

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

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

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</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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