

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

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<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>LAST week's portion of the motor cycle reliability runs proved real tests of both men and machines, owing to the heavy rains; but very few riders have dropped out so far. At Horsham on Thursday some of the rash ones were stopped by the Police, who had a special timing apparatus at work.</p> <p>Our local motorist, E. Baruch Blaker, had to introduce himself to the representatives of law, order, and legal limits.</p> <p>It is whispered that plans were also laid much nearer Worthing with the intention of making it a "fine" day for the scorching chauffeurs; but certain wicked wheelmen blew the plot.</p> <p>The motor cyclists addressed some remarks of a character more personal than flattering to the ambushed Police; forgetting, I suppose, that they could not choose their duties.</p> <p>After all, very few are stopped for less than twenty miles an hour, which ought to be sufficiently fast a pace for comfort and enjoyment!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Last week W. G. Tree, of the Excelsior C.C.,</p>	<p>Last week W. G. Tree, of the Excelsior C.C., betook himself to the wheel, and combined a holiday with a geography lesson, dealing more particularly with the counties of Surrey, Oxford, and Berks.</p> <p>His first day landed him at Kingston-on-Thames, after which he visited Henley and Reading, putting in some considerable time at boating on the Thames.</p> <p>He next went to Oxford, and from the 'Varsity town made excursions about the surrounding country, finally winding up with a ride home of one hundred and two miles in the day.</p> <p>Roads were good, and the scenery up in that part is, of course, admirably picturesque, so the Excelsior Committee-man had a nice time.</p> <p>But he chose to come home through Hants, and the miniature mountains which adorn the route provided more solid, healthy exercise than was really desired at the end of a tour.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good,"</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," says the proverb—which dates back before the era of road records. The advent of these only made the proverb more true.</p> <p>On Friday and Saturday J. E. Naylor, of the Bath Road Club, was extracting good from the sou'-wester then performing. He attacked the Land's End to London ride, and succeeded in covering the trying course in twenty-two hours seven minutes eight seconds, thus beating the record made last year by L. W. Martin, by the narrow margin of less than nine minutes.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Next Wednesday's runs are: Excelsior C.C., Fittleworth; West Tarring C.C., Bramber.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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