

THE WHEELING WORLD

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CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

THE somewhat changeable weather at Eastertide seem to have prevented anything big from being done in the way of road riding by local wheelmen, but in the matter of racing they have been well to the front, thanks to the quality we are able to boast of.

On Monday I went over to Preston Park to witness the Race Meeting promoted by the Brighton C.C., where W. R. Paine and E. B. Blaker were upholding Worthing's honour in cycle and motor racing respectively.

Some fine racing was produced by the half and one mile events. Sid Jones, of Littlehampton, won his heat in the former very smartly, and came in third in the final. Bert Paine, who was saving himself for the more serious ten-miles race, lost the first place in his heats of both the short races by inches only, after catching his men with ease.

In the five miles Motor Race, Blaker, who had his machine in splendid order, won his

heat by over a lap, though an official blunder caused him to be returned as third man.

In the final he rode extremely well, and, after a race which was full of thrilling excitement, he finished second to Kivett, who was astride a marvellously fast motor safety, appropriately named "The Blizzard."

The time for the five miles was 9 min. 1 2-5 secs., showing a speed of over thirty-three miles an hour, which is very fast for motor cycles on such a track.

Then came the race of the day, the ten-miles scratch for the forty-ounce Charity Salver. Among the twenty odd who started in the race were some real fliers, Bert Paine, Kingsbury, and Le Grys being the pick. Bert's numerous supporters had been closely watching his riding, and were very hopeful, especially as they noted the clever way he retained a good position during the progress of the race, whilst man after man of inferior calibre dropped out of the running.

Kingsbury and Le Grys did most of the pacing until two laps from home, when Offen went by with a rush, Kingsbury and Bert jumping in behind him very smartly and getting away from the others. Entering the last lap, Kingsbury led, with Bert close up, and the excitement was intense as the men flew round, and Bert was seen to be passing Kingsbury.

Before the last corner Bert had a decided lead, and romped in first, with Kingsbury second, amidst tremendous cheers—for Bert is a big favourite with a Brighton "gate."

Thus our man won the famous Silver Salver for the third time, and made it his own after it

has been run for eight years, having been won by ex-Champions H. H. Frowd and A. W. Turner in their day, and later by A. L. Reed, of London.

Also on Monday our running men were busy at Shanklin, Sam Clark having gone down expressly to run in an open Veterans' one hundred and twenty yards' handicap, J. Grevatt and Haynes accompanying him in order to run in the mile.

Half-a-dozen veterans turned out, among them the Champion veteran of the Isle of Wight, who was on the same mark as the Tarring man. Sam was feeling as fit as ever he did, and was soon over. In twenty yards he had the race in hand, and he finished an easy first, the Champion being eight yards away to the rear.

In the mile race there was a big entry of thirty-seven, with Henny on forty-five yards for virtual scratch, but Grevatt (150 yards) and Haines (135 yards) both ran well, the former taking the lead about half-way through the race, and keeping it to the finish, Haines getting fourth. Time 4 min. 28 sec., which means that Grevatt can do a good mile. Sam Clark and other judges of form expect big things of him later.

Speaking of Sam reminds me he has christened the times for the newly introduced un-paced road rides as the "Rosebery times," because the rider is now un-paced, and therefore has to follow the example of the eminent statesman, and "plough a lone furrow."

On Good Friday, together with my friend "The Irrepressible," I went for a bit of a journey a-wheel. Starting not too early, we took the Horsham road, which we found in very good order, though we met but few cyclists as it is compared with the swarms of some previous years.

At West Grinstead an explosion announced

that a cut in my back tyre, which I had left unattended, had led to trouble; whilst repairing operations were in progress I had a nice lecture from "The Irrepressible" on the subject of carelessness, by which I hope to profit.

Laying away to the left of the road just before Horsham is reached, we noticed the new Blue-coat School, upon which £420,000 has been spent. From the distance it looks like a brand-new town in red brick, and presents an imposing appearance.

The thousand boys who are now being drafted there from the old Christ's Hospital in London, and from Hertfordshire, should be well pleased with their charming rural surroundings.

From Horsham we took the switch-back road to Dorking, over which my companion demonstrated the superiority of his free-wheel with back-pedal brake. At Dorking we dined at the Bull's Head, where Most Stockton, a former resident in Worthing, provided us and some few other cyclists with a most pleasing repast.

We then took a road, new to both of us, traversing some pretty country and landing us at Reigate, whence we hied southwards and found Crawley full of excitement, ranging from the usual horde of cyclists and a motor gone wrong, up to a full-blown gipsy encampment with swings, round-abouts, and cocoa-nut shies in thorough working order.

However, we did not stop, but came along to Horsham, this bit of road being now very bumpy by the way, and from Horsham home.

I give so full an account of the journey as it makes a nice day's ride for the man who is content with a modest seventy-five miles, and is fond of fresh air and pretty country. To my mind the Dorking and Reigate district want a lot of beating on these points.

DICK TURPIN.

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Dick Turpin Re-appears upon the Scene.

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ⁱ Ted Durant, in case you've forgotten!

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