

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip
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LAST Wednesday the Excelsior Club had a run to Angmering, where they indulged in one of the always welcome musical evenings. Nearly thirty members and friends assembled at the Lamb, and a good programme of songs, interspersed with a few dances, made everyone happy—so happy that Captain Paine had difficulty in getting his Club away from the hospitable Lamb!

Quite a number of ladies joined in the run, and this fact, I imagine, accounted for the successful evening. The duties at the piano devolved upon two of them—Miss Osborne and Miss Wilkinson—and were discharged admirably.

The one mile Championship of Sussex was run at Horsham last Thursday, and proved somewhat of a farce. The competitors numbered thirteen, and presumably included the pick of the county, but both heats exceeded the time limit of 2 min. 40 sec. The race was therefore declared "off."

It looks as if Bert Paine's presence would have done good. He has more than once taken the lion's share of the work of pacing, and then beaten the field at the finish.

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In my Gossip last week I detailed some of the doings of Durant, the Excelsiorite, who was scouring the country per bicycle.

He reached Dersingham, on the Norfolk coast, after a ride from Bedford of one hundred and thirteen miles, and the next day rode through Hunstanton and Wells to Cromer—reezy Cromer—where he put in about half a day.

Then he trained to Norwich and took steamboat down the Yare to Yarmouth, a bitterly old day somewhat marring the effect of the scenery of the Broads.

Yarmouth boasts the largest Parish Church in England, its Vicar being the Earl of Chichester. The Excelsior man spent but little time there, however, and was soon cycling on to Lowestoft for the night.

He rose early next day, and, after watching the steam trawlers landing some big catches, rode through Saxmundham to Ipswich over a mile road. Then on to Colchester, Dunmow—

of fitch fame—and finishing up at Bishop's Stortford a ninety-eight miles' ride.

The next stage was a run Londonwards through Epping Forest, training into Town from Walthamstow, and re-embarking out for Kingston-on-Thames, where he resumed his pedalling and roosted at Guildford.

His ride from there homewards was somewhat marred through a spill caused by an awkward rider on the wrong side of the road near Findon.

Happily our man escaped with some bad bruises and scrapings, whilst the awkward one's machine was disabled, though the rider was unhurt.

Durant's total mileage runs out at five hundred and three miles—a good touring distance—and, singularly enough, the wind hindered him more or less nearly the whole time, as it gradually changed as his course altered.

He only came across one cycling tourist all the way; he was a rider who had served as a cycling scout in South Africa.

E. Baruch Blaker competed at the Guernsey Midsummer Race Meeting last week upon his new motor bicycle.

After a preliminary trial he went for, and broke, the mile motor cycle record for the track, riding the distance in 2 min. 8 secs.

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A five miles' race followed, but Blaker's presence frightened the other competitors, who were upon slower machines, and only one of them rode against him.

As luck would have it, our man's tyre deflated when the race was at his mercy, and the other motorist gathered in the first prize.

Baruch's disappointment gave way to amusement when he saw the cowardly ones kicking themselves for having stood down on his account.

Eighteen members of the Northampton Institute C.C. engaged in a midnight run last Saturday from London to the Frankland Arms at Washington.

They reached Host Charman's at six o'clock in the morning, a lady member being the first to arrive; and soon all were busily breaking the fast they had been keeping during their night journey of nearly fifty miles.

A general lounge about and an easy ride home made a nice day for the London Club.

Next week's runs are: Worthing Excelsior C.C., Littlehampton; West Tarring C.C., Strawberry Feast at Washington.

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¹ In case previous references have been missed, Miss Wilkinson was the daughter, of "Wilky", the popular host of the Lamb Inn. There is a word-profile of him elsewhere in these papers.