

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

Turpin. 1<sup>st</sup> April 1903 - P2C4:

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EXCELSIOR men are putting in some real work, some of them, doubtless, with an eye on Easter Race meetings. One morning last week W. R. Paine cycled to Portsmouth and back, dropping across Stephenson near Emsworth on the return. To finish the day, and make up a hundred miles, Bert took a ride round Bramber and Steyning in the afternoon.

A few days later, Stephenson, Medhurst, and Young went for a jaunt round Washington and Pulborough to Petworth. This is rather a rainy quarter, as the trio found when out beyond Petworth, on the road to Midhurst.

Things looked threatening, so they turned for home; but the clouds travelled faster than they, and before getting back as far as Pulborough they experienced a soaking.

However, they were not long in riding into dry weather again, and they reached home none the worse, finding no rain had fallen in Worthing all the day.

I hear Stephenson—aboard his new jigger—is very "hot stuff" again this year, and pushes his ninety-one inch gear up hills at a big pace.

By the way, there seems an unusual run on

new machines in the Club this season. W. R. Paine alone has supplied seven already, and the other local agents have not been idle.

And what a charm there is about the fresh steed, with its glossy enamel and glittering nickel-plate—while the gloss and glitter remain!

When I look at the new occupant of my own stable, resplendent beyond comparison with any of his five predecessors, I picture myself doing some really big speed work by his aid. But, worse luck! it is only the bicycle, and not the rider, that is young again!

I was somewhat amused the other day at an up-to-date illustration of dignity and impudence. A newly-fledged motor-tricyclist was vigorously and impatiently hooting away with his motor-horn for a ponderous steam lorry, laden with a few tons of beer, to clear out of his way.

The man with the beer ignored the instrumental solo, and the tricyclist had perforce to be satisfied with the side of the road.

The series of dances run by the Excelsior C. and A.C. through the winter months resulted in a profit of eight guineas, despite a loss of two pounds over the Club Ball.

This welcome addition to the Club's sinews of war comes at a most opportune time, for the balance brought forward to commence this, the Club's thirteenth year, was so small that some of the more superstitious of the Excelsiorites at any rate were disposed to attach a dark significance to the unlucky number.

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Very great credit is due to Dance-Secretary Duffield for his restless energy in working the new undertaking in so satisfactory a manner. He is no stranger to the duties, and his experience certainly stood the Club in good stead on this occasion.

The Tarring C.C. will hold their final social evening for the winter season on Easter Monday, at the Schools. The Primrose League Cycle Corps from Brighton have a run to Tarring on the same day, and it is hoped that the two Clubs will fraternise in the evening. They are good friends, and have amalgamated on previous occasions.

"Potterer," in a Brighton weekly contemporary, expresses his admiration of the hardy members of the Worthing Excelsior Club who are reeling off their rides of over a hundred miles a day at a time when the lazy men of his acquaintance have not yet thought of venturing more than ten miles from home. He opines that we have some quality in our ranks.

Certainly the Banstead and Guildford ride, which he specially mentions, was a stiff job, and unless "Potterer" belies his name, he would have found it considerably in excess of his usual rambles had he accompanied our trio.

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<sup>1</sup>This implies 1890 as “Foundation Year” although I’d argue for 1889, the first reported (albeit informal) meeting at the Bostel. JDG.