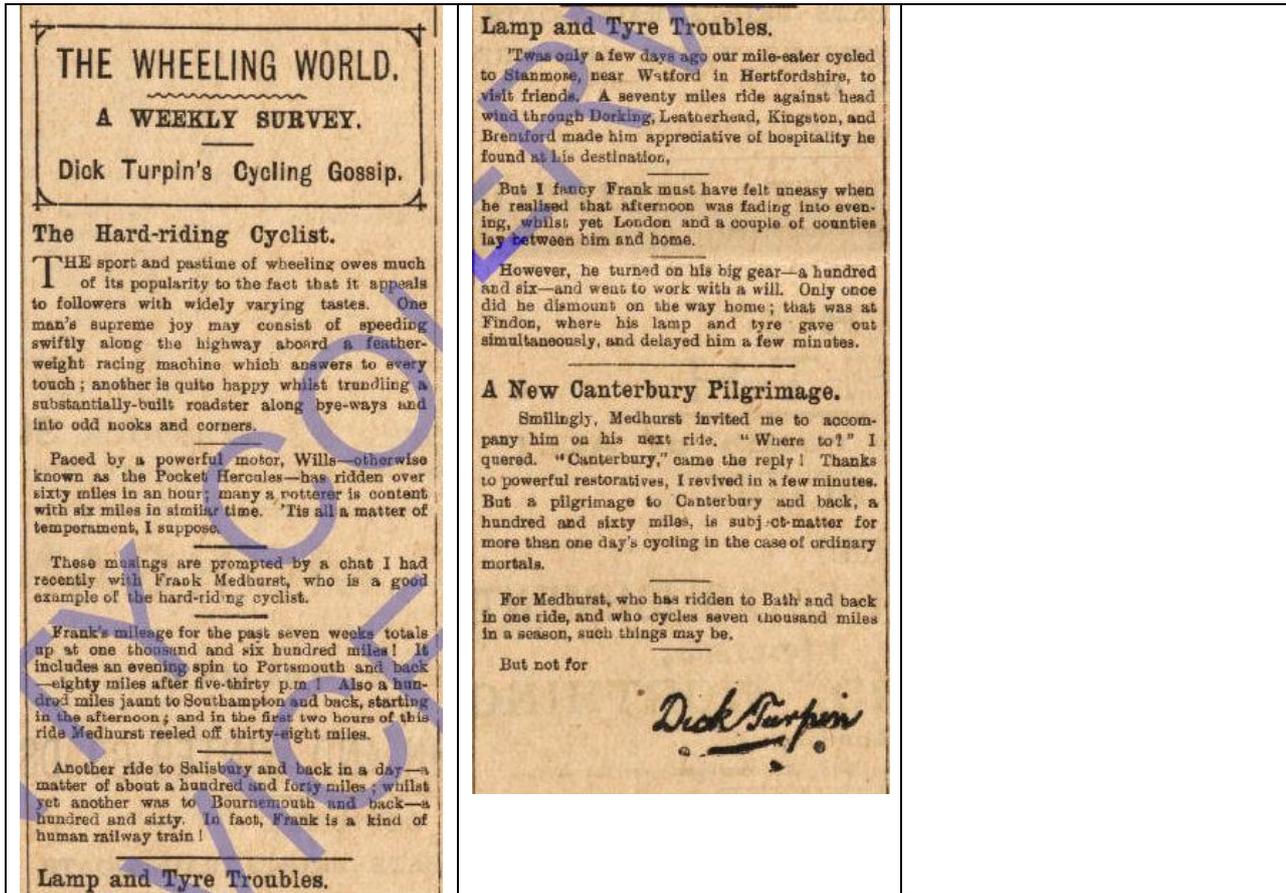


THE WHEELING WORLD

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THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

The Hard-riding Cyclist.

THE sport and pastime of wheeling owes much of its popularity to the fact that it appeals to followers with widely varying tastes. One man's supreme joy may consist of speeding swiftly along the highway aboard a feather-weight racing machine which answers to every touch; another is quite happy whilst trundling a substantially-built roadster along bye-ways and into odd nooks and corners.

Paced by a powerful motor, Wills - otherwise known as the Pocket Hercules - has ridden over sixty miles in an hour; many a potterer is content with six miles in similar time. 'Tis all a matter of temperament, I suppose.

These musings are prompted by a chat I had recently with Frank Medhurst, who is a good example of the hard-riding cyclist.

Frank's mileage for the past seven weeks totals up at one thousand and six hundred miles! It includes an evening spin to Portsmouth and back - eighty miles after five-thirty p.m! Also a hundred miles jaunt to Southampton and back, starting in the afternoon; and in the first two hours of this ride Medhurst reeled off thirty-eight miles.

Another ride to Salisbury and back in a day - a matter of about a hundred and forty miles; whilst yet another was to Bournemouth and back - a hundred and sixty. In fact, Frank is a kind of human railway train!

----- **Lamp and Tyre Troubles.**

'Twas only a few days ago our mile-eater cycled to Stanmore, near Watford in Hertfordshire, to visit friends. A seventy miles ride against head wind through Dorking, Leatherhead, Kingston, and Brentford made him appreciative of hospitality he found at his destination,

But I fancy Frank must have felt uneasy when he realised that afternoon was fading into evening, whilst yet London and a couple of counties lay between him and home.

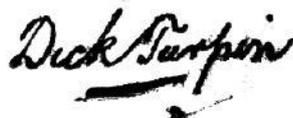
However, he turned on his big gear - a hundred and six - and went to work with a will. Only once did he dismount on the way home; that was at Findon, where his lamp and tyre gave out simultaneously, and delayed him a few minutes.

----- **A New Canterbury Pilgrimage.**

Smilingly, Medhurst invited me to accompany him on his next ride. "Where to?" I queried. "Canterbury," came the reply! Thanks to powerful restoratives, I revived in a few minutes. But a pilgrimage to Canterbury and back, a hundred and sixty miles, is subject-matter for more than one day's cycling in the case of ordinary mortals.

For Medhurst, who has ridden to Bath and back in one ride, and who cycles seven thousand miles in a season, such things may be.

But not for



Dick Turpin