

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</b></p> <p>LAST week-end the "strong breeze"—to adopt the description of the local Meteorological Department—seemed to have the effect of keeping a lot of riders from getting out on the road. I saw but few on Saturday out Steyning way, and scarcely any in a fifty-mile run with "The Irrepressible" on Sunday morning. Certainly the country is tempting enough now for any lover of the rural! I do not remember such a profusion of violets and primroses as we saw round the lanes near Billingshurst, Rudgwick, and Loxwood; a lot of the fruit trees, too, were remarkably well covered with blossom.</p> <p>It made me envious of Patterson, one of <i>Cycling's</i> artists, who runs a little farm near Billingshurst.</p> <p>Last Wednesday I ran over to Angmering, where the Excelsiors, in great force, were busily celebrating their opening run.</p> <p>W. E. Paine had taken them for a spin round Littlehampton and Arundel, returning to the Lamb at Angmering for jollifications in general. Host Wilkinson and the Misses Wilkinson, as usual, welcomed the boys and made them quite at home.</p> <p>With Mr. C. Müller "aboard" the piano, Sam Clark armed with his flute, and Mr. Wilkinson playing a violin, we fairly made things hum.</p> <p>Messrs. F. G. Blann, A. Carter, W. Cooper, H. Swair, and W. G. Tree sang some first-rate songs; Sam gave a recitation; and "the orchestra" played a few waltzes and barn dances. The dancing men were quite happy when they persuaded the daughters of the house to join them; the ping-pong table was nearly deserted.</p> <p>Ten o'clock came all too quick'y, and the</p>	<p>Ten o'clock came all too quick'y, and the Excelsiors had to bid good-night and potter homewards through the moonlight.</p> <p>With regard to the accident to "Unromanticus," so amusingly narrated by him last week, I fear I cannot help him very much.</p> <p>I rode over the ground with two of the Excelsior men last Saturday to investigate.</p> <p>The legal points as to the right of putting a gate there, and the liability of the owner for any damage caused, are out of my depth. Sam Clark found on inquiry that the road is kept up by the Rural District Council, though we were told that the gate—which "Unromanticus" will be glad to know looks none the worse—belonged to the adjoining landowners.</p> <p>Seeing the extremely limited capacity of the Churchyards at both Coomb and Botolphs, a warning at the hill-top would not be out of place; but I feel certain that the N.C.U. would not vote a board for it whilst in their present humour. This being purely a bye-road they expect riders to exercise more than ordinary caution.</p> <p>I would suggest that I accompany "Unromanticus"—in the trailer, of course!—and sing out to him when to apply brakes the next time he takes his "Scotch Express" over strange ground.</p> <p>It is curious how few riders use this road running northwards from the Sussex Pad. It</p>	<p>has a fairly good surface, and is a pleasing change from the regular main road.</p> <p>In some parts it looked very pretty last Saturday, and the curious little Church on the hillside at Coomb is of interest. It is said that a certain very old gentleman of Sompting leapt his horse over it years ago. I should like to have seen that horse!</p> <p>On Saturday the Southern C.C. ran off their annual six hours' on the Herne Hill track, half a dozen singles and three tandems competing.</p> <p>After a fairly good race Lockyear and Tate, of the Southern C.C., won, covering a hundred and fifty-four miles; Carter and Dawson, of the Corinthian C.C., being second, nine miles away.</p> <p>Lockyear and Tate have now won the race three years in succession. Their best performance was in 1900, when they established the record of 156 miles 750 yards; last year they rode 153 miles.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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<sup>i</sup> A location well known to local cyclists well into C20.

<sup>ii</sup> Has now been known as "Coombes" for some years.  
20.5.2018.