

THE WHEELING WORLD

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THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

In Prai-e of Sussex Roads.

IT is fortunate for the wheelman that county roads in general dry so quickly after rain; were they to behave like town streets I fear there would be but little really pleasurable riding during the present weather for the cyclist of average tastes. Mud-plugging is a stern pleasure which appeals only to a very limited number. But on Sussex county roads mud is almost a novelty in the cycling season, thanks to the rapidity with which even a heavy down-pour is absorbed.

Only a day or two back I set out almost immediately after a copious supply of rain water had been lavished upon roads which have lately been receiving far more showers than sunshine.

My machine and I tip-toed, so to speak, in a gingerly fashion through a heavy layer of mud until we were clear of "the houses," when, lo! we found the going good enough for anything except speed!

Indeed, I descried a tandem on ahead, swinging along at a pace which closely approached speed. I made violent efforts to overhaul the craft, but a stern chase only enabled me to get near enough to recognise the crew as consisting of Stephenson and Standing, before my sprint died away.

Standing, before my sprint died away.

On Washington Bostel, Waterman overtook me; he was striding along on a ninety-four gear, and as we rode together towards Storrington I found it necessary to pedal my modest sixty-eight pretty rapidly in order to live with him. And this despite a stiff breeze which would have troubled most men geared in the nineties!

A Few Photographic Libels.

Presently we parted company, Waterman going Petworth way whilst I proceeded to explore the network of lanes on either side of the road we had traversed. It is a favourite pastime with me, when in a lazy humour, to roam around there with my camera and perpetrate a few libels of the many picturesque bits which may be found.

And there is much to please the eye, for one may roam over open commons to which purple heather imparts a cheerful colouring, and where delicate little birch trees sway in the breeze. Or the wheelman may be attracted by the broad expanses of green bracken, in amongst which the tall fir trees stand out, bold and black, against the sky.

It is delightful to wander haphazard along the lanes one chances across, careless as to where they lead, and contented with the pictures they show the lazy wanderers.

Just off the road between Wiggonholt Common and Parham Park—in the Park—is a pond, surrounded by tall firs which crowd together hard to the water's edge, and shut out wind and sunlight.

It is black, gloomy, and as silent as the grave, but it is a picture!

The lanes also show the traveller sunlit

The lanes also show the traveller sunlit meadows, bordered perhaps by little streamlets, by the side of which cattle are grazing in the shade of grand old trees. Unfortunately a group of cows thus occupied objected to my attentions with the camera!

The far-stretching views obtained from the higher points along the roads will appeal to many; others will fancy the quaint old cottages, of which there are several specimens. There is no lack of variety in the network of lanes.

Ultimately I came out at Amberley, dropping across two members of the South London Photographic Society, who were finding pictorial material in the form of some willows by the edge of a pool near Amberley Castle.

A Retailer of History.

Obtaining from the custodian of the Castle readily granted permission, I took a photograph of a portion of the ruined stronghold, and then placed my scanty knowledge of its history at the service of two lady cyclists who had inquired of me, with a pronounced French accent, where they were!

From Amberley I rode over Houghton Hill.

From Amberley I rode over Houghton Hill, and was soon sailing easily along the gradually descending road which skirts Arundel Park and brings one to Arundel.

A halt to mend a puncture was not in the least vexatious. I was in no haste to leave the road, which was prettily covered in with trees for much of the distance, though at one point it is open, and affords an expansive view, which includes Littlehampton and some miles of the coast.

In fact, I was in no hurry to get anywhere! It is a very good state of mind in which to enjoy cycling, and when I reached home and found I had occupied six hours in covering about twenty-eight miles, taking four photographs, consuming a few blackberries and some tobacco, I was very pleased that I had not allowed the muddy town streets to frighten me out of a potter.

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