

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip
Gazette 13.5.03 – P2C5

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>WITH the weather in its present tearful condition, to cycle far afield is to indulge in a lottery in which the rider stakes his comfort and the unsoaked condition of his wearing apparel in order to win the exhilarating joy of a spin on the wheel. He frequently loses the stakes too!</p> <p>The sky looked very threatening last Wednesday at the time the Figleaves were due to set out for Ashington, and when the worthy Sub-Captain, Mulholland, paraded at headquarters, he failed to see even one other member of his flock.</p> <p>He resolved to set the Club a good example, so formed himself up in a procession of one, gave the signal to go, and started off in solitary grandeur.</p> <p>Down came the rain, but it did not damp his ardour in the least. In fact, it is said the brave official had been anxious to prove he was not made of salt, and I presume the mud-plugger welcomed the thorough test of his composition which Jupiter Pluvius applied as he patiently plugged to Ashington and back through rain and mud. Bravo, Willie!</p> <p>Durant, of the Excelsior C.C., was returning from a jaunt to Guildford on Saturday when he, too, was caught in a heavy storm. The Irrepressible sheltered for some time, and then ploughed home through the mud.</p> <p>This provided some hard work, especially after the slimy road material had clogged his brake and back wheel. Our man thought the going was outrageously bad, but did not discover the reason till next day, when he was examining the machine.</p> <p>Then again, early this week four Excelsiorites, in charge of W. R. Faine, journeyed through Horsham and Crawley to the Mecca of local speed-men, namely, Woodhatch.</p> <p>They made good travelling on the outward</p>	<p>They made good travelling on the outward journey, and kept up a nice swing on the return as far as Washington. Here the quartette got caught and soaked in a heavy downpour, and once again the mud flew merrily.</p> <p>My own tastes run in the direction of dry weather. A day or two back I was tempted out, but a glance northward when I arrived at Offington Corner revealed some heavy rain gradually working its way southwards.</p> <p>I decided to precede it, and thereupon put in some speed work in a homeward direction. Yes; discretion is the better part of valour, and cycling through mud and rain is not to be lightly engaged in.</p> <p>An interesting sporting event—cyclist against pedestrian—occurred last week, when E. O. Isted, of the Excelsior C.C., competed against D. F. Barr, also of Worthing, in a race to the Norfolk Bridge at Shoreham and back.</p> <p>Burr, who walked, received one and a half hours' start, and set off at a useful pace, turning at the Bridge and reaching Lancing on the homeward journey in one hour thirty-seven minutes.</p> <p>Here he met his cycling competitor, who was on his outward journey, paced by a fellow-Clubman, and was skipping along as he did in his racing days.</p> <p>Isted rode in fine style, and reached the Bridge in thirteen minutes. Turning at once, he kept up a good speed, and overhauled Burr several hundreds of yards before the finishing point, completing the distance in thirty-one minutes, and winning the race by five.</p> <p>On Saturday afternoon E. Baruch Blaker</p>	<p>On Saturday afternoon E. Baruch Blaker competed at the Aston Grounds, Birmingham, in the motor cycle handicap. Blaker was on a strange machine, but he could get pace out of it, as he proved by covering a mile, in practice, in one minute twenty-six seconds.</p> <p>Unfortunately during the actual competition some minor part of the engine gave trouble, and caused a loss of speed, which was the more annoying as the winner's time was exactly the same as Baruch had done in practice.</p> <p>On Saturday and Sunday last the annual road race from Bordeaux to Paris was run with the usual enthusiastic demonstrations by thousands of spectators.</p> <p>Splendid riding was shown by Auouturier, who finished first, and covered the three hundred and seventy miles in twenty hours. He had to contend with both rain and hail for a considerable portion of the way.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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