

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p>THE prevailing topic at the time I write my Gossip is the terrific heat—a topic which naturally every wheelman is interested in.</p> <p>Personally I have been at great pains to discover a perfect cyclist's drink for hot weather, but up to this point I have only satisfied myself that the bigger the drink the more satisfactory the result, provided the rider refrains from imbibing till he has finished his spin.</p> <p>Sun hats, too, are receiving a share of consideration, but the unfortunate part of this question is the notice that any departure from the conventional headgear is bound to attract.</p> <p>Whilst spending a half-day at Eastbourne last Sunday together with a friend, we found ourselves quite notorious in a small way, owing to a quiet little thing in khaki with which my friend had decorated himself. After all, however, there is no compensating the comfort and protection a broad-brimmed hat affords, and should the present weather hold, I confidently predict a run on them.</p> <p>During the spin just mentioned we sampled the remains of an old coach road to London, through Ditchling, a road which fell into decay during the last century.</p> <p>The Touring Editor of <i>Cycling</i> was loud in its praises some time back, but my friend and I most heartily disagree with him when he alludes to it as a pleasant change from the beaten track.</p> <p>I have never seen a road in half as bad a state, and feel quite justified in advising my readers against turning their wheels in this direction. The surface abounds with villainous flints, in many cases firmly set in a cement-like bed of chalk, with spear points ever watching for something to stick into; and the road itself wanders up and down the hills in an aimless way, taking the rider through very uninteresting country.</p> <p>Stanmer Park, one of the little beauty spots of</p>	<p>Stanmer Park, one of the little beauty spots of Sussex, came as a grateful change, the pretty grounds looking now at their best.</p> <p>The Excelsior C.C. have decided to offer the President's Cup for competition at the Annual Race Meeting on August 15th.</p> <p>The race is to be a one-mile handicap, the Cup to be won twice in succession or three times in all. Medals are to be given to the winner (except on the occasion he wins it outright) and to the runner-up.</p> <p>This should produce a splendid struggle between the Excelsior racing men, and make another big event in the Club's mammoth programme for the Annual Meeting.</p> <p>I am sorry to note there is no hope of a race meeting at Freeton Park on August Bank Holiday. Cycle racing seems on its last legs in Brighton—a condition of affairs due in no small degree, I fancy, to the fact that most of their meetings have been devoid of variety events, which break the monotony of watching race after race.</p> <p>Last Saturday the famous Carwardine Cup, one of the finest trophies in the cycling world, was again raced for. It being the only first-class amateur hundred miles' race in the South, the opportunity was seized by almost all the leading mid-distance fiers, the field including Frost, Bath Road C.C. (winner in 1896 and 1898); F. G. Crowley, Silverdale C.C. (winner last year); G. A. Olley, Anerley B.C., who put up new figures for the South Roads 100 miles recently; Mills, Brighton C.C.; and several other notable riders.</p> <p>Frost, who eventually won, thus making the</p>	<p>Frost, who eventually won, thus making the Cup his own, was not much in evidence until about the fiftieth mile, when he started to pick up the mile separating him from the leaders, Olley and Dudden.</p> <p>A burst tyre and a spill through cannoning a leader militated against his chances, but enlisted the sympathy of the thousands of spectators who watched the plucky little Bath Roader fight his way to the front by the time eighty miles were covered.</p> <p>The next twelve miles stirred the enthusiasm of the watchers to the highest degree, as during the whole time Dudden and Frost were contesting every inch. The pace eventually told on the former, and Frost went away with a magnificent burst, winning the race amidst indescribable scenes of excitement, in 3hr. 46min. 56.3-5sec.; the record for the distance being about nine minutes faster.</p> <p>The crowd seized the man who had ridden so plucky a race and carried him off the track.</p> <p>Next Wednesday's runs are: Worthing, Storrington; West Tarring, Steyning.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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