

## THE WHEELING WORLD

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## THE WHEELING WORLD.

### A Weekly Survey.

#### DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

LAST week I complained of the "early morning practice of my alarum clock. Things have gone a point to the worse since then, for it fell to my lot recently to forswear what Macbeth calls "sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care . . . chief nourisher in life's feast," in order to follow and check a rider in his attempt to establish a record for twenty-four hours continuous riding on Southern roads. Thus it came about that a dark and moonless night found a group of Excelsiorites awaiting the rider's arrival at Offington Corner — "looking after Bliss" we had told the others.

The others failed to see any "bliss" about the ride till we informed them the rider was J. F. Bliss, a London veteran.

Eleven o'clock came, immediately followed by Bliss. Peto and Henson plied him with egg and tea; Sam Clark and the crowd wished him luck; and away he went, followed by a little string of riders, who left him to Durant and myself at Roundstone Crossing.

Careful directions had to be given him, for the road was dark and Bliss was a stranger in the land. But we kept going, and skipped through Arundel, which was nearly asleep, and on to Chichester, where only two or three night duty policemen were about.

Emsworth found me mending a puncture, between one and two in the morning, to the loudly-expressed disgust of a house-dog near at hand. Durant had gone on to Cosham, where he handed Bliss over to a couple of his Club-mates at half-past one.

They followed him beyond Fareham and back to us; but he had got a fit of the slows, and looked to be wearing badly before sunrise, the night ride on roads both strange and dark having told heavily on him.

From Cosham he started northward for Petersfield, Guildford, and Thames Ditton.

From Cosham he started northward for Petersfield, Guildford, and Thames Ditton. But we had not gone far before a loud clatter in our rear arrested our attention.

A Post Office cart had been ascending the hill, but the youthful driver was more enthusiastic on the subject of speed uphill than was the horse. In the argument that followed the harness broke; up went the shafts, down went the cart, and his Majesty's mail bags were lying about the road in a trice.

In the interests of the nation I went back and was assistant ostler to the official. By the time I was going again Durant had punctured, leaving Bliss perforce to continue alone. It was the Irrepressible's first puncture this year — after 1,900 miles! — and, happening just as we were starting our northward journey, we took it as a hint to change our course.

So we headed eastward, and came through Havant — now in daylight, though still sleeping; but in darkness and over-run by numerous cats when we passed through a few hours before — on to Chichester, Arundel, and home in time to eat the breakfast an eighty-mile ride in the night prepares one for.

Then did I "knit up the ravelled sleeve of care" with a brief spell of the "chief nourisher in life's feast," from which I awoke vastly refreshed.

Sam Clark went to Cosham to await Bliss on his return from Thames Ditton later in the day, and assisted him on the way back through Chichester to Offington. But Sam punctured, and lost trace of the rider near Arundel. Bliss's arrangements were far from thorough, and his lack of knowledge of some of the road had hampered the ex-holder of the London to Dover and back record, and, I fear, spoilt him.

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Sam Clark and Edgar Henson decided an amusing wager last Wednesday evening. With three hundred yards start Sam ran up Washington Bostel whilst Edgar cycled, the full distance being thirteen hundred yards. It was an exciting race, but when the cyclist got going he came up the hill in fine style, winning by about two hundred yards. A number of Clubmen rode out to enjoy the contest, and it was quite a Club run.

Writing of the match between these two, who are both keen Ambulance men, reminds me that this work is one which cyclists should take interest in, both for the sake of one another and because a cyclist can often render first-aid more promptly than a pedestrian.

Henson has recently concluded giving a course of tuition to a class of five lads, and, though this is usually the duty of a qualified practitioner, he succeeded in imparting the useful knowledge so well that all his pupils passed the examination. He himself obtained a first-class diploma to add to his collection.

One of the lads soon applied his knowledge. A friend badly injured his foot with a piece of iron, and the juvenile ambulancer extracted the iron, stopped the bleeding, bandaged the foot, and conveyed the wounded one home on the back of his bicycle.

Stanley Hales has recovered from the bad shaking received when he and Greenfield fell. He competed at Preston Park on Saturday in the meeting organised by the Brighton C.H., and won second prize in the open mile off the one hundred and fifty yards mark, being only beaten by a wheel. Bravo, Stanley!

The Excelsior's Isle of Wight run had to be declared off owing to several unavoidable absences. So Race Secretary Duffield tandemed to Selsea, where a most enjoyable day was put in; another pair visited Eastbourne; whilst a group of Excelsiorites and Figleaves were to be seen at West Chiltington.

From what I gather the Excelsior boys might

well copy the Anerley Club and include Selsea in their visiting list. It's a fine spot!

The Brighton Mitre Club held a fancy dress carnival and dance at St. Ann Well, Brighton, last Saturday, and it proved very successful affair. Among the thirty-thirty fancy costumed competitors were two Tarring wheelmen—G. Skinner, as a Strolling Play, and A. Carter, in Clown's attire—the former winning a silver watch as first prize in the gentlemen's class.

These little revelries are ways enjoyable, and the Tarring men would like to see similar fixtures promoted by a local Club.

Next week's runs are: Excelsior, Brighton; West Tarring, Steyning.

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<sup>i</sup> Unfortunately the third panel of Dick Long's Gazette report is creased, dictating that I must infer some of the text.