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| <p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p>I SUPPOSE the chief topic of conversation in the local cycling world is the Annual Race Meeting of the Excelsior C.C.</p> <p>Looked at from a sportsman's point of view, the meeting was beyond all question a great and unqualified success, as the programme was a very full one, and was supported by a galaxy of talent which comprised the cream of England's amateur racing men.</p> <p>I was disappointed that our own men did not show to better advantage in the open races. Strange though it seems, neither Paine nor Chilton ever rides up to his best form on our track.</p> <p>Some satisfaction there is in the fact that "Bert" Paine is once more the One Mile Champion of Sussex. He must have a little hoard of N.C.U. medals by this time.</p> <p>The tandem pursuit race was a welcome novelty. Here the local crew were severely handicapped through riding a road tandem weighing half as much again as the beautiful little machine ridden by H. W. Paine and Wills, which was built by the latter expressly to beat some tandem records. Judging by the style in which they won the race here, the records ought to go.</p> <p>The efforts of A. A. Pallant, the trick-riding</p> | <p>The efforts of A. A. Pallant, the trick-riding Tramp Cyclist, were deservedly well applauded. His funny little ways came as a welcome break in the tedium of watching the racing.</p> <p>The way in which Richardson won the President's Challenge Cup Race shows him to be a rider who wants a good deal of watching by the other Club men, as he can show a decent turn of speed.</p> <p>The struggle between Chilton, Shaw, and Jackson, who finished in that order, for second place was very fine, and shows Handicapper Duffield knows the ropes.</p> <p>During the afternoon I met several prominent men in the cycling world. R. L. Jefferson, who has cycled from London to Siberia, and to Constantinople, and other distant parts of the world, was there, with "Charlie" Harris, one of the fastest racing men in Sussex a few years back.</p> <p>Laslett, the Hon. Sec. of the Sussex Centre of the Union, was over, along with our representative on the General Council, Halliwell, of Coventry, attired, as ever, in the conventional silk hat and frock coat.</p> <p>I fear the lavish way the Club spent their money precludes the possibility of any profits arising out of the show, in spite of the excellent gate.</p> <p>Last Sunday, together with another Excelsior man, I placed myself under Captain Young's wing for a little spin round West Sussex.</p> <p>Starting at 10.30 from the official rendezvous,</p> | <p>man, I placed myself under Captain Young's wing for a little spin round West Sussex.</p> <p>Starting at 10.30 from the official rendezvous, we made for Arundel, where we took the Bognor road, which is in grand order.</p> <p>Bognor was quite alive with people, but our Captain would only allow bare time for a paddle in the briny and a smoke ere we ran on to Obchester, where we had an excellent dinner served at the Wheatsheaf.</p> <p>Leaving the ancient city we took the Midhurst road, which was also in good order, rain having fallen over this district last week. We missed the main road and found ourselves in a narrow lane, which led through a cutting deep in the sandstone which abounds this way. It was the most novel bit of road I have ever come across, being somewhat like a pantomime scene; the overhanging trees darkening it down so that it would make an excellent "griffin's cave."</p> <p>The road through Petworth and Pulborough to Findon and thence home we also found in splendid order. From its condition it is clear a lot of rain must have fallen.</p> <p>I notice a young local rider, Mr. Laker, jun., has risen in the world. He now trots an Eiffel safety round the town—a fearsome-looking steed, which places the rider level with an ordinary first-floor window.</p> <p>Next Wednesday's runs are: Worthing E.C.C., Arundel; West Tarring, Bramber.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p> |
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