

THE WHEELING WORLD
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<p>THE WHEELING WORLD</p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>ACT 2 of the Excelsior Club's new play, "Taking Acid," was very interesting. The play, I should explain, is a pastoral one, and the stage is the King's Highway. Some people classify the sort of thing as road-racing, but as it consists of a series of time trials carried out unostentatiously, this description is hardly correct.</p> <p>The six principal characters—all heroes in the play—were filled by F. Young, one minute start; W. Stephenson, two minutes; A. J. Howard, six minutes; F. Jackson, eight minutes; C. Wilmer, thirteen minutes; and A. Coote, sixteen minutes.</p> <p>The scenic effects, as far as road surfaces were concerned, were all that could be desired, and no one punctured; there was, however, a mighty nor-easter blowing, and this accounted for the premature exit—at various wayside hostleries—of one or two of the characters.</p> <p>They said they were "dead to the world!"</p> <p>But usually only villains die, unless in tragedy; this was not a tragedy, and the cast did not include one single villain!</p> <p>Not even a vigilant, watch-holding policeman; for these plays do not make themselves a nuisance to others, as road-racing sometimes did.</p> <p>The hero of heroes was the new actor, A. J. Howard, who not only scored first, but did the fastest time of all!</p> <p>At the fall of the curtain, which occurred after fifty miles, E. Baruch Blaker, who took the times and was Stage Manager, informed me the plot worked out as follows; 1, A. J. Howard, actual time 2 hours 47^ minutes; 2, F. Young, 2 hours 48 minutes; 3, W. Stephenson, 2 hours 55 minutes, and the fourth, C. Wilmer, who finished just after the curtain, and was not timed.</p> <p>Bearing in mind the strong draught on the</p>	<p>Bearing in mind the strong draught on the "stage," the times were all good. G. A. Olley, who is a real "star" at the game, was at the finish, and he said they were all very creditable.</p> <p>He had been similarly occupied on the previous day, and had done a really fine ride. The distance was twenty-five miles, and his time, the fastest that was made, was sixty-nine minutes—practically twenty-two miles an hour!</p> <p>At West Tarring people do not get old; they only increase their age, still retaining their youthful activity. Look, for instance, at Sam Clark!</p> <p>Another illustration was provided last week by Michael Millan, who has arrived at the tender age of sixty-four, but, still possessing his youthful vitality, recently wagered he would ride from Figland to Horsham in an hour and a half.</p> <p>Edgar Henson and a little group of inter-</p>	<p>Edgar Henson and a little group of interested riders accompanied the veteran Michael. Thus encouraged, he carried out a splendid ride for a man of his years, by covering the distance—about twenty miles—with six and a half minutes of his time to spare.</p> <p>Michael Millan is three times the age at which most cyclists ride at their best, but there are many average riders who, in their prime, would get a bit warm over his journey.</p> <p>Biding in the sunshine is usually reckoned as the sweets of cycling; presumably, therefore, riding in the rain would be counted the salts of cycling.</p> <p>In this case Medhurst and Young, of the Excelsior Club, have recently been indulging in a new form of Epsom Salts. They rode up to see the Derby last week, and were caught in a heavy downpour, accompanied with a thunder-storm; in fact, they did not reach Epsom until after the big event, owing to the arduous-damp-ing state of the weather.</p> <p>Next week the Excelsior Club will visit Steyn ing, making the journey via Shpreham.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">/ DICK TURPIN</p>
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