

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</b></p> <p><b>A</b>T last the Clerk of the Weather has "let up" for a time at any rate, and the wheelman is happy and busy—for the same period. Roads are perfect now, and there is a delightful freshness about the country which suggests the rain has done more good than harm in Sussex.</p> <p>Three Excelsiorites, Messrs. Medhurst, Willmer, and F. Young, had a pleasant trip into the far east of Sussex early this week.</p> <p>They are no sluggards, and the sun had not been up long before he saw the three travellers spinning along through Brighton and Lewes at a very fair pace.</p> <p>Taking the road through Ringmer, they continued eastward, catching a glimpse of the new East Sussex Asylum—a collection of fine redbrick buildings, occupying a tremendous site—as they passed Hellingly.</p> <p>Still east as far as Ninfield, south to Bexhill, and on to St. Leonards, then Hastings, the end of the outward journey.</p> <p>No time had been spent on the road for refreshments, but Willmer's tyre had burst twice. Nevertheless, the journey—fifty miles of very undulating road—had been done in three and three-quarter hours.</p> <p>The fresh morning air had produced three keen appetites, and it was not long before the Excelsior boys were engaged in the pleasant occupation of eating because they were really hungry—a pleasure some of us only know when cycling.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Hastings was soon inspected, and the trio</p>	<p>Hastings was soon inspected, and the trio commenced the return ride, choosing the same road again.</p> <p>Dinner had pleased them so much that when they reached Lewes they tried the effect of tea.</p> <p>That, too, was a success, and put them right for a nice spin over the last few miles in the evening, feeling very well satisfied with their jaunt of exactly a hundred miles.</p> <p>Another Excelsior road rider, T. A. Durant, is away on a cycling tour. He has had a very exciting time so far.</p> <p>Before reaching Horsham on the first day he charged into a swarm of bees on the road. He hurried, and lost no time in flicking away a dozen or so which settled on him, and looked like a fighting rearguard.</p> <p>The rain delayed him at Guildford a couple of days, and when he set off again he had a busy time of it dodging floods.</p> <p>At Chertsey he was told the direct road to Windsor was under water—in some places to the extent of three feet. He turned back.</p> <p>Soon he encountered more floods, but the fates, in the shape of the Chertsey Council, were kind. The Irrepressible was able to avail himself of a "ferry" service organised by the Council, and sailed the Chertsey main (two feet in depth) aboard a one horse-power van.</p> <p>Before he reached Staines the road disap-</p>	<p>Before he reached Staines the road disappeared altogether, and boats were in regular use. Durant then decided to make for London, but presently found a native cyclist who acted as guide through some intricate bye-lanes which were rideable, and brought him to St. Albans.</p> <p>Then via Harpenden and Luton to Bedford—eighty-two miles against a stiff breeze—finished up a day's touring, which certainly was not uneventful.</p> <p>His next day's programme was a fairly lengthened ride for touring, the distance being ninety miles.</p> <p>Leaving Bedford pretty early, he went across country to St. Neots, and on to Cambridge and Ely, stopping awhile to have a good look at the Varsity town and a brief inspection of Ely Cathedral.</p> <p>Then northward to Huntingdon, where he took the Great North Road and sampled its speedy surface as far as the Norman Cross, turning there for Peterborough.</p> <p>I understand he now has his eye on the Norfolk coast. Lucky man!</p> <p>E. Baruch Blaker has just got his new</p>
<p>E. Baruch Blaker has just got his new motor-bike to hand—a regular milestone-eater it looks too! He is racing in the Channel Islands on it this week, and should do well if he gets familiar with the details in the short time at his disposal.</p> <p>Baruch soon knows a machine. He was competing in a couple of motor cycle races at Littlehampton last Wednesday, and was aboard a machine built in Worthing, his own not being ready.</p> <p>But our chauffeur got his strange steed along in fine style, landing the second prize in both races.</p> <p>The Excelsior Club keep the Feast of the Strawberry at Washington on Wednesday next. The event has always been one of the Club's finest outings, and it is intended to beat previous records if possible.</p> <p>Tickets should be purchased by Monday next to enable the Committee to make arrangements for an adequate supply of the luscious, necessary strawberry.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><b>DICK TURPIN.</b></p>		

## CYCLING.

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Taking the road through Ringmer, they continued eastward, catching a glimpse of the new East Sussex Asylum - a collection of fine redbrick buildings, occupying a tremendous site - as they passed Hellingly.

Still east as far as Ninfield, south to Bex-Hill, and on to St Leonards, then Hastings, the end of the outward journey.

No time had been spent on the road for refreshments, but Willmer's tyre had burst twice. Nevertheless, the journey - fifty miles of very undulating road - had been done in three and three-quarter hours.

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**DICK TURPIN.**