

THE WHEELING WORLD

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<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A Weekly Survey. DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>AFTER having on several occasions proved his right to be Champion Veteran of Sussex, Sam Clark, like Alexander the Great, has been sighing for fresh worlds to conquer.</p> <p>He has just conquered Hampshire, to be going on with.</p> <p>At the Portsmouth Police Sports last Saturday Sam was invited to ride against H. Evans, the Champion Veteran of Hampshire; and though the notice was short and the Sussex Veteran was not exactly fit, he accepted the invitation.</p> <p>Evans was naturally quite at home on the three-lap cinder track on which the race was run, and the Portsmouth men fully expected him to win; but Sam intended to make a fight of it, and went ahead at the start, making the pace for the first lap.</p> <p>The Hampshire man went to the front in the second lap; Sam hung on and watched his chance. As they encountered the wind, early in the final lap, Sam put on a fine sprint and literally romped away, gaining about one hundred and fifty yards in the finishing furlong, and winning easily in 2 mins. 44 1/5 secs.</p> <p>C. B. Kingsbury was in great form at the same meeting, and won a five miles handicap from scratch, out of a field of a dozen riders. His time was 12 mins. 1 sec., which is record for the Portsmouth track.</p> <p>Edgar Henson accompanied Sam to the meeting, and acted as Head Competitors' Steward, having no fewer than four "understudies!" They look after things at Portsmouth. Edgar must be pretty famous as Competitors' Steward; he has served in that capacity at a number of different meetings.</p> <p>Strawberries are not over yet! Six miles beyond Chichester the Irrepressible and I pulled up at a wayside halting place kept by Mr. Thackthwaite—an old Worthing man—and he showed us some good specimens, just picked from outdoor beds which have been yielding fruit for some time past.</p>	<p>Strawberries are not over yet! Six miles beyond Chichester the Irrepressible and I pulled up at a wayside halting place kept by Mr. Thackthwaite—an old Worthing man—and he showed us some good specimens, just picked from outdoor beds which have been yielding fruit for some time past.</p> <p>G. A. Olley, the vegetarian rider, has just been indulging in another long speed jaunt on the road, this time with a view of beating the record for twelve hours' riding on southern roads, which has stood for twelve months at one hundred and ninety-eight miles.</p> <p>The air was somewhat heavy at the start near Merstham; but Olley, though feeling the effects of his recent bad fall at the Crystal Palace, kept to his schedule as he rode up to Parley and then returned southwards, continuing, after a detour or two, through Crawley and Horsham to Offington Corner—a spot which is historic in road racing.</p> <p>Here another Vegetarian handed him food and without dismounting—for he had recently lost time through a puncture—he went on to Shoreham Bridge and back.</p> <p>Henson, Stephenson, and other Worthing men now followed him, and he set off westward at a clinking pace. Time was precious, and level crossing gates were opened in readiness for the record-breaker.</p> <p>At Ford another puncture awaited him, and a hasty change on to a Worthing man's machine was made. This punctured Ls than</p> <p>On through Chichester, Emsworth, Havant, and Fareham; now a follower drops out of the bunch feeling tired; now a fresh man joins the speedy group; at Chichester Captain Light, of the 7 Vegetarian Club, is waiting with food; at Fareham a tandem pair—lady and gentleman—bring up more provisions; they also wear the green triangular badge of the great Vegetarian Club.</p> <p>Back from Fareham the tale is still the same: Olley in front, and a group of men following him—some from Portsmouth, others from London and Horsham; whilst Worthing is also well represented.</p>	<p>Back from Fareham the tale is still the same: Olley in front, and a group of men following him—some from Portsmouth, others from London and Horsham; whilst Worthing is also well represented.</p> <p>At Chichester Henson sprints after the record-breaker with a refresher; at Arundel Sam Clark awaits him with some speed food at Offington Corner there is a bath of water and other things. But Olley does not stop; he snatches a bite and a bottle, and keeps "rindin g out the miles.</p> <p>From Offington Corner he starts northward on the last section of the ride, but soon another puncture occurs. This time "Gosser" Green—the king of record breakers—is in attendance with a similar machine to Olley's own mount, so the delay is only a matter of seconds.</p> <p>"Gosser" Green, who breaks records with the ease which proverbially attaches to shelling peas, stops to repair the damaged tyre.</p> <p>At Washington Bostel Sam Clark wishes Olley luck and eases up; thus the last of the Worthing contingent drops behind, and comes home to anxiously await tidings as to the result of the record-breaker's ride.</p> <p>Through Horsham, Crawley, and Redhill, Olley rode out the remaining hours and minutes, and at the call of time it was found he had ridden two hundred and three miles, thus exceeding the previous best by five miles. A fine performance indeed! DICK TURPIN.</p>
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run, and the Portsmouth men fully expected him to win; but Sam intended to make a fight of it, and went ahead at the start, making the pace for the first lap.

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Henson, Stephenson, and other Worthing men now followed him, and he set off westward at a clinking pace. Time was precious, and the level crossing gates were opened in readiness for

the record-breaker.

At Ford another puncture awaited him, and a hasty change on to a Worthing man's machine was made. This punctured less than two miles on, so Olley and Henson had to wait and mend up.

On through Chichester, Emsworth, Havant, and Fareham; now a follower drops out of the bunch being tired; now a fresh man joins the speedy group; at Chichester Captain Light, of the Vegetarian Club, is waiting with food; at Fareham a tandem pair - lady and gentleman—bring up more provisions; they also wear the green triangular badge of the great Vegetarian Club.

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