

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 "circus" 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 unposed, 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 refreshment, 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 dreading 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 Chalmers 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 unposed, 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, masses 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 "Fifileers" went to Littlehampton on this occasion and enjoyed themselves A 1, keeping the fun going till eleven o'clock.

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THE WORTHING GAZETTE

Sunday, and the Cycle Church Parade was performed without 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 machines" 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 tandem 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 Washington 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 housebreaker 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. Besides 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.

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