

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

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A SEVERE attack of road-medal mania is still raging in the ranks of the Excelsior Club, F. Young and C. Willmer being the most recent victims. Both set off just after six o'clock the other morning, Young going to Westhampnett first, whilst Willmer started on the Northern journey.

Young travelled well, and reeled off the troublesome thirty-four miles inside two hours. He then set off to Woodhatch, where he checked in another two hours.

He still maintained a good speed on the homeward run as far as Horsham, but a troublesome wind had got up, and made it precious hard work.

However, he plugged away manfully, and was timed in at Broadwater six hours and forty-two minutes from the start, having qualified for a hard-won gold-centre medal under conditions which make his ride one to be proud of.

Meantime Willmer, who is new to the speed ranks, and intended his attempt as a trial trip, had been riding strongly. He covered the sixty-seven miles to Woodhatch and back in four hours and a half.

But, like Young, he found the wind a very great hindrance, and he lost time on the exposed road through Arundel to Westhampnett. Besides, the fact that he was not trained told on him; and he eventually decided upon postponement.

Half-a-dozen members of the Excelsior Club

Half-a-dozen members of the Excelsior Club joined in the afternoon run to Fittleworth last Wednesday, and had a jolly time of it in the charming village.

True, the weather might have been more genial for August, but the cyclists nevertheless spent some time in boating on the river; they also caused the disappearance of a substantial tea, and enjoyed themselves generally.

E. Baruch Blaker visited Horsham last week to square accounts with the representatives of law and order for having over-run the legal limit on his motor-bike.

Baruch informed the Court he was one of the oldest motor-cyclists in the South, and that he had never been "hailed up" before. This he attributed to his moderate speed.

I daresay the Court attributed it to his luck!

Presumably he convinced the Magistrates he was not very wicked, as they fixed his ransom at thirty-two shillings—which is low, as motor fines run.

Stephenson, of the Excelsior Club, had an exciting time last week, near Aldershot and Frimley.

A full-blown field day was in progress, and the Excelsiorite could hear, in the distance, a

whole orchestra of artillery, ranging from a giant long Tom to the fussy, rattling Maxim.

A flying squadron of cavalry tore past, and nearly brushed him into a stream which ran alongside the road. Soon after, he saw a body of mounted infantry coming the same way. He promptly decamped!

Later on he had resumed his ride, when a terrific fusillade of rifle fire blazed out unexpectedly all up and down the road, and nearly startled him off his machine.

A strong force of the blank-cartridge belligerents was lying in ambush in the ditch; in fact, they were everywhere, and Billy was quite glad to get back into peaceful country again.

The "battle-field" was as noisy as a boiler factory!

Not content with offering medals to members who cycle one hundred miles in six hours and a-half, and to members who run ten miles in an hour, the Excelsior Club are now putting up gold-centre medals for pedestrian members who walk seven miles in an hour, and plain silver medals for those who can complete the same distance in sixty-two minutes.

The heel-and-toe men are good sports, and the competitions should be very interesting. But the standards set up are somewhat severe.

Next week's runs are: Worthing Excelsior, Washington; West Tarring C.C., Bramber.

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