

THE WHEELING WORLD.

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Turpin: 22.8.1906 P2C4

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A Weekly Survey. DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.</p> <p>All Hail the Puncture King! THE first of the Excelsior Club medals to be won this season has just been secured by Ernest Sawkins, a recent member of the Club, and one who, though only in his twentieth year, is already known to fame. He is the Puncture King, and he receives the homage due to one who has numbered seventeen punctures in three weeks.</p> <p>Fortune favoured his tyres when Captain Duffield sent him off at six o'clock the other morning. Followed by Victor Cowan, he slipped along through Arundel to Westhamptett in an hour. Here George Stöner checked him, and seventy minutes sufficed for his return to Offington.</p> <p>The brothers Standing now joined in following Sawkins as he set out for a long ride to Woodhatch; a spill, in which Cowan and Albert Standing figured, serving to vary the monotony ere Finsden was reached. A very fair pace was maintained, despite a choppy wind, and Woodhatch was reached at twenty-five minutes past ten, the sixty-seven miles having occupied four hours and twenty-five minutes.</p> <p>Cowan had punctured at West Grinstead, but a hasty repair enabled him to meet Sawkins before he had reached Crawley on his return journey.</p> <p>At Horsham Sawkins was still wearing very well, having kept to his schedule all through the ride. Numerous Excelsiorites were awaiting him along the road, and he arrived at Broadwater, with nearly a dozen fellow cyclists, at twenty minutes to one. His total time was thus six hours and forty minutes, Ernest therefore qualifying for the gold centre medal with five minutes to spare. "Not bad, for the first slip!" was Edgar Henson's remark, and indeed the ride is highly creditable considering the conditions.</p> <p>For Sawkins, though a very active rider, had</p>	<p>not done any preparatory work on the course; the wind was a hindering one in every direction, and it will be admitted that a thirty-six pounder geared to eighty-four is not an ideal "speed-ran."</p> <p>Last week-end the Excelsior Club visited Henfield, a party of half-a-dozen arriving there in time for a stroll around the interesting little town before tea. Later on reinforcements arrived, and a delightful evening ride homewards by Beeding and Shoreham terminated a pleasant outing.</p> <p>Laughter and Lament. "How are the mighty fallen!" Thus ran the inscription, placed—I guess by a waggish cyclist—upon a disabled motor car. A Worthing wheelman riding from Winchester espied it by the roadside not far from Midhurst, and laughed for five miles!</p> <p>But sorrow came to the wheelman in the same week. He arose with the lark and sallied out awheel to help some road racing cyclists. A hard morning's work left him hungry and thirsty, and all alone at Crawley.</p> <p>Then the sad truth was borne in upon the wheelman that he had left money, watch, and everything he could barter, safe at home. The only valuables he had with him were a hunger and thirst which a dyspeptic millionaire would cheerfully have given a good dividend-paying railway for.</p> <p>So he wearily pedalled home, tantalised for twenty-seven miles by hotel and inn, eating-house and confectioner's shop, gazing the cattle grazing in the fields, and realising that the cyclist as well as the motorist is born to trouble.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>	
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