

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>SOME of the Excelsior men contrive to put in a fair amount of cycling, despite the showery time we are having. Last Thursday W. R. Paine and Bert Hales cycled up to London and back—and spent a fair portion of the day in Town too! In a busy street Paine had an awkward side-slip—what a bugbear is this side-slip demon in traffic!—and bent one of the cranks of his machine.</p> <p>The damage was soon put right, but on the homeward journey Hales had a fall. Fortunately both rider and machine escaped without injury.</p> <p>On Saturday T. A. Durant put in a ride to Fareham against the stiffish breeze which was performing at the time. The Irrepressible had ridden thirteen hundred miles this year, and was pretty fit.</p> <p>He covered the first sixty-three miles on Saturday without refreshment, which is a long spell. If in his company I imagine I should have welcomed a puncture in order to break the spell of so long a grind without a liquid revive! Great Sahara! The thought parches me!</p> <p>At Preston Park last Thursday, Haynes, of the Excelsior Club, secured third prize in a one-mile running handicap, which was won in very good time—4mins. 39secs. Our man received seventy yards start.</p> <p>Jay, another Excelsiorite, won his heat in the one hundred yards handicap from the eight yards mark, but just missed third place in the final.</p> <p>Ever and anon some amateur statistician displays a praiseworthy anxiety to tell the cyclist how he may ascertain at what speed he is riding at any particular moment.</p> <p>Unfortunately the poor cyclist is left to</p>	<p>Unfortunately the poor cyclist is left to make a lot of calculations to meet his special case, or else is provided with a large sheet of printed figures looking for all the world like some intricate mathematical puzzle.</p> <p>These he is supposed to memorise, or to find a place for on his handlebar, alongside his watch. Then, with one eye peering ahead, and the other reading time and figures, he is expected to juggle with vulgar fractions as he endeavours to put in his last ounce of pedal work.</p> <p>So during the recent rainy weather I got into an arithmetical humour. I have been scorching on various imaginary gears, at different rates of speed, through wild and ever-changing landscapes of figures.</p> <p>All this in order that my readers may easily and simply calculate the pace at which they are cycling.</p> <p>For instance, if the rider of a fifty-six inch gear will count the number of revolutions made by his feet in ten seconds, the number is also the number of miles per hour at which he is travelling.</p> <p>Riders of other gears must naturally count such revolutions for correspondingly different periods. I give a list of these which should enable one to ascertain the number of seconds which corresponds to any particular gear: Fifty-six gear, 10secs.; sixty-one and a-half gear, 11secs.; sixty-seven gear, 12secs.; seventy-three gear, 13secs.; seventy-eight and a-half gear, 14secs.; eighty-four gear, 15secs.; eighty-nine and a-half gear, 16secs.; ninety-five gear, 17secs.; a hundred and one gear, 18secs.</p> <p>A new and welcome feature of the Sussex Centre of the National Cyclists' Union is a recently issued handbook which deals in a</p>	<p>most thorough fashion with the history and work of the Centre.</p> <p>In a very concise form it gives particulars of the various Clubs in the county which are affiliated to the Union, the officials of the Centre, and a list of the hotels under arrangement to cater for members of affiliated Clubs, the special tariffs being set out at length.</p> <p>A host of miscellaneous information of interest to cyclists generally is included, and altogether the publication does credit both to the Committee responsible for its production and to Editor Tappin, of Lewes.</p> <p>Owing to some oversight, the list of official hotels still offers the tired and hungry wheelman a dinner and bed at the ruined Royal Hotel for the sums of 5s. and 4s. 6d. respectively. I imagine, however, he would fight shy of the present open-air system in vogue!</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
--	--	---

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

SOME of the Excelsior men contrive to put in a fair amount of cycling, despite the showery time we are having. Last Thursday W.R. Paine and Bert Hales cycled up to London and back - and spent a fair portion of the day in Town too! In a busy street Paine had an awkward side-slip - what a bugbear is this side-slip demon in traffic! - and bent one of the cranks of his machine.

The damage was soon put right, but on the homeward journey Hales had a fall. Fortunately both rider and machine escaped

without injury.

On Saturday T.A. Durant put in a ride to Fareham against the stiffest breeze which was performing at the time. The Irrepressible had ridden thirteen hundred miles this year, and was pretty fit.

He covered the first sixty-three miles on Saturday without refreshment, which is a long spell. If in his company I imagine I should have welcomed a puncture in order to break the spell of so long a grind without a liquid revive! Great Sahara! The thought parches me!

At Preston Park last Thursday, Haynes, of the Excelsior club, secured third prize in a one-mile running handicap, which was won in a very good time – 4 mins 39 secs. Our man received seventy yards start.

Jay, another Excelsiorite, won his heat in the one hundred yards handicap from the eight yards mark, but just missed third place in the final.

Ever and anon some amateur statistician displays a praiseworthy anxiety to tell the cyclist how he may ascertain at what speed he is riding at any particular moment.

Unfortunately the poor cyclist is left to make a lot of calculations to meet his special Case, or else is provided with a large sheet of printed figures looking for all the world like some intricate mathematical puzzle.

These he is supposed to memorise, or to find a place for on his handlebar, alongside his watch. Then, with one eye peering ahead, and the other reading time and figures, he is expected to juggle with vulgar fractions as he endeavours to put in his last ounce of pedal work.

So during the recent rainy weather I got into an arithmetical humour. I have been scorching on various imaginary gears, at different rates of speed, through wild and ever-changing landscapes of figures.

All this in order that my readers may easily and simply calculate the pace at which they are cycling.

For instance, if the rider of a fifty-six inch gear will count the number of revolutions made by his feet in ten seconds, the number is also the number of miles per hour at which

he is travelling.

Riders of other gears must naturally count such revolutions for correspondingly different periods. I give a list of those which should enable one to ascertain the number of seconds which corresponds to any particular gear; Fifty-six gear, 10 secs.; sixty-one and a-half gear, 11 secs.; sixty-seven gear, 12 secs.; seventy-three gear 13 secs; seventy-eight and a-half gear, 14 secs.; eighty-four gear, 15 secs.; eighty-nine and a-half gear, 16 secs.; ninety-five gear, 17 secs.; a hundred and one Gear, 18 secs.¹

A new and welcome feature of the Sussex Centre of the national Cyclists' Union is a recently issued Handbook which deals in a most thorough fashion with the history and work of the centre.

In a very concise form it gives particulars of the various Clubs in the county which are affiliated to the Union, the officials of the Centre, and a list of the hotels under arrangement to cater for members of affiliated Clubs, the special tariffs being sent out at length.

A host of miscellaneous information of interests to cyclist generally is included, and altogether the publication does credit both to the Committee responsible for its production, and to Editor Tappin, of Lewes.

Owing to some oversight, the list of official hotels still offers the tired and hungry wheelman a dinner and bed at the ruined Royal Hotel for the sums of 5s and 4s 6d. respectively. I imagine, however, he would fight shy of the present open-air system in vogue!

DICK TURPIN.

¹ For the benefit of younger members, here Dick Long refers to a gear-measurement system which had its roots in the days of the "good old Ordinary", and was made redundant by metrication. The high bicycle was defined by its wheel diameter, rather than by its circumference, as witness the "To Birmingham and back on a bicycle" Gazette articles whose author uses his machine, a 52" Timberlake, as his pen name. Safety-bicycle gear ratios followed a similar convention, for example a 48t chainwheel x 16t sprocket with a 27" dia wheel, gave a gear of $(48/16 \times 27") = 81"$. It sounds complicated, but it worked.