

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 road rides of the Excelsior Club still continue to attract the attention of the long-distance speed men; three members have this week done very creditable rides over the Club hundred-mile course. At a quarter to seven in the morning Offen left the Railway Bridge, being followed ten minutes later by Stephenson; whilst Durant went in chase a quarter of an hour behind the latter.</p> <p>At a clinking pace the men pedalled against a cold wind, which hindered them considerably on the ride through Horsham and Crawley to Woodhatch.</p> <p>Offen did this piece—thirty-five miles—in two hours and ten minutes; the speedy Stephenson rode it in two hours, and so caught Offen; whilst Durant took two hours and ten minutes.</p> <p>The thirty-four miles back to Offington took Offen one hour and fifty-four minutes; Stephenson, through a puncture, being four minutes longer.</p> <p>Durant, who had vile luck, punctured, lost four minutes at Crawley Railway gates, and was stopped by cows; he was six minutes longer than Stephenson.</p> <p>At the Westhampnett turning-point Stephenson had again caught Offen, and was going strong on the return journey when he punctured a second time.</p> <p>Nevertheless, he did the best time of the day, finishing at Broadwater six hours and twelve minutes after the start, whilst Offen took six hours and seventeen minutes.</p> <p>Meantime the dauntless Durant had gone</p>	<p>on from Offington aboard a completely strange machine, which worried him.</p> <p>The change from free to fixed wheel and the absence of brakes proved too puzzling; he nearly spilled in the first mile or two, and had positively to walk down two hills, a performance which, from my experience of him gained among the Surrey Downs, must have been terribly aggravating.</p> <p>He, however, checked at Westhampnett with an hour and seventeen minutes to ride the remaining seventeen miles in, which is much more than he usually requires on the stretch.</p> <p>But the tyre troubles and the strange machine had got on his nerves, and there was a serious "draught."</p> <p>Still, he came along at a fair pace, but on finishing at Broadwater he had the mortification of finding he had overrun the time by one minute* Last year, too, he had the misfortune</p>	<p>to exceed it by a minute or two after a most unlucky ride.</p> <p>Bert Paine has also been "century" riding, his task this time being the Brighton Cyclist Club's hundred-mile ride to Porchester and back, by Worthing, Ford, Chichester, and Havant.</p> <p>Leaving Brighton at nine a.m., he travelled at a hot bat, which he kept up all the way to Porchester; the fifty miles occupying two hours and forty minutes.</p> <p>Coming back, the wind provided Bert with some hard pushing, but he kept on digging, with but one stop for food, at Chichester, and landed back at Brighton in fine style exactly six hours from the start.</p> <p>He thus won the Brighton C.C. first-class gold medal with twenty minutes to spare. Bert must have at least two dozen medals for Championships, road rides, and other trifles.</p> <p>Shaw, of the Brighton Club, also attacked the hundred, but only succeeded in annexing a second-class medal by doing the journey in seven hours.</p> <p>The Tarring Club's final run of the season</p>	<p>was not quite the success that most of their fixtures are. When the Figleaves arrived at Littlehampton it was found they could not occupy the large room usually placed at their disposal.</p> <p>The forty-odd wheelers had therefore to content themselves with less space than usual, but they were not done out of the regulation concert and dance.</p> <p>Not likely!</p> <p>They went to Littlehampton for some fun, and didn't come home till they had it!</p> <p>Some of the Figleaves were much startled recently when a Thakoham landlord informed them he had been entertaining a "corpse" to tea. "It made no quite busy," he said.</p> <p>They soon lost the shivery creeps when he gave the body its full title—the Primrose League Cycling Corps.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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