

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>LAST week's <i>Cycling</i> contained a very funny sketch from the pen of E. Baruch Blaker, the local motorist. It depicted an elderly lady cyclist, clad in the one-time popular rational dress, walking with her machine and affording considerable amusement to some small boys. Blaker saw the spectacle in the Strand, and thought it worth a sketch as a "Specimen—not yet extinct."</p> <p>The two minor rickshaw spills a fortnight ago were followed last Wednesday by a serious accident to Fred Young, son of the Chairman of the Excelsior Committee. He had been for a run round Littlehampton and Arundel with a relative in a trailer, and was near Crossbush, when one of the fork-blades broke, and caused a most awkward spill. Young being thrown clear over the front of the machine, which got mixed up with the passenger and trailer.</p> <p>Both bicycle and trailer were badly knocked about, though his passenger was unhurt. Unfortunately Young himself suffered a broken collar-bone, and things would have gone badly for him had it not been for the prompt and praiseworthy kindness shown by Mrs. Freemantle, of Crossbush.</p> <p>This lady at once rendered all the aid possible, and showed great thoughtfulness, afterwards sending her coachman with the damaged vehicles to the nearest Railway Station.</p> <p>After some difficulty Young got home by train, and had the fractured bone set properly. He is now, I am pleased to say, going along all right.</p> <p>The Tarring C.C. had a record muster for their run to Bramber on Wednesday, no fewer than fifty taking part in the pleasant excursion.</p> <p>At the Castle Hotel the Figleaves held high</p>	<p>At the Castle Hotel the Figleaves held high revelry with song and dance, the vocalists being Miss Hart, Messrs. Durant, Greenfield, Koeller, and Peto: whilst the whole muster joined in the dancing.</p> <p>Several Excelsior boys attended the run, and enjoyed themselves to their utmost capacity. They always do with these gay and festive Figleaves!</p> <p>The annual run of the combined Anerley and Stanley Clubs to Worthing on Saturday and Sunday was, considering the weather, very successful.</p> <p>In threes and fours the riders—members of two of England's premier Clubs—came down on Saturday through some filthy weather, the London end of the journey being exceptionally bad.</p> <p>By mid-day on Sunday twenty-eight of them had arrived, and sat down to an excellent dinner served at the Albion Hotel in first-rate style by Host Roffey.</p> <p>Fortunately Sunday afternoon was fine, and the plucky wheelmen were favoured with a grand run home. I saw several of them on the way back, looking certainly none the worse for their run to Worthing.</p> <p>C. A. Riminton, who was Honorary Secretary to the famous Anerley Club for six years, is very frequently in Worthing for the week-end, his father being a resident in the town.</p> <p>It is only quite recently he gave up the office, the Secretarial work of so large a Club being too much for a man already busy. On his retirement he was presented with a valuable diamond ring and a magnificent writing-desk, to show his Club's appreciation of his services. The President also chimed in with a silver Cup, making altogether a nice addition to the collection of prizes Riminton won on the race-path a few years back.</p> <p>The first amateur cycle race to be paced by motors was run off at the Crystal Palace track</p>	<p>on Thursday by the Polytechnic C.C., the race being for one hour.</p> <p>Olley, Janson, and Hill were the pick of the field, but the former had to retire after three miles through a puncture. His pacer, astride the fastest motor on the track, then went on for Hill, who was a lap behind Janson, and succeeded in recovering the lost ground, and eventually gaining another lap, when Hill came down through touching the pacer's wheel. This told on him for the rest of the race, but he continued gamely, and finished second to Janson, who rode thirty miles and a half in the hour.</p> <p>The distance does not compare favourably with that ridden by Linton in Paris on Sunday afternoon, in competition with Elkes, Robl, and Bouhours, representing America, Germany, and France respectively. The distance was fifty miles, and Linton won the race in the world's record time of 69 minutes 50 3-5 seconds. Not long ago we marvelled at thirty miles an hour!</p> <p>Next week's runs are: Worthing Excelsior C.C., Arundel; West Tarring C.C., Storrington.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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