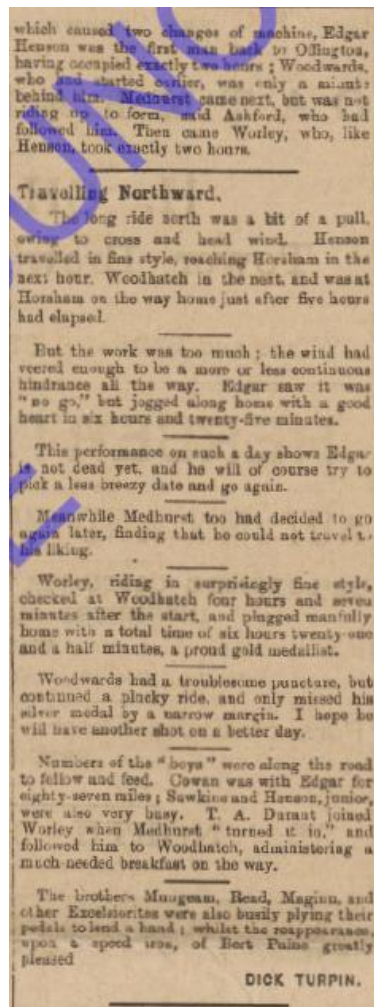


## THE WHEELING WORLD

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## THE WHEELING WORLD.

### A Weekly Survey.

#### DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

##### Autumn Pleasures.

**T**HE prolonged spell of fine weather during this autumn is appreciated by all classes of wheelmen; the tourist is happier now than in scorching August; the potterer is likely to potter otener and further when tempted by the perfect autumn weather and colours we are now enjoying; and the road racer in his own particular way loves a long drawn out autumn as much as anyone else.

And if the present weather lasts awhile – as I trust it will - it is likely to cost President Warne something handsome in the way of Excelsior Club medals.

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Four knights of the pedal sallied forth in quest of these tempting articles of jewellery the other day, but, alas! a frolicsome wind took the part of Father Time, and lent the grey-haired scythe-bearer such aid that only one of the doughty pedallers could conquer him!

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One by one, at ten-minute intervals, Captain Duffield let loose the dogs of war: "Darkie" Woodward; then the record-holder, Edgar Henson; the hard-riding Medhurst; and Harry Worley.

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The task set to Henson and Medhurst was a particularly hard one. Both had already won gold medals on the ride, Henson having also made the famous Club record for the distance in five hours and fifty-three minutes. They had consequently to beat six hours and a quarter in order to win the special medal.

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Over the hilly thirty-three miles to West-hampnett and back it was evident that a good deal of wind would be felt during the day, but a good pace was maintained. Despite a puncture which caused two changes of machine, Edgar Henson was the first man back to Offington, having occupied exactly two hours; Woodward, who had started earlier, was only a minute behind him. Medhurst came next, but was not riding up to form, said Ashford, who had followed him. Then came Worley who, like Henson, took exactly two hours.

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**Travelling Northward.**

The long ride north was a bit of a pull, owing to cross and head wind. Henson travelled in fine style, reaching Horsham in the next hour, Woodhatch in the next, and was at Horsham on the way home just after five hours had elapsed.

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But the work was too much; the wind had veered enough to be a more or less continuous hindrance all the way. Edgar saw it was "no go," but jogged along home with a good heart in six hours and twenty-five minutes.

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This performance on such a day shows Edgar is not dead yet, and he will of course try to pick a less breezy date and go again.

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Meanwhile Medhurst too had decided to go again later, finding that he could not travel to his liking.

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Worley, riding in surprisingly fine style, checked at Woodhatch four hours and seven minutes after the start, and plugged manfully

home with a total time of six hours twenty-one and a half minutes, a proud gold medallist.

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Woodwards had a troublesome puncture, but continued a plucky ride, and only missed his silver medal by a narrow margin. I hope he will have another shot on a better day.

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Numbers of the "boys" were along the road to follow and feed. Cowan was with Edgar for eighty-seven miles; Sawkins and Henson, junior, were also very busy. T. A. Durant joined Worley when Medhurst had "turned it in" and followed him to Woodhatch, administering a much-needed breakfast on the way.

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The brothers Mungeam, Read, Maginn and other Excelsiorites were also busily plying their pedals to lend a hand; whilst the reappearance, on a speed iron, of Bert Paine greatly pleased.

**DICK TURPIN.**