

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

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<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>ON Saturday W. R. Paine and E. B. Blaker returned from their week's holiday in the Channel Islands, having had a most enjoyable time.</p> <p>They experienced a somewhat rough passage out to the Isles, which was, however, soon forgotten amidst the fun and gaiety which followed, for there was quite a crowd of racing men and friends, all bent on enjoyment.</p> <p>W. R. Paine received very scanty handicap allowances at both the Jersey and Guernsey meetings. On Tuesday, at the former, he won his heat in the quarter by several lengths, from the nine yards mark; he also won his heat in the scratch half-mile, but just failed to get placed in the finale.</p> <p>At the Guernsey meeting on Thursday he was very successful. He romped home first in the half-mile open handicap from the twenty-five yards mark in 1 min. 2 1-5 secs.</p> <p>Then came the race of the day, the five miles' open scratch for the Guernsey Silver Challenge Cup. This event had attracted some of England's finest men, including Allen, of Bristol, and Youster, of Birmingham, both of whom rode for England against the Poly C.C.</p> <p>The latter had an awkward fall through colliding with "Bert." A fine struggle resulted in a win for Kingsbury, of Portsmouth; with "Bert" a good second in 13 min. 8 2-5 secs. Our man also won the lap prize in this contest, so his performance is the more meritorious, especially in view of the fact that he was meeting such class as Allen and Youster, besides Kingsbury and Sedgwick, and several other "hot" men.</p> <p>E. B. Blaker's fast motor tricycle was a great attraction. At the Guernsey meeting he set up motor record for five miles for his type of machine, covering the distance in 10 min. 38 1-5 sec., which is faster than his Preston Park record. For this he received a splendid case of silver salts, so that four prizes came to Worthing as a result of the visit of our men to the Channel Islands.</p> <p>A day or two back some members of the Excelsior C.C. set out on a twelve hours' ride for the Club medal. Starting from the Railway Bridge at 6.18 a.m., Messrs. Shaw, Bleach, and Durant passed through Horsham sixty-seven minutes</p>	<p>later, and reached Woodhatch—the northern extremity of the course—at 8.20, having partially paced themselves and partly received aid from Standing, of the Tarring C.C.</p> <p>Here they were joined by another Club-man, who had punctured soon after the start; Peto having given him a lead as far as Horsham.</p> <p>Starting the work of pacing, they got back to Horsham, Bleach retiring after riding very well considering his untrained condition and his high gear. From Horsham the remaining trio were paced by Biann, Peto, and Stevenson, reaching Salvington about four and a half hours after the start, after a sixty-seven miles grind over wet and sticky roads.</p> <p>At Salvington tea and eggs were partaken of, and Durant set off for the western end, paced by Brown and S. Clark; the two others following behind a tandem manned by Bates and White, of Littlehampton.</p> <p>Chichester was reached in another hour, where Sid Jones and Clayton, with another tandem, took up the pacing, "Sam" still leading with Durant, who reached Fareham at 1.40, followed a minute later by the other couple. Here another halt was made for light refreshments, after which the party set off for home, having to face a stiff wind all the way.</p> <p>With the veteran "Sam" still pacing, Durant reached Salvington at 5.15, but finding he had hardly time to do the extra twenty miles for the gold centre medal he had tea at Salvington, after which he rode into Broadwater and finished.</p> <p>Shaw and the other rider were not so fortunate; they covered the bit from Fareham to Chichester in good time, after which luck changed.</p> <p>Exactly half an hour was spent in repairing a tyre at Chichester, and a slow leak in another tyre involved five dismounts to blow it up, with the result that the pair finished with eighteen minutes to spare, having, like their companion, gained a silver medal by riding a hundred and forty miles in twelve hours.</p> <p>Great credit is due to those who acted as pace-makers; they all worked wonderfully well. Pacing at any time is a thankless task, and on this particular occasion there were disadvantages in the way of mud and wind to contend with, which made matters worse.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>	
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