

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>THE glorious weather of last week was not long before it brought out a big crowd of wheelmen. Many of them were London men, who, having received a holiday owing to the Coronation, decided to spend it a wheel when the news of the King's illness cast a shadow over the land, and put a stop to public rejoicings.</p> <p>By the end of the week there was a good crop of dust on the country roads. Indeed, a party of four of us found the Horsham road very thirsty, though the road from there, through Slinfold and Billingshurst, to Pulborough, was in good order.</p> <p>The drop of rain which has fallen since has doubtless squared matters up.</p> <p>Bert Paine was riding on Friday at the Gosport Athletic Club's Sports. He had not been on his path machine since Whitsun, and was not expecting to do great things.</p> <p>It came, therefore, as a surprise to Blaker and other friends who had gone down when Bert and Kingsbury took turns at pacing in the five miles' scratch race, and ran clean away from a crowd of about twenty competitors.</p> <p>A close finish between the pair resulted in Kingsbury's winning the ten-guinea Gosport Cup by less than a wheel; Bert won a beautiful silver bowl as second prize.</p> <p>Two of the Excelsior "boys," Durant and Stevenson, had something of an adventure last week.</p> | <p>They were out for a long ride and stopped to dine at Dorking. Whether they were guilty of dining too well, or not, I cannot say; at any rate, the Irrepressible's free wheel went on the loose after the halt.</p> <p>The effect was decidedly funny. At brief intervals the wheel slipped round without driving the machine, and the Irrepressible found himself pedalling fast enough to overtake a flash of lightning, whilst his (usually) trusty steed gradually slowed down to nothing an hour.</p> <p>By alternately free-wheeling and towing—with a spell of ordinary riding when the refractory free-wheel was agreeable—the pair managed the journey home without having to resort to our enemy, the railway.</p> <p>The Brixton to Worthing record is still attracting the attention of the Raleigh C.C. A couple of members, Symonds and Davis, ran down last week in four hours.</p> <p>Presumably a sniff of the briny increased their speed powers, as they did the return journey in the smart time of three hours and twenty-five minutes; sixty-two minutes sufficed for the bit from Worthing to Horsham. And they are called "the Brixton tourists!"</p> <p>The Raleigh Clubmen are all fond of work. Next Saturday they have a relay ride from</p> | <p>Brixton to Portsmouth. The route is cut up into nine stretches, and as the first relay of men finish their stage, the second lot start on their bit, and so on.</p> <p>I notice by the schedule that the fourth and fifth relays share the three-mile plug up the Hind Head; far better than letting one set of men do the whole grind.</p> <p>Last Saturday the annual hundred miles' race for the Carwardine Gold Cup was held at the Crystal Palace track, eight men competing.</p> <p>There was some excitement in the forty-fifth mile. Burgess, of the Pegasus Club, was a lap in front of Olley, the Anerley man, and Daymond, of the Raleigh C.C., when a bad spill occurred, which knocked Daymond about very badly, and caused Burgess to retire altogether.</p> <p>Daymond re-started after some time, but Olley had gained a lead of about six miles, and even the last man was a couple of miles to the good.</p> <p>With remarkable pluck he went after the field, and by dint of sheer hard riding worked through into second place, finishing fourteen minutes after Olley, who won in 3 hours 43½ minutes.</p> <p>Next week's runs are: Excelsior C.C., Bognor; West Tarring C.C., Angmering.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p> |
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