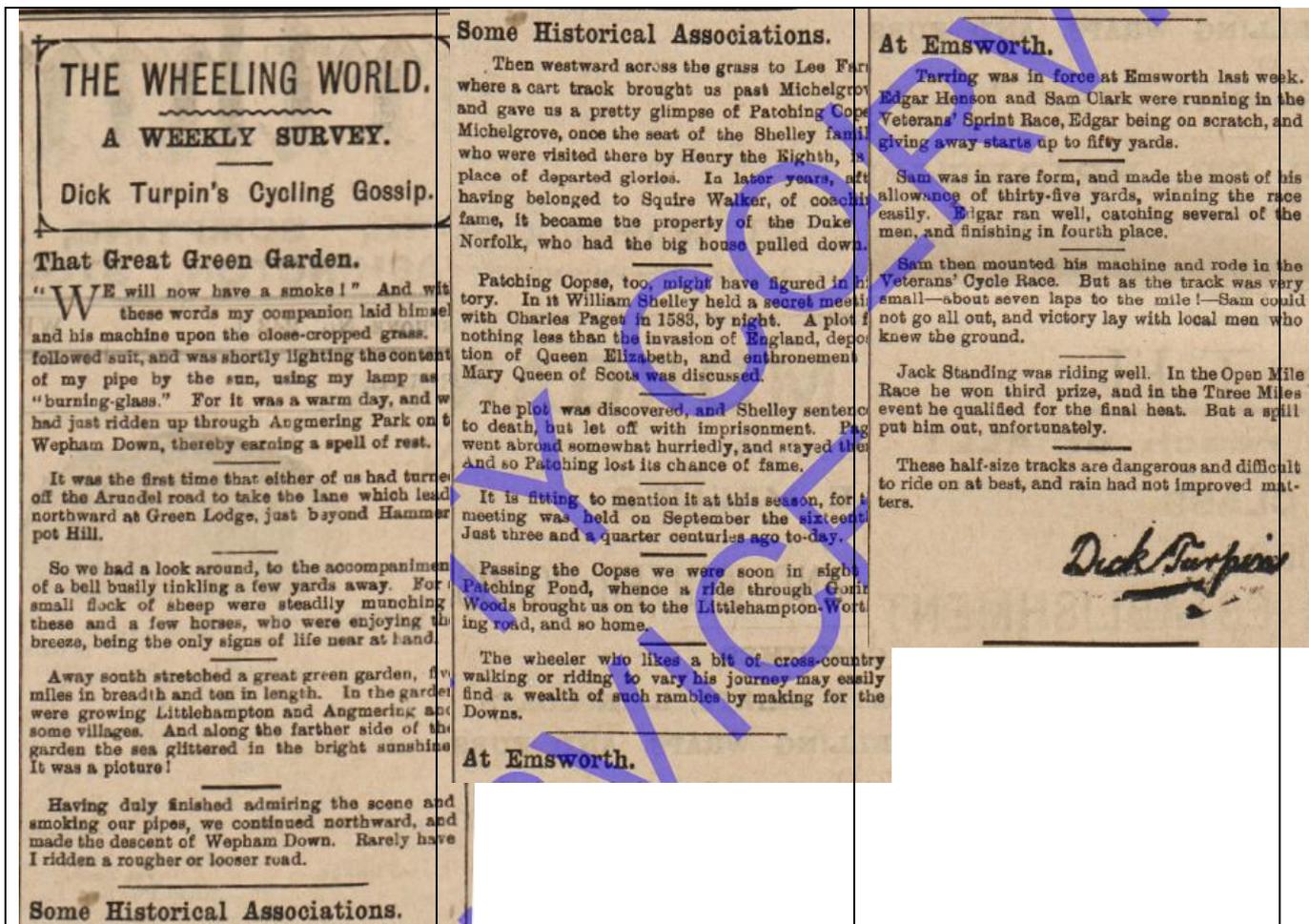


THE WHEELING WORLD

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THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

That Great Green Garden.

"WE will now have a smoke!" And with these words my companion laid himself and his machine upon the close-cropped grass. I followed suit, and was shortly lighting the contents of my pipe by the sun, using my lamp as a "burning-glass." For it was a warm day, and we had just ridden up through Angmering Park on to Wepham Down, thereby earning a spell of rest.

It was the first time that either of us had turned off the Arundel road to take the lane which leads northward at Green Lodge, just beyond Hammerpot Hill.

So we had a look around, to the accompaniment of a bell busily tinkling a few yards away. For a

small flock of sheep were steadily munching;
these and a few horses, who were enjoying the
breeze, being the only signs of life near at hand.

Away south stretched a great green garden, five
miles in breadth and ten in length. In the garden
were growing Littlehampton and Angmering and
some villages. And along the farther side of the
garden the sea glittered in the bright sunshine.
It was a picture!

Having duly finished admiring the scene and
smoking our pipes, we continued northward, and
made the descent of Wepham Down. Rarely have
I ridden a rougher or looser road.

Some Historical Associations.

Then westward across the grass to Lee Farm,
where a cart track brought us past Michelgrove,
and gave us a pretty glimpse of Patching Copse.
Michelgrove, once the seat of the Shelley family,
who were visited there by Henry the Eighth, is a
place of departed glories. In later years, after
having belonged to Squire Walker, of coaching
fame, it became the property of the Duke of
Norfolk, who had the big house pulled down.

Patching Copse, too, might have figured in history.
In it William Shelley held a secret meeting
with Charles Paget in 1583, by night. A plot for
nothing less than the invasion of England, deposition
of Queen Elizabeth, and enthronement of
Mary Queen of Scots was discussed.

The plot was discovered, and Shelley sentenced
to death, but let off with imprisonment. Paget
went abroad somewhat hurriedly, and stayed there.
And so Patching lost its chance of fame.

It is fitting to mention it at this season, for the
meeting was held on September the sixteenth!
Just three and a quarter centuries ago to-day.

Passing the Copse we were soon in sight of
Patching Pond, whence a ride through Goring
Woods brought us on to the Littlehampton-Worth
-ing road, and so home.

The wheeler who likes a bit of cross-country
walking or riding to vary his journey may easily
find a wealth of such rambles by making for the
Downs.

At Emsworth.

Tarring was in force at Emsworth last week.
Edgar Henson and Sam Clark were running in the
Veterans' Sprint Race, Edgar being on scratch, and
giving away starts up to fifty yards.

Sam was in rare form, and made the most of his
allowance of thirty-five yards, winning the race
easily. Edgar ran well, catching several of the

men, and finishing in fourth place.

Sam then mounted his machine and rode in the Veterans' Cycle Race. But as the track was very small—about seven laps to the mile! - Sam could not go all out, and victory lay with local men who knew the ground.

Jack Standing was riding well. In the Open Mile Race he won third prize, and in the Three Miles event he qualified for the final heat. But a spill put him out, unfortunately.

These half-size tracks are dangerous and difficult to ride on at best, and rain had not improved matters.

Dick Turpin