

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

Source – Worthing Gazette *.pdf files

at Worthing Local Studies Library.

28th October, 1903. P2C5

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

REMINISCENCES of joys that are past have to be the portion of the cyclist when he is weather-bound!—and, as far as lengthened spins are concerned, the wheelman is weather-bound just at present. So, whilst waiting till the clouds roll by, I will tell of a spin which Durant, of the Excelsior C.C., and I enjoyed one recent Saturday. It is a ride of moderate length—seventy miles—and it fills the bill for an autumn day very nicely.

We pedalled gently up the road through Horsham, and, keeping our faces northward, tackled the switchback road through Capel to Dorking.

The thirty-odd miles through October air had endowed me with a strong desire to see the interior of one of the many hostelrys the pretty old coaching town boasts of.

“I know a bank where the wild thyme grows,” quoth the Irrepressible one, and, ere I could explain that I was not a vegetarian, he led the way to some special haunt of his. It proved to be a comfortable temperance hotel, and wild thyme was not on the menu—but roast beef was!

Later on, filled with pleasant recollections of Dorking, we leisurely made our way through Goldharbour and on to Leith Hill.

It was a charming ride! In places the trees,

beautiful with autumn foliage, completely overhung our road; in others we were treated to some really splendid views of far-stretching woodlands, as we made our way along a gradually ascending road towards Leith Hill.

Presently the summit stood before us—nine hundred and sixty feet above sea level—surmounted by the Tower; and soon we had negotiated the winding stone stairs, and were looking across miles and miles of country on either side, from the topmost battlement.

On a clear day it is said one can see as far as Dunstable in Bedfordshire on the north, and well into Kent on the east.

Although the air was not clear on this occasion, had we been monarchs of all we surveyed our kingdom would have been no small one; most of Surrey, and large slices of Sussex and Hants, would have been ours.

But we soon abdicated our imaginary thrones on Leith Hill Tower, and, resuming our bicycle saddles, made our way across country to Ockley; thence by Warnham and Horsham homewards once again.

A Worthing rider became the owner of some land near Portslade last week; he, however, felt quite the reverse of elated upon his very sudden accession to real property.

He side-slipped upon that beastly, ill-conditioned, tram-ridden road that is the scene of so many accidents during the year, and thereby got considerably bedaubed with mud.

The National Cyclists' Union has raised

various storms in various tea cups over that road, but it is of little avail. It is the worst piece of main road in Ssussex, and is an object lesson in the folly and confusion which results when the absolute and entire control of the road is not in the hands of the road authorities.

The Excelsior Club entertains the Sussex Centre of the N.C.O. to high tea at the Club's headquarters on Wednesday, November 11th.

Captain Paine and Mr. Tree have the matter in hand; they hope to get a big gathering of the Excelsior men to meet the members of the Council.

It should be an enjoyable evening, as the tea will be followed by a convivial gathering which will afford the Excelsior men an opportunity of fraternising with other Sussex wheelmen.

One week after the tea the annual dinner will be held—a long interval between meals! But more on the dinner question later.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

REMINISCENCES of joys that are past have to be the portion of the cyclist when he is weather-bound!—and as far as lengthened spins are concerned, the wheelman is weather-bound just at present. So, whilst waiting till the clouds roll by, I will tell of a spin which Durant of the Excelsior C.C., and I enjoyed one recent Saturday. It is a ride of moderate length—seventy miles—and it fills the bill for an autumn day very nicely.

We pedalled gently up the road through Horsham, and keeping our faces northward, tackled the switchback road through Capel to Dorking.

The thirty-odd miles through October air had endowed me with a strong desire to see the interior of one of the many hostelrys the pretty old coaching town boasts of.

“I know a bank where the wild thyme Grows,” quoth the Irrepressible one, and, ere I could explain that I was not a vegetarian, he led the way to some special haunt of his. It proved to be a comfortable temperance hotel,

and while thyme was not on the menu – but
roast beef was!

Later on, filled with pleasant recollections
of Dorking, we leisurely made our way through
Coldharbour and on to Leith Hill.

It was a charming ride! In places the trees,
beautiful with autumn foliage, completely
overhung our road; in others we were treated
to some really splendid views of far-stretching
Woodlands, as we made our way along a gradu-
ally ascending road towards Leith Hill.

Presently the summit stood before us – nine
hundred and sixty feet above sea level – sur-
mounted by the Tower; and soon we had
negotiated the winding stone stairs, and were
looking across miles and miles of country on
either side, from the topmost battlement.

On a clear day it is said one can see as far as
Dunstable in Bedfordshire on the North
and well into Kent on the east.

Although the air was not clear on this
occasion, had we been monarchs of all we
surveyed our kingdom would have been no
small one; most of Surrey, and large slices of
Sussex and Hants, would have been ours.

But we soon abdicated our imaginary thrones
on Leith Hill Tower, and resuming our bicycle
saddles, made our way across country to
Ockley; thence by Warnham and Horsham
homewards once again.

A Worthing rider became the owner of some
land near Portslade last week; he, however,
felt quite the reverse of elated upon his very
sudden accession to real property.

He side-slipped upon beastly, ill-con-
ditioned, tram-ridden road that is the scene
of so many accidents during the year, and there-
by he got considerably bedaubed with mud.

The National Cyclists' Union has raised
various storms in various tea cups over that
road, but it is of little avail. It is the worst
piece of main road in Sussex, and is an object
lesson in the folly and confusion which results
when the absolute and entire control of the
road is not in the hands of the road authorities.

The Excelsior Club entertains the Sussex
Centre of the N.C.C.¹ to high tea at the Club's
headquarters on Wednesday, November 11th.

Captain Paine and Mr. Tree have the matter
in hand; they hope to get a big gathering of
the Excelsior men to meet the members of the
Council.

It should be an enjoyable evening, as the tea will be followed by a convivial gathering which will afford the Excelsior men an opportunity of fraternising with other Sussex wheelman.

One week after the tea the annual dinner will be held - a long interval between meals! But more on the dinner question later.

DICK TURPIN.

ⁱ Almost certainly the N.C.U. – a rare Worthing Gazette typographical error.