

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette archive
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Turpin: 8.6.1904, P2C6

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A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

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.

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.

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.

They said they were "dead to the world!"

But usually only villains die, unless in tragedy; this was not a tragedy, and the cast did not include one single villain!

Not even a vigilant, watch-holding policeman; for these plays do not make themselves a nuisance to others, as road-racing sometimes did.

The hero of heroes was the new actor, A. J. Howard, who not only scored first, but did the fastest time of all!

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.

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.

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!

At West Tarring people do not get old; they only increase their age, still retaining their youthful activity. Look, for instance, at Sam Clark!

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.

Edgar Henson and a little group of inter-

ested 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.

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.

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.

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.

Next week the Excelsior Club will visit Steyn- ing, making the journey *via* Shpreham.

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