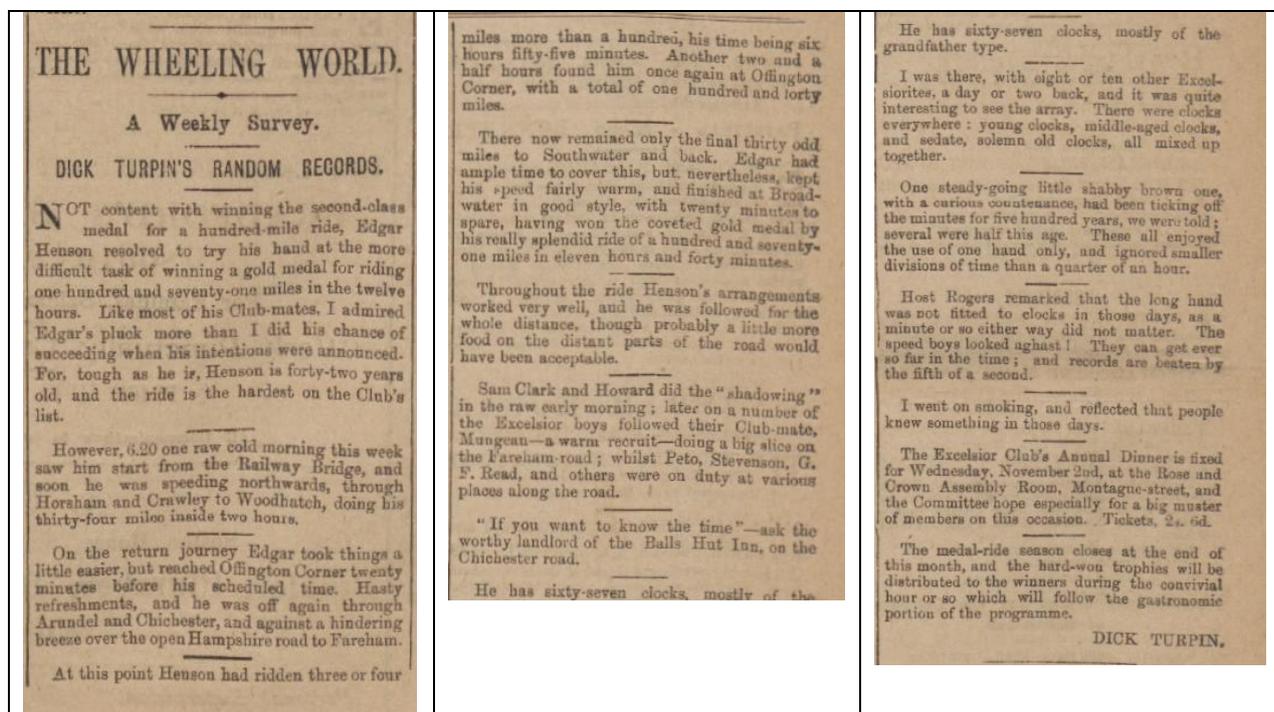


## THE WHEELING WORLD

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## THE WHEELING WORLD.

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A Weekly Survey.

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DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

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NOT content with winning the second-class medal for a hundred-mile ride, Edgar Henson resolved to try his hand at the more difficult task of winning a gold medal for riding one hundred and seventy-one miles in the twelve hours. Like most of his Club-mates, I admired Edgar's pluck more than I did his chance of succeeding when his intentions were announced. For, tough as he is, Henson is forty-two years old, and the ride is the hardest on the Club's list.

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However, 6.20 one raw cold morning this week saw him start from the Railway Bridge, and soon he was speeding northwards, through Horsham and Crawley to Woodhatch, doing his thirty-four miles inside two hours.

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On the return journey Edgar took things a little easier, but reached Offington Corner twenty minutes before his scheduled time. Hasty refreshments, and he was off again through Arundel and Chichester, and against a hindering

breeze over the open Hampshire road to Fareham.

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At this point Henson had ridden three or four miles more than a hundred, his time being six hours fifty-five minutes. Another two and a half hours found him once again at Offington Corner, with a total of one hundred and forty miles.

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There now remained only the final thirty odd miles to Southwater and back. Edgar had ample time to cover this, but nevertheless kept his speed fairly warm, and finished at Broadwater in good style, with twenty minutes to spare, having won the coveted gold medal by his really splendid ride of a hundred and seventy-one miles in eleven hours and forty minutes.

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Throughout the ride Henson's arrangements worked very well, and he was followed for the whole distance, though probably a little more food on the distant parts of the road would have been acceptable.

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Sam Clark and Howard did the "shadowing" in the raw early morning; later on a number of the Excelsior boys followed their Club-mate, Mungeam - a raw recruit, doing a big slice on the Fareham road; whilst Peto, Stevenson, G. F. Read, and others were on duty at various places along the road.

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"If you want to know the time" - ask the worthy landlord of the Balls Hut in, on the Chichester road.

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He has sixty-seven clocks, mostly of the grandfather type.

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I was there, with eight or ten other Excelsiorites, a day or two back, and it was quite interesting to see the array. There were clocks everywhere: young clocks, middle-aged clocks, and sedate, solemn old clocks, all mixed up together.

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One steady-going little shabby brown one, with a curious countenance, had been ticking off the minutes for five hundred years, we were told; several were half this age. These all enjoyed the use of one hand only, and ignored smaller divisions of time than a quarter of an hour.

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Host Rogers remarked that the long hand was not fitted to clocks in those days, as a minute or so either way did not matter. The speed boys looked aghast! They can get ever so far in the time; and records are beaten by the fifth of a second.

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I went on smoking, and reflected that people knew something in those days.

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The Excelsior Club's Annual Dinner is fixed for Wednesday, November 2<sup>nd</sup>, at the Rose and Crown Assembly Room, Montague Street, and the Committee hope especially for a big muster of members on this occasion. Tickets, 2s. 6d.

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The medal-ride season closes at the end of this month, and the hard-won trophies will be distributed to the winners during the convivial hour or so which will follow the gastronomic portion of the programme.

DICK TURPIN.