

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
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Turpin: 14.9.1904, P2C5

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD.</p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>ON Saturday the final batch of World's Championships were run off at the Crystal Palace, and the Worthing Excelsior Club was well represented. G. A. Olley is a member, though, of course, he rode under Vegetarian colours; E. Baruch Blaker was one of Meredith's staff of motor pace-makers; and Sam Clark, Henson, and Howard were among the fourteen thousand spectators.</p> <p>Sam had an interesting journey on his machine up to the Palace. At Cripplegate he saw Farley, of Horsham, riding for a hundred miles Club medal, and, later on, Rycroft, of the same Club, similarly engaged.</p> <p>Both won gold medals, Farley's time being six hours and two minutes, and Rycroft's, five hours fifty-two minutes.</p> <p>At Earlswood Common the Veteran came across a wrecked motor car, and obliged the shaken occupants by riding into Redhill for assistance. Despite this delay he was at Penge in three hours and a half.</p> <p>Sam found his fellow-Excelsiorites and some London cycling pals, and they greatly admired the cute way in which the Yankee, Ivor Lawson, won the Two Kilometres Professional Championship of the World. It was a crawl, and Lawson watched his two opponents ride slowly up the banking at a corner; then he bolted, and before the others got over the shock—and the banking!—he was winning.</p> <p>The Amateur Championship at the same</p>	<p>The Amateur Championship at the same distance also went across the herring-pond, Marcus Hurley winning from Reed and Benyon, after a magnificent finish.</p> <p>In the Amateur One Hundred Kilometres Championship, Leon Meredith romped away, and was never overhauled. He rode over forty miles in the first hour, and only a severe fall just before the finish prevented his beating the time made by the American, Walthour, on Thursday, when he won the Professional Championship at that distance.</p> <p>Meredith, badly cut about, remounted and won, being followed by W. J. Pett and G. A. Olley, the latter also having been badly knocked about through a spill, which probably robbed him of a second place. Five foreigners figured in the nine starters for this event, but none of them looked at any time like winning more than third place; and the Englishmen, determined to have a "look in" on this occasion, denied them even this.</p> <p>Last Wednesday, at Littlehampton, E. B. Blaker won second prize in the Five Miles Motor Cycle race. Then he bolted off to Portsmouth, and caught the night boat for Guernsey, where he beat track records for one, two, and three miles; after which he again coursed the little bit o' briny ocean, and got back to Worthing just in time to hasten to the Crystal Palace and take on his pace-making duties for Meredith. Busy Baruch!</p> <p>A couple of Worthing cyclists, F. G. Bleach and F. Farley, set out for London soon after four o'clock the other morning—just to look in and see some friends. 'Twas nippy at the start, but the sun came on the scene later and made things brighter, a nice ride rewarding the early rising ones.</p> <p>The feature of the spin was seeing the cycling</p>	<p>The feature of the spin was seeing the cycling portion of South London in the process of awakening and forming the long procession southwards.</p> <p>First they met the speedman, up with the lark and busily pedalling his mileage factory; then groups of Clubmen, off for a day in the country; and finally the dignified and stately dweller in Suburbia, leisurely wheeling out on his highly respectable full roadster—all happy!</p> <p>The Worthing pair reached home again about twelve hours after the start, looking quite fresh after their ride of nearly a hundred and twenty miles.</p> <p>Last Wednesday the Excelsior and the West Tarring Clubs joined forces and visited Shoreham, where—without much searching—they discovered a hostelry bearing the name of Hebe.</p> <p>Remembering that Hebe, the Goddess of Youth, was credited with the power of rejuvenating her worshippers, what more natural than that the wheelers should visit the shrine of so obliging a young lady?</p> <p>The youthfulness manifested itself, too, whether acquired from Hebe or not. With Pianist Botting producing music, the cyclists were soon dancing in a manner which, at any rate, made old age look a great way off.</p> <p>Remembering that the Clubs were visiting a Harbour town, Captain Peto gave the proceedings a nautical air by singing "Anchored," which was much appreciated.</p> <p>Next weeks runs are: Excelsior C.C., Ford; West Tarring C.C., Arundel.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
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