

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>WHITSUNTIDE weather has been pretty trying for the Cyclist this time, though, after all, it might have been a lot worse. The Excelsior Club were favoured with a little sunshine once or twice at their meeting on Monday, and were fortunate in having a good gate. The Club fellows rode very well, notably Ashby, who has improved a lot. Bert Paine had hard luck in falling during the last lap of the scratch five miles, which he must otherwise have won with ease. He took it, however, with his usual philosophical unconcern for fortune, whether good or bad.</p> <p>On Whit Sunday a little party of the Excelsior Club—of which I was one—went on an "unofficial run" by way of seeing who was on the road.</p> <p>A ride along the lower road to Shoreham and a change on to the upper road took the party to Preston Park and the London-Brighton road without finding much wet travelling, despite some heavy showers a little earlier.</p> <p>Turning northwards the Excelsior boys found plenty of mud and very few cyclists for a couple of miles. The first wheeler, an inexperienced youth, got on to the sloping side, and came over in the lime. He was genially assured that "There's plenty of mud about!"</p> <p>It looked as if the Excelsiorite meant he need have no scruples as to covering himself well, but the youth was good-humoured and smiled far more pleasantly than I could have done under the circumstances.</p> <p>When the open country was reached the road was in fine trim. A. J. Kessler, of the Brighton C.C., came puffing along on a motor-bike, and headed the procession in order to cut a hole in the northerly draught, which was a bit strong.</p> <p>Presently, however, he made for Clayton, and we went on alone, meeting men from London-wards in two's and three's and half-dozens, all making the most of the favouring breeze to get down to the silver sea.</p>	<p>breeze to get down to the silver sea.</p> <p>After seeing about fifty London men being blown along by the wind—which was, of course, dead against us—I persuaded our party to leave the main road and cut across country. I don't mind pushing through a wind, but I do object to meeting the supercilious smiles of the men going the other way at their ease.</p> <p>So when we reached Bolney we took the road—remarkable for its long, straight stretches—through Cowfold, and, after catching the fringe of a hail-storm, got on to the Hornham-Worthing road.</p> <p>This was found in remarkably good order; in fact, almost equal to the Brighton-road, but we saw very few people on it.</p> <p>The only excitement was when our free-wheel man glided past a strange free-wheelist near Findon, after each had made the very utmost of the gentle run down. Our man's tyre burst directly after the triumph—through swelling with pride, I supposed.</p> <p>It being the only stop in a forty-five mile run, we did not grumble, but waited patiently whilst the breach was repaired, when we made for Worthing, beer, and—dinner.</p> <p>My congratulations to Alf. Smith, of the Excelsior C.C., who is now riding tandem in the big race of life. Alf was married on Whit Monday.</p> <p>Last year he spent part of his holiday with me on the wheel; a year or two back Reg. Laid, another Excelsiorite, went touring with me—ho, too, got married soon after. Peto, Bert Paine, Swain, Jackson, and Richardson are other Clubmen who have entered the Memorial Handicap during the last two or three years, but I accept no responsibility for these. Had not the Excelsior Club better advertise for some single young men?</p> <p>The Tarring C.C. mustered thirty-eight last Wednesday for their run to Ashington. The usual musical programme was arranged, the chief contributors this time being Miss Hart, Miss Street, Messrs. Duffield, Durant, Greenfield, Jordan, and Little.</p> <p>Now the evenings are getting out, some of the members take the opportunity of a stroll when the destination is reached. On these occasions some of them paid a visit to the odd-looking old moorland building on the road to Paltorough.</p> <p>That the Figleaves' weekly outings are proving</p>	<p>That the Figleaves' weekly outings are proving as popular as ever is evidenced by the fact that the average attendance this season, up to the present, works out at thirty-nine, despite the unfortunate weather on some occasions. It is rarely, by the way, that three or four of the Excelsior Committee-men are not there.</p> <p>Last Thursday the monthly meeting of the Sussex Centre of the N.C.U. took place at Brighton.</p> <p>The first and duty was to propose a vote of condolence with the relatives of the late A. A. Holmes, of the Wandsworth, who was a prominent Union worker. It will be remembered his death was due to an accident when on homeback.</p> <p>Presumably the bad weather has prevented the danger-board enthusiasts from exploring any fresh ground, as they had but little to say.</p> <p>In fact, there was not much business of any sort to be done, despite an attendance of seventeen Delegates and a visitor, beside Secretary Lasker, who naturally did not escape a little chaff when he arrived three-quarters of an hour late, with an apology for having forgotten the meeting altogether.</p> <p>At the Tunbridge Wells Sports on Monday E. Burch Blaker succeeded in winning third prize in the motor cycle race. He was the only trieyclist competing.</p> <p>Next week's runs are: Worthing F.C.C., Hasfield; Tarring U.C., Washington.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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A ride along the lower road to Shoreham and a change on to the upper road took the party to Preston Park and the London-Brighton road without finding much wet travelling, despite some heavy showers a little earlier.

Turning northwards the Excelsior boys found plenty of mud and very few cyclists for a couple of miles. The first wheelman, an inexperienced youth, got on to the sloping side, and came over in the slime. He was genially assured that "There's plenty of mud about!"

It looked as if the Excelsiorite meant he need have no scruples as to covering himself well, but the youth was good-humoured and smiled far more pleasantly than I could have done under the circumstances.

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Presently, however, he made for Clayton, and we went on alone, meeting men from London-wards in two's and three's and half-dozens, all making the most of the favouring breeze to get down to the silver sea.

After seeing about fifty London men being blown along by the wind - which was, of course, dead against us - I persuaded our party to leave the main road and cut across country. I don't mind pushing through a wind, but I do object to meeting the supercilious smiles of the men going the other way at their ease.

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Last year he spent part of his holiday with me on the wheel ; a year or two back Reu. Isted, another Excelsiorite, went touring with me - he, too, got married soon after. Peto, Bert Paine, Swain, Jackson, and Richardson are other Clubmen who have entered the Matrimonial Handicap during the last two or three years, but I accept no responsibility for these. Had not the Excelsior Club better advertise for some single young men?

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That the Figleaves' weekly outings are proving as popular as ever is evidenced by the fact that the average attendance this season, up to the present, works out at thirty-nine, despite the unfortunate weather on some occasions. It is rarely, by the way, that three or four of the Excelsior Committee-men are not there.

Last Thursday the monthly meeting of the Sussex Centre of the N.C.U. took place at Brighton.

The first sad duty was to propose a vote of condolence with the relatives of the late A.A. Holman, of the Wanderers, who was a prominent Union worker. It will be remembered his death was due to an accident when on horseback.

Presumably the bad weather has prevented the danger-board enthusiasts from exploring any fresh ground, as they had but little to say.

In fact, there was not much business of any sort to be done, despite an attendance of seventeen Delegates and a visitor, beside Secretary Laslett, who naturally did not escape a little chaff when he arrived three-quarters of an hour late, with an apology for having forgotten the meeting altogether.

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