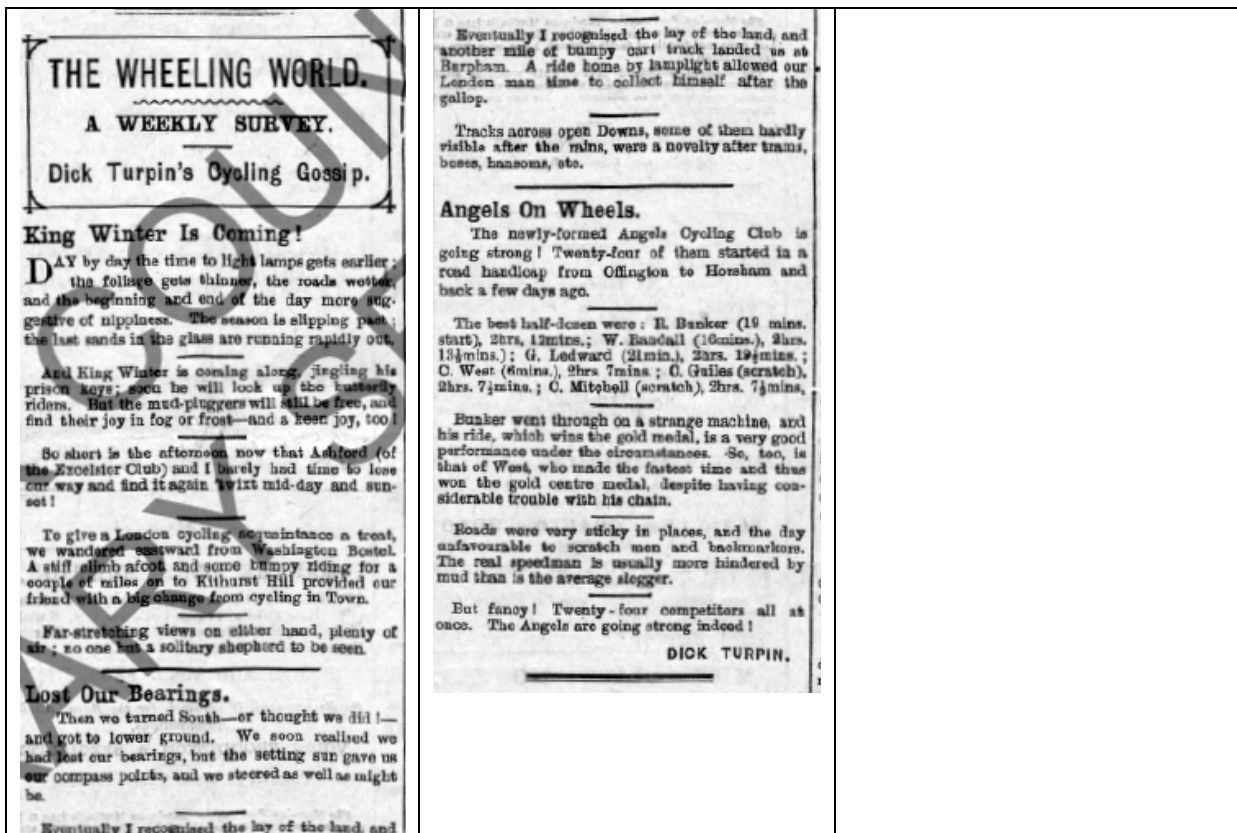


THE WHEELING WORLD

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THE WHEELING WORLD

A Weekly Survey.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

King Winter is Coming!

DAY by day the time to light lamps gets earlier; the foliage gets thinner, the roads wetter, and the beginning and end of the day more suggestive of nippiness. The season is slipping past; the last sands in the glass are running rapidly out.

And King Winter is coming along, jiggling his prison keys; soon he will lock up the butterfly riders. But the mud-pluggers will be free, and find their joy in fog or frost - and a keen joy too.

So short is the afternoon now that Ashford (of the Excelsior Club) and I barely had time to lose our way and find it again 'twixt mid-day and sunset!

To give a London cycling acquaintance a treat, we wandered westward from Washington Bostel. A stiff climb afoot, and some bumpy riding for a couple of miles on to Kithurst Hill provided our friend with a big change from cycling in Town.

Far-stretching views on either hand, plenty of air; no one but a solitary shepherd to be seen.

Lost Our Bearings.

Then we turned South - or thought we did!— and got to lower ground. We soon realised we had lost our bearings, but the setting sun gave us our compass points, and we steered as well as might **be.**

Eventually I recognised the lay of the land, and another mile of bumpy cart track landed us at Burpham. A ride home by lamplight allowed our London man time to collect himself after the gallop.

Tracks across open Downs, some of them hardly visible after the rains, were a novelty after trains, buses, hansoms, etc.

Angels On Wheels.

The newly-formed Angels Cycling Club is going strong! Twenty-four of them started in a road handicap from Offington to Horsham and back a few days ago.

The best half-dozen were : R. Banker (19 mins. start), 2hrs, 12mins.; W. Randall (16mins.), 2hrs. 13½ mins.); G. Ledward (21min.), 2hrs. 19½ mins.; C. West (6mins.), 2hrs 7mins.; C. Guiles (scratch), 2hrs. 7 ½mins.; C. Mitchell (scratch), 2hrs. 7½mins,

Bunker went through on a strange machine, and his ride, which wins the gold medal, is a very good performance under the circumstances. So, too, is that of West, who made the fastest time and thus won the gold centre medal, despite having considerable trouble with his chain.

Roads were very sticky in places, and the day unfavourable to scratch men and backmarkers. The real speedman is usually more hindered by mud than is the average slogger.

But fancy! Twenty - four competitors all at once. The Angels are going strong indeed!

DICK TURPIN.