

THE WHEELING WORLD

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A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

LAST Wednesday a number of Excelsiorites made an excursion to Eastbourne, to see the twenty-ninth Race Meeting of the Eastbourne Bicycle Club. The item of chief interest to the Excelsiorites was the One-mile struggle for the Veterans' Championship of Sussex. Half-a-dozen starters lined up; Brighton, Worthing, and Eastbourne each sending a conle.

Bang! went the pistol, and away they flew, Edgar Henson taking the lead, with Sam Clark hanging on, and the Brighton and Eastbourne men in the rear, losing ground.

This order prevailed whilst the first lap was rattled off in forty-five seconds, and the second in forty-three; but before the finish of the third lap, which took forty-two seconds, Sam Clark put on a burst of speed which took him to the front.

Then the bell rang, and, amid the exultant yells of his Club-mates, the forty-eight-year-old athlete sailed around the final circuit, and again made himself Veteran Champion of Sussex, his time for the mile being 2 minutes 54 1-5th seconds.

Edgar Henson had no difficulty in beating French, of Brighton, for second place, in addition to winning the lap prize. Thus the Worthing pair secured four prizes out of the five put up for the event; Sam receiving as first prize a pretty kettle and stand, in addition to a share in the Veterans' Silver Cup; whilst Edgar Henson's exertions were rewarded with a nice-looking fruit dish as second prize, and a silver cigarette case as lap prize.

The Quarter-mile Championship of Sussex was also competed for at the meeting, and Bert Paine got up in the eyent.

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In fact, he had journeyed from Birmingham and Coventry straight to Eastbourne without either bicycle or rest, and the machines he borrowed on the ground were so strange to him that he failed to take the somewhat awkward corners of the track, and got off the course once or twice.

Thus it came about that, after many years Bert was beaten in a County Championship the placed men being Tomsett, of Horsham Offen, of Brighton; and Fowler, of Chichester

Stanley Hales was riding in the handicaps, and succeeded in scoring a place in a two miles heat, but had no luck in the final.

Last week Howard wrested from Stephenson his Club record of a hundred and seventy-one miles in 10 hours 50 minutes.

The other day, therefore, Stephenson girded up his loins and set out to win fresh honours on the road, choosing the hundred miles course for the attempt. As he had already won the gold medal for this distance it was necessary for him to cover the course in six and a quarter hours and thereby win a special Club medal.

So at ten minutes past seven on a lovely morning W. Duffield signed his check and said "Go!" He went.

A puncture at Arundel, a hurried change on to a spare machine ridden by Howard, and Billy was soon turning at Westhampnett, and heading for Offington in smart style. Another puncture! No spare machine was to be had, so precious time had to be lost.

But he got back to Offington one minute under the two hours, and with help put the tyre right, losing another ten minutes.

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Howard had now rejoined him, and he tackled the sixty-seven miles through Horsham and Crawley to Woodhatch and back, travelling so well that he regained the valuable minutes by the time he checked at Woodhatch, three hours and fifty-five minutes after the start.

Stephenson now had the job well in hand, so contented himself with swinging along home at sixteen miles an hour; W. Duffield timing him in at the end of the hundred, six hours and ten minutes after he had issued the command "Go!" *

Stephenson thus won the second of the Club special gold medals, the first having been won by—I expect you could guess the name, dear reader—W. R. Paine, who rode the hundred, despite tyre troubles, in six hours and one minute in September, 1902.

Roads are, I am pleased to find, getting a lot better. A couple of early-rising wheelmen, F. G. Bleach and F. Farley, found the going very

Wednesday, August 31st, 1904.

good during a spin to Eastbourne and back the other morning.

They spent over an hour at Eastbourne, yet reached home again in time for the midday meal, having risen with the lark and breakfasted at Lewes, the town "of clean windows and pretty faces," as someone once said.

I reminded one of the pair of this remark; he naively admitted he had not noticed the windows!

Next week's Club's runs are: Excelsior C.C., Littlehampton; Tarring C.C., Rustington.

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