

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

WHITSUNTIDE has come and gone, and a glorious holiday it has been. Certainly the weather was conducive to cycling of the lazy order, though two of the Excelsiorites put in lengthy spins, taking them well into Surrey, last Saturday. Durant went to Dorking and across to Guildford, under a scorching sun; whilst Stephenson sweltered to Redhill.

The Excelsior Club is to be congratulated on the success of the Whit Monday Sports Meeting, which is fully reported in another column.

The Club's usually lucky weather prevailed, and enabled a big "gate" to witness a very fair all-round programme.

Some of the finishes were really very fine, indeed, notably the two miles' Club race, in which W. Brown and Stanley Hales crossed the line side by side, and locked together, the former winning by inches.

Hales had previously won the Club one mile from Brown, so they shared the honours.

But indeed all the Club men performed well in cycling, running, and walking; and we certainly have got a warm lot now.

In the Club cycling races some of the men were over-weighted in the handicap, whilst in the open cycling events the allotment of starts was absolutely farcical.

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Taking the meeting as a whole, it was a real success, and I hope the Club has netted a fair profit.

Excelsiorites and cyclists generally will be sorry to hear that Lester Young, last year's holder of Captain Fraser's Cup, met with a very severe accident whilst on horseback last week.

He had a very nasty fall, damaging his knee and his arm—the latter having to be sewn up. It was more plucky than wise of poor Lester to ride in defence of his title in the President's Cup race on Monday—and he rode well!

At frequent intervals a desire for easy—or should I say speedy?—travelling causes an accession to the ranks of local motor cyclists.

The latest deserter from the army of common or pedalling cyclists is Mr. H. W. Hales, who has just become the proud possessor of a two and three-quarter horse-power motor bike.

It looks a businesslike machine, I must say, and it ought to please the new chauffeur, for he has always had a taste for speed, and was for many years a well-known figure on the Sussex cycling tracks.

Mr. Hales raced in the days of the "good old ordinary," and had a long run. Indeed, it was only a few years ago he was making the youngsters take a back seat.

His two sons will keep the name up in the world of speed-men, however.

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