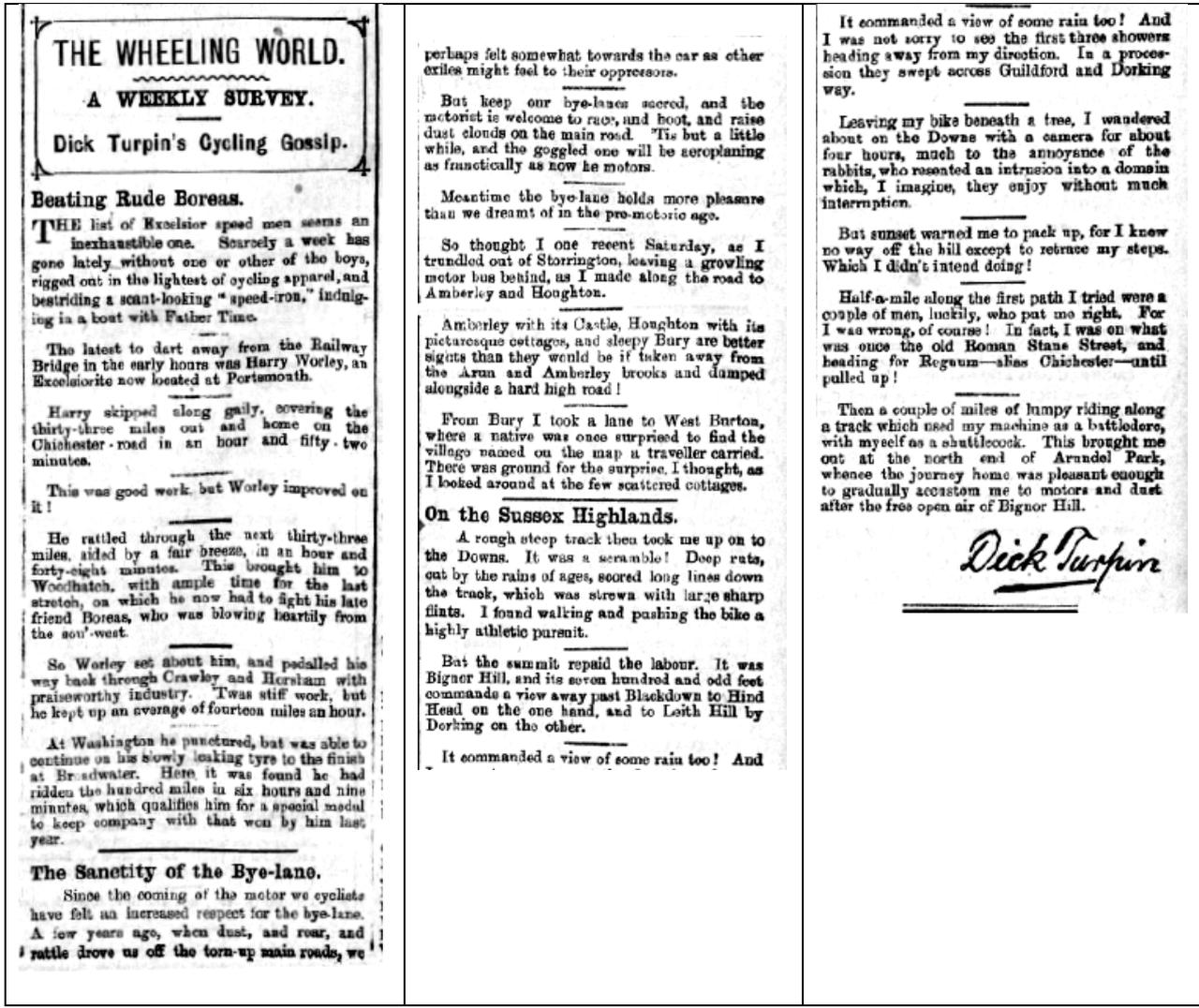


# THE WHEELING WORLD

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## THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

### Beating Rude Boreas.

THE list of Excelsior speed men seems an inexhaustible one. Scarcely a week has gone lately without one or other of the boys, rigged out in the lightest of cycling apparel, and bestriding a scant-looking "speed-iron," indulging in a bout with Father Time.

The latest to dart away from the Railway Bridge in the early hours was Harry Worley, an Excelsiorite now located at Portsmouth.

Harry skipped along gaily, covering the thirty-three miles out and home on the Chichester-road in an hour and fifty-two minutes.

This was good work, but Worley improved on it!

He rattled through the next thirty-three miles, aided by a fair breeze, in an hour and forty-eight minutes. This brought him to Woodhatch, with ample time for the last stretch, on which he now had to fight his late friend Boreas, who was blowing heartily from the south-west.

So Worley set about him, and pedalled his way back through Crawley and Herringham with praiseworthy industry. 'Twas stiff work, but he kept up an average of fourteen miles an hour.

At Washington he punctured, but was able to continue on his slowly leaking tyre to the finish at Broadwater. Here it was found he had ridden the hundred miles in six hours and nine minutes, which qualifies him for a special medal to keep company with that won by him last year.

### The Sanctity of the Bye-lane.

Since the coming of the motor we cyclists have felt an increased respect for the bye-lane. A few years ago, when dust, and roar, and rattle drove us off the torn-up main roads, we

perhaps felt somewhat towards the car as other oxiles might feel to their oppressors.

But keep our bye-lanes sacred, and the motorist is welcome to race, and hoot, and raise dust clouds on the main road. 'Tis but a little while, and the goggled one will be aeroplaning as frantically as now he motors.

Meantime the bye-lane holds more pleasure than we dreamt of in the pre-motoric age.

So thought I one recent Saturday, as I trundled out of Storrington, leaving a growling motor bus behind, as I made along the road to Amberley and Houghton.

Amberley with its Castle, Houghton with its picturesque cottages, and sleepy Bury are better sights than they would be if taken away from the Arun and Amberley brooks and dumped alongside a hard high road!

From Bury I took a lane to West Burton, where a native was once surprised to find the village named on the map a traveller carried. There was ground for the surprise, I thought, as I looked around at the few scattered cottages.

### On the Sussex Highlands.

A rough steep track then took me up on to the Downs. It was a scramble! Deep ruts, cut by the rains of ages, scored long lines down the track, which was strewn with large sharp flints. I found walking and pushing the bike a highly athletic pursuit.

But the summit repaid the labour. It was Bignor Hill, and its seven hundred and odd feet commands a view away past Blackdown to Hind Head on the one hand, and to Leith Hill by Dorking on the other.

It commanded a view of some rain too! And

I was not sorry to see the first three showers heading away from my direction. In a procession they swept across Guildford and Dorking way.

Leaving my bike beneath a tree, I wandered about on the Downs with a camera for about four hours, much to the annoyance of the rabbits, who resented an intrusion into a domain which, I imagine, they enjoy without much interruption.

But sunset warned me to pack up, for I knew no way off the hill except to retrace my steps. Which I didn't intend doing!

Half-a-mile along the first path I tried were a couple of men, luckily, who put me right. For I was wrong, of course! In fact, I was on what was once the old Roman Stone Street, and heading for Regium—as Chichester—until pulled up!

Then a couple of miles of lumpy riding along a track which used my machine as a battledore, with myself as a shuttlecock. This brought me out at the north end of Arundel Park, whence the journey home was pleasant enough to gradually accustom me to motors and dust after the free open air of Bignor Hill.

*Dick Turpin*

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