

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>A FEW days back I was one of a little party of Excelsiorites who had a trip to the extreme east of Sussex. We were pleasantly surprised to find the roads in the district in very fine trim, and a decided improvement on the highways nearer home.</p> <p>We started fairly early and took things easily, there being a playful wind in our faces. Through Brighton we went, and on to Lewes, which, from a casual inspection, struck us as still keeping up its reputation as a "town of clean windows and pretty faces."</p> <p>By eleven o'clock we had covered the road which skirts the northern base of the Downs; we had seen the odd-looking "Wilmington Giant" outlined in chalk on the hillside; and were gently drifting through fashionable Eastbourne.</p> <p>After this we made for Pevensey, noticing the string of quaint Martello Towers dotted along the coast. At Pevensey Castle we pulled up and enjoyed a pipe of tobacco in the company of imaginary legions of the Romans who built their stronghold, Anderida, here—a stronghold which was still seeing war a thousand years after the Romans had quitted.</p> <p>After Pevensey, Hurstmonceux Castle—a few miles further on—looked to us quite modern. Anyhow, we did not stay long, the only thing of interest being the fact that it is built of red bricks.</p> <p>Perhaps Sir Roger de Fynes, who erected</p>	<p>it four and a half centuries back, held shares in a brickyard!</p> <p>We next made for Windmill Hill, a sleepy little village, which afforded us a light and welcome midday repast.</p> <p>Then, with fair wind, we pedalled back to Lewes along a well-made road through Laughton and Ringmer, passing a disabled motor car on the way. In dodging a herd of cows on an awkward hill the driver had omitted to also dodge the ditch.</p> <p>He had apparently got enough trouble to last him a week!</p> <p>From Lewes the run was continued home without incident, except that a stranger "took us on." The Irrepressible made the pace for our party, and at Falmer Hill we dropped the unknown.</p> <p>Our modest ride of between eighty and ninety miles was nothing in comparison with that of Frank Medhurst, who takes his cycling in big doses.</p> <p>Alone he rode to Chichester and Southampton, on through the New Forest to Ringwood—seventy-odd miles without a halt; time, five hours and forty minutes.</p> <p>A refresher at Ringwood, and he hastened home in time to put in a spin to Brighton and back, thereby making his total for the day something over a hundred and seventy miles.</p> <p>Going to the extreme, a party of eight Excelsiorites and friends on the same day ambled gently to Washington for tea. I hear they had a very nice time.</p> <p>In the recent manoeuvres at Arundel a body</p>	<p>of about two dozen cycling warriors succeeded in capturing a party of Yeomen who were superior in numbers, if not in tactics, to the "alim" wheelmen.</p> <p>The hundred-mile race for the Carwardine Cup at the Crystal Palace on Saturday was somewhat marred through the holder, G. A. Olley, and Leon Meredith becoming involved in a spill, which caused the retirement of the former.</p> <p>Meredith escaped injury, and showed some fine riding. He won by over twenty miles, making a new record for the distance of two hours fifty-eight minutes twelve seconds.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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