

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

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Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

SANDWICHED between furious gales and heavy rains we get an occasional fine day, and it is then a real treat to get out into the country, which is delightfully clean and sweet; so is the air, whilst the roads are not bad.

The medal-hunters are still taking their prowls about the country in search of honour and the much-coveted Club jewellery.

F. F. Medhurst, who won a gold medal on the century course last week, did a good ride in twelve hours the other day.

Leaving the Railway Bridge at 6.21 a.m., he first rode through Chichester to Fareham and back, taking nearly five hours on this journey—a long time, which was partially due to a puncture and wet roads.

A brief halt at Offington Corner, and he plugged away against a breeze up through Horsham and Crawley to Woodhatch.

Up to this point Medhurst had not been able to get much pace up, and the first one hundred miles had taken him well over seven hours—and hard work it was, too!

But he put on speed after this, and returned from Woodhatch to Offington Corner in two and a quarter hours, and then set out on the third section of the journey—to Ashington and back—which occupied him seventy-two minutes.

All of the latter portion of the ride Medhurst travelled in good style, and he finished up quite strongly at Broadwater, having won a gold-centre medal for his ride of one hundred and fifty-five miles in the twelve hours.

In fact, he had forty-four minutes to spare,

Cycling in the dark is fraught with something of risk, as I have proved, in practice, to my own satisfaction more than once. I "cannoned" a man and a high bank, both in a twenty-mile ride one pitch dark night when my lamp failed to penetrate the gloom.

I remember, too, that the gloom thickened when the prostrate pedestrian recovered his powers of speech.

E. Medlock, of the Excelsior C.C., had quite an adventure near Kingston-on-Thames a week or so back, when motor-cycling in the darkness, he being on a journey from Worthing to Harrow.

Mistaking the directions given him by a policeman, he took a turning which rapidly brought him into a green lane.

Before he noticed where he was, he felt his machine plunge into something soft, and rapidly sink till the wheels were almost submerged.

He scrambled about, and found himself and his motor-bike stuck fast in an expanse of mud, which he afterwards found formed part of the bank of the Thames!

A couple of passers-by and the policeman were attracted to the spot, and after no small difficulty Medlock and the motor were extricated from the mud, and soon after resumed their journey to Harrow.

He did not clean the mud off the motor that night!

A couple of Worthing wheelmen, F. G. Bleach and F. Farley, spent a few interesting days in a brief tour last week, visiting Southampton, Bournemouth, Winchester, Southsea, etc., and having a nice time generally.

At the present time T. A. Durant and F. Young are both away holidaying per cycle. I hope fine weather will be the portion of both; the enjoyment of a cycling tour is in proportion to the sunshine beamed down upon it.

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

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In fact, he had forty-four minutes to spare, which strongly suggests that Medhurst could qualify for a gold medal by riding the necessary one hundred and seventy-one miles in once round the clock, especially as on this occasion he was but poorly looked after, only being followed for about fifty miles.

W. Finch was also medal-hunting on the same day, the hundred miles ride being his choice.

It was his first attempt, and, like Medhurst, he was handicapped in not having any followers for most of the way. But he slogged away cheerfully, and did the thirty-three miles on the Chichester-road in a few minutes over two hours.

The next bit, to Woodhatch, went pretty well, though the wind was a great hindrance, and caused him to lose so much time that he resolved to abandon the ride.

But ten minutes later he decided to resume, and soon he was bowling along through Crawley and Horsham, meeting some fellow "Excelsiors" at Dial Post.

He was now travelling well, and making up for the time lost earlier in the ride; but he missed his time for the gold-centre medal by the narrow margin of three minutes, his time for the hundred miles being six hours forty-eight minutes, which antitheses him to a well-earned silver medal.

Now that a man has to do a really good ride in order to win even a silver medal, it is interesting to note that the inferior medals are more highly prized and more striven after than was the case three or four years ago, when they were offered for very ordinary rides, and no one troubled to qualify for them.

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