

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.
 Source: Worthing Gazette copies at
 Worthing Local Studies Library.
 Turpin: 9th July, 1902. P2C5

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>JUDGING by the temperature, the Clerk of the Weather is playing into the hands of the stewed fruit and mineral water people just at present. And a good thing, too! Cyclists are the last to complain of extra energy on the part of King Sol.</p> <p>By way of a change, a few Excelsiorites went the other day to Tunbridge Wells. I was of the party, and can thoroughly recommend the ride to any young and hardy wheelman who aspires to—perspire!</p> <p>We went through Brighton and Lewes, and took the road by Uckfield. With the exception of one stretch there are small hills for the whole of the way; and this one stretch is a big hill—Crowborough Beacon, to wit.</p> <p>The road steadily ascends for four miles; then the summit is gained, and the rider, over eight hundred feet above sea level, can pull up for a breather, and enjoy a most extensive view from one of the highest hills in Sussex.</p> <p>We saw the old beacon tower, looking decidedly shabby amongst the smart new buildings which form Crowborough, and then jogged along to Tunbridge Wells.</p> <p>After dinner, and a general look round the attractive town, we took the road through Groombridge and East Grinstead to Crawley. It is more hilly, and a good bit farther; but it is distinctly prettier than the other route. For over twenty miles of the way it affords a fine view of rolling downs, whilst here and there a patch of Ashdown Forest is struck.</p> <p>We found Crawley pretty busy with cyclists and motorists, all looking warm and dusty. After taking in a light cargo of fruit and custard at Terry's we set off again, coming home through Horsham.</p> <p>Near Southwater we met a pair of Horsham</p>	<p>Near Southwater we met a pair of Horsham veterans putting in some good work on the road. I don't know if Sam has been challenging the old 'uns round that way; they certainly appeared to be training for something.</p> <p>We made the distance to Tunbridge Wells, by Lewes and Uckfield, forty-two miles; our way home took us fifty-five. Curiously, the Irrepressible completed two thousand miles—for the season—just as we got home. I should think this must be a record locally.</p> <p>Next Wednesday evening the Sports Ground should present a very animated scene.</p> <p>The Excelsior C.C., in conjunction with the Sports Ground Company and the Biggophone Band, will hold a grand Summer Festival.</p> <p>In addition to the usual cycling and running races for Clubmen, there will be parades of decorated bicycles, tricycles, and mail carts. Some very good prizes are offered for the best efforts, besides which there are awards for the best fancy costumes and the best child in the mail cart procession.</p> <p>Another good novelty is the team relay race between six of the local Elementary Schools, each of which will be represented by a team of four boys. An egg and spoon race for girls is also in the bill.</p> <p>Beyond all this there will be the mysterious Biggophone Band, upon which no one has yet looked and survived to tell the tale!</p> <p>These mystic musicians—who have come out of their native wilds, bringing instruments such as we have never yet seen—have kept their hiding place so great a secret that local curiosity is reaching a high pitch. Their appearance next Wednesday is eagerly looked for.</p> <p>I saw a well known local motor cyclist cause</p>	<p>I saw a well known local motor cyclist cause a scare in Chapel-road last week. In order to pass a few dogs who were conducting a pitched battle, he switched off his electricity and allowed the machine to run on, still making gear, which of course accumulated in the exhaust box.</p> <p>As he reached the dogs he switched on the spark again; naturally there was a loud but harmless explosion, which could be heard two streets away.</p> <p>The dogs didn't run away: they vanished!</p> <p>Two or three tradesmen rushed into the street to see who was blown up; a lady cyclist anxiously looked at her tyres, thinking one had burst; and the beginnings of a crowd collected just in time to see the motorist scooting out of sight. I doubt if the dogs are back yet.</p> <p>It is interesting to note what really good-class competitors come to our local Sports meetings. Many of the cyclists are within a yard or two of Championship honours every year; and on Saturday, at Stamford Bridge, two running men well known here asserted their right to similar honours.</p> <p>A. Shrubbs—who was successful here on Boxing Day—easily won the Four Miles' Amateur Championship in 20 mins. 12.5 secs. J. Binks, of Unity A.C., did a remarkable performance in the Mile Championship, winning a fine race in the British amateur record time of 4 minutes 16.45 seconds. He has competed in flat handicaps here on one or two occasions.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
---	---	--

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

JUDGING by the temperature, the Clerk of the Weather is playing into the hands of the stewed fruit and mineral water people just at present. And a good thing, too! Cyclists are the last to complain of extra energy on the part of King Sol.

By way of a change, a few Excelsiorites went the other day to Tunbridge Wells. I was of the party, and can thoroughly recommend the ride to any young and hardy wheelman who aspires to—perspire!

We went through Brighton and Lewes, and took the road by Uckfield. With the exception of one stretch there are small hills for the whole of the way; and this one stretch is a big hill - Crowborough Beacon, to wit.

The road steadily ascends for four miles; then the summit is gained, and the rider, over eight hundred feet above sea level, can pull up for a breather, and enjoy a most extensive view from one of the highest hills in Sussex.

We saw the old beacon tower, looking decidedly shabby amongst the smart new buildings which form Crowborough, and then jogged along to Tunbridge Wells.

After dinner, and a general look round the attractive town, we took the road through Groombridge and East Grinstead to Crawley. It is more hilly, and a good bit farther; but it is distinctly prettier than the other route. For over twenty miles of the way it affords a fine view of rolling downs, whilst here and there a patch of Ashdown Forest is struck.

We found Crawley pretty busy with cyclists and motorists, all looking warm and dusty. After taking in a light cargo of fruit and custard at Terry's we set off again, coming home through Horsham.

Near Southwater we met a pair of Horsham veterans putting in some good work on the road. I don't know if Sam has been challenging the old 'uns round that way; they certainly appeared to be training for something.

We made the distance to Tunbridge Wells, by Lewes and Uckfield, forty-two miles; our way home took us fifty-five. Curiously, the Irrepressible completed two thousand miles - for the season - just as we got home. I should think this must be a record locally.

Next Wednesday evening the Sports Ground should present a very animated scene.

The Excelsior C.C., in conjunction with the Sports Ground Company and the Biggophone Band, will hold a grand Summer Festival.

In addition to the usual cycling and running races for Clubmen, there will be parades of decorated bicycles, tricycles, and mail carts. Some very good prizes are offered for the best efforts, besides which there are awards for the best fancy costumes and the best child in the mail cart procession.

Another good novelty is the team relay race between six of the local Elementary Schools, each of which will be represented by a team of four boys. An egg and spoon race for girls is also in the bill.

Beyond all this there will be the mysterious Biggophone Band, upon which no one has yet looked and survived to tell the tale!

These mystic musicians— who have come out of their native wilds, bringing instruments such as we have never yet seen— have kept their hiding place so great a secret that local curiosity is reaching a high pitch. Their appearance next Wednesday is eagerly looked for.

I saw a well-known local motor cyclistⁱ cause a scare in Chapel-road last week. In order to pass a few dogs who were conducting a pitched battle, he switched off his electricity and allowed the machine to run on, still making gas, which of course accumulated in the exhaust box.

As he reached the dogs he switched on the spark again; naturally there was a loud but harmless explosion, which could be heard two streets away.

The dogs didn't run away: they vanished !

Two or three tradesmen rushed into the street to see who was blown up ; a lady cyclist anxiously looked at her tyres, thinking one had burst; and the beginnings of a crowd collected just in time to see the motorist scooting out of sight. I doubt if the dogs are back yet.

It is interesting to note what really good-class competitors come to our local Sports meetings. Many of the cyclists are within a yard or two of Championship honours every year; and on Saturday, at Stamford Bridge, two running men well known here asserted their right to similar honours.

A. Shrubbs - who was successful here on Boxing Day - easily won the Four Miles' Amateur Championship in 20 mins. 12-5 secs. J. Binks, of Unity A.C., did a remarkable performance in the Mile Championship, winning a fine race in the British amateur record time of 4 minutes 16 4-5 seconds. He has competed in flat handicaps here on one or two occasions.

DICK TURPIN.

ⁱ Almost certainly Baruch Blaker.