

THE WHEELING WORLD

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<p>THE WHEELING WORLD.</p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>Attempting a Record.</p> <p>The night has been unruly; . . . and as they say, Lamentings heard i' the air, . . . with accents terrible.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Macbeth.</i></p> <p>NOT long ago I selected a quotation anent a "merry wanderer of the night" when writing of some cycling experiences in the wee sma' hours. But the four tandem speed men of whom I have now to tell would rebel against being classified as merry wanderers after their doings last Saturday night!</p> <p>A London tandem crew, Bliss and Pearce, had arranged to attempt a twenty-four hours' record ride, and were desirous of covering something over three hundred miles in twice round the clock.</p> <p>For the first few hours all went well. The would-be record holders reached Offington Corner twenty minutes before the time at which Edgar Henson had arranged to feed them and hand them over to Stephenson and Standing, of the Worthing Excelsior Club, who were to follow them through the night.</p> <p>So Bliss and Pearce continued the ride, the Excelsior tandem putting on full speed, and joining them on the way to Cosham.</p> <p>The journey was at no time lacking in excitement; a couple of speed tandems on a dark night along roads fairly well supplied with corners is a combination which would hardly be likely to result in dreary monotony.</p> <p>A couple of belated pedestrians, hidden from the riders by the darkness, failed to observe the approaching lights, and kept to the middle of the road. Unfortunately the short distance</p>	<p>A couple of belated pedestrians, hidden from the riders by the darkness, failed to observe the approaching lights, and kept to the middle of the road. Unfortunately the short distance which is illuminated by a cycle lamp hardly gives the wheelman a chance to avoid a collision at times.</p> <p>Yowing Vengeance!</p> <p>This was one of the times! Luckily no one was hurt, but the sprawling pedestrians expressed a wish for a fistic encounter in the aforesaid "accents terrible" which left no doubt as to the sincerity of their desire.</p> <p>But the riders could not undertake nocturnal boxing contests concurrently with the pursuit of cycling records, and they rode away after some heated arguments had passed.</p> <p>Continuing to Fareham, they made a detour to Corhampton, then returned to Cosham, and away over the Portsdown Heights and along the exposed London-Portsmouth main road.</p> <p>Their troubles got rapidly worse. The night grew unruly and it rained steadily as the four speedmen ground along in the darkness. Then came the puncture fiend!</p> <p>After some struggling with a troublesome tyre it was necessary to remove the back wheel of one of the tandems. A nice occupation for a wet, dark night on a bleak and windy road; small wonder that there were "lamentings heard i' the air!"</p> <p>Ultimately the pros and cons were considered, and the latter found to be in a strong majority. So after sixteen hours of riding, puncture-repairing, pedestrian-soothing, and wheel-adjusting, the attempt was abandoned at Guildford, and the quartette sat down, with a relish begotten of much hard work, to a welcome breakfast.</p> <p>To surmount hills with ease the common practice nowadays is to use a multiple gear, taking advantage of the low speed when the work becomes hard.</p>	<p>To surmount hills with ease the common practice nowadays is to use a multiple gear, taking advantage of the low speed when the work becomes hard.</p> <p>But I witnessed an original and somewhat startling method, a day or two back, of reducing the labour of hill-climbing.</p> <p>A rider was alone on a tandem to which was attached a trailer wherein another cyclist was taking his ease. Half-way up Offington Hill the pace died down, so the man left the trailer, nimbly hopped on to the back seat of the tandem, and worked away happily until a bit of down-hill enabled him to resume his seat in the trailer.</p> <p>A Terrific Spill.</p> <p>Sam Clark and Baruch Blaker were in attendance at the Portsmouth Cycling Sports last Wednesday, the former acting as Assistant Judge on the occasion.</p> <p>Three Southampton Centre Championships were run off, all of which were won by the speedy Kingsbury. A terrific spill quite spoilt the finish of the three miles' open handicap. Eight riders were hotly contesting the last lap when the third man fell and brought down all those behind him, two of the unfortunate riders being thrown right over the railings which surround the track, whilst the machines were badly damaged.</p> <p>Walker, of the Portsmouth Arrow C.C., beside being very much cut about the head and legs, had his right shoulder dislocated and his arm broken. Cheverton, the Veteran Champion of the Isle of Wight and a friend and fellow-competitor of Sam's, lay bruised and senseless, whilst the other four fallen competitors were all more or less injured. It was, indeed, one of the worst smashes that have occurred in a cycling race, and is attributed to one of the riders looking back when taking a corner. This dangerous practice should be sufficient to disqualify competitors who are guilty of it; legislation to this effect would make men more careful of themselves and others.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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