

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p>TWO or three days ago I joined "Father O'Flynn" and three other Excelsiorites in a gentle paddle round in search of camera subjects.</p> <p>"O'Flynn," like many another wheelman, is a keen follower of the black art, and as our wanderings took us across country, 'twixt Hammerpot Hill and Warningcamp, he found several "bits" to be snapped on the first suitable day. The country is looking very nice now, and the roads we found in excellent trim; in fact, if the weather would be more reliable we should now have the best riding of the whole year.</p> <p>Coming home we met Jones, of Littlehampton, well known to most of us, who was out with a</p>	<p>chum on a new tandem. The speedy Hon. Sec. evidently means to keep fit through the winter, and should be pretty fast next year, as Littlehampton men now have a good grass track on which to train.</p> <p>About three miles from home we came across an unfortunate chap carrying the remains of a cheap machine. He had run the chain off and mangled it up, bent and twisted the frame, lost one pedal, and partially wrenched the back wheel out of the frame—that's all!</p> <p>After pulling things straight and plying a spanner for a quarter of an hour, "Father O'Flynn" made it look so much like a machine that it could be wheeled instead of carried; but whether it will ever be ridden again is exceedingly doubtful.</p> <p>It is mistaken economy to buy a cheap machine. The conglomeration of rubbish in question had probably cost, during its two or three years of existence, quite as much for repairs as would have purchased a decent machine; and it cannot have afforded a quarter of the enjoyment derived from being aboard a respectable bicycle.</p> <p>The well-known cyclist, F. T. Bidlake, tells of a scavenger whom he knew to have saved up until he had sufficient cash to buy an eighteen-guinea high-grade machine, and never begrudged the months of waiting so long as he rode one of the best.</p> <p>Last Wednesday the Sussex Centre of the N.C.U. met at Hastings, but the agenda contained very little of interest to the average rider, and, with the exception of two or three Brighton and Lewes men, the only delegates present were from Hastings and St. Leonards.</p> <p>A Championship medal, won by Dubbin in '97, has been worrying the Centre lately, it being asserted that the medal, which should be of gold, is a silver one.</p> <p>The Assay Office, however, finds it to be of</p>	<p>The Assay Office, however, finds it to be of thirteen-carat gold, the alloy being silver, which gives it the light colour. W. R. Paine has one or two similar medals, to which, I believe, the same explanation applies, though since the Worthing Excelsior C.C. set the example, the champions are awarded a medal of fifteen-carat gold, instead of nine-carat as before.</p> <p>The local Rifle Club is still further increasing its sphere of usefulness by forming a section for cyclist scouts. It is intended to teach the members the work of scouting generally, also signalling and cross-country cycling, in addition to making them efficient in the use of the rifle. The faster wheelmen are also to be trained for dispatch riding.</p> <p>The movement seems to me to open the way for the cyclist to make himself of the utmost use to his country in time of need. I think we may venture to flatter ourselves we are up to the average standard of physical and mental ability, and though we should not at once blossom out into cycling Baden-Powells, yet, properly trained, a body of cycling scouts would be a useful addition to any force of men in time of war.</p> <p>The time of "socials" and jollifications generally is setting in now. I see the Brighton Mitre Club and the Steyning C.C. have already commenced their winter programme.</p> <p>Captain Peto, of Tarring, tells me he expects his Club to again run a series of parties, on the lines which proved so successful last year, the first one coming off sometime next month. Verily, the "Figleaves" know how to enjoy themselves in winter as well as in the sunshining part of the year!</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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