

THE WHEELING WORLD

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THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

A Capital Stayer.

THE event of the week has been another exhibition of speed and stamina by Edgar Henson, who won the Excelsior Club's gold medal by riding a hundred miles in less than six hours and a half. As a matter of fact Edgar rode the distance in considerably less! He finished at Broadwater five hours and fifty-six and a half minutes after the start, thereby lowering the long-standing Club record by Bert Paine, who rode the course in six hours and one minute.

An analysis of Henson's time is of particular interest, as it shows his systematic method of tackling long distance speed work.

The course is divided into three equal portions. On the first section, to Westhampnett and back, Henson took one hour fifty-eight minutes. On the next, a straightaway ride to Woodhatch, near Reigate, against a cold, northerly wind, he was four minutes longer; and the final portion, the run home from Woodhatch, was ridden at a faster speed than either, the time occupied being one hour and fifty-six and a half minutes.

Had it not been for the heavy wind it is

probable that these times would have been still closer, but as it is they show a remarkably even and well maintained speed. They prove Edgar to be one of the finest stayers the Excelsior Club has produced, too! And he is "no chicken," being in the forties, an age when most men would make an indifferent exhibition at speed work.

Henson is very popular with road riders all over the place, and had no lack of helpers. G. A. Olley administered to his needs at Picts Hill, Horsham, and again at Washington. Several Horsham and Crawley men turned out to feed and follow him, and the Brothers Duffield, a well-known London tandem pair, looked after him at West Grinstead.

Parker the Plucky — a promising young Excelsiorite—greatly surprised everyone—including himself!—by following Henson right from the start until within ten miles from home. Then I believe the bearings of his bicycle got too hot for him to continue—or perhaps it was his throat! Something required lubrication very badly, I know.

Bless Her Heart!

But, more surprising still, a matronly old lady was one of Henson's assistants. The good-hearted dame, cajoled by her cycling son into rendering assistance, awaited Edgar near Crawley with some welcome tea and rice pudding. Madam, the speedmen thank and bless your kind heart!

Following Edgar Henson's fine ride comes a beautiful suggestion from his fellow speedman and near neighbour, Sam Clark. It is nothing less than that the Excelsior Club should promote a team relay race to London and back.

But the subtlety of the suggestion is revealed when the Veteran goes on to propose that each Ward in the borough should send a team! Now

But the subtlety of the suggestion is revealed when the Veteran goes on to propose that each Ward in the borough should send a team! Now, I'd like to know what other Ward would stand a dog's chance against the representatives of ancient and historic Terringes?

For, besides Sam Clark, Veteran Champion of Sussex, and Edgar Henson, the holder of "new-laid" Club records at fifty and a hundred miles, there are other rods in pickle for the competitors who face the "Terringian Terrors," as we may dub Sam's team.

There would, of course, be Ben Rogers and Harry Greenfield, whilst I have also discovered that the world-famous G. A. Olley, holder of records ranging from fifty miles to the Land's End to John o'Groats jaunt, was quite recently visiting Tarring, where he is often seen. He might be representing the Ward on the wheel in this deep-laid scheme of Sam's!

Again, only a day or two back, quite close to Tarring, I espied Leonard Drake, who holds the Southern twenty-four hours record and other honours. He was riding the identical tandem, with the identical partner, Aubrey Paine, upon which he broke the Land's End to London record a fortnight ago. And in the course of a short conversation this redoubtable man of speed inquired very specially after Sam Clark, of Tarring.

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I soon discovered that the tandem had met Sam before, and I am now wondering if Sam has enrolled him as yet another "T.T." It seems to me that, if the conditions could be altered a good match might be engineered between Tarring and Rest of England—if there is any left!

Sign and Countersign.

F. G. Bleach and F. Farley, of the Excelsior Club, were amused when on a night ride with a friend a week ago. They were en route to London, and, about half-way, encountered a Club riding down, a hundred strong, headed by the Captain with a gleaming acetylene lamp.

Presently the Captain inquired in the voice of a stentor: "Are we downhearted?" And a chorus of "No!" was roared out with a volume of sound which must have awakened more than the echoes, its hearty ring quite proving the riders were not by any means in a state of despondency. But the sign and countersign thus exchanged in the wee sma' hours greatly tickled the Excelsiorites.

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