

Turpin - 2.10.1901- P2C3 - 01

## CYCLING.

### Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

**W**E rightly speak of the "ubiquitous bike!" Everyone cycles, from the King downwards, and the cycle seems to be used as an aid to the following of many occupations.

Only this week I saw an energetic little chap towing a tremendous builder's handcart behind his bike. I noticed a street-lamp extinguisher, too, who was silently cycling round in the small hours, leaving a train of darkness behind him. His cycle not only saved his own time, but the Company's gas.

Local speed men have been busy on the road this last week, three more medals having been won.

On Thursday morning, at 6.32, "Sam" Clark and T. Durant left the usual starting point, and, paced by Pejo—Durant chipping in occasionally to keep up speed—reached Horsham at 8.5, having been delayed twenty-two minutes through a puncture in an awkward tyre.

From Horsham Durant paced "Sam," and they reached Woodhatch in fifty minutes; stopped ten minutes for some tea, and set off for home.

With Durant still pacing they again touched Horsham just before ten o'clock, and Salvington was reached about eleven; the sixty-seven miles having occupied four and a half hours, which is very good considering the time wasted through the puncture, and also that most of the pacing was done by Durant.

At 11.10 they set off again. Sam—paced by W. R. Paine, who had met him on the Findon road—reached the Chichester end of the hundred-mile's course in a little over the hour, and then made for Broadwater, finishing the "hundred" in six hours and fifty-one minutes, and thereby winning a gold-centre medal.

In the meantime Durant—who had decided ere

reaching Woodhatch to go on for the twelve hours—had continued westward, and was travelling very well, although he was unpaced.

He touched Chichester at 12.25, spent twenty-five minutes on a modest meal, and went on to Fareham, where he checked, and, after another short stop, made for Bams.

Slipping away quite alone, he passed through Chichester at 3.20, and got to Salvington at 4.10.

Here W. R. Paine was waiting for him, and, punctured at the critical time. This lengthened the wait at Salvington to twenty minutes, after which they set off up to Ashington and back to Broadwater, where he was timed in at six o'clock.

He therefore won a gold-centre medal, covering a hundred and sixty miles with over half an hour to spare, despite the delay caused by Sam's puncture in the morning, and the very important fact that he was "on his own" for almost the entire distance.

Both Sam's ride and Durant's are distinctly good performances. Sam was heavily handicapped through having to ride a strange machine for half the "hundred" as his tyre went wrong a second time.

Following these performances, a day or two later W. R. Paine went for his hundred miles' ride.

Starting from the Railway Bridge at 6.30, he took the Chichester bit first, and made wonderfully good time. Although unpaced a lot of the way he covered the hilly stretch at a twenty-mile pace, and turned for Salvington at 7.25. Often had come out to pace him over this road, but a couple of punctures put him out of action.

Jackson and Shaw led him a part of the way back, but a puncture lost him ten minutes; so that, with the delay consequent upon being nearly unpaced, he reached Salvington at 8.34, being nineteen minutes outside his schedule.

Here Blaker took up the pace-making, and tremendous speed was made. Travelling at over twenty miles an hour, he regained five minutes of his lost time on the Horsham road, and another five on the journey through Osney to Woodhatch, covering this thirty-three miles in 1 hour 36 min.

After checking, he set off for the return journey, Blaker pacing at a rare bat.

All went well through Crawley and Horsham.

All went well through Crawley and Horsham, but Blaker dropped out at Knepp Castle, and here Bert was met by Durant and Clark, who paced him by turns as far as the Bostal.

Meantime Bert had punctured again, and had dismantled three or four times to inflate the punctured tyre.

Changing on to Sam's machine at the Bostal he was paced by Jackson to Broadwater, where he arrived at 12.12, looking none the worse for his ride.

His time for the full distance is 5 hours 42 minutes, which is wonderful riding for so trying a course, apart from the fact that he had so many hindrances. Needless to say, his time is far ahead of anything done by his Club-mates over the course, being no less than twenty-one minutes quicker than the previous best.

Last Wednesday a dozen of the "Figleaves" attended their closing Club run for the season.

Washington was the venue. Here refreshments, etc., occupied a little time, after which a moonlight stroll to Chanctonbury Ring was greatly enjoyed by all.

At 9.30 they set off for home, their able and

popular Captain—Miss Brice—being in command.

Miss Brice deserves most hearty congratulations upon the excellent way she has discharged the duties of Commanding Officer this year. A word of praise is also due to Scribe Carter, who wields the Club pen. His duties are far from being light.

In speaking of an excursion into Kent a fortnight ago I misspelt the name "Wrotham," inadvertently putting it "Rootham," as pronounced. A Kentish man pulls me up, and I hasten to correct the error. At the same time, it is gratifying to find my weekly gossip read by those outside the active local cycling circle.

A few days back, whilst accompanying a London rider, who was on a twelve hours' ride, he considerably surprised me by addressing me as

DICK TURPIN!  
[Such is cycling fame, Mr. Turpin! — Editor,  
GAZETTE.]

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