

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">A Survey of the Season.</p> <p>THE season of active riding has now passed, and again I am called upon to make my exit in order to provide more space for those who chronicle the joys of Football, Hockey, and other winter sports. But I have the Editorial permission to linger a moment and cast a retrospective glance at the season that has gone, whilst I review the happenings of the local wheel world during that period.</p> <p>The unstinted attentions of Jupiter Pluvius have certainly reduced the distances ridden by wheelmen generally, for most of us dislike riding in the rain.</p> <p>But, nevertheless, one or two local riders have compiled good cyclometer records this year.</p> <p>T. A. Durant has registered a total of over five thousand two hundred miles during the season; whilst F. Young can show a mileage of four thousand.</p> <p>Aboard his motor bicycle—a better steed than its pedal-propelled brother at overtaking milestones—E. Baruch Blaker has ridden just upon ten thousand miles.</p> <p>All these figures are obtained from cyclometers. Other men, who "estimate" their distances, claim to have beaten four thousand, but—well, one Worthing man "estimated" the distance to Horsham at twenty-five miles!</p> <p>During 1903 Durant has covered well over nine hundred miles on roads which were fresh to him—and the Irrepressible has to go far afield to find pastures new.</p> <p>By the way, his average distance for every ride he has taken this season exceeds fifty miles.</p> <p>Excelsiorites have this year borne "the banner with the strange device" to some fairly distant points.</p> <p>H. W. Hales, on his motor bicycle, made an</p>	<p>H. W. Hales, on his motor bicycle, made an up-to-date pilgrimage to Canterbury, eighty miles away; and Fred Young visited Coventry, a hundred and forty miles distant, in the course of a tour.</p> <p>Westwards, F. Medhurst has penetrated to Cardiff, which is a ride of one hundred and sixty miles; and Durant, who went to the land of Taffy, was two hundred miles away when he was admiring the Elan Valley, the site of Birmingham's new Waterworks.</p> <p>To the South there is but little scope for the wheelman, but Farnden cycled in the Channel Islands; he also rode to Weymouth, a ride of about a hundred and thirty miles.</p> <p>As a Club the Excelsior Cycling and Athletic Club has done much to justify its existence during this its thirteenth year. Financially over thirty pounds better off than was the case at the beginning of the year, it has a hundred members, most of whom take an active interest in cycling as a sport or pastime.</p> <p>Club runs generally have been a dead letter, though a dozen of the "boys" attended the midnight prowls to Chertsey, and enjoyed it immensely.</p> <p>The Club's ventures in the way of race meetings were both successful and, like the dances, resulted in substantial profit.</p> <p>About twenty attempts were made to win the Club's road medals, and over sixteen hundred miles were ridden during the year upon the historic roads to Reigate and Fareham.</p> <p>Bad weather saved the Club exchequer the</p>	<p>Bad weather saved the Club exchequer the cost of several of the much-coveted medals, only five being won altogether. Two of these were for twelve hour rides, namely, F. Medhurst, gold-centre, and W. Finch, silver.</p> <p>The others, for one hundred miles, went to F. Medhurst, gold; F. Young, gold-centre; and W. Finch, silver.</p> <p>The Club is badly off for path-racing men at the present time, and if W. R. Paine had not turned out once or twice I don't know where we should have been.</p> <p>He has ridden at Littlehampton and Brighton, in addition to our own Sports, and has usually managed to show a glimpse of his old form and secure a prize or two.</p> <p>Though he has let the County Championships go to other men, it is of interest to note that these men receive starts from him—and they want 'em!</p> <p>We still have a Champion in the person of Sam Clark, who is top-sawyer among the Sussex veterans, and seems in as good form as ever he was. His mile in 2min. 40secs. will not be beaten by any other old 'un in a hurry, I imagine!</p> <p>Now, with an exhortation to all my readers to follow the example of the Excelsior Club's Honorary Secretary, who cycles daily throughout the year, I doff my broad-brimmed hat, give rein to Bonny Black Bear, and vanish into the wintry darkness. DICK TURPIN.</p>
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i Not quite right – unless Dick is counting from the first formal meeting in March 1890. The informal meeting of September 1889 predates this, and there may still be two years of unrecorded prehistory.

ii This refers to the traditional pit-saw method of "deeping" logs into planks. The upper sawyer was "top-dog" and the man in the pit, covered with sawdust and detritus, was the "under-dog".