

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>A Sunny Autumn Ride.</p> <p>LET the wheelman catch Dame Nature in a sunny mood during the month of October, and he may then enjoy a ramble awheel under conditions which are not excelled at any time of the year. Taking advantage of a recent sunny mood, I rambled leisurely to Arundel, where, after a stiff pull up the main street, I took the road which skirts the Park, and arrived at the summit of Bury Hill.</p> <p>Here I stayed a few minutes to enjoy the good fresh breeze and far stretching view of undulating country afforded by my high standpoint, and then warily made my way down Bury Hill.</p> <p>A cycling photographer nonchalantly sped past at about double the speed my nerves permitted me to travel, but was soon overtaken on the level. So we joggled on to Fittleworth together, stopping to repair his tyre on the way.</p> <p>We had not parted long when I made another halt, this time to take a photograph of some cows placidly grazing by the banks of the little river; some swans and an old bridge helping to make a pretty scene, which afforded me an excuse for a half-hour loiter.</p> <p>Then on again over the airy, open common into quaint old Petworth, with its Elizabethan houses curiously mixed up with many varieties of a later date; with its tall, delicately shaped Church spire, and with its inelegant but commodious Petworth House.</p>	<p>Then on again over the airy, open common into quaint old Petworth, with its Elizabethan houses curiously mixed up with many varieties of a later date; with its tall, delicately shaped Church spire, and with its inelegant but commodious Petworth House.</p> <p>The road from Petworth through the village of Tillington is very pretty, and I soon found myself in Cowdray Park, making my way to the ruined Castle. I have a fancy for ruined Castles, and I spent an hour or more in taking some photos, smoking, and day-dreaming generally about the place.</p> <p>In Bygone Times.</p> <p>It is only at Cowdray that one can picture the scenes of revelry when Edward the Sixth visited Sir Anthony Browne there and banqueted "marvellously, nay, rather excessively;" or the wealth that was lavished in honour of Good Queen Bess in 1591, on her visit to acknowledge the Knight's loyalty.</p> <p>For Tony, his sons and grandsons, had gone in a troop to Tilbury on the coming of the Armada, and were the first to proffer their services to their Sovereign.</p> <p>But though the Knights of Cowdray became Viscounts Montagu, a shadow hung over the family. Henry the Eighth had given the Sir Anthony of his day Battle Abbey; and forthwith the Knight cleared out the monks, despite their not unnatural protests.</p> <p>Legend says that as the last cowled figure left the Abbey he told Sir Anthony that by fire and water his line should perish. Generation succeeded generation, until 1793. Then came the fire which gutted the Castle; a week later the last Viscount Montagu was drowned in the Rhine; and this was followed by the deaths of the two sons of his only sister, both of them being drowned whilst bathing at Bognor.</p>	<p>being drowned whilst bathing at Bognor.</p> <p>The curse thus remarkably fulfilled, the estate was sold to the Earl of Egmont. But the Castle still stands in ruins, a fitting monument to a blighted family.</p> <p>However, day dreaming in the ivy-clad ruins of a tower or smoking in leisurely contemplation of a huge mullioned window are occupations which allow the time to fly amazingly, and as I pedalled from Midhurst to Chichester the sun, now low in the west, warned me not to be too lazy. So I bustled up Cocking Hill, and enjoyed the easy down gradient into the Cathedral City, where I pulled up for tea.</p> <p>Then, as the Cathedral clock solemnly boomed the hour of six, I lit my lamp and pedalled along the dark and almost deserted road through Arundel home, very well pleased with my experience of cycling in sunny October.</p> <p>Bang went the Front Tyre!</p> <p>Hard luck was the lot of Drake and Bucknel, two London riders well-known locally, on their recent attempt to make a record for twenty-four hours' continuous riding on a tandem.</p> <p>All went well for some hours, and during the</p>
	<p>All went well for some hours, and during the night of the ride they were checked at Offington Corner by Sam Clarke and Edgar Henson, and at the same time fed with milk foods and custard. Then, with a hearty send-off, the tandem sped through Arundel and Chichester, on to Fareham, after which they took the Portsmouth to London road.</p> <p>Just before dawn of day they had covered one hundred and fifty miles, and were descending Hindhead, near Godalming, at a big speed.</p> <p>Bang! went the front tyre; the machine steered unsteadily and got into a cart rut; a</p>	<p>fall resulted, in which both men were badly shaken up and Drake injured his knee.</p> <p>So, after a hard all-night ride on a tandem, and with good prospects of success, the unfortunate ones had to "turn it in."</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>

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the year. Taking advantage of a recent sunny mood, I rambled leisurely to Arundel, where, after a stiff pull up the main street, I took the road which skirts the Park, and arrived at the summit of Bury Hill.

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All went well for some hours, and during the night of the ride they were checked at Offington Corner by Sam Clarke¹ and Edgar Henson, and at the same time fed with milk foods and custard. Then, with a hearty send-off, the tandem sped through Arundel and Chichester, on to Fareham , after which they took the Portsmouth to London road.

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ⁱ Sam Clark.