

THE WHEELING WORLD

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THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

Chanctonbury Slumberers.

CHANCTONBURY recently attempted to rival ancient Ephesus—in one respect, any way! The rivalry was in the matter of unconventional slumberers, and I fancy legend says the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus snoozed away a couple of hundred years straight off the reel, in a cavern. Remember, good reader, Mr. Ephesian did not have to get up early and go road-racing.

Happy Mr. Ephesian!

However, as Chanctonbury could not muster the full number, the Eastern city retains its laurels. Moreover, the Chanctonbury Sleepers, who were certain Worthing wheelmen, scarcely slept two hundred minutes—let alone years!

A party of four, each armed with a blanket and a desire to see the Northern Lights from a good vantage ground, cycled to the hill, and rolled themselves up in little parcels.

Whilst walking patiently for Morpheus to take charge of the parcels and waft the contents thereof to Slumberland, they heard footsteps!

Approaching footsteps! louder and louder they sounded! nearer and nearer they came through the darkness which hung like a pall over the scene!

And so on for ten minutes.

The four grew apprehensive—they couldn't grow anything else in the time! Then dodged and reconnoitred, held their breath, and peered into the darkness. It was some time before they recognised the intruders, who proved to be a couple of pals also bivouacking under the stars! Half a dozen laughs rent the stillness of the night, and the god of sleep was sought once more.

Six pairs of heavy eyes might have been seen in Worthing next day. But the men had enjoyed their experience, nevertheless.

Walkers and Wheelmen.

Twas not many days—or, rather, nights!—later when a couple of Excelsior running men, Alfred and James Grevatt, occupied the dark hours in more strenuous fashion. They walked from Portsmouth to Worthing—nearly forty miles! Yes, walked! I saw them as they neared home, and they looked little the worse for a ten hours' tump.

And a week-old recruit to cycling came near to making a night of it a week ago. Accidentally left behind by the Club he was with, he found himself more thoroughly tired than was his machine.

For it had half a dozen punctures!

However, he fell among friendly strangers, who

repaired the tyre and cured the tiredness, giving him rest and shelter. Then by walking and riding he got home in good time for breakfast!

Meanwhile half a dozen members of the Club had sauntered high and low along some few miles of roadside, and were much exercised as to his whereabouts. At midnight they gave up the struggle, little dreaming of the friendly wayside cottage.

Assailing a Stronghold.

Despite tourful skies, half a hundred Excelsiors assailed the luscious strawberry in his stronghold at Washington last Wednesday. Victory rested with the cyclists, who nearly exterminated the berries, after a stern, determined battle.

A twenty-five miles road race followed, fourteen men facing the Starter. Heavy wind hampered the riders, and in places the roads were puncture-prone; J. Flint, Gale, Hollands, Sawkins, and Ward having tyre troubles.

But good times were made, and an enthusiastic reception was accorded the men at the finish.

The complete results were:

	Handicap	Time
1. V. Cowan (4min. start)	II.	1 12
2. E. Hanace (4min.)	III.	1 15
3. F. Flint (4min.)	IV.	1 16
4. J. Standing (4min.)	V.	1 17
5. A. Standing (4min.)	VI.	1 19
6. J. Flint (scratch)	VII.	1 19
7. F. Cheseall (7min.)	VIII.	1 21
8. C. Gardiner (7min.)	IX.	1 21
9. D. Gale (8min.)	X.	1 22
10. E. Gale (10min.)	XI.	1 25
11. G. Gale (10min.)	XII.	1 26
12. E. Sawkins (4min.)	XIII.	1 29
13. J. Hollands (10min.)	XIV.	1 31
14. J. Ward (7min.)	XV.	retired

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3.	F. Flint (4min.)	1	16
4.	J. Standing (4min.)	1	17
5.	A. Standing (4min.)	1	19
6.	J. Flint (scratch)	1	19
7.	F. Chessell (7min)	1	21
8.	C. Gardner (7min)	1	21
9.	B. Hales (5min)	1	22
10.	E. Bish (10min)	1	22
11.	G. Gale (10min)	1	26
12.	E. Sawkins (4min)	1	30
13.	J. Hollands (10min)	1	31
14.	J. Ward (7½ min)	retired	

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