

CYCLING

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 Excelsior Club's hardy annual—the Strawberry Feast—was held at the Frankland Arms, Washington, last Wednesday, and was a distinct success. Strawberries particularly appeal to all wheelmen; nearly eighty riders answered the appeal on this occasion. Shortly after seven o'clock tea was attacked and defeated; then the big strawberry battle ensued, with fearful carnage—all on the side of the strawberries, whose casualties numbered many thousands.</p> <p>The victors whiled away the remaining hour of daylight with rounders and other outdoor games, adjourning afterwards to the big room of the hostelry.</p> <p>Here C. Stickland gave a number of selections upon his gramophone, and F. Blann pleased the company with a song; in addition to which a goodly selection of dances gave a finishing touch to a most enjoyable evening, and brought round, all too quickly, the time to light lamps and start for home.</p> <p>Then the twinkling stars overhead watched a new comet, with a long tail, steadily traveling towards the sea. It was a procession of merry-hearted keepers of the Feast of Saint Strawberry.</p> <p>Speedmen are early out on the road this season, and one or two assaults upon the Excelsior Club's standard road rides are promised before many weeks.</p> <p>I understand a young Excelsiorite, in a</p>	<p>I understand a young Excelsiorite, in a practice spin, rode unspaced through Horsham and Crawley to Woodhatch and back to Offington the other day a few minutes inside four hours.</p> <p>The distance is practically sixty-eight miles, so he was moving.</p> <p>The same day G. A. Olley, of the Vegetarian C.C., attempted to beat his own record of a hundred and ninety-three miles in twelve hours on southern roads, and several members of the Excelsior Club were assisting in feeding and following him over our bit of the road.</p> <p>Like so many roadmen, he used tyres far too thin, with the result that punctures had driven him on to three strange machines by about half-time. In fact, he did not know where his own bicycle was for hours.</p> <p>Also he did not strike our "boys" as being up to his usual form; and, seeing that when they finally sent him off from Offington Corner he was about half an hour behind time, they were not surprised to hear he was unsuccessful.</p> <p>The return match between France and England was run off at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. As happened in Paris the other week, England's supremacy in amateur cycling was upheld, the four Englishmen—Ingram, Janson, Payne, and Reed, all of the Polytechnic C.C.—winning handsomely by fourteen points, as against the visitors' twenty-six.</p> <p>E. Baruch Blaker competed in the motor-</p>	<p>E. Baruch Blaker competed in the motorcycle section of the Catford Club's hill-climb at Westerham on Saturday, and was successful in beating the standard time, and thereby securing a certificate for the climb.</p> <p>At the "witching hour" next Saturday the Excelsior Club's annual midnight prowls is to start. Chertsey is to be honoured with a visit this time; it is an easy ride of not much over fifty miles, and Captain Paine hopes to see a big muster of the "boys."</p> <p>The pace is to be modest, and the attractions of Chertsey are many, so the run should be as enjoyable as the last two proved to be—and they pleased everybody!</p> <p>The Brighton C.C. also have their midnight run on Saturday. They are easily satisfied in the matter of mileage, and simply ride from Brighton to the Frankland Arms, Washington, where they put up for the rest of the night.</p> <p>Next Wednesday's runs are: Worthing Excelsior C.C., West Chiltington; West Tarring C.C., Angmering.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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