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HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS CYCLING CLUB.

AFFILIATED TO THE N.C.U.

ESTABLISHED 1876.

JUNIOR CHAMPION CLUB OF SUSSEX.

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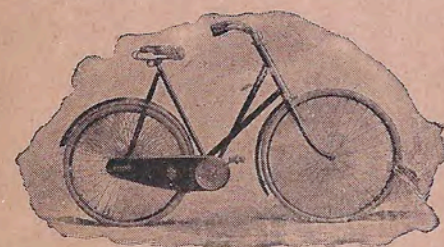
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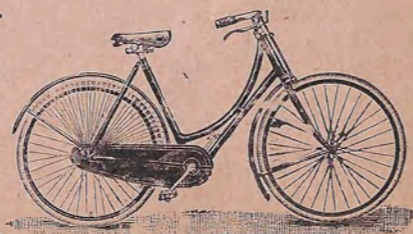
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Editorial Notes.

It has been mentioned to us that the title of this paper is peculiarly appropriate. It is a "Record" in a double sense. A record of the doings of the largest organisation of its kind in the county, and a record in point of interest, style and finish in local cycling journalism. Yet, pleasing though the criticisms of our friends may be, we are by no means inclined to rest upon our laurels. We regard our efforts so far as merely preliminary to something better, and with the hearty co-operation of all concerned we hope to see this Gazette become worthy in time of the great Club it now so imperfectly represents.

Our "It is whispered column" has become one of the leading attractions. Members who send in notes for this section can rest assured they will be diligently read. In point of fact we can say, from personal observation, that it is this department that usually commands the first attention of our readers.

Concerning "Notes on Runs," we may say they continue to form the greatest attraction of our paper. Evident it is that the talented writer of them is no mere "scorcher" with eyes for nothing, and no desire or thought but distance *versus* time. His scholarly productions hold the attention by the ever present power of observation. He unfolds to us in panoramic form all the doings at Club Runs, interspersing them liberally with glimpses of nature indicative of one whose healthy mind revels in the great good provided for those who know how to use their eyes in this best of Worlds.

One or two members have complained of being unprovided with membership cards. Their subscriptions handed to the Secretary will bring about the desired result promptly.

The manner in which our Vice-Presidents are rallying to the Club is a matter for congratulation. Their presence on Club runs and at the Club House, shows plainly that they do not regard their office as merely ornamental; but are taking a real and practical interest in the Club's affairs.

By the way our Mr. "Notes on Runs" remarks as an excuse (surely most unnecessary), that the temptation to write is very great. Well we can only say his experience is the reverse of ours. Very probably were he the Editor he would arrive at the opposite conclusion. For he would speedily discover the average member suffers from a strong temptation not to write at all, preferring the writing being left to the busy few of whom "Notes on Runs" is a notable example.

In some quarters disappointment has been expressed that we were not officially represented at the Ashford Church Parade. The matter was carefully considered and the Committee thought it best to leave the question entirely to the discretion of members. With what results Sub-Captain Noakes' letter in our last issue ably shows.

There appears to be a regular epidemic of "scorching" on at the present time. It is no uncommon thing of an evening to see a number of youths (and others old enough to know better), racing up and down the Front in a most idiotic fashion. Such conduct is well calculated to bring discredit upon the whole body of cyclists, and we hope the Authorities will soon see their way to making an example of some of the worst offenders.

Once more we repeat that if this Paper is to be a success it can only be so by the co-operation of all. Any contributions, however small, will be gladly received, and, if suitable, will be found a place. So all with contributions please hurry up.

Will contributors note that all matter should reach us before the 20th of the month.

With great surprise we learn from Hon. Secretary Crane that there are still a few subscriptions unpaid. This laxity on the part of a small minority, greatly increases the work of keeping accounts, and it is hoped the erring ones will pay up forthwith, and thus secure their cards of membership.

Need we remind our readers that we have two big events coming off this month, viz.—A Grand Race Meeting on August Bank-Holiday, and the Club's Annual Race Meeting on Wednesday the 31st.

Our Race Secretary promises most excellent sport and entertainment for both events, and from what we know, we shall pity most sincerely any member who is unable to be present on those occasions.

We are all glad to see Sub-Captain Noakes take his place again regularly among us, and we tender him our hearty congratulations upon the complete recovery from the illness which prevented him being with us at some of the earlier runs.

The other evening it was the good fortune of your humble servant and another club man to journey to Battle together awheel. Here we found Brother Chapman who received and entertained us most hospitably; so much so that we were very loth to depart, and did not find ourselves back in Hastings until—well, anyhow, we are fortunately both single and so did not have to enter into explanations with “better halves,” or we might have fared badly. Evidently, if you want to get treated as a brother you have only to go to Battle—you'll have to wear the Club badge though

The Flag Staff is now erected in a conspicuous position at the Club House, and the Flag flying thereon can be seen afar of all men, so when you are in need of recreation, rest or refreshment, make for that Flag and your wants will be satisfied.

Our Roll of Membership is still rapidly lengthening, and the extraordinary increase in numbers this season is a matter for congratulation to all concerned. Also what is even more to the point is the fact of the large and continually increasing musters at Club Runs. Nothing is more gratifying to the Officers and Committee of the Club than a well attended Club Run, and we hope to see the members top the “century” before long.

Any doubts that may have existed as to the overwhelming success of our Annual Outing and Sports on Wednesday, July 20th, were at once dispelled on arriving at the Headquarters (Castle Hotel) just before starting time, and seeing the fine muster preparing to go to Ninfield. These numbers were

quadrupled by reinforcements during the progress of the Fete at the Club House Grounds; detachments of riders constantly coming up till a late hour. A full Report of the proceedings will be found in another column.

It would be interesting to learn how many cyclists on a Club Run of, say 50, have with them, repair outfits, pumps, and wrenches; probably not half-a-dozen. And yet they have no hesitation in delaying their more provident brethren and borrowing the needful materials in case of a puncture or a loose nut. This is most unfair—especially so because the very riders who are most prone to mishap through using path tyres and racing machines on the road, and then presuming upon other people's good nature to help them, are generally to be found boasting of “pace” and flaunting the fact that they have no materials for repairs or spanners with them solely on account of the extra weight saved by leaving them at home.

We are glad to notice the marked improvement in the riding of those of our members who have made their first acquaintance with the glorious pastime of cycling this season. Since the early Club Runs, they have greatly improved and are now no longer an unintentional menace to their fellow riders.

That popular rider Mr. W. Williamson of the Anglo Irish C.C. won the Catford Hill Climbing Competition held recently at Waller Hill, Caterham. This hill is 600 yards long and the conditions framed by the Club, were—a minimum gear of 66in.; length of crank not to exceed 6½ inches.

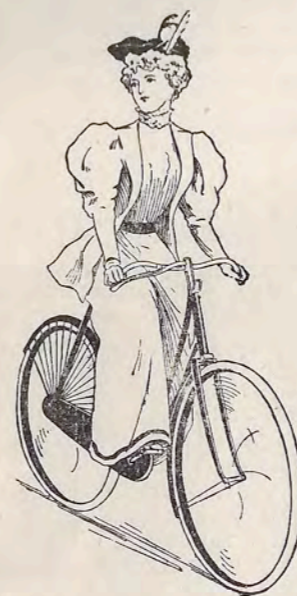
Mr. Williamson has raced in Hasting as recently as last Easter-Monday, and has been with us on a Club Run in the past. He was also successful this year in the Humber C.C. 3-hours race at Coventry on June 20th, covering 70 miles 780 yards in the time and coming out an easy first. Williamson's victory on this occasion was very popular, as he had met with the hardest of luck in this race in former years.

We extend our congratulations to Mr. A. H. Tompsett upon his recovery from his recent long illness, and are all very glad to see him with us once more.

In another column full particulars of our 23rd Annual Race Meeting will be found advertised. Record entries of new blood are expected. The Mastin Cup should prove a most interesting event. All the other events are of the usual high-class order consistent with our Club's reputation in such matters. The two professional races (open to Sussex) will doubtless prove a great additional attraction.

It has been mentioned that some members are unaware that refreshments can be obtained at the Club House. We can scarcely believe this; but to

satisfy our informant we state once again that Mr. Winchester supplies Teas, Light Refreshments and Mineral Waters at very moderate charges. Tobacco, Cigars and Cigarettes can also be had—but by **Club Members only**. To those members who were complaining of the want of condition of cigars stocked at the Club House, we may say that our Secretary has made arrangements for a fresh supply of a different brand (manilas) which will be found in excellent condition. The falling off in condition of those stocked previously, was due to lack of a proper place for keeping—this has since been remedied. All cigars and cigarettes at the Club House are supplied by Messrs. Birkett and Dodwell whose name is a sufficient guarantee of quality.



Notes on the Runs

(By EFESSE.)

Throughout the month we have been favoured with the best of summer weather, and, up to the time of writing, nothing has in anyway interfered with our fixtures, all of which have been to our favourite resort, the Club House.

Fearing the praise of our country seat and its surroundings might have become monotonous to some of our readers, we have this month decided to curtail the “Notes on Runs,” to give place to more important matter, and only those runs of special interest will receive a lengthy report. It need scarcely be mentioned that the interest in the doings of the Club is not flagging on the part of the members, and this is

proved by the exceptional musters, especially on Wednesday, and by the introduction of many friends as new members.

Wednesday, July 6th.—Towards 6.30, from the various approaches to the Castle Hotel, came the cyclists. A party of excursionists wondering what this numerous array of bikes meant, gathered round to watch the course of events. With a loud ring of the bells still they come, and the crowd parts to let them enter the arena. Captain Gillett at the head blows the whistle shrilly and the ting-a-ling-ling attracts attention, and a human vortex surges around the Memorial to catch a glimpse of the vast multitude of the men awheel—and women. The constant trips to Ninfield—a diversion from which no one would appreciate—have put our members in the best of form, and they travel in a body with the greatest ease, and the erstwhile stragglers being now proficient riders. The clouds of dust told of dry throats, which a good cup of tea soon moistened again. On the darker garments was perceivable the effects of unwatered roads, and even on the eyebrows and other hirsute appendages the dust gathered. The cyclists seem to know no rest (at least our members do not), no sooner is tea over than out come the racquets, the bats and the quoits. With coats thrown down and tennis shoes—quite a stock of these nether adornments are stored at the house—laced, the games start in full earnest. Over in the fields yonder, the less active have piled up a pillow of hay and are busy contemplating the beautiful scenery or indulging in a few quiet jokes. Hay forks and hay rakes are called for, and no one is idle. The grass flies in all directions for a short period, and then the energetic ones give up the task, tired out. Those who went quietly to work still pursue their pleasant task, and over in the far corner of the field, the old veterans, brothers Miller and Noakes, continue to nightfall. All warmed with their work, some are resting; then it is the real fun commences. All unsuspectingly they are pounced upon and ere they are able to cry out, a pile of hay envelopes them. A dozen or two join in the fun and from the general melee a few beat a hasty retreat, having had quite enough of it, while the stronger combatants finish up by smothering their rivals beneath the sweet smelling grass. Soon all are tired out, and little knots of hay-makers sprinkle themselves about the fields to rest before the re-start. A light shines forth from the parlour window and presently the sounds of pleasant voices accompanied by the piano are wafted across the fields. A black mass of clouds betokening a storm surges up from the north western horizon and fears of a wet return home are entertained. But by and by the mass disperses and finally disappears to the south east leaving a cloudless sky bespeckled with twinkling star. Listen to the nightingale! It is too loud and shrill. A repetition follows. There is no doubt about it this time; it is the captain's whistle. Lazily, drowsily, we withdraw from the fields reluctantly the

piano is closed, but soon the funny man asserts himself and temporarily the pleasures of the evening are forgotten.

Saturday, July 9th.—Such a number of ladies put in an appearance on this occasion that without a doubt the gentlemen who were there subsided. It is the same old tale; the men like to scorch and then boast of how many minutes they can do the run from Hastings to Ninfield in. When they do arrive they are full of apologies for being late; someone came in just as they were starting, the bell went wrong, they could not find their stockings, or the gov'nor wanted something.

Those teas do take a long while to disappear and before one is scarcely aware of it the dusk sets in.

The Gymkhana enthusiasts are for practising the varied evolutions during the few minutes that remain for fun, and so the camp stools are placed in position for them to swerve round. All being ready a start is made which soon comes to an end through the particularly rough nature of the ground. The spectators are regaled with fun as first one and another comes a cropper. Side slips are numerous on the dew-bespangled grass, and in an instant four or five riders are sprawling on the sward. Trick and fancy riding being an absolute failure, an adjournment is made to the parlour where music becomes rife.

Wednesday, July 13th.—A glorious day, therefore a big muster. After the usual refreshment at the Club House, an impromptu concert is held, in which many of our members participate. Song after song is rendered as the hand of the clock creeps round, until our captain reluctantly announces the closure. An excellent run brings all to the Marina at 10.30. In file, a procession starts along the front and arrives at the Pier just as the entertainment there draws to a close. A sudden stampede along the deck augurs a more than ordinary interest in something. On they come, filling the road to right and left, leaving scarcely enough room for the cyclists to pass. Wondering when the end will arrive, the admiring crowd stand gazing to the westward, seeing in the far distance the last of the mighty army, distinguished only by a tiny light. The last farewells are said at the approach to Head Quarters, the Castle Hotel, and at 11.15 this spot, but a few minutes before so gay with merry voices and the tinkling bells is deserted.

Saturday, July 16th.—Slow progress is made under a still broiling sun and through clouds of suffocating dusk. The sports of Wednesday next, having aroused such lively interest, it is not unnatural that should be the topic of conversation and the field for the sports minutely examined, and more than that,

a little preliminary practice on the course indulged in. Soon the field is a host of wheelers, some deftly circling round and round others scorching on at a breakneck speed. A few, less earnest for sport than the rest take a quiet ramble round the hedges in search of honeysuckle, which is now found in such profusion. I think it was to-day that Secretary Crane was so busy with the shovel, grovelling in the bowels of the earth. When his task is finished, several men of muscle bring forth the flagstaff of such tall proportion, and that is duly raised to the perpendicular with its lower extremity resting in the hole dug by our Secretary. In a few moments the colours are hoisted amid a huzza of excitement, each member feeling as proud as if he were a colonist hoisting the British Flag on recently acquired territory. "There is that horrid whistle again; I suppose we must go." Such is the general tone of remarks, as the members withdraw from the various sports in which they have been taking part.

Wednesday, July 20th.—Fete Day.—Every member had been looking earnestly forward to this event, and making the best possible arrangements to start with the early run. The only possible spoiler of the fun was the weather and that in the morning certainly looked treacherous. About 1 o'clock all fears were cast aside, for the sun, which had been struggling to break through the straggling though somewhat thick mass of clouds, shone forth brilliantly, and by 3 o'clock he had assumed possession of a cloudless sky. At the same time, the wide expanse in front of Head Quarters was beginning to look business-like, for waggonettes were arriving, surrounded by a host of cycles. The ladies, in honour of the day, were mostly dressed in white, while everyone came with machine looking at its best, the electro plating being of a dazzling brightness. All the festive makers had smiles on their faces, apparently bent on enjoying any fun to the full. Secretary Crane was rushing hither and thither so full of business, desirous of making the whole affair go off without a hitch, a desire which he had the gratification of seeing fulfilled. The waggonettes headed the procession and two by two the cyclists followed in the rear, the proceedings creating much interest among the pedestrian traffic. Punctures will happen on the best regulated machines, and brother Jarvis had the misfortune to "go bang" in Robertson Street, but he soon overtook us. A gentle breeze assisted the riders, and a good pace was made, all keeping well together. The dust was a little annoying, but cyclists must expect some annoyance, even if it is only a policeman saying your light is out. Arrived at our destination and the wheels safely stored away, the festivities commence. These at first take the form of a few games with the ball in the large field, but soon the tea bell brings the games to an end and all—at least as many as are able—take their seats around the daintily arranged tables on the lawn. An excellent repast is provided by host Winchester and to this is

added a bounteous supply of strawberries by a Vice-President. They are merry little parties seated around those tables, and many roars of laughter proceed from each as the jokers put forth a "good un." As soon as the first have satisfied their appetites room is made for the next, and so on until all have been refreshed. With his snap shot camera, brother Peplow takes a photograph of each table, and when the results of his labour are forthcoming we shall see many little tit bits to surprise us, especially with those who did not know the camera was at work. Batches of cyclists arrive every few minutes until the fine total of wheelers amounts to something like 250, to which, to make up the whole gathering of over 300, must be added those who arrived in waggonettes. Mandoline solos add to the harmony until the races commence, about six o'clock. Every one is filled with excitement as the competitors in the first heat of the obstacle race take up their respective places. Off they go, over the van, under the sheet, over the hurdles, machines thrown there, here and everywhere, until out of the fine mixture, brother Furbank arrives at the winning post well to the front.

Heat after heat is gone through, each one providing more fun than its forerunner. The final brings out brother Furbanks an easy winner. The races continue, each becoming more exciting as the finish draws near. The keen interest taken by the ladies in the slow race afforded excellent sport for the onlookers, and the egg and spoon competition was all that could be desired. Messrs. Gillham and Marsh carried out the arrangements on the field in a very satisfactory manner, leaving no cause for complaint. Had I the space at my disposal what a great deal more could be written of the events of this fete day. After the sports an excellent concert was held in the open air, for which we all heartily thanked the numerous contributors. At 9.30 the waggonettes are off and the cycles follow in their wake. One young lady had the misfortune to rip open her gear case and otherwise make her machine unridable and two or three were laid low with punctures. Such a large muster of cyclists attracted more than the usual attention along the front line, which was traversed in file. About 11 o'clock nearly all the merrymakers had dispersed from Head Quarters.

Club Runs.

All Club Runs for August will be to the Club House, Ninfield.

The Wednesday Runs will start from Head Quarters, the Castle Hotel, at 6.30 sharp, and the Saturday Runs from Robertson Terrace at 5.30.

It Is Whispered.

That the Gymkhana riders are becoming most proficient.

That those who were afraid of smashing their bikes, could well take a lesson in riding from those they thought were careless riders.

That Brothers Dubbin and Hughes are trying their hardest to make the thing a success.

That when the chairs go over it is because the said chairs will get in the way.

That one lady lost the nut from her pedal and was quite surprised to think that the balls had also run away.

That birds-nesting has been much in vogue in the hayfields.

That little birds in their nests seem very much to agree.

That some of the male birds are very destructive of others nests.

That hay rakes and hay forks are very tiring implements to use.

That tossing the hay with the hands over some one's head is much better than the more businesslike way of sprinkling it about the field.

That at starting is not the the time to call for refreshments.

That the hungry ones should appease their appetites before the whistle blows.

That this delay causes a late run home.

That paddling in the duck pond is much in vogue just now.

That soon we are to have a cartload of sand over, so that our members may indulge in true seaside amusements.

That all must then bring pails and shovels to make pretty little castles.

That the unaccomplished tennis players still strike too hard and lose a number of balls.

That some of the ladies court the tennis tapes too much.

That in this way they get terribly mixed up.

That this is to be obviated by whitewashed lines.

That unofficial club runs are now held each evening after Gymkana practice, to which all are invited.

That the Editor is working assiduously to make the *Record* a success, but he must not be too personal.

That last month the members looked anxiously forward to publishing date, but they were disappointed for a few days.

That the duck and green peas did not taste up to much.

That one duck rose up on a member's plate but it was only a dream, for the duck had flown when he looked again, and only cold beef remained.

That our best thanks are due to the Misses Crane for our splendid flag flying at the Club House.

That a young lady jumped from her bike the other evening.

That when she alighted on terra firma, her chain was found to be broken.

That a broken chain is better than a broken head.

That the club colours and badges become more and more conspicuous every day.

That the demand of the latter is much greater than the supply.

That royalty were hovering in the neighbourhood of our club house a few days ago.

That some grandees did appear on one occasion.

That they rode behind a very spirited cob.

That the coat of arms emblazoned on the landau (?) could not be distinguished among the dust.

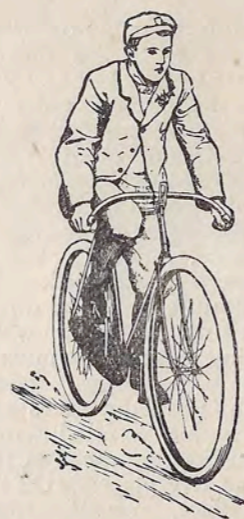
That our secretary made a sublime obeisance on the arrival of the party.

That brother Moren never misses a club run.

That when he does earthquakes may be expected.

Club Badges.

Solid Silver Club Badges, 3/6 each.



The Glorious 20th of July.

When a Nation gains a great victory the day of the Battle is for ever cherished by the people as a day of rejoicing and glory. So the Hastings and St. Leonards Cycling Club having on Wednesday, July 20th, 1898, achieved a glorious record in the annals of local cycling, they are justified in henceforth regarding that day as a day to be looked back upon with excusable pride and well-merited congratulation. The number of machines and the congregation of people assembled at the Club House at Ninfield on that occasion far exceeded anything of the kind that has ever been seen or attempted before in local cycling history. A grand day and a grand muster was the comment of all present. In addition to over 200 who cycled, there were present over 60 who had driven over in waggons, etc. After Tea (provided by the Club), the consumption of which meal was made the excuse for many pleasantries on the part of the facetious ones, an adjournment was made to the Sports Ground. Here a first-class programme was gone through rapidly. Everything under the management of Messrs. C. T. March, N.C.U. (judge) and C. Gillham (director and starter), going as smoothly and satisfactorily as a high-grade bicycle.

The first event to claim the attention of the crowd was the Obstacle Race.—Messrs. Lancaster, Furbank, Austen, Warner, Broughton, Knight, Hart, Whatman and Moren faced the Starter. A well-contested race resulted in Mr. Furbank gaining first place with Messrs. Austen and Hart second and third respectively.

In the Slow Race (ladies only), the Misses Hunt, Austen, Stafford, Benham, Taylor, K. Crane, Lock, March, Rowles, Middleton, Lawes, Mrs. Hooker and Mrs. Wood competed. This event proved a most interesting item. The length of time taken in doing such a short course amply demonstrating (if such a thing were needed) the ability of our lady friends and their perfect control of their cycles. After a grand struggle, Miss Lawes claimed first place followed by Miss K. Crane and Miss Rowles who were a good second and third.

In the Potato Race the following gentlemen started:—Messrs. F. Emary, J. Moren, T. A. Noakes, Whatman, A. Austin, W. J. Crane, B. Chatton, Knight, G. Hooker, F. Hart, Furbank, F. W. Emary, H. Warner. This, one of the best contested races of the day, resulted as follows:—

Furbank — First.
J. Moren — Second.
F. Hart — Third.

That most amusing event the Needle and Thread Race for Ladies and Gentlemen next claimed our interest and attention. The following competed:—

Mr. Furbank and	Miss March,
„ Austen „	„ Mills,
„ F. W. Emary „	„ Taylor,
„ Hart „	„ Morris,
„ Guest „	„ Lock,
„ Moren „	„ Crane,
„ Whatman „	„ Spinks,
„ F. Emary „	„ Lawes,
„ Warner „	„ Benham,
„ Knight „	„ Rowles,
„ Lancaster „	„ Kent,
„ Chatton „	„ Middleton,
„ Groves „	„ Lee,
„ A. Moule „	„ Mrs. Hooker.

After an exciting and amusing race the following result was announced:—

Mr. Furbank and Miss Marsh—First,
„ Emary „ „ Spinks—Second,
„ Lancaster „ „ Rowles—Third.

In the last event of the Series—the Egg and Spoon Race—Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Hooker and the Misses Hurst, Benham, Crane, Lock, Marsh, Rowles, Middleton and Lawes, rode. This race proved very comic to the onlookers. The crowd at the Winning Post made it impossible for your reporter to see the result, but we were notified by the judge that Mrs. Hooker would have the first prize, Mrs. Wood the second, and Miss Middleton the third.

After the conclusion of these sports various games such as Cricket, Tennis, Quoits, etc., were indulged in by the members and friends, and a most successful outing concluded with an alfresco concert on the lawns—the following contributing to the harmony of the evening: Mr. J. R. Gillett, Mr. B. Chatton, Miss Stafford, Mr. A. H. Tompsett, Mr. Grover, Mr. Ockenden and others.

The return journey was commenced about 9.15; the grand array of cycles and vehicles partaking of the nature of a triumphal procession. A halt was made at Bopeep Archway to allow the stragglers to come up, and then, led by the Captain the whole party proceeded by way of the Front to the Head Quarters, the Castle Hotel. Here a large number of friends and visitors had assembled to witness the home coming of the Club.

Those present were:—Messrs. F. Emary, Whatman, J. Moren, S. Moren, W. Guest, Pearson, F. W. Emary, C. Ward, H. Ditch, W. H. Ditch, Sharpe, Haste, J. Lansdell, E. R. Dodwell, Warner, Evans, Hare, Brewster, J. Baker, E. Baker, A. Blackman, C. Gillham, J. R. Gillett (Captain) H. B. Willis, Davis, A. H. Tompsett, Furbank, J. Jarvis, Childs, Meek, A. Kent, H. Batt, Misses Lock, Williard, Morris, Wood, A. Wood, Mrs. Sharpe, Misses Bailey, Crane, Benham, Lawes, Marsh, Stafford, Rowles, Mrs. Hood, Mrs. Meek, Mrs. A. Kent, Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. T. A. Noakes, Mrs. Hepple, Mrs. Wingfield, Mrs. Dodwell, Mrs. G. Miller, Misses Curtis, Spinks, Hurst, Newman, Mrs. Austen, Misses Hepple, Moulton, Davis, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Kerswell, Mrs. A. Noakes, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Aycliffe, Miss Clarke, Messrs. B. Chatton, Chessum, Grover, Hickman, Wingfield, Fisher, A. Moulton, W. J. Ockenden, Councillor J. J. Boutwood, Messrs. T. A. Noakes (Sub-Captain), F. Kerswell, A. T. Noakes, Rose, Aycliffe, Barrett, Austin, W. Miller, W. W. Crane, A. F. Todd, E. Moss, L. T. Weston, J. Lister, Knight, Franks, Watts, F. Hart, F. Heathfield, A. Peplow, C. T. March, F. E. Lancaster, C. S. Frankling, A. Moule, F. G. Miller, Wiltshire, Laird, Cousins, J. Webb, Davis, A. Dray, Misses A. Crane, K. Crane, Standen, Lewis, Austen, Mrs. A. Wood, Mrs. Dray, Mrs. Rummery, Mrs. Harman, Misses Hipwell, Randle, Lister, Saywell, Taylor, Cousins, F. Cousins, Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Potter, Miss Davis, Mrs. G. Hooker, Messrs. A. C. Cannon, Dann, Hall, G. Bond, Wicks, G. Hooker, C. Hooker, H. Dubbin, W. J. Crane, etc.

During the evening Photographs were taken by Mr. A. Peplow, Alpine Studios, Priory Road.

The Strawberries supplied during Tea were the Gift of one of our highly esteemed Vice-Presidents.

Notice.

Copies of the Photographs taken on Wednesday, July 20th, can be obtained of the Secretary.

**Central Cricket Ground,
HASTINGS.**

On **WEDNESDAY, August 31st, 1898,**
COMMENCING AT 2 O'CLOCK.

Hastings and St. Leonards Cycling Club,
(President:—W. STUBBS, Esq., J.P.)
23rd ANNUAL RACE MEETING.

PROGRAMME OF EVENTS.

Open to Amateurs licensed by N.C.U.
Handicapper—Mr. H. H. GRIFFIN, N.C.U.

Open Events.—

- One Mile Amateur Handicap,
1st prize, value £5.
2nd „ „ 2.
3rd „ „ 1.
- Two Mile Amateur Handicap,
1st prize, value £5.
2nd „ „ 2.
3rd „ „ 1.
- One Mile Professional Handicap (open to Sussex.)
1st prize, £4 4 0.
2nd „ „ 2 2 0.
3rd „ „ 1 1 0.
- Half-Mile Professional Handicap (open to Sussex.)
1st Prize, £4 4 0.
2nd „ „ 2 2 0.
3rd „ „ 1 1 0.

Club Events:—

- One Mile Handicap.
1st prize, value £2.
2nd „ „ £1 5s. od.
3rd „ „ 12s. 6d.
- One Mile Championship (three medals)
Value £1.
„ 12s. 6d.
„ 7s. 6d.
- Five Miles Handicap, for the Jules Mastin Cup
(9th year.)
1st prize, value £3.
2nd „ „ £2.
3rd „ „ £1.

If the Cup should be won outright, the 1st Prize will go to the second rider, 2nd Prize to third rider, and 3rd prize to fourth rider.

One Mile Novice Handicap, Prizes value:—
£1 10s. od.; 17s. 6d.; 10s. od.

Open to Club Members who have never won a 1st Prize.

Handicappers:—The Committee.

Entry Fees.—Open Events, 2/- each, Amateurs and Professionals.

Club Events 1/- each, or 5/- all races.

Forms and further particulars of

W. JAS. CRANE,
Hon. Sec.,
17, Ashburnham Road, Hastings.

Correspondence.

We invite letters on matters of general interest from our readers, and trust this column will be thoroughly used during the season. All communications must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

We shall at all times be glad to give information on routes, etc., or on any matter connected with cycling. In the ordinary way answers will be published in this paper; but any correspondent desiring a reply by post, must enclose a stamped and addressed envelope. Correspondents must write on one side of the paper only.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, 23, Castle Street, Hastings.

To the Editor,

Sir,—Divested of its exuberant verbosity “Paterfamilias” letter amounts to the reiteration of the silly old argument that what was good enough for our Fathers is good enough for us. True, it is, the pioneers of cycling had to put up with untold miseries. Their machines were like the roads are now—too awful for mere words. Is it any reason that because in a dark and bygone age people put up with wretched roads, we, with the resources of civilization at our command, should continue in the same bad old way? No Sir. The cycle has improved very greatly beyond the wildest dreams of its originators, and our roads will have to be brought up to the same level. If not, well, there will be trouble in the near future at election times, for we numerous cycling youths will soon become a countless swarm of voters who can be relied upon to kick out of office all non-cycling old fossils.

Yours faithfully,

“A JUNIOR.”

BIRKETT & DODWELL,
23, Castle Street, Hastings,
CIGAR IMPORTERS.

Sole Proprietors of the Celebrated
“**B & D**” BRAND OF CIGARETTES
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Lessons by Qualified Cycling Experts.
ACCESSORIES of all kinds. Our Celebrated
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All Machines built to Order, the full complement of Accessories,
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Ladies' Cycles from £10 0s. 0d.

— UP TO DATE. —

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Ties, 1/- & 1/6. Hat Bands, 1/-

CAPS.

Cycle Shirts, 5/6.

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Will not blow off. **2/11** including Club Band.

Hose, from 2/6 to 5/9 (thin feet.)

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