

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.  
 Source: Worthing Gazette copies at  
 Worthing Local Studies Library.  
 Turpin - 22.5.1901 P2C4.

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p><b>T</b>RAINING operations are commencing on the new Sports Ground in view of the Whit Monday meeting, several of the Excelsiors putting in time on the track in the early morning, or after business hours.</p> <p>A few days ago I potted up to the Ground and found, amongst others, a youthful aspirant to speed honours, who was moving well on a machine with nine-inch cranks and a 120 gear - quite another J. W. Mills, in fact.</p> <p>He gave me a very hot time of it at hanging on, whilst he looked to me most annoyingly comfortable. I must be getting old!</p> <p>The Excelsior C.C. brought off their opening run last Wednesday, eight of them turning out, Captain Shaw in command. One rider sustained a puncture on the outward journey to Arundel, where the party took some boats, and spent a jolly time on the river.</p> <p>The main feature of the homeward run was the trouble occasioned by various lamps continually going out. Why will Clubmen bring troublesome lamps, which delay the whole Club?</p> <p>The cycling section of the local Volunteer Company promises to develop into a smart and serviceable body of men.</p> <p>A dozen of them, under Captain Woodbridge, turned out last Thursday evening for cycling drill. They rode <i>via</i> Crocodile Hill on to the Downs, where they went through some interesting work, with a view to fitting them for scouting and skirmishing, for which branch of warfare the cycle seems to be eminently adapted.</p> <p>The other day I went, in company with a few other Excelsiors, about fifteen miles down the Chichester road, and we found it already getting loose for want of rain.</p> <p>We were piloted by "Alf." Chilton, one of the most popular men in the Club, and among cyclists generally. He was coaching the more industrious of us in the art of fast work up-hill. "Alf." is an old 'un at the game, and things were very warm for the rest of us.</p> <p>The amalgamated meet of Sussex Clubs at</p>	<p>Steyning on Saturday last was a complete success. Favoured by glorious weather, a large crowd of wheelmen and wheelwomen gathered themselves together at the ancient town.</p> <p>The muster at the tea table exceeded a hundred and forty, whilst later in the evening a couple of hundred were there. The concert and dance went so well that things were kept up till eleven o'clock without any slackness whatever, and few were ready to leave the gay festivities even then.</p> <p>There seems every indication that success would follow a series of these amalgamated meets, instead of the Clubs being satisfied with only one in the season.</p> <p>A bicycle figured prominently in a peculiar case related at the Southwark Police Court last Saturday.</p> <p>Its owner, a Mr. Bannister, of Wadhurst, in Sussex, left home in the usual way with his machine about a fortnight ago, and has not since been heard of. It is feared his mental powers are weakened through influenza, and his relatives find it practically impossible to trace him. Probably no other means of travelling baffles the detective to the extent that a bicycle does.</p> <p>Mr. Bannister rode a Raleigh, and is described as a military-looking man, fair hair and moustache, light grey eyes, middle age, wearing a brown riding suit and gaiters.</p> <p>Being a Sussex man, perhaps a local wheelman might "spot" him during his travels.</p> <p>In these degenerate days, when the term</p>	<p>In these degenerate days, when the term "Club run" means a dawdle with the ladies to the nearest Tea Gardens, and when the hardy road-rider as a class has well-nigh died out, it is quite refreshing to read of a road race on the old lines.</p> <p>The famous Northern Club, the Black Anfielders, ran one such last week. It was their unpaced fifty mile handicap, which went to E. L. Knipe in 2hr. 36min. - the fastest time in the race; eleven others, out of a field of sixteen, getting home in less than three hours. A heavy wind was in evidence, which makes the performance very creditable for unpaced work.</p> <p>The North Road C.C. brought off a similar race last week. The fifteen who finished in this event were inside three hours, the fastest time being Cobley's, who was second in 2hrs. 27min.; L. E. Jones winning with 7min. start in 2hr. 32min.</p> <p>There is no doubt the decay of the harmless but illegal sport of road racing has done much to wreck a very large number of Clubs. The Excelsior C.C. possessed ten times the vitality it now has in the days of the President's Cup races and other road events.</p> <p>Next week's fixtures are: Excelsior C.C. Steyning, going <i>via</i> Shoreham; West Tarring C.C. Brighton.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
--	---	--

**CYCLING**

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

**T**RAINING operations are commencing on the new Sports Ground in view of the Whit Monday meeting, several of the Excelsiors putting in time on the track in the early morning, or after business hours.

A few days ago I potted up to the Ground and found, amongst others, a youthful aspirant to speed honours, who was moving well on a machine with nine-inch cranks and a 120 gear - quite another J. W. Mills, in fact.

He gave me a very hot time of it at hanging on, whilst he looked to me most annoyingly comfortable. I must be getting old!

The Excelsior C.C. brought off their opening run last Wednesday, eight of them turning out, Captain Shaw in command. One rider sustained

a puncture on the outward journey to Arundel, where the party took some boats, and spent a jolly time on the river.

-----

The main feature of the homeward run was the trouble occasioned by various lamps continually going out. Why will Clubmen bring troublesome lamps, which delay the whole Club?

-----

The cycling section of the local Volunteer Company promises to develop<sup>i</sup> into a smart and serviceable body of men.

-----

A dozen of them, under Captain Woodbridge, turned out last Thursday evening for cycling drill. They rode *via* Crocodile Hill on to the Downs, where they went through some interesting work, with a view to fitting them for scouting and skirmishing, for which branch of warfare the cycle seems to be eminently adapted.

-----

The other day I went, in company with a few other Excelsiors, about fifteen miles down the Chichester road, and we found it already getting loose for want of rain.

-----

We were piloted by "Alf." Chilton, one of the most popular men in the Club, and among cyclists generally. He was coaching the more industrious of us in the art of fast work up-hill. "Alf." is an old 'un at the game, and things were very warm for the rest of us.

-----

The amalgamated meet of Sussex Clubs at Steyning on Saturday last was a complete success. Favoured by glorious weather, a large crowd of wheelmen and wheelwomen gathered themselves together at the ancient town.

-----

The muster at the tea table exceeded a hundred and forty, whilst later in the evening a couple of hundred were there. The concert and dance went so well that things were kept up till eleven o'clock without any slackness whatever, and few were ready to leave the gay festivities even then.

-----

There seems every indication that success would follow a series of these amalgamated meets, instead of the Clubs being satisfied with only one in the season.

-----

A bicycle figured prominently in a peculiar case related at the Southwark Police Court last Saturday.

-----

Its owner, a Mr. Bannister, of Wadhurst, in Sussex, left home in the usual way with his machine about a fortnight ago, and has not since been heard of. It is feared his mental powers are weakened through influenza, and his relatives

find it practically impossible to trace him. Probably no other means of travelling baffles the detective to the extent that a bicycle does.

-----

Mr. Bannister rode a Raleigh, and is described as a military-looking man, fair hair and moustache, light grey eyes, middle age, wearing a brown riding suit and gaiters.

-----

Being a Sussex man, perhaps a local wheelman might "spot" him during his travels.

-----

In these degenerate days, when the term "Club run" means a dawdle with the ladies to the nearest Tea Gardens, and when the hardy road-rider as a class has well-nigh died out, it is quite refreshing to read of a road race on the old lines.

-----

The famous Northern Club, the Black Anfielders, ran one such last week. It was their unpaced fifty miles handicap, which went to R. L. Knipe in 2hr. 36min. - the fastest time in the race; eleven others, out of a field of sixteen, getting home in less than three hours. A heavy wind was in evidence, which makes the performances very creditable for unpaced work.

-----

The North Road C.C. brought off a similar race last week. The fifteen who finished in this event were inside three hours, the fastest time being Cobby's, who was second in 2hrs. 27min.; L.E. Jones winning with 7min. start in 2hr. 32min.

-----

There is no doubt the decay of the harmless but illegal sport of road racing has done much to wreck a very large number of Clubs. The Excelsior C.C. possessed ten times the vitality it now has in the days of the President's Cup races and other road events.

-----

Next week's fixtures are: Excelsior C.C., Steyning, going via Shoreham; West Tarring C.C., Brighton.

DICK TURPIN

---

<sup>1</sup> As spelled.