

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 style="text-align: center;">And shall our Laundry try, And shall our Laundry try Ten thousand times, yet will he win, Or know the reason why!</p> <p>Riding for the Medal. I THOUGHT it was the jingling Trelawney verse of my school days, escaped from the particular history lesson it belongs to, and come to haunt me, until I remembered that Cecil Laundy, of the Excelsiors, was riding for a medal. He generally is!</p> <p>For Laundry, though a perfect cyclist, is no speedman; he rides well, and can keep on at a pace which only just fails to win medals. So ironical Fate has implanted in Laundy's heart a craving for a medal! And if his attempts do not yet number ten thousand, they will in time. If necessary!</p> <p>On the occasion in question Laundry—a member of many Clubs, and a very frequent medal hunter—was riding for the Excelsior medal.</p> <p>Laundy's first seventeen miles occupied sixty-five minutes; then an unlucky puncture cost him ten minutes, despite friendly aid from Gowan and Sawkins.</p> <p>On again at the same speed, and back to Ollington. Faster now, with the wind astern as he makes through Horsham and Crawley to Woodhatch inside two hours.</p> <p>Battling With the Breeze.</p>	<p>Battling With the Breeze. Then a long tussle against the breeze as he fights his way back to Broadwater in two hours and forty minutes. And Cecil Laundry beams with pride: he has won a silver medal for riding a hundred miles in six hours and fifty-six minutes!</p> <p>Laundy is a man who would make a better show in twelve hours, staying power being his strong point, but the present ride is one that proves him, at any rate, an accomplished cyclist if no speedman. A sportsman he is beyond a doubt; his oft-repeated attempts on medal-rides are alone sufficient evidence of this.</p> <p>Jack Standing, also in quest of a medal, struck a bad patch of luck the other day. In the first thirty miles he punctured, and was also brought down by a clumsy cyclist who crashed into him on Hammerpot Hill.</p> <p>The time lost by the puncture Jack had hoped to recover, but the spill gave him a severely sprained wrist, which prevented the use of one hand. Like a game chick he kept going, but at forty-four miles could endure it no longer, so adjourned his ride.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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