

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 12.6.1907 P3C7

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>"He goes before me and still dares me on: When I come when he calls, then he is gone!" —<i>Midsummer Night's Dream.</i></p> <p>In Quest of the Medals. VICTOR COWAN might well have echoed this remark of Lysander's a day or two back, for his chum, Ernest Sawkins, was enacting the role of Demetrius in creditable style. They were both in quest of the gold medals offered by the Excelsior Club for members who ride a hundred miles in six hours and a half. And as Sawkins was sent off fifteen minutes ahead of Cowan, it naturally came about that the second speedman was ever close on the trail of the first. For they are a well matched pair.</p> <p>The next line of the quotation wouldn't apply at all. You will remember it, my good reader: "The villain is much lighter heeled than I!"</p> <p>The villain! Now, who could be less of a villain than the genial, smiling Ernest?</p> <p>And as for being lighter heeled than "Lysander" Cowan—well, I take it, the bicycles would be the heels in the case of cyclists; and the two fliers were on machines exactly alike.</p> <p>For three new "speed irons," belonging to a number specially built for a forthcoming big record attempt, had come down to Edgar Henson on the day before. And our boys took our advice, Edgar taking the third, and gave them their baptism of fire by setting forth, as I had said, in quest of the hundred miles gold medal.</p> <p>The Captain's Command.</p>	<p>The Captain's Command. Two minutes after six o'clock in the morning it was when Captain Duffield said "Go!" to Sawkins. Instantly he set off in the direction of Chichester. Exactly a quarter of an hour later Cowan was let loose and followed him.</p> <p>Sawkins was only fifty-four minutes on the hilly seventeen miles to Westhampnett, where, after checking, he turned to retrace. Cowan was even quicker, gaining three minutes on this stretch.</p> <p>Sawkins was back at Offington—thirty-three miles—in two hours; Cowan still had his three minutes in hand when he returned. On the road through Horsham and Crawley to Woodhatch both men travelled in first-rate style. Sawkins reeled off this piece—another thirty-three miles, by the way—in one hour and fifty-three minutes.</p> <p>Securing the Coveted Honours. Cowan was delayed some minutes at Horsham by a sharp touch of the cramp; nevertheless, an hour and fifty-eight minutes sufficed for him on this stretch.</p> <p>Only the thirty-four miles run back to the finish now remained, and both men had sufficient time in hand to make success in their difficult task fairly safe.</p> <p>True, a stiff wind had sprung up, too late to help very much, though in time to make the ride southward through Crawley and Horsham home to Broadwater a very heavy task. But working with real determination, both men succeeded in qualifying for the coveted honours.</p> <p>"Demetrius" Sawkins completed the hundred miles in six hours and sixteen minutes, whilst "Lysander" Cowan wound up in six hours and twenty-one and a half minutes: both the speed worms looking quite happy and none the worse.</p> <p>Fast and Faster.</p>	<p>Fast and Faster. Yes, Cowan could continue my quotation one line further: "I followed fast, but faster did he fly;" though the difference in speeds was certainly very slight, and but for Cowan's cramp, would have been still slighter.</p> <p>Edgar Henson followed for two-thirds of the ride; Harry Greenfield, P. Hanson, T. A. Durant, A. Standing, Bert Churcher, and others, including several kindred speed men from London, turned out to follow and assist. To say nothing of an unknown admirer at Horsham, who handed me two roses as button-holes for the fliers! Fancy trusting me with 'em!</p> <p>He did not know me! I need hardly add the boys have not yet received the well meant gift!</p> <p>More Peaceful Pursuits. Turning from war with Father Time to peace with everybody, I quote from the new little fixture card of the Excelsior Club: "June 15, President's Dating. Grand opening ^{with} Lunch, White Hart Hotel, Hensfield, one o'clock sharp. Tea, Friar's Tea Gardens, Bramber, five o'clock. Start 10.20 a.m. punctually."</p> <p>I have a great mind to start now!</p> <p><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
--	---	---

THE WHEELING WORLD.
A WEEKLY SURVEY
Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

"He goes before me and still dares me on:
When I come when he calls, then he is gone!"
—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

In Quest of the Medals.

VICTOR COWAN might well have echoed this remark of Lysander's a day or two back, for his chum, Ernest Sawkins, was enacting the role of Demetrius in creditable style. They were both in quest of the gold medals offered by the Excelsior Club for members who ride a hundred miles in six hours and a half. And as Sawkins was sent off fifteen minutes ahead of Cowan, it naturally came about that the second speedman was ever close on the trail of the first. For they are a well matched pair.

The next line of the quotation wouldn't apply at all. You will remember it, my good reader: "The villain is much lighter heeled than I!"

The villain! Now, who could be less of a villain than the genial, smiling Ernest?

And as for being lighter heeled than "Lysander" Cowan - well, I take it, the bicycles would be the heels in the case of cyclists; and the two fliers were on machines exactly alike.

For three new "speed irons," belonging to a number specially built for a forthcoming big record attempt, had come down to Edgar Henson on the day before. And our boys took one apiece, Edgar taking the third, and gave them their baptism of fire by setting forth, as I had said, in quest of the hundred miles gold medal.

The Captain's Command.

Two minutes after six o'clock in the morning it was when Captain Duffield said "Go!" to Sawkins. Instantly he set off in the direction of Chichester. Exactly a quarter of an hour later Cowan was let loose and followed him.

Sawkins was only fifty-four minutes on the hilly seventeen miles to Westhampnett, where, after checking, he turned to retrace. Cowan was even quicker, gaining three minutes on this stretch.

Sawkins was back at Offington - thirty-three miles - in two hours; Cowan still had his three minutes in hand when he returned. On the road through Horsham and Crawley to Wood-hatch both men travelled in first-rate style. Sawkins reeled off this piece - another thirty-three miles, by the way - in one hour and fifty three minutes.

Securing the Coveted Honours.

Cowan was delayed some minutes at Horsham by a sharp touch of the cramp; nevertheless, an hour and fifty-eight minutes sufficed for him on this stretch.

Only the thirty-four miles run back to the finish now remained, and both men had sufficient time in hand to make success in their difficult task look fairly safe.

True, a stiff wind had sprung up, too late to help very much, though in time to make the ride southward through Crawley and Horsham home to Broadwater a very heavy task. But working with real determination, both men succeeded in qualifying for the coveted honours.

“Demetrius” Sawkins completed the hundred miles in six hours and sixteen minutes, whilst “Lysander Cowan wound up in six hours and twenty-one and a half minutes: both the speed worms looking quite happy and none the worse.

Fast and Faster.

Yes, Cowan could continue my quotation one line further: “ I followed fast, but faster did he fly;” though the difference in speeds was certainly very slight, and but for Cowan’s cramp, would have been still slighter.

Edgar Henson followed for two-thirds of ride; Harry Greenfield, P. Henson, T.A. Durant, A. Standing, Bert Churcher, and others, including several kindred speed men from London, turned out to follow and assist. To say nothing of an unknown admirer at Horsham, who handed me two roses as button-holes for the fliers! Fancy trusting me with ‘em!

He did not know me! I need hardly add the boys have not yet received the well-meant gift!

More Peaceful Pursuits.

Turning from war with Father Time to peace with everybody, I quote from the little fixture card of the Excelsior Club:

“June 16. President’s Outing. Grand opening ride. Lunch, White Hart Hotel, Henfield, one o’clock sharp. Tea, Friar’s Tea Gardens, Bramber, five o’clock. Start 10.30 a.m. punctually.”

I have a great mind to start now!

Dick Turpin

Researcher’s note:

I may already have said that as Gatwick airport did not then exist, the road from Crawley to Woodhatch cut directly North from Crawley, i.e. across what is now the airport.