

## THE WHEELING WORLD

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Turpin: 24.10.1906 P2C4

### THE WHEELING WORLD.

#### A Weekly Survey.

##### DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

###### Delights of Autumn Cycling.

AUTUMN is on the wane; those patches of mud on the country roads are steadily increasing in size and in number; leaves are falling, and the time to light up gets earlier day by day. But when we are favoured with a sunny day in late autumn what can be better than a day on the wheel!

"Worth a week in August!" said I to a chum as we pedalled Arundelwards on one of these sunny

"Bather!" came the reply.

My companion, like myself, is not very partial to being broiled alive as he toils along a glaring, dusty road, with King Sol beaming down on him from a cloudless sky.

From Arundel we wandered a wheel along the riverside footpath to Amberley, doing a little photography and some blackberrying on the way.

Thence by the road to Bury and on to Bignor to see the Roman pavement.

Neither of us had visited it before, and both were surprised to see so much remaining flooring of the villa where presumably lived the Governor of the district. Protected by well-built sheds are portions of the paving, with the figure of Ganymede and a head representing Winter.

The hot-air piping under the floor can be traced; some of the original foundations of the walls are there; ... the fragments of columns still remain.

There are many indications of the size of the villa, which occupied a very large site. Clearly Bignor was a much more important place when the triumphant Roman called it Ad Decimum, and when it marked ten miles up the Stane Street from Regnum, otherwise Chichester.

Soon we had to move the hands of time on

two thousand years, however, and betake ourselves to our bicycles. The bye-lanes round West Burton, Coates, and Fittleworth attracted us.

And, whilst photographing a bit near Fittleworth, where two graceful swans added an interest to the foreground of a promising landscape, we looked at our watches. Lo! the day had vanished; it was tea time.

It was only a matter of minutes ere we were discussing an ample repast in the Swan hostelry not bird, this time!—and voting a sunny day in October the real thing for pleasant cycling.

###### Edgar's Ill-Luck Again.

Yet again has Edgar Henson proved that he can ride a hundred miles in six hours and a quarter; yet again has the coveted medal been snatched from his grasp at the last moment by ill-luck!

Starting off in good style an hour saw him at Westhampnett; two hours found him back at Offington; in three hours he was at Horsham, having ridden half the worst half of the hundred miles.

Bespattered with the sticky mud that made speed work difficult, but riding well nevertheless, the fourth hour took him to Woodhatch, and the fifth hour brought him back as far as Horsham.

Rain on this stretch of road gave Edgar a drenching; the wind, too, had swung round to the south and, at the critical time, was very strong; the mud was still flying.

But despite everything Edgar was over the top of Washington Bostel with still nineteen minutes in which to ride home.

This has previously been more than sufficient time for the speedy Henson; but a puncture intervened and valuable time was lost whilst another machine was adjusted for him. Meantime Edgar had been struggling along on the deflated tyre, thus doing work which told heavily.

So he finished up in six hours and nineteen

minutes and a half, a ride which only he himself has beaten this year. Edgar takes a sportsman's view of things. With all his bad luck he has twice this year ridden the course in faster time than his Club-mates, and proved that decent luck would permit of his winning the special medal. "Never mind the medal," said Edgar when this was pointed out; "I am satisfied with the performance!"

###### Securing a Medal.

J. Flint, a Shoreham member of the Excelsior Club, succeeded in winning the gold centre medal on the same day, taking exactly fifteen minutes longer than Henson.

Flint rode very gamely, starting eleven minutes after Henson. Slowly this interval increased to sixteen minutes on the run to Westhampnett and back; at Woodhatch it was twenty-nine minutes, but on the final ride home Flint pulled back three minutes, and arrived at Broadwater to receive the congratulations of Edgar and the boys upon winning his first Club medal.

It will not be his last, I imagine, for Flint's ride under the adverse conditions which prevailed on the day shows him to be in the gold medal class.

Keen interest is being taken in the amalgamated run to Crawley next Saturday. It formed the subject of conversation with four London tandem crews which I met a day or two back; they represented various Clubs who were coming down to meet the Excelsiorites at Crawley.

I informed by Captain Dnfield that the main body of Worthing men set out from the Railway Bridge at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon; tea at Crawley at half-past six.

DICK TURPIN.

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