

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

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ON Saturday last the Excelsior Club held their annual midnight run, eleven members setting out for Chertsey shortly after twelve o'clock, under command of Captain Paine. The moon was at the full, the sky was clear, and it was a perfect night for cycling. We rode along at a comfortable pace, and passed through silent Horsham at two o'clock.

Between Horsham and Guildford we made a detour which took us among the hills and caused some walking, but we were well repaid in the scenery, some of the tree-clad slopes being strikingly pretty in the early daylight.

Guildford, which was reached about four o'clock, showed but little signs of life, only an early milkman, a policeman, and a wayfarer being abroad at that hour.

The road through Woking to Chertsey was very bad in places, and gave us a couple of punctures; but we reached our destination at six o'clock, the appointed hour.

A few minutes later the eleven Clubmen were busily engaged in a wash and brush up, which was much needed.

Then came a delightful breakfast, liberally set forth, which was needed even more. I doubt whether fish or ham and eggs ever tasted better or did more good.

What with the night ride across two counties, and then a tremendous breakfast, we were disinclined for violent exercise. In fact, with the aid of a tempting garden chair, one member acted the role of Sleeping Beauty to the life.

The rest of us lazily roamed from Surrey into Middlesex—which simply meant crossing the Thames—and wandered along the banks of the river, which at this part is by no means pretty, as it simply runs through flat meadow land.

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Not being able to admire the scenery we conceived admiration for the patience displayed by the fishermen who were flogging away with rod and line for hours without a catch.

Some of the "boys" also assisted the lock-keeper in letting the steamboats through, and in time would have become quite proficient in working sluices and gates.

At mid-day the midnighters had dinner, and then started for home, coming through Guildford and on to Alford Crossways, where they turned south for Pulborough.

Here another force of Excelsiorites effected a junction with them, and all joined in at tea, which was followed by boating on the river.

Then came a quiet ride home in the cool of the evening, more than one feeling very sleepy, but all very happy and pleased with the Club Annual Midnight Prowl.

The Figleaves' Strawberry Feast at Washington last Wednesday proved a most enjoyable outing, seventy mustering for the fray.

Fruit was plentiful and excellent in quality, and it put them in form for a little series of competitions.

The first of these was a free-wheeling contest for ladies, Miss K. Marshall and Miss King being successful in this. The ladies' slow race was won by Mrs. Wilmer, Mrs. Rockall being second.

Ben Rogers and Greenfield free-wheeled

Ben Rogers and Greenfield free-wheeled into first and second places for the men's competition; and the slow race went to F. Hills, all his fellow competitors falling off, much to everyone's amusement.

A "wheelbarrow" race evoked much laughter, most of the men competing in it, and many of them getting mixed up. The Kneller-Greenfield combination won, with Lewis and Child second. Whilst the competitions were in progress an amusing incident occurred. A. Carter signalled the start of some competitors by raising his arm, and a passing motor car party immediately slackened speed and toured gently along, thinking the official was part of a police trap!

A turn in the road brought the Club in view, and, after thinking something bad, he put his top gear in again.

The Club enjoyed the little joke, and then adjourned to the Frankland Arms, where a few songs and dances whiled away the time until ten o'clock, at which hour they set off homewards, after one of the jolliest outings they have had.

Next week the Tarring Club run is to Bramber; the Excelsior C.O. have a very special outing to Flndon, the occasion being a visit in state to the Honorary Secretary, and members are asked not to forget their music.

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