

## THE WHEELING WORLD

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<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p><b>Supreme Contentment!</b> 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><b>A Sportsman's Welcome.</b> 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><small>This ever, the animated party adjourned, and it</small></p>	<p><small>This ever, the animated party adjourned, and it was now that the seventy Excelsiorites manifested their seventy individual happy and contented frames of mind.</small></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, enthusiastic 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><b>Homeward Bound.</b> "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, "Clemmascote," 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><small>And thus it was that the Excelsiorites came</small></p>	<p><small>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!</small></p> <p><b>Odds and Ends.</b> "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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## THE WHEELING WORLD.

### A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

### 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!

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.

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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.**

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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.

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

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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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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.

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Then on tar-paved road we dawdled across Henfield Common<sup>1</sup> and turned south to Beeding. Some punctures there were, but it mattered not,

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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.**

"Wood rims<sup>ii</sup> do not a speedman make, Nor rusty bars a crack," quoth Jack Flint last Wednesday at Preston Park track. Some path racing men were laughing at his natty road-racer, which, in their opinion, did not savour of speed.

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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.

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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*

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

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