

THE WHEELING WORLD

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THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

SOON after sunrise the other morning my alarm clock assumed the aggressive, and its metallic tones informed me that it was time to be wheeling northwards to meet G. A. Olley, the Vegetarian crack, who was attacking the one hundred miles Southern Roads record.

With a sigh and a yawn I turned out, and, remembering that the early bird expects the biggest worm, I took the largest handy bottle and filled it with tea and egg for the early rising speed merchant.

I had not passed Offington corner when my front tyre went flat. T. A. Durant, of the Excelsior Club, had joined me; and in the cold, grey dawn we had the tyre off and searched for leaks.

There were none! The puzzled puncture-seekers replaced the tyre, whereupon it held all right!

I was too sleepy to seek an explanation. All sorts of strange things happen in the weird, uncanny hours which herald the real day.

The Irrepressible then cut out a useful bat as far as West Grinstead, where we had a breather before Olley sped down from Horsham-wards with Thomsett, the One Mile Sussex Champion, following. We joined in.

'Twas warm work, for Olley had a two speed gear, which made the pace awkward. We came to hills; up we started. When it "pulled," Olley tickled a little lever on his handle-bar, and his low gear operated, his feet revolving nearly as rapidly as I panted at times.

We chased him down to Offington Corner—

We chased him down to Offington Corner—twelve miles—and left Thomsett, with Excelsiorite Henson, to follow and feed him on his return from Arundel; whilst Durant and Howard acted as pilots on Washington Bostel.

Olley kept busy, despite a wind which hindered him on nearly all the route, and it did not seem long before we were all following him into Horsham again, where Howard and Thomsett were left to see him to the finish at Horley, the rest of us dropping off to seek breakfast at Kingsfold.

At Horley the official Time-keeper clicked his chronometer and informed the famous Vegetarian and his perspiring followers that he had beaten record by twelve minutes, his time for the hundred miles being five hours twenty-six minutes and nineteen seconds. A grand performance, which would take a lot of beating on a similar day.

I caught sight of the previous holder of the record—E. J. Steel, of the North Road Club—in Worthing per motor cycle a little later. On his petrol-propelled steed he looked as if unpaced cycling records would not appeal to him very strongly now.

The Brixton Ramblers, a twenty-four year

old Club, visited Worthing last Saturday and Sunday, fourteen of them putting up at the Railway Hotel after a forty-five miles competitive time trial which finished at Offington Corner.

Their handicap was so good that the first three men were within one minute, after allowing starts. Some good times were done, too, the best being two hours eighteen minutes by Partridge. P. A. Nix, who is a real old timer, and has ridden every type of machine since the good old ordinary, made the journey in two hours thirty-four minutes.

Harry Greenfield, of the Tarring and Worthing Clubs, met with a very nasty accident whilst motoring on the Arundel-road last Saturday.

A vehicle turning sharply out of a bye lane drew over to his side of the road, and left him no room either to pass or to stop. Though he stopped his engine and applied his brakes, he was unable to avoid a collision, in which he suffered a fractured fore-arm, and was thrown under the trap, receiving other injuries, in the shape of bruises and cuts.

Stanley Hales was with him on his bicycle, and was also badly thrown, but fortunately escaped with a severe knocking about and some nasty wounds, his face especially suffering.

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Help was obtained, and the two wheelmen were driven to Angmering, where, after a long and tedious wait which was pluckily endured, they trained to Worthing.

Hales is about and practically all right, whilst Greenfield is going on as well as can be expected. Harry has a large circle of friends, all of whom are especially sorry for him, as he is well known as a careful and capable motorist.

The number of Excelsiorites who attended last week's run to Littlehampton would be a good subject for a guessing competition. The solution is shrouded in mystery, as all went in small parties and missed one another through misunderstandings as to the rendezvous when Littlehampton was reached.

Up to now I have learned of four little groups of wandering Worthingites looking for each other on that run.

This must not occur next Sunday, when the Club makes an all day excursion to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight; and Captain Peto has therefore arranged that members are to assemble at the Town Hall at four o'clock in the morning for the start. Oh! this early worm business!

On no account must members lose themselves next Wednesday! The fixture is the Honorary Secretary's run to Findon, where the Club ruralises once a year. Tickets for this run must be had by Monday next; they may be purchased of any of the Committee, and each member is privileged to introduce a friend. The Tarring Club is joining in, and the run will be well patronised. A brake will be run for the benefit of the tired ones; fare, one shilling.

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