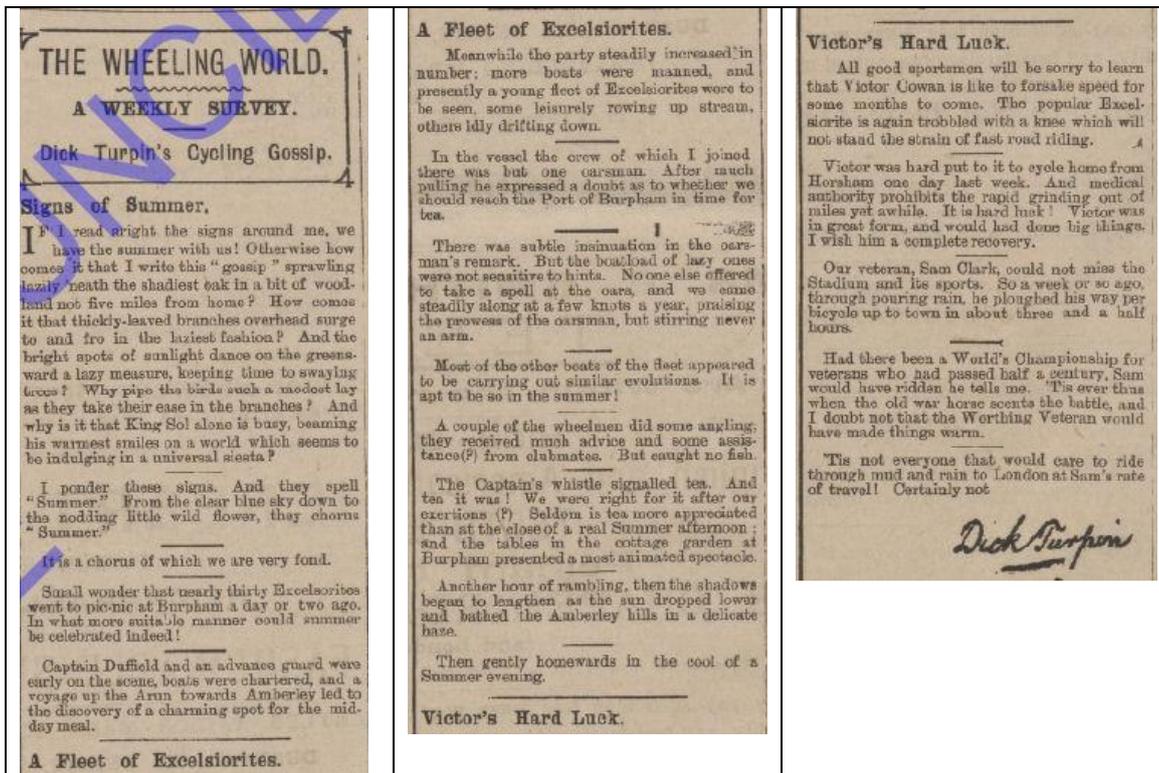


THE WHEELING WORLD.

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 is 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