



**THE WHEELING WORLD.**  
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**A WEEKLY SURVEY.**  
 -----  
 Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

"Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! Rage! Blow!  
 You cataracts and hurricanes spout  
 Till you have drenched our steeples!"  
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 -King Lear,

**Boreas and Jupiter.**

**H**AD 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 in to 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!

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 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.

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 But the high wind would, I thought, keep

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 bent with wind and rain is a rare freshener.

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 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.

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 "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.

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 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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**DICK TURPIN.**

rain away, and as I struggled along the Arundel-road I watched Boreas contend with Jupiter Pluvius with considerable interest. And it was a fine fight!

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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.

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