

THE WHEELING WORLD

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THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

The Veteran Still in Form.

SAM CLARK is the latest local rider to go through a speed road ride. The Veteran had been turning out for one and another of the many medal-hunters, and assisting by feeding and following them. Like Henson, he is always ready to help a fellow sportsman, and the pair have rendered any amount of assistance to other speedmen.

Now, as the result of all this, Sam has taken the speed infection, and the disease suddenly manifested itself on Friday last, when he announced his intention of going for the Excelsior hundred miles medal ride.

So Friday morning found the Veteran on the Railway Bridge, where, at the word "Go!" he flitted off in the direction of Chichester, followed by T. A. Durant and A. Standing. A few minutes after two hours had passed he was back again at Offington Corner, with thirty-three miles to his credit.

A hasty application to a bottle of liquid speed food as he rode along, and, with Edgar Henson following him, Sam faced a cold northerly wind and plugged manfully up the Horsham road.

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At Crawley Henson's tyre punctured, and the Veteran toiled on alone to Woodhatch, where the operation of getting checked cost him some precious minutes. However, Sam "kept kicking," and soon got back to Crawley and Henson, being well pleased at the sight of both, for the air was heavy and cold, and solitary speed work was dreary.

On through Horsham a fair pace was maintained, and soon Sam was scenting the finish at Broadwater, where he was checked six hours and fifty minutes from the start. The ride thus ranks as a gold centre medal performance, with ten minutes to spare, and must be regarded as a good exhibition of pluck and endurance.

For Sam is essentially a sprinter, as many can testify who have met him in track racing; and he has especially cultivated speed rather than stamina. In witness whereof he has a long record as One Mile Veteran Champion of Sussex.

Also it must be remembered he is quite a veteran, being in his fiftieth year. And few veterans would undertake hundred-mile rides in less than seven hours in a cold, heavy atmosphere, on a windy day in late October.

Recently I had occasion to allude to the "Terringian Terrors" in this column. Now one of this noble band of wheelmen sends me an envelope directed—between you and me, good reader, in a lady's handwriting!—to the "Terringian Terror, etc., etc." Posted in London, it was duly delivered on the same day by that marvellous organisation, the Post Office, which with unerring aim can spot the T. T. from afar.

It is at once eloquent of the wide sphere influenced by the GAZETTE and the fame of the aforementioned "T. T.'s."

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