

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.
Source: Worthing Gazette copies at
 Worthing Local Studies Library.
 Turpin: 28th May 1902 P2C3-4

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>A DAY or two back I attended a run of the Excelsior Club's Exploration Committee, in search of a fresh bit of road. With the "Irrepressible" setting a steady pace, we rode through the fresh morning air to Horsham, and then tackled the hilly stretch to Dorking, pausing at Kingsfold, the highest point of the road, to do the "vanishing trick" with a supplementary breakfast.</p> <p>At Dorking we turned westwards through Wootton and Shere, and over Merrow Down to Guildford—a new piece of country to me. It abounds in beauty spots, and is considered</p>	<p>by many to be the finest bit in the pretty county of Surrey.</p> <p>Side by side with the little River Tillingbourne the road runs through some very picturesque country, hills and trees combining to produce some lovely views.</p> <p>The village of Shere is an assorted collection of pretty old houses, each one with a distinct style about it. Artists are fond of Shere, and one particular bridge frequently visits the Royal Academy—on canvas.</p> <p>Albury Old Church, just out of sight from the road, stands in the Duke of Northumberland's grounds. It boasts one of the oldest towers in England, having been built over a thousand years ago. The Church is now closed, a new one having been built nearer the village. The old one contains some interesting frescoes and brasses.</p> <p>A little further on we inspected the Silent Pool, another remarkably pretty spot, which, however, did not do itself justice, as the water was low.</p> <p>One or two other whisemen, however, photographed it whilst we were there, and they might certainly have spent plates on far poorer subjects.</p> <p>After the Pool we had a long climb up Merrow Down, which affords a fine view. The "Irrepressible" pointed out St. Martha's, a ruined chantry lying away to the left.</p> <p>It stands on the old "Pilgrims' way" to</p>	<p>It stands on the old "Pilgrims' way" to Canterbury, and served the pilgrims as a hostel; further on is St. Catherine's, another ruin dating back to Henry II.</p> <p>St. Catherine's Hill is still the scene of an annual Fair, the origin of which is attributed to the pilgrims.</p> <p>From Merrow Down we continued our own little pilgrimage into Guildford and Godalming, where we ate dinner with appetites tuned up by our fifty-mile ride.</p> <p>At Godalming we took the road through Chiddingfold and Petworth, coming home by Pulborough and Washington—a good enough road in the ordinary way, but it seemed quite uninteresting after the Dorking-Guildford panorama.</p> <p>Last Wednesday the Tarring Club ran to Littlehampton, forty-five strong. As usual, a very enjoyable time was spent with dancing and singing.</p> <p>On Saturday the running section of the Excelsior Club brought off a little pace-chase. The hares, Linfield and Standing, took the bounds over the Cokham and Sompney brooks, and thence round to Tarring, eventually reaching home without getting caught.</p> <p>The other day Sam Clark looked up the</p>	<p>The other day Sam Clark looked up the unfortunate Charman, who got rather badly hurt in the spill which took place at the Excelsior's Whit Monday meeting. Charman is picking up again, but Sam tells me he has sold his machine and is doubtful about racing again! He certainly holds the record for spills on the race-path.</p> <p>The Finance Committee of the Excelsior Club have searched the accounts in connection with the race meeting, and find the venture resulted in a loss of about four pounds.</p> <p>Considering everything, this is not bad, and it is generally admitted that the support accorded the Club warrants them in making the affair an annual event.</p> <p>Next Wednesday the Tarring Club will have a special afternoon run to look over Arundel Castle, returning to Angmering to meet the evening contingent. The Excelsior Club have arranged to run to Littlehampton, but I should not be surprised if they miss the route a little and get to Angmering with the sister Club!</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
--	---	--	--

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

A DAY or two back I attended a run of the Excelsior Club's Exploration Committee, in search of a fresh bit of road. With the "Irrepressible" setting a steady pace, we rode through the fresh morning air to Horsham, and then tackled the hilly stretch to Dorking, pausing at Kingsfold, the highest point of the road, to do the "vanishing trick" with a supplementary breakfast.

At Dorking we turned westwards through Wootton and Shere, and over Merrow Down to Guildford - a new piece of country to me. It abounds in beauty spots, and is considered by many to be the finest bit in the pretty county of Surrey.

Side by side with the little River Tillingbourne the road runs through some very picturesque country, hills and trees combining to produce some lovely views.

The village of Shere is an assorted collection of pretty old houses, each one with a distinct style about it. Artists are fond of Shere, and one particular bridge frequently visits the Royal Academy - on canvas.

Albury Old Church, just out of sight from the road, stands in the Duke of Northumberland's grounds. It boasts one of the oldest towers in England, having been built over a

thousand years ago. The Church is now closed, a new one having been built nearer the village. The old one contains some interesting frescoes and brasses.

A little further on we inspected the Silent Pool, another remarkably pretty spot, which, however, did not do itself justice, as the water was low.

One or two other wheelmen, however, photographed it whilst we were there, and they might certainly have spent plates on far poorer subjects.

After the Pool we had a long climb up Merrow Down, which affords a fine view. The "Irrepressible" pointed out St. Martha's, a ruined chantry lying away to the left.

It stands on the old "Pilgrims' way" to Canterbury, and served the pilgrims as a hostel; further on is St. Catherine's, another ruin dating back to Henry II.

St. Catherine's Hill is still the scene of an annual Fair, the origin of which is attributed to the pilgrims.

From Merrow Down we continued our own little pilgrimage into Guildford and Godalming, where we ate dinner with appetites tuned up by our fifty-mile ride.

At Godalming we took the road through Chiddingfold and Petworth, coming home by Pulborough and Washington - a good enough road in the ordinary way, but it seemed quite uninteresting after the Dorking - Guildford panorama.

Last Wednesday the Tarring Club ran to Littlehampton, forty-five strong. As usual, a very enjoyable time was spent with dancing and singing.

On Saturday the running section of the Excelsior Club brought off a little paper-chase. The hares, Linfield and Standing, took the hounds over the Cokeham and Sompting brooks, and thence round to Tarring, eventually reaching home without getting caught.

The other day Sam Clark looked up the unfortunate Charman, who got rather badly hurt in the spill which took place at the Excelsior's Whit Monday meeting. Charman is picking up again, but Sam tells me he has sold his machine and is doubtful about racing again! He certainly holds the record for

spills on the race-path!

The Finance Committee of the Excelsior Club have overhauled the accounts in connection with the race meeting, and find the venture resulted in a loss of about four pounds,

Considering everything, this is not bad, and it is generally admitted that the support accorded the Club warrants them in making the affair an annual fixture.

Next Wednesday the Tarring Club will have a special afternoon run to look over Arundel Castle, returning to Angmering to meet the evening contingent. The Excelsior Club have arranged to run to Littlehampton, but I should not be surprised if they miss the route a little and get to Angmering with the sister Club!

DICK TURPIN.