

THE WHEELING WORLD.
A WEEKLY SURVEY.
Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

A Night Out.
WHHEELMEN generally are very partial to night riding, but I question if a large proportion of them do not miss the acme of enjoyment in the way of nocturnal wheeling. I mean the solitary all night spin.

Midnight one recent Saturday found me positively revelling in solitude as I pedalled along dark lanes beneath a moonless sky. 'Twas my annual solo spin by night to London.

Stars blinked feebly overhead; glow worms winked by the roadside; now and again a glimmering light shone at a window as I silently passed through a sleeping village. None of the human species to be seen, and, as a natural consequence, no noise to be heard.

Oh! man, you are the noisiest animal on earth!

A golden silence reigned as I rode through Horsham; Crawley dreamed of the day before; Horley was dark and still. A protracted elevator had fallen on town and village; a universal hush had spread over the land.

After a bustling day my night ride was a sublime joy.

But I was soon to be reminded that some places never sleep, and some noises are never hushed. There are so many of the human species at these places that sleep and silence are unknown!

Beyond Horley, switching over Barlowood Common, I could plainly see a disturbing glow in the sky. It was Redhill, and a number of goods trains were holding high carnival, to an accompaniment of discordant chunting and shrieking.

The engine furnaces shot out a fierce light which streamed on from a huge lantern; the heavy night mists caught the powerful beams and played strange tricks of illumination in the darkness. Even the clouds were here and there tinged with the fiery breath of the iron dragons as they made night hideous with their endless grunts and groans.

The Redhill street lamps were not extinguished, numerous stragglers were about the town, and the Royal Mail Parcel Van—a motor—came rattling down the road en route from London to Brighton.

Noisy man is triumphant indeed at Redhill!

Things were much the same for the rest of my ride; I met over five hundred wheelmen and numerous motors as I rode from Croydon to London Bridge.

In the Wee Sma' Hours.

It was now three o'clock in the morning; and the early bird type of cyclist is numerous in London. In batches of a dozen or more the lamps came down the road and swung past me. The early bird was setting out southwards for a week end by the sea.

I seemed to be the only one heading northwards, and a rider in one of the crowds which met me in Suburbia was evidently puzzled to see even a single exception. He solved the problem—if not accurately, at least to his own satisfaction.

"Blimey!" he exclaimed, "here's one bloke bin daft and come back." I blushed.

An hour later I had discovered a brother of the wheel, and we were drifting southwards with the stream. Day had dawned, noisy man was in evidence, and the charm of night had vanished.

And our ride home seemed very ordinary—save for a welcome breakfast at Crawley—after the spin alone by starlight.

Edgar Henson's Ramblers.

A quintette of Eccleslorites, Edgar Henson in command, went a rambling a day or two ago. 'Twas a strenuous ramble, though!

Storrington, Pulborough, Pittsworth, and Petworth were passed through in the early morn, the boys breakfasting at Midhurst.

Then swag into Hampshire they spun; Petersfield, Bramdean, Cheriton, and Titchborne received flying visits, after which they headed south and rode through Bishop's Waltham down to Eareham.

Thence along the road, familiar to the speed-wen, through Cosham, Busworth, and Chichester they came, meeting a group of more leisurely Eccleslorites at Arundel, and telling of their ride.

The leisurely ones had been lazing at Borpham, and listened with admiration to the tale of a hundred miles of hard riding, punctuated with a few pastures and many bottles of mineral water.

For the day had been hot and the pace like-

wise. And though I like to get afield I was right glad to have been one of the leisurely ones. Borpham is just far enough on a warm day.

Geoff Laundy is teaching the young idea how to shoot. Leonard Duffell, of the Esculapier Club recently rode from Worthing to Harrow with him. And despite Leonard's tender years his muscles are by no means tender.

For the sixty miles ride was a pleasant spin to him. He did the journey back a day or two later with equal ease. The Captain's son is "hot stuff" methinks.

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through Horsham; Crawley dreamed of the
busy morrow; Horley was dark and still. A
profound slumber had fallen on town and village;
a universal hush had spread over the land.

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But I was soon to be reminded that some
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Thence along the road, familiar to the speedmen, through Cosham, Emsworth, and Chichester they came, meeting a group of more leisurely Excelsiorites at Arundel, and telling of their ride.

The leisurely ones had been lazing at Burpham, and listened with admiration to the tale of a hundred miles of hard riding, punctuated with a few punctures and many bottles of mineral water.

For the day had been hot and the pace likewise. And though I like to get afield I was right glad to have been one of the leisurely ones. Burpham is just far enough on a warm day.

Cecil Laundry is teaching the young idea how to shoot. Leonard Duffield, of the Excelsior Club, recently rode from Worthing to Harrow with him. And despite Leonard's tender years his muscles are by no means tender.

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