



THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

 Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

"Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! Rage! Blow!
 You cataracts and hurricanoes spout
 Till you have drenched our steeples!"

-King Lear.

Boreas and Jupiter.

HAD poor old King Lear been out cycling last Friday with me, I doubt if he would have been so defiant. I was quite humble! "Contending with the fretful element," 'tis true, but when the King

"Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea, . . .
 Strives in this little world of man t'outscorn
 The to-and-fro contending wind and rain"

I back out and leave him to it!

I had started off in the morning to track my way on to the Downs between Arundel and Amberley. True, there were heavy clouds and a wild sky to warn me.

But the high wind would, I thought, keep rain away, and as I straggled along the Arundel-road I watched Boreas contend with Jupiter Pluvius with considerable interest. And it was a fine fight!

Boreas roared overhead in the trees, and even the strongest swayed and cracked under his strength; he chased the clouds across the sky at a terrific pace; and as he swept down on everything that stood up—or tried to!—he even deigned to notice small objects such as myself, and several of his mighty gusts nearly dismounted me.

I turned northwards off the Arundel-road at

Poling, but less than a mile up this lane I found Messrs. Boreas and Pluvius had decided to join forces. Whereupon I was obliged to shelter from the resulting downpour of driving rain.

An hour later I had proved by experience that the autumn foliage has thinned out considerably, and that trees do not make good umbrellas! So, concealing myself in a copse and a cap-cum-season's-wester, I put out on my voyage home.

Averaging six miles an hour, I ploughed along roads which were awash, and in places strewn with fall-n branches and twigs. In the road lay two or three dislodged birds' nests, adding a little note of tragedy.

Herein Lies the Charm.

Wind and rain smote as hard as I ever remember when a wheel; but I am bound to admit I enjoyed it. There's a charm about a bit of rough-and-tumble riding; a sporting bout with wind and rain is a rare freshener.

Next day I was more fortunate.

A capful of wind made things lively, but I followed my route of the previous day, and then continued across country to Burpham. Here I took a farm track which leads away northwards, and lost myself on Wepham Downs. It lost me also!

Behind me a valley, with the Arun winding away past Arundel, and losing itself in a distant haze, out of which the Castle reared black and distinct. Ahead, rolling Downs, a shepherd with a big flock of sheep, and a clump of furze bushes.

"Not much cycling about this!" my bike

seemed to remark; "but very nice for a change," as he trotted along over the short turf at my side.

Three hours loitering brought us to Backham Hill, overlooking Amberley and Houghton. I waited half an hour, and saw the sun set; then hand in hand bike and I clambered down a steep path which put us on the road to Storrington.

Bike pricked up his handle-bars at the sight of a road once again, and we joggled happily home in the rapidly dying twilight.

This sort of trip fits in well at this time of the year. Many wheelmen are not keen on long journeys in the dark months, and like to put in a bit of tramping. A combination of cycling and walking enables fresh ground to be broken very easily.

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