

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

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THREE attempts have been made this week upon the Excelsior Club's road-medals rides, only one of which, however, proved successful. This was by F. Medhurst, who has always been recognised as a hard-riding cyclist, but was scarcely expected to win a gold medal in his first bout with Father Time.

He covered the first thirty-three miles—to Westhampnett and back—in two hours and a minute, and was at Woodhatch, sixty-seven miles, in four hours and ten minutes.

On the ride back from Woodhatch he lost time through a puncture near Horsham, and was also hindered, considerably by rain and wet roads.

But he slogged away desperately, and checked in at Broadwater just in time to beat the six hours and a half by a few seconds, thus securing the first of the Club's gold medals to be won this season.

The other attempts were made by S. Hales and T. A. Durant on the hundred miles, and twelve hours' rides respectively.

Hales covered the first thirty-three miles in two hours exactly, but threw up the job just before half-distance, owing to the rain, which made the day a bad one for speed rides.

Durant, out for twelve hours, was even more handicapped by the unwished-for rain.

He rode to Fareham and back in a style which his follower, Bert Paine, considered the best he had ever shown, but had to abandon the ride at Washington, as the rain and mud made the attempt appear hopeless.

So wet were three Clubmates who were

following him that they were obliged to raid Host Charman's stable, whence they re-appeared each with his knickers finely upholstered with a stuffing of straw.

It certainly kept wet clothes away, but the scrubby straw was strongly suggestive of a vigorous trainer's flesh brush! Or a swarm of mosquitoes!

E. Baruch Blaker crossed to Guernsey last week to compete in the motor cycle race at the Guernsey Club's Sports. But the rain had worked havoc with the track, which was in a bad way.

At the turns a quantity of mud had accumulated at the bottom of the banking, and men were scraping it away wholesale!

Baruch rode in his heat and won it, but would not again tempt Fate, so let the final go by default.

In the cycling events C. B. Kingsbury, who rode with such dash at the Worthing Meeting, won the Guernsey Cup—a magnificent silver prize valued at £50—for the third successive time, thereby making it his own.

W. R. Paine competed at Preston Park last Thursday in the Brighton Cyclists' Club's annual thirty-mile handicap for the Varley Challenge Trophy.

E. Brown provided Bert with motor pacing, but could not get his machine into a docile frame of mind in the earlier stages of the race.

This reduced Bert's chance of overtaking

the three other competitors, who all received starts from him.

After a bit Brown's steed went ahead all right, and Bert had the satisfaction of riding the thirty miles in the fastest time, although he only finished third.

The race went to J. Phillips, who had a start of 5min. 20sec.; G. N. Charman being second, with 2min. 40sec.

Paine's time for the thirty miles comes out at one hour and seven minutes, which certainly shows Bert is not dead yet.

The Automobile Club have presented E. B. Blaker with a speed indicator. I presume it is for his use when in the Horsham Police Division!

The final instalment of Championships for the year were run off at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, and provided some fine racing.

A. L. Reed, the lengthy Londoner, has failed to justify the hopeful forecasts made by the prophets at the beginning of the season, and A. S. Ingram regained the One Mile London Championship, which Reed won from him in '98 and retained for three years.

Ingram and Janson also got back the Two Miles Tandem Championship from Reed and Buck.

In the Fifty Miles Championship of England W. J. Pett, of the Southern C.C., administered an unexpected defeat to A. E. Wills, F. Burgess, Olley, and Meredith, the latter retiring through machine troubles. Time, 1 hour 47 min. 23 sec.

Next week's runs are: Worthing Excelsior, Steyning; West Tarring C.C., Littlehampton.

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ⁱ Host of the Franklands Arms, of course!