

THE WHEELING WORLD
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| <p style="text-align: center;">THE WHEELING WORLD. ----- A WEEKLY SURVEY. ----- Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>"Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of Spring The Winter Garment of Repentance fling : The Bird of Time has but a little way To fly—and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing." <i>Omar Khayyam.</i></p> <p>In the Country.</p> <p>O MAR was not a cyclist! That is quite obvious. Had he been, he would have called for his newest light roadster with change-speed gear, instead of saying "fill the cup." Mayhap he was in some Persian football team which had been as successful as our—but there, football is over for another season! And the cuckoo has come back. As I write this Gossip I can hear his call, whilst close at hand a full chorus of bird voices answer from the trees. I am out in the country.</p> <p>These birds seem marvelously well pleased about something. Is it the bright green of the young leaves with which the branches of their stately trees-houses have just been freshly decorated? Or are they gladdened by the warm splashes of sunshine, which kiss alike the tall tree and the modest primrose as its foe?</p> <p>Anyway, they are very happy. So am I! Who would not be when alone with the birds and trees, the sunshine and primroses?</p> <p>So I propose in some part to obey the behest of Khayyam, and doff my winter garment, donning in place thereof my wheeling rig. Not that wheeling has by any means been forgotten during the dark days, but somehow we look with smiles to the springtime.</p> <p>For we cyclists play the merry vagrant far better 'neath a sunny sky; and we prefer the coloured picture-book of Nature to the plain one.</p> <p>In Friendly Communion.</p> | <p>In Friendly Communion.</p> <p>So, with the permission of the Editor, I propose that you and I, good reader, resume our little Gossip from week to week about what we have seen and whither we next will roam with our silent steeds.</p> <p>The Club run season has already opened vigorously. Captain Deffield has piloted his Excelsiorites to Brighton, Bognor, and Brambar already; Arundel was another of the early runs. I wonder, are these trips so arranged that the destinations appear in alphabetical order? If so, Wick and Yapton may wait a long time ere the Attractions of Ashington, the Beauties of Burpham, and the Charms of Chiltoning are receiving attention from the merry Excelsiorite!</p> <p>Indeed, Brambar may be re-visited ere long. I hear the frolicsome ones achieved great things in equestrianism, and that the pony which frequents the Castle grounds is cultivating a turn of speed; whilst a friendly rivalry as to who can kill most bottles at the shooting saloon is like to cost much in gunpowder. The Excelsiorites were very happy at Brambar!</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Dick Turpin</i></p> | |
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THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

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 To fly—and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing."
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The Club run season has opened vigorously. Captain Duffield has piloted his Excelsiorites to Brighton, Bognor, and Bramber already; Arundel was another of the early runs. I wonder, are these trips so arranged that the destinations appear in alphabetical order? If so, Wick and Yaptan may wait a long time ere the Attractions of Ashington, the Beauties of Burpham, and the Charms of Chiltington are receiving attention from the merry Excelsiorite!

Indeed, Bramber may be re-visited ere long. I hear the frolicsome ones achieved great things in equestrianism, and that the pony which frequents the Castle grounds is cultivating a turn of speed; whilst friendly rivalry as to who can kill most bottles at the shooting saloon is like to cost much in gunpowder. The Excelsiors were very happy at Bramber!

Dick Turpin