

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>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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