

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 6.7.1904, P2C5

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

A MONTH ago I gave an account of Act. I. of the Excelsior Club's new play, "Taking Acid," the occasion being the second round in the Club's competitive time trials on the road. The third round has now been run, and the weather was in so tearful a condition that much water was mixed with the "acid" which the hardworking speedmen are always presumed to be taking when excess of hard work is telling on them.

So far as I can learn, the addition of rain water in no way alleviates the effect of the "acid." One of the competitors—I won't say which—tried no fewer than four applications of mineral water by way of a change, and finished the fifty miles in quite an inflated condition as the result!

Only four Excelsiorites faced the starter, E. Baruch Blaker, who sent them off at five-minute intervals, and timed them in later in the day with the following result:

	TIME.
1. Coote (22min. start)	3 19 35
2. H. A. Howard (scratch)	3 0 45
3. W. Stephenson (10min. start)	3 24 25
4. C. Willmer (22min. strt).	Time unrecorded.

A lot of rain fell during the ride, and time was lost at the turning point through the absence of an official. Punctures were also experienced, which accounts for the slowness of the times.

One more round—a twenty-five miles' trial—finishes the competition, and as Howard has once been first, and was second on the two other occasions, he is practically certain of the honour of winning premier position in the series.

In a five miles scratch race for motor bicycles

at the Plymouth Argyle Club's Sports, E. Baruch Blaker finished third to Tessier and Hodgkinson out of a pretty warm field.

After the races the promoting Club entertained their visitors in a most sportsmanlike manner. Blaker and several of the motorists spent a jolly three days in Plymouth.

By the way, Baruch reeled off a lap on our Sports Ground in twenty-six seconds whilst testing his motor recently. Thirty-four and a half miles an hour! I hope he won't set the grass on fire.

Coached by Sam, Mrs. Clark rode to Portsmouth one day last week, returning a day or two later with another lady cyclist. Evidently Sam's better half has quite recovered from her accident early this season, as this is her longest ride.

The Tarring Patriarch, sixty-four-year-old Michael Millan, last week reduced his record from Tarring to the Horsham Town Hall. He rode the distance in seventy-four minutes, which is good travelling indeed.

The three-wheeler does not appeal to many as a speed instrument, but there are a few crack road riders who can extract a lot of pace from their light, wood-rimmed tricycles, which weigh but little more than the light bicycle.

This was evidenced last Saturday by R. Seymour Coble, of the North Road Club, who set up a new record for an unpaced tricycle ride of one hundred miles on the road. His time was five hours forty-nine minutes and twenty-five seconds, which beats Markham's ride of last year by nearly eight minutes.

Some of the boys, even among those keen on road medals, would get very warm at following Coble, though mounted on their light two-wheelers! Still, there is this to be said: Up North they dodge the hills more than did the Excelsior Committee when choosing the century course!

Saturday also witnessed another hundred miles ride, the classic race for the Carwardine Gold Cup at the Crystal Palace, which drew five starters in the persons of G. A. Olley (winner 1901-2), L. Meredith (winner 1903), F. T. Burgess, W. J. Pett, and H. S. Harding, all London men.

A great race was expected between Olley, who only wanted one win to make the magnificent trophy his own, and L. Meredith, the newer star.

The three thousand spectators were, however, disappointed, as Olley was practically out of the race from the start, his pace-makers being of little or no use to him for a good deal of the fifty-eight miles he rode before bowing to the ill-luck which has dogged him continually for over two years.

Meredith won easily in the record time of three hours thirty-seven minutes forty-six and one-fifth seconds; Burgess finished second in another nineteen minutes; Pett came next in two more minutes. Harding had retired at the seventeenth mile.

Next Wednesday the Excelsior and the Tarring Clubs amalgamate their forces for the purpose of raiding the strongholds of the toothsome strawberry at Washington. Captains Peto and Duffield are anxious to dispose of tickets to all intending raiders not later than Monday next.

DICK TURPIN.

THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

A MONTH ago I gave an account of Act. II. of the Excelsior Club's new play, "Taking Acid," the occasion being the second round in the Club's competitive time trials on the road. The third round has now been run, and the weather was in so tearful a condition that much water was mixed with the "acid" which the hardworking speedmen are always presumed to be taking when excess of hard work is telling on them.

So far as I can learn, the addition of rain

way in no way alleviates the effect of the "acid." One of the competitors - I won't say which - tried no fewer than four applications of mineral water by way of a change, and finished the fifty miles in quite an inflated condition as the result!

Only four Excelsiorites faced the starter, E. Baruch Blaker, who sent them off at five-minute intervals, and timed them in later in the day with the following result:

- | | TIME. |
|----------------------------------|------------------|
| 1. Coote (22min. start) " " | 3.19.35 |
| 2. H.A. Howard (scratch). " " | 3. 0.45 |
| 3. W. Stephenson (10 min. start) | 3.24.25 |
| 4. C. Willmer (22min. strt) | Time unrecorded. |

A lot of rain fell during the ride, and time was lost at the turning point through the absence of an official. Punctures were also experienced, which accounts for the slowness of the times.

One more round - a twenty-five miles' trial—finishes the competition, and as Howard has once been first, and was second on the two other occasions, he is practically certain of the honour of winning premier position in the series.

In a five miles scratch race for motor bicycles at the Plymouth Argyle Club's Sports, E. Baruch Blaker finished third to Tessier and Hodgkinson out of a pretty warm field.

After the races the promoting Club entertained their visitors in a most sportsmanlike manner. Blaker and several of the motorists spent a jolly three days in Plymouth.

By the way, Baruch reeled off a lap on our Sports Ground in twenty-six seconds whilst testing his motor recently. Thirty-four and a half miles an hour! I hope he won't set the grass on fire.

Coached by Sam, Mrs. Clark rode to Portsmouth one day last week, returning a day or two later with another lady cyclist. Evidently Sam's better half has quite recovered from her accident early this season, as this is her longest ride.

The Tarring Patriarch, sixty-four-year-old Michael Millan, last week reduced his record from Tarring to the Horsham Town Hall. He rode the distance in seventy-four minutes, which is good travelling indeed.

The three-wheeler does not appeal to many as

a speed instrument, but there are a few crack road riders who can extract a lot of pace from their light, wood-rimmed tricycles, which weigh but little more than the light bicycle.

This was evidenced last Saturday by R. Seymour Cobley, of the North Road Club, who set up a new record for an unpaced tricycle ride of one hundred miles on the road. His time was five hours forty-nine minutes and twenty-five seconds, which beats Markham's ride of last year by nearly eight minutes.

Some of the boys, even among those keen on road medals, would get very warm at following Cobley, though mounted on their light two-wheelers! Still, there is this to be said; Up North they dodge the hills more than did the Excelsior Committee when choosing the century course!

Saturday also witnessed another hundred miles ride, the classic race for the Carwardine Gold Cup at the Crystal Palace, which drew five starters in the persons of G. A. Ollev (winner 1901-2), L. Meredith (winner 1903), F.T. Burgess, W.J. Pett, and H.S. Harding, all London men.

A great race was expected between Olley, who only wanted one win to make the magnificent trophy his own, and L. Meredith, the newer star.

The three thousand spectators were, however, disappointed, as Olley was practically out of the race from the start, his pace-makers being of little or no use to him for a good deal of the fifty-eight miles he rode before bowing to the ill-luck which has dogged him continually for over two years.

Meredith won easily in the record time of three hours thirty-seven minutes forty-six and one-fifth seconds; Burgess finished second in another nineteen minutes; Pett came next in two more minutes. Harding had retired at the seventeenth mile.

Next Wednesday the Excelsior and the Tarring Clubs amalgamate their forces for the purpose of raiding the strongholds of the toothsome strawberry at Washington. Captains Peto and Duffield are anxious to dispose of tickets to all intending raiders not later than Monday next.

DICK TURPIN.