

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>AT this time of the year the cyclist has to be prepared to find the weather in a changeable humour—a condition of things which prevents one from getting far from home. Local wheelmen have nevertheless been fairly busy during the past week or two, and have found practically all the roads in the neighbourhood in grand order. I never found the Horsham road so good as it is now.</p> <p>W. R. Paine has ridden something like five hundred miles since January, and that he is now pretty fit is evidenced by the fact that he recently rode his machine, geared to eighty-eight, two-thirds of the way up Bury Hill—the stiffest climb for miles around, and one which is calculated to more than satisfy the biggest glutton for collar-work.</p> <p>If Bert is as "hot" on the path he should have no difficulty in making the forty-ounce Silver Salver his own at Preston Park on Monday.</p> <p>Doubtless there are some wheelmen contemplating more or less abbreviated tours for Easter, and to these it may be well to extend the hackneyed advice against overdoing it.</p> <p>A writer in <i>The Cyclist</i> scorns the caution given by others who speak of "Easter knee," and waxes very sarcastic on the subject; but most of us have at some time been tempted to pile up two or three hundred miles in three or four days at Easter-tide, and have paid the penalty of too much riding when out of condition.</p> <p>I had "Easter knee" once, and know what it's like; presumably <i>The Cyclist</i> man doesn't.</p>	<p>I had "Easter knee" once, and know what it's like; presumably <i>The Cyclist</i> man doesn't.</p> <p>On Monday next the Tarring C.C. holds the last of the winter season "Socials," a form of entertainment which has been much appreciated through the dark months. The Big leaves want on this occasion to undo all their previous efforts, and to wind up their winter season with a bigger success than ever.</p> <p>On Wednesday next the Club's opening run of the summer season takes place, Littlehampton being the chosen destination. A big muster is expected.</p> <p>Scribe Peto sends me the run card for the season, from which it appears the Club is looking forward to some very pleasant jaunts. Indeed the Tarring runs have always had the reputation of being really enjoyable outings.</p> <p>By the way, W. R. Paine tells me the Tarring Scribe has developed a strong turn of speed this year, and is now leading quite a fast life—in a cycling sense!</p> <p>The Committee of the Excelsior C.C. are still putting their house in order for the coming season. The times and distances which have to be done by aspirants to honours in the road-medal competitions are now altered as follows: A hundred miles, gold, 6 hours 54 minutes; gold centre, 7 hours 10 minutes silver, 7 hours 30 minutes.</p> <p>The respective distances for the twelve hour ride are now: Gold, a hundred and seventy miles; gold centre, a hundred and fifty-five miles; silver, a hundred and forty. Men who have already won gold medals in these rides have now to do the century in 6 hours 2 minutes, or a hundred and eighty miles in twelve hours, to again qualify.</p> <p>These will be no mean performances, as the Southern Roads record for a hundred miles is 5 hours 38 minutes, and for twelve hours a hundred and eighty miles; both of which rides were done under far more favourable conditions than are possible for Club medal rides.</p> <p>Curiously enough, within a few hours of the time I was writing of the practical joker last week some facetious wheelmen were busy in Cobham qualifying for the doubtful honour of being jokers of the practical order.</p> <p>When the landlord of the White Lion arose in the morning he found his statue lion decked out in red, white, and blue paint. With a touch of satirical humour the author of the mischief had completed his work by decorating the tail of the "king of beasts" a la barber's pole, the effect being certainly striking, though far from pleasing to the artistic eye.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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By the way, W.R. Paine tells me the Tarring Scribe has developed a strong turn of speed this year, and is now leading quite a fast life—in a cycling sense!

The Committee of the Excelsior C.C. are still putting their house in order for the coming season. The times and distances which have to be done by aspirants to honours in the road-medal competitions are now altered as follows: A hundred miles, gold, 6 hours 50 minutes; gold centre, 7 hours 10 minutes; silver, 7 hours 30 minutes.

The respective distances for the twelve hours ride are now: Gold, a hundred and seventy miles; gold centre, a hundred and fifty-five miles; silver, a hundred and forty. Men who have already won gold medals in these rides have now to do the century in 6 hours 20 minutes, or a hundred and eighty miles in twelve hours, to again qualify.

These will be no mean performances, as the Southern Roads record for a hundred miles is 5 hours 38 minutes, and for twelve hours a hundred and eighty miles; both of which rides were done under far more favourable conditions than are possible for Club medal rides.

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DICK TURPIN

ⁱ For those puzzled by this – a reference to the noble horse.