

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

**Away to the West!**  
 "WESTWARD Ho!" said my friend the Commodore last Saturday. So with the wind behind and the sun overhead, both combining to make things pleasant, we pedalled through Chichester, bidding adieu to the Irrepressible, who had seen us on the road.

Havant and Fareham came in due course, and soon we were aboard the floating bridge at Southampton; the varied shipping—everything from a tiny yacht to a wicked-looking four-funnelled war craft—bobbing a welcome to us as we thumped across the water.

A leisurely wash and a meal, followed by a quiet smoke, figured in our programme as soon as we were clear of Southampton.

Then the silvery moon produced some delicate shimmering effects on the evening mist as we rode through the New Forest by Ringwood to Wimborne Minster. A juicy steak—neither the Commodore nor I would make good vegetarians!—a stroll, and we roosted for the night.

Next day we continued through Dorchester, whence we climbed steadily mile after mile through pretty, undulating country, dotted with characteristic villages.

A long, steep, and winding hill was Somerset's welcome; then a meal at Crowkerne before continuing.

**Our Embarrassment.**  
 At the little village of Hinton St. George street decorations and "Welcome" designs met our eye. We felt a little embarrassed, though conscious that we deserved it all after the hills we had tackled.

Alas! The welcome was for the home-coming Viscount Hinton!

So in chastened mood we continued through Ilminster, reaching Taunton as the setting sun was purpling the sky. Somerset's county town, reposing in a thin evening mist, looked very picturesque; here and there a tower or spire standing out against the evening sky, and adding just that touch of dignity which made it seem a desirable stopping place.

We stopped accordingly, and as I write this Gossip we had the comforting reflection that only ten miles away lies "Devon, glorious Devon!"

scious that we deserved it all after the hills we had tackled.

Alas! The welcome was for the home-coming Viscount Hinton!

So in chastened mood we continued through Ilminster, reaching Taunton as the setting sun was purpling the sky. Somerset's county town, reposing in a thin evening mist, looked very picturesque; here and there a tower or spire standing out against the evening sky, and adding just that touch of dignity which made it seem a desirable stopping place.

We stopped accordingly, and as I write this Gossip we had the comforting reflection that only ten miles away lies "Devon, glorious Devon!"

**More Give Than Take.**  
 Last year Edgar Henson inaugurated a pure-bred Sussex road record, to wit, the "Southdown Hundred," from Worthing to Hastings and back. It is a billy, "give-and-take" road—rather more of "take" than "give" for speed work!—and when Edgar did the journey of about a hundred miles in two minutes less than six hours, his performance was rightly considered excellent.

But all records are fated to be beaten.

Last Thursday Geoffrey Cumines, of Bognor, a young rider well-known to the Excelsior boys, was started at eight o'clock a.m. to attack the ride.

From the start a big pace was set! Brighton was reached in a bare half-hour; Lewes came soon, and Ringmer saw Cumines seventy-five minutes from leaving Worthing.

Hurstmereux in about half an hour, and the Memorial at Hastings was reached two hours and fifty minutes from the start.

**A New Record Created.**

**A New Record Created.**  
 Hasty refreshments were taken, and Cumines then tackled the return journey. It was a repetition of the first half as regards speed. To be accurate, he came home in half a minute less than he did the journey outwards, thus putting up a new record of five hours and thirty nine and a half minutes—a reduction of about eighteen minutes on previous best.

Cumines, not yet nineteen years old, is a rider of whom more will be heard. He finished quite coolly, though his follower, Jack Flint, told me Geoffrey had been doing a good deal of the journey at twenty miles an hour! And this on a modest gear of seventy-one inches!

Needless to say, the Excelsior boys have persuaded the new flier to join their ranks.

"Shall be dodging about between Chichester and Offington," writes G. A. Olley, referring to his whereabouts during the past week-end. The famous record breaker goes on to say he is "following from Brighton to London on Monday"—an expression which clearly signifies one of George's chums is attacking that much-desired record.

Good luck, say I, to the speedman with pluck enough to attempt that troublesome hundred miles from London to Brighton and back at a continuous unflinching speed of practically twenty miles an hour!

*Dick Turpin*

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

**Away to the West!**  
 "WESTWARD Ho!" said my friend the Commodore last Saturday. So with the wind behind and the sun overhead, both combining to make things pleasant, we pedalled through Chichester, bidding adieu to the Irrepressible, who had seen us on the road.

Havant and Fareham came in due course, and soon we were aboard the floating bridge at Southampton; the varied shipping - everything from a tiny yacht to a wicked-looking four-fun-

nelled war craft- bobbing a welcome to us as we thumped across the water.

-----

A leisurely wash and a meal, followed by a quiet smoke, figured in our programme as soon as we were clear of Southampton.

-----

Then the silvery moon produced some delicate shimmering effects on the evening mist as we rode through the New Forest by Ringwood to Wimborne Minster. A juicy steak - neither the Commodore nor I would make good vegetarians! - a stroll, and we roosted for the night.

-----

Next day we continued through Dorchester, whence we climbed steadily mile after mile through pretty, undulating country, dotted with characteristic villages.

-----

A long, steep, and winding hill was Somerset's welcome; then a meal at Crewkerne before continuing.

-----

### **Our Embarrassment.**

At the little village of Hinton St. George street decorations and "Welcome" designs met our eye. We felt a little embarrassed, though conscious that we deserved it all after the hills we had tackled.

-----

Alas! The welcome was for the home-coming Viscount Hinton !

-----

So in chastened mood we continued through Ilminster, reaching Taunton as the setting sun was purpling the sky. Somerset's county town, reposing in a thin evening mist, looked very picturesque; here and there a tower or spire standing out against the evening sky, and adding just that touch of dignity which made it seem a desirable stopping place.

-----

We stopped accordingly, and as I write this Gossip we had the comforting reflection that only ten miles away lies "Devon, glorious Devon!"

-----

### **More Give Than Take.**

Last year Edgar Henson inaugurated a pure-Bred Sussex road record, to wit, the "Southdown Hundred," from Worthing to Hastings and back. It is a hilly, "give-and-take" road - rather more of "take" than "give" for speed work! - and when Edgar did the journey of about a hundred miles in two minutes less than six hours, his performance was rightly considered excellent.

-----

But all records are fated to be beaten.

-----

Last Thursday Geoffrey Cumines, of Bognor, a young rider well known to the Excelsior boys, was started at eight o'clock a.m. to attack the ride.

-----

From the start a big pace was set! Brighton was reached in a bare half hour; Lewes came soon, and Ringmer saw Cumines seventy-five minutes from leaving Worthing

-----  
Hurstmonceux in about half an hour, and the Memorial at Hastings was reached two hours and fifty minutes from the start.

### **A New Record Created.**

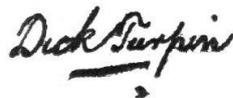
Hasty refreshments were taken, and Cumines then tackled the return journey. It was a repetition of the first half as regards speed. To be accurate, he came home in half a minute less than he did the journey outwards, thus putting up a new record of five hours and thirty nine and a half minutes - a reduction of about eighteen minutes on previous best.

-----  
Cumines, not yet nineteen years old, is a rider of whom more will be heard. He finished quite coolly, though his follower, Jack Flint, told me Geoffrey had been doing a good deal of the journey at twenty miles an hour!<sup>i</sup> And this on a modest gear of seventy-one inches!<sup>ii</sup>

-----  
Needless to say, the Excelsior boys have persuaded the new flier to join their ranks.

-----  
“Shall be dodging about between Chichester and Offington,” writes G. A. Olley, referring to his whereabouts during the past week-end. The famous record breaker goes on to say he is “following from Brighton to London on Monday” - an expression which clearly signifies one of George’s chums is attacking that much-desired record.

-----  
Good luck, say I, to the speedman with pluck enough to attempt that troublesome hundred miles from London to Brighton and back at a continuous unfaltering speed of practically twenty miles an hour!



---

<sup>i</sup> Yes, a rare Worthing Gazette typo – or perhaps even a Dick Long mistake?

<sup>ii</sup> For non-cyclist readers, for many years gear ratio was expressed the diameter of an “ordinary” (high-wheeler) bicycle, by the formula chainring ÷ rear sprocket x wheel diameter. For example a 48T chainwheel and 16T sprocket with a 27” diameter wheel would give a gear ratio of 81”. It sounds unduly complex, but in practice it worked well .