

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.  
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 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

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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.