

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.
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<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>MY readers will, I trust, pardon any ignorance I may display as to happenings in the local cycling world during the past two or three days.</p> <p>The fact is, I am writing my "Gossip," for the most part, a hundred miles away, and as I am touring on the "bike," a brief account may perhaps be of interest to other wheelmen.</p> <p>Together with "My friend Smith," of the Excelsior, I set out on Sunday for Oxford. The recent rain had dried up, leaving the roads in thoroughly fine trim.</p> <p>Running through Horsham, we took the road <i>via</i> Cranleigh to Guildford, it being more favourable than the twin road a little to the south. The Cranleigh road has the down gradients served out in long easy runs on the journey to Guildford, whilst the same applies to the alternative route when returning from Guildford.</p> <p>A refresher at Guildford and a walk over the footbridge crossing the Wey—the main bridge not having been rebuilt after its destruction by storm—and we scaled the Hog's Back and made through Farnham, where we dined; on to Odiham and Reading, stopping at the biscuit town for tea.</p> <p>A most enjoyable run by moonlight through</p>	<p>A most enjoyable run by moonlight through Pangbourne and Wallingford brought us into Oxford, where we finished up about nine o'clock, after one of the most enjoyable hundred-mile jaunts I have ever had.</p> <p>Oxford is a town of many attractions, pleasantly situated and full of architectural beauty; it is worth seeing. We were not the first Excelsior "boys" to visit it; at least two others have preceded us, and we availed ourselves of a good tip from "the Irrepressible," and put up at The Cape, a commercial temperance place well suited to cyclists.</p> <p>In the morning, after a stroll round the town of Oxford, we separated, "Smithie" continuing nearly north up to Birmingham—a sixty-miles ride—whilst I turned eastwards, through Thame and Aylesbury, the land of ducks.</p> <p>At the time of posting my "Gossip" I have progressed as far as Berkhamstead, finding the roads in fine condition and the country looking quite charming.</p> <p>Oxford, Bucks, and Herts are agricultural counties, but nevertheless they are very pretty, the scenery being considerably enhanced by the good roads, all of which are fairly level.</p> <p>One of the four perambulating Council meetings of the N.C.U. took place last Wednesday, Eastbourne being the venue on this occasion.</p> <p>Nothing of importance took place, the chief items being, as usual, questions as to administering the Union rules, and the inevitable danger-board topic.</p> <p>The refusal of railway officials at a crossing</p>	<p>The refusal of railway officials at a crossing near Battle to open the ordinary carriage gates for cyclists occupied the Council's attention for some time; but, though the Railway Company's right to compel cyclists to use the foot passengers' gate was denied, no steps are to be taken in the matter at present.</p> <p>The Brighton Company are to be approached with a view to remedying the condition of one of their level crossings. My own experience is that almost every crossing is in a very loose state. The one on the Brighton road at Crawley is the only respectable one I have seen for some considerable time.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Paper Chase.</p> <p>Messrs. Gravatt and Haynes have made arrangements, weather permitting, for a paper chase next Saturday afternoon, at three o'clock sharp, from the Cricketers' Inn, Broadwater.</p> <p>All running men are heartily welcome.</p>
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DICK TURPIN

ⁱ Interesting, as the bicycle was defined as a “carriage within the law” as far back as 1882, and cyclists should have been compelled to use the “ordinary carriage” route.