

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p>THE Excelsior C.C. is already on the war path again with another race meeting. This time it is the annual meet, which comes off on August 15th, that is being arranged.</p> <p>The programme is to include a couple of open handicaps, a five miles' scratch race; the Sussex Mile Championship, and a tandem pursuit race—the latter a distinct novelty. Indeed, I believe such an event has never previously been put up in Sussex.</p> <p>I have been asked to mention that the Committee intend to buy the whole of the prizes in Worthing, and that they (the prizes) may be supplied by any tradesman who cares to compete for them on lines laid down by the Committee, full particulars of which may be had of the Secretary.</p> <p>One of Worthing's veteran riders, Mr. E. B. Blaker, has just returned from a tour round the Midlands, during which he ran up a respectable total of 417 miles.</p> <p>The route he followed was, briefly, Worthing, Guildford, Reading, Oxford, Banbury, to Birmingham and Wolverhampton, where he combined business with pleasure.</p> <p>After this point he had a run round, which</p>	<p>landed him at Lichfield, where he turned homewards, striking a route through Coventry, Daventry, Stratford, Barnet, London, and Croydon, to Worthing.</p> <p>Mr. Blaker enjoyed his ride very much, and is loud in his praises of the roads—a fact which those who are casting about for a touring ground will do well to note.</p> <p>He told me the worst bit of riding he had was over that stretch just on this side of Croydon, which is often in bad order. The last time I was on this same piece one of a party of four of us punctured.</p> <p>Teddy Hale is still "centurionating," as the <i>Cyclist</i> hath it, in this part. He passed through Worthing two or three times last week. The old professional has nearly completed his task now. I believe the year expires at the end of this month, and the cycling papers are now commenting almost every week upon the pluck and endurance shown by the man who has now pedalled about 30,000 miles in less than a year.</p> <p>The North Road C.C. have again brought off their annual run from London to York, starting</p>	<p>The North Road C.C. have again brought off their annual run from London to York, starting as usual at midnight. The turnout this year was twenty-nine, the majority of whom reached York in safety and comfort, despite a driving rain they had to contend with for ninety miles out of the two hundred.</p> <p>Rides of this sort have, beyond a doubt, a tendency to strengthen the true cycling spirit amongst the members of a Club, and I should very much like to see the Excelsior C.C. try their hand at the game.</p> <p>A moonlight ride to London, for instance, would attract a fair number of riders, and be a most enjoyable spin. If the start was made at twelve o'clock on Saturday night the time should suit everyone. These rides always fetch the London men. The last time I went up by night I passed numbers of riders coming down, one Club alone numbering a dozen or more. Give it a trial, Captain Young!</p> <p>Next Wednesday the Excelsior C.C., if they survive the Strawberry Feast to-night, run to Arundel, and West Tarring have fixed Angmering.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
--	---	---

CYCLING.

DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Excelsior C.C. is already on the war path again with another race meeting. This time it is the annual meet, which comes off on August 15th, that is being arranged.

The programme is to include a couple of open handicaps, a five miles' scratch race; the Sussex Mile Championship, and a tandem pursuit race—the latter a distinct novelty. Indeed, I believe such an event has never previously been put up in Sussex.

I have been asked to mention that the Committee intend to buy the whole of the prizes in Worthing, and that they (the prizes) may be supplied by any tradesman who cares to compete for them on lines laid down by the Committee, full particulars of which may be had of the Secretary.

One of Worthing's veteran riders, Mr. E.B. Blaker, has just returned from a tour round the Midlands, during which he ran up a respectable total of 417 miles.

The route he followed was, briefly, Worthing, Guildford, Reading, Oxford, Banbury, to Birmingham and Wolverhampton, where he combined business with pleasure.

After this point he had a run round, which landed him at Lichfield. where he turned homewards, striking a route through Coventry, Daventry, Stratford, Barnet, London, and Croydon, to Worthing.

Mr. Blaker enjoyed his ride very much, and is loud in his praises of the roads - a fact which those who are casting about for a touring ground will do well to note.

He told me the worst bit of riding he had was over that stretch just on this side of Croydon, which is often in bad order. The last time I was on this same piece one of a party of four of us punctured.

Teddy Hale is still "centurionating," as the *Cyclist* hath it, in this part. He passed through Worthing two or three times last week. The old professional has nearly completed his task now. I believe the year expires at the end of this month, and the cycling papers are now commenting almost every week upon the pluck and endurance shown by the man who has now pedalled about 30,000 miles in less than a year.

The North Road C.C. have again brought off their annual run from London to York, starting as usual at midnight. The turnout this year was twenty-nine, the majority of whom reached York in safety and comfort, despite a driving rain they had to contend with for ninety miles out of the two hundred.

Rides of this sort have, beyond a doubt, a tendency to strengthen the true cycling spirit amongst the members of a Club, and I should very much like to see the Excelsior C.C. try their hand at the game.

A moonlight ride to London, for instance, would attract a fair number of riders, and be a most enjoyable spin. If the start was made at twelve o'clock on Saturday night the time should suit everyone. These rides always fetch the London men. The last time I went up by night I passed numbers of riders coming down, one Club alone numbering a dozen or more. Give it a trial, Captain Young!

Next Wednesday the Excelsior C.C., if they survive the Strawberry Feast to-night, run to Arundel, and West Tarring have fixed Angmering.

DICK TURPIN