

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

Source: Worthing Gazette copies at
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Turpin: 10.9.1902 P2C5

CYCLING.

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THE football season seems to have brought another instalment of our broken-up summer with it this year. Anyhow, sunshine is always welcome to cyclists, and they have been out in swarms during the last few days, eager to make up for lost time, I suppose.

Last Thursday W. R. Paine rode in the thirty miles handicap for the Varley trophy, at Preston Park, five members of the Brighton C.C. competing, and Bert, as usual, being the scratch man.

With E. Baruch Blaker on his motor-bicycle acting as pacemaker, Bert was rapidly pulling up to the others, though they, too, had the help of motor-pacing.

Unfortunately, about half-distance, Bert's pacer had trouble and retired, so for the rest of the way he had to content himself with casual assistance, which was not fast enough for him.

However, he still gained on the other men, and, despite having to ride unpaced a lot of the distance, he finished second, in one hour and sixteen minutes; J. Phillips (six minutes start) winning by about a lap.

By way of training for something more serious, T. Durant, of the Excelsior Club, has just been for a week-end spin to Stratford-on-Avon.

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Not content with the hundred and forty miles run through Guildford, Reading, and Oxford to the land of Shakespeare—which he recited off in the first day—he covered another sixty miles round about Warwickshire during his brief stay.

The following day he did the return journey from Stratford to Worthing; and when I met him on the way at Horsham he looked fresh as paint. He had been putting in some fast work behind motors on the road, and was in quite a scorching mood.

On the same day G. A. Olley, of the Vegetarian C.C., went for the twelve hours unpaced record for Southern roads.

Leaving Purley just after seven o'clock, he first made a detour to Caterham Valley and back, and then came through Crawley and Horsham, reaching Offington Corner less than three hours after the start, having ridden about fifty-five miles.

He then set off westward through Chichester to Fareham and back, returning to Offington Corner about 2.40. A two minutes halt, and he rode to Horsham, and made a twenty-mile detour on the Guildford road. With still two hours to continue, he made for Crawley and Horley, eventually finishing near Cane Hill, having ridden a hundred and ninety-five miles in "once round the clock." This beats the previous best by seven miles.

The Vegetarian was assisted in the way of feeding by a number of his London friends, whilst four or five of the Excelsior men also looked after him a bit. He had five punctures, but usually had a spare machine handy, and, as he took most of his food whilst riding, was hardly out of the saddle all the day.

The motor-bicycle has claimed another convert in the person of W. A. Hewer, who has just invested in one of those troublesome petrol-propelled steeds.

The late Scribe of the Tarring Club, A. Carter, is about to ride tandem in the race of life. I hasten to wish him the best of luck, but I hope his example will not result in an epidemic!

Next Wednesday the Excelsior C.C. once again take the field with a Race Meeting, the main feature of which is the Twenty-five Miles Championship of Sussex.

The programme also includes a Veterans' Race, an Inter-Club Team Race with Littlehampton and Chichester, Club bicycle and running handicaps, etc. Altogether an attractive meeting should result from it, and I hope to see the Club's enterprise meet with more success than most of their ventures have done this year.

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