

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY *magazine*

Miles Costello
Petworth
Collection



NO. 70. DECEMBER 1992

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS £1.50

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Cover illustration illustrating Gray's Elegy by Gwenda Morgan.
Cover design by Jonathan Newdick.

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This Magazine was printed by:-
MIDHURST AND PETWORTH PRINTERS

11 Rothermead,
PETWORTH. Tel. 42456

Duck Lane,
MIDHURST. Tel. 816321

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Winter/early Spring Programme. Please keep for reference.

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 14th. John and Gloria's Valentine's Day Walk.
Cars leave Petworth Car Park at 2.15 p.m.

SUNDAY MARCH 14th. David and Linda's Early Spring Walk.
Cars leave Petworth Car Park at 2.15 p.m.

Monthly meetings. Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m. Admission £1. Raffle, refreshments.

Tuesday December 15th
Petworth Society
Christmas Evening
with some surprises!

Tuesday January 19th
Dr Annabel Palmer
The Timber-framed buildings
of Sussex
Slides

Wednesday February 10th
Jennie Hook
The Development of the
English Garden

Slides

Thursday March 4th
Dr. Nick Sturt
Petworth's Happy Scholar
- Frederick Arnold author
of the first Flora of Sussex
Slides

Tuesday March 23rd
Simon Thomas
The management of Heyshott
Downland Reserve
Slides

Please note : Spring evening course.

PETWORTH HISTORY

Tutor: Peter Jerrome

Something different! Talks on completely unrelated and unexpected aspects of Petworth and district with the intention of surprising you - at least some of the time!

Petworth Herbert Shiner School

P7 Monday 7.30p.m. - 9.30p.m.

Enquiries Petworth 43913

Start: 11 January

Not really a history course - eight different talks on Petworth subjects - each very different!

Extracts from Lorne Morrow's report to the Toronto Scottish Regimental Association on the visit to Europe.

Sun 16 Aug 92 - This day was reserved for Petworth. Arriving shortly after 10:00 a.m. we were met by a large group of the townspeople and Peter Jerrome. There was a church parade, led by the Petworth Band, followed by our eight Tor Scots and our lone piper, Tim Stewart. Hank Motton did a fine job as Parade Marshall. The church service was very memorable as part of it was taken from the funeral service of 1942. Rev. Keith Kiddell was again involved in the service as he had been in 1985. After church a wreath was laid at the cenotaph by Jim Bremner. This wreath was donated by Dusty Morrow. The ribbon read Toronto Scottish Regimental Association. Lunch followed in Leconfield Hall. The cost of this great lunch was shared by the Royal British Legion and Mimico Travel. The rest of our time in Petworth was spent in pubs and the Legion where a lot of friendships were renewed. I must add that before lunch a new Canadian flag was presented to the school by Hank Motton (donated by his MP). A plaque (donated by Metro Toronto Chairman Allan Tonks) was presented to the citizens of Petworth. A desk clock from Metro Toronto was presented to the chairman of the Petworth Society by Dusty Morrow. All too soon we had to leave our friends at Petworth as we were scheduled to attend a function at Newhaven - which never happened. However a lot of new friends were made and the Essex Scottish really enjoyed the day. We were lucky to have them swell our ranks on parade. Contrary to rumours the Essex Scottish were not passed off as Tor Scots. The day at Petworth was one of the highlights of the tour. At Leconfield Hall we were presented with a needlework on canvas which had been a project of the pupils of the school. A very beautiful work of art, it depicts the buildings in the town square and is being shipped to Canada for the Tor Scots Association.

Personal Comments: This in my mind was the most successful tour I have ever done. It was well organized and most appreciated by all those who took part. We were able to meet our friends in Petworth and they were very happy regarding the functions of the day. People came from Glasgow, Bradford and one couple even returned from Spain to greet the Tor Scots. The response of the people to me was a personal reward. There is a move afoot at this time to bring a delegation from Petworth to Toronto next year. I do hope this happens. Also there are people interested in setting up a bursary for members of the Petworth School. Business people are interested and this would be called the TSR Association bursary. This is only in the talking stage at present and would have to be set up by a committee of the TSR Association and various interested groups both here and in Petworth.

NOTICES:

The Red Cross is launching an OPEN GARDENS IN SUSSEX scheme for 1993. Is there anyone in Petworth who would be kind enough to open their garden (large or small) for a day, in order to raise much needed funds for the Red Cross.

If anyone feels able to do this for us, please contact the Red Cross on Petworth 43252.

[am sure someone can help here! Ed.]

And finally:

PETWORTH PLAYERS PRESENT:

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

A pantomime by Wilfred Miller.

Leconfield Hall 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th January at 7.30 p.m.

Matinee Saturday 9th January 2.30 p.m.

Tickets £3.50 Adults, £2.50 Children and Senior Citizens.

Available from David's, Market Square.

Peter 21/11/92.

P.S. The Fair was a particular success this year.
The Committee would like to thank everyone for their support.

The Petworth Society was founded in 1974 "to preserve the character and amenities of the town and parish of Petworth, including Byworth; to encourage interest in the history of the district, and to foster a community spirit". It is non-political, non-sectarian, and non-profit-making.

Membership is open to anyone, irrespective of place or residence, who is interested in furthering the objects of the society.

The annual subscription is £5.50. Single or Double one Bulletin delivered. Postal £7.00. Overseas £8.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:-

Chairman - Mr. P.A. Jerrome, Trowels, Pound Street,
Petworth. (Tel. 42562)

Vice-Chairman - Mr K.C. Thompson, 18 Rothermead, Petworth.

Hon. Treasurer - Mr. P. Hounsham, 50 Sheepdown Drive,
Petworth.

*Hon. Membership Sec. - Mrs. R. Staker, 71 Wyndham Road, Petworth.

Hon. Bulletin Sec. - Mrs. B. Hodson, The Cottage, Whitelocks,
Sutton.

Hon. Social Sec. - Mrs. Audrey Grimwood, 12 Grove Lane,
Petworth.

Committee - Mr Stephen Boakes, Mrs. Julia Edwards,
Lord Egremont, Mr. Ian Godsmark,
Mrs. Anne Simmons, Mr. D.S. Sneller,
Mr. J. Taylor, Mr. E. Vincent,
Mrs Linda Wort.

Membership enquiries to Mrs. Staker please, Bulletin circulation enquiries to Betty Hodson or Bill (Vincent).

Bulletin Distributors - Mr. D. Sneller, Mrs. Williams (Graffham),
Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Mason, Mr. Thompson,
Mrs. Simmons, Mrs. Hounsham, Mr. Patten,
Mrs. Patten, Mrs. Adams (Byworth),
Mrs. Hodson (Sutton and Duncton), Mr. Vincent
(Tillington and River), Mrs. Goodyer,
Mrs Williams (Fittleworth).

* Note change of
address.

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Increasingly the task of editing this Magazine is one of fitting in material and balancing contents. There is so much that needs to be crammed into a limited number of pages, so much that must be held over the next time so much too that is topical and cannot be held over like accounts of Society events or observations on the previous Magazine. Balancing contributions is another thing. Often something may need to be held over to create a better mix. I'm particularly pleased to have another conversation with Alf Goodwin, one of several articles seeking to give a picture of the Loxwood Dependents or "Cokelers" from the inside, a perspective that has never, I think, been attempted before.

I have received so many letters over the last quarter that I have given especial prominence to correspondence in the present issue. In fact there would have been no difficulty in doubling the size of the present Magazine - there is again no room for the "lost" Tales of old Petworth and for so much else. The difficulty of course is finance. Perhaps Issue No. 75 might be a "bumper Jubilee" one but it would have to be financed by donation. What do you think?

Two contemporary issues: you will find here an account of work on the Leconfield Hall, an absolutely integral part of the Society's existence and spirit. Clearly the Hall will continue as a focal point for Petworth for any foreseeable future and its eventual restoration must be a matter of concern for anyone who has an interest in Petworth. You will have read too of definitive moves toward dealing with the town's traffic problem including a possible south exit from the Car Park and additional parking in North Street. Go to the Leconfield Hall Exhibition in December, acquaint yourself with the proposals and make up your own mind. Things are moving and Petworth needs to be aware of changing possibilities. It is unwise to assume that this latest burst of activity is simply another false alarm.

I am very sorry that John Patten has left the committee, for the present at least, owing to his various other commitments. He has been a key member for some years and is greatly missed. He will however continue to work closely with us without the responsibility of having a formal place on the committee. In his place the committee have coopted Mr Stephen Boakes who should need little introduction to Petworth people.

Plans are proceeding with a view to a Society weekend excursion. The response is good and if you are interested please contact Rosemary Thompson on 42585. There is also much interest in the proposed Toronto visit but this depends on information from Canada: if this comes in time I will include it on the Activities Sheet.

The last Magazine sold all 850 copies before the quarter's end. I can only hope that all new members received one. No. 69 will clearly be a scarce issue. We have very limited stocks of most back numbers, mainly from returns, but do not have 15, 63 and 67 and some of the very early issues. Please write to me about back numbers if you are interested.

Finally if you want a really good inexpensive Christmas present or just a great read what about Tony Wales's "Sussex Ghosts and Legends" (Countryside Books £5.95), featuring a story from most Sussex towns and villages. The Petworth contribution is a Butter Ede story from this Magazine. Not only that but there's a glossary of Sussex dialect words as a bonus. It's a great catch for any collection of Sussex or country books. It's good to see Tony, a member of course, in such good form. Which reminds me - it's probably time he came to give us another talk!

Merry Christmas

Peter.

(The Society have two videos made by Pearl and Ian Godsmark one just over an hour long is of the Toronto Scottish visit. The other gives a view of the Society year. There are two copies of each and they are available on loan from David's, The Square, or from Anne at E. Streeter and Daughter.)

LECONFIELD HALL REPORT 1.

The Leconfield Hall will be 200 years old in 1993 and still gives irreplaceable service to our town. This year there will be more bookings than ever.

But its outside was in serious need of attention when Peter and I were elected to the Management Committee in July of this year. When we inspected the building we were worried by the amount of loose material - stone, mortar, bird droppings - clinging to the face of the building and waiting for the next storm. Within six

weeks we had a scaffolding erected and for the first time for many years were able to inspect the stonework closely.

Two hundred years of weather and now traffic have certainly taken their toll of the local sandstone of which it was built. Some of the stones we found had crumbled away to a depth of three or four inches. Others fortunately much less and many not at all. The worst discovery was a nasty crack on the east side and another on the south. These have had to be stitched up with heavy timbers and steel straps bolted right through the wall. They will have to stay in position until a full restoration scheme is done, unsightly though they are.

The contractors have now removed all the loose material and pointed up the open joints which were left. In spite of the ominous signs : "BEWARE FALLING MASONRY", we are glad to report that there is plenty of stone left to support the building and it should be safe until we work out a scheme for proper restoration.

The scaffolding will be down by the time you read this - and you may be disappointed not to find a spruce new looking hall. Unfortunately that cannot be done in a mere month. But what we have been able to do is to survey the condition of the fabric so that we have some idea what restoration might cost and whether we shall be eligible for substantial grants. English heritage have visited the building twice in the last month and if they will support us we will be able to go to the next stage - to appoint a professional team to draw up a proper restoration scheme and apply formally for grants. Then we might be ready in 1994 to start the real work and so ensure the life of the hall for another century or two.

Raymond Harris.

VISIT TO SHIMMINGS. AUGUST 2nd

As on our previous Shimmings trip there was a very large turn-out in the Car Park. Coincidentally too although it was August there was a strong wind just as there had been on a raw Spring day last year. March? April? I couldn't remember, only how savage the wind had been. We were soon making our way through the town to Bartons Lane then down the steep slope Round the Hills, walking diagonally across to where the old tennis court can still be made out. Looking up from there toward the Withy Copse it took an effort to realise that the Copse, now so overgrown, was once the

seat of a small farm going with Grays in Angel Street. Richard pointed out some of the contemporary farming difficulties, particularly the 15% of arable land being set aside to avoid expensive over-production and the likely effect this restriction would have on employment.

We skirted the brook then climbed the ridge into the field by Bailliewick looking down on Shimmings. There were mares with their foals in the field and the ageless Perkins the donkey.



Richard said that someone had left the field gate open and the best foal had got out and sustained in her travels a badly gashed foot. It had cost £600 to save her leg. We saw the schooling course tucked away in a meadow on the Shimmings side of the footpath, hardly noticeable until you were virtually on top of it. Then across to the Sugar Loaf, horses again and the wind blowing savagely. It seemed very windy then and looking at it again on Ian's video you could hear the wind cracking about us then

down into the field where the medieval field terracing appears in the setting sun at a distance but is hardly noticeable as you walk. The classic view of North Street or across to the Rotunda in Petworth House Pleasure Grounds. Here in the field were calves two or three years old, the grass very fresh and tormented by the wind. Below and to our right the old Pest House. More horses in a field down the slope. We made our way back into the Rectory Meadows, Richard showing us the brown seed of oilseed rape and the black of linseed both important crops of the day.

Rather an impressionist view of a walk in which Richard Chandler as usual gave a farmer's view of this important but demanding farm. "Petworth's lungs" as it is sometimes described. The close relationship that exists between the farmer and this Society is to our mutual benefit.

P.

TORONTO SCOTTISH VISIT 18th AUGUST

Not a good prospect, hearing the rain in the night pouring off the gutters. The parade would have to go on anyway but it would be better fine. In the event it turned out to be a grey mild day but certainly no threat to the parade. Audrey and her helpers were up at the Hall very early, the tables already up. Les and Ann had already had an eye to the Horsham Road grave, carefully leaving the relatives' vases as they were.

Then to open the Cut, the traffic flowing naturally through it as it has always done, giving the Market Square a rare moment of respite from its usual pounding, a time to gather itself instead of being its usual confusion of backing vehicles, traffic fumes and harassed pedestrians trying to avoid the traffic. The heavy bollards were taken out, there being no sign of the metal covers. We had to get the water out and fill the holes with logs and rags. Steve, David, Ian and Jumbo sorted that out. The meat was up from the butchers by now. Time to get changed.

By the time I was back one coach was already in, half an hour before schedule. Keith Kiddell was here. I hadn't seen him since 1985. Time for coffee perhaps. The visitors were standing talking in the Square. Few, it seemed, from this coach had been to Petworth before. The band played the Maple Leaf and they looked noticeably more at home. Numbers were higher than expected, everyone had wanted to come on this outing whether they were Toronto Scottish or

not. There were four full coaches coming, 180 people in all, many from regiments other than the Toronto Scottish. Some of the stalwarts wouldn't be here: Jack Nicholls had been advised not to make the trip, Jack Bunting had to be at home, Russ Ridler had had an operation two months ago.



Audrey and her helpers

There seemed a long gap between coaches but Keith Kiddell took it all in his stride. In fact it turned out that some of the coaches had stopped at the Church. Suddenly Dusty Morrow and other Toronto Scottish in the familiar glengarry came down from Lombard Street. Time to get everyone ready to move off. It was less controlled than it had been in 1985 but a nice atmosphere. The Canadians lined up and marched off in the wake of the band. We went up Lombard Street to meet them.

The Church was very full indeed. The service was based on the 1985 one with relevant changes. The band were in terrific form, countermarching outside the Church, vying with the Churchbells as the Canadians went in. Soon the Canadian National Anthem thundered

from the gallery. The second lesson was that read at the boys' funeral in 1942 and appropriately enough it was a pupil from the Primary School who read it. Quite an ordeal for him but he did extremely well. There was a continuing awareness of the link with September 29th. It was not the actual anniversary but there were definite undertones of it. It was perhaps as well that the fiftieth anniversary would not itself carry all the weight. So many had come from away to see the Canadians again. The Rev. Keith Kiddell spoke briefly then another link with 1942 - the old hymn "Let saints on earth in concert sing...". I wondered how many there were present who had sung these very words at the Memorial Service on November 2nd 1942.

"One family we dwell in him
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream
The narrow stream of death."

The service over, all assembled outside the war memorial. John Grimwood sounded Last Post and Reveille. The Canadian piper played a lament. The parade fell out to reassemble in the Square.



Mr Owen Shepherd
receives plaque
from
Lorne Morrow.

Mr Owen Shepherd Chairman of Petworth Parish Council received a presentation plaque from the Chairman of Metropolitan Toronto. It is now in the Council Chamber at Newlands.

The Canadians presented the Primary School with a flag to replace the previous one and were in turn presented with a collage produced by the schoolchildren. Presentations over it was into the Hall. What a marvellous buffet by Audrey and her helpers. All sorts of meat - the venison given by Lord Egremont had cooked just like beef. The line at the serving table seemed never-ending, 180 visitors and at least another 100 visitors who had come to Petworth for the day.



Lorne "Dusty" Morrow receives Collage from Petworth Primary School on behalf of the Toronto Scottish Regiment.

Now was the turn for survivors of the bombing to talk among themselves and to the Canadians. Norm Lansdell had not been with the Toronto Scottish but with a workshop regiment based at

Flathurst. He had been one of the first Canadians on the scene and this was his first visit back. Eric and Betty Sadler and Geoff Scotcher were ferrying people about - with such a tight limit on time it's amazing what was done. Most went to the Horsham Road, some to Flathurst, some even to the Pheasant Copse. It seemed no time at all before the Canadians were back on their coaches. This would not be the last time they came. Each time we hope not and it never has been.

P.

ANGIE'S NORTHCHAPEL WALK : 13th SEPTEMBER

It was pouring with rain when Rita, Flora and I arrived in the car park, surely no one else could be silly enough to turn out on a day like this, with Genevieve on the telly too, but true to Petworth Society tradition there was Linda and David, Pearl and Ian, and Stephen with his wife, seemingly not noticing the weather. By the time we got to Northchapel village hall our number totalled 20 and two dogs, which quickly depleted to 18, two of the younger generation having less stamina, or more sense. Angie led us through "Hortons Farm", along the side of "Wet Wood" (very appropriately named today) and into the Freeholds fields, where Angie's Dad explained how the farmer had improvised with large oil drums and by cutting five lip openings had made very good pheasant feeders. In Mitchell Park grounds we watched deer springing along the field edge, there was much speculation as to why the deer ran and sprang alternately. Pearls theory was, it sprang in the air to avoid leaving a scent, Angie's Dad thought it was to improve its vision, and then he asked us if we knew why a dog always turned round, round and round before lying down, a clever one said, "to make its bed" but no the reason is "to make sure he sleeps like a top". Now to our left we had a good view of the enlarged radar beacon, which is used by planes to guide them back to Gatwick, then past Peacocks Farm, and back to the village hall, where we all thanked Angie, and were promised another walk, maybe in Bluebell time.

Audrey.

VISIT TO BRINSBURY COLLEGE 27th SEPTEMBER

Brinsbury was a kaleidoscope, so much to see that we couldn't take in all that we saw let alone the estimated two-thirds that we wouldn't have time to see. A couple of dozen perhaps in the Car Park at Petworth easily doubled by those who had travelled direct

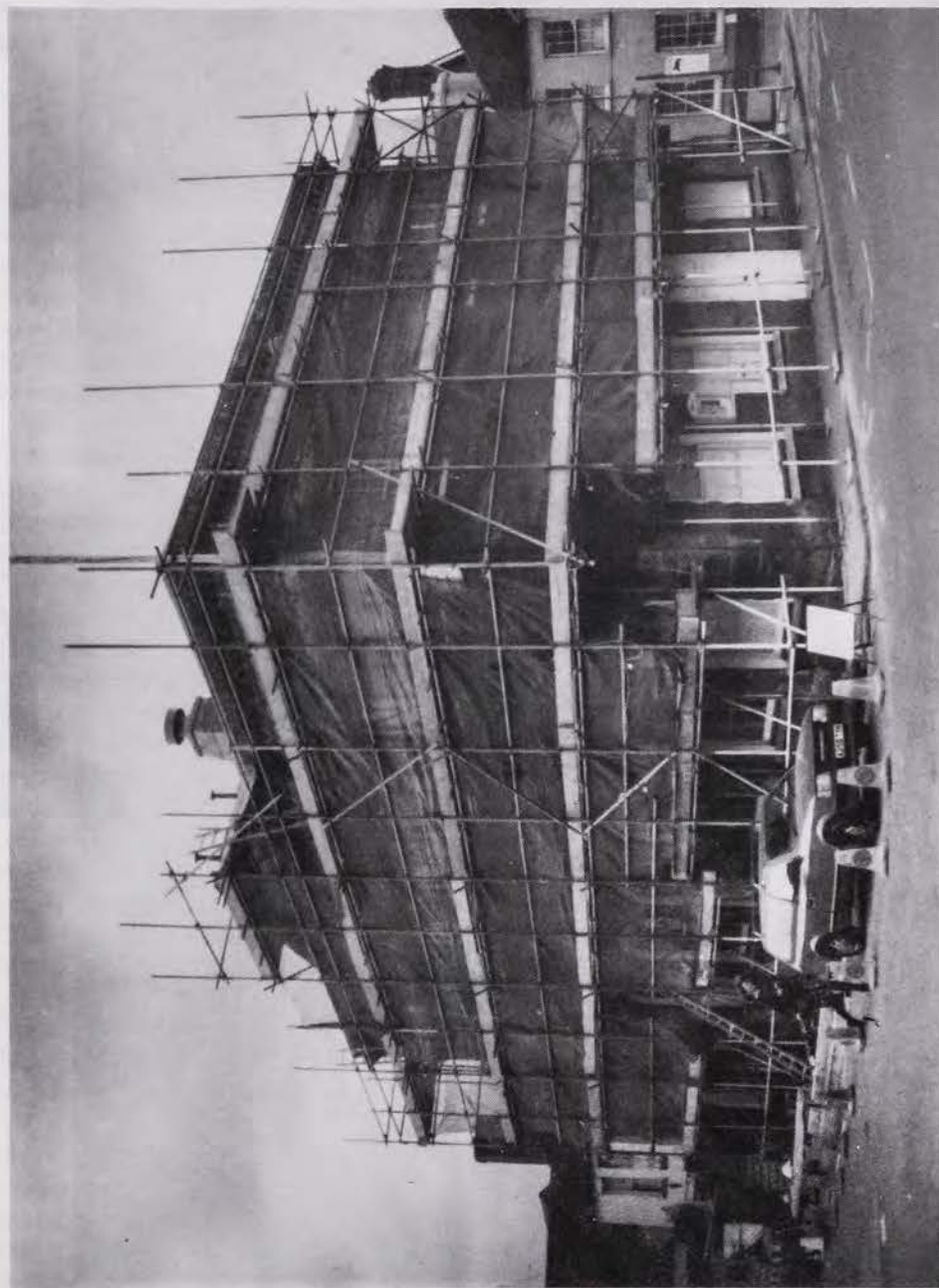
and were waiting for us at Brinsbury itself. There would be three groups led by Ian the principal, Ann the vice-principal, already well known to us for her spring talk on her visit to Russia, and Jean.

Jean's group went first to the library, now being rapidly expanded. There was a computer section and a great growth in book numbers and borrowings. Jean said that with the new European perspectives all students now had some foreign language training, French, German and Spanish at present with the prospect of Italian in the future. Student numbers were high, some resident and over eight-hundred on day release. Jean was particularly interested in schemes for the mentally handicapped and in a certificate scheme that might help them to find satisfying jobs when they left the course.

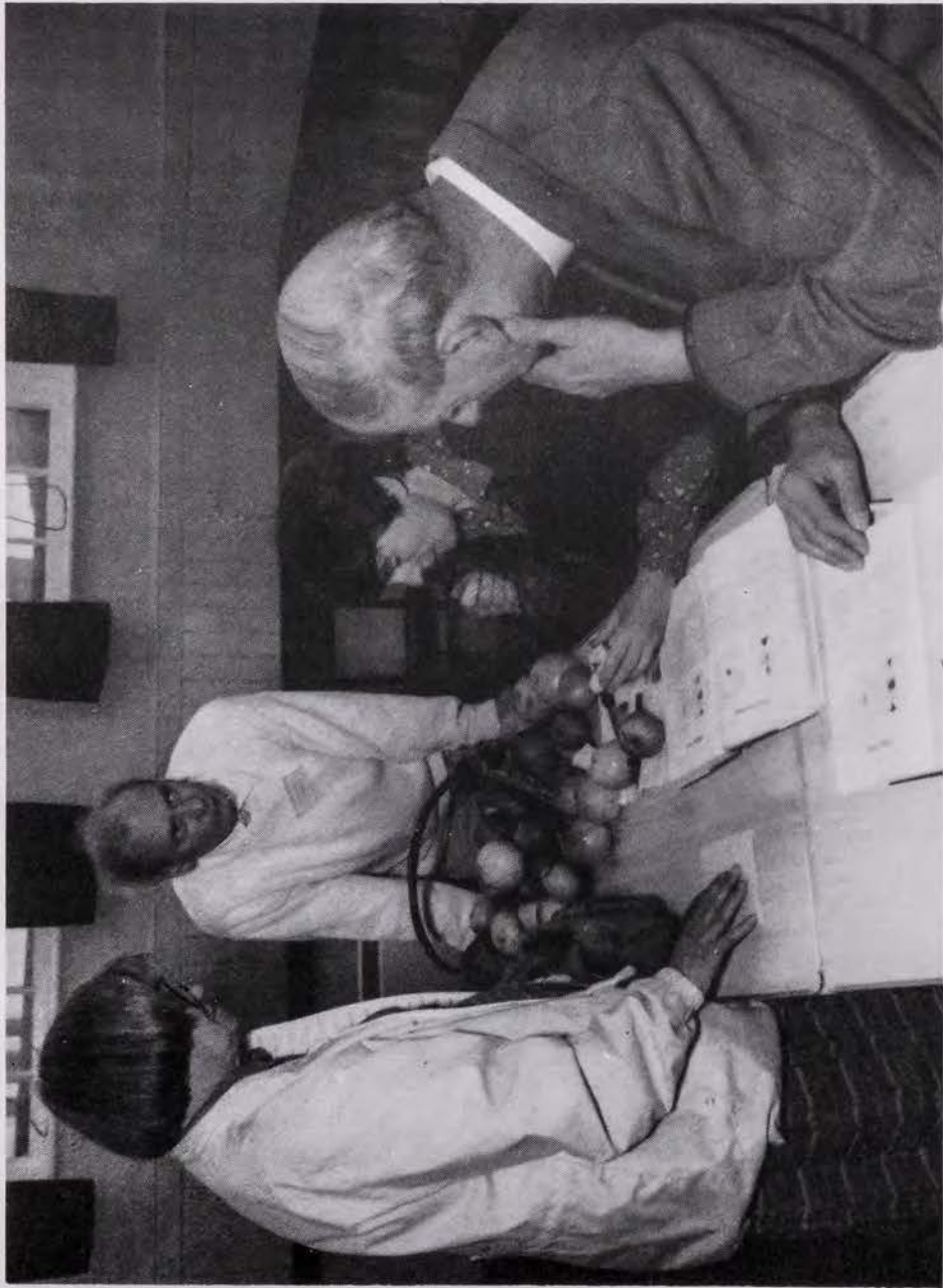
Just a brief focus on a few of a multitude of impressions. Mushrooms were being grown commercially in plastic sacks of prepared compost on a 16 week cycle. Going into the darkened hut we could see the intense white of the fresh mushrooms, the spawn spreading across the compost and the pin-heads on the surface that would develop into mushrooms. Then into the large campus shop for a leisurely look-round, a purchase or two, and across the rushing A29 where Ian briefly took over to explain the differing types of pig production. As an academic institution Brinsbury has different methods coexisting side by side for comparison. Ian showed us a herd of some fifty pigs lying out on deep straw litter. Each pig carries on its neck an individualised "transponder" linked to a computer programmed to allot each pig the right amount of food for its individual development. The pigs don't mess in their straw, all was very clean and quiet. Across in another shed were sows with young. Even the smallest runt survives and some of the runts were amazingly small compared with their contemporaries in the litter.

Then to the stable complex. Courses are given in all aspects of equestrian care and there is an indoor riding school and an outdoor "manege" for dressage and general riding. Jean pointed out the peculiar texture of the surface, given a softness by mixing shredded rubber tyres into the soil surface. It certainly seemed to work.

Too much to take in really, nursery plants, the dog centre with its canine beautician, then the vehicle manoeuvring site with its traffic lights and other road signs. Back to the lawn and its



Scaffolding in place on the Leconfield Hall exterior early October 1992.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.



Dr Joan Morgan and the Rev. Donald Johnson in thoughtful mood at the Society Apple day.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.

monkey puzzle tree, its branches apparently deserted but home it seemed to a whole army of birds unseen but by no means unheard. Tea and cakes and we'd only scratched the surface! I hope we'll go to Brinsbury again.

P.

THE SECOND APPLE DAY

The Society's second Apple Day was held with the help of Dr. Joan Morgan of the National Fruit Collection at Brogdale, near Maidstone in Kent, the Revd. Donald Johnson of Funtington and Mr. Graham Simpson, gardener at Petworth House. During the afternoon over 40 varieties of apple were identified for their growers, with another 20 or so taken away for further examination, but again, the elusive Petworth Non Pareil failed to make an appearance!

Dr. Morgan gave the evening lecture on Sussex Apples to an appreciative audience in the Leconfield Hall. She set the appearance of local varieties against the background of the general history of fruit cultivation in England over the last 200 years. The last century saw the birth of the modern fruit industry as it responded to the search for the best and new in appearance and flavour by both commercial growers and gardeners at the grand country houses. Beautiful books - pomonas - were published to aid identification and the London Horticultural Society, founded in 1804 (to become the Royal Horticultural Society in 1861) set up fruit collections in Chiswick which contained over 1,000 apple varieties alone. Sussex apples sent up for examination included the very large Shepherd's Pippin or Seedling raised by Mr. Shepherd at Uckfield but submitted by Mr. Booker of Alfriston, hence its later name of Alfriston.

Another important apple was the Isle of Wight Golden Pippin, claimed to have arisen at Parham. It was used by Thomas Andrew Knight in Herefordshire to raise many new varieties, including Knight's Yellow Ingest, or Summers, which was still grown commercially in Kent in the 1930s.

Although the demand for its services was mounting as market competition from North America increased, by the 1850s the London Horticultural Society's financial difficulties forced the sale of its library and the reduction of the Collection at Chiswick. A rescue operation by Dr. Robert Hogg with the formation of the R.H.S. Fruit and Vegetable Committee in 1858 saved the day.

Dr. Hogg had homes in London and near Horsham and the Dr. Hogg apple raised by Mr. Ford, Head Gardener at Leonardslee was named in his honour. He produced the definitive Fruit Manual, still a standard reference work for old varieties, which lists Mannington Pearmain, found growing in cider waste thrown under a hedge, by Mr. Manning of Uckfield.

At the greatest-ever National Apple Congress of 1883, 236 exhibitors submitted 10,150 dishes of apples, representing 1,545 varieties grouped in counties, among them 260 varieties collected from local gardens by Joseph Cheal of Crawley, 150 by Mr. Sidney Ford of Leonardslee and 25 by Mr. Breese of Petworth Park. There would have been the cooker, late eater and cider apple Forge from East Grinstead, Sussex Mother, which arose near Heathfield, Hawkridge from a farm of the same name near Hailsham, Nanny from West Sussex and the Wadhurst Pippin. The Congress highlighted a number of good apples and succeeded in its main aim of resolving the large number of synonyms many varieties had acquired.

From the 1870s to the '90s, cheap Prairie wheat and imported frozen meat drove farmers to diversify into fruit growing and the acreage of orchards doubled. New apple varieties introduced at this time to compete with the bright American colours but ripening earlier, included the Lady Sudely, originally the Jacob Strawberry, raised by Mr. Jacobs who settled in Petworth from Chatham in the 1850s. Charles Ross, in addition to raising the apple named after him, introduced Encore, marketed by Cheals, who also produced Crawley Beauty, whose late blossom escaped all the frosts.

There is even a Sussex connection with the well-known Australian apple, Granny Smith. Mrs. Ann Smith was born in Peasmarsh, near Rye, in 1800. After marrying, she emigrated to Australia in 1852 and in the 1860s she found a seedling growing in a creek where she had tipped the last of some apples brought from Sydney. The quality of the fruit led to Mrs. Smith's re-propagating and building up an orchard which was further developed by the family on a commercial basis. The first exports reached Britain in the 1930s. By this time, in England, the National Fruit Collection had been set up at Wisley, with a reference library where new varieties could be ratified. Among the contributors were members of the R.H.S. Fruit and Vegetable Committee which included Mr. Fred. Streeter, Head Gardener at Petworth, with Duck's Bill. He was of the opinion that Sussex's most famous variety, the Egremont Russet, had been raised at Petworth, an opinion still unconfirmed. The

Collection, now at Brogdale, includes 2,000 apple varieties, amongst them several modern ones from Sussex, including Marenda, raised from a Winesap pip in 1926 by A.C. Nash at Scutes Farm near Hastings.

Rounding off the evening and a very instructive day by answering questions from the audience, Dr. Morgan agreed that there was a very good case for growing apples in their county of origin, since the soil and climatic conditions had been favourable to the original seedlings. Defining 'culinary' and 'dessert', many were surprised to learn that England is the only country producing apple varieties specifically for cooking, when they break down into a froth instead of remaining firm as preferred in other countries, especially the United States.

Peter warmly thanked Dr. Morgan for her hard work throughout the day and an outstanding lecture and asked her to convey the audience's best wishes to her colleague, Mr. Hugh Ermen, who had been unable to take part due to sudden illness.

K.C.T. - with grateful acknowledgement to Dr. Morgan, who allowed him to crib from her lecture notes!

The list of apples is held over to the March issue.

IAN AND PEARL'S KIRDFORD WALK OCTOBER 18th

Down the Kirdford road from Fox Hill crossroads to Ganders Gate cottages, the cars packing the narrow lane and lined up along the grass verge. A big turn-out for the last walk of the season. Then back up the road to pick up the footpath on the other side that skirts Brownings Copse. This was quite new territory to me: there were pigs on one side of the track and the autumn copse on the other. Sparse vivid scarlet haws and high wet late summer grass and rush. At the bottom was a surprise: a large lake with an overflow. We were told it had been restored in 1990.

Following round to Linfold Farm, we came upon another lake, man-made it seemed, but teeming with wild life and having as a backdrop a spectacular timber framed farmhouse. We remembered coming past here following another route when the house was being restored some years ago. A swan came in to land on the lake. Churchland Copse was high-growing hazel coppice with field maple and crab apples lying on the floor of the wood. The stiles were

very high, and difficult for the dogs. We approached Kirdford Church from the rear, coming along by the large Churchyard and crossing the road. At Bridgefoot we skirted the fields at the back of Gownfold Farm, through the lane that leads to Gander Gate Farm. We had come a full circle - three miles in two hours with all sorts of alarms and excursions. Then off in the cars to Ruby and John's at Langhurst Hill Farm, followed by Ian's slides of the previous years walks and visits. The walkers' A.G.M. if you like. What can I say that hasn't been said before? You need to go to Langhurst Hill to know what tea there is like, mere description just seems like exaggeration. Thank you very much Ruby and John, Pearl and Ian. We finally left Langhurst Hill at about 6.30, quite an afternoon but then this walk always is.

P.

KING ARTHUR IN HISTORY - MR. JOHN MAGRATH'S ILLUSTRATED LECTURE
OCTOBER 22nd

There was a large audience to hear Mr. John Magrath explain the influence of King Arthur and the associated legends on the course of history. Illustrated by slides of beautiful illuminated Medieval manuscripts, Mr. Magrath demonstrated the difficulty of separating fact from fantasy.

In 1135, Geoffrey of Monmouth in his book, the History of the Kings of Britain, placed Arthur in the 6th. century A.D., but even so, the picture he gives, drawn from several sources, is of a composite character, possibly built up from a number of Celtic or Romano-British leaders of the Dark Ages. The stories were taken up and elaborated by the French in The Arthurian Romances, "inventing" Sir Lancelot, Sir Bors and Sir Percival, the Round Table, Camelot, the search for the Holy Grail (the chalice used at the Last Supper "found" by Sir Galahad or Sir Percival according to which version one reads) and setting them in Medieval times.

In due course, the stories influenced the lives and social behaviour, especially towards ladies, of the European aristocracy as a whole. The dubbing ceremonies associated with knighthood originated at this time - the bath (hence, the Order of the Bath), the vigil, the awarding of the spurs, sword and shield.

Edward I felt that he had inherited Arthur's rôle, holding Mensa

Rotunda (Round Table) tournaments and commissioning the construction of the Round Table, now on show in Winchester Castle Hall. Edward II also planned a Round Table and started to extend Windsor Castle to accommodate it, but after the Battle of Crécy changed his mind and instead, founded the Order of the Garter, thereby shifting the focus of loyalty from the legend to himself as he faced problems with Scotland and France. Later monarchs were similarly influenced, each modifying the traditions to suit his own purpose. Tournaments became entertainment rather than training for warfare. Sir Thomas Malory translated the French "Romances" into English, blending all the stories and adding some original work, restoring their popularity in England. His book, Le Morte d'Arthur was to become the standard English work of the literature of King Arthur.

There is even a local connection in that the Percy family of Petworth House traced their ancestry from Adam through the father of King Arthur, as did Henry VII and Henry VIII, to reinforce the questionable Tudor claim to the throne of England.

In the 19th. century, Alfred, Lord Tennyson greatly contributed to the revival of interest in the Arthurian Legend and Dr. Thomas Arnold and Lord Baden-Powell both adapted the principles of chivalry, the former in his efforts to reform the public schools and the latter in establishing the Boy Scout movement, with consequent effects on the attitudes and lives of late 19th. and early 20th. century men.

As Peter commented in thanking the speaker, an unusual and fascinating subject - a view reinforced by the number and variety of questions from the audience.

KCT

LETTERS

Just a selection from your letters - we could almost have a Magazine of correspondence. Thank you very much and keep writing!

Peter.

Miss Tiller certainly seems well remembered! Here are a few recollections:

Betty Bevis writes:

Rendle Diplock asks if anyone remembers Miss Tiller. I most certainly do! When my Father had his original newsagents' shop, where King and Chasemore now are, she passed down the slope of the pavement regularly in her ankle length black skirt and voluminous jacket. When she reached the corner of the pavement where Eager's wall jutted out the wind would usually catch in her skirt, swirling it around, and she would lash out with her stick, shouting "Damn the old wind, blast the old wind". She terrified me, looking as she did like all the old witches in a fairytale!

Kath Vigar writes:

Rendle Diplock wrote about Miss Tiller, I remember her and her stick. During Goodwood week we children used to stand on the edge of the kerb and shout to the home coming char-a-bancs "Throw out your rusty coppers", this was the year 1923, and we lived in the Lodge in North Street. I was picking up a handful of coppers when all of a sudden "Wham" Miss Tiller had lunged at me with her stick, I dropped my money and ran indoors.

Phil Sadler recalls:

I well remember old "Ma Tiller" as we used to call her. She was a little old lady dressed in black and wore a black bonnet tied in a big bow under her chin. She always wore a large apron and used to go round the hills and the Eldermoor picking up firewood which she would carry in her apron.

The Blue Bowl is also well remembered. Phil Sadler continues:

I remember the Blue Bowl Tea Rooms. I was at the Girls school and the lady I remember owning it was Mrs Arnold. Her daughter went to school with me and I believe her husband worked at New Grove for the gentleman before Mrs Burnett. My school friend Joan Arnold was a great friend of Gwen Gibson and Joan Whittington. If they are members they would have more information but I cannot recall a Margaret Beale, unless she was the lady who opened Tea rooms in New Street next to the Red Lion which is now an Antique shop.

I remember the Blue Bowl in High Street very well because we could buy Flapjacks for one penny each and they were delicious and I'd run errands for an extra penny just to buy one.

Another correspondent says:

I wasn't living in Petworth then but at Englefield Green but my parents would often take me down to the seaside. Coming back we'd almost invariably stop at Petworth for tea at the Blue Bowl. I was too young to remember a lot but always connect willow pattern plates with tea there. When, years later, I came to live in Petworth it was a long time before I could even establish where the Blue Bowl had been.

Editor's note: The Blue Bowl seems to have been run in the mid-1930s in conjunction with the Chinese Lantern opposite run by a Mr Robinson. Has anyone any recollection of this?

Regarding the dialect questionnaire R.S. writes:

I have suggestions on two of your three queried words:-

The brace-like instrument for twisiting:

ALGAR. Auger could well fit this word, a hand tool with a shaped bit, which has to be turned or twisted.

GAMBLE. How about Gambrel? ...the hock or a horse. Think of the shape!

And adds the following postscript:

PS I've got to thinking about the other dialect word "Ganor". Every horse had a name - "Blossom", "Captain", "Sailor" and every horse came under its own farm-hand, Horseman, Carter, odd-job man, call him what you will. If the farmer wanted a job done then he would talk to, say, William, knowing full well that William had a horse called Kitty. If William was sick then he would tell Fred either to take William's horse, or tell him to take Kitty. I can see no reason at all for any indirect reference. I think the reference to Shackler and Shackling Horse refers to the use of a trace horse but, then again, the earlier suggestion still holds good. To me, the whole subject of naming the odd-job horse is a fruitless exercise.

Re Petworth's air-raid warning system in 1942. R.S. writes:

The articles reminded me that Petworth's Air Raid Warning system was very basic and for daylight use was by switching on the street lights. There was no facility for any audible warning whatsoever,

and, of course, the street lights in daytime would hardly be very apparent. I was working in the Council Offices and on receipt of the telephoned warning, which came as "Air Raid Warning Red" (from Chichester, I think) someone had to go and switch the street lights using a special key on a switch which was mounted on an electrical sub-station at the back of Mott's butchers shop, opposite to the Council Offices at "Avenings".

The sequence of the warning code, from memory, was initially "Air Raid Warning White" the preliminary warning. "Air Raid Warning Yellow" meaning that the hostile aircraft were continuing to come nearer. "Air Raid Warning Red" the aircraft track was indicating that they would be passing very close, and the all-clear was given with "Air Raid Warning Green".

Re Bulletin 69. Kathleen Street writes from the Isle of Wight:

I'm going back to World war two. I was married to Jim Willmot and we had a small son, just three years old, we lived in Norwich - when war broke out, Jim volunteered and joined the Royal Engineers. It was agreed that I should come to Petworth so our furniture went into store and we came to live with my parents. My brother Charles had married an American girl, Esther, and she and their son, Charles II, were also living there.

Eventually I began work at Bowyers the Chemist in the Square. Elinor (now Mrs Charles White) was assistant dispenser, then there was Eva Pullen, Audrey Diplock, Nancy Playfoot and Joan Gumbrell, fellow assistants. It was interesting work - once Professor Joad of the Brains Trust came to visit Mr Bowyer. Joad was a strange but clever person. My son Frank was at the Kindergarten - Miss Wootton was head teacher. We managed pretty well for food at home and Jim my husband came on leave as often as possible.

Then, a very sad and grim incident disturbed our uneasy peace. One day I was at work when there was a terrific thud that seemed to shake the whole town. Startled, I ran outside and heard someone say "It's the school - they've bombed the school!" My heart in my mouth I ran up the road to learn that it was the Boys' School in North Street - not the Kindergarten. I won't dwell on that - so **many** boys killed - sons of my friends among them - a terrible, terrible incident and one that will never be forgotten. A similar - though not so personal thing had happened before we left Norwich. I was walking down Prince of Wales Road with Frank in his pushchair

when a flight of bombers came over. I was looking up at them when I felt myself pulled into a side alley and my heart thumped madly as I heard the rattle of a machine gun and screams and cries of agony. I learned afterwards that an enemy plane had come in on the tail of our bombers and shot down the workers coming over the bridge from Colman's Mustard factory - again, so many people dead or injured - a horrific memory.

Later I learned, not officially, that Jim was stationed at Parham Park near Storrington and in a stolen meeting with him I learned that he was going to France - then, nothing!

The days seemed long - one day I was walking up through the Cherry Orchard in Grove Street. It had been raining - an April shower - but now the sun was out and a blackbird began to sing in an apple tree. I stopped to listen - felt a strange kind of peacefulness. Suddenly, there was a low, distant humming and I waited, half-fearfully, then I looked up to see a dozen or more planes trailing gliders - eventually they passed and all was silent again - such a contrast - the rain, the sun, the blackbird's song and that reminder of the war that was still being waged!

Soon after I heard that Jim was wounded - he was in hospital at a place called Bathgate between Glasgow and Edinburgh. Of course I went up to see him and that was the end of my work at Bowyers. When I came back I went to work at Findlater Mackie's (and Co.) the wine merchants. That was interesting! I met quite a few Radio celebrities - one of them Mabel Constanduros. I **wish** I could remember the name of the series she was in - she was "Grandma". I lost Jim not long afterwards. Our son, Frank, and I were living at High View in Upperton (my father named the cottage - I wonder if it is still called High View?) While there I met Roy, my second husband. We came to the Island to live - had two daughters, Margaret and Christine.

A while back, talking to a friend, I remembered an old gentleman, well known in Petworth I'm sure - Dick Peacock, who lived in a hut on the allotments in Grove Street - does anyone else remember him? He tended Mr Hazelman's pigs - I can remember taking the occasional hot meal to him and we would chat - once he gave me sixpence! He was quite a character.

"GAMEKEEPER GEORGE" - Does anyone Know.....?

" I have recently started to research my mother's family name - DILLOWAY - and have arrived at Petworth House Estate (1841 Census), where my 2 x Great-Grandfather GEORGE BRIDGER DILLOWAY was Gamekeeper. He was born in 1803 in Petworth, and his wife was Martha (?), born in 1804 in Northchapel. I do not know her maiden name. From the Censuses of 1841 and 1851 it seems that there were eight children - George 1823, Charles 1825, Albert 1827, Harriet 1829, Emily 1831, Adelaide 1834, Thomas 1836 and William 1840 - but there may have been an earlier one (or two) judging by Martha's age.

The eldest (known) son was also called GEORGE BRIDGER DILLOWAY, born 1823, married (1) Elizabeth Snelling from whom my maternal line derived, and (2) Caroline Pheaby, of whose line I have a few snippets of information.

I am anxious to know Martha's maiden name, and where and when did she marry George Bridger Dilloway - Gamekeeper; also, where and when did Elizabeth Snelling marry the younger George Bridger Dilloway - Policeman, Shoemaker? And whence the name "Bridger"?

I wonder whether anyone now living in Petworth has any information on this family? I have heard it said that one Dilloway came to Fittleworth from Scotland as a ghyllie, (or gamekeeper?), but that may be another story! However, I should be most grateful to hear from anyone who has any information at all, no matter how small and insignificant!

Yvonne Hanmore "

(See also the letter from Mrs. P. Gill, the County Archivist in the Midhurst and Petworth Observer for 29th October 1992. Ed.)

"Woodcote"
Wannock Road
POLEGATE
East Sussex
BN26 5EA

The Invisible Man

Mr Fottrell of 21 Fairfax Road, Bedford Park, London W14 1EN has a friend at the University of Queensland who is preparing an annotated version of H.G. Wells' Invisible Man (1897). His friend writes to him

"As you probably recall, the Invisible Man begins with the arrival of a muffled Stranger in a village in West Sussex, and the first 12

chapters are centred on this village till the Inv. Man goes berserk, knocks down the villagers, and runs away to a coastal town called "Port Burdock", where he is finally cornered and killed. There are a lot of fictitious place names in the book (tho' I am fairly sure that "Port Burdock" stands for Portsmouth), but one name turns out not to be fictitious. The village where the Inv. Man first appears is called in the book "Iping". And Iping is an actual village, about 5 miles west of Midhurst, just north of the A272. Wells had been a pupil-teacher at the grammar school in Midhurst, so he must have known the area well. He shows knowledge of Iping parish in another work, the short story "The Hammerpond Burglary", written earlier than Inv. Man (1894, in fact). Hammer Pond, I find from a county history of Sussex, is formed by the junction of the Hammer brook and the Rother river, not far from Iping. In the short story, there is a pub called "The Coach and Horses" at "Hammerpond Village" (surely a pseudonym for Iping).

And in The Invisible Man, 1897, the Inv. Man puts up at a pub in Iping which is called - yes, "The Coach and Horses".

Two other pubs are mentioned in the "Iping" area - "The Scarlet Coat" and "The Purple Fawn". Two other localities are "Gleeson's corner" and "the little beershop of Iping Hanger".

Can anyone throw any light on this - the pubs may well be fictitious.

A further query:

"Now for Invisible Man I am wondering about the Whitsun Fair, Chap. 7, where some "young fellows" were "resplendent in black, ready-made jackets and pique paper ties---for it was Whit Monday". Any idea about late Victorian costume habits for Whit Monday? Paper ties, of all things!"

This seems perhaps to reflect the Harting Friendly Society celebration on Whit Monday but what about the paper ties?

(Ed.)

BEE WINE Kath Vigar writes:

I wonder if the older members remember a drink called "Bee Wine"? During the 1920's most housewives mixed it, it always stood on a window sill in a 5lb glass sweet jar. The wine seemed to have started from a kind of fungi, was very sweet and gassy, and had weird looking things like white grubs floating about in the jars,

they weren't grubs of course but were very off putting, if someone wanted to start off their mixture of Bee Wine, they would be given a starter from someones jar of wine.

This concoction wasn't ginger beer, I believe sliced lemons and brown sugar was added to it.

Over a period of time there were many tummy upsets, eventually it was traced to Bee Wine which then disappeared from all window ledges.

A POSTCARD FROM 1911

The back of postcards are often more interesting than the fronts. Most of us have at some time read a cryptic message on the back of a postcard and wondered about the writer. The front of this one is a fairly unexceptional Frith view of St Mary's Church but the back is interesting as are the circumstances of its discovery. I suspect it may be connected with the Ballard family. Has anyone any ideas? We hope to have more on the Bryant family in a later issue. Has anyone another postcard back they'd like us to feature?

P.

Dear Sir. Reached Petworth
at 2 oc. had to change
lunch and had 30 minutes
wait at Horsham. This
church is just outside
the gates, we can see the
time from the windows
and one that I hope to go
to on Sunday. Weather
lovely here yesterday but
very dull today. It is a
lovely estate, 14 miles round
and I was thinking of you on
my way down. Have
written over the electric
light station this
SO I am writing with
love from
Mrs. W. Duck

This space may be used for Communications

Text of a postcard addressed to Mrs. W. Duck, 129 Queen's Road, Wimbledon, London SW. It is dated 13 October 1922, 6.45 pm, Petworth.



Toronto Scottish visit August 18th.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.



Toronto Scottish visit August 18th.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb



School survivors on August 18th.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.



"Ranji at Shillinglee"

These are the two postcards mentioned by Janet Austin.
The originals are very badly faded.



"Dear Kit, Reached Petworth Stn at 2oc. had to change twice and had 35 minutes wait at Horsham. This church is just outside the gates and we can see the time from the windows, and one that I hope to go to on Sunday. Weather lovely here yesterday but very dull today. It is a lovely estate, 14 miles round. Did Edie arrive alright I was thinking of you on my way down. Have been over the electric light station this morning with Jim. Love to you both from Gertie."

This postcard was found in a junk shop in Cape Town, South Africa, by Mrs. Anne Shelley of Guildford. She was visiting her son and often went to this particular shop near the Parliament House for it was a treasure house of all kinds of items, some of value, some just junk. Mrs. Shelley bought it (paying about 15 pence for it) as it is of interest to her family. She is the great-granddaughter of Albert Jones Bryant, printer and publisher of Petworth in the last century, and her father, Alan Bryant, had done a considerable amount of research into the Bryant family, leaving behind him an unfinished family tree. Facing p. 59 of the book by The Rev. F. H. Arnold, M.A., 'Petworth: A sketch of its History and Antiquities' there is a reproduction of a sketch by S. Killick Esq. of Petworth Church. Mrs. Shelley and her sister both have watercolours of this sketch.

P.S. Re The electric light station Kath Vigar writes:

I believe Mr Ford worked in the old electric light station on the estate with Mr Ballard and a young man named Penfold. Our lodge was next door and when the giant fly wheels in this building were going round the whole of our lodge shook. Monday was always the "shaky" day.

TILLINGTON SCHOOL

This summer, in Tillington Church, photocopies of the Tillington National School log book 1894 - 1904, have been on view. In 1894 the School was 56 years old; it stood where Linton House is now. On 19 November 1894, attendance was 110 pupils in the morning; 112, afternoon. H.M.I. noted the attendance figures, and awarded grant accordingly. Holidays were rare indeed, so the next entry is remarkable: "20 November, Half-holiday in the afternoon - Petworth Fair". Truants were frequent, usually due to work for parents, but also due to the local landowners, e.g. "21 November, 16 boys away 'stopping' for Colonel Mitford"; only one of them officially old

enough. So all week; and on 27th H.M.I. called, so the Headmaster drew his attention to it. The Headmaster was Mr. Ernest A. Danbury; when he came, in January 1894, the school was under threat of warning; he got attendance up, but in 1895 was plagued by frequent staff-shortages, discipline lapsed, attendances fell, and the Managers sacked him on 20 December 1895. In November 1895 - the assistant mistress beat a boy, hurting his eye; not the first she'd beaten. In mid-December Tillington had a scarlet fever epidemic. Attendance on Mr. Danbury's last day was 77 (76.9% of roll); on 11 January 1904, the roll was 114 (attendance 101 a.m. - 103 p.m.) with 4 staff and caretaker. The School was demolished in 1969.

Jeremy Godwin

"INDIAN FAMILY AT SHILLINGLEE"

This was the caption written in pencil on the back of two postcards which came from the family of Darcy Ayling. Mrs Ayling's brother Fred Remnant worked for them.

According to Hugh Kenyon's book on Kirdford: "When the late Lord Winterton's father died in 1907, Shillinglee House was let to 'Ranji', the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, who used to give cricket parties. In 1908 some famous cricketers played there, including W G Grace, A C Maclaren, C B Fry and 'Ranji' himself, who though past his best, still played for Sussex. He used to put a gold sovereign on the stumps for any local player who could bowl him out."

According to an account in the WI book written about 1960: "About 1934 the well-known cricketer, Ranji Sinji was the tenant of Shillinglee Park and it was a sight to see the brakes setting off to Brighton for a game of cricket, complete with their coloured servants. C B Fry, Elliott Smith, George Cox, Duckworth and many others accompanied Ranji Sinji on these occasions. The coloured servants, as you can imagine, caused quite a stir as they were the first people some of the village children had seen, who wore turbans and had dark faces. However the distribution of sweets by these gentlemen to the children did much to dispel their awe."

It looks as if Hugh Kenyon is more likely to be right about the date as Stan Cooper remembers his father telling him about the big joints of meat that Fred Remnant, a cousin of the Coopers used to bring down to Foxbridge Farm, because the Indians were so rich they took only the top slice, and the rest was discarded.

Janet Austin

(The postcards will be found among the main illustrations in this Magazine: Ed.)

THE ROTHERBRIDGE FARM WATERWHEEL AND PUMP AT THE SPRINGS

The waterwheel was made from a wheel taken from an old-fashioned corn drill. Flat metal plates were bolted on to form paddles. A crank connected the wheel to the piston arm of an old single-barrelled brass pump. Water from the Rotherbridge Springs was trapped by means of a board inserted across the outfall stream. A box culver (or trough) was built leading from the stream at right-angles and leading into the river. It was into this that the wheel was fixed and set, with the pump upstream and the suction pipe in a cage in the deep, clean water. A chop board in front of the wheel was the basic operating control - lift it, and the wheel became a small but very effective undershot waterwheel to drive an equally small pump to raise water, a small replica, in fact, of the old beam pump at Coultershaw. Once started, it could run all day or for as long as needed.

Turning at 15 revolutions per minute, it could pump and lift, via a 2" pipe, to a large tank in the roof of the farmhouse, to gravitate to smaller tanks and taps around the buildings and to provide water indoors for domestic purposes. It could pump some 1,000 gallons per day into the roof tank or out of a 3/4" pipe some 37' above the surface of the ground. All the tanks, when full, would overflow down the roof and into pipes, the one near to the back door, being the most obvious, told the farmer he could stop the wheel.

The wheel was the brainchild of Mr. Arthur Allison, who was the water, roads, drainage, etc., engineer on the Leconfield Estate, assisted by Mr. Jim Pullen, a foreman to Mr. Allison. Between them they dreamed up this and many other ideas to raise water and carry it to where it was needed most. Conveying water from source to need required far more skill, thought and down-right hard work than ever it does today. Levels had to be right, equations had to equate in the correct sequence, and at the end of the day, cattle and humans alike could benefit from their expertise.

This wheel would have been installed around 1897-8. It was still in continuous use right up until 1950 when we put in a new piped mains supply from Cross Lanes (in 1948) and connected up. Old Mr. Whitney still preferred to keep the wheel going because the water quality then (as now) was superior to what came (and comes) out of the town mains.

Of course, it had a few hiccups. It couldn't pump when the river flooded or when the old floating bridge broke away and got tangled up in it. But most problems were man-made, so to speak. Rotherbridge and the river were favourite haunts for us as children. It was not therefore surprising that the wheel and pump attracted us and challenged us. It was fenced in, we couldn't reach it and it kept turning and pumping away, mocking us and daring us, until one day during the mid-late 1930s, one of us, decided that enough was enough, fished out of the river a long fence rail, shoved it through the fence and between the spokes of the wheel. That silenced it. To make sure, we put the board in and dammed up the flume. Several times after that we'd creep up the river, slip in and stop it, until one afternoon old Whitney laid in wait for us, caught us red-handed, threatened us, told us a few home truths, then took us up to the farm and showed us what happened to the water that the wheel pumped and how much havoc we could cause when we stopped it. He and Mrs. Whitney gave us tea and quietly sent us on our way. We never messed with the old wheel again but gave it the respect it deserved. Had he told old Mr. Allison we would really have been in trouble in more ways than one. Even though it is a sad and sorry sight now, I am reminded of its birth and the way it merrily turned and pumped away.

J. Taylor, July, 1992.

PETWORTH'S HAPPY SCHOLAR

The small settlement of Racton lies in the extreme west of Sussex some two and a half miles north of Emsworth. The River Ems has not flowed this far up for two dry years now, but its winding course can be seen in the meadow opposite the 12th Century church. On a sunny day in May I stood in the churchyard and tried to imagine the scene which was enacted on a day in May some eighty-six years before when the Rector of Racton was interred. I was calling to mind the words of one of his obituarists:

"As the service at the graveside was taking place, the distant hills reverberated with thunder, and a cuckoo in a neighbouring copse gave expression to his ever welcoming note. The greenery of the uplands was spangled with a profusion of the flowers of which he had made a particular study, and one could not but feel that no more fitting setting to the obsequies of this happy scholar could possibly be imagined or desired."

This 'happy scholar' was Frederick Arnold who will be known to Petworthians as the author of an excellent history of the town. Peter Jerrome has invited me to contribute these biographical notes in order to shed a little light on one of Petworth's most remarkable sons.

Frederick Henry Arnold was born in Petworth in 1831, the eldest son of the choirmaster, organist and (later) postmaster, George Frederick Handel Arnold. With this assemblage of forenames the father could not have failed to be musical, and it is recounted that at the age of six he played a march at Petworth House before the Prince Regent. Whether or not Frederick inherited this talent I have been unable to establish, but the musical tradition was carried on by his brother George who rose to become organist at Winchester Cathedral. Another brother, Edward, trained as a solicitor and achieved local eminence at the head of a Chichester law firm which still bears his name. A fourth brother, Charles, enrolled in Petworth with Roger Turner and William Morris, 'surgeons, apothecaries and man midwives', in order to pursue a career in medicine. Evidently the Arnolds were people of talent and ambition.

It might seem strange that Frederick, being the first-born, should go into the Church when so often this was the only respectable option for the younger son of a well-to-do 19th Century family deprived of his father's estate by the custom of primogeniture. In Frederick's case the choice seems to have been influenced by another exceptional man from Petworth's past, the Rev Thomas Sockett. From lowly origins, Sockett was taken up by distinguished men who recognised his considerable qualities and utilised them for their own advantage: thus it was that the Earl of Egremont installed him as Rector at Petworth. Sockett officiated at the wedding of Frederick's parents, became godfather to the boy and personally supervised his education, not only instilling in him the Three R's and a love of the Classics, but inspiring him with two interests which were to be lifelong passions, antiquarian research and botany. There can be little doubt that Sockett set the young Frederick on his course.

Apart from the role of Thomas Sockett as family friend and mentor, no other tangible details about the upbringing of our subject have come to light. We next read of his marriage to Sarah Tribe in the parish register of Wisborough Green. A few years older than Frederick, she had been in service in the Arnold household since he

was ten: exactly how his parents viewed the alliance cannot be known, but the presence of brother George and sister Fanny Caroline at the wedding (they signed the register) suggests no serious opposition - the date is 1855 and Fanny, aged 13, can only be there with the consent of her parents. How wonderfully romantic she must have felt it to be!

At the time of the wedding Frederick is described as an undergraduate of Trinity College, Dublin. After obtaining his degree he returned to Sussex, to take up a teaching post in the Choir School in Chichester. In the same year, 1859, he was ordained by the Bishop of Chichester and appointed curate of Barlavington: sadly Sockett did not quite live to see this, but there seems to have been a friendship with his second son Henry who had the living of neighbouring Sutton and shared similar interests. Not that Frederick resided close to his parish, for he retained his address in the Cathedral Yard at Chichester and acted as Secretary to Dean Hook, assisting him in his magnum opus on the lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury. Meanwhile, three daughters were born; Frances Anna (1858), Marian Harriet (1860) and Ruth Laura (1864).

For a short time Arnold was the incumbent of Apuldram, across the fields to the south of Chichester - his installation here was on the same day in 1861 that the Cathedral spire collapsed, a coincidence which was to be recalled by him somewhat wryly in later years when digressing in talks to various local societies. But then, at the age of 34, he accepted the living of Racton with Lordington, the parish which he was to serve conscientiously for more than forty years. Since there was no rectory in the parish Arnold was forced to make other arrangements regarding accommodation. It appears that the family lived for some years in Fishbourne, although the 1871 census records them at Mill Cottage in West Ashling, but by 1881 Arnold is ensconced in a well-proportioned house in Hermitage just inside the Sussex border from Emsworth. The property, on the north side of the former A27 halfway up the hill from Hampshire, still stands and beside it is a later dwelling called Arnold Cottage and reputedly built at the instigation of Arnold as an annexe to his home. That he lived some miles from his church and parishioners does not seem to have daunted him, for he was by all accounts a prodigious walker, as active physically as he was mentally. In an age when most people used their feet a great deal more than do their counterparts today, Arnold was remarked upon as a walker: so says one of his obituaries. I have been compelled to revise my visions of him on

horseback, in dog-cart and even astride bicycle, substituting instead a pedestrian cleric - and, of course, this mode of transport would have most ideally suited his passion for wild flowers; the journeys to and from Racton Church would always have proved stimulating, given the botanical dimension - always scope for spotting an unexpected specimen or observing some floristic peculiarity.

In short it is difficult to escape the conclusion that Arnold was very content with his life as Rector of Racton. We can only guess whether he harboured a desire to return to Petworth: "Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnis angulus ridet" (That corner of the earth smiles for me beyond all others) he had borrowed as a prefatory quotation for his history of his native town in 1864. The author of these lines, incidentally, is the Latin poet Horace, the particular favourite classical writer of Thomas Sockett. Arnold obviously visited Petworth, and there were close family ties; for example, he conducted the ceremony at which his cousin Elizabeth Arnold married Petworth butcher George Knight; and his daughter Frances went back to help in the Post Office after her aunt Fanny became Postmistress.

Antiquarian delvings continued to occupy Arnold's spare moments. Apart from the aforementioned work on Petworth there were numerous notes and articles published in the Sussex Archaeological Collections as well as papers delivered to groups in Chichester. Such a pillar of the local history establishment was he indeed that he was elected an honorary member of the Sussex Archaeological Society. Yet it was Arnold the botanist who attracted my notice with The Flora of Sussex. I have speculated idly as to whether it was the death of his wife Sarah in 1879 that somehow produced the impetus to concentrate his efforts on the wild flowers of his county. The evidence which can be extracted from his herbarium is not conclusive, the majority of his own specimens having been gathered between the years 1875 and 1887 (while a few, collected in the late 1840s, confirm his early interest in the subject). Correspondence preserved at Kew may be enlightening, since Arnold is known to have discussed the project of a county flora with the eminent W Botting Hemsley. Whatever the circumstances, Arnold's book appeared in 1887 to general acclaim. The praise was richly merited, for the task had been a huge and demanding one, involving the sifting and evaluating of thousands of records. In the introduction Arnold acknowledges the major contributors who supplied lists and other data; for the eastern half of the county

he was especially reliant on such workers for their intimate knowledge of areas which he could not hope to cover thoroughly himself. It is revealing how many of these botanists were also men of the cloth!

From this time until his death Arnold was a leading light in the Chichester and West Sussex Natural History and Microscopical Society. Issues of the Society's journal which survive bear witness to his energies: he is a fixture on the committee, regularly President, he delivers lectures, he leads field excursions by train to such places as the Adur valley and Hayling Island, he writes scholarly but accessible articles. When at the turn of the century the Victoria County History was compiled, Frederick Arnold was the obvious choice as author of the account of the botany of Sussex.

In 1906 Arnold was preparing a second edition of The Flora of Sussex, a large volume of fresh records having accumulated since the publication of the first. On the morning of April 24th, however, he was 'seized with paralysis'; probably sensing the urgency of the situation, he dictated the preface to the new edition to his daughter Marian that same day. Within a fortnight he was dead.

Gradually I have been able to reconstruct a picture of the man since I first procured a copy of his Flora in 1987, one hundred years after publication. The picture is necessarily incomplete, but I hope to add more details in due course. The trail has taken me to Racton Church and Chichester Cathedral, to his herbarium, which is in a good state of preservation, and of course to Petworth. In the September volume of this journal you will have read Peter's account of how we rambled around the town in search of plants which Arnold recorded here. Despite grievous losses of habitat in Sussex - due to urban sprawl, forestry, cultivation, drainage, 'improvement' of grassland and so forth - it is surprising and indeed heartening to see how many noteworthy plants cling on, admittedly sometimes precariously, in sites known to Frederick Henry Arnold. Trying to refind such old records is an absorbing pastime, but now I have an additional pleasure, seeking out the man himself and researching his family.

The family apparently arrived in Petworth towards the end of the 18th Century when Benjamin Arnold of Portsmouth married a Harriet Bartellot. Benjamin and Harriet produced nine children, the eldest

being the George Frederick Handel Arnold who was Frederick's father. What became of most of Frederick's uncles and aunts is not yet clear, with the exception of Thomas Bartellot Arnold (1805-1872): his son Benjamin became Town Clerk and Registrar, as well as running a stationers on the corner of Angel and Middle Street, and some Petworthians are able to remember his two daughters, Emily and Marjorie who inherited the business. Of Frederick's brothers, George the organist and Edward the solicitor predeceased him, while Charles cannot be traced after the census returns of 1881. Frederick's sister Fanny, as I have mentioned in passing, took over the family Post Office in Market Square; she also died before her brother, and her will is kept in the County Record Office. I can find no line of the family which survives down to the present. None of Frederick's daughters married: all three lie in the churchyard at Racton. The middle daughter, Marian, dutifully completed the revision of the Flora, embellished it with line drawings and published it under her father's name in 1907.

Although a carved wooden plaque in Petworth Church commemorates George Frederick Handel Arnold's 64 years as organist there, no official recognition of Frederick exists in his native town. In a sense his books are his most enduring memorials - and there is Racton Church which he restored at his own expense; and yet I like to be reminded of this 'happy scholar' by wild flowers descended from the very plants that he saw and examined and noted down; and if I am pressed to single out one species as a 'memorial', I am included to plump for the small but fascinating Petworth speciality, Sedum dasyphyllum, the thick-leaved stonecrop. Arnold states in his entry for this flower that it had long been known in the town; and I would guess that it was Thomas Sockett who first enlightened the boy on the matter in those distant days of the 1830s.

Dr Nicholas Sturt,
Lavant House School

"HARRY, YOU'RE MAKING TOO MUCH NOISE"

A very early memory is of Mrs de Fonblanque from Duncton leading a party of suffragettes through Tillington on their way, it was said, to Winchester. It seems a long way for them to go and it seems a very long time ago now; it was probably before war broke out in 1914. There were some big sycamore trees in the churchyard meadow then and some were hollow, we boys used to climb into them and call them our pulpits.

Mr Goggs was rector of Tillington then; he had a son who was a rector too. I always liked him. My brother Perce and I joined the choir at Tillington when I was eight years old and continued both of us for many many years. Old Mr Podmore used to pay us 3d. for practice and 6d. for every service but the next rector Mr Campion stopped the practice. He argued that you should be in the choir because you wanted to be not for what you got out of it. In fact it wasn't as easy as that, at least that's how I felt, we liked being in the choir but the money was very useful in days when cash was so short.

During the war there was a remount depot in Petworth Park opposite the Tillington Road almshouses. Horses would be prepared for work at the front. Mr Rowe from Church Lodge would drive them in twos or fours, training them and breaking them in. If horses were particularly frisky they would be made to pull a big farm roller: this soon tired them out. When Mr Rowe was going back to Petworth we'd ask him if we could run behind. "Yes", he'd say gruffly, "but mind what you're doing". In fact Perce and I would lie on the cart's back axle and get a free ride into Petworth.

I started working for Otways (now Gateway) in April 1922. Mr Davidson had the premises then. I'd been looking for work from the previous August but jobs were difficult to find. I'd done all sorts of temporary work like apple-picking for Colonel Bull at Willetts, Tillington. I'd climb up the ladder and Arthur Budd would tell me to "keep hold of the twigs" while he moved me and the ladder round the tree. It certainly saved a lot of time. I tried everywhere for a permanent job but work was very scarce. Mrs Townsend used to deliver the newspaper to our house in Tillington and she kept her eyes open for a job for me. Once she heard that Mr Denman had a vacancy for an apprentice to learn cabinet making. He then had a shop where Paddington's Table is in East Street. I rushed down there but as I went in passed Arthur Duncton coming out. Arthur had already been given the job.

Desperate as I was for a proper job there was one I had to go for which I didn't really want. There was a vacancy for a poultry boy at Frog Farm. I have always had a great distaste for feathers and fur, but it was a job and I had to go for it. The farmer showed me some great big hen coops and said he wanted them carried up to the top of a small hill. Could I do that? They looked terribly heavy to me, "I don't think I can", I replied truthfully enough. "Well you're no bloody good to me", the farmer said. It was one job I was happy enough not to get.

Eventually I heard of a vacancy at Otways, work to begin at 8 in the morning. Local deliveries were made with a sack truck, an upright iron trolley with a wooden box. The last order out was put in first with a sheet of paper over it, then another order until the box was full. I remember that the box was a wooden H.P. Sauce crate. For the town round we had a flat trolley which took two wide wooden boxes, orders being placed in them on the same principle as before. I wasn't allowed to do North Street on my own because if I did the boys from the school would go off with my trolley. I remember that happening when I was delivery to Preyste House, having left the trolley on the slope outside Mrs Tyrrell's shop, just up from Somerset Hospital. No, the Petworth boys didn't take anything - they just liked to be one up on a boy from Tillington.

Once, delivering in Petworth House Gardens, I was attracted by the pears growing up against the wall on the long walk down to the gardener's house. I felt sure they wouldn't miss a couple, there were hundreds there. I couldn't have been more mistaken, as soon as I had the pears Mr Pull the head gardener appeared from behind a compost heap. He had a French beard I particularly remember. "I'm going to speak to Mr Davidson", he said, "You should know what belongs to you and what doesn't". I knew I would get the sack if he told Mr Davidson but in fact he was content to put the wind up me. He certainly did that!

My first task was to sweep up all the passages and stores. Much of the storage space at that time was match-boarded and stained. Quite smart. One day Mrs Davidson called out from the kitchen, "Harry, come up here a minute". I went up the back stairs and stood in the kitchen. "Harry", she said, "You haven't swept behind the doors, I haven't heard a thing". I had swept behind the doors. I knew I had but Mrs Davidson would have none of it. She was going entirely on the sound. The next day she called again, "Harry", come up here a minute". When I went into the kitchen she announced, "Harry, I've got Mr Davidson to buy you a new broom". Armed with this new acquisition I thought I'd better show that I meant business and clattered about behind the doors to make it perfectly clear that I was at work. Next morning I was summoned to the kitchen again. "Harry", said Mrs Davidson, "You're making too much noise sweeping up. I've got a new broom with velvet round the edges to stop you making such a noise."

After clearing up in the main premises in Market Square I'd go

round to Golden Square where Otways still had all three shops in the block on the west side. The present butcher's shop was run by Otways as a butcher's, Marjorie Booker ran the middle shop as a china shop for Otways and there was a tea-shop at the southern end. I'd have to go in there and make the ice-cream, turning the handle on the machine Mrs Davidson having already mixed the compound and loaded the machine. Next into Dawtrey's Yard where Otways still had a bakery. I'd spend an hour and a half frying doughnuts.

There were great cellars under Dawtrey's Yard and there was a large grating which looked out onto an old lady's garden. Bill Benham and I liked to get down under the cellars and throw pieces of stone and gravel at the old lady's door. When she came out to look there would be no one there. The old lady told Mr Hounsham in the butcher's who came down into the cellar to sort it out. There wasn't in fact much reason for us to be in the cellar at all for Mr Davidson only kept 28lb blocks of salt and birch brooms down there. The next time Mr Hounsham caught us down there he gave us both a clip round the ear. No proof. He just said, "You know what it's for". I might make some deliveries for the butcher or the china shop and regularly had to grind 14lbs of coffee beans for the Swan Hotel. Butchers' deliveries had priority over groceries because of the fresh meat involved.

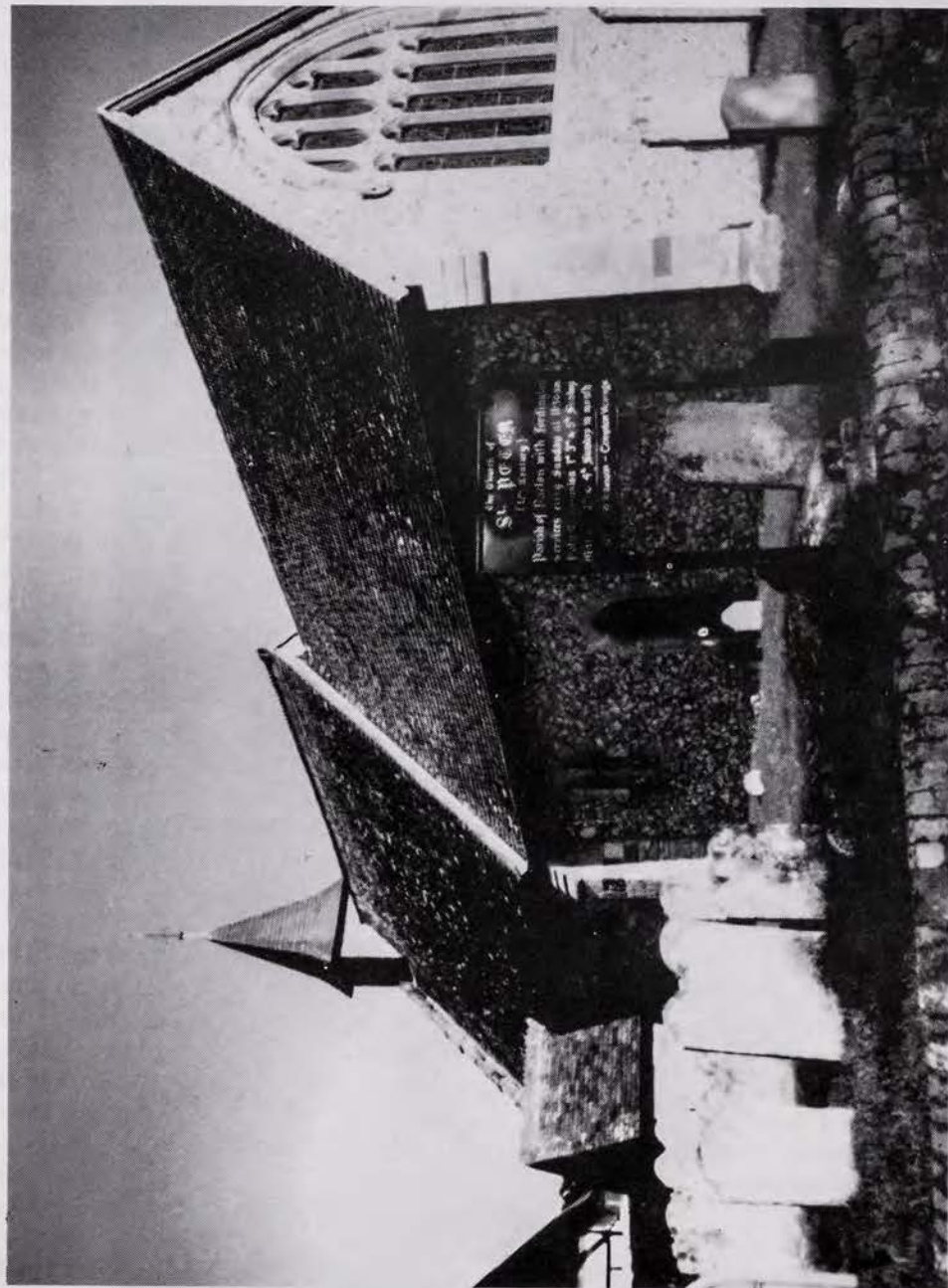
The Misses Austin kept a little private school at Boxgrove in Pound Street and I had to deliver paraffin there. It was in two gallon cans at this time. I spilled a few drops on the red brick floor and Miss Austin said, "It's a terrible smell all this paraffin on the floor". In truth there were only a few drops but without a further word she brought out a bucket of hot water and a cloth and left it for me. Just another of a delivery boy's jobs.

Delivering paraffin further out was different: Mr Davidson driving out to a particular point with paraffin and groceries and leaving me to deliver on foot and be picked up again. Hilliers was like this - I'd walk up into the Gog from the lane at the foot of Fox Hill. On this round paraffin was carried in large stone jars once used by Pinks for soft drinks. They were heavy and I'd carry one in each hand. Mr Jones the chauffeur at Hilliers lived up in the Gog and I particularly remember going there. Coming back I'd roll the jars back down the incline.

When Mr Davidson bought an old model T Ford, Walt. Ayling who later joined the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, turned it over at West



The Rotherbridge water-wheel c1921.
Possibly the earliest Garland photograph extant except for some very early snapshots.



Racton Church. A colour photograph by Nick Sturt.

Burton while delivering groceries and phoned to say he couldn't get back. It was already five o'clock and the Graffham round was still to be done. Mr Heydon, who looked after the horses, and I, were told to take the horse that was used to the journey and see what could be done. Neither Mr Heydon nor I knew the journey. We gave the horse his head and delivered all 62 Graffham parcels without a problem going right out into the country on the Lavington Estate.

Mr Davidson had a banana store in the premises in Golden Square and I'd go up there twice a week to turn them. They were kept in cupboards and swivelled on a hook. They didn't take that long to ripen. The banana store was simply another part of a huge rambling premises that was becoming more and more difficult to control. Otways had had the same difficulty I believe. A sign of what was to come was when I asked for a rise in money to nine shillings a week, I remember collecting my pay-packet and walking home to Tillington with it. When I got as far as the Cricket Lodge I sat down on the seat that used to be there, opened my pay-packet and found I'd been given an "Irishman's rise" - my money had actually been reduced!

The International Stores took the premises over in 1924 and there was extensive refitting in 1929, the new store being modelled on the one at Esher. I remember the Leconfield Estate workmen standing open-mouthed looking at the scene, the roof being simply suspended in the air and the building open beneath it on four sides. I imagined them going home and talking about it at the tea-table.

Canvassing was a job I did for some years, going round collecting orders and the payment for the previous week. The International Stores had a system of "covering" areas which meant that the round might take in a wide radius. For example the Arundel branch met our territory at the bottom of Bury Hill. Mondays I would go to Tillington, Upperton, River and along the bottom road to Little Common Farm. Tuesdays to Station Road, Burton, Sutton, Bignor, Bignor Park, West Burton and Bury - then Coldwaltham, Hardham and Pulborough, some sixty calls. Wednesday was a similar number of calls at Graffham. The Thursday round was Whites Green, River, Selham and round. I remember once being given some plum wine at Whites Green and a little later on the round Mrs Herbert saying to me, "You look a little tired, sit down outside for a while". I sat down and went to sleep on the spot and eventually rolled off the stepping stones. When I woke up I got on with the round. After a

while I met Fred Greest who said to me, "Why have you got all that mud on your face?" There was a great patch of dried mud on my face where I'd been to sleep against the ground. Fridays I'd go out beyond Selham, under the bridge and along to Toplea, almost to Ambersham. Saturdays I'd be working in the shop.

Harry Howard was talking to Les Howard and the Editor.

THE TRADITION OF THE ELDERS

As I was born in 1906 I could not know John Sirgood the founder of our community of Dependents or, as we are known to outsiders, Cokelers. John Sirgood had died in 1885. I have however known so many who had been Sirgood's contemporaries and who would speak of him either in conversation or in testimony in chapel. I have even spoken to those, elderly in my time, who remembered those early days in the 1860s when John Sirgood came from Clapham to Loxwood to settle as a working shoemaker and preach his distinctive Gospel. The earliest converts were unsophisticated people, often quite illiterate, and John Sirgood had to nurse their new-found belief carefully. Many of his earlier letters simply exhort to avoid excess and keep the faith. It was a message for the time. Drink was a problem for labouring men in those early days and John Sirgood knew the power of alcohol well enough. Speaking of the time before his conversion by John Bridges, he recalled saying that he wished his throat were a mile long so that he could taste the drink all the way down. Even in the Loxwood years he wasn't so much opposed to drink itself as all too aware that some of the community might be inclined to over-indulge. In the circumstances it was better that all temptation be removed by banning alcohol completely. After all, he knew its attractions well enough!

Two great changes had shaped the community in the period from 1865. The first was the building of chapels to replace the old meetings held in members' houses in earlier days. Loxwood was the first chapel to be built, Norwood the last. There were seven in all, plain utilitarian buildings raised by the community itself, with its members' money and labour. Some were well-built; but some, like Lord's Hill, had just a single thickness of brick. All except the Hove chapel had a tea-room so that the brethren staying all day Sunday for morning, afternoon and evening service might have some refreshment between the services. The chapels were all built by 1879.

The second great change was the emergence of the community as a significant economic as well as religious entity. John Sirgood's initial idea was that if the Dependents worked for themselves they would be free to participate in Sunday worship. If they did not, and remember that the Dependents were almost exclusively drawn from the working classes, it was likely that their employers would make them work Sundays, to the detriment of their religious life. From small beginnings five stores grew up, each a "combination" of separate shops clustered together on a single site but each accounting quite separately. The shops gave the community a definite character and offered employment for many (not all) of John Sirgood's followers. It was a departure that Sirgood himself had pioneered, bringing back tea, cheese and other provisions on a barrow, buying wholesale from the beginning. Sirgood never had charge of a single community: his colleague John Overington, who died in 1909, being the first leader at Loxwood. Instead John Sirgood went round visiting, holding the communities together by the force of his personality, walking for miles, keeping in touch by his constant corresponding, and travelling sometimes in a horse and trap. He continued as a bootmaker but increasingly acted as a buyer for the various stores. The stores were still in their infancy when he died but the principle was well established and with it the future course of the community. Norwood was the biggest store: comprising in 1910 separate greengrocers, butchers, grocers, bakers and confectioners, drapers, shoe shop, men's tailoring and furniture, each department treated as a separate and distinct business.

A supplementary change, itself quite momentous in its own way, came in 1910 with advice on the advantages of putting the separate departments of each store together to form limited companies. Hence arose the famous shop names, still remembered by so many. Northchapel Stores became Brown, Durant and Co. after the two senior ladies, Caroline Brown who had known John Sirgood's wife Harriet particularly well, and Lizzie Durant who was a dozen or so years her junior. I remember that tea was always served at Northchapel at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and the tea, as in all our stores, was especially blended to suit the local water - the traveller taking a sample of the local water away with him for the blender. And what tea it was! Loxwood Stores became Aylward, Smith and Co. Henry Aylward was leader of the Loxwood community and hence overall leader of the Dependents. He was a large man, 54 inches round the waist. I'd always measure him for his cloth and he'd say, "Alfred, I'm too big to be a Christian". He had had a

mild stroke in the 1920s and, while he still led the meeting and led it well, he lacked a certain forcefulness after that. Walter Nash took over on Henry's death in 1939. Ethel Smith was another who had known John Sirgood in the early days. So often the founder was mentioned in testimonies at the meeting, he was in a powerful way still part of the community. Norwood Stores became Randall, Slade and Co. after George Randall and Alice Slade, both of whom had known the founder well.

So many of the elders I think of as I look back. Michael Woolgar from Chichester who died in 1927. I well recall him coming to the big meeting at Loxwood at Easter in 1920. A large man with a beard. I can see him now as he spoke, although I cannot remember his words. I was fourteen and could feel the power of God in him. So often in testimonies we would hear of earlier days and we knew so many of those to whom John Sirgood's letters had first been directed. Louie Taylor had married at 17 and when a few years later she became attracted to the Dependents, her family threatened to disown her. When she actually joined the community they did! Her husband Charles was five years older than she was. Louie had an astute business brain and travelled round the various stores, often helping out at Loxwood - somewhat as John Sirgood had done earlier. Charles Taylor had been born at Louth in Lincolnshire, the youngest of a family of 17. He was sent away to boarding school but was homesick and ran home to his mother. When she answered the door she said to him, "What brings you here?". He replied, "'Cos I wanted to see you". He would use this recollection in his testimony to show what love could do. His schoolmaster had lost an arm serving under the Duke of Wellington and was in the habit of saying, "God bless Charles and help him to grow up to be a useful member of society". I remember him cutting my hair at Norwood stores, while I sat on a high stool with my feet hanging in the air. Other elders too I remember well. It was William Bridges, a London blockmaker and precursor of the Essex Peculiars, who had converted John Sirgood and Bridges' granddaughter Harriet Burrows lived at Norwood as a member of our community. She died in 1929 aged a hundred years. I remember her as a marvellous singer and she was, of course, a link with the very beginning. Stalwarts of the Hove chapel whom I remember vividly were Mr. and Mrs. Greenfield. Mr. Greenfield had begun in business selling vegetables from a barrow but progressed to having a very large removal firm spanning the south of England. He was a conscientious objector in the 1914-18 war and has left a graphic account of his experiences at that time.

The Dependents were never afraid to have women as leaders of their various communities if they were the best for the position, and very competent they turned out to be. Eliza Stemp took over at Lord's Hill after William Hampshire who had died before I was born. Ann Huntingford was never a leader but was a great supporter of John Sirgood in those difficult early days at Loxwood. He never forgot and it was his direction that as a tribute to her kindness she was always to be cared for by the community. Ann lived at Laurel Cottage next to the stores at Northchapel and Ann's husband Charles died in the same year as John Sirgood. Eliza lived on for some twenty years until she was 93. Minnie Caplin used to tell how she had said to Eliza that her husband, now ailing, needed more of God. Certainly he was a good man but he needed to be a little more earnest. When his wife went off to the village she said to Minnie, "Give an eye to Charles", who by this time was confined to bed. Minnie thought this was the time to see what God would do. She went in to Charles and said, "Charles, thank God for what you have had and ask for a little more". God gave him such a blessing that his face shone. When Ann came back she said in her country way, "What in the world have you been with Charles? He regular shines". Minnie simply replied, "We prayed together". Charles kept that shine on his face until he died. He was buried here at Loxwood, John Sirgood walking over from Northchapel to arrange the funeral.

John Sirgood believed in living a life of perfection by the Grace of God. God had had mercy, that's why Jesus died. Faith by the power of God was ready to be revealed in the last time. Faith claims this because the work has been done by God. It's a simple salvation, yet so few were able to grasp its very simplicity. It was a salvation for the meek of the earth, the farm-workers and the copse-cutters. Men like old Mr. Belchamber at Plaistow. People would say mockingly to him, "William, have you been to pray for your sins?" "I arn't none", was his sole reply. Filled with faith these were men who could speak with power and John Sirgood wanted them to speak with power.

I never knew Mr. Earl at Lord's Hill but it was said that the Rector once asked him, "where did God come from Mr. Earl?" He replied, "I don't know where He came from, but I know where He is. He is in my heart and HE ought to be in yours." I have heard Jacob Earl testify how his father used to go round the farms with an entire stallion. When he came home one evening his wife said, "James, you haven't eaten your food". "I didn't feel very well," he replied. "Put it up again". The next day when he came home she

said, "James, you haven't eaten your food". He replied, "Yesterday I couldn't eat it and today I didn't want it". The second day he had walked about in the power. It was these simple experiences of ordinary people of which we would hear in the meetings.

Alf Goodwin was talking to Connie and Jim Nash and the Editor.

"USE YOUR IMAGINATION...."

I first came to Kirdford in 1933, prior to being married there in 1934. My husband was in partnership with old friends at Holland Heath farm and had particular responsibility for farming chicken and providing eggs on a commercial scale. He had taken a Loughborough training course in horticulture but had been originally in the Indian Army, Hodson's Horse. I didn't know him in those early days but he had gone out to India from Charterhouse during the 1914-1918 war, confounding those who said he would never pass the stiff Indian Army tests. In fact once out in India it wasn't long before the India Division was sent to France, seeing action at the second battle of Cambrai and elsewhere before going on to Turkey and Palestine before returning to India in the early 1920s.

While on duty on the North-West frontier he was shot by a Pathan. It was typical of him that he always said he'd like to meet the Pathan who had shot him and congratulate him on his marksmanship. The shot had caught him very high on the chest and shattered the muscles of his arm. He always reckoned the wound was largely his own fault; he had lit a Very light and then made the elementary error of not moving out of the way. He was in hospital many months and his arm would never be the same again. On another occasion he was riding in a gymkhana. He knew his horse couldn't take a particular jump but he knew too that his immediately superior officer would make so much of it if he failed that he took the jump. The horse fell on him. The R.S.M. pronounced him dead and had him transferred to the mortuary. It so happened that a very experienced nurse was due on duty. When she arrived she was told, "One of Hodson's Horse boys is in there." She went in to see who it was had been killed and soon overturned the R.S.M.'s verdict. He wasn't dead at all but he was kept in hospital for nearly a year and the accident had detrimental effects on eyes and lungs. His Sikh soldiers prayed under the hospital window for some months afterwards.

I had worked in Fleet Street before I married. I'd no formal qualifications: my father, a jobber on the Stock Exchange, had lost his money as so many did at the time and also suffered a stroke in 1922, so my education was somewhat curtailed. I went to Putney High School but had to leave following my father's stroke. My brother who was older than I and an agricultural journalist, managed to get me an interview in Fleet Street and I was shown in to see the editor. There was no sign of him immediately but after a while he emerged - apparently from the waste-paper basket. "Oh it's you," he said, "I'm so used to your brother. What can you do?" "Nothing at all," I replied truthfully enough. He didn't seem unduly concerned about this. "Well what have you read?" I reeled off a number of modern writers, Galsworthy among them; I'd had an excellent English mistress at Putney. "Oh well, that will be all right," he said, "use your imagination". So it was that I went to the Central Fiction Department. Amalgamated press had 131 magazines at that time and it was my job to review at least ten of them every week for internal purposes. I also did reviews of books, mainly with a view to their eventual serialisation in one of our many magazines. One particular review, it was of an Australian novel, caused me to be summoned to the Editor-in-Chief. Somewhat perturbed I presented myself, to be told that the review was an excellent one. I was to be put on to Woman's Pictorial, one of our more prestigious magazines. When I protested that it seemed largely concerned with babies and I knew nothing about babies I was told, "there's a library upstairs" and that was that. I progressed from there to the more prestigious Woman's Journal, even staying on after the office closed to reply to problem letters written to "Nurse Mackay". These were letters sent privately with a stamped addressed envelop but not published in the magazine. Obviously I couldn't do this if the subjects were very technical; in that case I had to pass the letter on. I ended up as chief sub-editor but after seven years I left to be married. I was given a week's salary for every year I'd spent with Amalgamated Press; the then princely sum of £35!

I wasn't expected to work on the farm although I would have been happy to have done so in the early years at Kirdford, I simply cooked and looked after the house. However my seven years in Fleet Street would eventually shape what I would do later. After a while Hugh Kenyon decided that as I'd been at Amalgamated Press I would make a good manager for Kirdford School. As in my first interview at A.P., I protested that I knew nothing whatever about it. "Just go to the meeting," was Hugh Kenyon's suggestion. He didn't

actually say, "Use your imagination," but it was a variation on that theme. From that came, in 1938, a request for me to go out with my husband and instruct local people in the use of gasmasks; some of the older people couldn't seem to get to grips with that at all. Preparations were being made for war and every village was to have a billeting officer. On the strength of being a School Manager I was asked to do this. The job entailed knowing where the cottages were, their capacity and the people who lived in them, with a view to their likely use for housing evacuees. The first evacuees came in 1939, mothers with children wrongly sent to Kirdford when they should have been sent to Wales. It was the sort of thing that happened. This particular party was something of a cultural shock for the villagers who found them a rare handful. It wasn't long before they were on the way to their original destination in Wales. The next party were a little easier, although none of them had seen the country in their lives.

From these tentative beginnings I went to work in the office at Newlands, Petworth, using my own car and an allowance of petrol to go round the whole area of the old Petworth Rural District Council, Plaistow to West Burton, Duncton to Stopham, to collect five shillings a week from mothers evacuated with their children and an additional something for each child. The Council then reimbursed the householder. I remember that Stopham House was rented out at this time to Lady Bielby Robinson. Some few people were in a position to make private arrangements about evacuees and she had a whole family there who were not "official". Lord Leconfield was the same, some under-fives were billeted at Petworth House. I think his Lordship found it all a little difficult, Lady Leconfield being unwell at the time. The children lived basically in the Audit Room. Lord Leconfield didn't always operate with "official" evacuees, often taking them from Portsmouth instead of London but if he had problems there I could not help him as billeting officer or in my later position as Senior Evacuation officer. He could never seem to see this. Some people went to great trouble and pains to help: the Pearson family at Parham House were very concerned that their charges were not receiving canned fruit so had me go over to Parham to show them how to can fruit themselves.

When Mrs. Fitzwilliam, the Senior Evacuation officer, became ill Captian Oglethorpe, Clerk to the Justices, had to find a replacement. He asked me to take over. Some of the evacuees were becoming difficult by this time; their mothers often didn't appear at all, quite a few were working as clippies on the London buses,

the fathers were of course abroad, and relations, with what were effectively foster-parents, weren't always good. Foster-parents might understandably favour their own children. You had to feel sympathy with the evacuees, naughty as some of them undoubtedly were. One little boy who looked like an angel with lovely golden curls was very difficult to place. Despite his cherubic looks no one was prepared to keep him a second day. I remember once his climbing on top of a gasometer. In despair we eventually put him out with a rabbit-catcher on the Downs. We never heard another thing of him, he was as happy as he could ever be. I am not sure what happened about his schooling but he was happy. Lady Maxse was Chairman of the Junior Bench and very good she was too. I had to write reports on the children for Captain Oglethorpe and I did what I could for them. Lady Maxse would do the best she could as well and would always insist on the mother being brought down. She would tell them sternly, "There is no one in this world that takes the place of a mother, your job is with your children". You had to sympathise with the children: they didn't know who they were or where they were. In fact, despite these difficulties, the evacuees as a whole mixed in reasonably well, many of them coming back to visit their wartime homes long after the war had ended.

I remember the school bombing well. I was in Newlands but I didn't acutally see the plane fly past nor did I hear it. Jeanne Courtauld, who was in the building with me, actually saw it. The first I knew was when Captain Oglethorpe rang and said, "Please go down with your secretary - Tina Richardson from Wisborough Green - to look after the children, those who are whole". We commandeered the schoolmaster's house, Mr. Stevenson had been killed but Mrs. Stevenson was there. The house was, as it still is, at the very bottom of North Street on the Horsham Road junction, and just across the road from the school. We looked after boys, injured and uninjured until they were either taken to hospital or returned to their families. As the day ended Captain Orglethorpe rang again to say that there were three children from Ebernoe unaccounted for, and would I go out to tell the parents? It was already dark and no torches were allowed. Mr. Penney the A.R.P. warden gave me a lot of help but it was pretty desperate. I had a job to stop one particular mother coming in to search herself but there was no point. It was the worst point of the war and this the worst moment.

Mrs. Keogh Murphy was talking to Andrew Brooke and the Editor.

A HISTORICAL QUIZ FROM THE 1940s

For many years the Petworth Women's Institute acted as a kind of predecessor of this Society in keeping alive historical traditions about the town, both oral and written. A short typescript by Dr. Brydone incorporates a number of these traditions and I consulted the typescript frequently for "Tread Lightly Here" (1990). The following Quiz seems to come from the mid-1940s and the copy I have contains all the answers written in, suggesting that it was the master copy against which entries would be checked. After nearly fifty years the Quiz remains interesting in itself but also as an indicator of local history knowledge at the time. The original answers are given here in italic type with some short comments where necessary. I refer where I can to Tread Lightly Here as a convenient reference but frequently also to Tales of Old Petworth (19766) and Arnold's History (1864). Other books are mentioned as necessary. Does anyone remember the Quiz?

Peter

W.I. QUIZ on PETWORTH

*Answers to be sent before June 1st to Miss Mayne,
Archway House, Petworth.*

Price 6d.

FOUR PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED FOR SAME

1. In what year was the W.I. started in Petworth?

1921

2. Give names of all the Presidents?

Mrs Chetwynd Stapleton

Miss H.E. Upton

Mrs Beasley

Miss Mayne

Mrs Provis

Miss M. Upton

Miss E. Westlake.

3. What good work was started by W.I. in 1929?

Infant Welfare Centre.

4. Where was the old George Inn?

Austen's Shop. (This is incorrect, following Roger Turner's article in S.A.C. xix. See T.L.H. pp174.)

5. What was the old name of Daintrey House?

The Mansion. (T.L.H. pp65 T.O.P. pp92.)

6. What building was on the site of the Westminster bank?

Half Moon Inn. (T.L.H. pp168-169.)

7. Where was Souter Street?

Pound Street. (T.L.H. pp207.)

8. Why was Lombard Street called "Lombard"?

The Lombards were bankers and the bank was there. (This question has never really been answered satisfactorily. For other ideas see T.L.H. pp43.)

9. In the olden days what family owned

(a) Tudor House

(b) Daintrey House

(c) York & Lancaster House?

(a) *Dawtreay.* (This is doubtful see T.L.H. pp28.)

(b) *Peach.* (Peachey is probably intended. This tradition may be correct but if so goes a long way back compare T.L.H. pp65.)

(c) *Mitford.* (This seems quite possible but I have seen no evidence of it. T.L.H. pp154-156.)

10. Whose bust is over the Town Hall?

William III. (The bust, now cleaned and restored can be seen at present at Petworth House.)

11. What building has the Tudor Rose and Percy Half Moon carved on it?

Denman's Shop. (Norman Place compare T.L.H. pp73.)

12. Who was the most hated man in Petworth?

Mr Tyler. (T.O.P. pp44. T.L.H. pp62,63. William Tyler was legal agent to the Third Earl of Egremont.)

13. How did the people of Petworth show their dislike?

Filled his grave with cabbage stalks and danced on it. (This probably apocryphal tradition is preserved in Dr Brydone's notes. See T.L.H. pp62.)

14. What proof is there that Petworth had a monastery at one time?

A will about 1500 mentions the fathers of Petworth. (This falls some way short of proof and probably reflects mention of the Brotherhood of Corpus Christi in pre-reformation wills. These were a lay society pledged to assist at services and see that there was proper remembrance for the souls of the dead T.L.H. pp65.)

15. Name the dioceses of which six Rectors became Bishops.

3 of Chichester, 1 of Lewes, 1 of Dublin, 1 of Western Equatorial Africa. (See Arnold pp67f. Herbert Jones who left Petworth in 1906 would become Bishop of Lewes. Herbert Tugwell after Bishop of Western Equatorial Africa was curate under Charles Holland in the 1880s.)

16. Where was the only dairy 60 years ago?

The Rectory.

To be continued.

List of new members will appear in the March Magazine.

