

THE WHEELING WORLD

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<p style="text-align: center;">A Weekly Survey.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>AFTER the recent rains the roads are better than they have hitherto been during the season, and, with luck as regards weather, the wheeler may look forward to a magnificent cycling autumn. Dame Nature's home is always more fully furnished in autumn than in any other season, and is infinitely prettier. It looked very tempting to me the other day as I took a spin up beyond Horsham, particularly the numerous and heavily laden fruit trees I had to pass on the way.</p> <p>Cyclists were out in full force. I saw many who, like myself, were lazing along enjoying a smoke; others were keeping a swinging pace; whilst one rationally-attired member of the tender sex was essaying to win a fifty-miles road medal. Brave girl! But is it worth while?</p> <p>There is a lot of pleasure to be extracted in a quiet way from the bicycle. A local sportsman, familiar to Excelsiorites as a lap-scorer, and to the Town Football Club as Secretary, recently returned from a cycling jaunt which must have proved very enjoyable.</p> <p>Accompanied by his better half, he rode up to Kingston-on-Thames in half a day for a start, which was good work for the lady. Thence by boat down the Thames as far as Henley, where the wheels were resumed and the trip continued as far as Town, much of the City itself being cycled through.</p> <p>Leaving London, the cyclists wandered off</p>	<p>Leaving London, the cyclists wandered off into Kent, and spent a day or two in the Garden of England, eventually reaching home again by a sixty-two miles ride from pretty little Eltham, through Beckenham, Croydon, Redhill, and Horsham. An ideal short tour!</p> <p>During the past week-end Edgar Henson sallied forth in quest of the Excelsior Club's hundred miles medal, and achieved a very good ride—especially for a veteran, and one who has, until recently, given no attention to speed work.</p> <p>Edgar started off at a warm pace, and covered the hilly thirty-three miles to West-hampnett and back in two hours and five minutes; reached Horsham in another seventy minutes, and checked at Woodhatch four hours and ten minutes from the start.</p> <p>This looked like another gold medal ride, but unfortunately Henson's tyre burst in the next few miles. He changed on to a strange machine, but after a while found the higher gear was telling on him too much.</p> <p>So he again changed, this time on to Sam Clark's machine, and got along better, although he had to ride it with adjustment of handle-bars which did not fit him at all well.</p> <p>This was awkward, as there was a bothersome breeze to ride against; but Edgar slogged away, and, although missing the coveted gold, landed home in time to secure honours in the shape of a gold-centre medal.</p> <p>Henson was looked after chiefly by his fellow-veteran, Sam Clark, and Greenfield on his motor cycle; whilst quite a number of Excelsior men followed him on different parts of the ride.</p> <p>All praise the performance, and the general opinion is that Edgar is capable, with better luck, of qualifying for a gold medal.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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