

**Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.**  
**Source:** Worthing Gazette copies at  
 Worthing Local Studies Library.  
 Turpin: 11<sup>th</sup> June 1902 P2C5

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</b></p> <p><b>L</b>AST Wednesday I ran over to Angmering to join the Tarring Club, who were in great force at the Lamb. In spite of the doubtful weather we had been experiencing the Figleaves had turned out forty strong, which is a big muster. Probably the Club can boast the best attended runs in Sussex; their average for this year has been two-score at each of their weekly outings.</p> <p>Reaching Angmering soon after seven o'clock, they were turned loose by Captain Pannett into a big meadow, where they indulged in quoits and other outdoor games till dusk.</p> <p>They then adjourned to the Lamb, and, with the largo room at their disposal, held an impromptu entertainment, consisting mainly of songs and dances; everybody joining in with a heartiness that was good to see.</p> <p>At the time I arrived a few sets were dancing the Lancers so heartily that one could almost have heard a tyre explode.</p> <p>About nine o'clock Captain Pannett sounded the call to arms; lamps were lit, and a gentle potter brought the party home by ten.</p> <p>Prevented from getting far afield by the changeable weather, an Excelsior quartette, myself among the number, went in search of Burpham.</p> <p>We had heard attractive accounts of the little village on the bank of the Arun, but had never paid it a call. So we took the road running north from the foot of Crossbush Hill, near Arundel Railway Station, and followed its winding course.</p> <p>The first mile or so is new, having been made in 1882, and is a fine sample of how to construct a road. By banking up the low</p>	<p>lying stretches, and making cuttings when higher ground is reached, a fairly flat road has resulted.</p> <p>The last bit, however, afforded us some fine hill-climbing exercise.</p> <p>Burpham pleased us very much. It is right off the beaten track, and in consequence has the indefinable attraction that always clings to a place every step of which proclaims it to be about a century behind the times.</p> <p>We had a look at the Church, an old building which testifies to the antiquity of the village; then strolled up the river banks, and into a copse where the cuckoo was enjoying himself. The smaller birds were making a good show against him with their twittering and chirruping. 'Twas quite a treat!</p> <p>In fact, we might have been there now, only one of the party, noticing a lot of beehives, chimed in with the done-to-death "Honeysuckle and Bee," which quite broke the spell. We came away at once!</p> <p>A little way out a man directed us along a road (?) which led to Storrington; but after sampling it we decided that a flying machine would be necessary to get home that way, and returned by Crossbush Hill, as we had come.</p> <p>I believe, though, there is a way to Storrington which at times is quite rideable.</p> <p>The Excelsior Club's midnight run has been fixed for next Saturday week, the destination being Winchester. Captain Shaw hopes to beat last year's muster, which numbered a dozen. The start is to be from the Town Hall at twelve o'clock. The moon is at the full; the day is one of the longest in the calendar, and should prove one of the brightest in the history of the Club. Last year's did.</p> <p>The other day I managed—by hard riding, of course—to overtake a group of local lady cyclists on the road. I was considerably surprised to hear they were off to Chichester, and that last week they rode over to Lewes.</p> <p>What is more, they thought very little of a forty mile run in the day, as it was a common experience for them.</p> <p>The number of ladies who ride more than</p>	<p>The number of ladies who ride more than ten miles from home is very small, even when accompanied by a mere male thing to keep the tyres and bikes in running order. More credit, therefore, to the Worthing wheel-women!</p> <p>Near Arundel last week Harry Swain, of the Excelsior Club, saw a snake wriggling across the road, and made a shot at riding over his head.</p> <p>The reptile sprinted; the cyclist missed; and the Club lost a trophy. It was a pity; a stuffed snake would have been a nice addition to the Club museum!</p> <p>The Veteran ran over to Coldwaltham to have a look at the Church there last Sunday. He found the Vicar a most amiable gentleman, who leaves the Church open that visitors may see and admire the chancel screen and altar, which are fine specimens.</p> <p>In the Churchyard is a well, the cover of which contains the following curious inscription:</p> <p style="text-align: center;">"This sacred well, sunk deep in holy ground,    Gravelly cries out to every passer-by:    Think of the holy dead who sleep around,    And by well-doing prepare thyself to die."</p> <p>It is certainly curious to find puns in such surroundings.</p> <p>The Coronation will soon be here! Cycles are to be a feature of the procession which will form part of the local festivities.</p> <p>I hope to see a brave show. We must all of us get some flags and turn out for this event. It's the first English Coronation at which cyclists have had a chance to show their loyalty.</p> <p>Next Wednesday's runs are: Tarring C.C., Chichester (afternoon), Littlehampton (evening); Excelsior C.C., Amberley.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><b>DICK TURPIN.</b></p>
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