

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</b></p> <p>I AM beginning to realise that I have been deceived—absolutely taken in and done for by the Clerk of the Weather! After the wet summer of last year I confidently relied upon the law of averages working a complete change, and felt certain of a long, dry, and almost cloudless summer this year. So I invested in a light and dainty bicycle, lavishly plated and enamelled, but thoroughly sound in wind and limb, so to speak—just the bike for long rambles from sunrise to sunset.</p> <p>But the plans of men and bikes "gang aft agley," and, mainly through the erratic and generally tearful weather we have had, I have not yet managed a thousand miles for the season!</p> <p>Not many of us have, I fear. One Excelsior man, who arranges his leisure to fit the meteorological conditions—lucky man!—has nearly covered two thousand.</p> <p>Last Thursday the Sussex Centre Council of the N.C.U. met at Brighton, but there was no business of importance to transact—except to discuss the weather!</p> <p>W. R. Paine brought a motor bicycle down by road from London the same day. Bert had a very moist ride, and had to speculate in a mackintosh cape and a pair of leggings on the journey. He looked quite picturesque as, late in the evening, he steered the new motor home through the mud.</p> <p>On Saturday practically all Club runs were abandoned, as was a projected time trial by a young Excelsiorite. The roads are, however, in fine order now, and we must hope soon to be out on the wheel.</p> <p>The motor is having a really bad time. The luckless chauffeur has all along been the pet aversion of numbers of rural J.P.'s, and has been heavily fined on the evidence of inept timers armed with doubtful watches.</p> <p>A more drastic remedy was suggested by a</p>	<p>A more drastic remedy was suggested by a knightly correspondent to a morning paper. He advocated the legalised use of shot-guns upon any motorist who might be deemed an offender against the laws of the land!</p> <p>He has not yet replied to a gentleman who followed his fiery letter with an inquiry as to the simplest means of stopping a car travelling at a forty-mile bat, after one has slain or disabled the driver.</p> <p>The latest blow to the motor is that the National Cyclists' Union has withdrawn the permits issued for motor pacing in open bicycle races. This came about through the Anerley "hundred," which was reduced almost to a farce as a result of motor pacing, only one man, Meredith, finishing the distance.</p> <p>Then the fatalities at Bristol resulted in a number of Sport promoters deciding to drop motor cycle races out of their programmes, a step which the Excelsior Club has taken as regards the Annual Race Meeting on the 19th of August.</p> <p>After all, motor cycles are now far from being a novelty, and it is rare that a race between them results in a tight finish, as the final sprint home, wherein lies the excitement in human racing, is entirely absent. Speed, pure and simple, is of little value as an attraction to the crowd.</p> <p>In Paris on Sunday four of our best London amateurs — Ingram, Janson, Payne, and Bailey—competed against a picked French quartette in a series of races which were so arranged that each Englishman met in turn each member of the opposing team.</p> <p>The result was some really splendid racing and a victory for the Englishmen, who had fifteen points against them, as compared with the Frenchmen's twenty-five.</p> <p>The Excelsior Club have arranged a run for Wednesday next which promises to be a specially enjoyable one. It is one of the Angmering runs with a musical evening introduced, and a nice muster and good time may be looked for at the Lamb.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><b>DICK TURPIN.</b></p>
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