

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

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CYCLING.

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THE chief cycling event of the past week was the Fifty Miles Championship of Sussex, which was run at the Sports Ground on Saturday, an enthusiastic but small "gate" watching the race with the keenest interest. A complete account of the contest appears elsewhere in the GAZETTE, and it only remains for me to congratulate W. R. Paine upon winning his tenth Championship of the county, and the other placed men—Jackson, Offen, and Stevenson—on the plucky race they rode.

"Bert" was, of course, considerably the best man, and his time, 2 hours 21 $\frac{1}{4}$ mins., would have been even better had he been pressed; but I presume he considered it sufficient to win by two miles and a half.

Jackson's tenacity in hanging on to Paine in the latter part of the race elicited well-deserved applause, and his supporters were delighted when—despite two falls—he managed to beat Offen, who had, however, changed machines four times through punctures.

Stevenson, too, gave a most creditable display of well-judged riding, keeping an excellent pace all the way, despite his heavy machine, which handicapped him a lot.

It is worthy of note that the first four men are all members of the Worthing Excelsior Club; the unfortunate Charman is also, though both he and Offen are only second-claim members.

Charman is the most unfortunate rider!

Charman is the most unfortunate rider I know of. His spill last Saturday made the third nasty cropper this season. Chatting with him as Mr. H. N. Collet was temporarily bandaging and padding the fractured collarbone, he told me he usually had three or more bad falls every year!

But he scouted the idea of retiring from the path when I suggested it to him, despite his ill-luck.

The Tarring C.C.'s Parade and Concert last Wednesday was, on the whole, a distinct success.

True, the procession was not a long one, but some of the machines looked very well indeed, notably those of Messrs. Henson (H.M.S. Bigophone); Erlam (Peace); and Noice (Scraps). Lyne, with his "motor" bike, appropriately named "Oh, be careful!" and "P.C." Kneller, bestriding a donkey, raised many a laugh.

The costumes of Miss Young (Italian), Miss Carter (Fish-girl), Messrs. Collins (Chinaman), Carter (Alderman Becket), Peto (Footman), and Rockall (Little Boy Blue) were deserving of the prizes they won.

So thought Captain Fraser, who acted as Judge, and doubled the awards as an encouragement to the Fugleaves.

The talent at the Bohemian Concert was a distinct advance on the usual quality, the vocalists being Miss Evelyn Smith, Miss Lina Wingrave, Messrs. W. H. Jordan and W. R. Scoble.

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Mr. George Parker, of Lewes, proved an excellent laughter producer. Mr. Linfield (cornet), Messrs. Sayers and Lund (banjo), and Mr. Binstead (piano) completed the excellent array of musicians, whose efforts were thoroughly appreciated by a fairly large audience of the Tarring C.C. and cyclists generally.

As a result of the collection taken *en route* Scribe Peto tells me he hopes to hand £10 over to the Infirmary, which is certainly encouraging to the organisers of the display.

Last Friday E. Baruch Blaker motored up to London, and the following day was round Reading, Guildford, and Horsham way, just getting back to Worthing in time to hold the watch for the Fifty Miles Championship. He found the roads in splendid trim almost everywhere, the Guildford - Horsham stretch especially so.

At the Crystal Palace on Saturday the Anerley B.C. ran off their annual hundred miles handicap, introducing a novelty in the shape of motor-cycle pacing.

Daymond and Olley were the star riders out of a field of ten, but Olley had trouble with his motors, and retired at seventeen miles.

Daymond did a remarkably good ride; neither he nor his motor stopped once during the race, and he rapidly caught and passed his fellow-competitors, finishing the hundred miles in the English record time of 3 hours 31 $\frac{1}{4}$ mins.; the second man, E. H. Sexton, being twelve minutes behind him.

Olley's retirement was a great pity; a hundred miles race between him and Daymond would have produced a lot of excitement. The last time they met Daymond's chance was spoilt by a fall, and when down the road on a training jaunt recently he told me he was looking forward to meeting Olley again.

Next Wednesday's runs are: West Tarring C.C., Lymminster; Excelsior C.C., Ashington.

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ⁱ On a grass track, on the machines of the day.

ⁱⁱ I am unsure of the meaning of "scouted" in this context. "Evaded" perhaps?