

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>SATURDAY'S heavy rain freshened things up nicely, and I noticed quite a lot of local wheelmen out on—well, early this week.</p> <p>Hedgerows and fields were beautifully green; the air was fresh and the roads splendid, except in places where rain had washed the flints loose.</p> <p>The veterans' section of the Excelsior C.C. were going great guns—on strawberries and cream! At Bramber I found an endless number of riders who had, like myself, run over for a strawberry tea. Cyclists must be degenerating! Where are the fierce, hardy road-men of years ago?</p> <p>From a sporting point of view the Excelsior's Evening Meeting last Wednesday was a distinct success. The racing section of the Club is improving, both in quality and quantity. Bert Paine is, of course, quite a different class man to the rest, and the crowd were mightily pleased to see him cover the long gap separating him from the other riders in the five miles' Hallett Cup race, which he won in so fine a style.</p> <p>Jackson, too, proved a surprise. His efforts in the mile walk—where he was second—did not prevent him from finishing close to Paine in the five miles' event. Harry Shaw did not do himself justice, except in the Team race, where both he and Chilton did grandly; Harry getting home second to Paine after a fine struggle with the "old boss," Chilton, who was third. Lelliott, who won the Boys' Race from scratch, is a very promising young rider. He was giving some long starts to the others.</p> <p>The clever riding of the Misses Pacy in the</p>	<p>The clever riding of the Misses Pacy in the Novelty Race also calls for praise. The able way they managed their machines, together with the speed powers of their partners, Paine and Shaw, pleased the gate all round, and they well deserved their successes. There'll be a scramble for those young ladies at the next Hare and Tortoise Race!</p> <p>I learn the financial result of the Meeting was unsatisfactory, a deficit of between five and ten pounds having to be faced.</p> <p>However, the Club may not be a balance on the big "Annual" on August 6th. Arrangements for this are already well in hand. The programme is far ahead of anything yet seen in Worthing in the way of race meetings, and nothing has been run down in the South to approach it this year.</p> <p>A speedy tricyclist has been hovering round the neighbourhood for some days. He attracts considerable notice, as he has the new handgear fitted to his trike, and adopts a very steeping attitude.</p> <p>I noticed him making good time behind a pacing motor the other day. The gear firm intend "potting" some of the three-wheeler road records later.</p> <p>Both motor and trike ran over a dog, and it was very funny to see the canine pluckily chase them after the interview.</p> <p>Yet another local Cycling Club has blossomed forth. The gentle choristers of St. Paul's held their initial run last Saturday, when half-a-dozen rode to Littlehampton—rickshaw and all.</p> <p>The cycle offers splendid opportunities, I believe, of keeping the vocal organs fit; and why should not the new Club indulge in harmony amidst choice rural scenery and surplus and organ? Good luck to them, and may their voices never grow less!</p> <p>The "Magpie" in last week's <i>Cycling</i>, dilates</p>	<p>The "Magpie," in last week's <i>Cycling</i>, dilates upon the annoyance so many riders cause by unnecessary and injudicious bell-ringing. With good reason he condemns the "bounder" who bells everything and everybody, thereby creating bad feeling between pedestrian and cyclist.</p> <p>He holds, too, that a cyclist should always slow up if necessary, and get out of a foot passenger's way, and undoubtedly he is right.</p> <p>Loud ringing may be necessary to attract the attention of children at play; but in a general way I have found a gentle tinkle and a ready "Thank you!" answer the purpose with decent people on the road.</p> <p>By-the-bye, it is astonishing how quickly people respond to the motor horn. I know a rider—let him be nameless—whose biggest joke is to quietly ride up to pedestrians and let off a full-sized "Pip-pip!"</p> <p>He has not been killed yet, for somehow one cannot get mad with the wretch, and I have seen dozens enter into the joke quite heartily after they have got over the startle. But his time will come!</p> <p>A London Club, the Northampton Institute C.C., had a midnight run to Worthing last Sunday. The unlucky thirteen started, but two had to drop out through tyre troubles, the remaining eleven breakfasting at Washington at six a.m., and spending a good day down at the seaside.</p> <p>Next Wednesday the Excelsiors meet the Littlehampton Club at Angmering and go together to Arundel, whilst the Tarring C.C. run to Ford <i>via</i> Arundel.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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