

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.  
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<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</b></p> <p><b>D</b>ESPITE the uncertainty of the weather, cycling still continues to find many followers even so late in the season.</p> <p>The roads seem to keep in fairly good order, not only in this part of the country but everywhere. Smith, whom I left last week in Oxford, tells me he found them very good on his run through Banbury and Warwick to Birmingham, and that he had a most enjoyable spin.</p> <p>Across Bucks and Herts I had nothing to complain of, except a patch of mud here and there. My journey home was rendered somewhat eventful through a spill in London caused by tramlines, and a thorough soaking on the Horsham-Worthing road. These, however, are details.</p> <p>Last Wednesday the ever-youthful Sam Clark once again essayed the task of riding the hundred-miles course in six hours and a half.</p> <p>Starting at eleven o'clock, he was paced by Stevenson, who, however, had to retire after two or three miles, through being out of his usually reliable form. Sam therefore went on alone, checking at the Chichester end at 12.10.</p> <p>The extra time occupied on the stretch was due</p>	<p>to the fact that the old veteran had to force his way unpaced against a stiff wind, over roads which were in a very muddy state.</p> <p>Sam, however, got some of his time back on the return journey, which he did in 56 minutes; Stevenson and Marriott pacing him from Arundel to Offington Corner. Here W. R. Paine and H. Shaw were waiting with a tandem, and, after about five minutes' breathing time, Sam set off for the northern end at a warm pace.</p> <p>Horsham was reached in an hour. Two or three minutes' rest, and the journey to Woodhatch was resumed, only to be broken at Crawley by a level-crossing wait, and a delay further on through road-mending operations. This brought the time to four hours and twenty minutes for the 66 miles which had been covered when Sam turned at Woodhatch.</p> <p>Nothing daunted by his run of hard luck, Sam's untiring energy and buoyant spirits were strongly in evidence. Dashing off ahead of his pacers he gaily tackled the road-menders' work, riding over roads in all stages of manufacture, from loose one and a half-inch road-fints newly shot down, to the slimy mess left as the final result of the steam roller's operations.</p> <p>However, the heavier going pacing machine came up after a bit, and brought him along at a good bat, passing through Horsham at 4.30, and finishing at Broadwater at 5.42, making the total time six hours and forty-two minutes.</p> <p>Beside having heavy roads the traffic in Horsham delayed matters somewhat, and Sam's performance proves him to be capable of doing a gold-medal ride with fairly good luck.</p> <p>A lot of trouble could be saved by taking the road lying north of West-street, Horsham; it runs parallel, and is devoid of traffic.</p> <p>A day or two after Sam's creditable ride Offen and Shaw attempted the hundred.</p> <p>Shaw, having already won a gold medal for</p>	<p>riding the distance in six hours fourteen minutes, had to complete the course in six hours to qualify for a second medal—a by no means easy task.</p> <p>Starting together at 7.30, they were paced by W. E. Paine's tandem, and made good travelling, despite a heavy, cold fog, which added considerably to Bert's responsible post of steersman, beside making everything uncomfortably cold and wet for all except "Yours truly," who was snugly ensconced on the back tandem seat.</p> <p>A mile or two beyond Horsham Shaw punctured, and Offen went on alone to Woodhatch, where the others joined him at 9.30. Tea-and-egg all round helped to thaw the frozen riders, and the journey back was commenced; but Shaw punctured again, leaving Offen to go on alone.</p> <p>South of Horsham a third puncture caused Harry Shaw to abandon his ride, and the tandem thereupon chased after Offen, who was on ahead.</p> <p>Picking him up, they paced him to Salvington, but an acute attack of cramp had played havoc with him, and though he continued the journey on to the Chichester end he found the cramp as bad as ever, and was compelled to throw up the attempt and await a more favourable day.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><b>DICK TURPIN.</b></p>
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