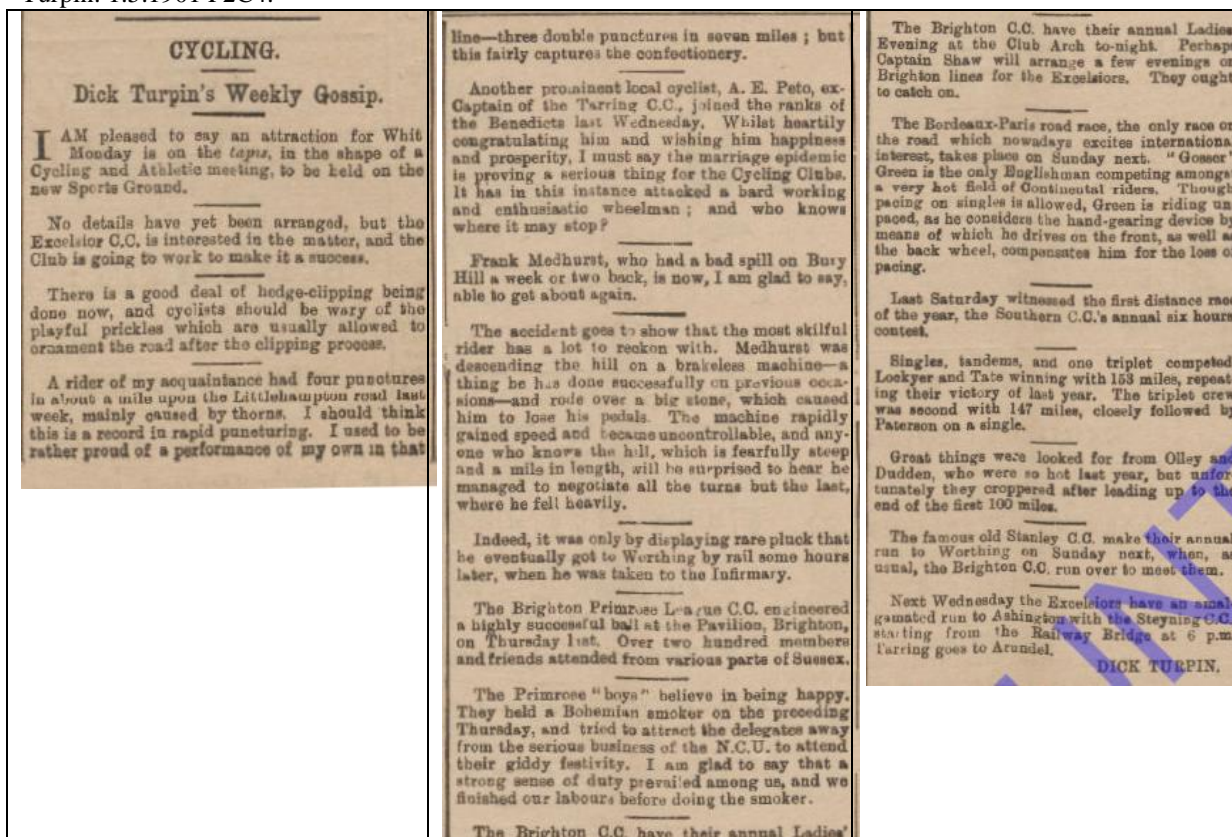


**Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.**  
**Source:** Worthing Gazette archive,  
 Worthing Local Studies Library.  
 Turpin: 1.5.1901 P2C4.



**CYCLING**

**Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.**

I AM pleased to say an attraction for Whit Monday is on the *tapis*, in the shape of a Cycling and Athletic meeting, to be held on the new Sports Ground.

No details have yet been arranged, but the Excelsior C.C. is interested in the matter, and the Club is going to work to make it a success.

There is a good deal of hedge-clipping being done now, and cyclists should be wary of the playful prickles which are usually allowed to ornament the road after the clipping process.

A rider of my acquaintance had four punctures in about a mile upon the Littlehampton road last week, mainly caused by thorns. I should think this is a record in rapid puncturing. I used to be rather proud of a performance of my own in that line—three double punctures in seven miles; but this fairly captures the confectionery.<sup>1</sup>

Another prominent local cyclist, A.E. Peto, ex-Captain of the Tarring C.C., joined the ranks of the Benedicts last Wednesday. Whilst heartily congratulating him and wishing him happiness and prosperity, I must say the marriage epidemic is proving a serious thing for the Cycling Clubs. It has in this instance attacked a hard working and enthusiastic wheelman; and who knows where it may stop?

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Frank Medhurst, who had a bad spill on Bury Hill a week or two back, is now, I am glad to say, able to get about again.

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The accident goes to show that the most skilful rider has a lot to reckon with. Medhurst was descending the hill on a brakeless machine - a thing he has done successfully on previous occasions - and rode over a big stone, which caused him to lose his pedals. The machine rapidly gained speed and became uncontrollable, and anyone who knows the hill, which is fearfully steep and a mile in length, will be surprised to hear he managed to negotiate all the turns<sup>ii</sup> but the last, where he fell heavily.

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Indeed, it was only by displaying rare pluck that he eventually got to Worthing by rail some hours later, when he was taken to the Infirmary.

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The Brighton Primrose League C.C. engineered a highly successful ball at the Pavilion, Brighton, on Thursday last. Over two hundred members and friends attended from various parts of Sussex.

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The Primrose "boys" believe in being happy. They held a Bohemian smoker on the preceding Thursday, and tried to attract the delegates away from the serious business of the N.C.U. to attend their giddy festivity. I am glad to say that a strong sense of duty prevailed among us, and we finished our labours before doing the smoker.

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The Brighton C.C. have their annual Ladies' Evening at the Club Arch to-night. Perhaps Captain Shaw will arrange a few evenings on Brighton lines for the Excelsiors. They ought to catch on.

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The Bordeaux-Paris road race, the only race on the road which nowadays excites international interest, takes place on Sunday next. "Gosser" Green is the only Englishman competing amongst a very hot field of Continental riders. Though pacing on singles is allowed, Green is riding un-paced, as he considers the hand-gearing device by means of which he drives on the front, as well as the back wheel, compensates him for the loss of pacing.

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Last Saturday witnessed the first distance race of the year, the Southern C.C.'s annual six hours' contest.

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Singles, tandems, and one triplet competed, Lockyer and Tate winning with 153 miles, repeating their victory of last year. The triplet crew was second with 147 miles, closely followed by Paterson on a single.

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Great things were looked for from Olley and Dudden, who were so hot last year, but unfortunately they croppered after leading up to the end of the first 100 miles.

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The famous old Stanley C.C. make their annual run to Worthing on Sunday next, when, as usual, the Brighton C.C. run over to meet them.

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Next Wednesday the Excelsiors have an amalgamated run to Ashington with the Steyning C.C., starting from the Railway Bridge at 6 p.m. Tarring goes to Arundel.

DICK TURPIN

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<sup>i</sup> i.e. "Takes the biscuit."

<sup>ii</sup> Bury Hill was straightened considerably in the 1950s, so Frank's "turns" are no longer there.