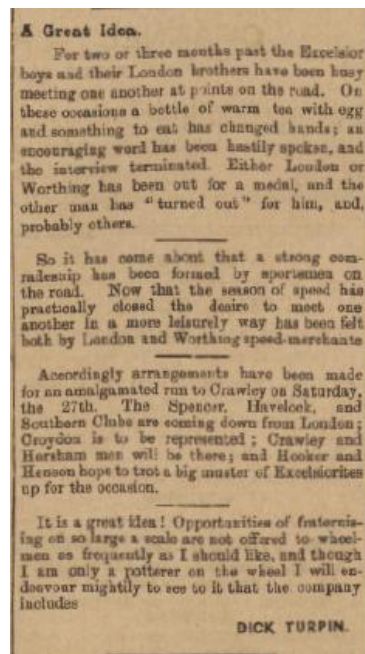
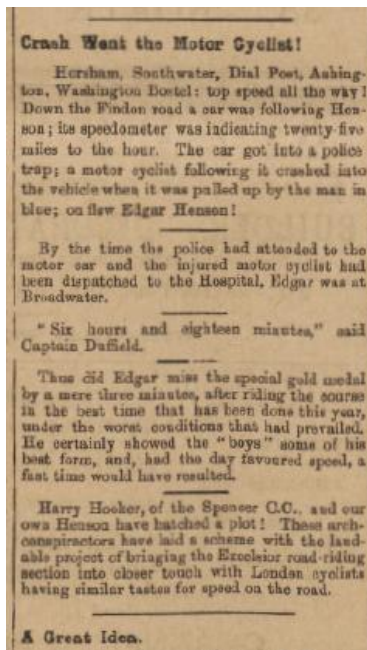


## THE WHEELING WORLD

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Turpin: 17.10.1906 P2C6



## THE WHEELING WORLD.

### A Weekly Survey.

#### DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

"The first niggling of October frost"

*Wordsworth.*

#### Edgar versus Boreas!

**A** HUNDRED years old, but beautifully descriptive of what Edgar Henson experienced shortly after six o'clock a morning or two ago. The speed man was riding against time and, incidentally, a pretty heavy, cold wind from the north. So cold was it that patches of ice were to be seen on the road near Arundel.

Followed by Sawkins, Cowan, and Maginn, he cut along in great style; less than two hours saw him to Westhamnett and back to Offington. Maginn had a spill at Hammerpot on the return ride, but escaped unhurt, although Cowan, unable to dodge the prostrate wheelman, rode clean over him.

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From Offington the work was very heavy; it was a duel between Edgar Henson and King Boreas, both being in good fighting trim!

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Kay, of Horsham, stared when Edgar came along. "Billy" Pett, the fifty miles Champion of Great Britain, and Hugo, his Club-mate, were awaiting the rider at Woodhatch, but did not expect him as the day turned out. There was far too much wind for fast riding.

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But Edgar got there!

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The run home was easy. Sawkins, who penetrated to Crawley, timed some of the miles to be reeled off at thirty to the hour. It was a flying dash for thirty-four miles in the hope of recovering the time lost in fighting King Boreas.

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**Crash Went the Motor Cyclist!**

Horsham, Southwater, Dial Post, Ashington, Washington Bostel: top speed all the way! Down the Findon road a car was following Henson; its speedometer was indicating twenty five miles to the hour. The car got into a police trap; a motor cyclist following it crashed into the vehicle when it was pulled up by the man in blue;<sup>i</sup> on flew Edgar Henson!

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By the time the police had attended to the motor car and the injured motor cyclist had been dispatched to the Hospital, Edgar was at Broadwater.

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"Six hours and eighteen minutes," said Captain Duffield.

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Thus did Edgar miss the special gold medal by a mere three minutes, after riding the course in the best time that has been done this year, under the worst conditions that had prevailed. He certainly showed the "boys" some of his best form, and, had the day favoured speed, a fast time would have resulted.

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Harry Hooker, of the Spencer C.C., and our own Henson have hatched a plot! These arch-conspirators have laid a scheme with the laudable project of bringing the Excelsior road-riding section into closer touch with London cyclists having similar tastes for speed on the road.

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**A Great Idea.**

For two or three months past the Excelsior boys and their London brothers have been busy meeting one another at points on the road. On these occasions a bottle of warm tea with egg and something to eat has changed hands; an encouraging word has been hastily spoken, and

the interview terminated. Either London or Worthing has been out for a medal, and the other man has "turned out" for him, and, probably others.

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So it has come about that a strong comradeship has been formed by sportsmen on the road. Now that the season of speed has practically closed the desire to meet one another in a more leisurely way has been felt both by London and Worthing speed-merchants.

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Accordingly arrangements have been made for an amalgamated run to Crawley on Saturday, the 27th. The Spencer, Havelock, and Southern Clubs are coming down from London ; Croydon is to be represented; Crawley and Horsham men will be there; and Hooker and Henson hope to trot a big master of Excelsiorites up for the occasion.

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It is a great idea! Opportunities of fraternising on so large a scale are not offered to wheelmen as frequently as I should like, and though I am only a potterer on the wheel I will endeavour mightily to see to it that the company includes

**DICK TURPIN.**

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<sup>i</sup> The Worthing Gazette of 17.10.1906 (**P5C7**) reports a motor-cycle crash: Sgt. Payne and two constables were speed-checking on a ¼-mile length between Offington corner and Vale Farm (where Vale Road is now?). After the sergeant had given the signal to stop a car he noticed a motor-cyclist riding close behind it, so gave a "cancel last" signal - not seen by his constable. The car stopped in 30-40 yds but the motor-cyclist crashed into it, and was taken to hospital in the car. The "Worthing Ambulance" of the day, a wicker-work barrow, pushed by a sturdy copper, did not attend.