

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

"Come fill the cup, and in the fire of Spring,
 The Winter Garment of Repentance fling :
 The Bird of Time has but a little way
 To fly—and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing."
Omar Khayyam.

In the Country.
O MAR was not a cyclist! That is quite obvious. Had he been, he would have called for his newest light roadster with change-speed gear, instead of saying "fill the cup." Mayhap he was in some Persian football team which had been as successful as our - but there, football is over for another season! And the cuckoo has come back.

As I write this Gossip I can hear his call, whilst close at hand a full chorus of bird voices answer from the trees. I am out in the country.

These birds seem marvellously well pleased about something. Is it the bright green of the young leaves with which the branches of their stately tree-homes have just been freshly decorated? Or are they gladdened by the warm splashes of sunshine, which kiss alike the tall tree and the modest primrose at its foot ?

Anyway, they are very happy. So am I! Who would not be when alone with the birds and trees, the sunshine and primroses!

So I propose in some part to obey the behest of Khayyam, and doff my winter garments, donning in place thereof my wheeling rig. Not that wheeling has by any means been forgotten during the dark days, but somehow we look with smiles to the springtime.

For we cyclists play the merry vagrant far better 'neath a sunny sky; and we prefer the coloured picture-book of Nature to the plain one

In Friendly Communion.

So, with the permission of the Editor, I propose that you and I, good reader, resume our little Gossip from week to week about what we have seen and whither we next will roam with our silent steeds.

The Club run season has opened vigorously. Captain Duffield has piloted his Excelsiorites to Brighton, Bognor, and Bramber already; Arundel was another of the early runs. I wonder, are these trips so arranged that the destinations appear in alphabetical order? If so, Wick and Yaptan may wait a long time ere the Attractions of Ashington, the Beauties of Burpham, and the Charms of Chilington are receiving attention from the merry Excelsiorite!

Indeed, Bramber may be re-visited ere long. I hear the frolicsome ones achieved great things in equestrianism, and that the pony which frequents the Castle grounds is cultivating a turn of speed; whilst friendly rivalry as to who can kill most bottles at the shooting saloon is like to cost much in gunpowder. The Excelsiors were very happy at Bramber!

Dick Turpin

THE WHEELING WORLD.

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 20.5.1908 P2C5

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

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In Smuggling Days.

"THE hidden well is down beneath the floor, as you see; overhead was a secret room." And the hostess of the Market Cross House at Alfriston held a lighted candle, that the Irrepressible and I might first peer through a hole in the floor, down into a dark open shaft which reached from the top of the old inn right away into its foundations. Then we looked through the low ceiling, up into an almost equally dark room in the roof, a room with no window, door, or staircase.

Our guide had taken us over the old smugglers' house. Up and down many little staircases we had gone, looking in at old, low-ceilinged rooms, dodging around corners, along passages, and ever coming upon—more staircases!

Truly the Preventive men who searched for Stanton Collins, who lived here and was chief of the Alfriston Gang of smugglers, were well set to work!

Collins did not confine his exploits to the illicit importation of kegs of brandy. South Lucas, in his *Highways and Byways of Sussex*: "When Mr. Betts, the Minister of the Lady Huntingdon Chapel at Alfriston, was high-handedly suspended by the Chief Trustee of the Chapel, on account of his opposition to that gentleman's proposed union with his deceased wife's sister, it was Collins' gang who invaded the Chapel, replaced Mr. Betts in the pulpit, and mounted guard round it while he continued the service."

Mr. Betts was equal to the occasion: he gave out the hymn: "God moves in a mysterious way."

Old and Interesting.

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Alfriston is an interesting place. It is old; it has a weather-worn Market Cross, and really ancient inns; its Church is venerable, and its rambling old cottages are mostly in keeping with the general air. The Star Inn, with its odd carvings and grotesque red lion—the figure-head from a Dutch wreck—was in Bluff King Hal's time a sanctuary for fugitives from justice.

Just at the moment neither the Irrepressible nor I was flying from justice—as it happened!—so we spent most of our time in the low, watery meadows by the Church.

For the "Cathedral of the South Downs," as it has been called, looks well with a marshy foreground, and we were intent on a photograph.

By the way, legend hath it that when the Church was building, foundations were laid in an adjoining meadow. And day by day, as the builders went to resume the work, they discovered the stones had been removed and relaid in a different spot! At last the builders bowed to the miracle and continued the work on the new site, where the Church now stands.

Having devoted all the time we could spare to Alfriston, we piped all hands aboard, and a minute or two put us on the main Lewes-Eastbourne road, where we headed for Lewes, a dozen miles away.

Roads were grand, a southerly breeze was rolling some mighty mists up from the Channel, and Firlie Beacon on our left looked grandly impressive with its head buried in the clouds. As we pedalled past Glynde and looked up at Mount Caburn, however, we voted it one better; crowned with a cloud which hovered now higher, now lower, whilst King Sol overhead strove to pierce the veil which only just held against his attack, it was a fine effect.

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Then through Lewes, where a Cycling Club was vigorously bugling itself out of town; some mighty pushing up one side of Falmer Hill against wind, a swoop down the other, and Brighton was reached, whence the run home served as a leisure moment in which to resolve upon revisiting Alfriston.

In Biding Form.

Methinks the speedmen are preening their wings in readiness for some big flights. A few days ago Victor Cowan, trying a change-gear which he has reduced to eighty and sixty, winged his way home from Portsmouth and on up to Washington in two hours and twenty minutes. Twenty hours and two minutes would suit me better!

Again, documentary evidence, to wit a postcard, I shows that the said Victor Cowan, in company with one Ernest Sawkins, and sundry other Excelstorites, was recently at Crawley, assisting certain London speedmen in the rapid grinding out of large numbers of miles on the King's highway. Good boys!

The Angels C.C. are in riding form too! I was mightily taken aback when some dozen or so of them chorused, "Hulloa, Dick!" down at Selmeston, on the Eastbourne road, a day or two back.

They were in strong force, and evidently out for a long spin by the happy look upon their faces.

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 Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
 at Worthing Local Studies Library
 Turpin: 27.5.1908 P2C5

<p style="text-align: center;">THE WHEELING WORLD. ----- A WEEKLY SURVEY. ----- Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>Where Is That V.C.?</p> <p>EXCELSIORITES are mustering to the call of Captain Duffield in large numbers. At a recent run there were no fewer than twenty-three riders, and a pleasant evening spin was wound up at Rustington, where a little dance was found to be in progress. So the Excelsiorites seasoned their cycling with a dash of the Terpsichorean, much to the enjoyment of the natives and themselves.</p> <p>A few days later a baker's dozen of the Excelsior people were to be seen contentedly taking tea, al fresco, at West Grinstead. A ramble on foot out towards Shipley was indulged in afterwards, and a quiet saunter home by lamplight filled the bill.</p> <p>'Twas on one of these occasions a speedy member of the Club was tempted by a passing motor-car. He fell! That is to say, his evil tendencies moved him to follow the flying car.</p> <p>A mile or two down the road was a Police trap, which timed and stopped the car behind which our friend was still pedalling gamely. I am told the officials returned the pace at thirty-eight miles an hour!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">----- The Excelsiorite deserves a V.C.!</p> <p>Problem for the Gate-Keeper.</p>	<p>Problem for the Gate-Keeper.</p> <p>After crossing Old Shoreham Bridge recently, and paying the customary twopence, a friend and I were informed by the modern Horatius—disguised as a railway gateman—that "he wanted another twopence!"</p> <p>I was about to sympathise with him—for I suffer from a similar complaint on a much larger scale—when he remarked: "There's two of ye, ain't there?" in a tone of reproach.</p> <p>We pleaded guilty; there was no denying the fact, and not much chance of concealing it. But we made one last effort to wriggle out from under the iron heel of the oppressor who wanted another twopence. We pointed out that though we were two, our bicycle was one—we were on a tandem.</p> <p>The uninformed individual scratched his head and reflected for a minute over the problem; then he decided that we counted as one, and allowed us to pass. A tandem also counts as a single when crossing the Norfolk Bridge on the New Shoreham-road.</p> <p>The Eats Were Forgiven!</p> <p>Staying the night at a rural wayside hostelry, a Worthing wheeler of my acquaintance slept but lightly amidst his unusual surroundings. And when number of rats commenced to hold an Athletic Sports meeting under the floor, over the ceiling, and behind the walls, the wheelman decided to abandon his peaceful (?) slumbers.</p> <p>It was then three o'clock in the morning!</p> <p>However, the day begins early in the country,</p>	<p>However, the day begins early in the country, and our wheeler was scarce up and about when he was joined by Miss Eton. An hour later the twins were out on the hills which border Sussex and Surrey, driving home the cows and developing an appetite with which to greet the simple country breakfast awaiting them.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">----- The wheelman forgave the rats.</p> <p>A Fine Feat.</p> <p>On Monday of last week T. A. Fisher, of the Unity C.C., started from Hitchin for a ride of one thousand miles, to break the record of four days and seven hours made last year by Walsh.</p> <p>Using a carefully arranged course—much of it in the Fen district—Fisher rode in great style, day and night, until the small hours of Friday morning, when his task was completed, the time being three days and sixteen hours. 'Tis a fine feat of endurance, indeed!</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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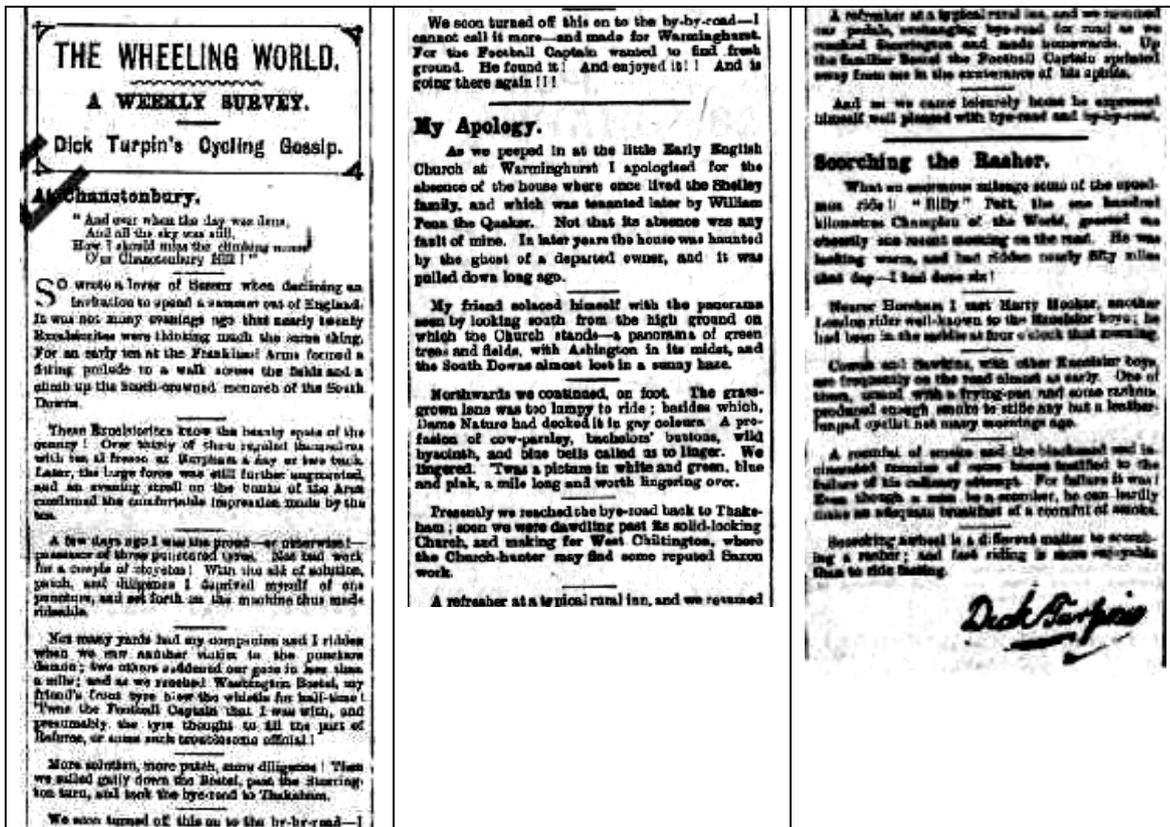
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Dick Turpin

ⁱ Dick's article points somewhat transparently at this malefactor being Victor Cowan.

ⁱⁱ **John Grant:** this brings a lump to my throat – returned from military service in 1945, my railwayman father had been automatically promoted to porter-signalman, and over the years progressed to be a Southern Region senior relief signalman, having “passed-out on every frame” (learned every signal-box) in the triangle Fratton Park – Redhill - Preston Park. Throughout his service he did the odd shift at this very toll. It is no more: the modern A27 by-passes the Old Shoreham Road wooden bridge, and is a fast multi-lane highway running to the north of it. The branch-line to Steyning was Beeching'd years ago.



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At Chanctonbury.

"And ever when the day was done,
 And all the sky was still,
 How I should miss the climbing moon,
 O'er Chanctonbury Hill!"

SO wrote a lover of Sussex when declining an invitation to spend a summer out of England. It was not many evenings ago that nearly twenty Excelsiorites were thinking much the same thing. For an early tea at the Frankland Arms formed a fitting prelude to a walk across the fields and a climb up the beech-crowned monarch of the South Downs.

These Excelsiorites know the beauty spots of the

county! Over thirty of them regaled themselves with tea al fresco at Burpham a day or two back. Later, the large force was still further augmented, and an evening stroll on the banks of the Arun confirmed the comfortable impression made by the tea.

A few days ago I was the proud - or otherwise!- possessor of three punctured tyres. Not bad work for a couple of bicycles! With the aid of solution, patch, and diligence I deprived myself of one puncture, and set forth on the machine thus made rideable.

Not many yards had my companion and I ridden when we saw another victim to the puncture demon; two others saddened our gaze in less than a mile; and as we reached Washington Bostel, my friend's front tyre blew the whistle for half-time! 'Twas the Football Captain that I was with, and presumably the tyre thought to fill the part of Referee, or some such troublesome official!

More solution, more patch, more diligence! Then we sailed gaily down the Bostel, past the Storrington turn, and took the bye-road to Thakeham.

We soon turned off this on to the by-by-road - I cannot call it more - and made for Warminghurst, for the Football Captain wanted to find fresh ground. He found it! And enjoyed it! And is going there again!!!

My Apology.

As we peeped in at the little Early English Church at Warminghurst I apologised for the absence of the house where once lived the Shelley family, and which was tenanted later by William Penn the Quaker. Not that its absence was any fault of mine. In later years the house was haunted by the ghost of a departed owner, and it was pulled down long ago.

My friend solaced himself with the panorama seen by looking south from the high ground on which the Church stands - a panorama of green trees and fields, with Ashington in its midst, and the South Downs almost lost in a sunny haze.

Northwards we continued, on foot. The grass-grown lane was too lumpy to ride; besides which, Dame Nature had decked it in gay colours. A profusion of cow-parsley, bachelors' buttons, wild hyacinth, and blue bells called us to linger. We lingered. 'Twas a pleasure in white and green, blue and pink, a mile long and worth lingering over.

A refresher at a typical rural inn, and we resumed our pedals, exchanging bye-road for road as we reached Storrington and made homewards. Up the familiar Bostel the Football Captain sprinted away from me in the exuberance of his spirits.

Scorching the Basher.

What an enormous mileage some of the speedmen ride! "Billy" Pett, the one hundred kilometres Champion of the World, greeted me cheerily one recent morning on the road. He was looking warm, and had ridden nearly fifty miles that day - I had done six!

Nearer Horsham I met Harry Hooker, another London rider well-known to the Excelsior boys; he had been in the saddle at four o'clock that morning.

Cowan and Sawkins, with other Excelsior boys, are frequently on the road almost as early. One of them, armed with a frying-pan and some rashers, produced enough smoke to stifle any but a leather-lunged cyclist not many mornings ago.

A roomful of smoke and the blackened and incinerated remains of some bacon testified to the failure of his culinary attempt. For failure it was! Even though a man be a scorcher, he can hardly make an adequate breakfast of a roomful of smoke.

Scorching awheel is a different matter to scorching a rasher; and fast riding is more enjoyable than to ride fasting .

Dick Turpin

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Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 10.6.1908 P2C6 - 01
Worthing Local Studies Library

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>Whitsuntide Activity. THE glorious Whitsuntide weather fetched wheelers out in shoals, and small wonder it was, I am sure, that the main roads were crowded. At Handcross, on the London-Brighton road, I saw what looked an unending procession of cyclists steering southwards.</p> <p>The Catford C.C. and the Camberwell Wheelers carried out Whitsun runs to Worthing; Littlehampton attracted the Surrey Wheelers and the New Cavendish C.C., the latter going to Bognor also; at Fittleworth the well-known Brixton Ramblers were enjoying themselves, whilst the equally famous Anerley "boys" saw Petworth, Arundel, Chichester, and Selsey.</p> <p>West Sussex usually receives a liberal share of patronage at the hands of London wheelmen.</p> <p>An Old Wheelman. One of Worthing's oldest cyclists, "Ted" Blaker to wit, was telling me of an enjoyable day's jaunt he recently carried out. An early start, and he was through Brighton and Lewes before the day was warm. Tickfield came next, and soon the sturdy wheeler was pushing up Ovingdean's long climb, to be astonished at the big town which is rapidly growing, some hundred feet above sea level.</p> <p>A long run down, then some serious climbing at</p>	<p>Bridge, and "Ted" shortly brought up at Tunbridge Wells. So far, so good!</p> <p>Hard riding it was, but--on the authority of Escalatorite Ashford, who has made experiments--the quickest way to the town which Charles the Second made so popular as a resort of fashion.</p> <p>But friend Blaker knows and likes his Sussex too well to return by the same road! An undulating side past bog gardens looking well and open country looking better, than East Grinstead's pinnaled Church tower came into sight.</p> <p>Some pretty roads brought him through Turner's Hill and Mandeville to Lower Beeding, large masses of truly magnificent roundabouts being passed on the way.</p> <p>A glorious bit of free-wheeling, and the home of the Christian Monks at Uswold loomed up as he turned across to West Grinstead, whence fourteen miles of the familiar Horsham-Worthing road afforded the closing scenes in an interesting day's ride of nearly a hundred miles.</p> <p>Luck! A Worthing man had some luck the other day. 'Twas a Sunday, and he was cycling on a main road; yet for thirty miles he did not hear, see, smell, nor taste one single noisy, peck-furious motor, with its odour of burnt oil and its solid cloud of dust!</p> <p>This truly blissful experience occurred on the main road to Burtborne. The lucky one started early enough to miss the motor traffic at Brighton, and got as far as Chajvinton, out by Eastbourne, in a quiet, peaceful way, as in the pre-motoric days. He was lucky!</p> <p><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>	
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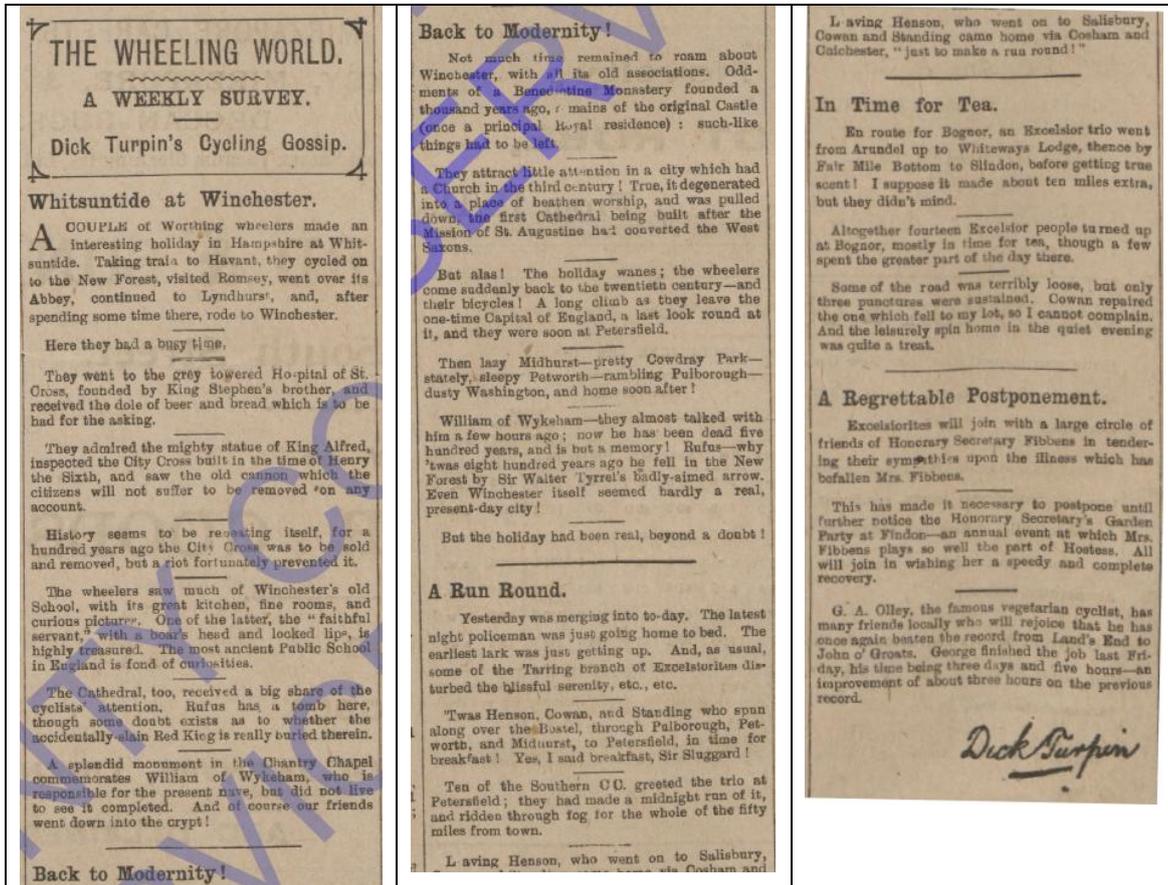
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ⁱ The Worthing Gazette original is indistinct here: it could read Cruxford, Crawford or Catford. I've plumped for "Catford"

C.C." as it's the only club I'm confident existed back then.
I will certainly clarify if I live long enough. JDG.

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Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 24.6.1908 P3C5- 01



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Whitsuntide at Winchester.
A COUPLE of Worthing wheelers made an interesting holiday in Hampshire at Whitsuntide. Taking train to Havant, they cycled on to the New Forest, visited Romsey, went over its Abbey, continued to Lyndhurst, and after spending some time there, rode to Winchester.

Here they had a busy time.

They went to the grey towered Hospital of St. Cross, founded by King Stephen's brother, and received the dole of beer and bread which is to be had for the asking.

They admired the mighty statue of King Alfred, inspected the City Cross built in the time of Henry the Sixth, and saw the old cannon which the citizens will not suffer to be removed on any account.

History seems to be re-creating itself, for a hundred years ago the City Cross was to be sold and removed, but a riot fortunately prevented it.

The wheelers saw much of Winchester's old School, with its great kitchen, fine rooms, and curious pictures. One of the latter, the "faithful servant," with a board's head and locked lips, is highly treasured. The most ancient Public School in England is fond of curiosities.

The Cathedral, too, received a big share of the cyclists' attention. Rufus has a tomb here, though some doubt exists as to whether the accidentally slain Red King is really buried therein.

A splendid monument in the Chantry Chapel commemorates William of Wykeham, who is responsible for the present nave, but did not live to see it completed. And of course our friends went down into the crypt!

Back to Modernity!

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Not much time remains to roam about Winchester, with all its old associations. Oddments of a Benedictine Monastery founded a thousand years ago, the remains of the original Castle (once a principal Royal residence): such-like things had to be left.

They attract little attention in a city which had a Church in the third century! True, it degenerated into a place of heathen worship, and was pulled down, the first Cathedral being built after the Mission of St. Augustine had converted the West Saxons.

But alas! The holiday wanes; the wheelers come suddenly back to the twentieth century—and their bicycles! A long climb as they leave the one-time Capital of England, a last look round at it, and they were soon at Petersfield.

Then lazy Midhurst—pretty Cowdray Park—stately, sleepy Petworth—rambling Fulbourn—dusty Washington, and home soon after!

William of Wykeham—they almost talked with him a few hours ago; now he has been dead five hundred years, and is but a memory! Rufus—why 'twas eight hundred years ago he fell in the New Forest by Sir Walter Lyrral's badly-aimed arrow. Even Winchester itself seemed hardly a real, present-day city!

But the holiday had been real, beyond a doubt!

A Run Round.
Yesterday was merging into to-day. The latest night policeman was just going home to bed. The earliest lark was just getting up. And, as usual, some of the Tarring branch of Excelstorites disturbed the blissful serenity, etc., etc.

'Twas Henson, Cowan, and Standing who spun along over the Bostal, through Fulbourn, Petworth, and Midhurst, to Petersfield, in time for breakfast! Yes, I said breakfast, Sir Sluggard!

Ten of the Southern C.C. greeted the trio at Petersfield; they had made a midnight run of it, and ridden through fog for the whole of the fifty miles from town.

LIVING Henson, who went on to Salisbury, Cowan and Standing came home via Gosham and Catchester, "just to make a run round!"

In Time for Tea.
En route for Bognor, an Excelstor trio went from Arundel up to Whiteways Lodge, thence by Fair Mile Bottom to Siladon, before getting true scent! I suppose it made about ten miles extra, but they didn't mind.

Altogether fourteen Excelstor people turned up at Bognor, mostly in time for tea, though a few spent the greater part of the day there.

Some of the road was terribly loose, but only three punctures were sustained. Cowan repaired the one which fell to my lot, so I cannot complain. And the leisurely spin home in the quiet evening was quite a treat.

A Regrettable Postponement.
Excelstorites will join with a large circle of friends of Honorary Secretary Fibbens in tendering their sympathies upon the illness which has befallen Mrs. Fibbens.

This has made it necessary to postpone until further notice the Honorary Secretary's Garden Party at Findon—an annual event at which Mrs. Fibbens plays so well the part of Hostess. All will join in wishing her a speedy and complete recovery.

G. A. Olley, the famous vegetarian cyclist, has many friends locally who will rejoice that he has once again beaten the record from Land's End to John o' Groats. George finished the job last Friday, his time being three days and five hours—an improvement of about three hours on the previous record.

Dick Turpin

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

A COUPLE of Worthing wheelers made an interesting holiday in Hampshire at Whitsuntide. Taking train to Havant, they cycled on to the New Forest, visited Romsey, went over its Abbey, continued on to Lyndhurst, and after spending some time there, rode to Winchester.

Here they had a busy time.

They went on to the grey towered hospital of St. Cross, founded by King Stephen's brother, and received the dole of beer and bread which is to be had for the asking.

They admired the mighty statue of King Alfred, inspected the City Cross built in the time of Henry the Sixth, and saw the old cannon which the Citizens will not suffer to be removed on any account.

History seems to be repeating itself, for a hundred years ago the City Cross was to be sold and removed, but a riot fortunately prevented it.

The wheelers saw much of Winchester's old School, with its great kitchen, fine rooms, and curious pictures. One of the latter, the "faithful servant," with a boar's head and locked lips, is highly treasured. The most ancient Public School in England is fond of curiosities.

The Cathedral too, received a big share of the cyclists' attention. Rufus has a tomb here, though some doubt exists as to whether the accidentally-slain Red King is really buried therein.

A splendid monument in the Chantry Chapel commemorates William of Wykeham, who is responsible for the present nave, but did not live to see it completed. And of course our friends went down into the crypt!

Back to Modernity!

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They attract little attention in a city which had a church in the third century! True, it degenerated into a place of heathen worship, and was pulled down, the first Cathedral being built after the Mission of St. Augustine had converted the West Saxons.

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But the holiday had been real, beyond a doubt!

A Run Around.

Yesterday was merging into to-day. The latest night policeman was just going home to bed. The earliest lark was just getting up. And, as usual, some of the Tarring branch of Excelsiorites disturbed the blissful serenity, etc., etc.

‘Twas Henson, Cowan, and Standing who spun along over the Bostel, through Pulborough, Petworth, and Midhurst, to Petersfield, in time for breakfast! Yes, I said breakfast, Sir Sluggard!

Leaving Henson, who went on to Salisbury, Cowan and Standing came home via Cosham and Chichester, “just to make a run round!”

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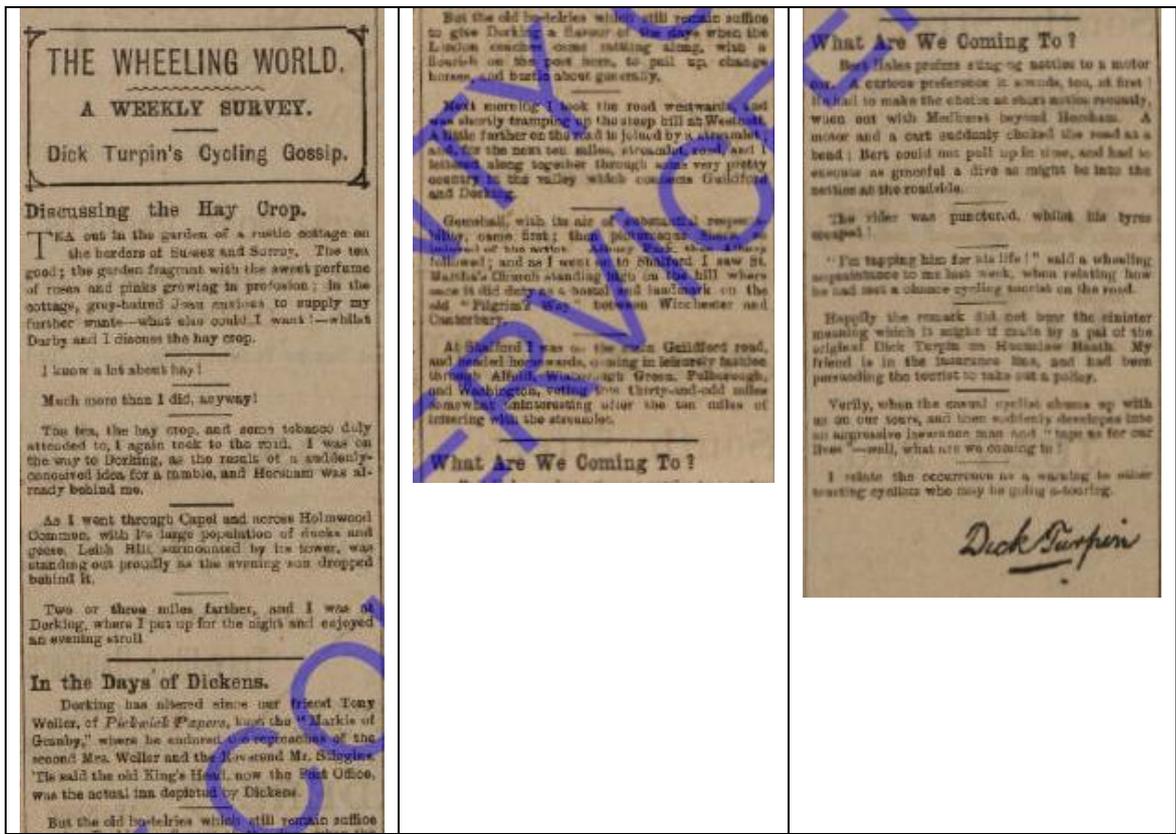
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Dick Turpin

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 24.6.1908 P3C5 - 01



THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

Discussing the Hay Crop.

TEA out in the garden of a rustic cottage on the borders of Sussex and Surrey. The tea good; the garden fragrant with the sweet perfume of roses and pinks growing in profusion; in the cottage, grey-haired Joan anxious to supply my further wants - what else could I want! - whilst Darby and I discuss the hay crop.

I know a lot about hay!

Much more than I did, anyway!

The tea, the hay crop, and some tobacco duly attended to, I again took to the road. I was on the way to Dorking, as the result of a suddenly-conceived idea for a ramble, and Horsham was already behind me.

As I went through Capel and across Holmwood Common, with its large population of ducks and geese, Leith Hill, surmounted by its tower, was

standing out proudly as the evening sun dropped behind it.

Two or three miles farther, and I was at Dorking, where I put up for the night and enjoyed an evening stroll.

In the Days of Dickens.

Dorking has altered since our friend Tony Weller, of *Pickwick Papers*, kept the "Markis of Granby," where he endured the reproaches of the second Mrs. Weller and the Reverend Mr. Stiggins. 'Tis said the old King's Head, now the Post Office, was the actual inn depicted by Dickens.

But the old hostelries which still remain suffice to give Dorking a flavour of the days when the London coaches came rattling along, with a flourish on the post horn, to pull up, change horses, and bustle about generally.

Next morning I took the road westwards, and was shortly tramping up the steep hill at Westcott. A little farther on the road is joined by a streamlet; and, for the next ten miles, streamlet, road, and I loitered along together through some very pretty country in the valley which connects Guildford and Dorking.

Gomshall, with its air of substantive respectability, came first; then picturesque Shere, so beloved of the artist. Albury Park, then Albury followed; and as I went on to Shalford I saw St. Martha's Church standing high on the hill where once it did duty as a hostel and landmark on the old "Pilgrim's Way" between Winchester and Canterbury.

At Shalford I was on the main Guildford road, and headed homewards, coming in leisurely fashion through Alfold, Wisborough Green, Pulborough, and Washington, voting this thirty-and-odd miles somewhat uninteresting after the ten miles of loitering with the streamlet.

What Are We Coming To?

Bert Hales prefers stinging nettles to a motor car. A curious preference it sounds, too, at first! He had to make the choice at short notice recently, when out with Medhurst beyond Horsham. A motor and a cart suddenly choked the road at a bend; Bert could not pull up in time, and had to execute as graceful a dive as might be into the nettles at the roadside.

The rider was punctured, whilst his tyres escaped!

"I'm tapping him for his life!" said a wheeling acquaintance to me last week, when relating how he had met a chance cycling tourist on the road.

Happily the remark did not bear the sinister meaning which it might if made by a pal of the original Dick Turpin on Hounslow Heath. My friend is in the insurance line, and had been persuading the tourist to take out a policy.

Verily, when the casual cyclist chums up with us on our tours, and then suddenly *developes*¹ into an aggressive insurance man and “ taps us for our lives ”—well, what are we coming to?

I relate the occurrence as a warning to other trusting cyclists who may be going a-touring.

Dick Turpin

¹ Yes, “Developes” is how Dick spelled it.

<p style="text-align: center;">THE WHEELING WORLD. ----- A WEEKLY SURVEY. ----- Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>"They say that they have measured many a mile." <i>Love's Labour's Lost.</i></p> <p>In the Dark Hours. I REFER not to Ferdinand, King of Navarre, and his Lords. Let me see! Did not their disguise cause the Princess of France to bid them "Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites!" My thoughts are of the Excelsior speedmen, for they have a better right to boast of miles. Yes, and even should they encounter a Princess with no eye for manly beauty, our sunburnt scorchers could not be curly dismissed as frozen Muscovites!</p> <p>But "Love's Labour's Lost" is oftentimes true when the miles have been measured.</p> <p>For instance: Cowan recently did some top-speed riding in the dark on the Horsham road, at the heels of a London speed man.</p> <p>At Offington Sawkins took up the chase. The London man was riding for the twenty-four hours record, and in the dark hours Sawkins was his follower.</p> <p>Solemn Arundel, silent Chichester, sleeping Havant: all came in their turn. Then through Gosham they went, on to Farsham, and back to take the open road over Portedown and breezy Rotser Hill.</p> <p>Worth an Effort.</p>	<p>Worth an Effort. 'Twas still night as they sped through Petersfield, but day was breaking as the twain rode over Hindhead. To see the mighty mists slowly rising out of the vast Punch Bowl was, says Sawkins, worth the ride.</p> <p>When Guildford was reached the eastern glimmer had broadened, and King Sol bestowed a morning kiss on the speedmen. They had earned it! To say nothing of breakfast.</p> <p>But the night had gone hardly with the would-be record breaker. The wind had been heavy and was still doing battle for Father Time, so at Thomas Ditton the speedman gave up the contest, and Erceol's many measured miles in the wake of his comrade proved to be Love's Labour Lost.</p> <p>Later on in the morning he took the pretty road from Guildford to Dorking; thence homewards through Horsham, meeting Henson and Jack Standing on the way, and arriving home none the worse for his experience.</p> <p>Verily, a strenuous life is that of the road racer!</p> <p>Still Another Test. The next item for four Excelsior men is a hundred miles race promoted by a big London Club. The start is to be made in the wee sma' hours from a wee sma' village in East Sussex.</p> <p>Beds will be unheard-of luxuries; the crowd of speedmen must perforce billet where they can. The Excelsior quartette have been lucky; on the eve of the battle of speed they will resign themselves to the care of Morpheus with a truly blissful confidence.</p> <p>For they have hired a barn wherein to sleep!</p> <p>Another Aspect.</p>	<p>Another Aspect. Meanwhile the more civilized members of the Club—myself among the number—pursue the contemplation of the way that leads to Club runs. At Brambor, after tea and strawberries upon the greensward, Captain Duffield and his merry men-at-arms invaded the Castle.</p> <p>Later a bonload of them explored the Adur; they claim to have voyaged to Henfield. Claim rejected, as the good ship showed no signs of having been rowed across dry land, or the Adur of having changed its course recently!</p> <p>However, the dozen wheelers made a very enjoyable run. Brambor is both pretty and interesting, and we were somewhat loth to dawdle home.</p> <p>The Excelsior Captain knows the likely spots for outdoor teas. A week ago he trotted sixteen of the Club to West Grinstead, continuing to Henfield and home through Shoreham in the evening.</p> <p>And on Wednesday next the annual onslaught upon the strawberries takes place at the Frankland Arms, Washington.</p> <p>And yet the hot and dusty speedmen measure their many miles! And sleep in barns! And like it!!!</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.

"They say that they have measured many a mile."
Love's Labour's Lost.

In a the Dark Hours.
I REFER not to Ferdinand, King of Navarre, and his Lords. Let me see! Did not their disguise cause the Princess of France to bid them "Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites!" My thoughts are of the Excelsior speedmen, for they have a better right to boast of miles. Yes, and even should they encounter a Princess with no eye for manly beauty, our sunburnt scorchers could not be curly dismissed as frozen Muscovites!

But "Love's Labour's Lost" is oftentimes true when the miles have been measured.

For instance: Cowan recently did some top-speed riding in the dark on the Horsham road, at the heels of a London speed man.

At Offington Sawkins took up the chase. The London man was riding for the twenty-four hours

record, and in the dark hours Sawkins was his follower.

Solemn Arundel, silent Chichester, sleeping Havant: all came in their turn. Then through Cosham they went, on to Fareham, and back to take the open road over Portsdown and breezy Butser Hill.

Worth an Effort.

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When Guildford was reached the eastern glimmer had broadened, and King Sol bestowed a morning kiss on the speedmen. They had earned it! To say nothing of breakfast.

But the night had gone hardly with the would be record breaker. The wind had been heavy and was still doing battle for Father Time, so at Thames Ditton the speedman gave up the contest, and Ernest's many measured miles in the wake of his comrade proved to be Love's Labour Lost.

Later on in the morning he took the pretty road from Guildford to Dorking; thence homewards through Horsham, meeting Henson and Jack Standing on the way, and arriving home none the worse for his experience.

Verily, a strenuous life is that of the road-Racer!

Still Another Test.

The next item for four Excelsior men is a hundred miles race promoted by a big London Club. The start is to be made in the wee sma' hours from a wee sma' village in East Sussex.

Beds will be unheard-of luxuries; the crowd of speedmen must perforce billet where they can. The Excelsior quartetteⁱ have been lucky; on the eve of the battle of speed they will resign themselves to the care of Morpheus with a truly blissful confidence.

For they have hired a barn wherein to sleep!

Another Aspect.

Meanwhile the more civilised members of the Club - myself among the number - pursue the even tenourⁱⁱ of the way that leads to Club runs. At Bramber, after tea and strawberries upon the greensward, Captain Duffield and his merry men-at-arms invaded the Castle.

Later a boatload of them explored the Adur: They claim to have voyaged to Henfield. Claim

Rejected, as the good ship showed no signs of
Having been rowed across dry land, or the Adur of
Having changed its course recently!

However, the dozen wheelers made a very
enjoyable run. Bramber is both pretty and
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the Club to West Grinstead, continuing to Henfield
and home through Shoreham in the evening.

And on Wednesday next the annual onslaught
upon the strawberries takes place at the Frankland
Arms, Washington.

And yet the hot and dusty speedmen measure
their many miles! And sleep in barns!! And
like it!!

Dick Turpin

ⁱ Dick routinely uses the feminine form rather than "quartet".
ⁱⁱ Sic.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 8.7.1908 P3C4

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>Supreme Contentment! IN my time I have been to many Club runs; on one occasion the muster exceeded four hundred, and on others it has varied down to a turn out of four. But never did I see so happy and supremely contented a Club as the Excelsiors were at the President's Annual Run on the fifth!</p> <p>A pleasant, steady ride through Old Shoreham, a dodge across on to the main London-Brighton road, and a gentle spin up to Hurstpierpoint: this was a happy prelude.</p> <p>Arrived at the Chinese Gardens, a bustle of wash-and-brush-up ensued, whilst additional detachments of Excelsiorites kept dropping in.</p> <p>President Warno came whirling along with a car load of smiling veterans, and the party now totalled nearly seventy, about one half of whom were ladies.</p> <p>Dinner was the next item on the programme, and soon "Charlie" Dambrell and a staff of Brighton Cyclists' Club mates were breaking all records for the hour—at carving!</p> <p>A Sportsman's Welcome. The results of their labours having been dealt with, some mighty cheers were given for President Warno, the Host of the day, who extended a sportsman's hospitable and hearty welcome to his Club.</p> <p>This ever, the animated party adjourned, and it</p>	<p>This ever, the animated party adjourned, and it was now that the seventy Excelsiorites manifested their seventy individual happy and contented frames of mind.</p> <p>In the gardens some lounged in deck chairs; others toyed—not toiled!—at tennis, bowls, deck quoits, etc.; fiasco speedmen became quite gentle; veterans were young again; everybody pleased with everything.</p> <p>Three hours went along in three minutes; Captain Duffield's whistle announced ten; and once again the big room was filled with a buzzing, cultivated crowd.</p> <p>Another lazy hour or two on the greenward, where Brighton and Lewes wheelers renewed acquaintances with the Worthing party, and all too soon came the Captain's whistle.</p> <p>Homeward Bound. "Half-past seven" remarked the clock on Hurst's pretty Early Decorated stone Church, as we pedalled away from the interesting little town.</p> <p>Post Woodmanocote—or, in the Domesday Book, "Clemmanocote," if you think it possible, good reader—the road might have been better, but the gently undulating fields, the richly clad trees, the stunted spire of the tiny Church, and the peaceful Downs, far more than made up for the straggles.</p> <p>Then on tar-paved road we dawdled across Henfield Common and turned south to Beeding. Some punctures there were, but it mattered not.</p> <p>For everyone was anxious to help in repairing. Men were so pleased with the run that they insisted on taking the troubles of each other on their own shoulders.</p> <p>I was quite overjoyed when my back tyre said "Hiss-s-s!" and Victor Cowan was really grateful when I let him mend it! That brought his number to six, I believe.</p> <p>And thus it was that the Excelsiorites came</p>	<p>And thus it was that the Excelsiorites came steadily over Old Shoreham Bridge, with a strong opinion that this, the third Annual President's Run, was an even greater success than its predecessors at Selsey and Hockfield! It was grand!</p> <p>Odds and Ends. "Wood rims do not a speedman make, Nor rusty bars a crank," quoth Jack Flint last Wednesday at Preston Park track. Some path racing men were laughing at his ratty road-racer, whilst, in their opinion, did not savour of speed.</p> <p>But Flint won first prizes in the half-mile and the mile, despite his steel rims! Another Excelsior man, Jack Standing, rode well; he got a place in a preliminary heat, but was driven on to the grass in the final.</p> <p>A little time has whispered to me that the Chairman and the Secretary of a celestially-named Club have both resigned their offices. How can this be? Methought only mortals were able to quarrel!</p> <p><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

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A pleasant, steady ride through Old Shoreham, a dodge across on to the main London-Brighton road, and a gentle spin up to Hurstpierpoint: this was a happy prelude.

Arrived at the Chinese Gardens, a bustle of wash - and - brush - up ensued, whilst additional detachments of Excelsiorites kept dropping in.

President Warne came whirring along with a car load of smiling veterans, and the party now totalled nearly seventy, about one half of whom were ladies.

Dinner was the next item on the programme, and soon "Charlie" Dumbrell and a staff of Brighton Cyclists' Club mates were breaking all records for the hour - at carving!

A Sportsman's Welcome.

The results of their labours having been dealt with, some mighty cheers were given for President Warne, the Host of the day, who extended a sportsman's hospitable and hearty welcome to his Club.

This over, the animated party adjourned, and it was now that the seventy Excelsiorites manifested their seventy individual happy and contented frames of mind.

In the gardens some lounged in deck chairs; others toyed - not toiled! - at tennis, bowls, deck quoits, etc.; fierce speedmen became quite gentle; veterans were young again; everybody pleased with everything.

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Another lazy hour or two on the greensward, where Brighton and Lewes wheelers renewed acquaintances with the Worthing party, and akk too soon came the Captain's whistle.

Homeward Bound.

"Half-past seven" remarked the clock on Hurst's pretty Early Decorated stone Church, as we pedalled away from the interesting little town.

Past Woodmancote - or, in the Domesday Book, "Qdemanscote," if you think it prettier, good Reader - the road might have been better, but the gently undulating fields, the richly clad trees, the shingled spire of the tiny Church, and the peaceful Downs, far more than made up for the stray stones.

Then on tar-paved road we dawdled across Henfield Common¹ and turned south to Beeding. Some punctures there were, but it mattered not,

For everyone was anxious to help in repairing. Men were so pleased with the run that they insisted on taking the troubles of each other on their own shoulders.

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Odds and Ends.

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But Flint won first prizes in the half-mile and the mile, despite his steel rims! Another Excelsior man, Jack Standing, rode well; he got a place in a preliminary heat, but was driven on to the grass in the final.

A little bird has whispered to me that the Chairman and the Secretary of a celestially-named Club have both resigned their offices. How can this be? Methought only mortals were able to quarrel.

Dick Turpin

ⁱ The road across Henfield common was one the earliest tar-bonded roads in Sussex.

ⁱⁱ Strange to you? - Aluminium sprints were then far in the future. For proof, search the Internet for "*jantes en bois*".

<p style="text-align: center;">THE WHEELING WORLD. ----- A WEEKLY SURVEY. ----- Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>Chanctonbury Slumberers. CHANCTONBURY recently attempted to rival ancient Ephesus—in one respect, any way! The rivalry was in the matter of unconventional slumberers, and I fancy legend says the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus snoozed away a couple of hundred years straight off the reel, in a cavern. Remember, good reader, Mr. Ephesian did not have to get up early and go road-racing.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Happy Mr. Ephesian!</p> <p>However, as Chanctonbury could not muster the full number, the Eastern city retains its laurels. Moreover, the Chanctonbury Sleepers, who were certain Worthing wheelmen, scarcely slept two hundred minutes—let alone years!</p> <p>A party of four, each armed with a blanket and a desire to see the Northern Lights from a good vantage ground, cycled to the hill, and rolled themselves up in little parcels.</p> <p>Whilst waiting patiently for Morphets to take charge of the parcels and wait the contents thereof to Slumberland, they heard footsteps!</p> <p>Approaching footsteps; louder and louder they sounded! Nearer and nearer they came through the darkness which hung like a pall over the scene!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">And so on for ten minutes.</p>	<p>The four grew apprehensive—they couldn't grow anything else in the time! Then dodged and reconnoitred, held their breath, and peered into the darkness. It was some time before they recognised the intruders, who proved to be a couple of pals also bent on sleeping under the stars! Half a dozen laughs rent the stillness of the night, and the god of sleep was sought once more.</p> <p>Six pairs of heavy eyes might have been seen in Worthing next day. But the men had enjoyed their experience, nevertheless.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Walkers and Wheelmen.</p> <p>Two not many days—or, rather, nights!—later when a couple of Excelsior running men, Alfred and James Grevatt, occupied the dark hours in more strenuous fashion. They walked from Portsmouth to Worthing—nearly forty miles! Yes, walked! I saw them as they neared home, and they looked little the worse for a ten hours' tramp.</p> <p>And a week-old recreant to cycling came near to making a night of it a week ago. Accidentally left behind by the Club he was with, he found himself more thoroughly tired than was his machine.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">For it had half a dozen punctures!</p> <p>However, he fell among friendly strangers, who</p>	<p>repaired the tyre and cured the tiredness, giving him rest and shelter. Then by walking and riding he got home in good time for breakfast!</p> <p>Meanwhile half a dozen members of the Club had scroobed high and low along some few miles of roadside, and were much exercised as to his whereabouts. At midnight they gave up the struggle, little dreaming of the friendly wayside cottage.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Assailing a Stronghold.</p> <p>Despite fearful skies, half a hundred Excelsiorites assailed the luscious strawberry in his stronghold at Washington last Wednesday. Victory rested with the cyclists, who nearly exterminated the berries, after a stern, determined battle.</p> <p>A twenty-five miles road race followed, fourteen men facing the Starter. Heavy wind hampered the riders, and in places the roads were puncture-essie; J. Flinn, Gale, Hollands, Sawkins, and Ward having tyre troubles.</p> <p>But good times were made, and an enthusiastic reception was accorded the men at the finish.</p> <p>The complete results were:</p> <table border="1"> <thead> <tr> <th></th> <th>Handicap</th> <th>Time,</th> </tr> <tr> <th></th> <th></th> <th>H. M.</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td>1. V. Cowan (4min. start) ...</td> <td>...</td> <td>1 13</td> </tr> <tr> <td>2. E. Henson (4min.) ...</td> <td>...</td> <td>1 15</td> </tr> <tr> <td>3. F. Flint (4min.) ...</td> <td>...</td> <td>1 16</td> </tr> <tr> <td>4. J. Standing (4min.) ...</td> <td>...</td> <td>1 17</td> </tr> <tr> <td>5. A. Standing (4min.) ...</td> <td>...</td> <td>1 19</td> </tr> <tr> <td>6. J. 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THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

 Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

Chanctonbury Slumberers.
CHANCTONBURY recently attempted to rival ancient Ephesus - in one respect, any way! The rivalry was in the matter of unconventional slumberers, and I fancy legend says the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus snoozed away a couple of hundred years straight off the reel, in a cavern. Remember, good reader, Mr. Ephesian did not have to get up early and go road-racing.

Happy Mr. Ephesian!

However, as Chanctonbury could not muster the full number, the Eastern city retains its laurels. Moreover, the Chanctonbury Sleepers, who were certain Worthing wheelmen, scarcely slept two hundred minutes—let alone years!

A party of four, each armed with a blanket and a desire to see the Northern Lights from a good vantage ground, cycled to the hill, and rolled

themselves up in little parcels.

Whilst waiting patiently for Morpheus to take charge of the parcels and waft the contents thereof to Slumberland, they heard footsteps!

Approaching footsteps; louder and louder they Sounded! Nearer and nearer they came through the darkness which hung like a pall over the scene!

And so on for ten minutes.

The four grew apprehensive - they couldn't grow anything else in the time! Then dodged and reconnoitred, held their breath, and peered into the darkness. It was some time before they recognised the intruders, who proved to be a couple of pals also bent on sleeping under the stars! Half a dozen laughs rent the stillness of the night, and the god of sleep was sought once more.

Six pairs of heavy eyes might have been seen in Worthing next day. But the men had enjoyed their experience, nevertheless.

Walkers and Wheelmen.

'Twas not many days - or, rather, nights! - later when a couple of Excelsior running men, Alfred and James Grevatt, occupied the dark hours in more strenuous fashion. They walked from Portsmouth to Worthing - nearly forty miles! Yes, walked! I saw them as they neared home, and they looked little the worse for a ten hours' tramp.

And a week-old recruit to cycling came near to making a night of it a week ago. Accidentally left behind by the Club he was with he found himself more thoroughly tired than was his machine.

For it had half a dozen puncture!

However, he fell among friendly strangers, who repaired the tyre and cured the tiredness, giving him rest and shelter. Then by walking and riding he got home in good time for breakfast!

Meanwhile half a dozen members of the Club had searched high and low along some few miles of roadside, and were much exercised as to his whereabouts. At midnight they gave up the struggle, little dreaming of the friendly wayside cottage.

Assailing a Stronghold.

Despite tearful skies, half a hundred Excelsiorites assailed the luscious strawberry in his stronghold at Washington last Wednesday. Victory rested with the cyclists, who nearly exterminated the berries, after a stern, determined

battle.

A twenty-five miles road race followed, fourteen men facing the Starter. Heavy wind hampered the riders, and in places the roads were puncturesque; J. Flint, Gale, Hollands, Sawkins, and Ward having tyre troubles.

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14.	J. Ward (7½ min)			retired	

Dick Turpin

THE WHEELING WORLD
 Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
 at Worthing Local Studies Library
 Turpin: 22.7.1908 P3C5

<p style="text-align: center;">THE WHEELING WORLD. ----- A WEEKLY SURVEY. ----- Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>A Real Cure. ARE you ever pessimistic, good reader, and do you sometimes fancy life is all work and worry—with intervals for mulligrubs! I make no confessions, remember, but I can tell you of a cure for this. 'Tis not patented and sold by all chemists in bottles bearing "our special wrapper." ----- In fact, it is a real cure. ----- Its name is Hindhead—open, breezy Hindhead! The Irrespressible and I, after tandeming through Horsham, walking over Kowhook, and admiring the grandly picturesque house in Baynard's Park, envied Cranleigh its village green, and then dodged from Wonersh across to Godalming to take the cure one day last week. ----- At Godalming we joined the London-Portsmouth road, and made our way, aided by a nor'easterly breeze, through Milford. Crossing Witley Common, a lark, high overhead, sang us a welcome to the Hindhead country, the threshold of which we now were crossing. ----- As We Got Higher. A mile farther on the three-miles climb commenced, and we pushed happily along, with acres upon acres of furze and bracken on either side of us. As we got higher the view opened out. Away on our left was a foreground of wooded hills belonging to Surrey, with a background consisting of half West Sussex. ----- Some of the South Downs—Duncton, Bignor, Rackham, and Chauctonbury—gave a friendly nod across the intervening miles when I scaled the footpath to the top of Gibbet Hill for the view. Nine hundred feet up, one gets a good outlook! ----- Then we free-wheeled down to the world in general and Liphook in particular, and soon were putting a finishing touch to a light meal of eggs and tea, with the aid of a dish of raspberries, in Bake. ----- Still on the London-Portsmouth route, we rode</p>	<p>Still on the London-Portsmouth route, we rode through Petersfield, scaled Butser Hill, and made over the Downs to Horndean. Here we left the classic highway to continue its south-westerly journey on a few more miles; we came south to Emsworth, whence the road through Chichester and Arundel brought us home, with a total of a hundred and one miles and a feeling of deep satisfaction apiece. ----- And renewed faith in Essence of Hindhead as a medicine! ----- The Merry Road Racer. Whatever the weather, the merry road racer goes merrily on his way. Dust in his coat or mud on his back, either serves only to add an interest to the game of grinding out miles at three minutes a time! ----- A few mornings back, after groping around to stifle the rages of my peremptory alarm clock, I floated mostly away to Arundel in a sea of rain and mud. A hundred miles road race was happening, and I had to visit Marshals along twenty miles of the course. ----- Exchanging mutual sympathies with those at Quingle, declining Sam Cheek's kind offer of liquid refreshment two miles farther on, and getting moisture enough for ten as I splashed along past patiently waiting officials, I reached Arundel. Here a former Mayor of that ancient and respectable borough had been awaiting the riders since half-past five! ----- Soon they came along, one by one, happy though smothered in mud. As I continued my round I passed here and there a man in distress with his tyres, but nary a one was cross. They have stout hearts, these road racers! ----- At Poulter's Corner, where Hanson and Cowan were busy, one man laughingly explained he had punctured both tyres and two spare ones to boot! So he was walking home! ----- Survival of the Fittest.</p>	<p>Survival of the Fittest. When the procession of mud statues finished their hundred miles it was found that out of thirty-three starters only eleven had survived the struggle. One of these completed the journey in six hours and a minute, whilst four others occupied less than another quarter of an hour. ----- A few days later three of the Excelsior speedmen measured their strength in a similar race. Weather was somewhat more kind, but as the trio sped over the muddy roads they each acquired a small landed estate—on their backs! ----- There was a deal of wind about, too; but our men are tough, and came through in fine style. Ernest Sawkins escaped tyre troubles, and covered the hundred miles in the fine time of five hours and fifty minutes; Fred Flint was hindered by having a tyre blow off, but was only four minutes longer. ----- Victor Cowan's luck was right out! Three times did his tyre burst and cost precious time in repairs; finally, after other troubles, he changed machines and continued the race on a hopelessly unsuitable mount; even then he finished in six hours and eleven minutes. ----- The Excelsiorites may well be proud of their speed man! ----- Thanks and Congratulations. When not racing, they are usually getting famous in other ways. Henschel and Nutt, the well-known London tandem crew, broke twelve hours' record for the South last week by riding two hundred and seventeen miles in the time. They now write me, desiring, through this column, to thank the Excelsior men who helped in the successful ride. ----- Therefore, Excelsiorites, consider yourselves thanked by Henschel and Nutt for your assistance! ----- And, Henschel and Nutt, consider yourselves congratulated by the Excelsiorites upon your record ride. It will take some boating! ----- <i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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THE WHEELING WORLD.

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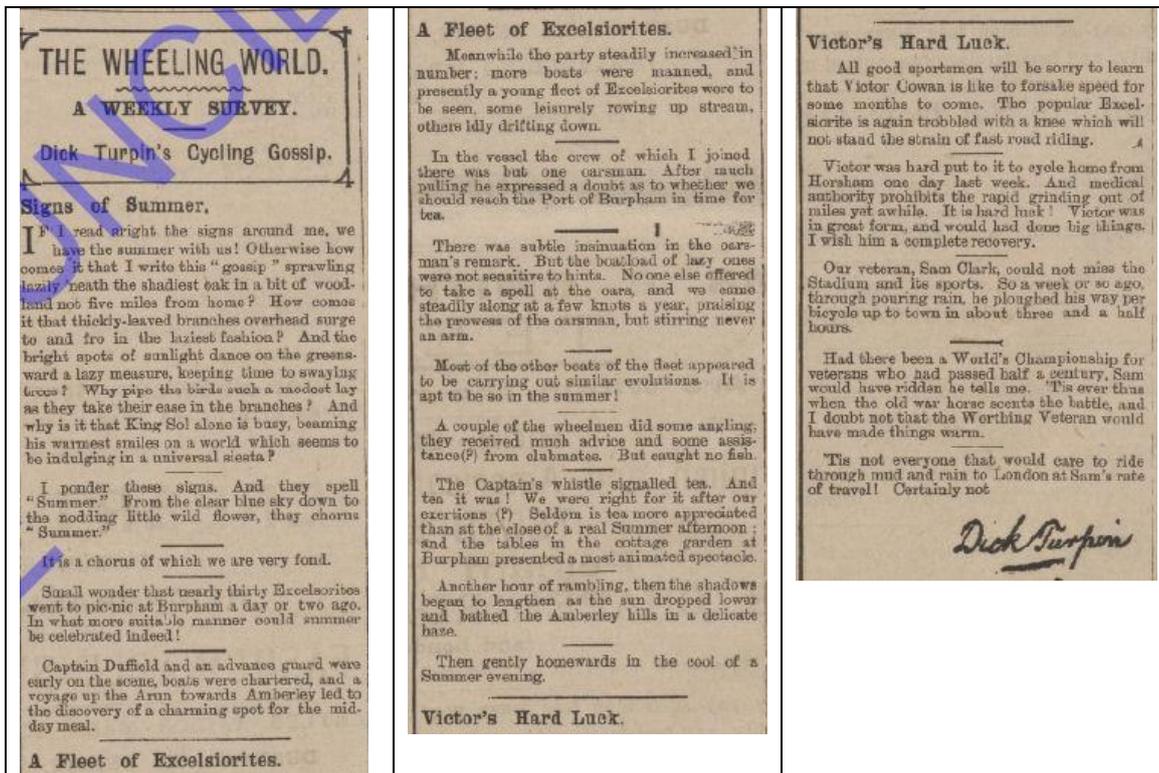
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Dick Turpin

THE WHEELING WORLD.

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 29.7.1908 P2C6



THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

Signs of Summer.

IF I read aright signs about me, we have the summer with us! Otherwise how comes it that I write this "gossip" sprawling lazily 'neath the shadiest oak in a bit of woodland not five miles from home? How comes it that thickly-leaved branches overhead surge to and fro in the laziest fashion? And the bright spots of sunlight dance on the greensward a lazy measure, keeping time to swaying trees? Why pipe the birds such modest lay as they take their ease in the branches? And why is it that King Sol alone is busy, beaming his warmest smiles on the world which seems to be indulging in a universal siesta?

I ponder these signs. And they spell "Summer". From the clear blue sky down to the nodding a little wild flower, they chorus "Summer".

It is a chorus of which we are very fond.

Small wonder that nearly thirty Excelsiorites

went to pic-nic at Burpham a day or two ago.
In what more suitable manner could summer
be celebrated indeed?

Captain Duffield and an advanced guard were
early on the scene, boats were chartered, and a
voyage of the Arun towards Amberley led to
the discovery of a charming spot for the mid-
day meal.

A Fleet of Excelsiorites.

Meanwhile the party steadily increased in
number; more boats were manned, and
presently a young fleet of Excelsiorites were to
be seen, some leisurely rowing up stream,
others idly drifting down.

In the vessel the crew of which I joined,
there was but one oarsman. After much
pulling he expressed a doubt as to whether we
should reach the Port of Burpham in time for
tea.

There was a subtle insinuation in the oars-
man's remark. But the boatload of lazy ones
were not sensitive to hints. No one else offered
to take a spell at the oars, and we came
steadily along at a few knots a year, praising
the prowess of the oarsman, but stirring never
an arm.

Most of the other boats of the fleet appeared
to be carrying out similar evolutions. It is
apt to be so in the summer!

A couple of the wheelmen did some angling,
they received much advice and some assis-
tance(?) from clubmates. But caught no fish.

The Captain's whistle signalled tea. And
tea it was! We were right for it after our
exertions (?) Seldom is tea more appreciated
then at the close of the real Summer afternoon;
and the tables in the cottage garden at
Burpham presented a most animated spectacle.

Another hour of rambling, then the shadows
began to lengthen as the sun dropped lower
and bathe the Amberley hills in a delicate
haze.

Then gently homewards in the cool of a
Summer evening.

Victor's Hard Luck.

All good sports men will be sorry to learn
that Victor Cowan is like to forsake speed for
some months to come. The popular Excel-
siorite is again troubled with a knee which will
not stand the strain of fast road riding.

Victor was hard put to it to cycle home from

Horsham one day last week. And medical Authority prohibits the rapid grinding out of miles yet awhile. It is hard luck! Victor was in great form, and would have done big things. I wish him a complete recovery.

Our veteran, Sam Clark, could not miss the Stadium and Its sports. So a week or so ago, through pouring rain, he ploughed his way per bicycle up to town in about three and a half hours.

Had there been a World's Championship for veterans who had passed half a century, Sam would have ridden he tells me. 'Tis ever thus when the old war horse scents the battle, and I doubt not that the Worthing Veteran would have made things warm.

'Tis not everyone that would care to ride through mud and rain to London at Sam's rate of travel! Certainly not

Dick Turpin

THE WHEELING WORLD.

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 5.8.1908 P3C5 - 01

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

King Sol's Cosmetics.

SUCH a Bank Holiday! Roads alive with sun-roasted wheelers, their burnt and bronzed countenances attesting the ardour of King Sol's attentions. A most impartial lover, he! Whilst improving the complexion of Miss Seventeen, he does not forget to colour up the face of Grandpa Seventy.

Perhaps Miss Seventeen, like the rose and the peach, receives treatment of a more artistic style. The effect on Grandpa is very similar to that which King Sol has been producing on the cornfields recently - something 'twixt brown and yellow.

And there is much ripened corn, too, now. Many a field of golden grain, nodding and waving in the gentle breeze, greets the wheeler's eye. The reaper is hard at work, and the countryside is being rapidly dotted over with yellow sheaves.

Almost as busy as the reaper is the Puncture Demon! A murrain upon his black evil face! He had me ere I had traversed three miles to other day.

And in less than another three I espied a lady in similar trouble. Walking, too, for no repairing outfit had the lady. So to the rescue went my companion and I, discovering as we completed our task, that we were all three well known to each other.

How those darkened sun-glasses do disguise a lady!

The Moral to the Tale.

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Mr. Wheelman, let me warn you: never pass a lady in distress. You may be recognised though you dream it not. And it were not pleasant to be convicted of such a discourtesy, even in this ungallant age when chivalry is dead.

Gadzooks! By my halidom! Have at thee for a sorry varlet! An' there be no fire-breathing dragons, we will break our lances with the foul Puncture Demon, and rescue the beauteous damosels.

By the sword of Coeur de Lion, let 'em all come!

Meantime, good reader, if you would spend a lazy day, missing the dust and enjoying the sunshine, forgetting punctures and admiring pretty country, let me tell you of a recent jaunt I took with a friend.

The Commodore first ascertained that the tide was on the flow in the morning. Wise Commodore! So we cycled to Arundel, finding, 'twixt Angmering and our destination, enough flinty fragments to double the output of pneumatic tyres for this month.

At Arundel we stabled our steeds, chartered a boat, and embarked, after the Commodore had victualled the craft from the handiest pastrycook's.

Then we encouraged the tide to push us up the river. Past Arundel Castle, looking proudly down on us. Past meadows of grazing cattle. Past overhanging trees whose lower branches danced on the surface of the water - doubtless admiring their own clear reflections!

Four miles of pleasant wriggling along the tortuous Arun, and we were at South Stoke. We moored 'neath a friendly tree, refreshed ourselves, burnt much tobacco, and voted it as good fun as two thousand a year!

Not till we had tried the latter! Still, should any millionaire desire to have a comparison instituted by us, quarterly remittances through the Editor can be arranged.

After we had landed and loafed along the

bank two or three hours, the Commodore observed the tide had turned. So, with the ebb, we made back to Arundel, exploring the northern of the two "loop lines" in the river on our way. Burpham, it will be remembered, is on the southern, the two combining with the main river to form a sort of letter B.

We found the northern loop difficult of navigation, but pretty. The fringes of reeds on either side go far towards choking the passage, and in parts the Commodore paddled with a single oar, lack of space preventing our rowing.

Something to Remember.

Riding home from Arundel we chose the Littlehampton road as far as Lyminster, turning there and coming home by Rustington and Roundstone.

It is worth mentioning that this road, always good, is now far and away better than the cut up route through Angmering.

From Land's End to John o' Groats, eight hundred and thirty-seven miles and a half, in two days, nineteen hours, and fifty minutes!

Such is the latest record by Harry Green, one of the most marvellous riders that has been. Well may we wonder if the ride will ever be beaten, and indeed finality cannot be far away.

Green now enjoys the distinction of holding records at fifty and one hundred miles, and at twelve and twenty-four hours, as well as this end to end record. This in itself is unique.

Dick Turpin

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By the sword of Coeur de Lion, let 'em all come!

Meantime, good reader, if you would spend a lazy day, missing the dust and enjoying the sunshine, forgetting punctures and admiring pretty country let me tell you of a recent jaunt I took with a friend.

The Commodore first ascertained that the tide was on the flow in the morning. Wise Commodore. So we cycled to Arundel, finding, 'twixt Angmering and our destination, enough flinty fragments to double the output of pneumatic tyres for this month.

At Arundel we stabled our steeds, chartered a boat, and embarked, after the Commodore had victualled the craft from the handiest pastrycook's.

Then we encouraged the tide to push us up the river. Past Arundel Castle, looking proudly down on us. Past meadows of grazing cattle. Past overhanging trees whose lower branches danced on the surface of the water - doubtless admiring their own clear reflections!

Four miles of pleasant wriggling along the tortuous Arun, and we were at South Stoke. We moored 'neath a friendly tree, refreshed ourselves, burnt much tobacco, and voted it as good fun as two thousand a year!

Not till we had tried the latte r! Still, should any millionaire desire to have a comparison instituted by us, quarterly remittances through the Editor can be arranged.

After we had landed and loafed along the bank two or three hours, the Commodore observed the tide had turned. So, with the ebb, we made back to Arundel, exploring the northern of the two "loop lines" in the river on our way. Burpham, it will be remembered is on the southern, the two combining with the main river to form a sort of letter B.

We found the northern loop difficult of navigation, but pretty. The fringes of reeds on either side go far towards choking the passage, and in parts the Commodore paddled with a single oar, lack of space preventing our rowing.

Something to Remember.

Riding home from Arundel we chose the Littlehampton road as far as Lyminster, Turning there and coming home by Rustington and Roundstone.

It is worth mentioning that this road, always good, is now far and away better than the cut up route through Angmering.

From Land's End to John o' Groats, eight hundred and thirty-seven miles and a half in two days, nineteen hours, and fifty minutes!

Such is the latest record by Harry Green, one of the most marvellous riders that has been. Well may we wonder if the ride will ever be beaten, and indeed finality cannot be far away.

Green now enjoys the distinction of holding records at fifty and one hundred miles, and at twelve and twenty-four hours, as well as this end to end record. This in itself is unique.

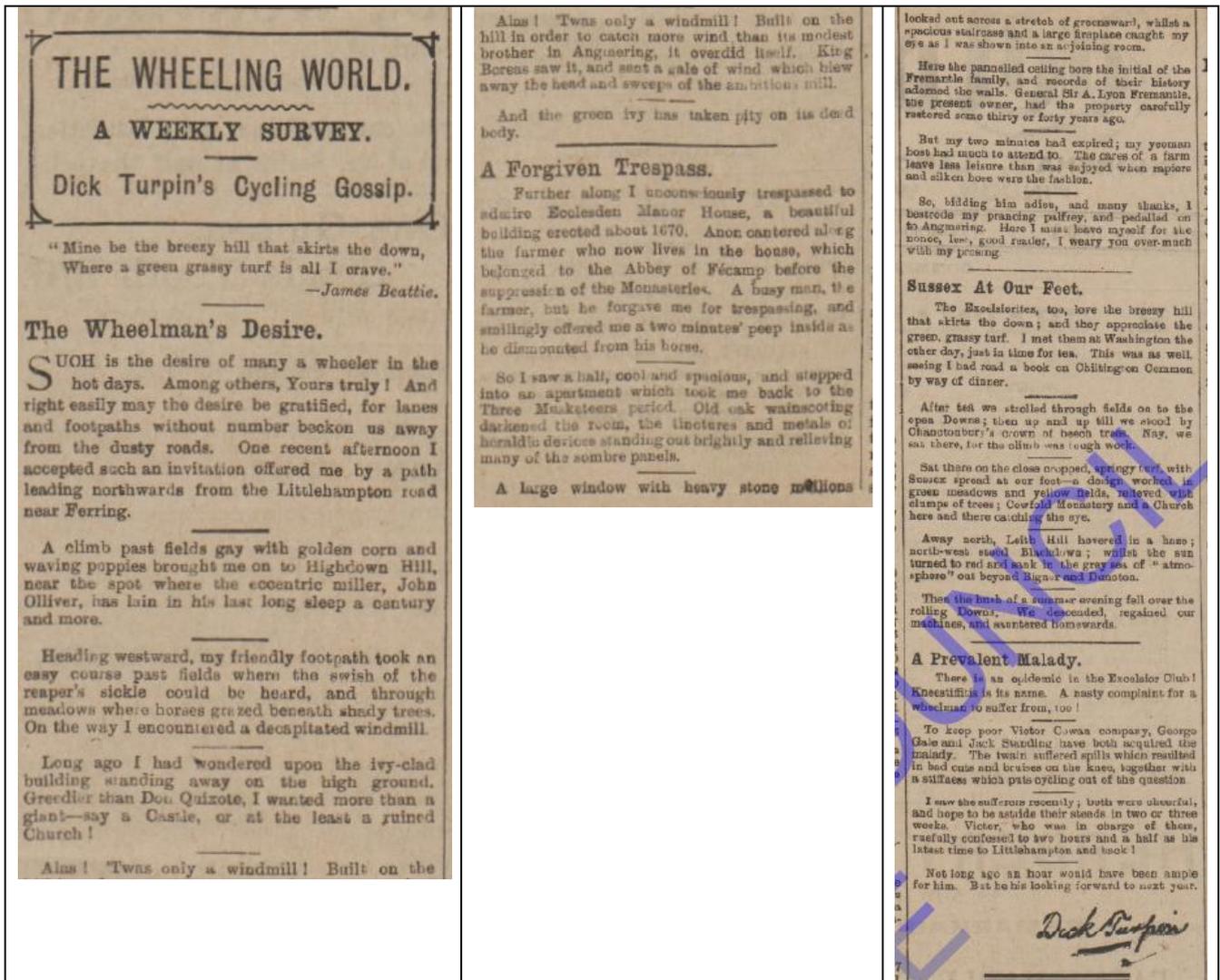
Dick Turpin

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive

at Worthing Local Studies Library

Turpin: 12.8.1908 P3C5 - 01



THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

"Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave."
—James Beattie.

The Wheelman's Desire.

SUCH is the desire of many a wheeler in the hot days. Among others, Yours truly! And right easily may the desire be gratified, for lanes and footpaths without number beckon us away from the dusty roads. One recent afternoon I accepted such an invitation offered me by a path leading northwards from the Littlehampton road near Ferring.

A climb past fields gay with golden corn and waving poppies brought me on to Highdown Hill, near the spot where the eccentric miller, John Olliver, has lain in his last long sleep a century and more.

Heading westward, my friendly footpath took an easy course past fields where the swish of the reaper's sickle could be heard, and through meadows where horses grazed beneath shady trees. On the way I encountered a decapitated windmill.

Long ago I had wondered upon the ivy-clad building standing away on the high ground. Greedier than Don Quixote, I wanted more than a giant—say a Castle, or at the least a ruined Church!

Alas! 'Twas only a windmill! Built on the

hill in order to catch more wind than its modest brother in Angmering, it overdid itself. King Boreas saw it, and sent a gale of wind which blew away the head and sweeps of the ambitious mill.

And the green ivy has taken pity on its dead body.

A Forgiven Trespass.

Further along I unconsciously trespassed to admire Ecclesden Manor House, a beautiful building erected about 1670. Anon cantered along the farmer who now lives in the house, which belonged to the Abbey of Fécamp before the suppression of the Monasteries. A busy man, the farmer, but he forgave me for trespassing, and smilingly offered me a two minutes' peep inside as he dismounted from his horse.

So I saw a hall, cool and spacious, and stepped into an apartment which took me back to the Three Musketeers period. Old oak wainscoting darkened the room, the tinctures and metals of heraldic devices standing out brightly and relieving many of the sombre panels.

A large window with heavy stone mullions

looked out across a stretch of greensward, whilst a spacious salience and a large fireplace caught my eye as I was shown into an adjoining room.

Here the paneled ceiling bore the initials of the Fremantle family, and records of their history adorned the walls. General Sir A. Lyon Fremantle, the present owner, had the property carefully restored some thirty or forty years ago.

But my two minutes had expired; my yeoman host had much to attend to. The cares of a farm leave less leisure than was enjoyed when rapiers and alken hose were the fashion.

So, bidding him adieu, and many thanks, I bestrode my prancing palfrey, and pedalled on to Angmering. Here I must leave myself to the reader, lest, good reader, I weary you over-much with my prattling.

Sussex At Our Feet.

The Excoleters, too, love the breezy hill that skirts the down; and they appreciate the green, grassy turf. I met them at Washington the other day, just in time for tea. This was as well, seeing I had read a book on Obiting-on Common by way of dinner.

After tea we strolled through fields on to the open Downs; then up and up till we stood by Chantonbury's crown of beech trees. Nay, we sat there, for the climb was tough work.

Sat there on the close cropped, springy turf, with Sussex spread at our feet—a design worked in green meadows and yellow fields, relieved with clumps of trees; Cowfold Monastery and a Church here and there catching the eye.

Away north, Leth Hill hovered in a haze; north-west stood Bluecliffs; whilst the sun turned to red and sank in the gray sea of "atmosphere" out beyond Rignor and Dunton.

Then the hush of a summer evening fell over the rolling Downs. We descended, regained our machines, and ascertained homewards.

A Prevalent Malady.

There is an epidemic in the Excoleters Club! Kneesittitis is its name. A nasty complaint for a wheelman to suffer from, too!

To keep poor Victor Gosman company, George Gale and Jack Sturding have both acquired the malady. The twins suffered spills which resulted in bad cuts and bruises on the knee, together with a stiffness which puts cycling out of the question.

I saw the sufferers recently; both were cheerful, and hope to be astride their steeds in two or three weeks. Victor, who was in charge of them, ruefully confessed to two hours and a half as his latest time to Littlehampton and back!

Not long ago an hour would have been ample for him. But he's looking forward to next year.

Dick Turpin

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A large window with heavy stone mullions looked out across a stretch of greensward, whilst a spacious staircase and a large fireplace caught my eye as I was shown into an adjoining room.

Here the pannelled¹ ceiling bore the initial of the Fremantle family, and records of their history adorned the walls. General Sir A. Lyon Fremantle, the present owner, had the property carefully restored some thirty or forty years ago.

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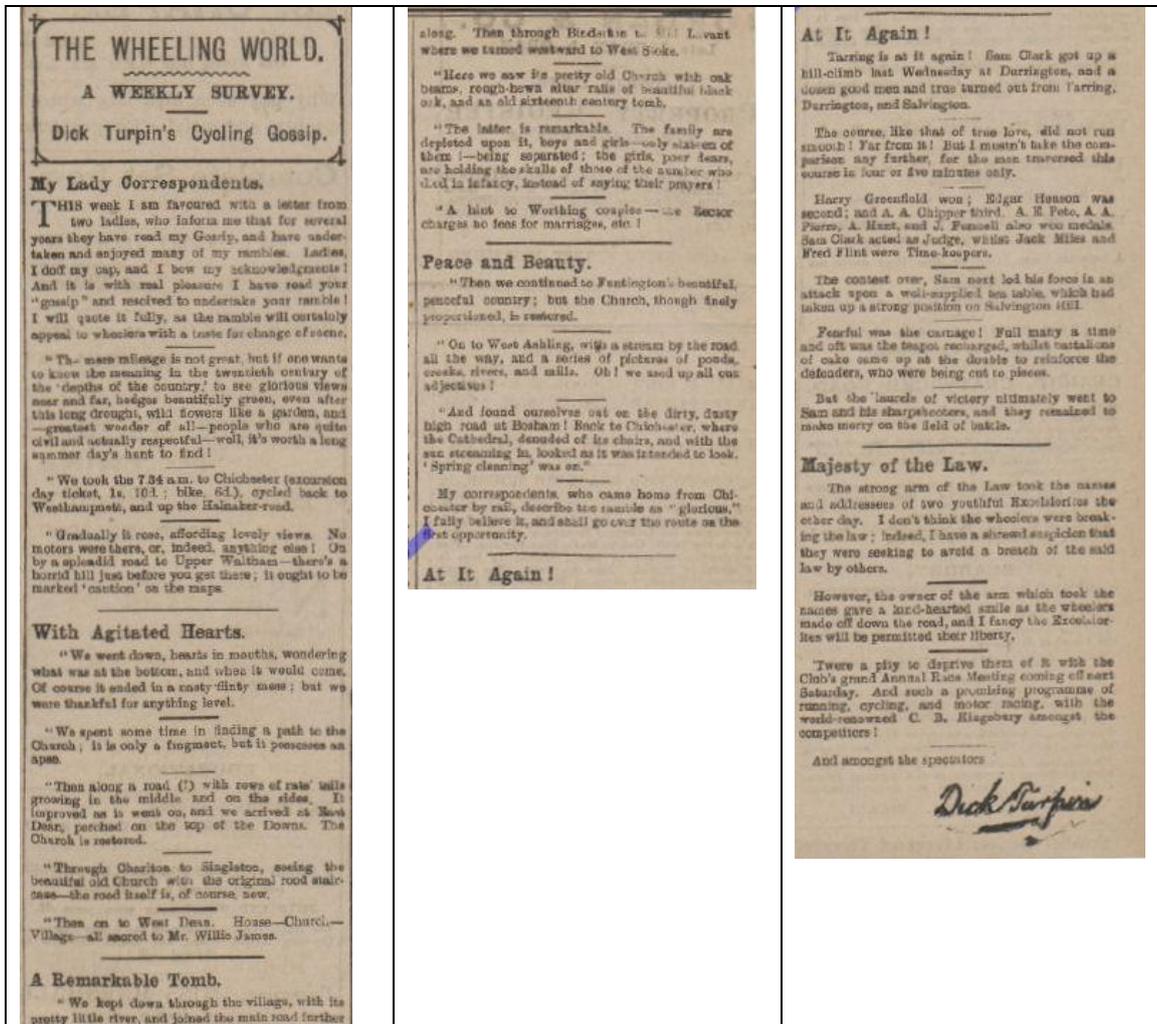
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¹ "Pannelled" – correct spelling in Richard Long's day.



THE WHEELING WORLD.

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 Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

My Lady Correspondents.
THIS week I am favoured with a letter from two ladies, who inform me that for several years they have read my Gossip, and have undertaken and enjoyed many of my rambles. Ladies, I doff my cap, and I bow my acknowledgments! And it is with real pleasure I have read your "gossip" and resolved to undertake your ramble! I will quote it fully, as the ramble will certainly appeal to wheelers with a taste for change of scene.

 "The mere mileage is not great, but if one wants to know the meaning in the twentieth century of the 'depths of the country,' to see glorious views

near and far, hedges beautifully green, even after this long drought, wild flowers like a garden, and - greatest wonder of all - people who are quite civil and actually respectful - well, it's worth a long summer day's hunt to find!

"We took the 7.34 a.m. to Chichester (excursion day ticket, 1s.10d; bike, 6d), cycled back to Westhampnett, and up the Halnaker-road.

"Gradually it rose, affording lovely views. No motors were there, or, indeed, anything else! On by a splendid road to Upper Waltham - there's a horrid hill just before you get there; it ought to be marked 'caution' on the maps.

With Agitated Hearts.

"We went down, hearts in mouths, wondering what was at the bottom, and when it would come. Of course it ended in a nasty flinty mess; but we were thankful for anything level.

"We spent some time in finding a path to the Church; it is only a fragment, but it possesses an apse.

"Then along a road (?) with rows of rats' tails growing in the middle and on the sides. It improved as it went on, and we arrived at East Dean, perched on the top of the Downs. The Church is restored.

"Through Charlton to Singleton, seeing the beautiful old Church with the original rood staircase - the rood itself is, of course, new.

"Then on to West Dean. House - Church - Village - all sacred to Mr. Willie James.

A Remarkable Tomb.

"We kept down through the village, with its pretty little river, and joined the main road further along. Then through Binderton To Mid-Lavant where we turned westward to West Stoke.

"Here we saw its pretty old Church with oak beams, rough-hewn altar rails of beautiful black oak, and an old sixteenth century tomb.

"The latter is remarkable. The family are depicted upon it, boys and girls - only sixteen of them! - being separated; the girls, poor dears, are holding the skulls of those of the number who died in infancy, instead of saying their prayers!

"A hint to Worthing couples - the Rector charges no fees for marriages, etc!"

Peace and Beauty.

"Then we continued to Funtington's beautiful, peaceful country; but the Church, though finely proportioned, is restored.

On to West Ashling, with a stream by the road
all the way, and a series of pictures of ponds,
and creeks, rivers, and mills. Oh! We used up all our
adjectives!

“And found ourselves out on the dirty, dusty
high road at Bosham! Back to Chichester, where
the Cathedral, denuded of its chairs, and with the
sun streaming in, looked as it was intended to look,
“Spring cleaning” was on”.

My correspondents, who came home from Chi-
chester by rail, describer their ramble as “glorious,”
I fully believe it, and shall go over the route on the
first opportunity.

----- **At It Again!**

Tarring is at it again! Sam Clark got up a
hill-climb last Wednesday at Durrington, and a
dozen good men and true turned out from Tarring,
Durrington, and Salvington.

The course, like that of true love, did not run
smooth! Far from it! But I mustn't take the com-
parison any further, for the men traversed this
course in four or five minutes only.

Harry Greenfield won; Edgar Henson was
second; and A.A. Chipper third. A.E. Peto, A.A.
Pierre, A. Hunt, and J. Funnell also won medals.
Sam Clark acted as Judge, whilst Jack Miles and
Fred Flint were Time-keepers.

The contest over, Sam next led his force in an
attack upon a well-supplied tea table, which had
taken up a strong position on Salvington Hill.

Fearful was the carnage! Full many a time
and oft was the teapot recharged, whilst battalions
of cake came up at the double to reinforce the
defenders, who were being cut to pieces.

But the laurels of victory ultimately went to
Sam and his sharpshooters, and they remained to
make merry on the field of battle.

----- **Majesty of the Law.**

The strong arm of the Law took the names
and addressees of two youthful Excelsiorites the
other day. I don't think the wheelers were break-
ing the law; indeed, I have a shrewd suspicion that
they were seeking to avoid a breach of the said
law by others.

However, the owner of the arm which took the
names gave a kind-hearted smile as the wheelers
made off down the road, and I fancy the Excelsiorites
will be permitted their liberty.

'Twere a pity to deprive them of it with the
Club's grand Annual Race Meeting coming off next

Saturday. And such a promising programme of running, cycling, and motor racing, with the world-renowned C.B. Kingsbury amongst the competitors!

And amongst the spectators

Dick Turpin

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 26.8.1908 P2C6

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>"How beautiful is the rain! After the dust and heat, In the broad and fiery street, In the narrow lane, How beautiful is the rain!" <i>(I. Longfellow.)</i></p> <p>Weather and Philosophy. AYE! Even the wheelman will echo the sentiment. It may be that whilst "Aquarius old" is "walking the fenceless fields of air; scattering everywhere the showery rain, as the farmer scatters his grain," the wheelman has to call a truce to pedalling. But what of that? The thirsty countryside emerges from the shower brighter, better, and greener. The parched roads, so long bestrewn with blinding dust and vicious flints, are soothed into veritable speed tracks.</p> <p>And the wheeler goes forth once again. Lo! he is in a fairy land where the puncture is unknown, the dust is gone, and all is fresh and clean.</p> <p>May it be soon</p> <p>It was difficult to be philosophic on the subject of weather as the Excelsior Club's Sports, though. The doubtful conditions deterred many from seeing some interesting and exciting racing.</p> <p>What cheers there were when C. B. Kingsbury rode the silver challenge trophy his own in the five miles event! And when the nerve-racking motor cycle race ended in Hodgkinson securing President Wares's magnificent silver cup for good!</p> <p>L. A. Tribe looked an easy winner in the One Mile Club Race. Halfway he was leaving all behind, but Jack Flint laid himself out to the best advantage, catching his man one by one, and getting home first after a game fight; Tribe second, and Chipper third.</p>	<p>Yes, it was an interesting meeting.</p> <p>The Club workers, and Victor Cowan, the capable and industrious Race Secretary, deserve all praise. They did all that could be done, and they did it well. But I fear that Cycle Sports lack the essential element of novelty. We want something fresh.</p> <p>Condensed Essence of Gaiety. So we will have a Carnival! Not that a Carnival is altogether a new-laid invention. I believe we are told it has a past of about fifteen centuries! In its early days it was a time of condensed essence of gaiety, the prelude to the forty days' fast which began on Ash Wednesday.</p> <p>So far as the condensed essence of gaiety is concerned, I understand the Carnival is unaltered, except inasmuch as the trend of ideas may have affected things in the past fifteen hundred years. Anyway, I doubt not we shall laugh as loud and as long as did the average Roman at the first of these wholesale spruces.</p> <p>Secretary Tree is particularly anxious for a big master of decorated cycles; he hopes, too, for an army of fancy-dressed wheelers. I wish him all success!</p> <p>A Useful Guide!</p>	<p>A Useful Guide! Out near Aldershot, Stanley Bruke, of the Excelsior, inquired his way of a passer-by. "Take this road until you come to the crossways," was the reply; "but I don't know which of the four roads is yours when you get there."</p> <p>Helpful, wasn't it!</p> <p>However, our man found himself at Aldershot, whether he had ridden to accompany a chum bound for Marlow. A ramble over LaTina's Plain before roosting for the night, and next day saw him gliding down the Hog's Back into Guildford and on to Farnham, where he again put up for the night.</p> <p>An early morning spin from Farnham concluded a very happy week-end.</p> <p>Many Miles. Meanwhile some of the boys are putting in big rides. Fred Flint and Ernest Sawhine "toured" over the lumpy fifty miles to Hastings one morning last week, putting in some hot work on the way home. Are they thinking, I wonder, of Edgar Henson's record!</p> <p>Taken again, Frank Medhurst recently rode to Bath in seven hours and fifty minutes. Nearly a hundred and twenty miles with scarce a dismount!</p> <p>Frank wished to ascertain his fitness. And as a further test he came back in nearly as short a time!</p> <p>Some men are lovers of work, indeed! I once did the single journey in a day, and found even this to be pretty strenuous cycling. Despite the fact that I was tandeming with the Irrepressible, who had a grand chance of getting some training work on that occasion.</p> <p>For industry is not a strong point in</p> <p><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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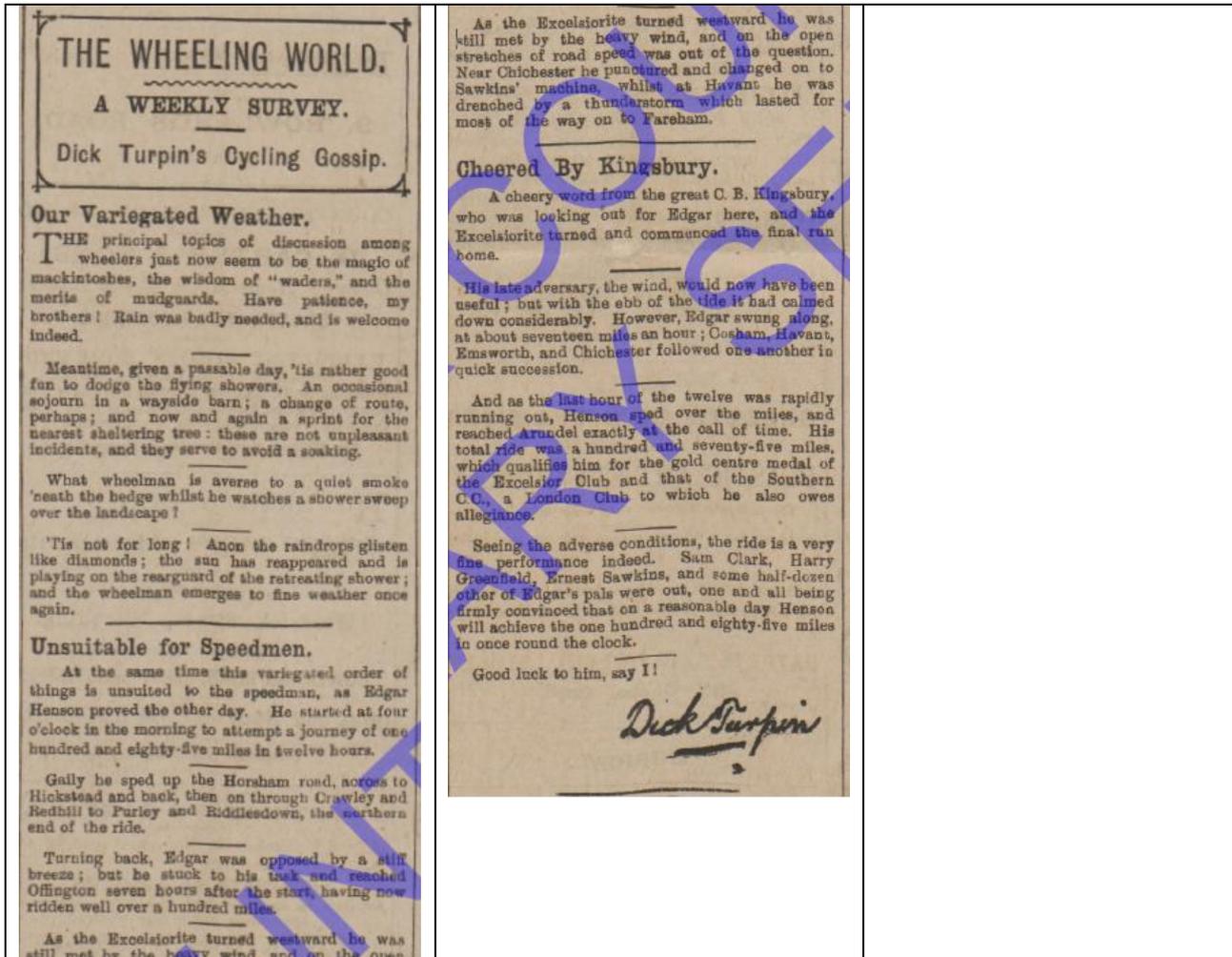
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THE WHEELING WORLD.

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
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Turpin: 2.9.1908 P2C4



THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

Our Variegated Weather.

THE principal topics of discussion among wheelers just now seem to be the magic of mackintoshes, the wisdom of "waders," and the merits of mudguards. Have patience, my brothers! Rain was badly needed, and is welcome indeed.

Meantime, given a passable day, 'tis rather good fun to dodge the flying showers. An occasional

sojourn in a wayside barn; a change of route, perhaps; and now and again a sprint for the nearest sheltering tree: these are not unpleasant incidents, and they serve to avoid a soaking.

What wheelman is averse to a quiet smoke 'neath the hedge whilst he watches a shower sweep over the landscape?

'Tis not for long! Anon the raindrops glisten like diamonds; the sun has reappeared and is playing on the rearguard of the retreating shower; and the wheelman emerges to fine weather once again.

Unsuitable for Speedmen.

At the same time this variegated order of things is unsuited to the speedman, as Edgar Henson proved the other day. He started at four o'clock in the morning to attempt a journey of one hundred and eighty-five miles in twelve hours.

Gaily he sped up the Horsham road, across to Hickstead and back, then on through Crawley and Redhill to Purley and Riddlesdown, the northern end of the ride.

Turning back, Edgar was opposed by a stiff breeze; but he stuck to his task and reached Offington seven hours after the start, having now ridden well over a hundred miles.

As the Excelsiorite turned westward he was still met by the heavy wind, and on the open stretches of road speed was out of the question. Near Chichester he punctured and changed on to Sawkins' machine, whilst at Havant he was drenched by a thunderstorm which lasted for most of the way on to Fareham.

Cheered By Kingsbury.

A cheery word from the great C.B. Kingsbury, who was looking out for Edgar here, and the Excelsiorite turned and commenced the final run home.

His late adversary, the wind, would now have been useful; but with the ebb of the tide it had calmed down considerably. However, Edgar swung along, at about seventeen miles an hour; Cosham, Havant, Emsworth, and Chichester followed one another in quick succession.

And as the last hour of the twelve was rapidly running out, Henson sped over the miles, and reached Arundel exactly at the call of time. His total ride was a hundred and seventy-five miles, which qualifies him for the gold centre medal of the Excelsior Club and that of the Southern C.C., a London Club to which he also owes allegiance.

Seeing the adverse conditions, the ride is a very fine performance indeed. Sam Clark, Harry Greenfield, Ernest Sawkins, and some half-dozen other of Edgar's pals were out, one and all being firmly convinced that on a reasonable day Henson will achieve the one hundred and eighty-five miles in once round the clock.

Good luck to him, say I!

Dick Turpin

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Turpin: 9.9.1908 P3C6-7

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>A Difficult Problem Solved. At least one Excelsiorite has solved the problem of how to cycle on the wettest of days, and yet keep comfortably dry. The ingenious one is Jack Standing, who has fitted up a home trainer indoors. I saw him the other day reel off a quick mile or so without leaving the hearth rug! Photographs of his cycling chums were placed about the room, and Jack could easily fancy himself out for a spin with the boys as he busily plied his pedals, gazing the while on the pictures of his pals.</p> <p>But the Excelsiorite prefers the open road when circumstances permit. I met him with Edgar Henson a day or so back on the Horsham road, awaiting their Clubmate, Ernest Sawkins.</p> <p>Ernest was occupying himself with a hundred-mile spin, and had been timed off at six o'clock by Victor Cowan.</p> <p>Twenty-five minutes sufficed for him to rush along to Wick; a similar space of time saw him back again; then he sped away through Horsham, Crawley, and Redhill, on to Purley.</p> <p>So far Ernest had traversed about sixty miles in a total time of three hours and twelve minutes, despite a hampering cross-wind.</p> <p>A Giant's Task. But he still kept going strongly as he turned southward and retraced his wheelmarks. Indeed, when Ernest came dashing along past our little waiting group, and we hastily mounted to follow him, I speedily discovered that the hundred-mile man of to-day performs a giant's task!</p> <p>Twenty miles an hour is my special maximum</p>	<p>speed, and for a few miles I laboured along at this bat in the wake of the flying wheelmen.</p> <p>Labouring, panted, and reflected that the cycling journalist of to-day needs a stout heart and light heels! Why, a War Correspondent enjoys a lazy, plodding time of it compared to the arduous duties of a wheeling scribe!</p> <p>For Ernest was sniffing the finish, and he warmed up accordingly. I was left behind, still grunting along at twenty to the hour. And when I reached the haven there was Ernest calm and smiling; he had ridden his hundred miles in five hours and forty-seven and a half minutes.</p> <p>I gasped out my congratulations—he deserved them—and sat down to meditate.</p> <p>Mayhap I shall take up gardening.</p> <p>On Wheel and Afoot. Still, a good deal of quiet enjoyment may be extracted from a loiter a'wheel. I recently wandered—partly per bike, but on foot across country for much of the way—to Angmering, and thoroughly liked it. A bike is a handy means of reaching pleasant footpaths; and it is no great encumbrance when roaming the fields.</p> <p>Arrived at Angmering, I first explored and found the remains of East Angmering Church—I believe it fell into decay about three centuries ago.</p> <p>All that now remains of St. Peter's is a couple of masses of rough masonry, lying in a garden behind the village School. The garden is still known as the "Lychning," or burial-ground, I am told.</p> <p>Not many yards away, St. Margaret's, West</p>	<p>Not many yards away, St. Margaret's, West Angmering, with its chequered flint and stone tower, next invited my attention. It has been better looked after, and of course does duty for the united parish of Angmering.</p> <p>Much of it is quite new, Squire Gratwicke having devoted his winnings on the Turf to a general restoration, which was completed in 1853.</p> <p>But the tower and some parts of the original Church still stand, bearing the date 1507. Over the door I noticed, cut in stone, a shield charged with a cross, a reminder that the edifice once belonged to the Nunnery of Sion, by which body it was probably built.</p> <p>"Seldome Sene." Inside the Church I saw a small brass, upon which Mistress Eden Baker, of Ecclesden Manor is depicted, dressed in the quaint mode of the sixteenth century.</p> <p>Also it is thereon recorded of the lady, who died in 1598, that "for her wisdom, vertue, and modesty the like hath seldome bene sene."</p> <p>The Church has some good stained windows, too, but what pleased me most was a sundial in the Churchyard—a modest little instrument of brass, set upon a worn and weather-beaten post, that was all!</p> <p>But it has marked the hour, year in and year</p> <p>out, for generations of Angmering men and women who now sleep beneath the turf around their faithful servant. And the little sundial goes humbly watching on.</p> <p>"Half-past four" it quietly told me, and with a last look round I passed out from the hallowed ground and loitered through Rustington homewards.</p> <p>Loitering agrees with</p> <p><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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A WEEKLY SURVEY.

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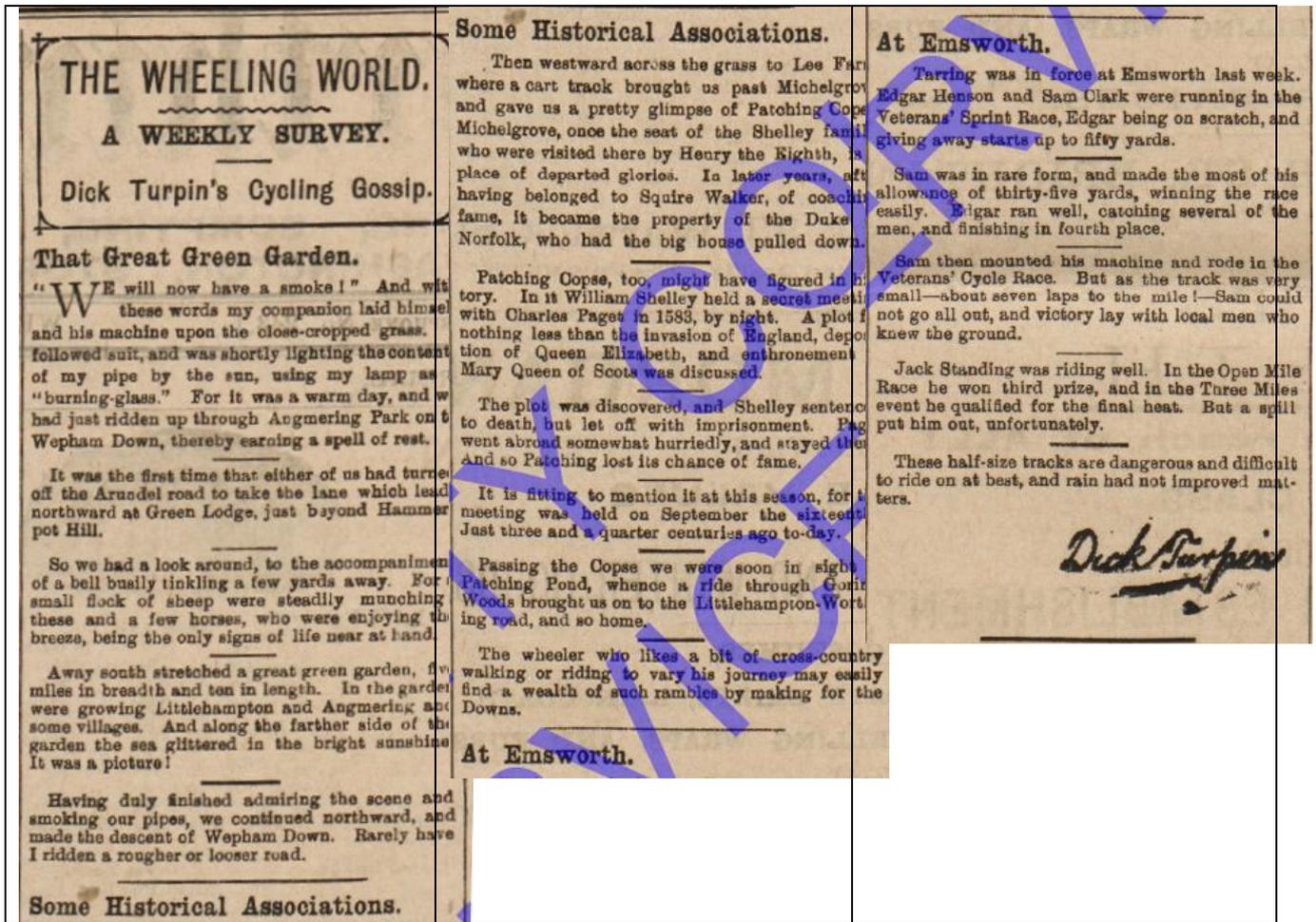
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THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin:16.9.1908 P2C5
Worthing Local Studies Library



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

That Great Green Garden.

"WE will now have a smoke!" And with these words my companion laid himself and his machine upon the close-cropped grass. I followed suit, and was shortly lighting the contents of my pipe by the sun, using my lamp as a "burning-glass." For it was a warm day, and we had just ridden up through Angmering Park on to Wepham Down, thereby earning a spell of rest.

It was the first time that either of us had turned off the Arundel road to take the lane which leads northward at Green Lodge, just beyond Hammerpot Hill.

So we had a look around, to the accompaniment of a bell busily tinkling a few yards away. For a small flock of sheep were steadily munching these and a few horses, who were enjoying the breeze, being the only signs of life near at hand.

Away south stretched a great green garden, five miles in breadth and ten in length. In the garden were growing Littlehampton and Angmering and some villages. And along the farther side of the garden the sea glittered in the bright sunshine. It was a picture!

Having duly finished admiring the scene and smoking our pipes, we continued northward, and made the descent of Wepham Down. Rarely have I ridden a rougher or looser road.

Some Historical Associations.

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Then westward across the grass to Lee Farm where a cart track brought us past Michelgrove and gave us a pretty glimpse of Patching Copse. Michelgrove, once the seat of the Shelley family, who were visited there by Henry the Eighth, is a place of departed glories. In later years, after having belonged to Squire Walker, of coachmaking fame, it became the property of the Duke of Norfolk, who had the big house pulled down.

Patching Copse, too, might have figured in history. In it William Shelley held a secret meeting with Charles Paget in 1583, by night. A plot of nothing less than the invasion of England, deposition of Queen Elizabeth, and enthronement of Mary Queen of Scots was discussed.

The plot was discovered, and Shelley sentenced to death, but let off with imprisonment. Paget went abroad somewhat hurriedly, and stayed there, and so Patching lost its chance of fame.

It is fitting to mention it at this season, for a meeting was held on September the sixteenth, just three and a quarter centuries ago to-day.

Passing the Copse we were soon in sight of Patching Pond, whence a ride through Gonville Woods brought us on to the Littlehampton-Worthing road, and so home.

The wheeler who likes a bit of cross-country walking or riding to vary his journey may easily find a wealth of such rambles by making for the Downs.

At Emsworth.

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Tarring was in force at Emsworth last week. Edgar Henson and Sam Clark were running in the Veterans' Sprint Race, Edgar being on scratch, and giving away starts up to fifty yards.

Sam was in rare form, and made the most of his allowance of thirty-five yards, winning the race easily. Edgar ran well, catching several of the men, and finishing in fourth place.

Sam then mounted his machine and rode in the Veterans' Cycle Race. But as the track was very small—about seven laps to the mile!—Sam could not go all out, and victory lay with local men who knew the ground.

Jack Standing was riding well. In the Open Mile Race he won third prize, and in the Three Miles event he qualified for the final heat. But a spill put him out, unfortunately.

These half-size tracks are dangerous and difficult to ride on at best, and rain had not improved matters.

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Turpin: 23.9.1908 P C

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>"There is a beautiful spirit breathing now Its mellow richness on the clustered trees, And, from a beaker full of richest dyes, Pouring new glory on the autumn woods, And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds." —Longfellow.</p> <p>The Charm of Autumn. EVERY wheeler will admit the accuracy of the poet's statement, I think. Most will also maintain that autumn holds more of charm for the cyclist than does either of the seasons, save, perhaps, spring. For roads have once again settled down and are free of dust; the sun no longer blazes down with relentless determination to scorch even the toughest of us until we are driven to surrender and hide from his fierce beams; and the country certainly is more inviting in autumn than at any other time.</p> <p>Indeed, I find it difficult to tear myself away from the blackberries—and the bushes!—when 'tis time to return.</p> <p>The heavy-laden fruit trees, too, strike a cheerful note. I wonder how many hundreds of wheelmen have cast admiring glances at the apple trees on either side of the Horsham road just beyond Ashington, for instance?</p> <p>I wonder, too, how many have cast stones in the same direction!</p> <p>The Spirit of Thanksgiving.</p>	<p>The Spirit of Thanksgiving. A friend and I peeped into the little village Church at Binsted last Saturday, and discovered the Rector busily contemplating the decorations for the harvest festival.</p> <p>The fruit, flowers, and corn spoke of abundance, and looked very well; the Rector was as interested in them as we were in a couple of very narrow Norman windows. One of these still has two examples of wall-painting which are in a fair state of preservation.</p> <p>A pretty ride through Tortington Woods brought us on to the road just west of Arundel.</p> <p>Putting on the Pace. The advantages or otherwise of change speed gears continue to be the subject of much discussion among wheelmen. Frank Medhurst's experience is that a new three-speeder which he has been trying has added two miles per hour to his pace!</p> <p>And the hard-riding Excelsiorite has given the device a good trial. He rode to Croydon in two hours and forty minutes, and completed fifty miles in three hours.</p> <p>Medhurst says he wished I had been with him. I don't!</p> <p>Another ride was through Horsham to Guildford, over Hog's Back to Farnham, south through Petersfield to Emsworth, and home by Chichester.</p> <p>And over this one hundred and fifteen miles of give-and-take road Medhurst found his variable gear a great saving.</p> <p>"But," says Frank, "it may easily be made a man-killer if the rider chooses to work hard up hill and down."</p> <p>A Sussex Beauty Spot.</p>	<p>A Sussex Beauty Spot. The run season of the Excelsiors came to a conclusion with a happy little trip to Barpham this week. Barpham is, perhaps, the most popular of the beauty spots patronised by the Club, and a fair number of Excelsiorites mustered to partake of an <i>al fresco</i> tea and bid "Au revoir" to the little village.</p> <p>Tobacco and Training. Sam Clark has scored again! Some of the "boys" were along the Horsham road, and a hill-climbing match 'twixt Medhurst and the veteran was arranged on the spur of the moment.</p> <p>The stake was half-a-dozen packets of a certain popular cigarette which I decline to advertise, as 'tis not my favourite brand!</p> <p>A pretty struggle left Sam as the winner, but he suspects Medhurst of not having ridden his best. Well, Medhurst is a non-smoker; Sam's suspicion may be well-founded!</p> <p>Why not put Henson in the field? He simply trains on the particular form of narcotic weed which was ridden for, and would be induced to make more desperate efforts. Edgar might lay in a stock for the coming winter by figuring in a few hill-climbs.</p> <p><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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The Charm of Autumn.

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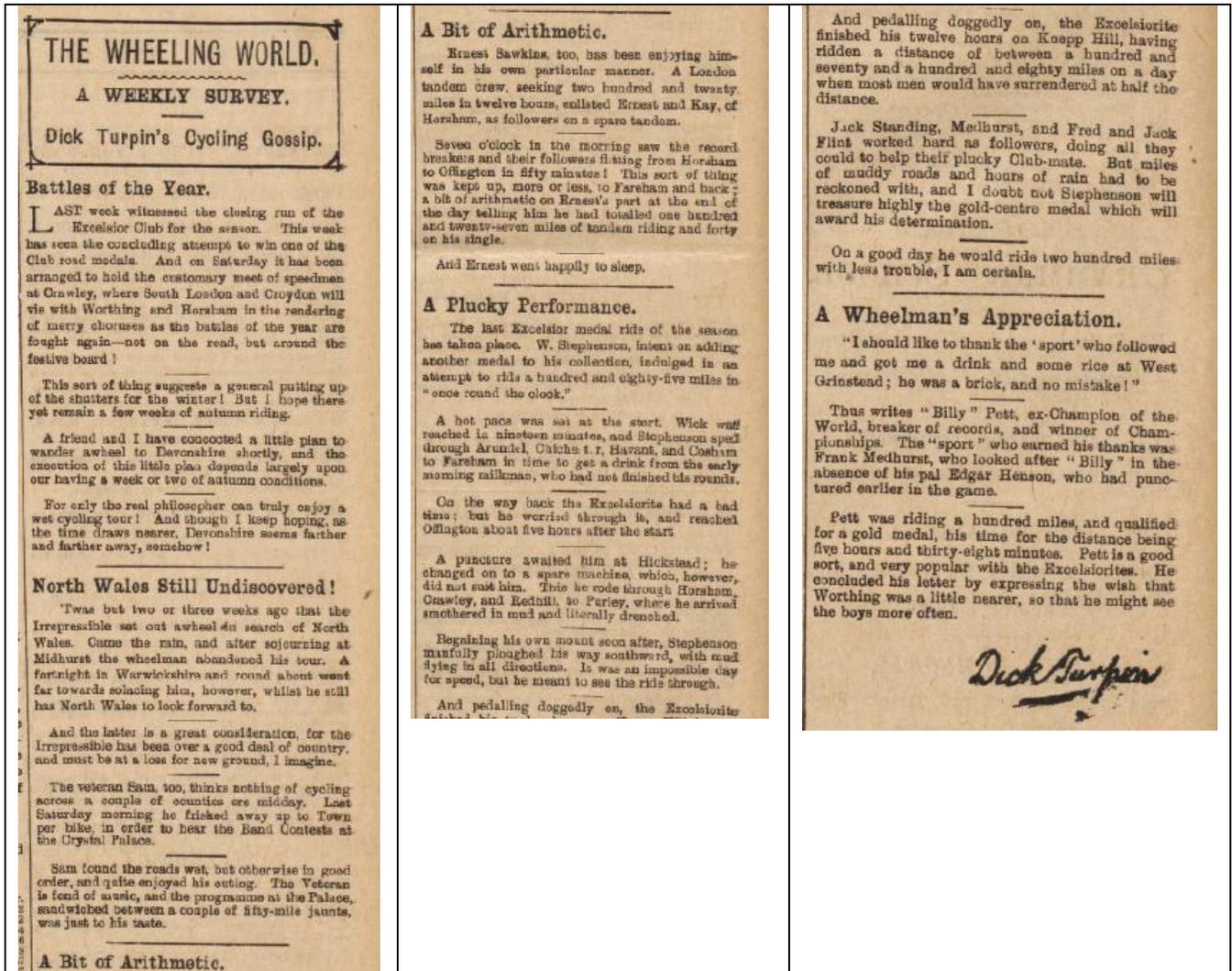
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Battles of the Year.

LAST week witnessed the closing run of the Excelsior Club for the season. This week had seen the concluding attempt to win one of the Club Road medals. And on Saturday it has been arranged to hold the customary meet of speedmen at Crawley, where South London and Croydon will vie with Worthing and Horsham in the rendering of merry choruses as the battles of the year are fought again – not on the road, but around the

A Bit of Arithmetic.

Ernest Sawkins, too, has been enjoying himself in his own particular manner. A London tandem crew, seeking two hundred and twenty miles in twelve hours, enlisted Ernest and Kay, of Horsham, as followers on a spare tandem.

Seven o'clock in the morning saw the record breakers and their followers flitting from Horsham to Offington in fifty minutes! This sort of thing was kept up, more or less, to Fareham and back; a bit of arithmetic on Ernest's part at the end of the day telling him he had totalled one hundred and twenty-seven miles of tandem riding and forty on his single.

And Ernest went happily to sleep.

A Plucky Performance.

The last Excelsior medal ride of the season has taken place. W. Stephenson, intent on adding another medal to his collection, indulged in an attempt to ride a hundred and eighty-five miles in "once round the clock."

A hot pace was set at the start. Wick went reached in nineteen minutes, and Stephenson sped through Arundel, Chichester, Havant, and Cosham to Fareham in time to get a drink from the early morning milkman, who had not finished his rounds.

On the way back the Excelsiorite had a bad time; but he worried through it, and reached Offington about five hours after the start.

A pasture awaited him at Hickstead; he changed on to a spare machine, which, however, did not suit him. This he rode through Horsham, Crawley, and Ecdill, to Farley, where he arrived smothered in mud and literally drenched.

Regaining his own mount soon after, Stephenson manfully ploughed his way southward, with mud flying in all directions. It was an impossible day for speed, but he meant to see the ride through.

And pedalling doggedly on, the Excelsiorite

finished his twelve hours on Knepp Hill, having ridden a distance of between a hundred and seventy and a hundred and eighty miles on a day when most men would have surrendered at half the distance.

Jack Standing, Medhurst, and Fred and Jack Flint worked hard as followers, doing all they could to help their plucky Club-mate. But miles of muddy roads and hours of rain had to be reckoned with, and I doubt not Stephenson will treasure highly the gold-centre medal which will award his determination.

On a good day he would ride two hundred miles with less trouble, I am certain.

A Wheelman's Appreciation.

"I should like to thank the 'sport' who followed me and got me a drink and some rice at West Grinstead; he was a brick, and no mistake!"

Thus writes "Billy" Pett, ex-Champion of the World, breaker of records, and winner of Championships. The "sport" who earned his thanks was Frank Medhurst, who looked after "Billy" in the absence of his pal Edgar Henson, who had punctured earlier in the game.

Pett was riding a hundred miles, and qualified for a gold medal, his time for the distance being five hours and thirty-eight minutes. Pett is a good sort, and very popular with the Excelsiorites. He concluded his letter by expressing the wish that Worthing was a little nearer, so that he might see the boys more often.

Dick Turpin

Festive board!

This sort of thing suggests a general putting up of the shutters for the winter! But I hope there yet remain a few weeks of autumn riding.

A friend and I have concocted a little plan to wander awheel to Devonshire shortly, and the execution of this little plan depends largely upon our having a week or two of autumn conditions.

For only the real philosopher can truly enjoy a wet cycling tour! And though I keep hoping, as the time draws nearer, Devonshire seems farther and farther away, somehow!

North Wales Still Undiscovered!

'Twas but two of three weeks ago that the Irrepressible set out awheel in search of North Wales. Came the rain, and after sojourning at Midhurst the wheelman abandoned his tour. A fortnight in Warwickshire and round about went far towards solacing him, however, whilst he still has North Wales to look forward to.

And the latter is a great consideration, for the Irrepressible has been over a good deal of country, and must be at a loss for new ground, I imagine.

The veteran Sam, too, thinks nothing of cycling across a couple of counties ere midday. Last Saturday morning he frisked away up to Town per bike, in order to hear the Band Contests at the Crystal Palace.

Sam found the roads wet, but otherwise in good order, and quite enjoyed his outing. The Veteran is fond of music, and the programme at the Palace, sandwiched between a couple of fifty-mile jaunts, was just to his taste.

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A Wheelman's Appreciation.

“I should like to thank the ‘sport’ who followed me and got me a drink and some rice at West Grinstead; he was a brick, and no mistake!”

Thus writes “Billy” Pett, ex-Champion of the World, breaker of records, and winner of Championships. The “sport” who earned his thanks was Frank Medhurst, who looked after “Billy” in the absence of his pal Edgar Henson, who had a puncture earlier in the game.

Pett was riding a hundred miles, and qualified for a gold medal, his time for the distance being five hours and thirty-eight minutes. Pett is a good sort, and very popular with the Excelsiorites. He concluded his letter by expressing the wish that Worthing was a little nearer, so that he might see the boys more often.

Dick Turpin

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

Away to the West!
 "WESTWARD Ho!" said my friend the Commodore last Saturday. So with the wind behind and the sun overhead, both combining to make things pleasant, we pedalled through Chichester, bidding adieu to the Irrepressible, who had seen us on the road.

Havant and Fareham came in due course, and soon we were aboard the floating bridge at Southampton; the varied shipping—everything from a tiny yacht to a wicked-looking four-funnelled war craft—bobbing a welcome to us as we thumped across the water.

A leisurely wash and a meal, followed by a quiet smoke, figured in our programme as soon as we were clear of Southampton.

Then the silvery moon produced some delicate shimmering effects on the evening mist as we rode through the New Forest by Ringwood to Wimborne Minster. A juicy steak—neither the Commodore nor I would make good vegetarians!—a stroll, and we roosted for the night.

Next day we continued through Dorchester, whence we climbed steadily mile after mile through pretty, undulating country, dotted with characteristic villages.

A long, steep, and winding hill was Somerset's welcome; then a meal at Crowkerne before continuing.

Our Embarrassment.
 At the little village of Hinton St. George street decorations and "Welcome" designs met our eye. We felt a little embarrassed, though conscious that we deserved it all after the hills we had tackled.

Alas! The welcome was for the home-coming Viscount Hinton!

So in chastened mood we continued through Ilminster, reaching Taunton as the setting sun was purpling the sky. Somerset's county town, reposing in a thin evening mist, looked very picturesque; here and there a tower or spire standing out against the evening sky, and adding just that touch of dignity which made it seem a desirable stopping place.

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More Give Than Take.
 Last year Edgar Henson inaugurated a purebred Sussex road record, to wit, the "Southdown Hundred," from Worthing to Hastings and back. It is a billy, "give-and-take" road—rather more of "take" than "give" for speed work!—and when Edgar did the journey of about a hundred miles in two minutes less than six hours, his performance was rightly considered excellent.

But all records are fated to be beaten.

Last Thursday Geoffrey Cumines, of Bognor, a young rider well-known to the Excelsior boys, was started at eight o'clock a.m. to attack the ride.

From the start a big pace was set! Brighton was reached in a bare half-hour; Lewes came soon, and Ringmer saw Cumines seventy-five minutes from leaving Worthing.

Hurstmoneux in about half an hour, and the Memorial at Hastings was reached two hours and fifty minutes from the start.

A New Record Created.

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 Hasty refreshments were taken, and Cumines then tackled the return journey. It was a repetition of the first half as regards speed. To be accurate, he came home in half a minute less than he did the journey outwards, thus putting up a new record of five hours and thirty nine and a half minutes—a reduction of about eighteen minutes on previous best.

Cumines, not yet nineteen years old, is a rider of whom more will be heard. He finished quite coolly, though his follower, Jack Flint, told me Geoffrey had been doing a good deal of the journey at twenty miles an hour! And this on a modest gear of seventy-one inches!

Needless to say, the Excelsior boys have persuaded the new flier to join their ranks.

"Shall be dodging about between Chichester and Offington," writes G. A. Olley, referring to his whereabouts during the past week-end. The famous record breaker goes on to say he is "following from Brighton to London on Monday"—an expression which clearly signifies one of George's chums is attacking that much-desired record.

Good luck, say I, to the speedman with pluck enough to attempt that troublesome hundred miles from London to Brighton and back at a continuous unflinching speed of practically twenty miles an hour!

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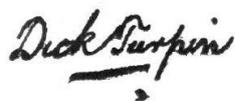
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ⁱ Yes, a rare Worthing Gazette typo – or perhaps even a Dick Long mistake?

ⁱⁱ For non-cyclist readers, for many years gear ratio was expressed the diameter of an “ordinary” (high-wheeler) bicycle, by the formula chainring ÷ rear sprocket x wheel diameter. For example a 48T chainwheel and 16T sprocket with a 27” diameter wheel would give a gear ratio of 81”. It sounds unduly complex, but in practice it worked well .

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette.

Worthing Local Studies Library

Turpin: 14.10.1908 P2C5

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>The Beauties of Devon.</p> <p>LEST my readers detect a lack of acquaintance with local happenings in the world of wheels, let me at once make open confession that I am Gossiping at a disadvantage. Seated, as I am, upon a comfortable lump of rock, watching the noisy Lyn romp through Lynmouth into the sea, tidings of the Excelsior boys are at a premium. I tender them my kind regards, and wish they were here!</p> <p>Some days ago, when the Commodore and I left Taunton, we dreamed not of the mighty hills which awaited us. Through little, old-fashioned Wellington, whence the Iron Duke's title was taken; then came Sampford Peverell, our first Devon village.</p> <p>We voted it good, and went on to Tiverton, a hilly, interesting little town, crowned with a handsome Church. A massive tower and some lavish carving give the edifice a commanding appearance.</p> <p>We also noticed the "worthy Grammar School" which in "Lorna Doone" is said to be Tiverton's chief boast, after its woollen industry. But the Commodore, who is an epicure, remembers the place best for a very poem of an apple tart which figured in our midday menu there!</p> <p>Northwards, up the Exe valley, a ride more or less uphill, past fragrant orchards and rich pasture land, through fine scenery, we made our way.</p> <p>Apples and Blackberries.</p> <p>Twenty-two miles of this landed us on high ground, whence we descended—free-wheeling for the most part—to dingy, historic Danster. A curious market cross, a Castle which has seen trouble, and a hotel which was once an ecclesiastical building, give the huddled-up village an air of importance.</p> <p>On to Minehead, and the evening found us</p>	<p>On to Minehead, and the evening found us renewing our acquaintance with the sea. Next day we turned westwards through Porlock, where we ascended the stiffest hill we had encountered.</p> <p>Up past orchards where apple trees must have been troubled to cling to the steep hillsides! Up past blackberries of majestic proportions, which failed to tempt the youth of Porlock to scramble after.</p> <p>Up still, over open country, our road bounded by loose stone walls, our view extended over rolling hills, away into white veiling mists through which faintly loomed more hills.</p> <p>Presently we reached a point where the road branched to the right for Oare. The Irrepressible had given the tip, among others, to choose this way to Lynmouth. And right glad were we in less than five minutes from acting on the tip.</p> <p>The Gay Streamlet.</p> <p>A sharp descent, and we were on a rough stone bridge spanning the Oare. Then we continued along an easy valley in company with the noisy streamlet. Another quaint old bridge—it was a mere jumble of apparently loose stones—and we were at Malmesmead, busily discussing a real Devonshire tea.</p> <p>The Commodore placed the Lorna Doone Farm at Malmesmead on a level with Tiverton. Directly he had concluded the discussion I made a vow—breaking it shortly after—that I would waste no more time on even the most luscious blackberries!</p> <p>The Oare valley charmed us; amid great hills, some grassgrown, while others loom darkly and show little but weather-worn rock, leaps and sings the little Oare water.</p> <p>In its way lie masses of rough stone of all shapes and sizes; but the Oare cares not a rap. The more its troubles, the louder its song; the bigger the rocks, the gayer its dance.</p> <p>So the Commodore and I went along with the</p>	<p>So the Commodore and I went along with the Oare, through Brendon and on to Watersmeet. Here we joined the river Lyn, making, as it were, a party—two rivers and two wheelmen.</p> <p>And down the Lyn valley went we together, the wheelmen less noisy but equally as happy as the laughing waters.</p> <p>Romping and Rollicking Lyn!</p> <p>Free-wheeling mile after mile along a road which winds in and out through a grand, impressive valley. On either hand immense green hills; ahead of us, the way continually unfolding as every turn shows yet another hill away in front; behind us the view back up the valley steadily closing. And below, on our right, romps and rollicks tSB River Lyn.</p> <p>So came we into Lynmouth; we had enjoyed the finest day's cycling of our lives. True, much of it was walking uphill; most of the remainder was free-wheeling down again, for level roads are few. But the scenery far more than repaid us for all our toil.</p> <p>We are likely to stop at Lynmouth a few days. It is a charming little place, and a handy centre for finding scenery.</p> <p>Its sea front, harbour, beacon, tower, and headland are interesting features. Moreover, there are only two Police Officers in Lynmouth and Lynton; we are told the Police Court is a rarity which comes but once a month!</p> <p>The Commodore and I are agreed that this gives the place an air of freedom; we can do what we please without question. Only two policemen! Yes, we shall stay awhile at Lynmouth!</p>
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Source: Worthing Gazette.

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Turpin: 21.10.1908 P2C5-6

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More About Devon.

LAST week I told of the arrival of the Commodore and myself at picturesque Lynmouth, on the northern coast of Devon. As many of my readers are fond of touring, I should like briefly to complete the account of our travels.

Having devoted all the time we could spare to Lynmouth, the Lyn Valley, the Doon Valley, and the surrounding scenery, one morning saw us ascend by the Cliff Railway and take train for Barnstaple.

The Cliff Railway is worked upon a simple plan: two cars, attached to a wire cable, travel up and down a steep incline. A tank beneath the car at the top of the railway is filled with water; the extra weight thus obtained causes the car to descend, and so draw the other car to the top.

The Commodore and I meditated how we might adapt the idea to enable two wheelmen to scale the steep Devon hills. But it would have involved a lot of drinking for one of us! Our cable, too, might snap at a critical moment! So we gave it up.

The railway journey to Barnstaple was interesting, if not exactly exciting.

Drawn by a toy engine on a narrow track, we wound in and out along the sides of hills where grazing cattle looked up as if to resent our intrusion.

Porter and Passengers.

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At one of the tiny Stations a solitary porter invoked the aid of some of the passengers, who alighted and helped to place milk churns on the train. I nearly offered to relieve the engine driver whilst he walked alongside to stretch himself; he could have kept up with the train.

At length, with a good imitation of a cock-crow, our conceited little engine pulled into Barnstaple, and we regained our bicycles. They had commenced the journey in an open coal truck; but some kind-hearted porter in the hills had treated the steeds to a whole first-class compartment! Bless him!

An easy road to sea-faring Bideford, with its famous bridge of twenty-four arches. Thence on to higher ground as we continued to Clovelly; a scramble down its steep, cobble-paved steps, and out on to a stone breakwater. Here we had a good view of one of the oddest little villages we have seen.

The small whitewashed cottages seem to have been carefully glued on to the steepest hillside which could be found. And glued on in a most perfect disorder.

We strolled out in the evening; Clovelly was well-nigh hushed to sleep. Certainly the steady song of the sea as it swirled at the base of the cliffs begat a drowsiness; and the moon climbed up over a far-off headland and illuminated the swelling waters of Bideford Bay just as the Commodore and I followed the general example of "Early to bed."

We Reach Cornwall.

Southward on the morrow, a few miles bringing us to an open, bleak, rolling country. Across it ran an uncompromising road with a line of telegraph posts—and very little else was there in the landscape! This was our first bit of Cornwall: drear but impressive.

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We strolled on the fine, clean sands and admired the torn and rocky coast. Here the mighty Atlantic has made many a meal, leaving huge fragments of the repast against which the stoutest ships are sometimes smashed in sight of helpless onlookers.

Still southward to Boscastle and Tintagel. Tintagel, where King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table may—or may not!—have sat.

Alas! First impressions were not favourable to dreaming of the kingly wielder of Excalibur, of Sir Lancelot, nor the quest of the Holy Grail!

For, since the death or departure of that cunning old sage, Merlin, Tintagel has dropped behind the times. Lo! the gramophone is to-day a novelty at Tintagel; one of the first of these machines to reach the place adorned (!) our table and enlivened (!) our evening meal!

At length it ceased its request that we would "put it among the girls," the crowd outside dispersed, and there was peace.

The Final Stage.

Next morning we walked down to the sea, saw the ruins of King Arthur's Castle and a coast even wilder and more rugged than that at Bude. Then

over lumpy, hilly bye-roads to Launceston; over hilly main road to Okehampton; over rather easier travelling into Exeter.

On the morrow an hour or two about Exeter, and a look in at the Cathedral; then over the hills through Honiton, Chard, and Crewkerne. After tea a moonlight spin of thirty miles through Yeovil and Sherborne brought us to Shaftesbury.

Then came the final stage: an easy, interesting ride through Salisbury, where market animated the streets, a climb for a mile or two, then comfortable roads to Southampton, Fareham, and Chichester.

A dawdle home in the evening over familiar Sussex roads was a pleasant conclusion to our run of five hundred and twenty miles to see a bit of the West Country.

The only regret felt either by the Commodore or myself was that we could not spend a week at each stopping-place instead of a day. For much of the beauty must be sought afoot, and one day's tramping breeds a longing for another.

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Drawn by a toy engine on a narrow track, we wound in and out along the sides of hills where grazing cattle looked up as if to resent our intrusion. Porter and Passengers.

At one of the tiny stations a solitary porter invoked the aid of some of the passengers, who alighted and helped to place milk churns on the train. I nearly offered to relieve the engine driver while he walked alongside to stretch himself; he could have kept up with the train.

At length, with a good imitation of a cock-crow our conceited little engine pulled into Barnstaple, and we regained our bicycles. They had commenced the journey in an open coal truck; but some kind-hearted porter in the hills had treated the steeds to a whole first-class compartment! Bless him!

An easy road to sea-faring Bideford, with its famous bridge of twenty-four arches. Thence on to higher ground as we continued to Godelly; a scramble down its steep, cobble-paved steps, and out on to a stone breakwater. Here we had a good view of one of the oddest little villages we have seen.

The small whitewashed cottages seem to have been carefully glued on to the steepest hillside which could be found. And glued on in a most perfect disorder.

We strolled out in the evening; Glovelly was well-nigh hushed to sleep. Certainly the steady of the sea as it swirled at the base of the cliffs begat a drowsiness; and the moon climbed up over a far-off headland and illumined the swelling waters of Bideford Bay just as the Commodore and I followed the general example of "Early to bed."

We Reach Cornwall.

Southward on the morrow, a few miles bringing us to an open, bleak, rolling country. Across it ran an uncompromising road with a line of telegraph posts—and very little else was there in the landscape. This was our first bit of Cornwall: drear but impressive.

Anou, Kilkhampton; it is an old village with a fine Church and lych-gate, with coffin-stone. Then the little, old town of Stratton; and Bude close at hand, a growing seaside resort.

We strolled on the fine, clean sands and admired the torn and rocky coast. Here the mighty Atlantic has made many a meal, leaving huge fragments of the repast against which the stoutest ships are sometimes smashed in sight of helpless onlookers. Still southward to Boscastle and Tintagel. Tintagel where King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table may—or may not have sat. Alas! First impressions were not favourable to dreaming of the kingly wielder of Excalibur, of Sir Lancelot, nor the quest of the Holy Grail. For, since the death or departure of that cunning old sage Merlin, Tintagel has dropped behind the times. Lo! the gramophone is to-day a novelty at Tintagel; one of the first of these machines to reach the palace adorned (I) our table and enlivened (?) our evening meal. At length it ceased its request that we would "put it among the girls," the crowd outside dispersed, and there was peace.

ⁱ "Put me among the girls," a popular song of the day.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette.

Worthing Local Studies Library

Turpin: 28.10.1908 P2C5

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>Dark Days at Hand. THE year is getting old apace; morning and evening have a rare nipping air about them now; and the interval of daylight between the two is rapidly shortening! In the woods, "Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down," as Longfellow hath it, preparations are going on for the reception of a colder and less cheery guest. A chilly wind is whisking the last of the dead leaves off the branches, and making ready for Winter. And the chilly wind whistles a mournful tune over its task.</p> <p>All of which goes to show the wheelman must make the most of such opportunities for wheeling as offer themselves; the dark days are coming.</p> <p>I was astonished, a day or two ago, at the scarcity of wheelers on the Horsham-road. I doubt if I saw a dozen in a three hours' spin.</p> <p>True, a large consignment of fresh—very fresh!—air was coming down rapidly from somewhere in the region of the North Pole! But the exertion necessary to ride against it kept one from feeling uncomfortably cold, whilst its keen crispness was delightful.</p> <p>The road, too, was in fine order, and the going</p>	<p>The road, too, was in fine order, and the going could not have been better. A comfortable sight was a group of barrels of tar, together with the needful implements for working it into the road along with some new metal about to be laid.</p> <p>The Horsham-Worthing road is gradually developing into a model highway!</p> <p>Sweetening Our Roads!</p> <p>Whilst writing of tarred roads I am reminded of a startling innovation. A little town—in the United States, as a matter of course; in Massachusetts, as a matter of fact—is experimenting. Molasses is being spread on the roads!</p> <p>I am trying to picture it! Will the idea catch on? Or will it be the wheelman, unable to get away from the sticky mess, who will do the catching on! Is it good to eat?</p> <p>But there, 'tis too serious a matter altogether for prose. Hold tight, good reader!</p> <p>When treacled highways are the rule, Who knows what curious things may be! Shall we adhere as doth the fly When on the sticky paper he So gently lights?</p> <p>Or shall we, when King Hunger, keen, Gives out commands imperial, View those sweet roads as kindly friends, Staying, with road material, Our appetites?</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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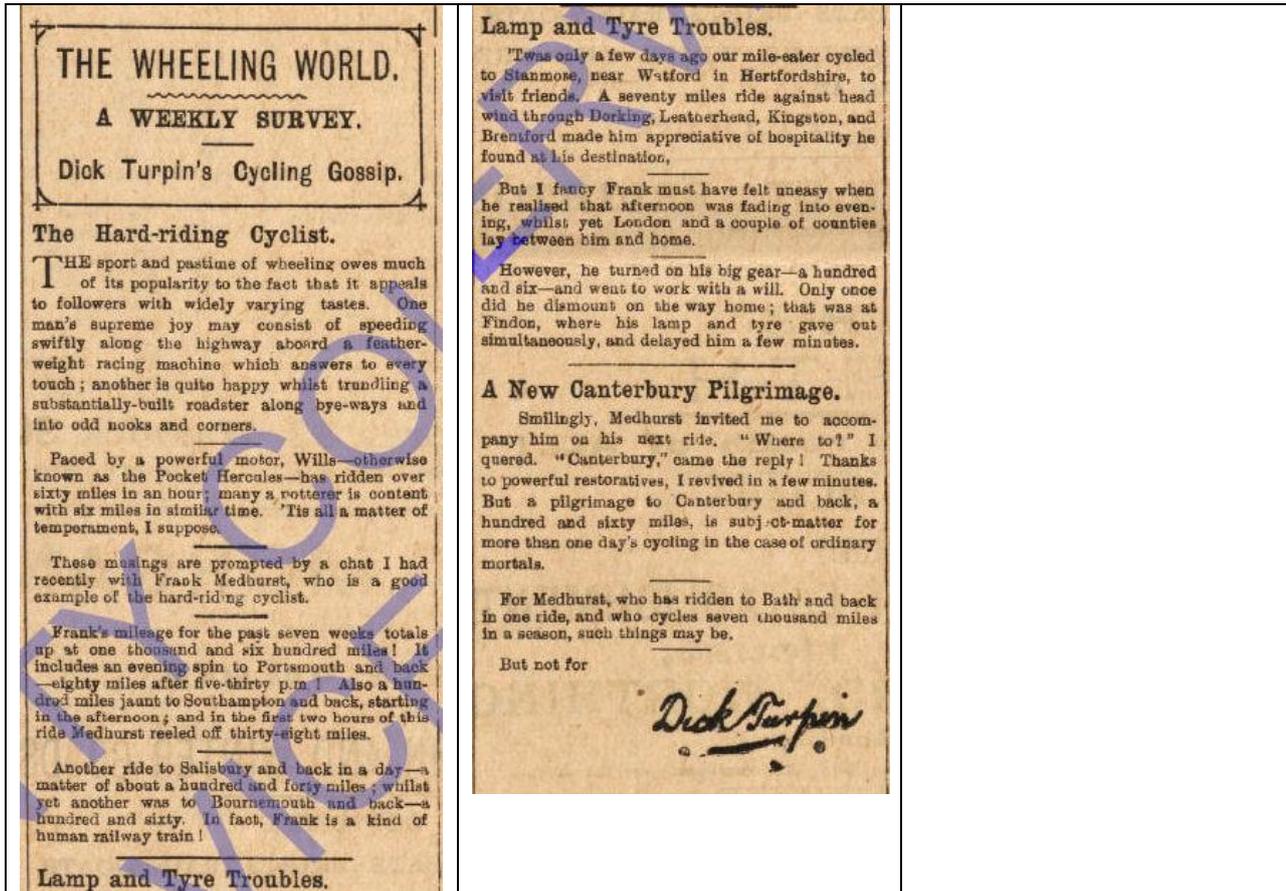
Dick Turpin

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette.

Worthing Local Studies Library

Turpin: 4.11.1908 P2C5



THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

The Hard-riding Cyclist.

THE sport and pastime of wheeling owes much of its popularity to the fact that it appeals to followers with widely varying tastes. One man's supreme joy may consist of speeding swiftly along the highway aboard a feather-weight racing machine which answers to every touch; another is quite happy whilst trundling a substantially-built roadster along bye-ways and into odd nooks and corners.

Paced by a powerful motor, Wills - otherwise known as the Pocket Hercules - has ridden over sixty miles in an hour; many a potterer is content with six miles in similar time. 'Tis all a matter of temperament, I suppose.

These musings are prompted by a chat I had recently with Frank Medhurst, who is a good example of the hard-riding cyclist.

Frank's mileage for the past seven weeks totals up at one thousand and six hundred miles! It includes an evening spin to Portsmouth and back - eighty miles after five-thirty p.m! Also a hundred miles jaunt to Southampton and back, starting in the afternoon; and in the first two hours of this ride Medhurst reeled off thirty-eight miles.

Another ride to Salisbury and back in a day - a matter of about a hundred and forty miles; whilst yet another was to Bournemouth and back - a hundred and sixty. In fact, Frank is a kind of human railway train!

Lamp and Tyre Troubles.

'Twas only a few days ago our mile-eater cycled to Stanmore, near Watford in Hertfordshire, to visit friends. A seventy miles ride against head wind through Dorking, Leatherhead, Kingston, and Brentford made him appreciative of hospitality he found at his destination,

But I fancy Frank must have felt uneasy when he realised that afternoon was fading into evening, whilst yet London and a couple of counties lay between him and home.

However, he turned on his big gear - a hundred and six - and went to work with a will. Only once did he dismount on the way home; that was at Findon, where his lamp and tyre gave out simultaneously, and delayed him a few minutes.

A New Canterbury Pilgrimage.

Smilingly, Medhurst invited me to accompany him on his next ride. "Where to?" I queried. "Canterbury," came the reply! Thanks to powerful restoratives, I revived in a few minutes. But a pilgrimage to Canterbury and back, a hundred and sixty miles, is subject-matter for more than one day's cycling in the case of ordinary mortals.

For Medhurst, who has ridden to Bath and back in one ride, and who cycles seven thousand miles in a season, such things may be.

But not for

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Dick Turpin". The signature is written in a cursive, slightly slanted style. Below the name, there is a horizontal line that ends in a small flourish or tail.

Researcher's note: this proved to be the last of Richard Long's Dick Turpin articles.
For detail see the Gazette editorial dated 24th August, 1909.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette.

Worthing Local Studies Library

Turpin: 11.11.1908 P2C4-5

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>An Autumn Reverie.</p> <p>ONLY a few miles had I ridden the other day, when I had a curious experience. A dreamy, languorous feeling stole over me; slowly but completely it grew more intense, until it permeated every fibre of my being. Or, anyway, the penny novelist would so express it! You, good reader, would say I had a lazy fit on. The speedman would affirm I had the "knock."</p> <p>Be it as you will! I soon exchanged my seat in the saddle for one on a fallen tree trunk a few yards off the road, and, half dozing, set some gentle wreaths of tobacco smoke a-floating in the air.</p> <p>Anon a light footstep caused me to look around. A young and charming girl was regarding me amusedly. Her look of freshness and vigour, youth, and energy, was striking; her smile was encouraging.</p> <p>I resolved on the time-honoured crammer. "Good morning! I believe I have had the pleasure of meeting you previously, Miss ——" I broke off lamely.</p> <p>"You have known me a little while," the young lady admitted; "I'm Miss Nineteen-hundred-and-eight—you may call me Naught-eight."</p> <p>What a Wheeling Year!</p>	<p>What a Wheeling Year!</p> <p>"Well, Miss Naughtly—I mean Naught-eight—you'll be leaving us soon, I suppose; I hope Miss Naught-nine will treat us as kindly as you have done. It has been a rare year for wheeling."</p> <p>"True," said the young lady; "look, and you shall see the pageant of the year." And with one clap of her little hands the pageant started.</p> <p>A solo by a cuckoo, with a strong chorus of wild birds, and the leafless trees began to don bright green buds. A few wheelers had been circling about the stage, most having mudguards and mackintoshes; but spring was now in the air, and the number increased and grew more lively.</p> <p>Miss Naught-eight pointed to a tandem pair—'twas the irrepressible and myself. "They went to Bath and Bristol at Easter, and took three days," said she reproachfully. "Medhurst does it in one ride!" I protested that we had three days' fun instead of one day's hard work; but the lady murmured "Slow coaches!"</p> <p>Meanwhile the sun was growing warmer, the trees putting on leaf, the fragrance of ripening hay greeting the swarm of wheelers. I recognised we had got on to June.</p> <p>The Call of Summer.</p> <p>Then I espied a crowd of Excelsiorites—I counted seventy—enjoying dinner and tea in the joieliest fashion. "President Warne's annual outing," observed Miss Naught-eight; "and look how happy he is to see the Club in such good spirits."</p> <p>No sooner had this passed than a cluster of fourteen speedmen went racing along. It was the Excelsior Club's twenty-five miles road race; the exciting struggle ended in a win for Victor Cowan with Edgar Henson second and Fred Flint third.</p> <p>A crowd of Excelsiorites cheered the racers, and the scene ended with the innocent revels of the annual Strawberry Feast, whereat half a hundred wheelers made merry.</p> <p>Next a glimpse of Sawkins, Fred Flint, and</p>	<p>Next a glimpse of Sawkins, Fred Flint, and Cowan riding along a hundred miles of rather moist roads in the Southern Hundred. "Fine riding!" exclaimed my guide, as Sawkins finished in five hours and fifty minutes, with Fred Flint four minutes longer, whilst Cowan's machine gave out. I replied that only motorists get fined nowadays, and received a look of disdain for my jockey.</p> <p>The lady, whose charms had by this time grown more mature, pointed to the golden corn which brightened up the countryside. "We have reached August" was her remark as she nodded to Captain Duffield, who was gaily leading his Excelsiorites hither and thither. And right happy they looked, boating at Barpham, taking tea <i>al fresco</i> at West Grinstead, shooting bottles in Bramber Castle, tramping on to Chanctonbury, and so on.</p> <p>A Vision of Speed.</p> <p>Then came the Annual Race Meeting. I watched Kingsbury win outright the silver Challenge Trophy in the five miles race; Hodgkinson, on his speedy motor bike, was thrilling the spectators as he made President Warne's silver Cup his own; Jack Flint was earning the cheers of his Club-mates as he won a well-ridden race in the Club mile, with L. A. Tribe and Chipper close on his heels.</p> <p>"Victor Cowan makes a good Race Secretary!" I remarked. "Yes," replied Miss Naught-eight. "I'm sorry his knee is not right yet; Miss Naught-nine will find it cured, I hope."</p> <p>Again the scene had changed. Edgar Henson,</p>
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Sawkins followed, rattling off a hundred miles in five hours and forty-seven and a half minutes in happy style, and qualifying for a gold medal.

Then came Stephenson intent on a twelve hours' ride. The clouds gathered; the rain fell; the mud flew; Miss Naught-eight shed many tears. But Billy went on with dogged pluck, and rode a hundred and seventy and some odd miles, finishing up drenched and bedraggled, but happy with a gold centre medal!

Meanwhile our old friend Sam Clark, with thirty-five yards start, had won a Veterans' Running Race at Emsworth; whilst Henson, on scratch, got fourth. Jack Standing was there also, and won third prize in the Open Mile Bicycle Race. "Bravo! Tarring for sportsmen!" cried Miss Naught-eight.

Autumn's Charms.

I noticed the lady was now looking much more mature, whilst the scenery on the pastoral stage was changing rapidly. Trees were clothed in the hues of copper and gold, and some of the leaves were falling. Harvesting was over; blackberries were ripening everywhere; and fruit trees drooped under a profusion of apples and pears; and ever the busy wheelers kept coming and going.

Geoffrey Cumines, from Bognor, had no sooner reduced the record from Worthing to Hastings and back than another excitement manifested itself. Sixteen Excelsior men raced twenty-five miles, Jack Flint winning from Albert Standing and Fred Flint in one hour and forty-five minutes.

And now, as the sun was drooping, the journeys became shorter, and the busy swarm of wheelers thinned out. Even Ashford for awhile ceased to

ply his pedals on the hilly road to Tunbridge Wells. "Why," inquired Miss Naught-eight, "does he always go there? I've counted twenty journeys this year!" I smiled and held my peace. Fancy a lady failing to guess!

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