

THE WHEELING WORLD

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Turpin: 7.11.1906 P2C5

THE WHEELING WORLD.
A Weekly Survey.
DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

End of the Chapter.

SO short a time ago it seems since we were discussing where to cycle at Eastertide, and yet we have whirled our way through another cycling season, and with some surprise find ourselves almost on the threshold of winter.

We have, so to speak, reached the summit of another hill on the highway of life—a hill which marks the end of one more stage in our ride.

And from these summits we like to take the opportunity of casting a retrospective glance over the stage we have just travelled ere we attempt to peer into the mists which enshroud the stage along which our wheels will next travel.

As we look back over 1906 the predominant feature seems to be sunshine. Hundreds of pretty, sunlit landscapes present themselves to the eye of memory, which discerns many a jolly group of wheelers wending along the highways and byeways. Yes, indeed; sunshine has been plentiful!

Excelsiorites will recall more Club outings during the past year than has been the case for several seasons, for Captain Duffield's energy has resulted in happy runs to such spots as Henfield, Fittleworth, Burpham, and Horsham.

The big turn-out of wheelers at the invitation of President Warne will be long remembered by the half-a-hundred who spent so enjoyable a day at Selsey too. Again, the Strawberry Feast at Washington, and the Honorary Secretary's outing to Findon, each served to supply a hundred cyclists with a glad heart a-piece.

And Next Year!

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And Next Year!

But Excelsior muscles are the right sort; the men have "got there." The hundred miles course has this year been ridden by Edgar Hanson (6 hours 19 min.), H. Worley (6 hours 21 min.), J. Flint (6 hours 34 min.), E. Maginn (6 hours 37 min.), E. Sawkins (6 hours 40 min.), F. Jay (6 hours 43 min.), A. Standing (6 hours 51 min.), D. Woodwards (6 hours 53 min.), J. Standing (6 hours 58 min.), and W. Mungeam (6 hours 59 min.). Only one man has tackled the twelve hours' ride, to wit, J. Mungeam, who won the gold medal by riding one hundred and seventy miles, with a quarter of an hour to spare at the end of his journey.

On the Racing Track.

Turning to the race-path we are proud to find Sam Clark still the Veteran Champion of Sussex. And we get a surprise when we see Hanson forsake for the moment his "speed-iron" and win a prize in a veteran's running race at the Excelsior's Annual Sports!

And he does not stay at that; he has him to Emsworth and beats all the other veterans in a quarter-mile running race there. Resuming his bicycle he rides a hundred and ninety miles in twelve hours behind motor pacing; this brings him the valued medal offered by the President of the Chichester Club, of which Edgar is a member.

It is Hanson again who has been mainly instrumental in bringing the Excelsior men into contact with wheelmen from London and other parts. Riding in the Southern hundred miles road race, and assisting in speed work very largely, he is widely known by the speed riders on Southern roads. Hence we find nearly a score of Excelsior men riding to Crawley, fraternising with a hundred or so assorted scorchers from London and round about, and returning at dead of night with a deep conviction that the "brotherhood of the wheel" still exists.

Yes, good reader! the stage of our journey just concluded has, I am sure, brought its full measure of enjoyment; it is interesting to pause and gaze back over it. And as we turn to resume our journey, let me wish you many a brisk spin over the frosty roads we can see just on ahead. Such spins will keep you fit and ready for the sunshine we hope for in 1907!

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And Next Year!

Edgar Henson's run into Cheriton and
around Hampshire proved so enjoyable that I
anticipate more of such hundred-mile Club runs
next year. What a buzz of excitement the six-
teen wheelmen made over that breakfast at
Midhurst! Oh! yes. I was there!

Turning from Club outings to individual
rides, we notice quite a number of men carrying
out long jaunts.

"Excelsior," whose identity is still hidden by
a veil I cannot pierce, seems to have got farthest
away; I had postcards sent by the unknown
one from Edinburgh and Queensferry.

Captain Brake, of the Primrose League C.C.,
pedalled down to Somersetshire; T.A. Durant
went a-rambling midst the dales of Derby;
Exton cycled to Birmingham; Hill rode to
Yorkshire; and the Veteran Sam Clark had a
big trip around the West of England, touching
Coventry, and working his way down to
Newport, in Monmouthshire, a tour full of
interest.

Medhurst, whose propensity for condensing
a week's tour into a one-day ride is well known,
carried out a two hundred and thirty miles ride
to Bath and back 'twixt one early morn and
the wee sma' hours which preceded the next.
The Brothers Mungeam, too, rode to Chatham
and back, a hundred and sixty miles, at one

sitting.

Gazing back over 1906, we see more Excelsior speed men on the road than ever, bravely battling their way against King Boreas, who ever seems to direct his winds against them, and the puncture demon, who has also been very much in evidence.

But Excelsior muscles are the right sort; the men have "got there." The hundred miles course has this year been ridden by Edgar Henson (6 hours 19 min.), H. Worley (6 hours 21 min.), J. Flint (6 hours 34 min.), E. Maginn (6 hours 37 min.), E. Sawkins (6 hours 40 min.), F. Jay (6 hours 43 min.), A. Standing (6 hours 51 min.), D. Woodward (6 hours 53 min.), J. Standing (6 hours 58 min.), and W. Mungeam (6 hours 59 min.). Only one man has tackled the twelve hours' ride, to wit, J. Mungeam, who won the gold medal by riding one hundred and seventy miles, with a quarter of an hour to spare at the end of his journey.

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