

THE WHEELING WORLD
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<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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THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

 Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

Where Is That V.C.?

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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.

'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.

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!

The Excelsioriteⁱ deserves a V.C.!

Problem for the Gate-Keeper.ⁱⁱ

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and paying the customary twopence, a friend and I
I were informed by the modern Horatius - disguised
as a railway gateman—that “ he wanted another
twopence ! ”

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.

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
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two, our bicycle was one - we were on a tandem.

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road.

The Rats Were Forgiven!

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a Worthing wheeler of my acquaintance slept but
lightly 'midst his unusual surroundings. And when
a 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.

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However, the day begins early in the country,
and our wheeler was scarce up and about when
he was joined by Mine Host. An hour later the
twain were out on the hills which border Sussex
and Surrey, driving home the cows and developing
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The wheelman forgave the rats.

A Fine Feat.

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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 Welsh.

Using a carefully arranged course - much of it 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 nineteen hours. 'Tis a fine feat of endurance, indeed!

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.