

THE WHEELING WORLD

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THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

WITH the weather we have been having during the last few days the average wheelsman's fancy is prone to turn to thoughts of sun hats and cooling drinks—speaking for myself, at any rate. This is not the case with the speedmen of the Excelsior C.C., two of whom—F. Medhurst and H. A. Howard—had the audacity to "go for the hundred" when the thermometer was doing the same thing, only in a different way.

Medhurst was not in his best form, though he was less than two hours going to Westhampnett and back, which is good work.

He lost a little on the run up through Horsham and Woodhatch, owing to a hindering wind, and decided to choose a better day.

Howard also beat two hours upon the ride to Westhampnett and back; his time was one hour fifty-three minutes, which is, I believe, the best that has been made without pacing by any Excelsiorite.

Riding very strongly, he was at Horsham, with half his ride accomplished, six minutes under three hours; another hour found him at Woodhatch, the nothern end of the course, where he made a brief stop to obtain a signature to his checking card and a refresher for himself, before tackling the final thirty-three miles.

He took things steadily back to Crawley and Horsham, but after some food at the latter place his tyre punctured.

Which was inconsiderate on the part of the

tyre, when a time trial was being ridden! Probably the additional weight of the meal at Horsham was the proverbial "last straw!"

At any rate, the puncture necessitated Howard's changing on to W. Stephenson's machine. This he promptly did, and hurried home, being checked by W. Duffield at the finish, his time for the hundred miles being six hours and eighteen minutes. He thus qualified for the Club gold medal, with twelve minutes to spare.

Howard was followed by Stephenson from Ball's Hut to Offington and away up to Woodhatch, F. W. Young and C. Willmer joining in; Medhurst and his follower, Durant, also saw a good deal of his riding. They all express the opinion that he is the fastest road-rider in the Club at the present time.

Last Wednesday, at the Excelsior Evening Race Meeting, he ceased to rank as a Novice on the track, by winning the Novices' Mile from the scratch mark; he also finished second in the Two Miles Handicap.

Some good finishes were witnessed at the Meeting, and the spectators were pleased with a taste of the quality the Club can show in its ranks. Stanley Hales is a most promising rider, and, as will be seen from the account elsewhere in the GAZETTE he proved himself capable of giving his Club-mates long starts and good beatings.

Perhaps speed-cycling is hereditary: Stanley's father was a well-known flier on Sussex tracks in the days of the good old ordinary; and for some years after the safety and the pneumatic tyre came in he could do his bit.

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I remember about ten years ago he resurrected his racing costume, and showed the Club boys his back wheel more than once at the Club Meeting, to their surprise.

Arrangements are now in hand for the Club's big Annual Race Meeting, and it is intended to provide a programme of Sports which shall beat all previous efforts.

Star performers have promised to compete, among others being A. A. Shrubb and G. E. Lamer, Champions of England at running and walking, who will be seen in Three and Two-Mile Handicaps respectively.

The Quarter-Mile Flat Amateur Championship of Sussex and a couple of other flat races, in addition to two open Bicycle Handicaps and a Five Miles' Bicycle Scratch Race, will make a good programme. Other very interesting races will be a Three Miles' Motor Handicap and a Half-Mile Walk for Boys living in Worthing.

The Club has always aimed at attracting first-class competitors, and a special point is being made of this for the coming meeting, in view of which the amount voted for prizes is the largest in the Club's experience.

A brother wheelman challenged me last week! Not to fight, not to race; neither of us being equal to these forms of contest at present. Twas Harry Greenfield, who is well on the road to recovery from his broken arm, and he vows he will be on the wheel before my collar-bone will allow me to cycle again.

He has now been relieved of one splint, but, as my damage was so much slighter than his, he will have to lose no time! However, neither of us will run foolish risks through undue haste.

By the way, Honorary Secretary Fibbens informs me there still remain a few of the splendid photos of the Club taken on the occasion of the Findon run. They may be obtained in exchange for one shilling, and must be considered good value at that figure.

Next weeks runs are: Excelsior C.C., Henfield; West Tarring C.C., Lyminster, via Rustington.

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