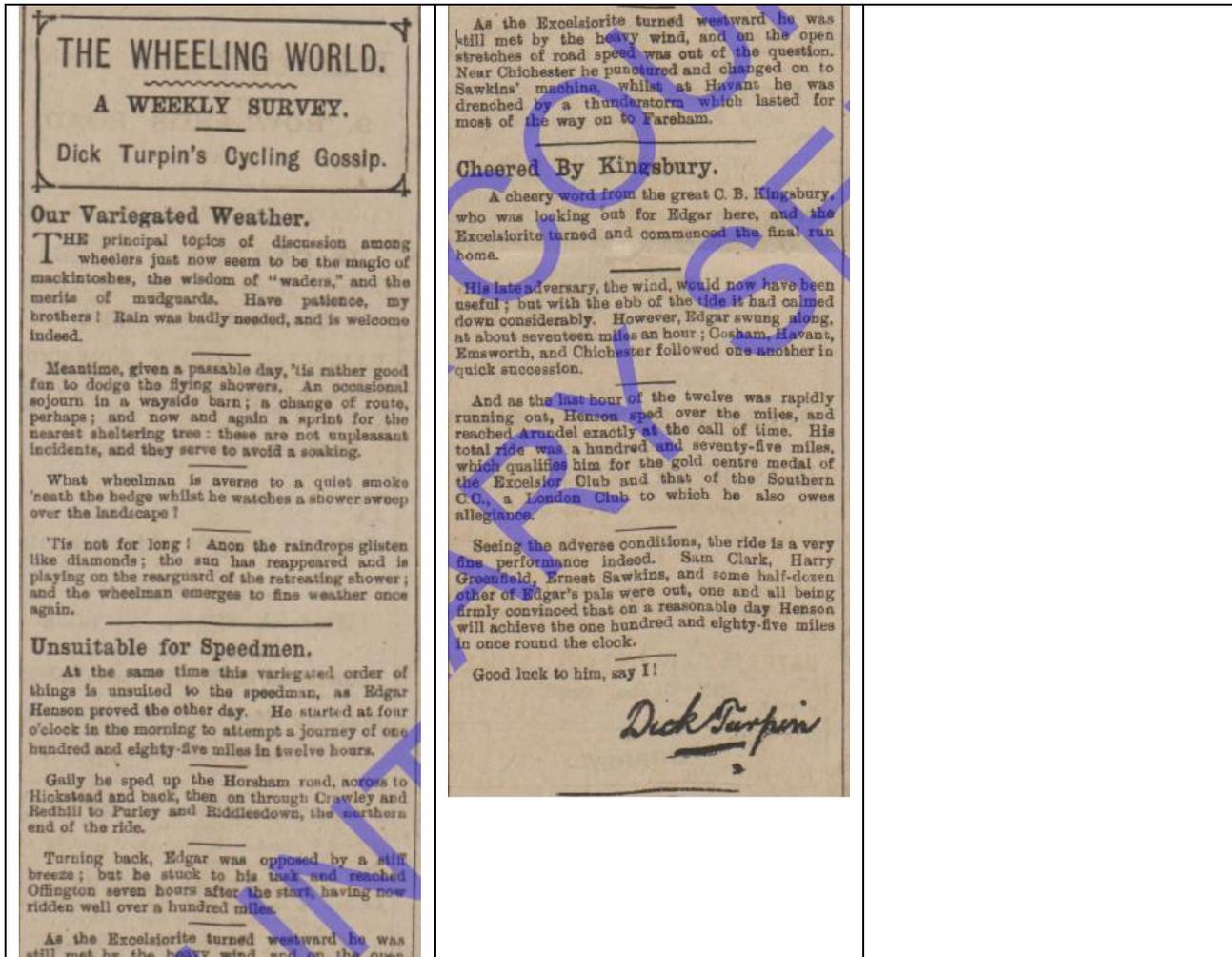


THE WHEELING WORLD.

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THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

Our Variegated Weather.

THE principal topics of discussion among wheelers just now seem to be the magic of mackintoshes, the wisdom of "waders," and the merits of mudguards. Have patience, my brothers! Rain was badly needed, and is welcome indeed.

Meantime, given a passable day, 'tis rather good fun to dodge the flying showers. An occasional

sojourn in a wayside barn; a change of route, perhaps; and now and again a sprint for the nearest sheltering tree: these are not unpleasant incidents, and they serve to avoid a soaking.

What wheelman is averse to a quiet smoke 'neath the hedge whilst he watches a shower sweep over the landscape?

'Tis not for long! Anon the raindrops glisten like diamonds; the sun has reappeared and is playing on the rearguard of the retreating shower; and the wheelman emerges to fine weather once again.

Unsuitable for Speedmen.

At the same time this variegated order of things is unsuited to the speedman, as Edgar Henson proved the other day. He started at four o'clock in the morning to attempt a journey of one hundred and eighty-five miles in twelve hours.

Gaily he sped up the Horsham road, across to Hickstead and back, then on through Crawley and Redhill to Purley and Riddlesdown, the northern end of the ride.

Turning back, Edgar was opposed by a stiff breeze; but he stuck to his task and reached Offington seven hours after the start, having now ridden well over a hundred miles.

As the Excelsiorite turned westward he was still met by the heavy wind, and on the open stretches of road speed was out of the question. Near Chichester he punctured and changed on to Sawkins' machine, whilst at Havant he was drenched by a thunderstorm which lasted for most of the way on to Fareham.

Cheered By Kingsbury.

A cheery word from the great C.B. Kingsbury, who was looking out for Edgar here, and the Excelsiorite turned and commenced the final run home.

His late adversary, the wind, would now have been useful; but with the ebb of the tide it had calmed down considerably. However, Edgar swung along, at about seventeen miles an hour; Cosham, Havant, Emsworth, and Chichester followed one another in quick succession.

And as the last hour of the twelve was rapidly running out, Henson sped over the miles, and reached Arundel exactly at the call of time. His total ride was a hundred and seventy-five miles, which qualifies him for the gold centre medal of the Excelsior Club and that of the Southern C.C., a London Club to which he also owes allegiance.

Seeing the adverse conditions, the ride is a very fine performance indeed. Sam Clark, Harry Greenfield, Ernest Sawkins, and some half-dozen other of Edgar's pals were out, one and all being firmly convinced that on a reasonable day Henson will achieve the one hundred and eighty-five miles in once round the clock.

Good luck to him, say I!

Dick Turpin