

THE WHEELING WORLD

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Turpin: 11.9.1907 P2C5

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

Round the Clock.

THE morning mists hung heavy over the Horsham road the other day, as sundry lightly-clad cyclists sped northward to Wood-hatch, collecting enough moisture from Nature's veil to be wet through when they stayed at the little Reigate suburb to be checked.

For the lightly-clad ones were on a speed jaunt. They were riding a hundred and sixty miles in twelve hours for gold centre medals.

Victor Cowan was first, with Edgar Henson riding a spare machine. Two hours and seven minutes sufficed him for this thirty-three miles. Ernest Sawkins followed, in two hours and ten minutes.

With an easy swing they retraced their tracks to Offington Corner, at which point Victor had gained fifteen minutes on his chum Ernest.

Then to Ashington, and back once more to Offington Corner, where Club mates awaited them. At this stage of the proceedings eighty odd miles had been covered in about five hours, and the "boys," both looking quite happy, were enjoying their first "round the clock" ride to the fall.

Away to the West!

Westward the chase went now; Arundel, Chichester, Emsworth, and Havant were passed, and Fareham came in sight. The quarry was now utterly at the mercy of the Excelesior huntmen. Cowan was no less than an hour and a half inside of the time schedule he had framed for his ride; Ernest, who had sustained a puncture, was only nine minutes slower than Cowan.

Therefore both men indulged themselves in the unusual luxury—on a speed ride—of a sit-down dinner at Fareham. It was a pleasant change after a menu which comprised bottles of tea and milk, accompanied by bananas or other handy forms of food partaken of by the roadside, or possibly whilst still riding.

Then the forty mile ride home in not much

over two hours, and the boys had completed their task of a hundred and sixty miles. At the finish Victor Cowan had an hour and forty-three minutes to spare; his chum, Ernest Sawkins, had an hour and thirty-nine minutes in hand.

So there is little to choose between the two, who so easily tackled what is really a big ride. Indeed, had they ridden out the full twelve hours and aimed to compile as large a mileage as possible, methinks there would have been a new Club record on the books!

Odds and Ends.

Offington Corner is a busy spot. Harry Greenfield and his brother recently took census of the wheelers who passed during an hour. Things were no livelier than usual, but Kay, of Horsham, was "Number one hundred and twenty-five" just as the hour was up.

Through Horsham on to Guildford, over Hog's Back and away to Reading, was the morning spin of a Worthing man last Saturday. He rose early, took things easily, enjoyed the roads, and admired the scenery.

More than once I have been to Reading, and at other times have found—or, rather lost!—myself beyond Guildford. The short cuts from Guildford bewilder me. But there is much to see and admire along some of these roads.

Cyclists and Patriotism.

My readers will have seen, in last week's interesting column by SEES BONA, his telling appeal to the local cyclist. I read with much interest of Mackechnie, the Bulsway wheelman, ready with cycle and rifle to scout for a threatening impi of Zulus. The moral was clear: the cyclist who can use cycle and rifle is a valuable item in warfare.

And if, SEES BONA, we can raise a local Cyclist Scout Section it would, as you say, be a step in the right direction. For other Sussex towns would speedily follow; inter-town manoeuvres between the scouts might then be arranged, and the knowledge thus acquired would make the wheelman invaluable in case of need.

The cyclist is a strong patriot: what more

natural than that the wheelman to whom hill and dale, wood and meadow, road and lane are familiar friends—what more natural than that he should love his country? And fight for it!

In the Hour of Need.

The steed that taught him some of his patriotism may well help him in the hour of England's need! It only remains to acquire the knowledge which should make a man able to shoot and scout.

At the inception of the Rifle Club I joined it in the belief that scouting and signalling were to be part of the Club's programme. "Flag-wagging" has long held a fascination for me, and I hoped for much-needed practice.

Later, when the National Cyclists' Union compiled, for the War Department, a register of cycling guides, I undertook to pilot any stray Army Corps that came my way.

So, SEES BONA, you see I am with you, and will do what I can. Now, who is for the Cyclist Scout Section?

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