

THE WHEELING WORLD

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<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>Spring and Its Glories. WHITE fleecy clouds flying across a sunny sky, driven by a breeze which made pedalling rather warm work; roads perfect just for a few hours, thanks to the showers of yesterday; every twig on every tree tipped with green and telling of life; the thrush and the nightingale giving gratuitous music lessons; my bicycle running as sweetly as could be, when—"Toot! toot!" exclaimed a hoarse-throated demon perched apparently on my right shoulder, and roaring in my ear.</p> <p>A hasty wobble to the grassy roadside, and L.C. several-hundred-and-something tore past, close at my elbow!</p> <p>Perhaps I was dreaming; perhaps it was the head wind which deadened the approaching noise; anyway, I felt very little affection for L.C., etc., as the monster rushed granting onwards, leaving a legacy of dust and petrol fumes.</p> <p>Farther on I overtook a couple of cyclists, and we dug steadily away Arundel-wards, listening for nightingales with one ear and motor cars with the other.</p> <p>Beauties of Arundel. Arrived at Arundel, we rambled around to the Black Rabbit. My companions were Volunteers, and their anticipations of next month's Camp became more eager as we went.</p> <p>For the river looked very inviting to anyone inclined for boating. Swanborne Lake was gay with swans; a peacock proudly exhibited his plumage as we rode past; and the Park—well, the Park is always a delight to me.</p> <p>And I gathered from my companions that the forthcoming week of military life was not likely to prove so strenuous as to entirely debar them from enjoyment of the beauties of Arundel.</p> <p>Feeling the Draught. The March winds, which have been so active in May, proved very troublesome, even to the hardy, all-the-year-riders—the Invicta wheelers.</p> <p>About a dozen of them cycled to Brighton</p>	<p>About a dozen of them cycled to Brighton last Wednesday, and on the return journey "felt the draught." So strong was the wind that riding was almost impossible; in fact a little bird whispered to me that more than one member had perforce to walk some miles of the way.</p> <p>And didn't get home till very nearly morning!</p> <p>Medhurst and Ashford, of the Excelsior Club, were also on the same road. Hard workers as they are, ten miles an hour was enough for them.</p> <p>'Tis a breezy ride between Brighton and Worthing. I remember struggling home with a fractious lamp in half a gale a few years back. I used no less than forty-eight matches, got terribly excited, and finally had to tie a handkerchief all round the lamp, and keep an inch of wick blazing to prevent its being extinguished.</p> <p>What I Want to Know. A quintette of speedy Excelsiorites—dubbing themselves the Potterers' C.C., of all things!—inform me they rode from Washington to Houghton Bridge in fifteen minutes recently.</p> <p>The distance is eight miles, so that the speed works out at thirty-two miles an hour. The road is by no means an ideal one for fast work.</p> <p>Now, what I wish to know is this: Did the Potterers, when they departed from Washington, also bid adieu to the Washingtonian love of truth they once possessed?</p> <p>If they did not, then it is my bounden duty to acquaint the Club Handicapper with the names of the five Potterers, otherwise, at the Excelsior Club's Sports on Whit Monday, I can in fancy already see the fiery five romping along yards in front of their fellow competitors, with the track simply smouldering under their wheels!</p> <p>Another speed merchant, Bert Churcher, had been eagerly looking forward to the Whitsuntide Sports, but unfortunately has disabled himself.</p> <p>Putting in a bit of time in the garden to keep fit, he was using a fork, when he impaled his big toe upon the implement—a painful experience, which will, I fear, keep the big gear pusher away from hard riding for some weeks.</p> <p><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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A WEEKLY SURVEY

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

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and telling of life; the thrush and the nightingale giving gratuitous music lessons; my bicycle running as sweetly as could be, when “Toot! toot!” exclaimed a hoarse-throated demon perched apparently on my right shoulder, and roaring in my ear.

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For the river looked very inviting to anyone inclined for boating; Swanborne Lake was gay with swans; a peacock proudly exhibited his plumage as we rode past; and the Park - well, the Park is always a delight to me.

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A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Dick Turpin". The signature is written in dark ink on a light-colored, slightly textured background.

ⁱ For the first time, the Gazette displays Richard Long's
"Dick Turpin" signature.