

THE WHEELING WORLD

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Researcher's note: I feel forced to assume paragraph dividers etc as previously, also that random bold type is a scanning fault.

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

Variegated Weather.

TIDVEN under the ever-changing feather conditions we have lately enjoyed (?), the experience of a local tandem crew a few days ago was remarkable. During a ride of about one hundred yards they passed through all the four seasons of the year!

They enjoyed the spring as they vaulted like gymnasts into their saddles and started off; very soon they were "scorching" in a manner which suggested hot summer. But there was a layer of mud at the first corner. So summer faded rapidly into the fall. As they sat disconsolately in the mire they might have been pardoned for using the quotation

"Now is the winter of our discontent!"

And though, good reader, we are not placed literally in the same position as these tandemists were, yet we too have passed—almost as rapidly, it seems—through the four seasons. And now that we have reached the winter of our discontinuing, to some extent, the joys of the wheel, let us glance back over the season that has flown.

It has been a season of glorious weather, beautiful roads, and much riding of bicycles—but not much cycling! For though everyone owns a bicycle now, but few are cyclists; even the Cycling Clubs are losing their hold on riders, and Club runs have been a dead letter of late.

Still there are yet a few who cycle for cycling's

sake, and not as a means of transport in the pursuit of some other pastime. To see Chairman Young, of the Excelsiors, for instance; leisurely pedalling along the country roads he knows so well is a treat; there is Sam Clark, too, who knows nearly all the bye-lanes in West Sussex, and chats away to every rustic he meets. These men were enthusiasts in the days of the "good old ordinary," and are enthusiasts to-day.

Fresh Fields And Pastures New.

There are a few, too, who like their jaunts awhel to extend at least to the next county, and who have continually to work further afield in their rides in order to reach the ever tempting "bit of fresh road." There is Fred Young, who cycled across Hants and Wilts, and then pedalled his way up the country till he reached Southport; there is T. A. Durant, who toured away westwards to Devon and Cornwall and

back; and there is Molhurst—a cyclist at heart, though now he bestrides a motor—thinking nothing of a ride to Cardiff.

And if I mistake not, there are others who will be keen all-round wheelmen ere long. For though the Excelsior Club has no star track racing man to succeed Bert Paine, yet there has been a remarkable interest displayed in speed on the road this year; and the road is the wheelman's nursery.

Road-riding Excelsiorites have done creditably too! Edgar Henson heads the list, he having ridden the Club's hundred miles course in five hours, fifty-six and a half minutes, which thus beats Bert Paine's long standing Club record by four and a half minutes.

Edgar also made some ravages upon the treasury of the Obichester Club, of which he is a member.

Winning their hill-climb first, he next reeled off the fifty miles' ride in two hours, forty-two and a half minutes; then followed the hundred miles' jaunt, which occupied him six hours twelve and a half minutes; and finally he rode one hundred and ninety-eight miles in twelve hours, all but the latter ride being without pacemakers.

Henson is forty-three years old, but only commenced fast riding last year when he won Excelsior medals for one hundred miles and twelve hours.

It is a noteworthy fact that he has never made an unsuccessful attempt to win a medal, whilst all his rides this year have beaten previous Club records.

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The Excelsior hundred miles ride also attracted the attention of Howard, who won his second century gold medal in six hours two and a quarter minutes; Mungeam, who qualified for a gold medal in six hours and twenty minutes; Booker, who secured similar honours in six hours twenty-three and a half minutes; and last, but by no means least, the Veteran Sam Clark, who got over the distance in the gold centre time of six hours and forty minutes.

Sam had not intended to measure swords with Father Time at a hundred miles, but, with Henson, he had turned out to lend a sportsman's aid to so many others that he suddenly determined to show the boys that, despite being in his fiftieth year, he is not dead yet. Henson, who followed him much of the way, is confident that, but for a very hindering wind, Sam would have put up a hot time.

Where We Are Lacking.

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Turning from the road to the track we find Excelsiorites are chiefly conspicuous by their absence. The only honours that come to the Club were secured by the Veterans. For once again did Sam Clark meet all comers and successfully defend his title to be Veteran Amateur Champion of Sussex, thereby making the first Veteran's Challenge Cup his own property. Edgar Henson was also riding, and, after making the pace a good deal at the way, succeeded in finishing third.

The only bad accident of the year fell to the lot of E. Baruch Blaker, who was hurled from his racing motor bike when travelling at top speed at the Excelsior Club's successful Sports Meeting in August. Poor Baruch sustained a fractured wrist, from which he has now practically recovered.

And now, good readers, I can feel the Editorial hand shutting me down like a jack-in-the-box until the opening of next season. Let me, in bidding you "Adieu," express the hope that then all will once again have a kindly patience with gossiping

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