

THE WHEELING WORLD

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<p>THE WHEELING WORLD.</p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>"IT'S like champagne!" This was exclaimed by a well-known London wheelman as he and I rode southwards out of Horsham the other morning. The remark referred to the air, which had a delicious, fresh crispness in it which the London man appreciated after the sullied atmosphere of Town. In fact, after a few sniffs he averred he could scent the briny, and was soon gavotting around like a two-year-old.</p> <p>I had ridden up the road with provender for Howard, who was attempting a hundred and seventy-one miles in twelve hours, to win a Club gold medal, and W. Stephenson, who was following him.</p> <p>Howard had been started by W. Duffield at six o'clock, and had reached Woodhatch in just over two hours, getting back to Horsham and completing his first fifty miles inside three hours.</p> <p>Offington was reached in three hours fifty minutes, and Howard ticked off his hundredth mile, down near Fareham, just after six hours from the start!</p> <p>Riding as strongly as ever, he checked and fed at Fareham, then tackled the thirty-six miles back to Offington in two hours and twenty-four minutes.</p> <p>Only the thirty-three miles to Southwater and back now remained, and Howard had three hours and eighteen minutes at his disposal. But he wanted to beat Stephenson's memorable ride, and he had finished with seventy minutes to spare.</p> <p>So Howard buckled to with a will, and reeled</p>	<p>off the distance in two hours and five minutes, and winning the Club's much-coveted gold medal for riding a hundred and seventy-one miles in the day.</p> <p>Stephenson followed Howard for the greater part of the way, but a crop of punctures and bursts put him <i>hors de combat</i> before the finish.</p> <p>Last Thursday the Brighton Cyclists' Club Championship was to be raced for at Preston Park, the distance being five miles.</p> <p>Of recent years the title has been in the safe keeping of the speedy Worthing member, W. R. Paine, who also held two shares in the Feldwicks Trophy; but he has not trained or raced at all this year, so I fully expected that even the Brighton C.C. would provide at least one man who could screw up the courage to meet him.</p> <p>But it was not to be! Bert Paine therefore rode the distance alone, untrained, and on a friend's machine, winning the Championship and making the Feldwicks Trophy his own by a bloodless victory.</p> <p>Perhaps, after all, his fellow-Clubmen were wise not to meet him, for he rode the distance in the remarkably smart time of 13 minutes 12 2-5 seconds.</p> <p>Methinks the Brighton C.C.—once a crack</p>	<p>Methinks the Brighton C.C.—once a crack Club—would fare badly in a bout with the Worthing Excelsior.</p> <p>Stanley Halse, the Excelsior scratch man, showed good form at his Club's race meeting last Wednesday, his prize in the open mile and his victory over G. A. Olley in the motor-paced match being well deserved.</p> <p>Brown and Howard would also worry the Brighton C.C. men on the path; whilst on the road I shudder to think what they would receive at the hands of our leading half-dozen riders.</p> <p>Whilst descending God's Hill at Crawley, in company with Howard and Stephenson the other day, Frank Medhurst sustained a very nasty fall through over-running Howard's back wheel.</p> <p>Medhurst was thrown with considerable force, and cut his knees about very badly; some of the flesh from one of them being completely removed.</p> <p>Assistance was obtained from two other riders on the spot, and the wounds were washed and bandaged as well as could be managed under the circumstances. Medhurst then took train to Worthing, where he received proper medical attention; but I gather from him that his knee—at present in "bandages and a splint"—will have to remain stiff for six weeks.</p> <p>Frank, nevertheless, has no lack of pluck, and the various Excelsiorites who have looked him up find him cheerful and determined not to allow the enforced confinement to get on his nerves.</p> <p>Next Wednesday the Excelsiorites have a run by special invitation to Old Shoreham. Captain Peto is particularly desirous of a big muster on this occasion, as the fixture is one which always affords a most enjoyable evening. The West Tarring Club's destination is Brighton.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
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