

**Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.**  
**Source:** Worthing Gazette copies at  
 Worthing Local Studies Library.  
 Turpin: 8.10.1902 P2C5

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</b></p> <p><b>S</b>PEED men are still busy, despite the indifferent weather and the wane of autumn. Last Wednesday the Five Miles' Sussex Championship was run at Preston Park, and—as is usual in Sussex Championships—Bert Paine won it. Five started, but the Brighton men, who are far from being expert track riders, caused a spill, which brought down Jones, of Littlehampton, Peto, of Tarring, and Offen, of Brighton, the latter having to retire.</p> <p>After the race the losers complained that Bert ran much too wide at the last bend—losers often complain! Durant, however, wished to show them the mark made by Bert's wheel; it was right in the middle of the track, and allowed ample room for anyone to pass Bert on either side. But Bert went too fast!</p> <p>This brings his County Championships up to the round dozen.</p> <p>On Friday the Irrepressible Durant once again attacked the Excelsior "hundred." To miss a gold medal by a minute irritated him, and he could not rest.</p> <p>Leaving the Railway Bridge at 8.50 he made</p>	<p>good headway against half a gale of wind. It was miserably cold as well, and the Surrey piece of road was very sloppy.</p> <p>This meant a slow journey up to Woodhatch, which was not reached till 11.4. But he was determined to conquer, and plugged back to Offington in fine style, finishing the first sixty-nine miles in four hours and twenty minutes.</p> <p>Bert Paine met him here and followed him to Westhampnett, this troublesome sixteen miles being polished off within the hour. This meant that Durant had ridden from Woodhatch to Westhampnett, fifty miles, in three hours, six minutes, which is good.</p> <p>He had now got the job well in hand, so allowed an hour and twenty minutes to come home in, thus winning the coveted gold in six hours, thirty-nine minutes—eleven minutes inside the standard time.</p> <p>Fred Young, who is new to medal riding, tried his hand a day or two later.</p> <p>At ten minutes past seven he set out on the thirty-five miles ride to Woodhatch, which took him two hours, fourteen minutes, the same as Durant's time on this stretch.</p> <p>On the return his untrained state told on him somewhat, and he had spent four hours and a half when he got back to Offington, a loss of ten minutes.</p> <p>However, he stuck to it with rare pluck, and got to Westhampnett in an hour and eighteen minutes, but lost more time in coming back to Broadwater, which he reached seven hours and twelve minutes after the start.</p> <p>Young thus qualified easily for the silver medal, with eighteen minutes to spare.</p> <p>He rode with considerable grit, and I hope to see him take the game up. Like others of our fellows, he made no arrangements for company or feeding, which is a big mistake. The average man cannot do himself justice on a "hundred" alone and unfed.</p> <p>Mr. Walter Groves, better known as "Juggins K. Juggins," of <i>Cycling</i>, has been visiting us.</p>	<p>He seems to have been specially struck with the modest tariff of our Worthing caterers. He gives his readers a little instance.</p> <p>After a long ride in the beautiful county of Sussex, he says, he indulged in afternoon tea in the cosy back room of a Worthing confectioner's shop.</p> <p>"Delicious tea, nicely cut bread and butter, two new-laid eggs, and a piece of cake" were placed before him by a young lady who was evidently the daughter of the proprietor.</p> <p>The charge was but elevenpence-halfpenny, and of course, with such a waitress, a tip was out of the question. "Juggins" is no juggins! He is now an advocate of tea at a good confectioner's shop!</p> <p>"Juggins" is one of the most prominent of cycling journalists; he has been a wheelman for twenty-three years, and was at one time Scribe of the Polytechnic Cycling Club.</p> <p>Sam Clark ran up to town by the Horsham, Dorking, and Leatherhead road last Saturday, and found the surface as fine as he ever remembers it.</p> <p>Near Ewell he saw a crowd of cyclists chasing a military balloon, his old friend Olley and a pal being hot on the scent, aboard a speed tandem.</p> <p>Sam desires all collectors for the Veteran's trophy to return their cards to W. R. Paine.</p> <p>The Excelsior C.C.—with a view of keeping the members in form through the winter, I presume—will hold a series of weekly dances in the Bedford Hall, starting on Thursday week.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><b>DICK TURPIN.</b></p>
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