

CYCLING

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<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>AUGUST Bank Holiday fetched the wheelmen—aye! and the wheelwomen—out in force. The main roads were more crowded than I have seen them at any other time this year. And the rain had produced fine surfaces, so that the puncture demon was very little in evidence.</p> <p>On Monday a little crowd of Excelsior "boys" ran over to the Littlehampton Sports, where Bert Paine and Chipper were riding, the former coming out of his shell, I suppose, owing to the lack of enthusiasm amongst the Club's new blood.</p> <p>Bert was somewhat stiff from recently having followed medal riders over a hundred miles, and had not trained either; so when he scored third to Burbridge, of Portsmouth, and Buck, of the Anerley, in the five hundred yards' scratch race, there were cheers from the Excelsiorites.</p> <p>Bert was given some pretty fair starts in the handicaps, and they proved fruitless to him, but not so the three miles' scratch race.</p> <p>He used fine judgment in this race, and easily kept a position where the flurry of the lap prize sprints did not bother him. Towards the finish Buck made a big effort, so did Paine, and they left the others in the rear whilst they made a grand fight to the tape, our man winning by about half a wheel.</p> <p>More and louder cheers from the Excelsiorites at the success of their Captain, who had surprised even himself.</p> <p>The one mile Championship of Sussex will</p>	<p>The one mile Championship of Sussex will have to be written down a farce for this season, I imagine. After being declared void through the time limit being overrun a few weeks ago, the Hoveham Club made a second attempt to bring it off on Saturday.</p> <p>But in spite of the warning afforded by the previous occasion, the riders did not keep up the requisite pace, and both of the preliminary heats exceeded the allotted two minutes fifty seconds, so were declared void.</p> <p>I cannot think there is the necessity on a grass track for such scientific jockeying as to take so long a time. Anyhow, Bert Paine managed to make most of the pace, and then win in less, during the last two or three years.</p> <p>Those medals still tempt the long-distance Excelsiorites to betake themselves to the road and store up large quantities of that "tired feeling" whilst in search of glory.</p> <p>Durant and Young have both been at it lately, the former after twelve-hour honours and the latter out for the "century" ride.</p> <p>Durant got very near success, doing the long western journey to Fareham and back in four hours and thirty-two minutes; and then the grind to Woodhatch and back in a little over five hours, despite a bothersome wind, which hindered in every direction.</p> <p>This performance, though very good indeed for unpaced work, left him with bare time to ride the finishing stage to Southwater and back, though, had it not been for the breeze, he would have gone. As it was, he very wisely decided to choose another day.</p> <p>That he rode well is evidenced by the fact</p>	<p>That he rode well is evidenced by the fact that he covered the first hundred miles of his ride in six hours and twenty-five minutes.</p> <p>Young's ride was also a good one, though unsuccessful. He reached Woodhatch in two hours, and was back at Horsham—half distance—in three.</p> <p>Here his feeding arrangements went wrong, owing to some misunderstanding, and he began to lose time. But he pegged away, and was checked at Offington four hours and seventeen minutes from the start.</p> <p>As with Durant, this left him scarcely enough time for the tail end of his journey, and after a short taste of hilly road to Arundel and Westhamnett he too resolved upon postponement.</p> <p>There can be no doubt the present-day unpaced road ride is a most severe test of a man's riding powers; the milestones seem very far apart, and the hills frightfully stiff, after a hundred miles or so of hard grinding. Success, as a rule, is only won after several attempts.</p> <p>Needless to say, runs were "off" last Wednesday, though four intrepid Figleaves braved the fury of the elements and went to Washington; whilst the Sub-Captain, who is apt to be rash when the mud is plentiful, went to Ashington. He was rewarded with a little neuralgia and a lot of mud.</p> <p>Next week's runs are: Worthing Excelsior C.C., Bramber; Tarring C.C., Arundel.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN,</p>
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