

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>THE warm weather has rapidly effected a transformation scene on the highways and byways. Almost deserted in the recent wet weather, they are now thronged with cyclists. I saw quite a number ride into Worthing last week-end, among others C. A. Riminton—until recently Secretary of the famous Anerley B.C., and once a well-known speed-man.</p> <p>Another prominent figure in the wheel world was Gemm, the motor cyclist. As he sped into the town he arranged for a series of loud but harmless explosions in the exhaust box of his motor.</p> <p>It worked like magic on the crowded thoroughfare, and everybody made way for the flying chauffeur, who kept banging along—in a double sense—leaving a lady cyclist anxiously inspecting her tyres to see which had burst!</p> <p>Speaking of motor-bikes, Barnuch Blaker piloted his new "petrol-puffer" home from London last Friday. It is a speedy-looking turn-out, with a two-and-three-quarter horsepower De Dion engine, which was specially selected by our man before it was built into the machine.</p> <p>Already he can extract a terrific speed from it, and I understand he rode down from London on it in about—well, perhaps I had better not say until the motor laws are amended.</p> <p>I attended an unofficial run of the Excelsior Club a day or two back, in order to see how the boys are moving.</p> <p>It was a lovely morning as we steered out under the command of "Captain" Paine, and made westward through Arundel and Chichester.</p> <p>A lively breeze helped us to maintain what I thought was a very respectable pace, though the others seemed to regard it as quite ordinary.</p> <p>We were out early, and did not see many</p>	<p>We were out early, and did not see many wheelmen until we had reached Havant, and after a halt, commenced to retrace our steps—or rather wheelmarks.</p> <p>Then, as we were pushing along homewards, under a scorching sun and against a wicked wind, we met numbers of riders, all speeding along with fair wind and flowing sail.</p> <p>How I envied them as I peeped out from behind my speedy companions!</p> <p>A Littlehampton group were out, Clayton buzzing along on a motor-bicycle, whilst his Club-mates—Sid Jones and two others—were taking exercise on pushing-machines.</p> <p>We saw quite a number of trailers on the road. A motor cycle was harnessed to one of them, and was howling along at about treble the speed limit—six miles an hour—which a ridiculous law imposes on these vehicles when combined.</p> <p>At Arundel we dropped across some more Excelsior-ites, and the unofficial run was concluded in two parties. I made one in the second, and more modest, party.</p> <p>The windy journey of sixty miles on a hot morning had made me very modest on the quest on of pace.</p> <p>An ugly accident occurred at the Bristol Post Office Sports on Saturday, in the final heat of the motor cycle race. Barnes, the London rider, and Bailey, of Bristol, collided when travelling at nearly forty miles an hour.</p> <p>The result was appalling. Men and machines went over the banking and crashed into the spectators, injuring ten people, two of whom</p>	<p>died on Sunday whilst the recovery of another is doubtful.</p> <p>Tessier was leading, but discontinued the race at once, and the remainder of the programme was withdrawn.</p> <p>The Paris-Madrid motor race also proved productive of terrible disaster. A hundred and ninety-seven vehicles started, but on the first stage—Paris to Bordeaux—the smashes were numerous, less than seventy cars finishing at Bordeaux.</p> <p>At least six people lost their lives, and others were more or less seriously injured. Further racing was thereupon prohibited by both French and Spanish authorities.</p> <p>It is difficult to see what useful purpose is served by holding a race of this sort, in which nearly two hundred vehicles are being driven along the main roads at speeds varying up to nearly ninety miles an hour.</p> <p>So far from popularising the sport (!) it seems to be running a serious risk of panic legislation which will still further curtail the privileges of the large body of motorists, many of whom regard the racing vehicle as a mechanical freak.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
--	--	--

CYCLING.

 Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

THE warm weather has rapidly affected a transformation seen on the highways and byways. Almost deserted in the recent wet weather, they are now thronged with cyclists. I saw quite a number ride into Worthing last week-end, among others C.A. Rimington - until recently Secretary of the famous Anerly B.C. , and once a well-known speed-man.

Another prominent figure in the wheel world was Gemm, the motor cyclist. As he sped into the town he arranged for a series of loud but harmless explosions in the exhaust box of his motor.

It worked like magic on the crowded thoroughfare, and everybody made way for the flying chauffeur, who kept banging along - in a double sense - leaving a lady cyclist anxiously inspecting her tyres to see which had burst!

Speaking of motor-bikes, Baruch Blaker Piloted his new "petrol-puffer" home from London last Friday. It is a speedy-looking turn-out, with a two-and-three-quarter horse-power De Dion engine, which was specially selected by our man before it was built into the machine.

Already he can extract a terrific speed from it, and I understand he rode down from London on it in about - well, perhaps I had better not say until the motor laws are amended.

I attended an unofficial run of the Excelsior Club a day or two back, in order to see how the boys are moving.

It was a lovely morning as we steered out under the command of "Captain" Paine, and made westward through Arundel and Chichester.

A lively breeze helped us to maintain what I thought was a very respectable pace, though the others seem to regard it as quite ordinary.

We were out early, and did not see many wheelmen until we had reached Havant, and after a halt, commenced to retrace our steps - or rather wheelmarks.

Then, as we were pushing along homewards, under a scorching sun and against a wicked wind, we met numbers of riders, all speeding along with fair wind and flowing sail.

How I envied them as I peeped out from behind my speedy companions!

A Littlehampton group were out, Clayton buzzing along on a motor-bicycle, whilst his Club-mates - Sid Jones and two others - were taking exercise on pushing-machines.

We saw quite a number of trailers on the road. A motorcycle was harnessed to one of them, and was bowling along at about treble the speed limit – six miles an hour - which a ridiculous law imposes on these vehicles when combined.

At Arundel we dropped across some more Excelsior-ites, and the unofficial run was concluded in two parties. I made one in the second, and more modest, party.

The windy journey of sixty miles on a hot morning had made me very modest on the question of pace.

An ugly accident occurred at the Bristol Post Office Sports on Saturday, in the final heat of the motor cycle race. Barnes, the London rider, and Bailey, of Bristol, collided when travelling at nearly 40 miles an hour.

The result was appalling. Men and machines went over the banking and crashed into the spectators, injuring ten people, two of whom died on Sunday whilst the recovery of another is doubtful.

Tessier was leading, but discontinued the race at once, and the remainder of the programme was withdrawn.

The Paris-Madrid motor race also proved productive of terrible disaster. A hundred and ninety-seven vehicles started, but on the first stage - Paris to Bordeaux - the smashes were numerous, less than seventy cars finishing at Bordeaux.

At least six people lost their lives, and Others were more or less seriously injured. Further racing was thereupon prohibited by both French and Spanish authorities.

It is difficult to see what useful purpose is served by holding a race of this sort, in which nearly two hundred vehicles are being driven along the main roads at speeds varying up to nearly ninety miles an hour.

So far from popularising the sport (?) It seems to be running a serious risk of panic legislation which will still further curtail the privileges of the large body of motorists, many of whom regard the racing vehicle as a mechanical freak.

DICK TURPIN.

