

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.  
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Turpin - 31.7.1901 P2C5.

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</b></p> <p>-----</p> <p><b>R</b>OADS were more settled than the weather last week-end, and many a wheelman hesitated to venture a long ride, through fear of the attentions of Jupiter Pluvius.</p> <p>-----</p> <p>Together with an Excelsior man—new to the Club, but claiming an acquaintance with the wheel which dates back to the early "ordinaries"—I went a ride over some ground fresh to me, and I believe to many local men, so perhaps an account of it may be of interest.</p> <p>-----</p> <p>Setting out before ten o'clock we passed Ashington in time to catch the tail end of a heavy cloud, which gave us a soaking in spite of a sheltering tree, after which we resumed our journey, leaving the Horsham road at West Grinstead, and running on to Billingshurst over an undulating road through pretty country.</p> <p>-----</p> <p>From Billingshurst we went north to Bucks Green, where we joined the Horsham-Guildford road, leaving it, after five or six miles, to take some of the charming Surrey lanes, eventually landing us in the quaint old town of Godalming, where a halt was called for dinner.</p> <p>-----</p> <p>Just out of Godalming, on the Portsmouth road, we enjoy (?) a climb which involves three miles of collar-work, and puts us on the summit of the Hind Head, which is worth special mention.</p> <p>-----</p> <p>We are about nine hundred feet above sea</p>	<p>We are about nine hundred feet above sea level, the air is fresh and bracing, and the scenery grand. Away to the left stretches a charming panorama of woodlands and hills, colour being lent to the scene by the heather, now in full bloom. On our right yawns the Devil's Punch Bowl; our road has taken us round a portion of the brim of His Satanic Majesty's "boozie" receptacle, which could certainly contain all the punch ever brewed.</p> <p>-----</p> <p>Near the top of the hill a stone marks the spot where an unknown sailor was murdered in 1786, the representatives of law and order returning the compliment by hanging his three murderers in chains on the top of the Head.</p> <p>-----</p> <p>Leaving Hind Head we had a long run on the down grade, followed by an easy ride through Petersfield to Midhurst, where tea claimed our attention. Thence through Cowdray Park to F. Worth, Fittleworth, and Washington, and so home in the cool of the evening, which was very nice riding. The roads were for the most part in good order, and the recent showers had cooled the air and freshened the country.</p> <p>-----</p> <p>The ride was one of the best I have undertaken—this season, at any rate. The route takes one into both Surrey and Hampshire, although the full distance is but a shade over a hundred miles.</p> <p>-----</p> <p>Last Wednesday the Littlehampton C.C. ran off their second Evening Race Meeting for this year. The feature of the evening was the two-miles' Team Race against the Excelsior Club.</p> <p>-----</p> <p>Worthing was represented by W. R. Paine, H. Shaw, G. Jackson, and A. Ashby; the Littlehampton</p>	<p>men were P. Clayton, S. A. Jones, W. Millington, and L. Bates. The speed was at no time particularly high, and Paine got home first without apparently exciting himself in the least. Clayton and Jones followed, with Shaw close on them; Millington, Jackson, Bates, and Ashby finishing in the order named. Littlehampton therefore won by seventeen points to nineteen.</p> <p>-----</p> <p>A half-mile Veteran's Race not having drawn any entries, Coakledge, of Littlehampton, rode a match against "Sam" Clark, of the Excelsior C.C. Our man won easily, in spite of being at a disadvantage in age, thereby doing his bit towards retrieving the fallen fortunes of the Excelsiorites.</p> <p>-----</p> <p>Later in the evening Captain Jones very hospitably entertained the Excelsior team. So well did he treat them that it was very late when they reached home.</p> <p>-----</p> <p>The annual Championships of the Southern Counties Cyclists' Union were run off last Saturday at Herve Hill. As is generally known, this body is an amalgamation of leading Southern racing Clubs, each of which sends a representative to compete for the series of three Championships at one, five, and fifty miles respectively, the meeting being fixed for the last Saturday in July of each year.</p> <p>-----</p> <p>The races were most keenly contested. The one and five miles events were both placed to the credit of the Portsmouth M.C.C. by E. Kingbury, but the longer event was won by R. Smith on behalf of the Oval C.C.</p> <p>-----</p> <p>The latter Club also won the Roberts Shield, which goes to the Club scoring the best points in the three races. Their men got home fifth in the mile and sixth in the five, being winning the fifty.</p> <p>-----</p> <p>Mr. E. B. Baker, who has done a lot of motor-ing, has gone in for a new tricycle. It is a splendid machine, and is fitted with a two and three cylinder De Dion engine of the latest type, the cylinder of which has a water-cooled head. The latter term seems to imply a luxury which many of us would appreciate when the "hot waves" are busy.</p> <p>-----</p> <p>A little misunderstanding between him and his carburettor has prevented him from putting his motor properly to work as yet, but he is confident of getting even more pace out of this machine than the other "tribe" when the mechanism gets into proper order.</p> <p>-----</p> <p>Entries for the grand Annual Race Meeting on Tuesday next are coming in very well, so we may look for some superb sport on that day. With fine weather the event should be a huge success.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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<sup>i</sup> Part of Stane Street – as straight then as it is now.

<sup>ii</sup> A Roland “Roly” Millington was a member of the short-lived Littlehampton and District C.& A.C. formed in 1947. I wonder whether he was any relation.

<sup>iii</sup> The accepted spelling of the day.