

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

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CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

EARLY this week I joined some of the Excelsior men who were out for one of the new "unofficial" runs on the Horsham road. The frequent showers we have lately been having had made the going very fine, and the southerly breeze was so strong that we were simply wafted up to Southwater. Bert Paine was one of the company, and he was in strong fettle; I was very glad when an intelligent pedal went wrong and delayed us.

Later on Peto's tyre was kind enough to puncture and give me another much-needed rest. These little breakdowns are remarkably comforting when the pace is warm!

We saw some remarkably fast motor-cars on the road. One, that I had previously seen trying the asphalté along our Parade on Saturday night, was romping Londonwards at a tall speed with a couple of its friends. Others flew past us coming South, seeming to make no trouble whatever of the stiff head wind.

The occupants, however, were well wrapped up, one man being admirably disguised in a shaggy bearskin, with the inevitable peaked cap and enormous goggles. He hardly looked human as he tore down the road at twenty miles an hour, hooting out "pip-pips!" all the way.

The man who carries the pen of the Excelsior C.C. has again taken to the wheel, and is rapidly getting into condition.

I fell in with him on his way to Findon last Saturday, and he was moving splendidly. After about a mile—in which he narrowly missed several dogs—I found the pace was telling, so made an excuse to fall behind and get a breather.

Last Wednesday the Tarring C.C. ran to

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Last Wednesday the Tarring C.C. ran to Lyminster, the muster on this occasion being thirty. This number included at least four members of the Committee of the rival Club, who believe in the "brotherhood of the wheel"—when the other Club has lady members!

At the Six Bills the usual custom of turning on the musical talent was observed, the vocal contributors to the programme being Miss Street, Mrs. Peto, Messrs. Durant, Peto, Rockall, and Tree; whilst Messrs. Stanley Hales and W. Preston did the pacing on the piano.

On the run home Hales had the misfortune to cannon a rickshaw which was being towed by Scribe Peto, causing a spill which involved himself and Miss Maple. Fortunately no damage was done.

Rickshaws are awkward things to ride very close behind, as in the event of their slowing up it is difficult to clear them.

Some Worthing wheelmen are arranging to go under canvas out Amberley way during the summer months. I understand the idea is to spend the week-ends in the camp, which should provide plenty of fun and enjoyment.

A year or two back a dozen of the Southern C.C. camped at Pulborough and had a grand time of it; Pulborough got a bit worried, I was told, because they held "smokers" every night until the small hours.

To-night the Excelsior C.C. hold their first regular run of the season, the destination being Angmering. On Wednesday next they go to Storrington, whilst the sister Club's run is to Bramber.

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