

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

Turpin. 29th April 1903 - P2C6:

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>THE welcome rain has come at last, and once again the roads will soon be in good trim. They had got very loose by the end of last week, as the "Irrepressible" found when doing some speed work on the Portsmouth road. He was nearly choked by dust on the main road, so he turned on to one which led him up on the hills, where the Portsmouth Forts overlook the sea. This afforded good going, though it was very breezy.</p> <p>Last Wednesday evening I decided a little bit of gaiety in a mild way was what I wanted. I therefore wheeled up to Washington, where the Tarring C.C. had arranged their run.</p> <p>A chilly ride against a northerly breeze, a cautious descent of the Bostal in the darkness, and I soon heard the familiar strains of the Gordon Shottische.</p> <p>This guided me to the scene of operations, where I discovered about thirty of the Fig-leaves enjoying themselves, several of them footing it right merrily.</p> <p>A few songs, one or two dances, and a quiet ride home with the breeze behind us—it made me wonder whether the "mixed" Club run does not, after all, beat the old style of run, where half-a-dozen speed men of varying calibre used to indulge in a series of mad dusts-up.</p> <p>I fancy the "mixed" run scores; but mayhap the reason is found in the fact that each dust-up used to provide me with a lot of lost ground to make up.</p> <p>At this time of the year, at the threshold of a new season, it is not unusual for the energetic wheelman to resolve on compiling a total mileage before the coming of winter which shall exceed the efforts of all his fellow-Clubmen.</p> <p>'Twas ever thus! Fifteen years ago a couple of local wheelmen commenced their</p>	<p>'Twas ever thus! Fifteen years ago a couple of local wheelmen commenced their season, each declaring his stern determination to ride more miles than the other. The pair were not exactly scorchers, and of course their machines were the weighty, solid-tyred safeties which had not long superseded the ordinary.</p> <p>At it they went, in daylight and darkness, using all their leisure time—which was limited, for they were both in business.</p> <p>But by the end of the season one of them had the creditable score of three thousand six hundred and sixty-six miles, and the other was only fifty miles short of his rival.</p> <p>Since that time speed on the wheel has been about doubled, but I doubt whether we have a couple of wheelmen, with no more spare time than these two enthusiasts, who would show a comparatively increased mileage.</p> <p>Speaking of mileage it is astonishing to observe the distance covered by motor cyclists, when the vagaries of their steeds have been thoroughly mastered and the riders have lost the haunting dread of mysterious breakdowns.</p> <p>Only the latter half of last week one well-known local motor cyclist enjoyed a spin to Worcester and Stourbridge, going through Farnham, Reading, Oxford, etc. He covered between three hundred and four hundred miles in two days, and considers it a "nice little run."</p> <p>Then, again, Brown, of Findon, had business in Regent-street one day last week, and ten o'clock found him starting off per motor bike.</p> <p>Things went well, and in three hours our</p>	<p>Things went well, and in three hours our man, in his leathern motoring garments, was ruffling it 'midst the crowd of silk-hatted young bucks in Town.</p> <p>Half a day in London, and Brown turned for home. But darkness overtook him on the way, and he bought what he believed to be a lamp. His belief proved unfounded, and his purchase proved a delusion, for he had to interview it a number of times upon the subject of keeping alight.</p> <p>However, after a big demand on his time, temper, and tinderbox, he reached home, and even then found the return journey had only occupied three hours and a half. Yes; the motor simply annihilates distance!</p> <p>Next week the West Tarring C.C. run is to Ashington.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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