

## WEST TARRING.

A CYCLISTS' "SOCIAL."—About forty members of the Cycling Club connected with this parish assembled at the Schools to participate in the last social of the season. The room was nicely decorated and presented an attractive appearance. A gramophone which was provided by Mr. A. E. Peto proved a great attraction, but the feature of the evening was undoubtedly the patriotic tableau. Those who took part included Messrs. S. Clark (who was attired as a Highlander), A. E. Peto (12th Lancers), Rockall (Bugler Dragoon), Gray (Australian Bushman), A. Carter, jun. (Naval officer), etc. Songs were contributed during the tableau by Messrs. Peto, Rockall, Gray, A. Carter, jun. and Clark. Round games and parlour games were indulged in, and during an interval refreshments were provided. Great amusement was caused by a gentleman's hat trimming competition for three prizes given by three members of the Club.

THE TARRING CORPS OF SHARPSHOOTERS. — It has been already explained that the daring shooting challenge issued by Mr. S. Clark, on behalf of himself and four other residents of the parish, was accepted by Councillor Tate, of Worthing. The match took place at Mr. Clark's range a few days since, and the scores were as under :

WORTHING.	TARRING.
Councillor Tate ..... 103	Captain Clark ..... 84
Captain H. Tate ..... 99	Lieut. Mitchell ..... 87
Sergeant Grevatt ..... 95	Sergeant Smith ..... 96
Corporal Standing ..... 102	Corporal Carter ..... 87
Trooper Grevatt ..... 92	Lance-Corporal Peto ..... 78
491	433

The highest possible individual score was 105. It will be seen by these figures that the representatives of the ancient township hardly came up to expectations, their lack of form being quite unexplainable. They hope, when the return match is played, however, to recover their lost prestige. Councillor Tate and Corporal Standing each made nineteen "bulls" out of twenty-one shots. After the firing refreshments were handed round by Mrs. Clark, and we are assured that Councillor Tate's team proved themselves quite as competent in this department of the evening's programme as in that which preceded it.

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*\*Sam Clark maintained a shooting range at his saddler's business in South Street. His shop still stands, opposite the eastern end of Canterbury Road.\**

The first-ever "Dick Turpin" article.

**Layout:** The Worthing Gazette's of the day used as paragraph separator a triangle of (one over two) asterisks. I cannot reproduce this, so have substituted a centred row of three stars.

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p>"IN the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—" cycling. And not alone the young man, but the veteran; and last, but by no means least, the fair sex numbers many enthusiasts among its ranks.</p> <p>With this fact in mind I have succeeded in inducing the Editor to provide me with a little space for the purpose of a cycling gossip, which I hope will prove of some interest to cyclists in general.</p> <p>The Excelsior C.C.-ites are proud men now, for to-day their annual feed takes place, and they held their annual general meeting on Wednesday next. Their financial position has approached yet nearer perfection; and, one thing more, which delights the heart of every member of the Club who is "in the know," namely, their Hon. Sec. is making up his mind to get a new "jigger" and go in for active work on the road.</p> <p>A very sad opening of the cycling season has been experienced by our County having two cycling fatalities almost at once. The Brighton accident goes to show what extreme care is required when travelling unknown ground. Some stress seems to be laid on the fact that the victim had no brake, but I really think this is an utter fallacy. The men who do most riding never carry a brake, preferring to rely on their back-peddalling powers, and these riders ought to know.</p> <p>The annual general meeting of the Sussex Centre of the National Cyclists' Union took place last Wednesday at Brighton. A fairly representative gathering was in attendance, the agenda consisting of the report of the previous year's work and the election of new Officers and Committee.</p> <p>Looking down the report I notice two more Clubs have fallen into line with the respectable Cycling Clubs of England and Wales, and become affiliated with the Union, bringing the strength of the Sussex Centre up to twenty-six Clubs, whilst the number of private members is now ninety—more than treble that of last year. Financially, too, the Centre is doing fairly well, there being a balance of assets over liabilities amounting to £14 10s. 3d., despite the loss incurred over the annual supper, amounting to £3 12s.—an item which created a considerable amount of discussion, as the whole of the supper expenses only amounted to £5 9s. 6d.</p> <p>Whilst dealing with the Union matters I must not forget to mention that the Council meet to-morrow for the first time in Worthing, at the Albion Hotel, at 8 p.m.; and, the meeting being open to the cycling public, the Hon. Sec. has asked me to extend a cordial invitation to all cyclists who are interested in the doings of their legislative body.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">* * *</p> <p style="text-align: center;">The agenda will not, I fear, prove extremely</p>	<p>The annual general meeting of the Sussex Centre of the National Cyclists' Union took place last Wednesday at Brighton. 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Nevertheless, I hope to see a few local men there, more especially as the Centre postponed its visit to Worthing in order not to clash with the "Excelsiors" feed.</p> <p>"Twixt you and me," to borrow a bit of the Editor's phraseology, the delegate from the Excelsior C.C. is serving this year on that much maligned body, the Licensing Committee, and I happen to know he is terribly anxious to see more applications for "briefs" from local racing men. So pull up your socks, ye sprinters, and show the world what we can do when we try.</p> <p>I am pleased to observe signs of a little more consideration for the wheelman on the part of one of the Railway Companies, and that, too, the particular concern which connects Worthing with the outer world.</p> <p>The concession is nothing more nor less than a cyclists' train from London to Dorking every Sunday morning, to commence in May. I am sure our London brothers will welcome the departure. Some of us have tasted of cycling through London and Suburbia on the early Sunday morning, and with one voice we proclaim it the most uninteresting, not to say unpleasant, form of wheeling under the sun. The surface, scenery, and silence do not commend themselves to the average wheelman, and the tram lines, oh!—those lovely tram lines! I made my mark in the world through them: the mark was about half an inch deep, and fairly long, too. Worse still, the world made its mark on me. I've got some of it left now!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">* * *</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Speaking of railways, I wonder if ever an appli-</p>	<p>Speaking of railways, I wonder if ever an application will be evolved from the brain of the inventor for the purpose of safely holding cycles during a journey by rail, which will meet with the approval of and adoption by the railway magnates.</p> <p>A few months back the Cyclists' Touring Club went to considerable trouble and expense in inaugurating a competition for the most suitable design, the result being that a number of ideas were published, several of which, one would have thought, would satisfy the most exacting; economy of space and simplicity of manufacture being plainly prime considerations on the part of the designers, whilst they met the cyclist's need admirably.</p> <p>One after the other these splendid ideas were rejected by all the Railway Companies; and cyclists, as such, were unable to benefit by one of the greatest advances in civilisation, namely, the railway, without having their precious "jiggers" more or less socked about by Mr. Guardsman—an individual who generally has a deep-rooted antipathy to everything connected with cycling. The National Cyclists' Union, together with the Cycle Traders' Association, entered the lists in November last, a joint deputation from those bodies waiting upon the Railway Managers at the Railway Clearing House. Their representations have been under consideration from that date up till last month, when a reply was forthcoming, which amounts, when boiled down into plain English, to a polite refusal to do anything whatever.</p> <p>However, if the N.C.U. official organ carries any weight with it—and I opine that it does—the railway men will hear of the matter again, in a somewhat different manner.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

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**DICK TURPIN.**

28.3.1900 P7C1.

CYCLING

Note: This item lacks a "Dick Turpin" sub-title, but style and content shout that it is probably Richard Long's. For that reason is it filed here.

It is followed immediately by - "SUCCESS OF THE EXCELSIOR CLUB".

THE ANNUAL REPORT. also of 28.3.1900.

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<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p><b>T</b>HE Excelsior's dinner went off extremely well on Wednesday, nearly forty putting in an appearance at the festive board, over which their President presided.</p> <p>Yet again has he put up a cup for competition. This time, however, it will not be won outright in one race, as in previous years, but will be competed for on different lines, not yet, I believe, decided upon.</p> <p>I also understand something was said on the subject of a punch-bowl, on the occasion of the next Club paper chase; but I must be wary on this subject, lest the sudden influx of new members, each one with a lust for punch writ large upon his countenance, prove too great a strain upon the accommodation of the Club.</p> <p>The notice of the Club's annual meeting, which takes place to-night, bears upon the agenda notice of a motion that the Club shall invest in the new Recreation Ground.</p> <p>This, in my opinion, would be a step in the right direction, and I hope to see the Club take up shares. The movement has, beyond question, come about with the whole and sole idea of encouraging all forms of athletic sports, and demands the support, not only of individuals interested in athletic sports, but also that of every Club existing for the purpose, wholly or in part, of promoting these sports.</p> <p>On Thursday last the Sussex Centre Council of the N.C.U. assembled at the Albion Hotel, to hold their first meeting in Worthing.</p> <p>The worthy Hon. Sec. of the Excelsior C.C. welcomed each of the delegates with a hearty hand-shake as they entered the room, and did all in his power to make them feel at home.</p> <p>I really admired the most admirable tactics he displayed at the meeting. He opened the engagement at long range with refreshments all round, and then got upon his legs to make a flank attack, with the view of ascertaining the formation of the enemy, and to see how the ground lay regarding the chances of obtaining a permit to run a Centre Championship here this year.</p> <p>Advancing under cover by informing the Centre</p>	<p>how loyal we were to the Union and what a lot we were prepared to do to assist them, he gallantly pressed on and opened another phase of the battle by telling them of our good financial position and the phenomenal success which has attended our meetings; and then, fixing bayonets, he drove home a desperate charge, and asked there and then for the much-needed permit!</p> <p>All I can say is that, whether the permit is granted or not, the Excelsior's Hon. Sec. did all that any General could possibly do; and if the Club have no other claim upon the Centre, the representations made by their Hon. Sec. last Thursday certainly should stand them in good stead when the Centre allots the various Championships.</p> <p>The Centre is evidently fully cognisant of the attractions which Worthing holds out to cyclists. The District Representative was instructed to secure three hotels in the town for inclusion in the forthcoming N.C.U. Handbook, and further, to appoint a representative for Findon, who also is to contract with a hostelry there for the use of cyclists.</p> <p>The dry though cold weather we have been having lately has tempted out some of our local speed brigade, and already I hear accounts of fierce sprints up this or that hill, and long "slogs" of from twenty to forty miles, mostly undertaken with a view of reducing the quantity of adipose tissue which some of the aforesaid "fiers" have piled on during the lazy winter months.</p> <p>Last Wednesday afternoon two or three riders—who, perhaps, had better be nameless—betook themselves to Chichester, by way of an appetising preliminary to their Club's dinner, which came off that night. After leading a somewhat "fast" life from Worthing through Arundel, they reached the Cathedral town more than a little parched, and ordered tea at a restaurant. An enterprising member of the party, however, discovered that, at the various tables, the small cream jugs were well supplied with the precious liquid, and he, with a promptness worthy of a better cause, forthwith laid the said jugs under contribution, with the result that his thirst was quenched, and there was scarcely a vestige of cream left in the room.</p> <p>The author of the denudations, however,</p>	<p>The author of the depredations, however, escaped before the cream was misued, but I smile when I imagine the way in which the next wicked scorcher will be welcomed at that erstwhile trusty restaurant.</p> <p>I hear the party found the road to Chichester in fairly good trim, the surface being all that could be expected. The road to Brighton is somewhat better than in previous years, the last mile having been much improved during this winter, and King's-road also affords grand going now. The bugbear of this road is, of course, the portion through Southwick and Portlade, the unevenness of which is trying to the last degree, and causing</p> <p>the distinction for the Worthing to Brighton jaunt of being the worst ten miles in Sussex.</p> <p>I notice the usual Easter Race Meeting is billed to take place at Preston Park, under the auspices of the Brighton C.C.</p> <p>The programme will include a mile handicap and a half-mile scratch, with six guinea first prizes, also a novices' open mile handicap.</p> <p>J. W. Mills, the rider who has secured a certain amount of notoriety through riding long cranks and high gears, has flung down the gauntlet, and challenges any amateur to a five miles' race at this meeting.</p> <p>This seems somewhat premature, as only a very few men are fit by Easter; besides which he will have ample opportunity of meeting any would-be opponent at the Five Miles Championship, and other similar distance races later in the season.</p> <p>I hear, however, that Di Villa has accepted the challenge, and will try conclusions with Mills at the Easter Meeting. This ought to attract a number of people, as, when fit, there is little, if any, difference between these riders in the way of speed, though their tactics must necessarily vary if Mills still bestrides his high-g geared machine, which naturally prevents the man being so nimble as a rider on a moderate gear.</p> <p>The Southern C.C. are again running a six hours' amateur race at the Palace, to open the season. It is to take place on Saturday week, and is being looked for with interest, as more than one star has made his debut in one of these events. Should the weather turn much colder, it will not be unlike a North Pole expedition, I imagine, prowling round a track for six hours in a somewhat flimsy path racing suit.</p>
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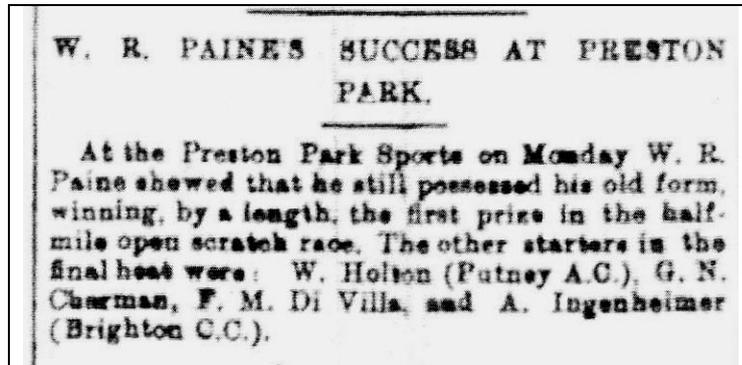
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Paine at Preston Park

**Source:** Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Issue of 28.3.1900 P2C4.



**W. R. PAINE'S SUCCESS AT PRESTON  
PARK**

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At the Preston Park Sports on Monday W.R. Paine showed that he still possessed his old form, winning, by a length, the first prize in the half-mile open scratch race. The other starters in the final heat were; W. Holton (Putney A.C.) G.N. Charman, F.M. Di Villa, and A. Ingenheimer (Brighton C.C.).

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.  
Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 4.4.1900 P2C4.

## CYCLING.

### DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE annual general meeting of the Excelsior C.C. last Wednesday goes to show that the members take at least some fair amount of interest in the working of their Club.

At times the discussion of various points grew quite animated, and it was plain that the speakers had devoted considerable thought to their subjects.

The Committee were re-elected practically to a man, though one or two of the most hard-working hands did not receive the number of votes their past work had entitled them to, although they secured seats on the new Committee.

The proposal to invest in the new Recreation Ground was thoroughly discussed, the consideration of the *pros* and *cons* occupying a great deal of time. Much was said on both sides, and eventually the Club, looking at the matter from a sportsman's rather than a speculator's point of view, decided almost unanimously upon putting the money into the concern.

I notice a suggestion to Worthing riders, which comes from a well-known local wheelman, that we should one and all turn out with illuminated machines upon the day *Mafeking* is relieved.

I consider this an admirable idea, as, apart from the fact that we should lose no opportunity of showing our patriotism as cyclists, we have something in sympathy with the little beleaguered town.

Colonel Baden-Powell is reported to be an ardent cyclist, though I fear he has had little chance of a good run lately. Also the inhabitants here, we must recollect, inaugurated one or two cycle race meetings on Sunday afternoons, when freed to some slight extent from the anxiety entailed upon them by dodging casual shells.

I hardly think the times made during the races can have been very fast, seeing that for some time the chief food has been hor-e-fresh soup, which, as a training diet, must leave a very great deal to be desired.

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Evidently the War Office is recognising the utility of the cycle in war at last. Well, it's nearly time, I'm sure!

Men like H. J. Swinley and C. E. Liles, who could command a knowledge both of the requirements of the military and the possibilities of the cycle, have harped on this string for years, and have laboured long and painfully with drills, tests, and competitions, and it must gratify them to see their work bearing fruit at last.

Some time back there was a movement started to get a Cyclists' Volunteer Section in Worthing, but the matter fell through because at that time a section only was, I believe, allowed to a Battalion, and the section for this Battalion was already formed at Chichester.

It seems, therefore, to me that there is good possibility of taking the matter up again now. I see no obstacle. All that is wanted is someone to set the thing going. Perhaps the Excelsior C.C. will consider it; cycle Volunteers come in handy for variety at race meetings.

A big crowd of Brighton riders visited Bramber on Saturday last. The various Clubs had organised a muster, which drew hundreds to that pretty little village.

I see that most of the Sussex Clubs have now commenced their run season. I wonder whether the Excelsior C.C. will manage better in this respect than they did last year. What is wanted, in my opinion, is a shorter run, say five miles out, with a little conviviality at the other end. This would appeal to a great number of riders. Perhaps the idea will be tried.

DICK TURPIN.

## CYCLING

### DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP

THE Annual General Meeting of the Excelsior C.C. last Wednesday goes to show that the members take at least some fair amount of interest in the working of their Club.

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At times the discussion of various points grew quite animated, and it was plain that the speakers had devoted considerable thought to their subjects.

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The Committee were re-elected practically to a man, though one of the two of the most hard-working hands did not receive the number of votes their past work had entitled them to, although they secured seats on the new Committee.

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The proposal to invest in the new Recreation

Ground was thoroughly discussed, the consideration of the *pros* and *cons* occupying a great deal of time. Much was said on both sides, and eventually the Club, looking at the matter from a sportsman's rather than a speculator's point of view, decided almost unanimously in putting the money into the concern.

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DICK TURPIN.

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**Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.**  
**Source:** Worthing Gazette archive  
 at Worthing Local Studies Library.  
 Turpin: 11.4.1900 P2C3

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p><b>T</b>HE Sussex Centre Licensing Committee met for the first time this year on Thursday, to consider fourteen applications for licences from Sussex men.</p> <p>The whole of the licences were granted after some discussion; ex-Captain Chilton, of the Excelsior C.C., enjoying the distinction of having the first "brief" granted this year in Sussex.</p> <p>W. R. Paine was the only other Worthing applicant. Good luck to both of them this year, say I!</p> <p>The consideration of the weighty matters which the Licensing Laws are sure to bring up, together with the enjoyment of the dry humour of a brother cycle noter, "Direct Spoke"—who, amongst other funny things, endeavoured to persuade me, being a new member, to take an oath of secrecy and "kiss the book" (a cyclist's diary)—passed the time so quickly that I lost my train, and had it not been for the kindness of the Centre Hon. Sec., who lent me a "jigger" in the small hours—well, I hardly know what would have happened.</p> <p>However, I succeeded in reaching home two or</p>	<p>three hours before the morning's milk arrived, after a most enjoyable moonlight spin.</p> <p>A party of local cyclists were out for a spin the other day, when, rounding a corner near Littlehampton, one of them sustained a nasty spill through colliding with a dog. Little damage was done beyond a severe shaking and plentiful bruises, and after a rest and some stimulant the unfortunate rider proceeded.</p> <p>The incident goes to prove that it is hardly worth while to take corners at a high speed, which this party was guilty of. Until we are capable of seeing round corners we must be content to use caution, for any amount of bell-ringing will not cause a dog to move out of the way. The bell amuses but does not warn them; as I have found to my cost several times.</p> <p>On Good Friday morning the Excelsior C.C. will</p>	<p>On Good Friday morning the Excelsior C.C. will run a paper chase, starting from the Railway Bridge at ten o'clock sharp. The run will be to Augmering; it will be carried out in an orderly and decorous manner, and all good wheelmen are invited.</p> <p>The latest market price for furious riding is five shillings and costs, or seven days, no less than five cyclists being charged this figure at Brighton and Hove on Monday. Two lampluss ones were mulcted in the sum of nine shillings each, at the same time.</p> <p>A writer in the <i>Morning Herald</i> makes some fun out of the fact that, in the eyes of the law, a cycle is regarded as a carriage. He infers from this that a cyclist is practically a horse, though he informs his readers that a large section of the public regard him as a humbler animal of the same species. Well, we are all sorry for that large section of the public.</p> <p>The journalist's attention was drawn to the fact owing to a case coming under his notice where cyclists were objecting to be tolled as two-wheeled carriages over a bridge, the toll rights of which were owned by the Earl of Abingdon.</p> <p>The cyclists were endeavouring to establish the fact that they could not be carriages and were not foot passengers; therefore, being merely nonentities, were not liable for tolls. I need hardly add they still have to pay their twopennies, the judicial mind hardly being equal to their logic.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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On Good Friday morning the Excelsior C.C. will run a paper-chase, running from the Railway Bridge, at ten o'clock sharp. The run will be to Angmering, it will be carried out in an orderly and decorous manner, and all good wheelmen are invited.

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## CYCLING.

DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.

EASTER has once more come and gone. Undoubtedly the holiday which is, above all others, given up to the enjoyment of cycling was this year somewhat marred by uncertain weather. This naturally militates against organised Easter tours, but the number of riders on all roads seemed no less than in previous years. Old and young of both sexes, in various stages of proficiency in wheeling, were to be seen in all directions.

What surprised me was the small number of motor cycles and motor cars on the road. This, I suppose, was in some measure owing to the petrolites being on tour with their Clubs.

On Good Friday morning the Excelsior C.C. ran off their paper chase. About twenty members mustered at the start, and after giving the hares, Captain Young and Private Sandell, ten minutes' start, followed the scent through Broadwater and over Crocodile Hill towards Findon.

Ere Findon was reached, however, some of the speedier riders, with a zeal and skill worthy of Thornycroft himself, had succeeded in surprising and cutting off the hares and capturing them.

Being released, they again set off, but this time the furious hurricane destroyed the scent, with the result that the field became scattered. But eventually all reached Angmering, towards which I had been persistently plugging—as fast as a

refractory tyre and declining years would permit—for the whole morning.

Arrived at Angmering, we without delay proceeded to drink the health of the President of the Excelsior C.C. and after drinking it, to smoke it, whilst we spent a most enjoyable hour or so listening to the musical efforts of a few budding Sims Reeves, finally reaching home about midday with a feeling deep in our hearts that the Excelsior "boys" have got a splendid President.

Numbers of people regard the now popular free-wheel as quite a new thing in the bicycling world, seemingly never having noticed that most of the tricycles of ten years ago were fitted with the device. Now a cycle agent in Gainsborough crops up who assisted in building one of the old ordinaries, and supplying it with a clutch action similar to that now so largely used on safeties as long as 1867 or 1868.

The somewhat naive remark that "the inventor had a bad fall" is easily credible, considering what a fearsome instrument a free wheel ordinary must have been.

It is evident that the upper ten have not yet completely abandoned the cycle, as on Saturday last at Sheen House they actually condescended to evince quite a lively interest in a game of bicycle polo. Probably, however, the motor car will claim the mere ease-loving among them now that the Automobile Club has its headquarters at Sheen House.

The danger of cycling when a gale is raging is exemplified in a nasty accident which took place at Ramsgate last Friday.

Philip Raymond was riding through the town when a strong gust of wind caught the rider and machine and dashed them into a public house front, and the unfortunate fellow now lies in an extremely critical condition.

W. R. Faine, the only local man who was competing on Easter Monday, was successful in winning the scratch half-mile, from a pretty warm field, at Preston Park. The five miles paced race between Mills and Di Villa was productive of some very exciting speed work, the race being won by Di Villa by inches. The one mile handicap was annexed by G. N. Charman, another Brighton man.

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Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.  
 Source: Worthing Gazette archive  
 at Worthing Local Studies Library.  
 Turpin: Date: 25.4.00 P2C3

<p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p><b>D</b>URING times of war it behoves us all to show our patriotism and love for our country. The Excelsior C.C. mean to lose no chance of doing this, and are arranging to turn out in strong force on the day tidings reach us of the relief of Mafeking—a day we all hope to be near at hand.</p> <p>The Club have a few Chinese lanterns in their possession for the use of the members, but as these are totally inadequate for such a big thing as this muster, I am requested to make the suggestion that all should themselves purchase one or two lanterns.</p> <p>It is hoped that every member will turn out. Three or four lanterns are all that is necessary, though, of course, thoroughly decorated machines will be welcomed.</p> <p>The Club have now started their run season, going to-night to Littlehampton. On Wednesday next a social evening has been arranged at the Lamb Inn, Angmering, riders leaving the Railway Bridge at 6.30.</p> <p>Ever and anon fierce discussion rages around the respective claims of Kirkpatrick Macmillan (the Scotch blacksmith), Pierre Lallemont, and others for the credit of inventing pedal-driven bicycles.</p> <p>This question can, of course, never be settled, but I think it will interest not a few to know that the driving wheel of the first safety bicycle is in Worthing, and now serves the purpose of a sign at Mr. Biggs' workshop in Montague-street.</p> <p>Mr. Biggs, who has been building bicycles for thirty-seven years, enjoys the distinction of being the builder of this particular machine, which was called "Lawson's Original Safety Bicycle." H. J. Lawson, the now prominent financier in motor-car and steam omnibus circles, being the inventor.</p> <p>Lawson at this time—1875—was a chum of Mr.</p>	<p>car and steam omnibus circles, being the inventor.</p> <p>Lawson at this time—1875—was a chum of Mr. Biggs. Both were members of the old Brighton Bicycle Club, and together they went on a trial spin to Henfield with the new machine.</p> <p>The fame of the invention spread to Coventry, and eventually the two pioneers of safety bicycles followed their reputation and went there too. Mr. Biggs still retains his agreement with the now defunct Tangent and Coventry Tricycle Company, by which he agreed to fill the highest position in their factory, a post he occupied for many years at the time when Coventry gained her new lease of life by becoming the chief seat of the new industry of cycle-making.</p> <p>The safety bicycle at the period of its inception was vastly different from the bicycle of to-day. The driving wheel was usually about forty inches in diameter, the steerer being quite small, and the driving mechanism consisting of levers, connecting rods, and cranks.</p> <p>Of course the machine met with a lot of opposition, the favourite nickname for it being "The Crocodile," but it marks the beginning of the present era in cycling, and we owe a debt of gratitude to the sturdy pioneers.</p> <p>All cyclists remember the case of a little girl who was fined 10s. for riding her diminutive tricycle on the footpath at Blackburn at the instigation of her father.</p> <p>Reading of this, the crew of H.M.S. <i>Barfleur</i>, on the China Station, clubbed round to pay the fine, with the result that they sent 30s. The parents, greatly touched, gave the money to charity, and in thanking the gallant tars, enclosed a photo of the little one, which now delights the generous sailors.</p> <p>The thousand miles motor trial seems to excite a great deal of interest. The first day, Monday,</p>	<p>the journey was from London to Bristol, 118½ miles. Yesterday was occupied by exhibiting the vehicles in Bristol, the programme for to-day being Bristol to Birmingham, a jaunt of 92 miles; whilst to-morrow will be taken up with another exhibition.</p> <p>Speed contests are to be rigidly suppressed throughout the thousand miles. The party seem to be enjoying themselves pretty well, a big dinner being held prior to the start. Mayors and other big men turning out to welcome them <i>en route</i>.</p> <p>Doubtless the movement will do much to popularise the new means of locomotion, which, when once started, should create a great deal of trade.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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DICK TURPIN

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<sup>i</sup> More normally "Lallement". I have stayed faithful to Richard Long's spelling.

<sup>ii</sup> I know too little of cycling history to query this, although it is very like a story which had A.K.J. Starley and another riding to Henfield on a side-by-side machine, which repeatedly swerved due to the difference in the riders' leg power. This version goes on to say that Starley, once home, sat down and designed the differential, which I believe Starley denied.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.  
 Source: Worthing Gazette archive  
 at Worthing Local Studies Library.  
 Turpin: Date: 2.5.1900 P2C4.

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p>ONE has never to ride far from Worthing to enjoy a bit of interesting scenery, but there is one spin which I consider hardly receives the attention it merits.</p> <p>It is the ride to Poynings. The road, which is well known to riders who cycled in the days of the ordinary, after leaving the Shoreham-Bramber route, winds up over the hills, and about a mile further on branches in two, the left running to Henfield. Turning, instead, to the right, the rider comes upon a remarkably pretty little road skirting the northern foot of the Downs, whilst away to his left stretches one of the best views of Sussex.</p> <p>A spin of four or five miles brings the rider to the pretty village of Poynings, from which he may, if boasting sufficient gymnastic ability, scale the stiff northern face of the Devil's Dyke, from the summit of which, on a clear day, the view is really superb.</p> <p>The ride is not one a scorcher would select, but</p>	<p>The ride is not one a scorcher would select, but it ought to be better known among cyclists who value the cycle as a means of getting away from the madding throng: as it avoids (one would almost think intentionally) all towns and villages, taking the rider through one of the finest bits of agricultural Sussex.</p> <p>Local admirers—and there are many of them—of J. W. Mills, the Brighton "speed merchant," will rejoice at his success in the six hours' race held by the Southern C.C. last Saturday at Herne Hill.</p> <p>Out of a field of nine singles he succeeded in getting home with the best distance, his total mileage being 143 miles 1,400 yards; C. W. R. Paterson, a well known mid-distance amateur, who had headed Mills until a quarter of an hour from time, being second single with 143 miles 1,100 yards.</p> <p>The tandems competing in the same race also did good work, the winning pair, Lockyear and Tate, both members of the promoting Club, riding 156 miles 750 yards, and beating the previous best by 9 miles 590 yards; whilst tandem No. 2, manned by Akela and Wells, of the Dover Road C.C.</p>	<p>I notice the motor car giant tour is telling upon the constitutions of some of the self-propelled vehicles.</p> <p>Nearly eighty left Hyde Park Corner originally, but only fifty-five mastered at the departure from Birmingham last Friday, when the journey was continued to Manchester, 101 miles, by way of Lichfield, Derby and Macclesfield, the motorists trying the hill-climbing qualities of their cars by putting them up Taddington Hill, a two and a-half mile "teaser."</p> <p>Teddy Hale, the hundred miles a day man, who passed through Worthing a month or two back, is still going strong. He made Eastbourne his base of operations last week, whilst this week he takes his daily century spin from Canterbury. By next Saturday the old veteran racer should bring his total up to 24,000 miles; and as he is still keeping as well as ever there seems some chance of his doing better than the unfortunate Yankee who essayed a similar twelve months' task two or three years back.</p> <p>Another man who takes his cycling in big doses, W. Reyman, of New York, has recently completed a ride round the world, which, it may be remembered, he commenced early in '97, going through England, France, Germany, Russia, Siberia, China, and Japan, where he embarked for 'Frisco, from whence he rode across the States to New York, thus finishing a ride which has taken him round the world, and, needless to add, put him on many occasions in some tight corners.</p> <p>His greatest danger seems to have been from the semi-civilised Manchurians and natives of other portions of the Celestial Empire, who had never previously seen a cyclist, and were extremely anxious to kill the first one they did see. Some English people express themselves as desirous of doing much the same thing, though they claim to be civilised.</p> <p>The Excelsior C.C. will next week run to Storrington, leaving the Railway Bridge at 6 p.m.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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## CYCLING

### DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.

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DICK TURPIN.

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<sup>i</sup> In my fifties, I worked for T.J. Braybon and Son, builders, of Preston Road, Brighton. When weather and fitness permitted, this was my ride between home and the workplace. It still had kept much of its magic, eighty years after Richard wrote this in its praise. JDG.

## Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

Source: Worthing Gazette archive at Worthing Local Studies Library.  
Turpin: 9.5.1900 P2C4.

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p>LAST Wednesday I attended the Excelsior "boys" run to Angmering, and enjoyed myself immensely.</p> <p>About twenty members put in an appearance at the Lamb during the evening, where a social gathering had been arranged. The proceedings at first were hardly exciting, as no set programme had been prepared; but after a song or two Captain Young took the piano in charge and played two or three dances for the benefit of a couple of members who had secured the partnership of two ladies, a mild lunatic joining in the barn dances with a chair as his partner.</p> <p>This broke the ice, to say nothing of the ceiling of the room beneath; and the ladies, Miss Wilkinson and Miss Wetherall, gracefully came to our aid, and being accomplished pianists, played every song we knew—and several we didn't know—the result being that every man Jack of us enjoyed himself, and came back home with pleasant recollections of Angmering.</p> <p>Road riders will be glad to hear that the Committee of the Club have altered their decision to withdraw the medal ride competitions, owing to a "Round Robin" from a few of the members, some of whom intend going for the medals this season.</p> <p>The standard remains as before, namely—one hundred miles in six and a-half hours for a gold medal; seven hours, a gold centre; and seven and a-half hours, a silver; the respective distances in twelve hours for similar medals a hundred and eighty miles, a hundred and sixty miles, and a hundred and forty miles.</p> <p>Every man who has taken part in these rides</p>	<p>Every man who has taken part in these rides knows that nothing under the sun brings out the unselfish, sportsmanlike spirit of riders more than these long distance jaunts, where the competitor depends so much upon the efforts of his friends acting as pace-makers, etc.; and I think the Club have done the right thing.</p> <p>The Sussex Centre-Council of the N.C.U. met last Thursday at Brighton. It was decided to run four amateur championships this year, namely—one, five, ten, and twenty-five miles; also one and five miles professional championships. I cannot say whether Worthing will succeed in getting the five-miles amateur, the Council having deferred the allotment of the championships till the next meeting.</p> <p>Nearly a dozen licences were issued by the Licensing Committee, but no fresh applications were made from Worthing, though I could name one or two local men, at present hiding their lights, who would make rings round some of the men we licensed.</p> <p>Agreements were entered into with two local hotels, the Royal and Blackman's Temperance, for the purpose of including them in the "Hand-book" which the Union is now compiling.</p> <p>Last Saturday I espied a machine in the town with Acatène chainless gear and duplex handlebars, and recognised it as belonging to the "daily centurion," Teddy Hale. He was not far off himself, and of course I tackled him.</p> <p>Looking as fresh as when he went through the town some months ago, he smilingly told me he was getting along all right, having then totalled 24,000 miles since August last. I accompanied him for fifteen miles, and what struck me most was the man's modesty.</p> <p>He seemed to think a hundred miles a day for a year was nothing out of the way, and as we jogged along at a steady but useful gait he related some of his funny experiences in various parts of the kingdom, and chatted about the six days and</p>	<p>six nights races which he has taken part in, over in the States.</p> <p>I carefully examined his jigger, and was astonished how well the mount stands it. The Acatène chainless gear showed no sign of wear, and notwithstanding the same wheels have been in use for the whole trip, the machine ran as silently as any brand-new mount could have done.</p> <p>Needless to say, the ride is properly checked, as "Teddy" obtains a cycle dealer's signature to his check book (which bears a photo of him for identification) in almost every town, besides sending postcards from various points.</p> <p>Chatting over a light tea, he said he would probably run over to Worthing again next Saturday, before leaving this part of the country. He will visit his native land, Ireland, during a part of the coming three months he has yet to ride to complete the year.</p> <p>That famous speed Club, the Anarley B.C., had a run to Worthing last Saturday, in conjunction with the Stanley C.C., a good number arriving at the Albion Hotel, where in true cyclists' style they held a "convivial" up till nearly midnight.</p> <p>Next Wednesday the Excelsior C.C. have arranged to visit Bramber, whilst the Tarring C.C. go to Coombes. The routes being the same, possibly the two Clubs will amalgamate for the occasion.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.  
 Source: Worthing Gazette archive  
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 Turpin - 16.5.1900 P2C4

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p>A FEW days ago, in the company of three other local cyclists, I had a trip to Dorking - my first visit to the town itself, though I have cycled within a few miles of it in every direction.</p> <p>We reached Dorking at 11.30 a.m., after a lovely spin over good roads, which take the rider through some pretty country—more especially the Surrey part of the ride—which just now is looking its best.</p> <p>Before dinner we strolled into the outskirts of the town, and the unanimous opinion was that, for a neighbourhood abounding in the picturesque, Dorking wants a lot of beating. All around lie the Surrey Downs; a pretty little river ripples along the roadside; and to complete everything we came across an old water-mill, where with one accord we sat on the sluice, and with our tobacco alight drank in the beauty on all sides.—[Really, Mr. Turpin! That drink again!—<i>Editor.</i>]</p> <p>After dinner we ambled along in a leisurely way, till we espied an inviting meadow, where we basked in the sun and realised the force of Jerome's remark, "There is something about an English Sunday afternoon"—for I must tell you the spin in question was a Sunday ride. Jerome's artist pictures the man in a huge armchair, but I think he would have been equally correct in sketching a lazy cyclist placidly digesting his dinner.</p> <p>All too soon, however, "Father O'Flynn" gave the order to start for home; and here, perhaps, I might narrate a little of my experience, which may save some other rider one of the worst accidents cycling brings about, and also considerable inconvenience.</p> <p>Ere I had ridden many miles I heard a peculiar</p>	<p>screeching or grating noise—one of those slight noises so difficult to locate, quite different from that which is occasioned by gritty bearings or chain. An examination of the bike revealed nothing, so I rode on till the noise became more persistent, when I recognised it as coming from the front forks, and, scratching away some of the enamel, discovered a complete fracture of one of the blades.</p> <p>Thanking my lucky stars I had discovered the damage in time to avert what always proves a dangerous accident. I repaired to the roadside, and, finding a suitable piece of wood, with the assistance of a chum, shaped it up and fitted it into the two broken ends of the blade, eventually making all secure with a splint tightly bound on outside, the patch-up lasting me the thirty miles home, and thus avoiding the necessity of a walk of several miles and a four-hour wait for the next train.</p> <p>It is well to profit by each other's experience, and as most of us at some time or other find ourselves in this sort of predicament, I thought this incident might prove of use. It certainly goes to show the need of being on the alert for peculiar sounds and other little eccentricities on the part of our jiggers.</p> <p>Last Wednesday the Tarring C.C.—who, by-the-by, always turn out in strong force for Club runs—journeyed to Washington, where they met a small contingent of Excelsior boys, and together passed a jolly hour or two with football, song, and dance. What a pity so few of the Excelsiors attend these little outings; a stranger would hardly credit the fact that the membership roll amounts to a hundred and twenty.</p> <p>Teddy Hale was in Worthing again on Saturday, leaving here about six o'clock with sixteen</p>	<p>more miles to do in order to complete his hundred miles for the day. He has now ridden a distance equal to the circumference of the earth in forty-one weeks.</p> <p>The old-established Spring Race Meeting of the Surrey B.C. came off last Saturday at the Crystal Palace, about 3,000 spectators being present. Some superb riding was witnessed, notably in the half-mile race for the Sydney trophy, won by H. S. Chambers, and in the ten-mile race for the Surrey Cup, which went to H. W. Payne.</p> <p>The latter race was somewhat marred by three of the fastest men croppering; H. S. Chambers and F. W. Burnard, of London, and Holloway, the flier from the Midlands, being the unfortunate ones.</p> <p>I am sorry to say there is to be no race meeting at Preston Park on Whit Monday.</p> <p>The 1,000 miles trip of the Automobile Club came to a successful close on Saturday last, the majority of the cars finishing up at London that night, after a long and difficult journey from Nottingham, a distance of 123 miles.</p> <p>Taken on the whole, the horseless carriages seem to have behaved very well throughout the tour, the number of breakdowns being small for such an undertaking.</p> <p>Public interest seems to have been greatly stimulated, and it may be hoped the Automobile Club have made a great step towards implanting a new industry in the country.</p> <p>The Excelsior and West Tarring boys are warned to be ready to turn out in great force for the Masfeking celebration.</p> <p>Next Wednesday the Excelsior C.C. will run to Arundel, and the Tarring C.C. will visit Storrington.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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**CYCLING**

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**Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.**  
**Source:** Worthing Gazette archive  
 at Worthing Local Studies Library.  
 Turpin: 23.5.1900 P2C3.

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p>At last the long wished for relief of Mafeking has taken place, and been duly celebrated. The muster of forty odd members of the Worthing and Tarring Cycling Clubs would have been largely increased, I am sure, had the welcome news come to hand on some more convenient day.</p> <p>Great credit is due to the ladies who turned out in such strong force, and I think special mention should be made of the little lady—Miss Eunice Case—who headed the cycle section.</p> <p>During the whole of the procession I observed she continually evoked admiration on all sides, whilst I heard one worthy medico declare that she was the best item in the whole procession.</p> <p>Last Wednesday evening the Tarring C.C. played the Excelsiors at football at Coombes. About forty or fifty riders—ladies and gentlemen—reached the scene of action, the majority of them owing allegiance to the former Club.</p> <p>Some thrilling play was witnessed during the game, but despite the desperate efforts made by the Excelsior boys they were unable to score, whilst Tarring succeeded in registering two goals almost at the commencement of the game.</p> <p>Mr. A. E. Peto, the Tarring Captain, has</p>	<p>Mr. A. E. Peto, the Tarring Captain, has established a record, even at this early time in the season. He has managed to get four punctures in one Club run—a journey of less than twenty miles!</p> <p>The roads have been eminently suitable for the setting up of such records, the lack of rain having allowed them to get in very loose condition. During a ride of about forty miles the other day I had to assist at the funerals of five punctures in my own tires. Perhaps, however, by the time my Notes are in print we shall have rain enough to satisfy for a little while the ever-thirsty highways of Sussex.</p> <p>The wicked scorcher will do well to avoid the southern end of the London-Brighton road, for a time at least, as the police seem to intend renewing the crusade they conducted in that neighbourhood last year against furious riding.</p> <p>I notice a rider has invested "ten bob and costs" in the County funds by way of atonement for his transgressions in this respect, in the neighbourhood of Patcham; and as I know several local speed men are fond of that part the hint may be useful.</p> <p>In five weeks' time the Excelsior C.C. run off</p>	<p>their Evening Race Meeting in the Park, and the Committee are desirous of securing better entries for the Club Races, which are poorly supported considering the number of members there are who could make a creditable show in these events.</p> <p>The Park is available for training up till eight o'clock a.m., and it is hoped a number of men will soon begin to put in an appearance.</p> <p>An unfortunate cycling fatality occurred at Gloucester during the Mafeking celebrations, Miss L. Norris, a lady cyclist, being trampled to death by the tremendous crowd who were taking part in the rejoicings.</p> <p>Next Wednesday the appointed run for the Excelsior C.C. is to Ashington, the Tarring Club going to Arundel.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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Mr. A. E. Peto, the Tarring Captain, has established a record, even at this early time in the season. He has managed to get four punctures in

one Club run—a journey of less than twenty miles!

\*\*\*

The roads have been eminently suitable for the setting up of such records, the lack of rain having allowed them to get in very loose condition. During a ride of about forty miles the other day I had to assist at the funerals of five punctures in my own tires<sup>i</sup>. Perhaps, however, by the time my Notes are in print we shall have rain enough to satisfy for a little while the ever-thirsty highways of Sussex.

\*\*\*

The wicked scorcher will do well to avoid the southern end of the London-Brighton road, for a time at least. as the police seem to intend renewing the crusade they conducted in that neighbourhood last year against furious riding.

\*\*\*

I notice a rider has invested "ten bob and costs" in the County funds by way of atonement for his transgressions in this respect. in the neighbourhood of Patcham; and as I know several local speed men are fond of that part the hint may be useful.

\*\*\*

In five weeks' time the Excelsior C.C. run off their Evening Race Meeting in the Park, and the Committee are desirous of securing better entries for the Club Races, which are poorly supported considering the number of members there are who could make a creditable show in these events.

\*\*\*

The Park is available for training up till eight o'clock a.m., and it is hoped a number of men will soon begin to put in an appearance.

\*\*\*

An unfortunate cycling fatality occurred at Glo'ster during the Mafeking celebrations, Miss L. Norris, a lady cyclist, being trampled to death by the tremendous crowd who were taking part in the rejoicings.

\*\*\*

Next Wednesday the appointed run for the Excelsior C.C. is to Ashington, the Tarring Club going to Arundel.

**DICK TURPIN.**

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<sup>i</sup> Yes, Dick uses this spelling.

**Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.**

**Source:** Worthing Gazette archive at Worthing Local Studies Library. Turpin: 30.5.1900 P2C3.

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p><b>T</b>HE rain that has fallen in the last few days has had a marked effect on the condition of the roads, which are now in very fair order, though it is to be hoped that we shall be favoured with a further supply of the harmless necessary <i>aqua pura</i> before the Whitson holidays, otherwise the "puncture mixture," dreaded alike by one and all, will be once more busy.</p> <p>The Excelsior C.C. went to Arundel last Wednesday, a fair number attending the run. The chief diversion at Arundel was an excursion up the river, after which the desire for conviviality implanted within the breast of every cyclist asserted itself, and forthwith an impromptu concert was held, which proved so enjoyable that a similar entertainment was held at the Lamb, Angmering, on the homeward run.</p> <p>The combined result of these festivities was that new life was infused into the "boys"; indeed, one of them acquired so much additional vitality that he broke the chain of his machine before reaching home!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">***</p> <p>There being no race meeting at Preston Park,</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">* * *</p> <p>There being no race meeting at Preston Park, the local racing men contemplate riding at the Chichester meeting on Whit Monday. W. R. Paine, who, it will be remembered, won the scratch half-mile in excellent company at the Brighton Easter meeting, hopes to be aboard his new machine, a Rover, at this meeting, and I wish him and other speed men good luck.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">* * *</p> <p>They ought to be amongst the pots, for there is a distinct improvement in their travelling powers this year — on the road, at any rate, as I have found to my cost when out for a quiet (?) spin with them. They make me feel positively despondent.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">* * *</p> <p>The cup given by Lord Wolseley for the annual Military Cyclists' Competition has again been annexed by the 4th V.B. Hants Section.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">* * *</p> <p>The terms of the competition are that the teams, under the command of an officer or non-commissioned officer, ride forty miles in full marching order, firing at the end of the ride ten rounds at six hundred yards and ten at five hundred, points being awarded for speed in riding, accuracy of fire, etc.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">* * *</p> <p>The competition this year was carried out under</p>	<p>The competition this year was carried out under the direction of Colonel Savile and Colonel Balfour, two officers who have evinced a most praiseworthy desire to develop military cycling, and amongst the spectators was Colonel Seagar, from the United States Army.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">* * *</p> <p>The Sussex Centre Licensing Committee were called together to consider applications for licences on Monday last, but as only two members attended — the Lewes delegate and the writer — the business transacted was small, a Worthing man, Mr. H. Shaw, enjoying the distinction of being the only man to receive permission to compete in races.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">* * *</p> <p>I notice the famous Silverdale Club, first love of Dick Palmer, Thisselton, Hill, and many other noted fliers, have chosen Worthing for their Whitson holiday. It is surprising how many of the big London Clubs make Worthing their holiday home.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">* * *</p> <p>Next Wednesday the runs selected are: Worthing Excelsior C.C., Ashington; West Tarring C.C., Arundel</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Dick Turpin.</p>
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**CYCLING.**

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DICK TURPIN.

## CYCLING

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 6.6.1900 P2C3.

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p>WHAT a windy Whitsun! The sturdy nor'-eastern made it hard work for some, though it answered the purpose of the stream of riders journeying from London down to Worthing and Brighton. I saw numbers of these, upon reaching the summit of Washington Bostal, put on a broad smile and free-wheel it down to Findon—a nice little run.</p> <p>The roads in this part were in a very loose condition, and punctures were the order of the day, both on Sunday and Monday, Captain Young, of the Excelsior C.C., being wounded in the tyre for the first time in two years, whilst I added six patches to my collection.</p> <p>The Excelsior men were in great force at Chichester, to see their man W. R. Paine do his bit. As he succeeded in running second in the five miles scratch race, and also winning a third in the mile handicap, and getting placed in his heat of the half-mile, everyone acquainted with the shouting powers of the Club can imagine the noise they made every time "Bert" passed the part of the ground upon which they had taken up their position. A full-grown howitzer would not have beaten it.</p> <p>Two other Club men were intending to compete at this meeting, but I suppose the attractions of a long spin on the road proved stronger at the last moment than those of grass track racing.</p> <p>Somewhat of a novelty was introduced at the</p>	<p>Somewhat of a novelty was introduced at the Chichester meeting in the way of a race for motor cycles and cars, but it did not impress me as being a very likely thing to catch on with the public, the speed depending simply upon the power of the engine, whilst of course the terrific sprint with which a cycle race finishes up is entirely absent in a motor race.</p> <p>The race at Chichester was won by a lap or two by Shippam, of Chichester; the scratch man, Tommy Adcock, being unable to coax his tricycle into any speed at all.</p> <p>Many local sportsmen will be glad to hear J. D. Foster, the old veteran, has once more succeeded in winning the scratch three miles race for the Chichester Club's Challenge Badge, a victory which also gives him the title of Club Champion for the year.</p> <p>On the road just outside Brighton an enthusiastic statistician had posted himself on Whit Sunday to take a census of the number of cyclists who passed him.</p> <p>I fear, however, he endeavoured to go into detail a little too much, as he hawled out to all riders going south to know if they had come down from London.</p> <p>Cyclists are apt to be impatient under little catechisms of this sort; in fact, I have known of cases where they have tried to avoid them when an officer of the law was desirous of doing the catechising, and it would not surprise me to learn that the man with the notebook received some rude replies to his questions. I know one young man who had ridden from Lewes, who, when asked if he was from London, replied in the affirmative!</p> <p>Training operations are now in full swing at</p>	<p>the Park each morning, several men having commenced work in view of the Evening Race Meeting and other races.</p> <p>I think, however, one can easily overdo work of this sort. The morning air is unsuitable for fast work, and the heavy dew makes the track slow, so that if a man does not guard against it he is likely to find after some time he is slower in his sprint, which is, of course, the very thing he wishes to avoid.</p> <p>A judicious practice at sprinting and rounding the bends should be beneficial; all ordinary slogging is, in my opinion, of more service on the road, as the speed qualities of a road more nearly resemble those of a dry, well-rolled track, than do those to be found on the dew-soaked grass.</p> <p>It is often asserted the Club run is dead, but such is not the case in this part of the world. The West Tarring Club turned out heavily as usual last Wednesday, whilst the Excelsior Club, whose runs have come to life again under the rule of Captain Young, had a jolly party of eight on their Ashington run.</p> <p>Next Wednesday the Excelsior C.C. run to Steyning, whilst the Tarring C.C. journey to Ashington.</p> <p>On the following Wednesday, June 20th, the West Tarring Club intend processioning in aid of the Indian Famine Fund, in which charitable and worthy object the Excelsior Club are joining them.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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## CYCLING

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 13.6.1900 P2C3.

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</b></p> <p><b>T</b>HE Excelsior C.C. intend making their Evening Meeting on the 27th a grand success.</p> <p>They are catering for the scorcher by putting up two Club handicaps, namely, a half and a one mile, and a team race against the Tarring C.C., who also have a mile handicap of their own.</p> <p>Beyond this there are to be races for boys and novices, also comic competitions both for lady riders and the mere male.</p> <p>The grand feature of the meeting is, however, to be a sham fight, in which the realistic struggle between Britons and Boers will fairly cause the spectators to think they are over Pretoria way.</p> <p>Should the Club have the usual luck as regards weather, I think we can look for something quite up to their usual high standard.</p> <p>It will probably be news to many members of the Club to know they are entitled to benefit (in the same way as members of the mammoth Cyclists' Touring Club) by a Hotel Tariff Discount scheme.</p> <p>This aid to comfortable and economical touring is being arranged by the National Cyclists' Union, to which the local body is affiliated. The Union has already entered into agreements with about two hundred hotel proprietors, a number which is being daily increased.</p> <p>All the intending tourist need do is to call on</p>	<p>All the intending tourist need do is to call on Captain Young, who will supply him with a certificate of his membership.</p> <p>When the Union has a fairly representative list of hotels it is proposed to publish a handbook containing the tariffs agreed upon. In the meantime I can place a copy of the list at the disposal of anyone desirous of seeing it.</p> <p>Regarding the utility of the idea, I must say that I have found the C.T.C. handbook of good service two or three times, not so much on account of the odd shillings I have saved, which were generally "put into liquidation" at once, as for the sake of knowing where to go and what to pay on reaching a strange town.</p> <p>On Wednesday next the Brighton C.C. will hold an evening meeting at Preston Park.</p> <p>The several open events include a ten miles scratch race, in which W. R. Paine defends his title to the Charity Salvor. May he win it again, and thereby make it his own, say I!</p> <p>A local man, sometime known to fame as "Tangent" is to-day "hailed before the Beak" for wheeling his machine on the pavement. Should he be sent to "chink," let us hope he will be out for the Evening Race Meeting.</p> <p>The sooner something happens to provide the representatives of law and order with a job more in keeping with their dignity the better.</p> <p>Last Wednesday the Excelsior C.C. again visited Arundel, the attendance on this occasion exceeding a dozen.</p> <p>The roads were dusty, and the air had that</p>	<p>The roads were dusty, and the air had that thirsty taste we are all familiar with, so after a refresher at the ancient town the party, with a praiseworthy desire to get as near any liquid, even pure water, as they could, bestowed themselves to the River Arun.</p> <p>Chartering a couple of boats, they proceeded up the river and had high jinks, ending up with a terrific race of about a mile, the crews being Scorchers versus Steady Brigade.</p> <p>A hard pull ending in a win by a length or two for the Steady Brigade, the homeward run was comfortable, and (really, good reader, I blush for them) the Steadies once more pulled up at the Lamb for an hour's music, etc.</p> <p>The Scorchers hid themselves to Littlehampton, but after leaving that town a tyre burst, and in mending it they lost the valve parts in long grass, which necessitated a journey back to Littlehampton and a rude awakening for a cycle repairer there.</p> <p>However, Worthing was reached about midnight right enough, but the next time they mend up on the road the most careful man is to be told off to do nothing else but—mind the valve parts!</p> <p>Runs for next Wednesday are declared "off," as the Excelsior C.C. are going to assist the Tarring body in their Indian Famine Fund evening, which it is hoped will be strongly taken up. Cyclists know what keen appetites are, though they do not go hungry for long, and the Indian famine touches them on a tender spot.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><b>DICK TURPIN.</b></p>
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**DICK TURPIN**

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<sup>1</sup> I believe Richard means “clink” here, but as it's his article, “chink” it is.

## CYCLING.

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 20.6.1900 P2C3.

### CYCLING.

DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE recent rainfalls have effected a vast improvement in the condition of the roads in the neighbourhood, but unless we get a much heavier dose than we have yet had, they will ere long again blossom forth in their flinty wickedness. The road through Angmering to Littlehampton is in a better order than either the Brighton or Horsham roads just now.

Last Wednesday the Sussex Centre of the National Cyclists' Union held their quarterly perambulating meeting, Lewes being the venue on this occasion.

Unfortunately, tyre troubles prevented me from reaching the County town, but I gather that the various delegates had a good time, the local Club trotting them round to view the lions of the town and entertaining them to a meat tea at the Elephant and Castle.

The cravings of the inner man having been satisfied, and a further stroll, presumably to aid digestion, having been performed, the agenda was tackled.

This largely consisted of instructing the Centre Councillors how to vote on the various matters coming before them at the forthcoming General Council Meeting of the Union; but as nothing of any special importance is on the tapis I need not go into details here.

Then came the allotment of the Centre Championships, the chief applicants for which were the Eastbourne and Worthing Clubs, both of which had asked for the Five Miles Amateur Championship. Seeing that Eastbourne sends three delegates from one Club alone, and on occasion one or two from other local Clubs, it is not surprising that the ballot gave the race to the "wise men from the East."

Worthing, however, was entrusted with the One Mile Amateur Championship, which is, of course, a more important race—so much so, indeed, that it seems hardly wise to run it on grass when there is a track like Preston Park in the district.

The Club men are naturally very well satisfied, looking at it from their own point of view, as it will be a big draw for one or other of their Race Meetings. It is the racing section who disagree with the action of the Centre, on the ground that the conditions attending the running of such a race on grass must necessarily be somewhat unfair.

The Centre were also requested to permit the West Tarring C.C. to race against the Worthing Club next Wednesday. This was granted, subject to the "Fig Trees" becoming affiliated to the Union.

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I hope to see them take this step, as the body has done and is still doing a lot of work on behalf of the pastime as well as the sport.

Were it not for the N.C.U., it would be more expensive to take a cycle by rail than it now is, and still more concessions have got to be granted by Railway Companies ere the Union will bury the hatchet they have brandished for so many years in this quarter, whilst Union solicitors are continually defending cyclists where the latter are unjustly prosecuted. To the same body we owe much for universal lights after dark in many counties, less scattered hedge-clippings, dangerous sewer gratings, illegible signposts, and other petty annoyances once so common.

I suppose more nasty accidents come about through riding with the chain slack than through any other one thing. A few weeks back A. Chilton was out with some other "fliers," when he slipped his chain and made it a near thing whether he croppered or not. A few days later I espied another chum minus a portion of his nether garments through a spill occasioned by the same thing; and only last Wednesday the veteran Sam Clark flew the Bostel, luckily without an accident, owing to running his chain off. Moral: Keep your chain adjusted.

The Tarring Club have added another attraction to their runs. This is a gramophone, which an industrious member is good enough to carry in a trailer hitched on behind his machine, so there is no lack of harmony when this enterprising Club run out.

The Worthing Excelsior men are made of sterner stuff, and believe in travelling a bit further, and perhaps a bit faster, relying upon finding someone at the other end to supply their music. They were once again in fairly strong force on their Steyning run. Captain Young tells me they have maintained an average attendance of ten during the runs this season so far, which is a distinct improvement on the last few years.

Next Wednesday, of course, the Club will be in force at the Park, to see their Evening Meeting through, and I should like to see the Tarring Club abandon their run to Shoreham in favour of the same project. In any event their Secretary informs me they have a rule to the effect that any member competing in a cycling event is credited with having attended the Club's run for that night, so doubtless many will take advantage and try their speed or skill at the Park.

DICK TURPIN.

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Then came the allotment of the Centre Championships, the chief applicants for which were the Eastbourne and Worthing Clubs, both of which had asked for the Five Miles Amateur Championship. Seeing that Eastbourne sends three delegates from one Club alone, and on occasion one or two from other local Clubs, it is not surprising that the ballot gave the race to the "wise men from the East."

\*\*\*

Worthing, however, was entrusted with the One Mile Amateur Championship, which is, of course, a more important race - so much so, indeed, that it seems hardly wise to run it on grass when there is a track like Preston Park in the district.

\*\*\*

The Club men are, naturally very well satisfied, looking at it from their own point of view, as it will be a big draw for one or other of their Race Meetings. It is the racing section who disagree with the action of the Centre, on the ground that the conditions attending the running of such a race on grass must necessarily be somewhat unfair.

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The Centre were also requested to permit the West Tarring C.C. to race against the Worthing Club next Wednesday. This was granted, subject to the "Fig Trees " becoming affiliated to the Union.

\*\*\*

I hope to see them take this step, as the body

has done and is still doing a lot of work on behalf of the pastime as well as the sport.

\*\*\*

Were it not for the N.C.U., it would be more expensive to take a 'cycle by rail than it now is, and still more concessions have got to be granted by Railway Companies ere the Union will bury the hatchet they have brandished for so many years in this quarter, whilst Union solicitors are continually defending cyclists where the latter are unjustly prosecuted. To the same body we owe much for universal lights after dark in many counties, less scattered hedge-clippings, dangerous sewer gratings, illegible signposts, and other petty annoyances once so common.

\*\*\*

I suppose more nasty accidents come about through riding with the chain slack than through any other one thing. A few weeks back A. Chilton was out with some other "fliers," when he slipped his chain and made it a near thing whether he croppered or not. A few days later I espied another chum minus a portion of his nether garments through a spill occasioned by the same thing; and only last Wednesday the veteran Sam Clark flew the Bostel, luckily without an accident, owing to running his chain off. Moral: Keep your chain adjusted.

\*\*\*

The Tarring Club have added another attraction to their runs. This is a gramophone, which an industrious member is good enough to carry in a trailer hitched on behind his machine, so there is no lack of harmony when this enterprising Club run out.

\*\*\*

The Worthing Excelsior men are made of sterner stuff, and believe in travelling a bit further, and perhaps a bit faster, relying upon finding someone at the other end to supply their music. They were once again in fairly strong force on their Steyning run. Captain Young tells me they have maintained an average attendance of ten during the runs this season so far, which is a distinct improvement on the last few years.

\*\*\*

Next Wednesday, of course, the Club will be in force at the Park, to see their Evening Meeting through, and I should like to see the Tarring Club abandon their run to Shoreham in favour of the same project. In any event their Secretary informs me they have a rule to the effect that any member competing in a cycling event is credited with having attended the Club's run for that night, so doubtless many will take advantage and try their speed or skill at the Park.

DICK TURPIN.

## CYCLING

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 27.6.1900 P7C3.

Note: different paragraph separators -  
a line of hyphens.

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p><b>L</b>AST week I commenced my gossip with an appeal for rain. This week I must harp on another string, for if we get a continuation of the weather which last week brought us, all but the "mud-pluggers" will forget how to ride.</p> <p>We must, however, keep smiling; the weather is always fickle. <i>Cycling's</i> cartoon last week showed a perspiring cyclist mopping his brow, with the explanation that that was what the weather made the artist feel like at the time he drew the sketch. When I was looking at it the weather would not have disgraced a stormy March.</p> <p>The Brighton C.C.'s Evening Race Meeting last Wednesday attracted quite a number of Worthing people, most of whom went to see W. R. Paine in the Charity Salver Race.</p> <p>Unfortunately luck was dead against him in this particular race, which was won by Reed, of South London, one of London's fastest men; our man being fourth, but not far away.</p> <p>The race, which was fairly fast all the way, was somewhat overcrowded, and things looked very, very dangerous several times. Chilton retired, as he felt sure there would be a spill, in which he had no desire to figure, and it takes something out of the ordinary to shake his nerves.</p> <p>Chilton was riding in the Open Mile as well, and, what is more, won both his heat and the final in good style, surprising some of the others by his sprint home, in which he is very thick; in fact, he seems to be going as well as he was in '95, when he won more prizes than any other man in Sussex.</p> <p>His machine is a Hepworth—a classy little mount, which comes out pretty light. He is so taken with the breed that he has added them to his other "lines," and as the firm go on the "value for money" system, he is able to retail them at a low figure. [Rather like an advt., Richard.—Ed. W.G.]</p> <p>The one mile handicap for the Brighton C.C. President's Cup was won in an easy manner by</p>	<p>The one mile handicap for the Brighton C.C. President's Cup was won in an easy manner by W. R. Paine from the scratch mark. He made small bones of J. W. Mills and the other Brighton Clubmen in this race, so he has something else on hand in place of the Salver.</p> <p>On the same evening the West Tarring Club brought off their Parade and Bohemian Concert to help swell the Indian Famine Fund.</p> <p>The procession was the largest cycle procession yet seen in Worthing, and whilst it does not rival the Woodford meet of the Saturday before last, where seven hundred odd turned out, yet it reflects very great credit on the working members of the organising Club.</p> <p>Contingents came from neighbouring towns, including—as well as Worthing—Shoreham, Steyning, Littlehampton, etc., and all processioned the district, after which they adjourned to a meadow in which a huge marquee was erected.</p> <p>Here was held the Bohemian concert, several influential gentlemen connected with the Tarring Club being present. The vocal and instrumental music was supplied by Miss Jones, Miss N. Holden, Mr. W. J. Case (who brought the house down with his funny songs), Mr. A. E. Peto, and other ladies and gentlemen.</p> <p>Last Saturday was a busy day up in the North, the annual Championship Meeting of the N.C.U. taking place at the Grangetown track, just out of Middlesborough, on that day.</p> <p>Some fine racing was witnessed, the various honours for 1900 going as follows: One Mile Amateur, W. A. Edmonds, of Bristol; Quarter-Mile Amateur, A. S. Ingram, Polytechnic C.C.; One Mile Professional, F. W. Chinn; Quarter-Mile Professional, J. Camp; Five Miles Professional, H. B. Howard.</p> <p>Everyone interested in the sport will rejoice to note the absence of the names of foreigners figuring as English champions, a thing we had to put up with last year, and in various former years.</p> <p>The runs for next Wednesday are: Worthing Excelsior C.C., Littlehampton; West Tarring C.C., Bramber.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>	
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DICK TURPIN.

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<sup>i</sup> This sounds racist to-day, but please bear in mind that the "national champion" then had another meaning: that the holder was his nation's prime representative.

Back to triple-asterisk separators

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p><b>T</b>HE condition of the roads, so large a factor in the sum of the cyclists' happiness, now leaves nothing to be wished for, and between the showers riding is a perfect bliss.</p> <p>As I write my Gossip I have just returned from a run round of about fifty miles, embracing Arundel, Ford, Barnham, Chichester, etc., and I never recollect finding better riding.</p> <p>The flat lanes round Ford and Barnham way, which so irresistibly remind one of Wisbeach and the Fen district, are especially good. I hardly saw a loose patch in twenty miles of them.</p> <p>The event of paramount importance in the local cycling world during the past week is, of course, the Excelsior C.C.'s Evening Meeting.</p> <p>The races go to show a great improvement in the strength of the Club from a speed merchant's point of view. Certainly few similarly placed Clubs can show better class, though Littlehampton came so near in the Inter-Club race.</p> <p>One of our men, Harry Shaw, was not riding in anything like his proper form. He has, I feel sure, somewhat overtrained himself, or he would have shown to far greater advantage.</p> <p>As will be seen by the account of the meeting, in another part of this paper, he has come out of his novitiate, scoring a first in the Novices' Mile; the Club Mile and Half-mile going to Paine and Chilton respectively.</p> <p>The Inter-Club race provided grand sport, the event ending in a tie on the first trial after a magnificent race. The second trial was won cleverly for Worthing by Paine and Chilton, who, two laps from home, made their effort, and, each pacing for one lap, succeeded in getting home first and second.</p> <p>The other Worthing men, Jackson and Peter, rode very well too, but the latter had the hard luck to tear the sole nearly off his shoe, thus losing a point for Worthing which he would otherwise have accounted for, and which he had well earned seeing he changed machines twice in the race.</p> <p>The novelty of the evening, the military</p>	<p>The novelty of the evening, the military display, went off very well. The desperate fighting and fearful carnage which ensued round "Homefield Kopje" touched everyone's interest, and when the British force under "Lord Bobs Case" carried the position and captured the Boers under "Oor Paul Nockels," and marched triumphantly round the track, their enthusiasm was great.</p> <p>Oom's absolutely heartbroken and desponding manner was very pathetic. The discipline shown by the Church Lads' Brigade called forth the admiration of all, and great credit is due to the members of the Amateur Boat Club and the Tarring C.C., who helped to swell the number of the "lads in khaki."</p> <p>Taking the evening's entertainment all through, I consider it was very good, and the opinion of several of the leading workers at a little meeting afterwards was that no one could complain of not having had their money's worth.</p> <p>Last Thursday W. R. Paine was riding at Gosport and demonstrated the fact that he still retains his form by winning a first and a second prize.</p> <p>On Wednesday next the Excelsior C.C. are arranging their annual strawberry feed at Washington. Captain Young is keen on making this fixture as popular as it has hitherto been, and will be pleased to sell tickets to any cyclist, whether member or not, at 1s. 6d., which includes both the tea and the strawberry feed.</p> <p>Last year a concert and dance were held after the main business, and the same thing is contemplated on this occasion, so the fixture should go well.</p> <p>The latest development in the way of military cycling is a scheme for manoeuvres in the neighbourhood of Shoreham and Brighton. It is proposed to utilise a force of 2,000 armed cyclists to defend the country from an imaginary invasion, but as the cycling force will be practically an undisciplined horde I think but little real knowledge of the utility of the cycle in warfare will be gained therefrom.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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DICK TURPIN.

**Researcher's note.**

Had Richard Long any knowledge of military training and discipline he would not have dismissed the soldiers involved as an "undisciplined horde", but rather as men already intensively trained and battle-ready. I'm please to tell that his tone softens in later reports.

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p>THE Excelsior C.C. is already on the war path again with another race meeting. This time it is the annual meet, which comes off on August 15th, that is being arranged.</p> <p>The programme is to include a couple of open handicaps, a five miles' scratch race; the Sussex Mile Championship, and a tandem pursuit race—the latter a distinct novelty. Indeed, I believe such an event has never previously been put up in Sussex.</p> <p>I have been asked to mention that the Committee intend to buy the whole of the prizes in Worthing, and that they (the prizes) may be supplied by any tradesman who cares to compete for them on lines laid down by the Committee, full particulars of which may be had of the Secretary.</p> <p>One of Worthing's veteran riders, Mr. E. B. Blaker, has just returned from a tour round the Midlands, during which he ran up a respectable total of 417 miles.</p> <p>The route he followed was, briefly, Worthing, Guildford, Reading, Oxford, Banbury, to Birmingham and Wolverhampton, where he combined business with pleasure.</p> <p>After this point he had a run round, which</p>	<p>landed him at Lichfield, where he turned homewards, striking a route through Coventry, Daventry, Stratford, Barnet, London, and Croydon, to Worthing.</p> <p>Mr. Blaker enjoyed his ride very much, and is loud in his praises of the roads—a fact which those who are casting about for a touring ground will do well to note.</p> <p>He told me the worst bit of riding he had was over that stretch just on this side of Croydon, which is often in bad order. The last time I was on this same piece one of a party of four of us punctured.</p> <p>Teddy Hale is still "centurionating," as the <i>Cyclist</i> hath it, in this part. He passed through Worthing two or three times last week. The old professional has nearly completed his task now. I believe the year expires at the end of this month, and the cycling papers are now commenting almost every week upon the pluck and endurance shown by the man who has now pedalled about 30,000 miles in less than a year.</p> <p>The North Road C.C. have again brought off their annual run from London to York, starting</p>	<p>The North Road C.C. have again brought off their annual run from London to York, starting as usual at midnight. The turnout this year was twenty-nine, the majority of whom reached York in safety and comfort, despite a driving rain they had to contend with for ninety miles out of the two hundred.</p> <p>Rides of this sort have, beyond a doubt, a tendency to strengthen the true cycling spirit amongst the members of a Club, and I should very much like to see the Excelsior C.C. try their hand at the game.</p> <p>A moonlight ride to London, for instance, would attract a fair number of riders, and be a most enjoyable spin. If the start was made at twelve o'clock on Saturday night the time should suit everyone. These rides always fetch the London men. The last time I went up by night I passed numbers of riders coming down, one Club alone numbering a dozen or more. Give it a trial, Captain Young!</p> <p>Next Wednesday the Excelsior C.C., if they survive the Strawberry Feast to-night, run to Arundel, and West Tarring have fixed Angmering.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p><b>T</b>HE roads, on Sunday last, were just beginning to get into a loose condition, but should the promised rainfall come off they will soon be as good as ever again.</p> <p>Early this week I rode to Kingston-on-Thames and found the Surrey roads, excepting the Leatherhead to Kingston bit, in far better order than the Sussex tracks.</p> <p>Remembering the violent and unreasoning crusade against cyclists upon which Kingston entered last year, in which the Mayor and all the local representatives of the law vied with one another as to who should display the greatest zeal in the cause, I was somewhat taken aback when I made my first acquaintance with a Kingston policeman.</p> <p>This particular "peeler," who was in ordinary cycling rig, hung on to me near Leatherhead, and then made a sprint as though to "snork" me, but changed his mind after a bit and we went along together chatting pleasantly, he going out of his way to pilot me to the part of the town I wanted.</p> <p>He tells me no scorchers have been hauled up this year as yet, and that the evil is dying out. I could not help wishing there were more practical cyclists in the ranks of the police; we should have less misunderstandings with the men in blue than is the case now.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">***</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Last Wednesday the Excelsior C.C. kept St.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">***</p> <p>Last Wednesday the Excelsior C.C. kept St. Strawberry Day at a conveniently situated temple at Washington.</p> <p>The turn-out amounted to a hundred and eight, nine dozen of whom enjoyed themselves to their utmost capacity. What astonished me was the rapid way in which the old became young, and the young got still younger at this excellently arranged run.</p> <p>After strawberries and cream, together with a light tea, came a speech from the Club Honorary Secretary cordially welcoming one and all.</p> <p>This over, an adjournment was made to a large room, in which the whole company, now on the best of terms with themselves and each other.</p>	<p>Like all good things the end came far too soon, Captain Young giving the order to start for home soon after ten o'clock. However, we had a promenade concert all the way home with Chinese lanterns going, about six or eight different songs being rendered (?) at a time.</p> <p>That most versatile athlete, "Sam" Clarke, together with "Uncle" Beck of the Brighton C.C., are out with a challenge to ride any other two amateur riders whose total age equals theirs, which is 101 years; the race to be run with tandems, at a distance to be agreed upon by all.</p> <p>I should think they would prove a big handful to the other crew, as they are a couple of old riders who still put in pretty heavy mileages. "Sam" was busy at cricket last Saturday, and was very useful for his side too, as he, together with his partner, made a stand at the wickets and piled up fifty runs between them, thus turning the tide and enabling his Club to win against their old conquerors, Goring.</p> <p>The remainder of the N.C.U. Amateur Championships were run off on Saturday at Lonsdale Park, Worthing. A. S. Ingram, who won the quarter mile a fortnight ago, carried off the five miles' honours, thus retaining the title of five miles' champion which he won last year; the twenty five miles' championship was won by W. S. Ramsey, a Midlander, last year's winner, Harry Payne, running second.</p> <p>A nasty accident occurred to a South London rider on Sunday evening. He was hanging on to a motor trike which pulled up short, bringing the poor fellow down an awful whack. He was removed to a hospital in an unconscious state and is still in a very dangerous condition. Pace off a motor, when not too warm, is doubtless very tempting, but the hanger-on should remember that a motor pulls up in a tenth of the distance a cyclist usually takes. Forgetting this has caused a large number of spills this year.</p> <p>Runs for Wednesday: Worthing Excelsior C.C., Ashington; West Tarring, C.C. Arundel.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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**CYCLING,**

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He tells me no scorchers have been hauled up this year as yet and that the evil is dying out. I could not help wishing there were more practical cyclists in the ranks of the police; we should have less misunderstandings with the men in blue than is the case now.

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Last Wednesday the Excelsior C.C. kept St. Strawberry Day at a conveniently situated temple at Washington.

\*\*\*

The turn-out amounted to a hundred and eight, nine dozen of whom enjoyed themselves to their utmost capacity. What astonished me was the rapid way in which the old became young, and the young got still younger at this excellently arranged run.

\*\*\*

After strawberries and cream, together with a light tea, came a speech from the Club Honorary Secretary cordially welcoming one and all.

\*\*\*

This over, an adjournment was made to a large room, in which the whole company, now on the best of terms with themselves and each other, whiled away the rest of the evening with song and dance.

\*\*\*

I am unable to give a programme of the singing, for the reason that I took part in the dancing, and, like the other hoppers, was fain to take the opportunity a song offered of strolling round the meadow in the hope of getting cool, for verily it is hot work when we trip the light fantastic toe in July weather.

\*\*\*

Like all good things the end came far too soon, Captain Young giving the order to start for home soon after ten o'clock. However, we had a promenade concert all the way home with Chinese lanterns going, shout six or eight different songs being rendered (?) at a time.

\*\*\*

That most versatile athlete, "Sam" Clarke, together with "Unele" Beck of the Brighton C.C., are out with a challenge to ride any other two amateur riders whose total ago equals theirs, which is 101 years; the race to be run with tandems, at a distance to be agreed upon by all.

\*\*\*

I should think they would prove a big handful to the other crew, as they are a couple of old riders who still put in pretty heavy mileages. "Sam"

was busy at cricket last Saturday, and was very useful for his side too, as he, together with his partner, made a stand at the wickets and piled up fifty runs between them, thus turning the tide and enabling his Club to win against their old conquerors, Goring.

\*\*\*

The remainder of the N.C.U. Amateur Championships were run off on Saturday at Lonsdale Park, Workington. A.S. Ingram, who won the quarter mile a fortnight ago, carried off the five miles' honours, thus retaining the title of five miles' champion which he won last year; the twenty five miles' championship was won by W.S. Ramsay, a Midlander, last year's winner, Harry Payne, running second.

\*\*\*

A nasty accident occurred to a South London rider on Sunday evening. He was hanging on to a motor trike which pulled up short, bringing the poor fellow down an awful whack. He was removed to a hospital in an unconscious state and is still in a very dangerous condition. Pace off a motor, when not too warm, is doubtless very tempting, but the hanger-on should remember that a motor pulls up in a tenth of the distance a cyclist usually takes. Forgetting this has caused a large number of spills this year.

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Runs for Wednesday; Worthing Excelsior C.C., Aehington; West Tarring. C.C. Arundel,

DICK TURPIN.

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p>THE prevailing topic at the time I write my Gossip is the terrific heat—a topic which naturally every wheelman is interested in.</p> <p>Personally I have been at great pains to discover a perfect cyclist's drink for hot weather, but up to this point I have only satisfied myself that the bigger the drink the more satisfactory the result, provided the rider refrains from imbibing till he has finished his spin.</p> <p>Sun hats, too, are receiving a share of consideration, but the unfortunate part of this question is the notice that any departure from the conventional headgear is bound to attract.</p> <p>Whilst spending a half-day at Eastbourne last Sunday together with a friend, we found ourselves quite notorious in a small way, owing to a quiet little thing in khaki with which my friend had decorated himself. After all, however, there is no compensating the comfort and protection a broad-brimmed hat affords, and should the present weather hold, I confidently predict a run on them.</p> <p>During the spin just mentioned we sampled the remains of an old coach road to London, through Ditchling, a road which fell into decay during the last century.</p> <p>The Touring Editor of <i>Cycling</i> was loud in its praises some time back, but my friend and I most heartily disagree with him when he alludes to it as a pleasant change from the beaten track.</p> <p>I have never seen a road in half as bad a state, and feel quite justified in advising my readers against turning their wheels in this direction. The surface abounds with villainous flints, in many cases firmly set in a cement-like bed of chalk, with spear points ever watching for something to stick into; and the road itself wanders up and down the hills in an aimless way, taking the rider through very uninteresting country.</p> <p>Stanmer Park, one of the little beauty spots of</p>	<p>Stanmer Park, one of the little beauty spots of Sussex, came as a grateful change, the pretty grounds looking now at their best.</p> <p>The Excelsior C.C. have decided to offer the President's Cup for competition at the Annual Race Meeting on August 15th.</p> <p>The race is to be a one-mile handicap, the Cup to be won twice in succession or three times in all. Medals are to be given to the winner (except on the occasion he wins it outright) and to the runner-up.</p> <p>This should produce a splendid struggle between the Excelsior racing men, and make another big event in the Club's mammoth programme for the Annual Meeting.</p> <p>I am sorry to note there is no hope of a race meeting at Freeton Park on August Bank Holiday. Cycle racing seems on its last legs in Brighton—a condition of affairs due in no small degree, I fancy, to the fact that most of their meetings have been devoid of variety events, which break the monotony of watching race after race.</p> <p>Last Saturday the famous Carwardine Cup, one of the finest trophies in the cycling world, was again raced for. It being the only first-class amateur hundred miles' race in the South, the opportunity was seized by almost all the leading mid-distance fiers, the field including Frost, Bath Road C.C. (winner in 1896 and 1898); F. G. Crowley, Silverdale C.C. (winner last year); G. A. Olley, Anerley B.C., who put up new figures for the South Roads 100 miles recently; Mills, Brighton C.C.; and several other notable riders.</p> <p>Frost, who eventually won, thus making the</p>	<p>Frost, who eventually won, thus making the Cup his own, was not much in evidence until about the fiftieth mile, when he started to pick up the mile separating him from the leaders, Olley and Dudden.</p> <p>A burst tyre and a spill through cannoning a leader militated against his chances, but enlisted the sympathy of the thousands of spectators who watched the plucky little Bath Roader fight his way to the front by the time eighty miles were covered.</p> <p>The next twelve miles stirred the enthusiasm of the watchers to the highest degree, as during the whole time Dudden and Frost were contesting every inch. The pace eventually told on the former, and Frost went away with a magnificent burst, winning the race amidst indescribable scenes of excitement, in 3hr. 46min. 56.3-5sec.; the record for the distance being about nine minutes faster.</p> <p>The crowd seized the man who had ridden so plucky a race and carried him off the track.</p> <p>Next Wednesday's runs are: Worthing, Storrington; West Tarring, Steyning.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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I am sorry to note there is no hope of a race meeting at Preston Park on August Bank Holiday. Cycle racing seems on its last legs in Brighton – a condition of affairs due in no small degree, I fancy, to the fact that most of their meetings have been devoid of variety events, which break the monotony of watching race after race.

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DICK TURPIN

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p>At last the oppressive, vitality-sapping heat is on the wane, and we can ride in a degree of comfort we have not enjoyed for some time.</p> <p>Perhaps the members of the Excelsior C.C. will turn up in greater numbers to the runs once again. The attendance last Wednesday was small.</p> <p>Captain Young and some of the "boys" are arranging a night ride to London, leaving Worthing Town Hall at 12 p.m. on Saturday next. Pace moderate; all are invited.</p> <p>A meeting of the Sussex Centre of the N.C.U. takes place to-morrow night, at the headquarters in Brighton. I mention it in case any more racing men desire to apply for licences.</p> <p>The speed division of the Excelsior C.C. is now settling down to steady work in view of the Club's "Annual" on Wednesday week. Ex-Captain Chilton and "Bert." Paine were out the other day on a tandem, with some of the young blood; and from what I hear, the racing material now in the Club is of a higher standard than it has ever been, and the race for the President's Challenge Cup will show the town that we have as thick a lot of fliers as any Club in Sussex.</p> <p>Yet another fork breakage has occurred, this time with serious results. The unfortunate rider, a London man staying in the town, was on the road near Findon, when the fore part of his machine collapsed, bringing him down heavily, with the result that he sustained such damage as necessitated his removal to the local infirmary, where he is, at the time I write, making steady progress towards recovery.</p> <p>These accidents go to show the necessity of keeping a watchful eye on one's steel steed in order to detect the early symptoms of a coming breakage, for it is very rarely the case that any part of the machine will suddenly give way without any notice whatever. A suspicious-looking crack in the enamel, a faulty link or rivet in a chain, strange noises, or a general looseness about the frame, are little warnings which if heeded would save, and have saved, many a rider from a serious spill.</p> <p>The official organ of the N.C.U. devotes con-</p>	<p>The official organ of the N.C.U. devotes considerable space in the current number to the scheme drawn up by Major-General Sir F. Maurice, K.C.B., in which he proposes to utilise armed cyclists for home defence purposes, and as so many prominent local wheelmen are now becoming efficient with the rifle, a brief résumé of the worthy General's projected manoeuvres, which he hopes to bring off on August Bank Holiday, may be of interest.</p> <p>The imaginary foe advances northward, from Brighton and Shoreham; the number of roads of strategic importance within the field of operations is about twenty-four.</p> <p>He proposes to allot 2,000 cyclist soldiers to each of these roads, the bodies being divided into six relays of 300 each, who are to be continually in touch with the enemy, harassing him with their fire both day and night, driving cattle beyond the reach of his foraging parties, and destroying everything which would be of service to him; whilst the remaining two hundred men on each road keep the fighting relays supplied with food and ammunition.</p> <p>This, briefly, is the scheme which General</p>	<p>This, briefly, is the scheme which General Maurice has drafted, and which has now secured the sympathy of the Commander-in-Chief, and the approval of the Secretary of State. To test its practicability General Maurice will on Monday next put all the available cyclist Volunteers from every Metropolitan Corps into the field; and further, he invites all provincial cycle sections within riding distance to join the force, as he wishes to obtain a definite idea as to the time it would take to mobilise such a force as he contemplates.</p> <p>The demonstration should go a long way towards proving that in civilised warfare of to-day the cycle is a necessity. Personally, I wish the Rifle Club movement was a little more developed in Sussex, as this goes hand in hand with cycling, and had these Clubs been available, the case of the cycling riflemen would have been greatly strengthened.</p> <p>Last Saturday witnessed the series of races at one, five, and fifty miles for the Roberts Shield, a trophy put up for competition between the various Clubs affiliated to the Southern Counties Cycling Union.</p> <p>Some good racing was witnessed, the trophy eventually going to the famous Silverdale C.C., who put such quality as F. G. Crowley, Le Grys, and C. A. Sedgwick in the field.</p> <p>Next Wednesday's runs are: Worthing Excelsior C.C., Angmering; West Tarring C.C., Shoreham.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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DICK TURPIN.

**Note:** Richard now makes a more common-sense commentary on the proposed cycling soldiers

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p>WHAT a fearful change the Clerk of the Weather has made, and for Bank Holiday too! Cycling seemed more out of season last Monday than it does in the depth of winter.</p> <p>Last Saturday night I betook myself to the Town Hall at midnight to join Cap'n Young and another Excelsior-ite in a run round.</p> <p>The weather had been very threatening during the day, but had cleared away nicely. The sky was clear and starlit, the air delightfully invigorating, and the roads, with the exception of the first five miles, were in beautiful order.</p> <p>Worthing was sleeping peacefully as we rode out. Horsham, which we passed through about two a.m., was likewise engaged; the first sign of life we saw being a body of cycling Volunteers on their way down to Brighton.</p> <p>Dorking was passed soon after three, Leatherhead about half an hour later. From here to Kingston we were treated to some lovely sunrise effects; in fact, we nearly turned poetic over the scene, which, viewed from the saddle of a bicycle, across ever-changing country is one of Nature's finest panoramas.</p> <p>Arrived at Kingston, we put on our pipes, not being able to obtain breakfast at the early hour of half-past four, and took a stroll up the Thames side, and round the town.</p> <p>Breakfast over, we "did" Hampton Court, and</p>	<p>Breakfast over, we "did" Hampton Court, and set off for Guildford, joining the stream of cyclists that always flows along the famous Ripley-road, and before long we were scorching others, and being ourselves scorched with the best of them.</p> <p>Leaving Guildford at midday, we had good riding to within about ten miles from Horsham, when it rained and blew—oh! such rain and wind!</p> <p>Over the last thirty miles I think it wise to draw a veil. The sensations can only be described as a combination of ploughing and being out on the sea in a heavy storm.</p> <p>Suffice it to say we arrived home very wet, very muddy, and nearly blown to pieces, but still happy. We are, however, of opinion that until railways are more accessible and trains run a little better, there is a fortune waiting for the inventor of a rain and mud-proof cycling costume.</p> <p>The Excelsior C.C. are determined to spare no expense with their Race Meeting next Wednesday, and have now engaged the one-time famous racing man, A. Pellant, who is now one of the most clever and entertaining trick riders in England. Beside his trick riding he gives a most extraordinarily funny show, in which he appears as an aged vagabond riding an antique tricycle.</p> <p>It is a show that has taken on immensely at race meetings in various places, and should be well worth seeing.</p> <p>Let us hope the Club will be favoured with fine</p>	<p>Let us hope the Club will be favoured with fine weather, as the programme they have arranged is a very costly one; and if the elements are propitious the meeting will be ahead of anything in the South of England this year.</p> <p>The "daily centurion," Hale, was minutely examined by Dr. E. B. Turner upon the completion of his ride of about 32,000 miles.</p> <p>A lengthened report published by the clever cycling doctor goes to prove that Hale has not suffered any physical harm whatever as the result of his career as a racing cyclist, a career which has lasted seven years, during which time he has in all probability ridden further than any man breathing, as he has always been a specialist in long-distance work.</p> <p>Dr. Turner goes into detail very largely, but to summarise it I will say he finds him in perfect order as regards bone, muscle, lungs, nerves, and brain, and his heart is slightly enlarged, but was working in perfect order; and so long as Teddy kept in good health and went through a fair amount of exercise he would not be one jot the worse for it.</p> <p>Dr. Turner concludes by advising everyone to cycle consistently and judiciously for their health's sake.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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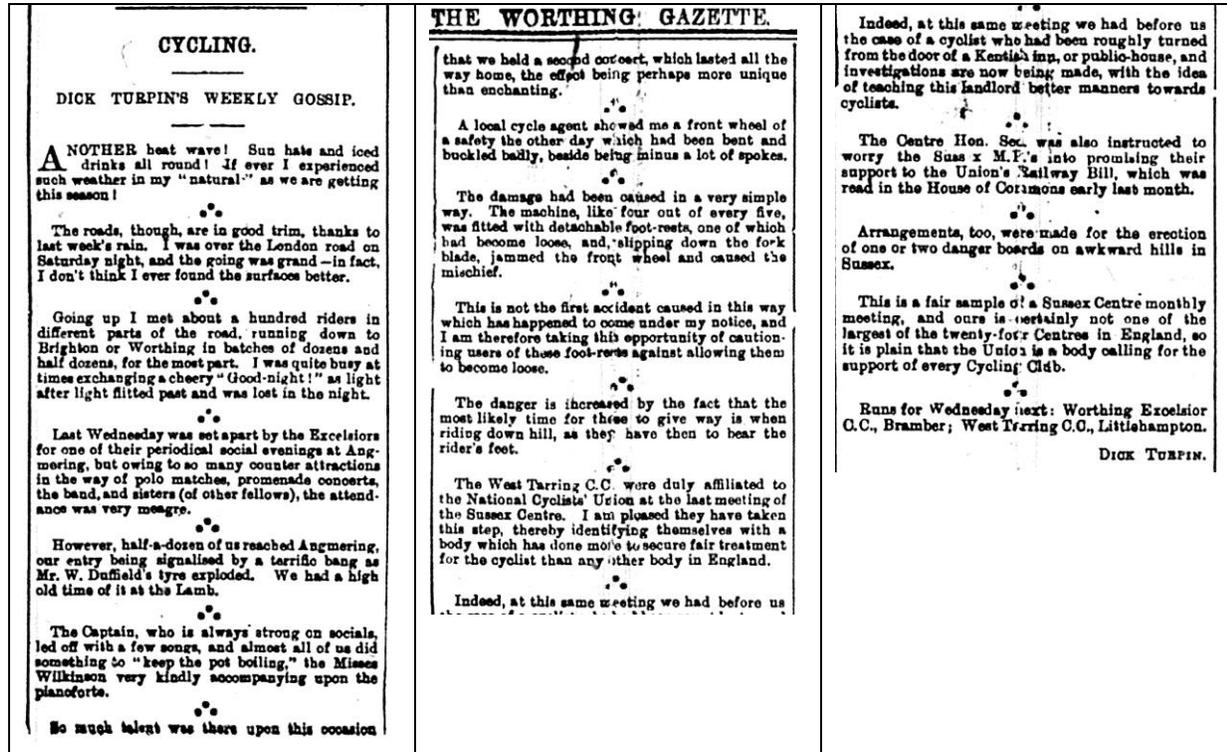
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DICK TURPIN.



**CYCLING,**

DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.

ANOTHER Heat wave! Sun hats and iced drinks all round! If ever I experienced such weather in my "natural" as we are getting this season!

\*\*\*

The roads, though, are in good trim, thanks to last week's rain. I was over the London road on Saturday night, and the going was grand - in fact, I don't think I ever found the surfaces better.

\*\*\*

Going up I met about a hundred riders in different parts of the road, running down to Brighton or Worthing in batches of dozens and half dozens, for the most part. I was quite busy at times exchanging a cheery "Good-night!" as light after light flitted past and was lost in the night.

\*\*\*

Last Wednesday was set apart by the Excelsiors for one of their periodical social evenings at Angmering, but owing to so many counter attractions in the way of polo matches, promenade concerts, the band, and sisters (of other fellows), the attendance was very meagre.

\*\*\*

However, half-a-dozen of us reached Angmering, our entry being signalised by a terrific bang as Mr. W. Duffield 's tyre exploded. We had a high old time of it at the Lamb,

\*\*\*

The Captain, who is always strong on socials, led off with a few songs, and almost all of us did something to "keep the pot boiling," the Misses Wilkinson very kindly accompanying upon the pianoforte.

\*\*\*

So much talent was there upon this occasion that we held a second concert, which lasted all the way home, the effect being perhaps more unique than enchanting.

\*\*\*

A local cycle agent showed me a front wheel of a safety the other day, which had been bent and buckled badly, beside being minus a lot of spokes.

\*\*\*

The damage had been caused in a very simple way. The machine, like four out of every five, was fitted with detachable foot-rests, one of which had become loose, and, slipping down the fork blade, jammed the front wheel and caused the mischief.

\*\*\*

This is not the first accident caused in this way which has happened to come under my notice, and I am therefore taking this opportunity of cautioning users of these foot-rests against allowing them to become loose.

\*\*\*

The danger is increased by the fact that the most likely time for these to give way is when riding down hill, as they have then to bear the rider's feet.

\*\*\*

The West Tarring C.C. were duly affiliated to the National Cyclists' Union at the last meeting of the Sussex Centre. I am pleased they have taken this step, thereby identifying themselves with a body which has done more to secure fair treatment for the cyclist than any other body in England.

\*\*\*

Indeed, at this same meeting we had before us the case of a cyclist who had been roughly turned from the door of a Kentish inn, or public-house, and investigations are now being made, with the idea of teaching this landlord better manners towards cyclists.

\*\*\*

The Centre Hon. Sec. was also instructed to worry the Sussex M.P.'s into promising their support to the Union's Railway Bill, which was read in the House of Commons early last month.

\*\*\*

Arrangements, too, were made for the erection of one or two danger boards on awkward hills in Sussex.

\*\*\*

This is a fair sample of a Sussex Centre monthly meeting, and ours is certainly not one of the largest of the twenty-four Centres in England, so it is plain that the Union is a body calling for the support of every Cycling Club.

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Runs for Wednesday next: Worthing Excelsior C.C., Bramber; West Tarring C.C., Littlehampton.

DICK TURPIN

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p>I SUPPOSE the chief topic of conversation in the local cycling world is the Annual Race Meeting of the Excelsior C.C.</p> <p>Looked at from a sportsman's point of view, the meeting was beyond all question a great and unqualified success, as the programme was a very full one, and was supported by a galaxy of talent which comprised the cream of England's amateur racing men.</p> <p>I was disappointed that our own men did not show to better advantage in the open races. Strange though it seems, neither Paine nor Chilton ever rides up to his best form on our track.</p> <p>Some satisfaction there is in the fact that "Bert" Paine is once more the One Mile Champion of Sussex. He must have a little hoard of N.C.U. medals by this time.</p> <p>The tandem pursuit race was a welcome novelty. Here the local crew were severely handicapped through riding a road tandem weighing half as much again as the beautiful little machine ridden by H. W. Paine and Wills, which was built by the latter expressly to beat some tandem records. Judging by the style in which they won the race here, the records ought to go.</p> <p>The efforts of A. A. Pellant, the trick-riding</p>	<p>The efforts of A. A. Pellant, the trick-riding Tramp Cyclist, were deservedly well applauded. His funny little ways came as a welcome break in the tedium of watching the racing.</p> <p>The way in which Richardson won the President's Challenge Cup Race shows him to be a rider who wants a good deal of watching by the other Club men, as he can show a decent turn of speed.</p> <p>The struggle between Chilton, Shaw, and Jackson, who finished in that order, for second place was very fine, and shows Handicapper Duffield knows the ropes.</p> <p>During the afternoon I met several prominent men in the cycling world. R. L. Jefferson, who has cycled from London to Siberia, and to Constantinople, and other distant parts of the world, was there, with "Charlie" Harris, one of the fastest racing men in Sussex a few years back.</p> <p>Laslett, the Hon. Sec. of the Sussex Centre of the Union, was over, along with our representative on the General Council, Halliwell, of Coventry, attired, as ever, in the conventional silk hat and frock coat.</p> <p>I fear the lavish way the Club spent their money precludes the possibility of any profits arising out of the show, in spite of the excellent gate.</p> <p>Last Sunday, together with another Excelsior man, I placed myself under Captain Young's wing for a little spin round West Sussex.</p> <p>Starting at 10.30 from the official rendezvous,</p>	<p>man, I placed myself under Captain Young's wing for a little spin round West Sussex.</p> <p>Starting at 10.30 from the official rendezvous, we made for Arundel, where we took the Bognor road, which is in grand order.</p> <p>Bognor was quite alive with people, but our Captain would only allow bare time for a paddle in the briny and a smoke ere we ran on to Obchester, where we had an excellent dinner served at the Wheatsheaf.</p> <p>Leaving the ancient city we took the Midhurst road, which was also in good order, rain having fallen over this district last week. We missed the main road and found ourselves in a narrow lane, which led through a cutting deep in the sandstone which abounds this way. It was the most novel bit of road I have ever come across, being somewhat like a pantomime scene; the overhanging trees darkening it down so that it would make an excellent "griffin's cave."</p> <p>The road through Petworth and Pulborough to Findon and thence home we also found in splendid order. From its condition it is clear a lot of rain must have fallen.</p> <p>I notice a young local rider, Mr. Laker, jun., has risen in the world. He now trots an Eiffel safety round the town—a fearsome-looking steed, which places the rider level with an ordinary first-floor window.</p> <p>Next Wednesday's runs are: Worthing E.C.C., Arundel; West Tarring, Bramber.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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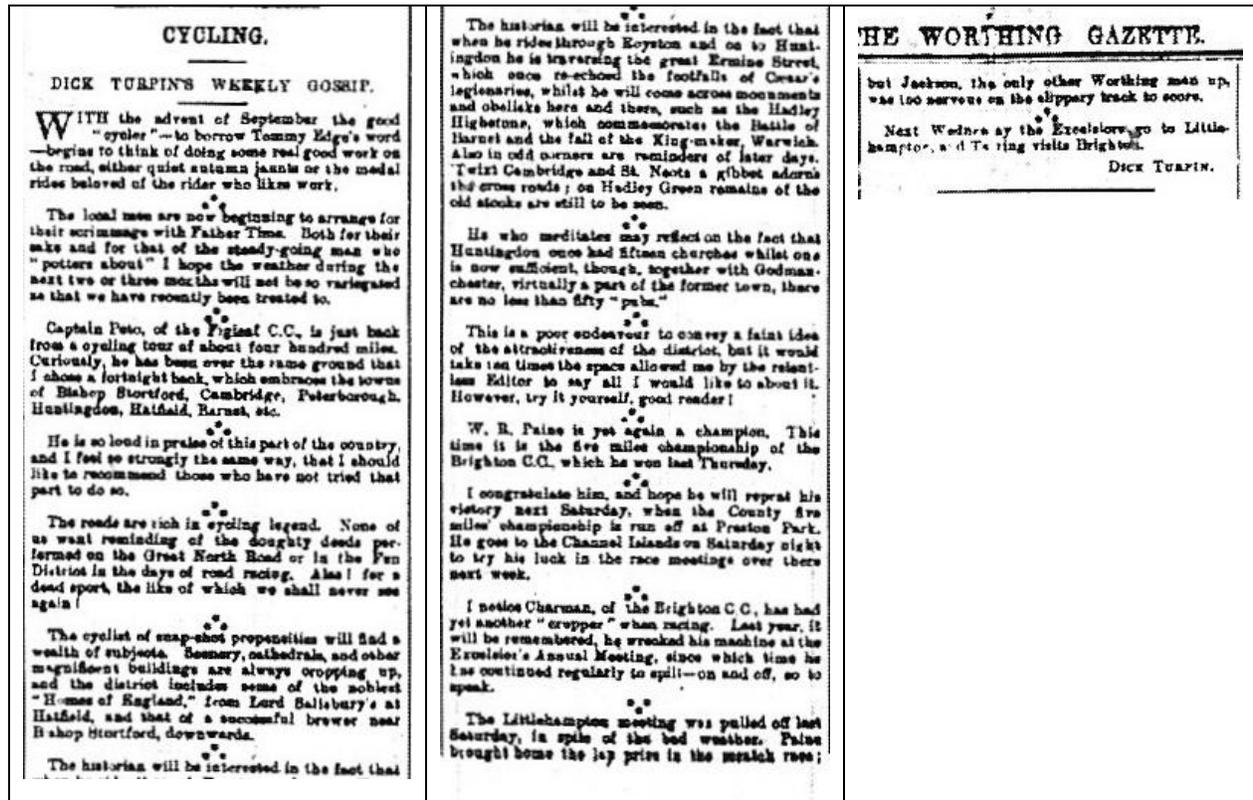
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DICK TURPIN.

**GET BETTER PHOTOCOPIES –  
SEE PENULTIMATE PARA**

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.  
Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 5.9.1900 P2C3 – 01



**CYCLING,**

**DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.**

WITH the advent of September the good "cyclers" – to borrow Tommy Edge's word – begins to think of doing some real good work on the road, either quiet autumn jaunts or the medal rides beloved of the rider who likes work.

\*\*\*

The local men are now beginning to arrange for their scrimmages with Father Time. Both for their sake and for that of the steady-going men who "potters about", I hope the weather during the next two or three months will not be so variegated as we have recently been treated to.

\*\*\*

Captain Peto, of the Figleaf C.C., is just back from a cycling tour of about four hundred miles. Curiously, he has been over the same ground that

I chose a fortnight back, which embraces the towns of Bishop Stortford, Cambridge, Peterborough, Huntingdon, Hatfield, Barnet, etc.

\*\*\*

He is so loud in praise of this part of the country, and I feel so strongly the same way, that I should like to recommend those who have not tried that part to do so.

\*\*\*

The roads are rich in cycling legend. None of us want reminding of the doughty deeds performed on the Great North Road or in the Fen District in the days of road racing. Alas! for a dead sport, the like of which we shall never see again!

\*\*\*

The cyclist of snap-shot propensities will find a wealth of subjects. Scenery, cathedrals, and other magnificent buildings are always cropping up, and the district includes some of the noblest "Homes of England," from Lord Salisbury's at Hatfield and that of a successful brewer near Bishop Stratford, downwards.

\*\*\*

The historian will be interested in the fact that when he rides through Keyston and on to Huntingdon he is traversing the great Ermine street which once re-echoed the footfalls of Caesar's legionaries, whilst he will come across monuments and obelisks here and there, such as the Hadley Highstone, which commemorates the Battle of Barnet and the fall of the King-maker, Warwick. Also in odd corners are reminders of later days. 'Twixt Cambridge and St. Neots a gibbet adorns the cross roads; on Hadley Green remains of the old stocks are still to be seen.

\*\*\*

He who meditates may reflect on the fact that Huntingdon once had fifteen churches whilst one is now sufficient, although, together with Godmanchester, virtually a part of the former town, there are no less than fifty "pubs".

\*\*\*

This is a poor endeavour to convey a faint idea of the attractiveness of the district, but it would take ten times the space allowed me by the relentless Editor to say all I would like to about it. However, try it yourself, good reader!

\*\*\*

W.R. Paine is yet again a champion. This time it is the five miles championship of the Brighton C.C., which he won las Thursday.

\*\*\*

I congratulate him, and hope he will repeat his victory next Saturday, when the County five miles championship is run off at Preston Park. He goes to the Channel Islands on Saturday night to try his luck in the race meetings over there

next week.

\*\*\*

I notice Charman, of the Brighton C.C., has had yet another “cropper” when racing. Last year, it will be remembered, he wrecked his machine at the Excelsior’s Annual Meeting, since which time he has continued regularly to spill – on and off, so to speak.

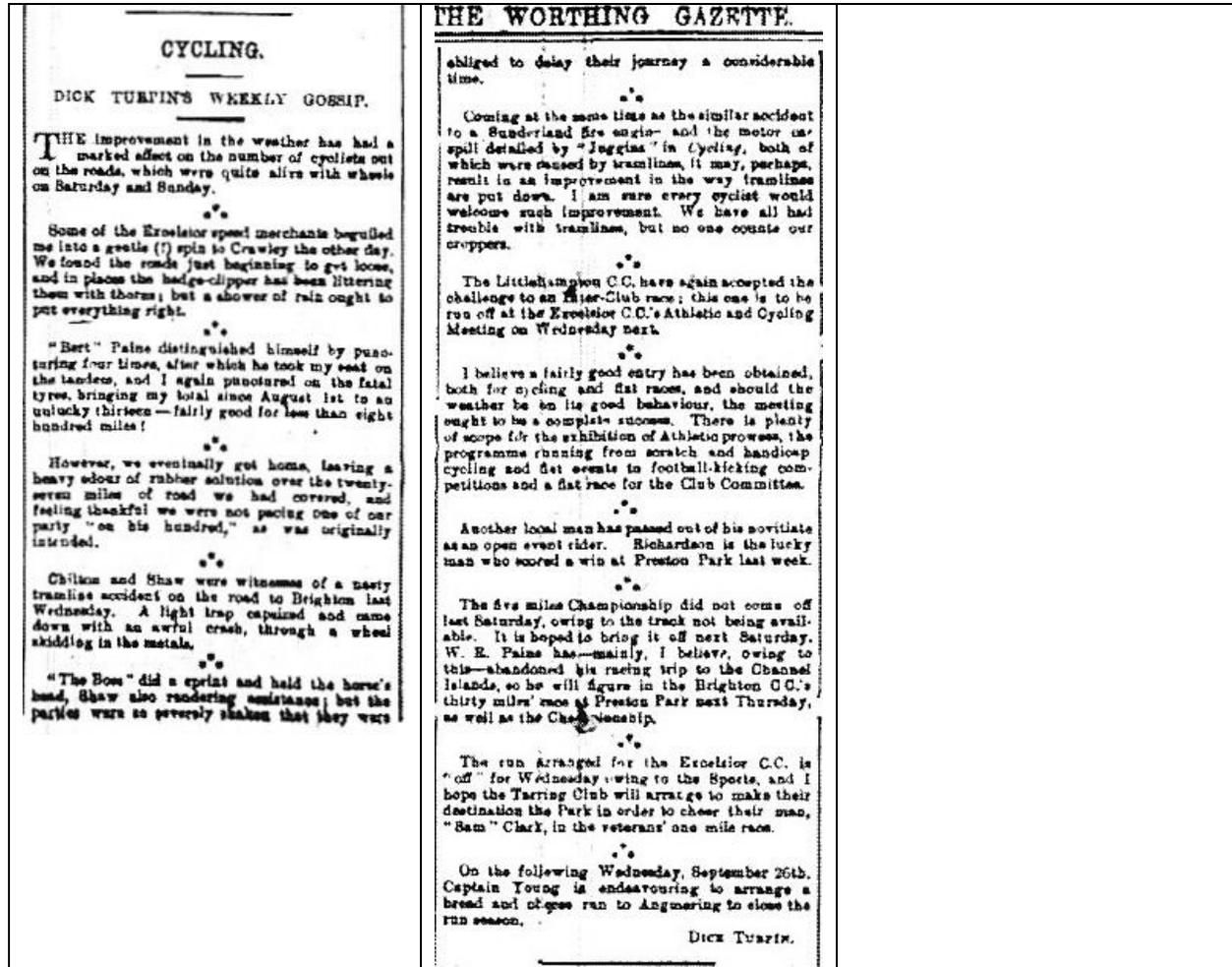
\*\*\*

The Littlehampton meeting was pulled off last Saturday, in spite of the bad weather. Paine brought home the lap prize in the *masdf;lkj ck* race; but Jackson, the only other Worthing man up, was too nervous on the slippery track to score.

\*\*\*

Next Wednesday the Excelsior go to Little-Hampton, and Tarring visits Brighton.

DICK TURPIN



**CYCLING,**

DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE the improvement in the weather has had a marked effect on the number of cyclists out on the roads, which were quite alive with wheels on Saturday and Sunday.

Some of the Excelsior speed merchants beguiled me into a gentle (!) spin to Crawley the other day. We found the roads just beginning to get loose, and in places the hedge-clipper had been littering them with thorns; but a shower of rain ought to put everything right

"Bert" Paine distinguished himself by punct-

uring four times, after which he took my seat on the tandem and I again punctured on the fatal tyres, bringing my total since August 1st to an unlucky thirteen - fairly good for less than eight hundred miles!

\*\*\*

However, we eventually got home, leaving a heavy odour of rubber solution over the twenty-seven miles of road we had just covered, and feeling thankful we were not pacing one of our party "on his hundred," as was originally intended.

\*\*\*

Chilton and Shaw were witnesses of a nasty tramline accident on the road to Brighton last Wednesday. A light trap capsized and came down with an awful crash, through a wheel skidding in the metals.

\*\*\*

"The Boss" did a sprint and held the horse's head, Shaw also rendering assistance; but the parties were so severely shaken that they were obliged to delay their journey a considerable time.

\*\*\*

Coming at the same time as the similar accident to a Sunderland fire engine and the motor car spill detailed by "Juggins" in *Cycling*, both of which were caused by tramlines, it may, perhaps, result in an improvement in the way tramlines are put down. I am aware every cyclist would welcome such improvement. We have all had trouble with tramlines, but no one counts our croppers.

\*\*\*

The Littlehampton C.C. have again accepted the challenge to Inter-Club race; this one is to be run off at the Excelsior C.C.'s Athletic and Cycling Meeting on Wednesday next.

\*\*\*

I believe a fairly good entry has been obtained, both for cycling and flat races, and should the Weather to be on its good behaviour, the meeting ought to be a complete success. There is plenty of scope for the exhibition of Athletic prowess, the programme running from scratch and handicap cycling and flat events to football-kicking competitions and a flat race for the Club Committee.

\*\*\*

Another local man has passed out of his novitiate as an open event rider. Richardson is the lucky man who scored a win at Preston Park last week.

\*\*\*

The five miles Championship did not come off last Saturday, owing to the track not being available. It is hoped to bring it off next Saturday. W.R. Paine has - mainly I believe, owing to this - abandoned his racing trip to the Channel

Islands, so he will figure in the Brighton C.C.'s thirty miles race at Preston Park next Thursday, as well as in the Championship.

\*\*\*

The run arranged for the Excelsior C.C. is "off" for Wednesday owing to the sports, and I hope the Tarring Club will arrange to make their destination the Park in order to cheer their man, "Sam" Clark, in the veterans' one mile race.

\*\*\*

On the following Wednesday, September 26th, Captain Young is endeavouring to arrange a bread and cheese run to Angmering to close the run season.

DICK TURPIN.

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<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p><b>T</b>HE chief event in the local cycling world during the past week was the thirty miles' paced race for the Varley Trophy, at Brighton.</p> <p>W. R. Paine was riding from the scratch mark in this race, and, though he finished second, he did a very good performance indeed.</p> <p>Paced, for the most part, by two men only—Chilton and Shaw, of Worthing E.C.C.—he rode twenty-three miles in the hour, and was then going quite as strong as ever.</p> <p>By this time some of the men had retired, and were able to come on and relieve Chilton and Shaw, who had been working like niggers. Ingenheimer and Offen were very useful on a tandem, and, together with the Worthing men, they were able to set a very hot pace—so much so, that the remaining seven miles were reeled off in sixteen minutes, Paine even then calling for higher speed.</p> <p>The winner was Charman (four minutes start), who for once did not cropper. Paine was half a lap behind; the third man, Phillips (eight minutes start), being some distance to the rear.</p> <p>Chatting the race over with Chilton, who had a tiny bit of experience in races of this distance in the road racing days, he told me that, had Paine been paced fast enough, he would undoubtedly have knocked several minutes off even this time. Indeed, when the tandem slowed down at one point on the track where a stiff wind caught them, Paine rode at the side and grasped the back man's saddle and helped to push them.</p> <p>The five miles' Championship, which was to</p>	<p>The five miles' Championship, which was to have been run last Saturday, is yet again postponed. Up to now the time is to-night, and the place Preston Park; but the local Race Secretary is endeavouring to get one or the other altered to prevent its clashing with our meeting. The poor, knocked-about Championship may be run here or again postponed.</p> <p>Whilst talking on racing matters I must mention that Harry Payne, of the West Roads C.C., who won the scratch five miles' here last month, was successful in winning the fifty miles' Championship of England in the record time of 1hr. 44mins. 15 4-5secs. on Saturday.</p> <p>Frank Crowley, who also rode here, was competing, but retired at twenty-seven miles, as did Olley; whilst even the Ex-Champion of the World, Cherry, pitched it in his thirty-eighth mile, so hot was the "bat" set by the leaders.</p> <p>Yet another Excelsior-ite, Mr. F. G. Bleach, has gone a-touring in Herts, and visited Bishop's Stortford. It is the third local man to go to the birthplace of Cecil Rhodes—not to mention the notorious Jane Cakebread!—this year.</p> <p>Mr. Bleach, like his predecessors, backs Herts and the surrounding counties against the rest of England as a touring ground. He says the roads he afterwards covered in Kent and East Sussex presented a painful contrast to the well-engineered highways he had just left.</p> <p>When cleaning the chain of your jigger, be care-</p>	<p>ful. Nearly half of us cyclists crush our fingers more or less at this job sooner or later. Mr. Ferrari is the latest victim. When at the Excelsior headquarters the other day, he showed me a bandaged hand, which he won't be able to use for about a month, as the result of getting his fingers between the chain and the chain wheel.</p> <p>The Club dinner is to come off in November. Excelsior-ites should commence training without delay. Perhaps a good number will, by way of a preliminary canter, attend the bread and cheese smoker next Wednesday. The venue selected is the always-acceptable Lamb at Angmering.</p> <p>Congratulations to "Joey" Rockall, the popular Hon. Secretary of the Tarring C.C., who is now running the race of life in double harness. His Club testified their appreciation of his services by presenting him with a tea service and a barometer upon his becoming a Benedict.</p> <p>West Tarring C.C. will run to Littlehampton next Wednesday.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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i As always, I am reproducing Richard Long’s text verbatim. At the time this was a compliment – “he works like a black” was a still commonplace praise when I was a kid.

ii This represents 28.774 m.p.h! Almost certainly a paced event.

iii Famous in the 19<sup>th</sup> century as “The drunkenest woman in the world”. Plenty of references on the Internet.

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p>ONCE more have the Excelsior C.C. been in luck as regards weather for their Race Meeting, the fixture last Wednesday being the twelfth in succession on which King Sol has graciously beamed. Truly, a grand record!</p> <p>The results have already been chronicled in another part of the GAZETTE, but the racing in the various events was so good that it deserves a passing comment, most of the finishes being extremely fine.</p> <p>Local followers of the sport are glad to see W. R. Paine riding in such grand form. I don't think I have seen him travel so well on our own track since '96. What a pity the season is over! "Bert" must commence training in earnest a good bit earlier next season.</p> <p>He showed to advantage in the scratch three miles, getting a good position by a neat bit of jockeying, and providing the excitement of the afternoon by his terrific dust-up with Sedgwick, who, strange to say, is more at home on our track than is the Worthing man. The Anerley-ite, however, only just succeeded in scoring his win this time.</p> <p>Chilton's luck was out last Wednesday, which is, I suppose, largely accounted for by his being unable to devote time to consistent training. That he is capable of good work is easily proved by his riding back in July, when he carried a very strong sprint, which he could put on after the most punishing race.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Shaw, Richardson, and Jackson are also three</p>	<p>Shaw, Richardson, and Jackson are also three good men, and I should like to see the Club promote more races for members now we have so many racing men in our ranks.</p> <p>W. R. Paine was at it again at Brighton on Thursday, when he won the much-postponed Five Miles' County Championship.</p> <p>The starters numbered five, namely, Paine, J. W. Mills, Offen, Ingenhelmer, and Charman. Mills led off with his high-gear, and our man got his position close behind, the pace being about twenty-four to the hour.</p> <p>After three miles Paine forged ahead for a few laps. Ingenhelmer challenged for the lead, but was stalled off. "Bert" commenced to hurry, and the last lap was a most thrilling struggle all the way, resulting in Paine winning by half a wheel from Offen; Mills being a close third. Time, 12min. 16secs.—only 35secs. outside track record for the distance with pace-making.</p> <p>Charman once more came a cropper, falling in the last lap. I suppose it is a habit with the unfortunate rider; he must hold the spill record for England by this time!</p> <p>"Jimmy" Mills now challenges Paine to a five miles' pursuit race, but owing to the lateness of the season and the extreme difficulty recently experienced in getting the use of the track I doubt whether a match could be arranged. Unpaired, it should be a good race; but if paired, I don't think the high-gear man would have a look-in.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">The West Tarring C.C. have arranged to hold</p>	<p>The West Tarring C.C. have arranged to hold their second Cycling Church Parade on Sunday afternoon next. The object is to assist that most deserving institution, the Infirmary, and all cyclists are invited to take part.</p> <p>Owing to the prolonged dry weather, the roads were, last Sunday, worse than awful, and the unhappy rider of racing tyres was in mortal dread of the puncture fiend. Chilton and Shaw sampled the road to Crawley, and were lucky in having only one puncture between the two of them. They found the surface in a fearfully loose condition, dust in places being inches deep.</p> <p>Doubtless the rain that has since fallen will effect a slight improvement, but it will need a week's hard rain to put things into apple-pie order. Then with proper autumn weather the local men will be busy on their "hundreds," about which they are already arranging.</p> <p>It is to be hoped things will be more favourable than they were last year, when most of the attempts were marred by punctures, either to the man's own tyres or his pacers'.</p> <p>Even now some decent rides are being put in by other Clubs. W. Rowe, of the Southern C.C., passed through Selvington a week or so back on a twelve hours' ride, in which he covered 170 miles, with twenty minutes to spare. This ride was done on the same course as our own Club use.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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DICK TURPIN

**Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.**  
**Source:** Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 3.10.1900 **P2C3** – 01

## CYCLING.

### DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE medal-riding season was opened early this week by W. R. Paine, who won a gold medal for the hundred-miles' spin, doing a ride which, taking all the "circa" into consideration, shows him to be as able a performer on the road as he is on the path.

Paine had determined to do the ride unpaced, and starting from the Railway Bridge at 6.30 he rode thirteen miles in the first half-hour, and reached Horsham in less than the hour.

Crawley was passed about twenty minutes later, and Woodhatch, the northern extremity of the course, was reached about 8.10. Here Paine checked and had a refresher, and then commenced to plod homewards against a very high wind, which had put in an appearance too late to help him towards Woodhatch.

Salvington was reached at 10.45, the plucky rider having been hindered by a puncture several minutes, and also by a draughting downpour, which obliged him to stop in shelter ten minutes.

After a rub down he set off for the Chichester end, where the difficulty of finding anyone to check him lost more time, further delay being caused by another puncture. However, "Bert" hove in sight at Broadwater at one o'clock, to the joy of a little crowd of Clubmen and friends, and after a rub down and a moistener he appeared none the worse for the ride.

Considering the conditions under which the ride was done, it is a performance which reflects the greatest credit upon Paine. In the first place he went unpaced, and proper pacing ought to be worth an hour over the course. Secondly, the wind which got up would have ruined the chances of many a good road rider. Also the delay caused by a couple of punctures, a heavy shower, seizures of cramp, etc., were powerful factors against a fast ride; and I have little doubt that properly paced and with decent luck he would—even on the hilly course used by our Club—beat the Southern Roads hundred miles' record.

Harry Shaw accompanied Paine a good bit of the way, and lent him his "jigger" to finish on after puncture No. 2.

Last Wednesday the Tarring C.C. held one of their combined festivities, which embrace run, tea, concert, and dance. Over thirty "Fighting" went to Littlehampton on this occasion and enjoyed themselves A. 1, keeping the fun going till eleven o'clock.

Unfortunately the weather was against them on

## THE WORTHING GAZETTE

Sunday, and the Cycle Church Parade was performance withheld—a great pity, more especially as the object was to aid the Infirmary.

The roads now are in fine fettle; indeed, I never remember the Crawley and Woodhatch district to have been quite so good before. Even the road to Horsham is in fair form. When out doing "spare machine" for Paine the other day I noticed quite half-a-dozen medal hunters taking advantage of the improved going.

One man seemed to be quite "comfy" behind a fast motor trike, and two others had each a pair of tandems to split the wind. This sort of thing made me feel sorry for "Bert," who was without any help, in spite of which he made me pretty busy to keep anywhere near him.

Some of the local men like to fly Warrington Bostal, but just now it's hardly worth it. I twigged a man in blue, with a watch, there last Sunday. He "bagged" the case, a middle-aged gentleman with sufficient brake-power to hold a cart in, had there been any danger.

Meanwhile the robbers of cash-boxes and other criminals manage to run at large. Is the cyclist—who, if he is the real article, can always control his machine at any speed he chooses to ride—worse than the house-breaker and thief?

Dick Palmer, the famous pro., has been staying in Worthing on a holiday. The one-time World's Champion is looking as well as ever, but does not intend to go in for racing seriously again, his time being fully occupied by his business. Beside which, he is of the opinion that the risk of spills which attends the race path is not for a man who has started housekeeping.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING,

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DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.

IT is hardly safe, I know, to allude to the weather, but I do hope the meteorological conditions will remain as they are at the time of writing for a week or two at least. We can then count on increasing our mileages, which are in most cases behind the average season's figures, owing to the mixed summer we endured this year.

The cycle thief has been active in the town lately, machines having been stolen from the Central Cycle Agency and the Southern Depot.

Chilton was "dogging the trail" one day last week, his investigations taking him well into Hampshire, but unfortunately they proved fruitless.

Worms still, he had about thirty-five miles of mud-plugging to do, being caught in a drenching downpour of rain. As "The Boss" was bespreading his mudguard-less road racer he was, of course, a study in mud long before he got home.

Nevertheless, on presenting his dripping, travel-stained self at the British Tea Table people's place at Chichester he was served and treated with every consideration. This is a fact worth bearing in mind, as many people look askance at a cyclist who happens to carry a good supply of specimen road materials on his person. The poor unfortunate has considerable difficulty in obtaining a meal, just at the very time he should, for his health's sake, be well fed.

At present the thief or thieves have not been run down, though it is to be hoped they will eventually be laid by the heels. For the safety of the public cycle thieves should be made an example of.

The Excelsior C.O. have also sustained a

The Excelsior C.O. have also sustained a bereavement. The popular Captain has gone to pasture now—that is to say, he has accepted an engagement at Haldstone.

It now behoves the Club to seriously consider the advisability of appointing runs on the present lines again. The only man who made any show at all with them of late years was "Billy" Young, who was, both prior to and during the term of his Captaincy, the most regular attendant at the weekly run.

The new ground laid out at Littlehampton this year has, I am glad to say, proved very speedy.

H. H. Griffin, the official Timer, issues some figures which were published in the *Littlehampton Gazette* on Friday, showing the times made there at the meeting on September 1st, which are, of course local track records. They are:

		Min.	Sec.
Flying Quarter,	Sedgwick	31	3-5
Standing "	Whitworth	41	2-5
" Half	Olley	1	20 2-5
" Three-quarters	W. R. Faine	2	10 3-5
" Mile	"	3	41 2-5
" 2 "	"	5	23 2-5
" 3 "	Sedgwick	8	2 3-5

Taking into account the state of the weather when the times were set up, they must be considered excellent for a grass track. Griffin suggests they are well worth registering, and that medals be offered to riders who clip the figures from year to year.

This is an excellent suggestion, as track record medals attract good men. Great care would be necessary to ensure that the track corresponded in size and shape as well as condition each year.

Medical scientists are continually unearthing maladies which are brought down upon the cyclist as the result of his particular form of exercise.

A good answer to these gentlemen was furnished not long back by T. G. King, of the North Beach C.C., who rode 163 miles in twelve hours unspaced. His brother, C. W., has also covered 163 miles in the same time, riding tandem with his own son.

Both the older men are over fifty years of age, and were on the cycle race path over twenty years ago. Truly, bicycle face, bicycle hands and feet, weak heart, damaged lungs, etc., cannot have been their lot in spite of long cycling careers! Of course they are men who ride judiciously and know the value of proper preparation, otherwise they would doubtless be evidence for the malady merchants.

Cycling has approached a number of the candidates in the General Election with a view of

OCTOBER TENTH, 1900.

ascertaining their intentions toward cyclists should they secure seats in the new Parliament.

Replies are published from one hundred and seventy-five would-be Legislators, practically all of whom are dead against the Cycle Tax, and are ardent supporters of railway reform and universal suffrage. On the question of the registration of cyclists opinions are more divided, but a hundred or more the fifty who support this.

Let us hope the promises will be redeemed when the time comes. It is certain that the candidate who-to-day must reckon with the cyclist vote and influence. The Sheffield Clubs worked hard for their men, and the cyclists were credited with costing the Radical candidates at Eccleall last week. In the North generally a Parliamentary election is a busy time for the wheelman.

DICK TURPIN.

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A good answer to these gentlemen was furnished not long back by T.G. King, of the North Road C.C., who rode 183 miles in twelve hours unpaced. His brother, C.W. also covered 193 miles in the same time, riding tandem with his own son.

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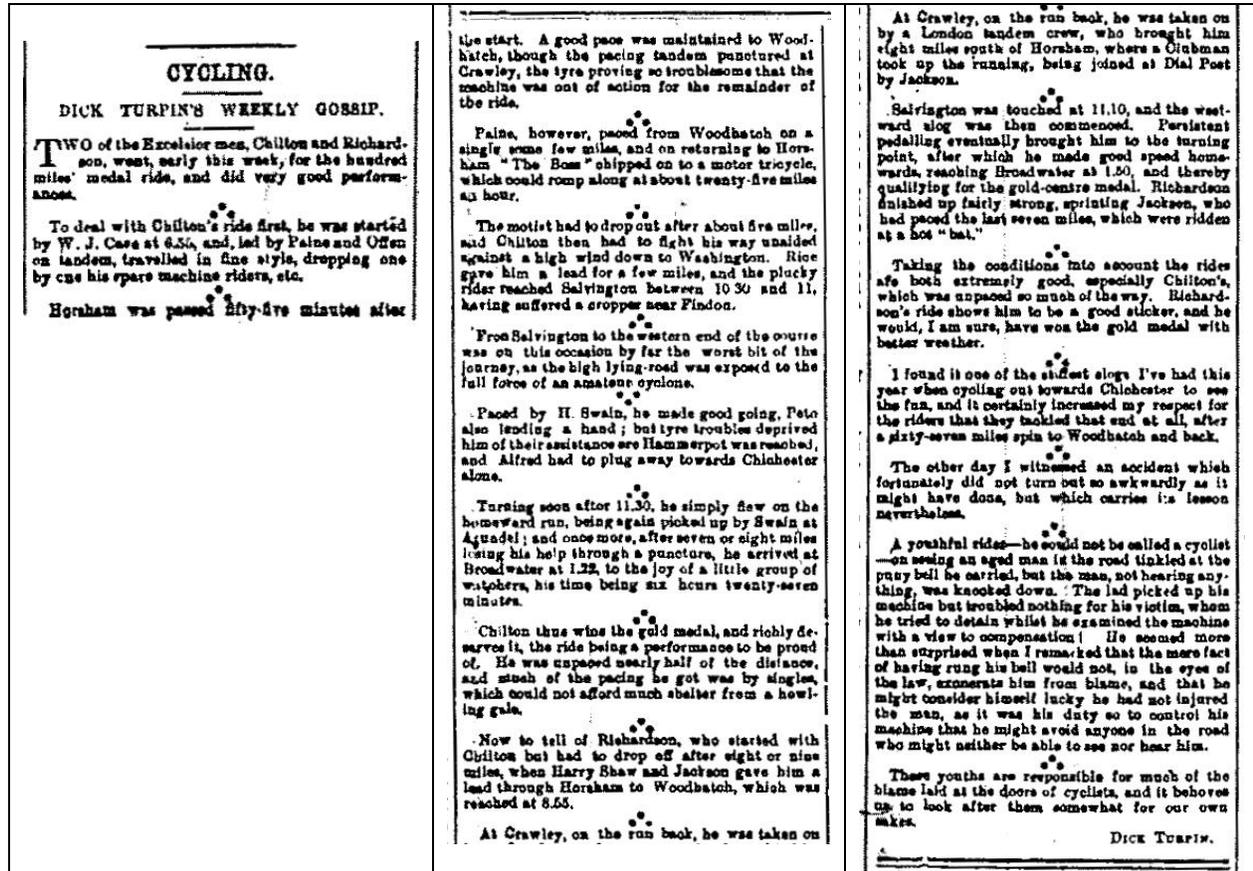
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DICK TURPIN



**CYCLING,**

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 DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.  
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**T**WO of the Excelsior men, Chilton and Richardson, went, early this week, for the hundred miles' medal ride, and did very good performances.

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To deal with Chilton's ride first, he was started by W.J. Case at 6.55, and led by Paine and Offen on tandem, travelled in fine style, dropping one by one his spare machine riders, etc.

\*\*\*

Horsham was passed fifty-five minutes after the start. A good pace was maintained to Woodhatch, the pacing tandem punctured at Crawley, the tyre proving so troublesome that the machine was out of action for the remainder of the ride.

\*\*\*

Paine, however, paced from Woodhatch on a

single some few miles, and on returning to Horsham "The Boss" chipped onto a motor tricycle, which could romp along at about twenty-five miles an hour.

\*\*\*

The motist had to drop out after about five miles, and Chilton then had to fight his way unaided against a high wind down to Washington. Rice gave him a lead for a few miles, and the plucky rider reached Salvington between 10 30 and 11, having suffered a cropper near Findon.

\*\*\*

From Salvington to the western end of the course was on this occasion by far the worst bit of the journey, as the high lying-road was exposed to the full force of an amateur cyclone.

\*\*\*

Paced by H. Swain, he made good going, Peto also lending a hand; but tyre troubles deprived him of their assistance ere Hammerpot was reached, and Alfred had to plug away towards Chichester alone.

\*\*\*

Turning soon after 11-30. he simply flew on the homeward run. being again picked up by Swain at Arundel: and once more, after seven or eight miles losing his help through a puncture, he arrived at Broadwater at 1.22, to the joy of a little group of watchers, his time being six hours twenty-seven minutes.

\*\*\*

Chilton thus wins the gold medal, and richly deserves it, the ride being a performance to be proud of. He was unpaced nearly half of the distance, and much of the pacing he got was by singles, which could not afford much shelter from a howl-gale.

\*\*\*

Now to tell of Richardson, who started with Chilton but had to drop off after eight or nine miles, when Harry Shaw and Jackson gave him a lead through Horsham to Woodhatch, which was reached at 8.55.

\*\*\*

At Crawley, on the run back, he was taken on by a Landon tandem crew, who brought him eight miles south of Horsham, where a Clubman took up the running, being joined at Dial Post by Jackson.

\*\*\*

Salvington was reached at 11.10, and the westward slog was then commenced. Persistent pedalling eventually brought him to the turning point, after which he made good speed homewards, reaching Broadwater at 1.50, and thereby qualifying for the gold-centre medal. Richardson finished up fairly strong, sprinting Jackson, who had paced the last seven miles, which were ridden at a hot "bat."

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Taking the conditions into account the rides are both extremely good, especially Chilton's which was unpaced so much of the way. Richardson's ride shows him to be a good sticker, and he would, I am sure, have won the gold medal with better weather.

\*\*\*

I found it one of the stiffest slogs I've had this year when cycling out towards Chichester to see the fun, and it certainly increased my respect for the riders that they tackled that end at all, after a sixty-seven miles spin to Woodhatch and back.

\*\*\*

The other day I witnessed an accident which fortunately did not turn out awkwardly as it might have done, but which carries its less nevertheless.

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A youthful rider, - he could not be called a cyclist - on seeing an aged man in the road tinkled at the puny bell he carried, but the man, not hearing anything, was knocked down. The lad picked up his machine but troubled nothing for his victim, whom he tried to detain whilst he examined the machine with a view to compensation! He seemed more than surprised when I remarked that the mere fact of having rung his bell would not, in the eyes of the law, exonerate him from blame, and that he might consider himself lucky he had not injured the man, as it was his duty so to control his machine that he might avoid anyone in the road who might nether be able to see nor hear him.

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These youths are responsible for much of the blame laid at the doors of cyclists, and it behoves us to look after them somewhat for our own sakes.

DICK TURPIN.

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</b></p> <p><b>A</b>NOTHER member of the Excelsior C.C. has this week emerged successfully from an encounter with Father Time, Harry Shaw being the man to gain the coveted hundred miles' gold medal on this occasion.</p> <p>Leaving the Railway Bridge at 7.17, he made good riding and passed through Horsham exactly an hour later, and, continuing in fine style, reached Woodhatch in the excellent time of 1 hour 51 min.</p> <p>After paying his respects to an egg beaten in lemonade he was off again, completing his first fifty miles in two and three-quarter hours, and reaching Salvington at 11.5, thereby making the best time yet done over that portion of the ride.</p> <p>Going out to the westward end, however, the plucky young rider was troubled somewhat with cramp, and had to take things a little steadier, but nevertheless he was checked there at 12.17, and after a refresher set off for home.</p> <p>A puncture necessitated an exchange of</p>	<p>A puncture necessitated an exchange of machines before reaching Arundel, but Harry kept up a decent "bat" and gaily sprinted into Broadwater at 1.31. His time for the hundred miles thus comes out at six hours and fourteen minutes, and is certainly a very creditable performance indeed, for the course used by the Excelsiors "aint all lavender," owing to the abundance of hills.</p> <p>Shaw was paced through the ride by W. R. Paine's tandem, Bert himself taking the responsible post of steersman, whilst "Your's truly" snugly reconed on the back seat—greatly enjoyed himself.</p> <p>Jackson did "spare a jigger" to Horsham, and, together with Richardson, Swain, and other Club-mates, accompanied Shaw over the last bit of the ride. Sam Clark cheered things up for him over the last few miles, and also took his pulse at the finish, being able to pronounce his condition absolutely satisfactory.</p> <p>The old veteran has been cycling thirty-four years now, and can tell in a minute what form a man is in; he can ply his own pedals to quick time, too!</p> <p>The Hon. Sec. of the Excelsior C.C. has passed on to me a collecting sheet for the fund being raised by the Bath Road C.C. for Teddy Hale, who, it will be remembered, recently completed a year of "daily centuries," Sundays excepted. His actual mileage was 32,496 for the twelve months, and it is thought that cyclists generally would be desirous of recognizing his prowess as a wheelman by helping to finance him.</p> <p>Naturally, the firms whose goods he used have already done this; in fact, I have good reason to believe Teddy received a four-figured amount;</p>	<p>but as he is starting in business it is thought to be a good opportunity to show him we all consider "he's a jolly good fellow." Any contributions sent to me I shall be pleased to forward to the fund.</p> <p>'Twixt the finish up of the racing season and the commencement of the Stanley and National Shows the Cycling Press is sometimes at a loss for a subject.</p> <p>Neither the sea-serpent nor the big gooseberry can be trotted out, so the question as to the inventor of the safety bicycle with rear-driving frequently has to do justice. Fierce and prolonged discussion has raged during the past few weeks, but the claim of H. G. Lawson is the only one which is substantiated by documentary evidence, such as patent specifications and receipts for materials used in making the cycles, up to the present.</p> <p>In any case, I fail to see what we as cyclists owe the opposition inventors, even if they did precede the Lawsonian machine, as their ideas were never known to the outside world. It is practically admitted that Lawson's idea was not borrowed from others, and that the safety as we now have it was developed from his early models alone.</p> <p>An interesting feature is that the back wheel of the first rear-driven safety brought out by Lawson now surmounts Mr. Biggs' workshop in our own town. The wheel and the whole machine, besides many other trial models, were made by Mr. Biggs, who then worked with Lawson, and whose ideas were largely used in the designs of the early "iron horses."</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p>TWO or three days ago I joined "Father O'Flynn" and three other Excelsiorites in a gentle paddle round in search of camera subjects.</p> <p>"O'Flynn," like many another wheelman, is a keen follower of the black art, and as our wanderings took us across country, 'twixt Hammerpot Hill and Warningcamp, he found several "bits" to be snapped on the first suitable day. The country is looking very nice now, and the roads we found in excellent trim; in fact, if the weather would be more reliable we should now have the best riding of the whole year.</p> <p>Coming home we met Jones, of Littlehampton, well known to most of us, who was out with a</p>	<p>chum on a new tandem. The speedy Hon. Sec. evidently means to keep fit through the winter, and should be pretty fast next year, as Littlehampton men now have a good grass track on which to train.</p> <p>About three miles from home we came across an unfortunate chap carrying the remains of a cheap machine. He had run the chain off and mangled it up, bent and twisted the frame, lost one pedal, and partially wrenched the back wheel out of the frame—that's all!</p> <p>After pulling things straight and plying a spanner for a quarter of an hour, "Father O'Flynn" made it look so much like a machine that it could be wheeled instead of carried; but whether it will ever be ridden again is exceedingly doubtful.</p> <p>It is mistaken economy to buy a cheap machine. The conglomeration of rubbish in question had probably cost, during its two or three years of existence, quite as much for repairs as would have purchased a decent machine; and it cannot have afforded a quarter of the enjoyment derived from being aboard a respectable bicycle.</p> <p>The well-known cyclist, F. T. Bidlake, tells of a scavenger whom he knew to have saved up until he had sufficient cash to buy an eighteen-guinea high-grade machine, and never begrudged the months of waiting so long as he rode one of the best.</p> <p>Last Wednesday the Sussex Centre of the N.C.U. met at Hastings, but the agenda contained very little of interest to the average rider, and, with the exception of two or three Brighton and Lewes men, the only delegates present were from Hastings and St. Leonards.</p> <p>A Championship medal, won by Dubbin in '97, has been worrying the Centre lately, it being asserted that the medal, which should be of gold, is a silver one.</p> <p>The Assay Office, however, finds it to be of</p>	<p>The Assay Office, however, finds it to be of thirteen-carat gold, the alloy being silver, which gives it the light colour. W. R. Paine has one or two similar medals, to which, I believe, the same explanation applies, though since the Worthing Excelsior C.C. set the example, the champions are awarded a medal of fifteen-carat gold, instead of nine-carat as before.</p> <p>The local Rifle Club is still further increasing its sphere of usefulness by forming a section for cyclist scouts. It is intended to teach the members the work of scouting generally, also signalling and cross-country cycling, in addition to making them efficient in the use of the rifle. The faster wheelmen are also to be trained for dispatch riding.</p> <p>The movement seems to me to open the way for the cyclist to make himself of the utmost use to his country in time of need. I think we may venture to flatter ourselves we are up to the average standard of physical and mental ability, and though we should not at once blossom out into cycling Baden-Powells, yet, properly trained, a body of cycling scouts would be a useful addition to any force of men in time of war.</p> <p>The time of "socials" and jollifications generally is setting in now. I see the Brighton Mitre Club and the Steyning C.C. have already commenced their winter programme.</p> <p>Captain Peto, of Tarring, tells me he expects his Club to again run a series of parties, on the lines which proved so successful last year, the first one coming off sometime next month. Verily, the "Figleaves" know how to enjoy themselves in winter as well as in the sunshining part of the year!</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.		
<p>WITH the roads in their present condition the wise cyclist who trots out his mud guards has the laugh of his brother wheelman not similarly provided. I observe that "Lancelot," of <i>Bicycling News</i>, has been making a series of exhaustive experiments, which show the hindrance caused by windage on mud guards to be practically nothing whatever when travelling at ten or twelve miles an hour.</p> <p>The resistance is, however, far from being a negligible quantity when the pace reaches the neighbourhood of eighteen miles in the same time, but as this "bat" is not a customary one in the winter months, I think the most veritable of "scorchers" can raise no objection to light guards in the mud-plugging season; they certainly increase the comfort of a ride.</p> <p>When out the other day I passed five motor vehicles of various types in less than that number of miles, and what struck me was the comfortable and cosy appearance of the riders, despite the drizzling rain which was coming down, and which made it somewhat mucky on a safety. Even the motor tricyclists looked quite happy and totally unconscious of the evil weather.</p> <p>Speaking of motors reminds me that Mr. E. B. Blaker, one of the oldest riders in the town, is now to be seen scudding about on a fast-looking motor trike—the favourite thing with a lot of the speed cyclists who have gone over to petrol.</p> <p>An acquaintance of mine was out with a friend the other day, and they left their machines unattended at West Grinstead for an hour or so. On coming back for them one of the tyres was found to have been perforated all over by some mischievous individual, and so much damage done that after a whole afternoon's patching it was necessary to use "shank's pony" to get home. Next time Boniface will have to lock their jiggers up for them.</p> <p>Habitues of Sussex race meetings will most likely miss the familiar figure of "High-gear Mills" next year, as he sailed a day or two back for Australia, the scene of his former cycling exploits.</p> <p>The result of the plebiscite taken by <i>Cycling</i> to</p>	<p>The result of the plebiscite taken by <i>Cycling</i> to ascertain the views of riders as to the improvements necessary to constitute "the perfect bicycle" is interesting reading, suggestions and opinions having been elicited from nearly 5,000 riders.</p> <p>The winner seems to have dealt very trenchantly with the subject. Amongst his score of ideas I like the standardisation of fittings, ideal saddle, and variable speed gear most of all, after, of course, the perfect tyre, which is undoubtedly the weakest point in the anatomy of the bicycle.</p> <p>Perhaps the lucky winner may find a few of his ideas already carried out in the machine he has won by expressing them.</p> <p>This being my final Weekly Gossip during the current year, I may perhaps be allowed to glance back over the past season.</p> <p>So far as the sport is concerned, the experience of the Excelsior C.C. coincides with that of other sport-promoting bodies in proving that cycle racing cannot be made to yield a financial success.</p> <p>Only a day or two back the Sports Committee were overhauling their accounts, and they find that both the big meetings this year have been run at a loss, in spite of the fact that they were, from a sporting aspect, splendid successes. The fact that the list of competitors includes the leading amateurs of the day does not insure a balance to the good, even on a fine day, as things have been of late.</p> <p>Regarding the Club life and the pastime of cycling, it is possible to speak in more favourable terms.</p> <p>Club runs have been heavily attended by the members of the Tarring Club, which gives its</p>	<p>whole attention to this side of cycling; and owing to the strenuous efforts of Captain Young, even the Excelsior C.C. has made some show this year, notably at the annual strawberry feed.</p> <p>Greater interest is being taken every year in touring per cycle. Several local cyclists have taken a holiday a wheel this summer, and a more enjoyable holiday is, I am sure, hard to find. Even a week will enable a cyclist to see more of the country in which he lives than he would see without the aid of a cycle in treble the time.</p> <p>In conclusion, let me express the hope that my readers will not store their machines away through the winter months, after the manner of the "butterfly rider." The country roads are never absolutely impassable, and the generous County Council charge nothing for the mud we take off the roads.</p> <p>Did they do so, they would have a big account with</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>

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