

THE WHEELING WORLD

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<p style="text-align: center;">THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>Edgar Henson's Latest. THE Excelsior long distance speedmen are in great form this year. Seven attempts have been made to win those much desired road medals, six of the riders qualifying for that hallmark of cycling prowess, the gold medal.</p> <p>Of Sawkins and Cowan I have already told; the other men to earn the decoration are Edgar Henson, George Brown, Fred Flint, and Albert Standing.</p> <p>Edgar, of course, is an old hand, who has already won the hundred miles gold medal amongst other things; therefore he had to ride the course in six hours and a quarter to secure a special medal, whilst his fellow-competitors were allowed the full six hours and a half.</p> <p>Bestriding one of the machines built for Olley's recent thousand-mile record, Edgar went through his ride in the easy capable way which characterises all his speed work on the road.</p> <p>Fifty-nine minutes doing the troublesome seventeen miles out on the Chichester-road, fifty-eight minutes coming back, and Edgar, fresh as a lark, went north.</p> <p>'Twas a hard ride up through Horsham and Crawley, for a lively nor-easter was blowing. But two hours and four minutes saw him pull up at the familiar Angel Inn at Woodhatch, obtain the necessary signature, and set off again on the final run home.</p> <p>Skipping along at twenty miles an hour when all was clear, but riding with the speedman's skilful care, Edgar sped down through Crawley and Horsham to Broadwater, where he was checked in by Captain Dalzell. Edgar had ridden the hundred miles in six hours and six minutes. His next task was to receive the congratulations of his numerous pals—numerous indeed, for Edgar is prime favourite with the speed section!</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">And the Others.</p> <p>George Brown sallied out at first with the intention of riding a hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours if possible. But after romping over the sixty-seven miles to Woodhatch and back in three hours and fifty-two minutes—which is warm riding!—he altered his mind.</p> <p>The hundred miles medal was at Brown's mercy after having ridden two-thirds of the distance in that time. So he went to West-hampnett and back in good style, finishing his hundred miles in six hours and eleven minutes, with quite a peppy spirit. George Brown is "hotter stuff" than I, for one, suspected!</p> <p>F. Flint and Albert Standing each took six hours and twenty-two minutes over their task, which again is good riding, particularly as they were caught and drenched in heavy rain.</p> <p>Flint started first, but punctured near Arundel. A hurried change on to his spare machine and he was at Westhampnett and back—thirty-three miles—in two hours and seven minutes. Standing, riding stronger at the start, gained eleven minutes on this time.</p> <p>The next thirty-three miles—through Horsham to Woodhatch—took each rider two hours and thirteen minutes.</p> <p>But now Flint was the stronger man, and he regained the lost eleven minutes on the remaining thirty-four miles, which he rattled off in two hours and two minutes.</p> <p>It is unusual for two men riding at such varying speeds to run a dead heat, but I doubt not that each man knew how best to put out his powers. They certainly made fast time!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">A Popular Annual.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">A Popular Annual.</p> <p>Despite a moist sky last Wednesday afternoon forty Excelsiorites disported themselves in their customary gay and light-hearted manner. For never was Excelsiorite sad at the Honorary Secretary's run! As the proverb says: "Boys will be buoyant."</p> <p>Weather was good enough that tea out of doors was quite a success; whilst an impromptu sports meeting, promoted chiefly by President Warno, was a real triumph.</p> <p>Ranning races, hopping contests, football throwing, competitions for the ladies: all were catered into with keen zest, and the successful ones enjoyed the satisfaction of victory only after hard struggles.</p> <p>A concert followed, which pleased everybody, and brought to a happy conclusion one of the Excelsior Club's hardy annuals—one which seems to hit the taste of all the boys, from Chairman Young and Pedestrian Jack Miles down to the youngest recruit.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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A concert followed, which pleased everybody, and brought to a happy conclusion one of the Excelsior Club's hardy annuals - one which seems to hit the taste of all the boys, from Chairman Young and Pedestrian Jack Miles down to the youngest recruit.

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