

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

ABBREVIATED rides are the order of the day, and they will, I imagine, remain so for many days. But "half a loaf is better than no bread," and when we cannot get the whole loaf we must be satisfied with something less. But no more about loaves, or I shall read like a Tariff Reform argument.

Some of the Excelsior men are still showing activity; W. Stephenson, who is located at Aldershot, being one of the brave-hearts.

He cycled up through Bagshot, Virginia Water, Egham, and Staines, on into London, a few days back.

"Billy" says this picturesque country is in one of its best moods now, and looks more charming than usual. After the recent weather there was, needless to say, an abundance of water effect in most of the views—especially in some parts, where fishermen are plying rod and line as they punt over the flooded meadows!

T. A. Durant, too, is still at it; one hundred and sixty-four miles was his total last week.

In a spin to Guildford and back he found the gentle flint-scatterer had been road-repairing between Cranleigh and Guildford.

He avoided that road on his return, and

selected the Loxwood route. It was infinitely worse, and the Excelsiorite had to plug along through several long patches of the tyre-destroying mixture.

But he did not puncture. He had enough trouble, as there was a head wind all the way, whilst the last seven miles were ridden through the rain. However, he got home in two hours and twenty minutes, which is good touring.

I toddled over to Arundel the other day, and never remember having seen the town or the Park look prettier.

The first glimpse, as I steadied my machine down Crossbush Hill, was a surprise to me. There happened—actually!—to be some sunshine, and it lit up the Castle and the Cathedral in striking fashion, making them stand out boldly from the background of trees and the little town which nestled below.

The Park was also very tempting; the trees

there bore every conceivable tint. Swanbourne Lake was never prettier; and altogether I felt somewhat envious of the red deer who were quietly grazing as I mounted my bike and made for home.

Yes, autumnal Arundel is admirable!

The Excelsior Club's tea and general "flare up" next Wednesday, at headquarters, promises to be a jolly and enjoyable fixture. Tickets are eighteen-pence, and, from what I can learn, the affair should be an out-and-out success.

It has been found necessary to postpone the Club's annual dinner, and the new date is not yet definitely fixed.

Congratulations to F. G. Blann, the latest addition to the Benedict class!

The landlord of the Excelsior headquarters is one of the oldest members of the Club; in fact, he joined at its commencement, and the "boys" will all wish him happiness and prosperity.

Local motor cyclists are evidently not "butter-

fly" riders; most of them are still on patrol—no! petrol, I should say.

Medlock and a friend rode down from Harrow by night not long ago; they had somewhat of an adventurous time of it too, as they made several fruitless endeavours to thread their way through Dorking in the dark, ere succeeding.

They managed it at last, and all went well till they reached Findon, when Medlock ran out of petrol. Someone got roused in the night, and he continued with a replenished tank, but had to tow his friend the last mile or two, as his petrol-tank got low spirited too.

E. B. Blaker motored down from London last Thursday, and found the roads in fair order; Rice and Hewer have also been keeping their steeds in trim, and report decent going as far as Chichester.

The world's record for one hour is still receiving attention at the hands of the motor-paced professional cyclist. Tommy Hall crowded fifty-four miles and five hundred and forty-five yards into the sixty minutes last Thursday on a Paris track.

Which is good going for a bicycle.

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