

THE WHEELING WORLD

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A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

Shadow and Substance.

SOME hours before sunrise a day or two back a couple of shadows might have been seen flitting noiselessly and rapidly through the semi-darkness. As the day dawned the two shadows gradually became two substances, and proved to be Edgar Henson and Albert Standing. They had risen about three o'clock in the morning, and, an hour or so later, were on their way to Chichester, from whence Edgar was to start an attempt upon the Chichester Club's hundred miles medal ride.

Twenty minutes past six saw the speedman started off by a Chichester official, and soon he was humming along through Emsworth, Havant, and Cosham, to Porchester, where several members of the Portsmouth Arrow C.O. checked him at twelve minutes past seven.

Turning, ~~he~~ travelled back to Chichester at exactly the same pace—seventeen miles an hour—and continued eastward through Arundel to Offington Corner, which was reached two hours and forty-nine minutes after the start, Edgar having ridden forty-eight and a half miles in this time.

Still maintaining an easy but very useful pace he reached Horsham in another sixty-nine minutes, once again got a check signed, this time by a Horsham wheelman, and then retraced his wheelmarks to the Cathedral City, taking sixty-seven minutes to Offington Corner, and a similar period from thence to Chichester.

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Edgar's time for the total distance, which is actually a hundred and one miles, thus works out at six hours and twelve and a half minutes, and is well inside the standard which Chichester sets for a gold medal. Indeed, it is believed to be the fastest ride done by any member of the Club.

Had it been required of him there is no doubt Edgar could have put up a similar ride to that recently done by him on the Excoelsior century course, when he was less than six hours.

But there was no object in so doing, and Henson accordingly drew up a time schedule for six hours and a quarter, to which he kept remarkably close until the last ten miles; then he tuned the speed up slightly in honour of a distinguished visitor who joined the little group of followers at Arundel.

A Sterling Rider.

The visitor was none other than T. S. Adcock, the old Chichester wheelman, who is known far and wide in the world of wheels, particularly to such boys of the old brigade as G. Lacy Hillier and the habitues of Ripley in bygone days.

Adcock was a sterling rider, and now, after an interlude of motoring, has returned to his first love—the push-bike.

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So it was natural that Edgar should honour his visitor with a bit of speed, and accordingly things were soon too lively for the other followers. One by one they fell away, and when Chichester came in sight only Henson and Adcock were left in the game, and the younger men had found that a road-rider in his forties or even fifties is in a good state of preservation!

I understand certain doughty knights of the Central Ward are prepared to raise the gauntlet thrown down by Sir Samuel de Tarring.

One who has been acclaimed the victor in many a hard fought tournament recently reined in his fretful charger, raised his vizor, and, addressing me as "Sir Scrivener," informed me that a counsel of knights had sent a herald into the enemy's camp with an acceptance of the challenge.

"But your adversaries are strong, Sir Robert," said I, timidly, to the knight.

"By my halidom, we fear not the saucy

varlets an they seek not the help of stranger knights from without their domain!" quoth he: "Sir Stephenson and Sir Medhurst have long won their spurs, and, like myself, are chafing to break a lance with the proud knaves!"

"Gadzooks!" he continued, "Sir Medhurst and I have not lost all our prowess in the field, though, by the saints, we have of late journeyed on the motor-bike when in quest of the Holy Grail, and perchance have gotten ourselves overmuch lazy. By all the pedats in Christendom, we will e'en show the Terringiaa Terrors that we fear them not!"

From which interview I gathered that it is likely a speed contest may be expected to take place between Tarring and the Central Ward, though I imagine it will hardly be before the opening of next season. It should be a good tussle.

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