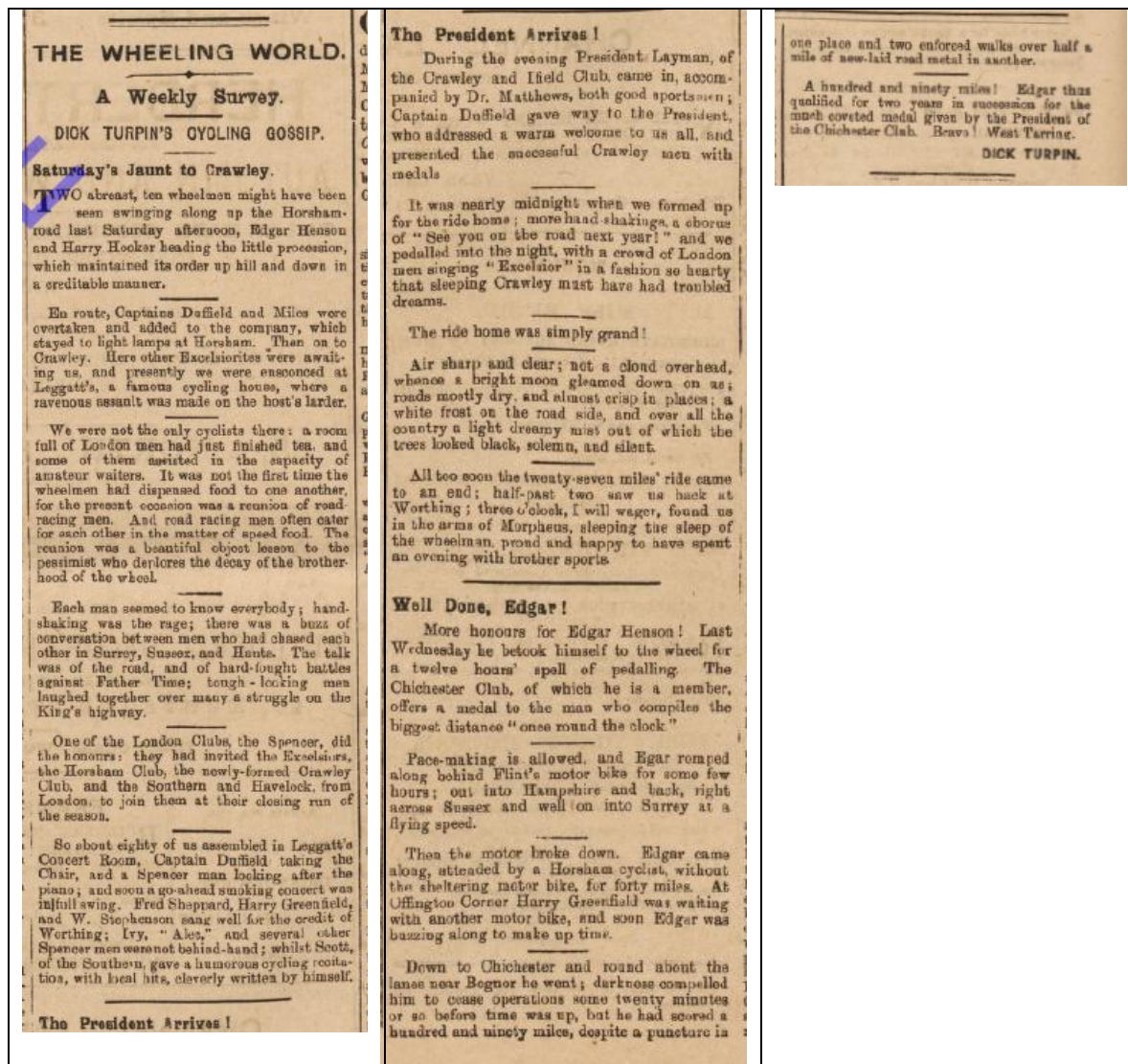


## THE WHEELING WORLD

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## THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

### Saturday's Jaunt to Crawley.

TWO abreast, ten wheelmen might have been seen swinging along up the Horsham-road last Saturday afternoon, Edgar Henson and Harry Hooker heading the little procession, which maintained its order up hill and down in a creditable manner.

En route, Captains Duffield and Miles were

overtaken and added to the company, which stayed to light lamps at Horsham. Then on to Crawley. Here other Excelsiorites were awaiting us, and presently we were ensconced at Leggatt's, a famous cycling house, where a ravenous assault was made on the host's larder.

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We were not the only cyclists there; a room full of London men had just finished tea, and some of them assisted in the capacity of amateur waiters. It was not the first time the wheelmen had dispensed food to one another, for the present occasion was a reunion of road-racing men. And road racing men often cater for each other in the matter of speed food. The reunion was a beautiful object lesson to the pessimist who deplores the decay of the brotherhood of the wheel.

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Each man seemed to know everybody; hand-shaking was the rage; there was a buzz of conversation between men who had chased each other in Surrey, Sussex, and Hants. The talk was of the road, and of hard-fought battles against Father Time; tough-looking men laughed together over many a struggle on the King's highway.

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One of the London Clubs, the Spencer, did the honours: they had invited the Excelsiors, the Horsham Club, the newly-formed Crawley Club, and the Southern and Havelock, from London, to join them at their closing run of the season.

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So about eighty of us assembled in Leggatt's Concert Room, Captain Duffield taking the Chair, and a Spencer man looking after the piano; and soon a go-ahead smoking concert was in full swing. Fred Sheppard, Harry Greenfield and W. Stephenson sang well for the credit of Worthing; Ivy, "Alec," and several other Spencer men were not behind-hand; whilst Scott, of the Southern, gave a humorous cycling recitation, with local hits, cleverly written by himself.

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**The President Arrives!**

During the evening President Layman, of the Crawley and Ifield Club, came in, accompanied by Dr. Matthews, both good sportsmen; Captain Duffield gave way to the President, who addressed a warm welcome to us all, and presented the successful Crawley men with medals.

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It was nearly midnight when we formed up for the ride home; more hand shakings, a chorus of "See you on the road next year!" and we pedalled into the night, with a crowd of London men singing "Excelsior" in a fashion so hearty

that sleeping Crawley must have had troubled dreams.

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The ride home was simply grand!

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Air sharp and clear, not a cloud overhead,  
whence a bright moon beamed down on us;  
roads mostly dry, and almost crisp in places: a  
white frost on the road side, and over all the  
country a light dreamy mist, out of which the  
trees looked black, solemn and silent.

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All too soon the twenty-seven miles' ride came  
to an end; half-past two saw us back at  
Worthing; three o'clock, I will wager, found us  
in the arms of Morpheus, sleeping the sleep of  
the wheelman, proud and happy to have spent  
an evening with brother sports.

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**Well Done, Edgar!**

More honours for Edgar Henson! Last  
Wednesday he betook himself to the wheel for  
a twelve hours' spell of pedalling. The  
Chichester Club, of which he is a member,  
offers a medal to the man who compiles the  
biggest distance "once round the clock."

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Pace-making is allowed, and Edgar romped  
along behind Flint's motor bike for some few  
hours; out into Hampshire and back, right  
across Sussex and well on into Surrey at a  
flying speed.

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Then the motor broke down. Edgar came  
along, attended by a Horsham cyclist, without  
the sheltering motor bike, for forty miles. At  
Offington Corner Harry Greenfield was waiting  
with another motor bike, and soon Edgar was  
buzzing along to make up time.

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Down to Chichester and round about the  
lanes near Bognor he went; darkness compelled  
him to cease operations some twenty minutes  
or so before time was up, but he had scored a  
hundred and ninety miles, despite a puncture in  
one place and two enforced walks over half a  
mile of new-laid road metal in another.

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A hundred and ninety miles! Edgar thus  
qualified for two years in succession for the  
much coveted medal given by the President of  
the Chichester Club. Bravo! West Tarring.

**DICK TURPIN.**