



CYCLING,

DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.

TWO of the Excelsior men, Chilton and Richardson, went, early this week, for the hundred miles' medal ride, and did very good performances.

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."

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.

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.

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.