

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.
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<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>THE annual Strawberry Feast last Wednesday, at Washington, was a magnificent success. Favoured by weather which made work a nuisance and holidays a necessity, it could not be wondered at.</p> <p>Altogether the party numbered a hundred and thirty, the Excelsior members predominating. Tarring was well represented, and a dozen showed up from Littlehampton, besides a number of unattached friends.</p> <p>Tea was tastefully laid in a large marquee in a field at the back of Host Charman's hostelry—the Frankland Arms—and the company commenced operations about seven o'clock. There was an abundance of fruit, and it was in fine condition. The country air had sharpened appetites which naturally had a weakness for strawberries, so perhaps it would be an indiscretion on my part to say the precise time when the "Cease fire!" sounded and the remaining strawberries were given another chance.</p> <p>All had, however, partaken of as many as they cared for; the leisurely way in which they joined in the rounders and dancing upon the greensward which followed testified to that.</p> <p>When daylight waned the party adjourned—piano and all—into the large room which Host Charman had prepared, and things were soon moving briskly enough to liven up the most <i>blase</i> gaiety-seeker breathing.</p> <p>Whirling waltz succeeded maze square dance, and the strains of "Girly-girly" or "Bonnie Loch Lomond" would now and again afford a much-needed interval in which the nimble-footed ones might get somewhat cooler. What if the component parts of one set of dancers strayed into the neighbouring square, or a waltzing couple "cannoned" more than the usual number of other couples? Was it not the grand amalgamated "beano," where nobody was anything but happy?</p> <p>Then came ten o'clock, and the ride home through</p>	<p>the shadows. Brakes, traps, tandems, singles, and half-a-dozen rickshaws formed a long and merry procession. Here and there a lamp would go out, but no one was left in solitude—especially if 'twas a lady in distress! Fortunately no serious troubles came, and all got home safely.</p> <p>By-the-by, one lady had her lamp borrowed (?) by an unknown friend, and will be pleased to make no charge for the oil if he will hand the lamp to any Club official.</p> <p>The ordinary monthly meeting of the National Cyclists' Union was held at Brighton last Thursday evening.</p> <p>Nothing of local interest transpired, the business mainly consisting of questions arising in connection with administering the Union's racing laws, danger-board matters, etc.</p> <p>The one-time champion, H. H. Frowd, objected to his Club making a time limit in a Challenge Cup race which he won, but was disqualified in, for exceeding the time allotted. Being purely a Club race the Centre could not interfere.</p> <p>It was decided to re-gild any of the first medals given in County Championships prior to 1900, as the gold then was only nine-carat. How generous!</p> <p>A danger-board is to be placed upon Ediburton Hill, which I remarked upon a few weeks back. It is high time a warning was placed on this spot.</p> <p>The Tarring C.C. have very properly placed their delegate, Mr. E. Henson, on their Managing Committee, in order that he may keep well in touch with his Club and properly represent them on the Centre.</p> <p>Roads are getting pretty loose again now. One</p>	<p>Excelsior man went to Southampton a day or two back, and found them somewhat rough as far as Fareham; another punctured three times between Bramber and Washington; whilst a third had to put in some collar-work to get home, as his tyre burst rather too badly for roadside repair, and he finished on the rim.</p> <p>I met the Brighton Motor and Cycling Club at Henfield the other day. They had turned out about forty strong, and had a very enjoyable time. They are pleasant company, and tea with them at the White Hart was very nice. Henfield is a very pretty part, and it is small wonder so many cyclists go there.</p> <p>The motor scribe, Davison, is resigning his office. The duties absorb too much time, as he lives in Worthing, and most of his flock are ten miles off.</p> <p>Next Wednesday's runs are: Excelsior C.C., Ashington; Tarring C.C., Henfield.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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