on President Warne's run; and to amble back to Bramber for tea, brick-cycling, and lots of innocent fun provided by the genial head of the Club.</p> <p>Despite a wet evening, forty numbers were in evidence—very much so!—at the Honorary Secretary's run to Findon, and a similar muster greeted the Annual Strawberry Feast at Washington.</p> <p>Happy Little Outings.</p>	<p>Happy Little Outings. Yes, Captain Duffield has had some big musters under his charge this year! Many of the smaller runs to Burpham, Bramber, Wisborough Green, etc., have been wonderfully happy little outings too!</p> <p>The Invicta Club, which specialises in Club runs and taboos the wicked speed man, has gone very strongly this year. Generally a dozen or more strong, the Invictas have cycled forth week by week, and passed many a jolly evening.</p> <p>And though machines are not so much in use now the dark days have come, the Club is quite alive; for a regular series of Social Evenings will carry the Invicta people through the winter, and keep them together.</p> <p>The Alexandra Club, too, is very game; indeed, I have seen the Alex. men scurrying along with their President half a mile in the rear! But I believe that he is very patient with his impetuous charges.</p> <p>Angels on Wheels. Again, there is the recently-formed Angels C.C., already over fifty strong. They encourage speed; ever and anon they run a handicap off to Horsham and back. On a poor day I have known half-a-dozen of the Angels to beat two hours and twenty minutes on this course.</p> <p>Scribe Parker tells me the Angels have an unknown patroness who, under the pen-name of "Lady Dare," has given the Club a subscription, promised to continue it, and offered a donation to the prize fund. I congratulate the Club on the possession of an interesting little mystery; for no one knows the identity of the anonymous fair one.</p> <p>Lastly, I am pleased to notice, too, that the veteran Sam Clark came out once this year. He was a one mile Veterans' Handicap at Emsworth which tempted Sam to again don his racing colours. As of old, he got among the prizes, bringing off a second.</p> <p>And, now, speedmen and potters, adieu! us hope to make up a party again next season and week by week to come and gossip together in this column about the doings of the Wheeling World. Meantime, however, do not give up the wheel. Let not King Winter make you and your trusty steed prisoners!</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
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