

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY *magazine*



NO. 74. DECEMBER 1993

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The wood-engraving on the front cover is by Gwenda Morgan and illustrates Gray's Elegy. That on the back is of Egdean church.

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Winter/Spring Programme. Please keep for reference.

**WALK:** SUNDAY FEBRUARY 13th. JOHN and GLORIA'S VALENTINE'S WALK. Leave Petworth Car Park at 2.15

**MEETINGS:** LECONFIELD HALL 7.30 p.m. Admission £1. Refreshments.

**MONDAY 13th DECEMBER**

PETWORTH SOCIETY  
CHRISTMAS EVENING

**WEDNESDAY 19th JANUARY**

DORIS ASHBY:  
THE COUNTRY YEAR

Slides

**WEDNESDAY 16th FEBRUARY**

THE SOCIETY GOES  
SCUBA DIVING WITH  
PAUL COTTRELL

with Slides

**WEDNESDAY 9th MARCH**

MAURICE JOSEPH:  
THE ROAD TO BEIJING  
(THE OLD SILK ROUTE)

Slides

**WEDNESDAY 13th APRIL**

JONATHAN WADSWORTH:  
THE PERSIAN CARPET

As you know we do not have a fixed day for these meetings but it just happens that speakers' requests and the Hall's availability have made for a succession of Wednesdays.

**Special meeting:** Tuesday 29th March. David Sekers, Regional Director National Trust Southern Region speaks on Uppark.

**LECONFIELD HALL EVENT:**

SATURDAY 22nd JANUARY  
LECONFIELD HALL FOOD DAY

**EVENING CLASS. Spring Term:**

**THE SPIRIT OF PETWORTH 1400 - 1994** *Tutor: Peter Jerrome*

This series of talks will try to capture the spirit of Petworth by taking a particular document or incident from each century from 1400 to the present day, having a closer look at it and moving on to another century each week. At the end we will try to decide is there an essential "Spirit of Petworth"?

**Petworth Herbert Shiner School P10 Monday 7.30pm - 9.30pm**

**Start** 31 January 6 sessions £19.80 Red. £18.60

**So Sweet as the Phlox is The Diary of Florence Rapley 1909-1912**  
**£34.95**

There are a few copies left at the time of going to press.  
As you know numbers were limited to 250. Available direct from

Window Press,  
Trowels,  
Pound Street,  
Petworth,  
West Sussex GU28 0DX

An Exhibition featuring the diary will be on show at Petworth House in conjunction with "20 cathedrals", see separate leaflet.

And a Merry Christmas!

Peter

**The Petworth Society visits Stratford-upon-Avon, May 20th - 22nd, 1994**

The trip to Stratford has now been booked with the Moat House Hotel for the above dates. This early confirmation and request for a deposit has been necessary owing to the year-round popularity of Stratford.

I would now ask:

- (a) Anyone who contacted me expressing interest and who now does NOT wish to be included, to let me know immediately.
- (b) Anyone who has not contacted me and would like to join us, to fill in the form below and return it to me immediately with deposit, by January 24th, at the latest.
- (c) Those who wish to go ahead with their initial booking, to send me their deposits, preferably using the form below, also by January 24th.

The final cost is expected to be about £110 (+ £12 single room supplement) for the two nights bed, breakfast and dinner and coach travel.

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Booking form: The Petworth Society Stratford Visit, May 20th - 22nd, 1994.

To: Mrs. R. Thompson, Please reserve \_\_\_\_\_ place(s) in a double/twin/single bedroom  
18, Rothermead, I enclose £\_\_\_\_\_ deposit (£47 per person), cheque payable to R. W. Thompson.  
Petworth, Name(s): \_\_\_\_\_  
West Sussex, Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
GU28 0EW. \_\_\_\_\_  
(0798 42585) \_\_\_\_\_  
Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

## Constitution and Officers

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 of residence who is interested in furthering the object of the society.

The annual subscription is £6.00. Single or double one Magazine delivered. Postal £7.50 overseas £8.50. 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. Magazine Secretary*

Mrs B. Hodson, The Cottage, Whitelocks, Sutton

### *Hon. Membership Secretary*

Mrs R. Staker, 71 Wyndham Road, Petworth

### *Hon. Social Secretary*

Mrs Audrey Grimwood, 12 Grove Lane, Petworth

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Mrs Anne Simmons, Mr D.S. Sneller, Mr J. Taylor, Mr E. Vincent,  
Mrs Linda Wort

### *Magazine 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)

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

## Chairman's Notes



*The Toronto Water front drawn by Jan Roddick*

*This quarter has been notable for the trip to Canada, a memorable event for the Society and of course particularly for the forty members who made the journey. Clearly the tumultuous welcome they received will not readily be forgotten. I did not myself make the trip, which was in the very capable control of Anne Simmons, but I do include two accounts and a number of pictures. We look forward to seeing our Canadian friends again in early June.*

*A word concerning the Leconfield Hall. Grants permitting, the Hall Committee would hope to begin restoration work in the spring of 1994. A feature of the last quarter has been the Leconfield Hall Saturday evenings, a Variety Concert "What a Performance" in August, organised by Terry Allbright and an "Antiques Roadshow" in October organised for the Hall Committee by the Petworth Art and Antique Dealers. Both evenings were very successful and well-supported. The next event will be a Food Fair in mid-January - details on posters. The Hall is absolutely vital to this Society as it is to so many other town organisations and it is a great privilege for me to be Chairman both of this Society and of the Hall Committee at such a crucial period in the long history of the Hall. The Leconfield*

Hall Committee, made up of representatives of the various organisations that use the Hall and elected members of the general public, is determined to see that the Hall occupies its rightful place as an effective focus of virtually everything that happens in the town and these first two ventures are an indication of that determination.

Peter

29th October 1993.

## Note: The Dawtrey Family

I would like to ask your readers for any information on the pedigree of the Dawtrey family during the 17th and 18th centuries. I am aware of the earlier records - Lady Maxse's, for example - and the eventual dying out of the direct male line at More House in 1758. I wish to trace the female who married a Jones before 1750 and was probably a sister of the Mary Drewitt, born 1732, who married Thomas Drewitt of Amberley in 1759. The son of this Jones, William, was probably born in 1750 and became a famous entomologist. Any information would be gratefully received by Frank Penfold, Morels, Burpham, Arundel, BN18 9RR; Tel. 0903 882170.

## Toronto September

I had flown before but only to the continent. Malta is probably the furthest I have been but I wasn't too concerned about the flight. There was a good crowd to see us off from the Car Park and the coach got us to Gatwick in good time, only to find that we would have to wait until 4 o'clock. We hung about, had lunch, looked at the shops. The plane was several hours late. All a bit tedious but by 4 o'clock we were in the air. We put down at Manchester, a scheduled refuelling stop, although we hadn't realized we were going to put in there and we were off again about 6.15. We had a meal on the plane at 7.00 and a snack about 9.00. We arrived in Toronto at about 9.15p.m. Canadian time, and 2.15a.m. our time. We were late and very tired.

The welcoming party were waiting at the airport, their enthusiasm in no way dampened by our late arrival. We felt rather like evacuees as we waited for the transport to pick us up and take us to the Legion. There was a piper too to give us a real "Toronto Scottish feeling". Once at the Legion Rita and I looked to see who our host was going to be. The first lady inside the door happened to be just my size, someone I could see eye to eye with! Fran Alexander was looking for Dorothy Wright and Rita Callingham so that was a good start! It wasn't very long before we were on the way to Mississauga. Ros and John were staying quite near us and we passed them at a crossroads on the way. "Would you like a drink?" asked Fran when we arrived, "or a cup of tea"? We had no hesitation in deciding on the latter. We sat talking for a while and then went to bed.



HOUSE OF COMMONS  
CANADA

Patrick Boyer, M.P.  
Etobicoke - Lakeshore



September 20, 1993

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OTTAWA, ONTARIO  
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Mrs. Ann Simmons  
Petworth Historical Society  
Petworth, England

Dear Ann:

It was a pleasure yesterday to present to you the flag which has proudly flown from the Peace Tower on our Parliament Buildings in Ottawa, as a symbol and souvenir of your visit to Canada this month.

The special events to keep alive the bond and the memory of all that followed in the wake of the disastrous bombing of the boys' school at Petworth on September 29, 1942, are truly special to Canadians, and especially members of the Toronto Scottish Regiment, who witnessed and responded to that tragedy.

The Peace Tower on our Parliament Buildings, from which the flag has flown, by its very name, epitomizes the quest which Canadians have for a world at peace, and bears witness to our continuing efforts to respond to the call when aggressor nations would make war and bring destruction to civilized societies. That is why the Toronto Scottish Regiment was stationed near Petworth on that fateful day. That is why Canadian Armed Forces have participated with distinction in every single United Nations peace keeping mission since 1945.

As Member of Parliament for Etobicoke Lakeshore, it was a special moment for me to greet all of you from the Petworth Historical Society, and to help strengthen the bond which exists between us.

Yours sincerely,

Patrick Boyer, Q.C., M.P.  
Etobicoke-Lakeshore

PB/jw

Letter from Patrick Boyer Q.C., M.P.

I think everybody found that they slept well but were wide awake at 8 o'clock Canadian time looking for what the new day would bring. In the morning Fran took the two of us to Square 1, a shopping centre. Shops are much more under cover in Canada than here we noted. Then we were booked for a meal at Fort York Armoury, a training ground cum barracks for several Canadian regiments. Fort York itself was very much part of the history of Toronto but by the time we arrived there after a leisurely meal it was after closing time. We were allowed to look round free but there were no guides to point out things of interest so I think we missed something. Monday and Tuesday were very hot days indeed.

Tuesday was a free day so we went with Fran into downtown Toronto. Eaton was a large shopping precinct. Plenty to look at, and what we really noticed was how clean it all was, no graffiti, no cans, no litter. Our impression was that Canadians are at once more careful with their surroundings than we are and also more inclined to deal firmly with anti-social elements. The shops tended to run into one another and there were a lot of underground steps leading from one shop to another. Something to do with harsh winter conditions we thought. We wandered into the foyer of the Royal York Hotel just as if we lived there. No one seemed to mind. In the afternoon we sat in on a council meeting, were introduced to the Lady Mayor of Toronto and given a guided tour of the City Hall.

Wednesday was Niagara Day, and the weather had changed. It rained all the way to Niagara and remained overcast the rest of the day. Audrey and Eileen were quite a way out of Toronto at Newmarket but often came in to join us as they did today. We stopped at the town of Niagara for pancakes and maple syrup before going on to see the falls. I didn't go on the Maid of the Mist but most of our party did I think. The falls were spectacular, not as high as I'd imagined perhaps, but very impressive for all that. Then back to the Mimico Legion, crab salad for starters just a beginning to the generous meal that would be standard at all Legions, and the usual Legion welcome. Everyone waiting to greet us at the door, everyone so obviously pleased that we were there. The feeling of being welcome was so strong you could almost touch it. There was dancing later and everyone was in high spirits.

Thursday was a free morning. Fran took us to the CN Tower and the new Broadcasting House and we had a look inside the building. Opening one door we saw an orchestra rehearsing. There were many floors and the building seemed built mainly of glass. Even when we weren't with the party we'd tend to meet up with others from Petworth seeing the sights. We had seen several of our party at the CN Tower. In the evening we went to the Malton Legion where we met Mary Price, who had really revived the old Petworth-Toronto Scottish connection when she got in touch with the Society in 1984. She knew Eileen and Peggy and others. In fact, her grandfather in Petworth used to go bellringing with my father. We were given photo-albums, photo frames and all sorts of souvenirs and there was more music and dancing. Everyone came home with so many souvenirs. The usual convivial meal, the usual rousing welcome.

Friday Fran, Rita and I went to the Skydome Centre which is specially designed to cater for all kinds of different sporting and general occasions. It's a covered arena which can be opened up, a staggering feat of engineering. The Canadians were proud that in this extraordinary work of construction there had not been a single injury. While having lunch we watched them preparing the arena for a baseball match the next day, a tractor was at work on the artificial turf.

We could see white markings for one game being removed and new ones for another being put on. Again there were other members of our party here: John and Betty were having coffee just across from us. Afterwards we went out for a walk along the waterfront. Lake Ontario is so vast that it simply looked like the sea. Mount Dennis Legion were our hosts for the evening and we were entertained by the Silver Thorn Legion Band with their resident singer. Great.

Saturday was a completely free day. In the morning we took a minibus ride round the city. After dinner we visited Ontario Place, something akin to a theme park, and part built out over the water. We had lunch and could look out over the lake. In the later afternoon we went to Cinesphere, effectively a three-dimensional cinema where we watched a film about the Titanic. Families sat there eating pop-corn just as they did years ago. Fran took us out to supper at a Swiss Chalet, a chain of eating-houses.

On Sunday everyone went to morning service at Christ Church. Keith Kiddell was there and it was a very moving experience. He spoke first to some of the younger children in the congregation, apparently a regular feature of the service, before talking generally of the special relationship between Petworth and the Toronto Scottish Regiment. I think the service had a great effect on everyone. After church we met the Local Member of Parliament and were given the flag that had been flying over Parliament Buildings in Ottawa. Then to the Islington Legion for lunch, while in the afternoon most of us went off up the Humber River in power-boats. We were late back because we had to "rescue" the boat carrying Ros and John, Derek and Pat. It broke down and had to be towed back. I remember the pilot of the boat having to lean out of the boat with his foot hard against a pillar to guide it through the narrow bridge. In the evening we went out with Fran's family.

Monday was a coach trip to Midland. We saw the historic park but again there was just so much to take in that we ended up just with impressions. The Museum was a little reminiscent of the Weald and Downland but geared to nineteenth century history and working models. Lunch as at the local Legion Club. Some of the recipes were so good we asked for them to use at Petworth! In the afternoon we had a trip around the 30,000 islands of Georgian Bay. Some of course were very small, many quite barren, others with scrub growing on them. We went on to Legion 101 for a very nice evening. Here I was presented with a plaque for the Legion at Petworth. I had intended to keep an account of the journey but in the end I got so carried away with everything I gave up. I think most of us were the same. Hence some inaccuracies I suppose.

Tuesday was another free day and we went to Orillia with Fran. There was a house on Lake Simcoe which was kept as a memorial to the writer Stephen Leacock. I think he had been born in England. There were certainly some memorials of England, Eastbourne, Blackpool, etc. in the 1920s. We spent quite a long time here. Then we were off to Lagoon City which is just off the shore of Lake Simcoe, a kind of North American Venice where every home in the giant development seemed to have a waterway at the end of the garden. The whole area was criss-crossed with canals. It was very pretty and we sat by the water's edge and had a picnic. It was someone's piece of shoreline but no one seemed to worry. A boat went by and everyone waved to us. Then we had halibut and chips at a local fish bar. Nothing spectacular that day but a chance to look at ordinary Canadians on an ordinary day.

Wednesday was a long coach trip to London. We had a tremendous welcome (yet again!)

at the Legion and hot beef sandwiches, a Canadian speciality. We had a good look round London, saw the River Thames, the University and other attractions, then returned to the Ettibioka Legion. I was asked to say Grace which gave me a few anxious moments. I only know, "For what we are about to receive..." Quite a day, quite an evening.

Thursday was the day for shopping, presents to be taken home. Fran, Rita and I met up with Audrey, Eileen and Eleanor and we had lunch at an Italian restaurant. Time to go home again.

Twelve wonderful days; being an R.B.L. member and having served in the Forces during the war meant that I was treated almost like royalty. Nothing was too much trouble, no one could do enough. The warmth of the greeting at the various Legions cannot really be put into words. From first meeting Fran, Rita and I felt we had a friend for life. I think that was a general feeling about our individual hosts. They, Dusty, Roy and everyone else seemed to have no thought but for our every comfort. I've only given a bare outline, much is too short, much no doubt has been left out. As I've said, in the end I gave up making notes and just enjoyed it all. I'd be happy to be going all over again! Anyway we look forward to seeing some of our friends again in June.

Dorothy Wright was talking to the Editor.

## 'Petworth is just around the corner...'

What was my most vivid impression of the trip? Curiously, not the holiday itself, marvellous as it was, but the reception we had. We arrived in Toronto feeling jaded after the long journey, but the sheer enthusiasm with which we were greeted swept all before it. The banner saying 'Welcome Petworth' and the host of faces. I think after a tiring journey the warmth of the welcome made us feel, 'This is really happening.' We never stopped from that moment on. We were simply swept along on the goodwill of our hosts. It's easy to talk about, less easy to do justice to the Canadians' sheer kindness and high spirits. We weren't allowed to wait at the airport. Dusty immediately disappeared and then, one at a time, a series of vehicles, campers, cars, a Dodge truck, picked us up to take us to the Malton Legion where our individual hosts were waiting for us. As you know, John and I and one or two others stayed in a hotel.

Things I particularly remember. The reception at Fort York Armoury and the Officers' Mess. Or the visit to the CN tower, the tallest building in the world. The lift going up in a matter of seconds and little impression of moving upward at all. You could see the tower from all over Toronto. Or there was the Skydome, home of the Toronto Blue Jays baseball team, seating 45,000 and with a roof you could open in twelve minutes using just ten dollars worth of electricity. Or the way Roy Kennett always referred to us as the Petworth Hysterical Society. He was about right. We just laughed for twelve whole days. Some of our expressions 'Ultra' Violet (Mrs Kennett) and others had never heard of, like 'woollies' or cardigans, but there were all sorts of Canadian expressions we didn't know like 'Toot and holler' meaning 'not far away' or 'Through the pass before the snow comes', a particular favourite of Roy's. When we'd finished at a Legion and Roy was driving us back to the hotel, he'd always take us on a tour of the city,

no matter how late it was. Or meeting Ivan Valenti, a lifelong friend of Ray Sadler's and brought up in Petworth. He had come over from Alberta to see Ray and just got carried away in the general enthusiasm. He just became one of the party. He's already sent Ray a tape saying how much he appreciated being made so welcome both by the Society party and by the Toronto Scottish, well we appreciated having him with us.

Niagara was a delightful village, hardly a town really, full of what I would call clapperboard houses. We loved the Christmas shop, open all the year round. The Canadians shop for Christmas right through the year and I bought two little angels and a Christmas tree to bring back. There was a beautiful park there too. A tourist village, but then we were tourists after all. Dusty had never been on the "Maid of the Mist" although he'd been to Niagara many times before. This time we made sure he made the trip. You put on a light blue mac, ending up covered head to toe in blue plastic, with only your face exposed. You travel towards the falls into a horseshoe of water, still with only your face exposed, and that soaked with spray in no time. It's surprising how close the steamer gets to the falls themselves. They were very impressive but not as high as I expected.

The Sunday Church service was perhaps the most moving experience of all. Keith Kiddell took the service as only Keith can, stressing the links that bind Petworth with the Toronto Scottish Regiment and always will. After the service Patrick Boyer the local M.P. spoke to us and presented to Petworth the national flag that had been flying over the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa. Later in the week Keith Kiddell would say to everyone, 'Petworth is just around the corner for us...' and it's a phrase I'll always remember.

Then there was the visit to the Humber Yacht Club, a wonderful excursion put on by the members. They wouldn't take a cent for it either. Going down the shallow part of the river, steering with beepers and television screens to avoid running aground. Murph the Surf was an American and a character amongst a host of other characters. You could see Toronto from the waterfront, the skyscrapers on the waterline, all different colours. Did I ever think skyscrapers were ugly?

A trip to Midland. The visit to St Marie among the Hurons, and meeting Little Wolf, a true Indian. This was where the Jesuits had had their first missions. The cemetery where they lay was still visible as were representations of their buildings and their way of life. Sailing round the Islands of Georgian Bay. Or going to London, Ontario, houses all together with the shopping centres basically out of town. Lovely parks again. Forest City was built into a forest. Many Canadian houses had basements, used, it appears, for recreational purposes. We thought this might be something to do with the hard winters.

The Canadians seemed to have values that the old would have forgotten. Grace was always said before a meal. A piper often played in the background, not necessarily visible but certainly audible even when muted. Portraits of the Queen were everywhere and when the National Anthem was played everyone stood to face the Queen's portrait. Often when we were at a Legion the standard would be brought in. The Queen Mother was held in high regard, and as Colonel-in-Chief of the Toronto Scottish had a special white chair at Fort York Armoury. If someone sat in it inadvertently they had to buy drinks a round. The Legion branches were the spearheads for the welcome we received. They seemed independent clubs in themselves,



formed into zones. The ladies did the catering but also acted as outside caterers and very efficient ones too. Wedding receptions and all sorts of other occasions might be held at the Legion. It was a kind of social centre for the locality. The Legion appeared to be great fund-raisers and were always mindful of their veterans and their part in the difficult years of war.

A last personal recollection, of John telling me on the plane going over to look down into the darkness and my seeming to see land and sea and lights. It was about two hours before we arrived in Toronto. Newfoundland? I don't know. Canada is vast. But of all things it's the unending kindness of our hosts that I will always remember. We've a lot to live up to when they come back here in June.

Anne Simmons was talking to the Editor.

## Leconfield Hall Noticeboard

### 'One of the best pieces of Baroque Sculpture in England'

This is the assessment of the bust of King William III on the Leconfield Hall in Nairn/Pevsner's *The Buildings of England - Sussex*. The original marble has for the last ten years been on loan to the National Trust for its protection and can be seen in Petworth House. But now after this long absence, his replica is back in its niche. The sculptor Michael Major made the replica which was given by Lord Egremont and unveiled by him on 24th June 1993.

Michael Major has now made scaled down versions of the same sculpture which are on sale for £100 each. The busts for sale are 17ins high by 13ins wide including an integral base. They cost the Hall Committee £75 each so every purchase swells the Hall's restoration fund by £25. They are made in batches of 5 and can be ordered through the Petworth Society.

There is no documentary evidence of the original sculptor's name - nor why William III of all people should be so honoured in Petworth. He had been dead for almost a century when it was put up in 1794. The most plausible story is this: Mr Upton, Steward to the 3rd Earl of Egremont, was instructed by his master to build a new Town Hall in 1793. When complete, the north facade looked very bare - as we have noticed for the last 10 years - and Mr Upton was told to find a suitable bust from the Earl's collection. William was the largest one he could find and the Town received this most remarkable ornament. I quote again from *The Buildings of England*: 'The King's proud patrician face turns right with a breath-catching yearning expression; a swaggering asymmetric wig hangs down over one shoulder, his torso rises out of a froth of draperies dancing diagonally around the bust. Form and expression are magnificently the same thing: the sort of person portrayed and the way the drapery is disposed are indivisible. Who can have done it? Perhaps, as Dr Whinney suggests, Honore Pelle.' Have a good look next time you pass, but only from the safe refuge of the pavement in front of the bank.



*Publicity portrait of Anna Neagle and Michael Wilding in the successful Herbert Wilcox film "The Courtneys of Curzon Street", 1947. National Film Archive. See review: British Cinema in Pictures.*



Ben Kingsley and Richard Attenborough during the filming of *Gandhi* (1982).  
National Film Archive.

And then remember that this could all be yours for £100 - order now and **support the hall!**  
RGH

From Terence Allbright, Greyhound, Petworth, Sussex GU28 9ND. 0428-707658.  
Does anyone have a *good grand piano* which they could lend to the Leconfield Hall on a long-term basis?

It would enable us to put on recitals and concerts in the Hall, and would make a great difference to music in Petworth.

Great care would be taken of it, of course, and use could be by arrangement.

### Book Review: Patricia Warren: *British Cinema in Pictures : The British Film Collection*, with a foreword by Sir Richard Attenborough. Batsford £17.99.

This is an update of a book originally published in 1984 and I think there would be a good case for reviewing it in these pages even if Patricia Warren were not a member and the great friend of this Society that she is. The Regal Cinema is after all a part of Petworth's heritage. No longer with us perhaps, but how many of us still think of the present Youth Centre as the 'old Cinema'? Many will remember Stan Collins' reminiscences in early issues of this Magazine. It is their very gritty detail that makes them unique, the nuts and bolts of getting a cinema together in the years between the wars and then keeping it together. Patricia Warren's masterly book, informative captions that never take over the pictures they illumine and well-researched introduction to each chapter pays its own tribute not only to the early pioneers but also to their successors. Over a thousand stills from 1896 to the present day add up to a virtual encyclopedia of the British Cinema, but to use the word encyclopedia is to give the wrong impression, here is effective access to an encyclopedia but without a hint of dullness. A living encyclopedia one might say.

Where does a reviewer begin? I thought the opening chapter 'How it all began' makes a marvellous start. At the same time that Walter Kevis was working so painstakingly in Petworth with his glass plate 'still' photography, men were experimenting with the filming of moving objects. The film was being born. The Great war used the incipient industry to an extent for propaganda but the cinema remained a fragile growth. The era of the talkies was to follow and the great book of the 1930's. To pick up one small point: George Garland took a couple of pictures of filming at Amberley village, a Gainsborough production entitled 'The man from Toronto' (apposite enough in the light of the Society's recent visit!) Patricia has two stills from the film, one at least probably taken at Amberley. We learn that the film starred Kathleen Harrison and Jessie Matthews and that it is the story of a widow posing as a maid in order to test the qualities of the man she must marry in order to inherit a fortune.

To reiterate: Where does one start? Remember 'The Wicked Lady' or 'The Courtneys of Curzon Street'? Or what about J. Arthur Rank's famous reply when asked what he thought of Oliver's production of Hamlet. 'Wonderful, you wouldn't know it was Shakespeare.' On through the wind of change in the 1950s, the bleak wind of competition from the ubiquitous television screen, to the swinging sixties, the shaky seventies, to films like Chariots of Fire and Gandhi. The last decade has been in some ways an artistic triumph in another light a desperate fight against financial straits. This is a book that's impossible to precis, its compass is just too large. As an account of a century of British film making its indispensable but it's also a kind of history of the century we live in. A brilliant Christmas present but a word of warning: you may turn the lucky recipient into a Christmas and Boxing day recluse, refusing to look up from its pages.

It's available at the Blackbirds Bookshop.

P.

Patricia Warren spoke at our last A.G.M. and I'm hoping I can persuade her to talk again for next year's.

## Steve's Graffham Walk Sunday August 15th

Starting from Graffham garage we walked through two fields to Middleheath Copse. We walked through the copse to emerge into a field where we followed the footpath across to a stile halfway between Norwood Lane and Popple Hill. Here we crossed the road into Little Bury which used to be a copse but is now two fields.

Once through Little Bury we emerged into Norwood Lane which we followed to Upper Norwood where we left the road and took the track which leads back to the recreation ground. After about 300 yards we crossed a stile onto a footpath which took us through Lavington Stud where we were lucky enough to see some mares and foals. We proceeded to Callaway Farm past the farm building following the path back to the war memorial and then down the street back to the garage.

After the walk everyone was invited back to Coultershaw Beam Pump for tea and cakes.  
S.B.

[What Steve does not mention is the high turnout for a very attractive walk in unfamiliar territory and the warmth of our welcome at Coultershaw. Our thanks to Diane and everyone for the tea - quite unexpected. It was a great pleasure too to see Michael Palmer and other old friends at the beam pump. Ed.]



*With the Petworth Society at Graffham August 15th. Photograph by David Wort.*

## Anticipating Petworth Fair 1993

[Some thoughts in a long traffic jam on the A24. 16th August 1993.]

Petworth Fair is a treat, where friends and families meet, on a November day, when the fair comes to stay, it's all fun and lights in the sheltered streets, making you want to stay. Children laugh and squeal as the roundabouts reel, hot chestnuts and coconuts you'll take away on Petworth Fair day. When the day is done and we've all had such fun, when the town's gone to sleep, in the stillness of the streets lies the paper left from the 'eats', and the frost coming down gives all a white gown. When the chiming of the clock says everything must stop, the Fair's packed away on a cold November day. The starlight seems to say, 'there's the end of another day.' By grey day at dawn, all is forlorn. And nothing could possibly say, what fun we'd had on Petworth Fair day.

It must never stop, like the ticking of a clock, marking the time and the year.

Robert Harris

# PETWORTH

# FAIR



Keith Thompson's 1993 Poster for Petworth Fair.

## Visit to Godalming Museum. August 25th

The coach would leave the car park at 5.30, in fact we were just a little late. One or two came on spec. so the coach was virtually full. Some members were going straight to Godalming to join us there. Through the August countryside, Northchapel, then Chiddingfold with the houses looking out across the green, Witley, Milford, it wasn't long before the signposts were showing Godalming. Quite a quick journey. The museum from the outside looked tiny, little preparation for what was inside, a large beamed house with very old features, and some of the old types of plastering left as examples. Our main purpose was to see the Gertrude Jekyll Exhibition down from London that very week but there was plenty besides. Clearly such a large party would need to be divided so Mrs Gordon, Chairman of the Trustees took one party and Gill Benson the other. Plenty of documentary material to read upstairs, plenty of other exhibits to look at. An Oglethorpe had helped colonise Georgia in the eighteenth century, I remembered he had some dealings with the young John Wesley who had gone to Georgia for a time. Was this Godalming Oglethorpe related to Captain Oglethorpe the Petworth solicitor? No one knew, and the life-size seated model of Oglethorpe was not going to tell us. Weaving had been important at Godalming and the cable stitch had been invented there. Godalming had been the first town to light its streets with electricity. The experiment had not been a success and they had reverted to gas. Then there was the lady in the seventeenth century who claimed to have given birth to rabbits - or perhaps it was the eighteenth century - I can't remember now. She suffered the inevitable exposure as a fraud. It's the one thing school children always remember, Gill said.

Then downstairs to the Exhibition, dominated by a life-size figure of Gertrude Jekyll herself. That, we were told, belonged to the museum. The figure was so lifelike that it seemed almost a part of the company. There were letters, books, garden layouts and a list of known Jekyll gardens in Surrey and Sussex. Most had disappeared. There had been none in Petworth but examples of her work had once been found at Graffham and at Eartham. There were artists impressions of some of the gardens to give an example of what they had been like. We looked at the restored museum garden Michael Edwards had told us about in April. Plenty of time, a raffle and refreshments, time to saunter through the narrow streets in the town centre, we saw the garden dedicated to the wireless operator on the Titanic. It was closed for restoration. Purple loosestrife by the river. Time to board the coach again. A really good expedition.

P.

## Peggy's Fittleworth Walk 17th October

Very uncertain weather. Very cold nights had replaced the incessant rain of early October. As we parked just up the road from the Swan at Fittleworth the wind screamed across the water-meadows. Still quite an expanse of surface water. First step was across the fields above the Rother, looking out to the downs at Rackham, a marvellous vista. Lee Farm away on the right,

built in the 1580s. when Thomas Stanley, agent to Henry Percy, ninth Earl of Northumberland, lived there. John Parker, that most unreliable of witnesses, had worked in the gardens there, then walked back to Petworth, pausing for a while at the White Horse Inn (see magazines 37-39).

Some blackberries were withered, with a washy claret colour, some still black and apparently unshrivelled on the vine. Not a good year for blackberries someone said. Across the autumn common over the main road and into Limbourne Lane and Church Wood. There had been no sign of the legendary phantom pig on the common. Down Amen Lane and soon we saw Fitzleroi, another ancient building on the left. Potato chats lay on the field, the frost turning them an unnatural yellow and softening them up. Linseed had suffered in the wet weather, the old farmer had never found it an easy crop to cut and neither it seemed did their present day counterparts. We looked at it, brown and spreadeagled on the ground, a far cry from the pale blue flowers of summer. Some of the seed had spilled and was germinating through the spent plants of this year's crop. Autumn had come early. Walking on towards Little Bognor, high holly hedges and a mass of scarlet berries. A hard winter in prospect or not? No one knew. Into Little Bognor with the old mill on the right of the path, then past the old blacksmiths where, it is said, Queen Elizabeth had had her horse shod while processing from Cowdray to Parham. It seemed reasonable enough. The blacksmith and the miller are just memories now. Over Fair Field where the footpath has been ploughed in, temporarily we trust, and where Egdean Fair is traditionally supposed to have been held every Bartholomew-tide. Across the fields by Fittleworth House to Hallelujah Corner, not called, as some think, because you take your life in your hands when you turn it, but because in more leisured days evangelists gathered there on Sunday evenings to spread their Gospel. Then back to Peggy's for tea.

P.

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## A Petworth Christmas in the early century

'Back in the good old days' some people say and I for one think a lot can be said for it.

Money was not plentiful and people worked hard for the small wages received but I remember them as being much happier and much more laughter was heard.

Christmas was looked forward to, right from the first dark evening. Each day, as soon as tea was cleared away out would come material to make various gifts for family and friends.

Oil lamps and coal fires made a cosy scene; gifts for children were made by the parents when the children were in bed, and they, in turn would make small gifts for Mother and Father by the light of a candle. Looking back, I remember how we read or worked with a candle in a candlestick placed on a chair by the bed and with the grease dripping down the side, blown by the draught from the open window. When you think that the girls wore long loose hair it is surprising that there were not more accidents or fires. Flannelette nightdresses were worn, pyjamas being only for boys or men.

Everyone was busy; holly and mistletoe was brought in from around the countryside, bundled up and taken, together with bushels of the crisp sweet-smelling Cox's apples by horse

and van to the Station and then by train to Covent Garden, ready for the Christmas shoppers. In the larder would hang a side of home cured bacon, the ham waiting to be cooked for Christmas. Hanging along the beam were the Christmas Puddings. These were made in the Autumn and being made without basins were round, looking for all the world like footballs hanging in a row! Neighbours often got together to boil these in a copper that had been burnished like gold, taking turn to feed the fire with whole faggots of wood.

At this time there was always much cleaning of the cottages before decorating with holly and home-made paper chains, although this was often a waste of time because a kettle could slip or boil over on the open grate and the white ash would cover everything around and the housewife would have to start all over again!

The main cooking was done on Christmas Eve; then a few of my parents' friends would call for a drink and a mince pie. Stockings were hung on the foot of the bed, the same as today except that an orange was a treat as at that time they could only be bought around Christmas (at their best in February they could be bought for twenty a shilling). Employers would give their workmen a joint of beef with perhaps some ale, as a Christmas box; this would be handed out at Christmas Eve. Chicken too, were fattened up for Christmas and at that time were a great treat. The shops kept open until 10.00 p.m. The Mail was delivered on Christmas Day, pushed around on a truck by the postman, piled high with parcels and packages it was the highlight of the day. Our main gifts were given to us after lunch when we were all together. I remember that there was a grocer who sold Bonus tea and I am sure that many of our gifts came from this wonderful catalogue. Beautiful jointed dolls could be purchased to be dressed in secret by Mother. I remember getting my first clockwork toy 'A Waltzing Couple' which gave us a lot of fun. The Christmas tea was much enjoyed; jellies, iced cakes, and fruit (dried or stewed) was a treat for parties only. I do not remember having tinned fruit until much later. We had no fridges in those days although our larders were so cold that food would keep several days. Rabbits were plentiful and sold at 1/3d each, and we would get the odd copper back for the skin!

I remember one Christmas well - waking up very early and getting dressed for we were spending Christmas Day at my grandparents miles away (Henfield). It was snowing and I can still feel my Father picking me up in the darkness and carrying me the mile to the town and the horse bus which would carry us to the station, a further mile away. The lamplight shone out from many cottages and happy children's chatter could be heard coming from the upstairs rooms. Arriving at the 'bus office I felt great excitement, waiting with others for the horses to be brought from the stables, then into the 'bus that held about six, the men going up on top with the driver. The jolt of the bus and the happy company added to the excitement and then the smell of the horses steaming in the cold air after their fast run to the station. Then the roar of the steam train and the half-frightened feeling - clinging tight to my mother's hand until safely in the carriage seat, and all the while the snow coming down, covering the countryside and making everything look clean and fairy-like. My grandparents lived some way from the station and many old friends were met along the way. On arrival we were made much fuss of - Aunts and Uncles were there, gifts exchanged - the cottage seemed full of people. After a wonderful dinner, Gran put a dish of raisins on the table, poured brandy over and set them alight. Then, and with help for the younger ones, we picked out as many burning raisins as we could. After

tea we would sit on the rug around the fire, pulling crackers while Grandfather told exciting stories of the Smugglers who were in the area when he was a boy - how I wish I could remember all those stories! Parties were great - everyone joined in - each singing in turn; we dressed up in home-made fancy dress and everyone joining in with games; we made our own amusement. Homemade wine was drunk - Elderberry wine made hot was a lovely nightcap. There wasn't a lot of Carol Singing (being in the country) but a few of us went around to neighbours' houses and we could always hear the Church bells ringing from the Church a mile away which we attended when we were able to walk there through the snow.

Mrs. H.M. Newman

## The Month's work in the garden

By F. Streeter, F.R.H.S.

### December

December with its short dull days must be taken full advantage of in the garden by the energetic and far-seeing gardener. Press forward the work of alterations, so that they may be completed at the earliest possible date.

Everything should be done to get the final clearing up finished by Christmas, all leaves formed into hot-beds ready for use. Keep a watch on the herbaceous plants like delphiniums, etc., for slugs and damp. A small heap of sand placed over the crowns will prevent this. Make out the spaces in the kitchen garden for next season's cropping. Such crops as peas, beans, onions and cauliflower require heavy dressings of manure, and lime is very important. Leave all surface diggings very rough to allow the weather to work its benefits upon it.

See that all tools are in good order, making good any breakages, and execute any repairs needed. Lime wash the tool sheds in wet weather. See that all tools can be suspended around the walls, how often one finds the sheds full of rubbish taking up valuable space. Pea and bean stakes should be got in and sharpened ready for use.

I am afraid seeds will be rather poor in quality and expensive this coming spring, so I would advise the early purchase to avoid disappointment.

*Cauliflower.* Any remaining curds should be carefully watched and used in quite a small state and protected from frost. Keep all decaying leaves picked off.

*Celery.* Well protect this crop during sharp spells with long litter or bracken, remove this so soon as the frost has gone. With this crop dig up from the trenches and clean by the fire heap, rust is spreading so rapidly throughout the country that every precaution must be taken to prevent the spores reaching the ground.

*Rhubarb.* Place a few crowns in mild heat or cover with boxes or pots, but great care is very necessary that too much heating is not placed around the crowns to burn them.

Seed potatoes of the first earlies must be stood up in boxes, if not already done, ready for early frame planting. I would advise all readers to purchase a few pounds of fresh seed every

season, from a reliable seedsman. Allotment holders should combine and purchase a larger quantity, by this means they will be very much cheaper.

In these few short notes on gardening during the past year I have only been able to touch very lightly on my subjects. Should anyone have any failures they cannot understand and require any advice on varieties to plant or manures to use, I shall be only too pleased to help them in any way I can.

Reprinted from *St Mary's Parish Magazine* December 1927.

## 'I only get pessimistic after the first ten minutes ...' A walk in the late summer Park

August is late for wild flowers and it was already the 27th, almost into September. Nick wanted to have a look at the Park and particularly to see if the small white autumn lady's tresses orchid (*Spiranthes spiralis*) Frederick Arnold had mentioned in his *Flora* of 1887 was still there. The Park was certainly not ideal territory for this orchid, which reaches a height of some four to six inches, and grows more usually on chalk, but Nick thought it might be possible to find it.

Walking through the cowyard we met Trevor Seddon who looks after the Park. He said that he had known the autumn lady's tresses well enough when he was at Uppark: he remembered the mowing of the lawns had to be tailored to suit them, but he had not seen them at Petworth. That didn't mean they weren't there of course; the Park is a large area. 'Doesn't look very promising,' I said to Nick. Nick said, 'You're far too pessimistic. I only get pessimistic after the first ten minutes'. Through the tunnel then and into the Park. Lawn Hill didn't look promising, it was brown now with the desiccated heads of the common bent, *Agrostis tenuis*. Nick was soon finding other grasses, crested dog's tail and sweet vernal grass. Lady's tresses might be here but if it was it wasn't obvious. Some relatively bare patches on the side of the hill were probably where sheep had grazed the sheeps fescue leaving the less palatable grasses till there was nothing better. 'Rather like being shut in a room with smoked salmon and a tin of tuna,' said Nick. 'You'd eat the smoked salmon first. Actually though I think I'd have the tuna. I like tuna'. It seems that sheep have their preferences.

Down to the edge of the Upper Lake. The white daisy flowers of the true chamomile, *Anthemis nobilis*, gleamed in the fitful sun. Nick was pleased to find this plant and in such profusion. Once common, the true chamomile has suffered because its favoured habitat, damp sandy common used for grazing, has largely disappeared - some enclosed, some 'improved'. Here too at the side of the lake were a tangle of different plants: jointed rush, compact rush with its tight flower heads, corn mint, water mint and gipsywort, the last a nettle-like plant with white flowers not unlike those of mint. Water pepper too with its biting, fiery leaves. Nick tried one and grimaced, this was water pepper all right. There were the round coin-like leaves of the marsh pennywort or white-rot, and nodding bur-marigold with its drooping heads. Sweet flag has serrated leaves and, just to make sure, Nick crushed a piece of leaf. It yielded the sweet lemony

smell that gives the plant its name. Tormentil's tiny yellow flowers were still visible and there were different *Agrostis* species. The wind blew the water of the lake, stirring the supine leaves and stems of amphibious bistort, *Polygonum amphibium*, the flowers standing upright in the water. A good find were the deep blue flowers of *Scutellaria galericulata*, the common skullcap, not an uncommon plant in wet places, but well worth finding.

Trevor appeared again and asked us how we were getting on. No sign of lady's tresses we had to admit. Did he know of the monkey orchid? It had been found in the Park in 1801 by a Mr. Sokot ( ? ) Thomas Sockett the Rector) and drawn by a German artist. It had not been reported since. Trevor thought we'd be rather fortunate to come upon this and, frankly, so did we. Still, as Trevor had said before, the Park is a large area...! On round the lake, the large flat pink heads of hemp agrimony stood out on the islands and the handsome heads of purple loosestrife reflected in the water by the bank. On the western side of the lake, where the ground is very damp, there was a great selection of rushes and grasses. Yorkshire fog grass was one. No one knows why it is so called, perhaps from an old dialect word for grey vegetation, perhaps because a field of it looks like a Yorkshire fog. Here too were oval sedge, sharp-flowered rush, jointed rush, soft rush and compact rush. This was a good habitat for the marsh orchid, Nick said, but although the plant is still locally common, there was no sign of it here. Nick said that, like primroses on the edge of large towns, the marsh orchid had often been, quite simply, picked out of existence. There should be hard rush here too he reckoned, unlike the soft rush you can rest your hand on the top of it. Sure enough here it was. Nick wondered if the fringed water-lily were still here, Arnold had mentioned it in 1887. It was probably an introduction but there was no sign of it today. The ordinary brandy bottle type we would see later in the Lower Lake.

Trevor had told us that where the land at the far end of the lake had been fenced against the deer, there were plants growing up between the young trees which had not grown there probably for a couple of hundred years, the land had been consistently grazed since then. Here among the young trees we found woodland edge plants already growing and colonising: red campion, hedge woundwort with its nettly leaves and the brown dead heads of foxglove. Here too, in a small patch freshly cleared, were ordinary weeds like groundsel and sow thistle. They would disappear as the cover intensified. Amidst the new growth the old distinctive swamp cypress trees remained. Yarrow and creeping buttercup were clearly visible in the high grass between the young trees and there was rayless chamomile on the path. It is also called pineapple weed and, sure enough, when Nick pressed the stems there was a rough pineapple smell. With its recumbent stems this is a classic weed of paths.

Across the tufted grass and anthills to Arbor Hill where it is said that Henry VIII had his banqueting house and quickset hedge. Probably the latter formed a simple maze. There is no evidence that Henry ever came to Petworth, the manor was forfeit to the crown at that time. We looked across to the Lower Pond, then made our way across. People seemed to park in Limbo car park on the London Road, walk across to the Lower Pond and then turn back. Approaching from the south the environs of the pond were quite marshy. Here were water purslane and starwort in profusion. Moving along a kind of peninsula between an artificial channel and the pond edge itself we could see yellow loosestrife on the edge and lesser spearwort buttercup in the water. There were the tear-shaped leaves of water-plaintain, flower heads silhouetted against

the water. Back past the kennels, up along the wall of the Pleasure Gardens, we noted flat meadow grass colonising the top of the wall and a ragwort plant completely dried and desiccated but seeding vigorously, the wind blowing the seeds away. Nick had found no lady's tresses but was pleased to have seen the true chamomile in such abundance. After all, we reflected, life would be dull if you always found exactly what you were looking for.

Nick Sturt and the Editor were in Petworth Park.

## Mystery Picture:

This picnic picture was taken near Littlecote about 1932.  
Does anyone recognise any of the people?



## Anachronisms old and new - on drawing cathedrals

Why should I draw cathedrals? There's no great mystery : quite simply you have above all to draw what you're happy with and for me a cathedral is a good place to be in. If you ask why a cathedral should attract me more than another building we begin to talk about intangibles. Early architecture certainly has something to do with it, but there's also a feeling of permanence in the face of passing time. Cathedrals are enduring but anachronistic, and anachronism can take quite distinct forms and pose quite different questions. A medieval cathedral is a lasting witness to an age when organised religion was more at the centre of man's universe than it is now and is in that sense an anachronism; in a quite different way however a cathedral may have become an anachronism in relation to its present surroundings. Many of the major cathedrals are now in heavily built-up areas, far more congested than when the cathedral first soared above the mean buildings it would dominate. These mean buildings are replaced now by other buildings that are not as easily dominated. Another anachronism if you like. Most cathedrals too have a mix of architectural styles, each later style itself a contrast with its forerunner. Call them anachronisms or contradictions, these discordances are part of the spell of cathedrals. In a cathedral I find an amalgam of stone and timelessness, a certain disdain for a world that has different values, a spirit perhaps that challenges the modern mind and implicitly attacks its most cherished clichés.

Drawing is essentially seeing. Most people like old buildings but to draw them you have to attain a vision, an impression, the marks I make on paper are a result of this vision. Effectively drawing is seeing raised to a higher degree. To make a drawing you are forced to look : a cursory glance is not enough. You have also probably to single something out and concentrate on that. Drawing is as much description as writing is. You put yourself into the drawing as much as a writer puts himself into what he writes. My drawing is subjective. It must be subjective. I'm not trying to record the cathedral for posterity, a camera can do that better than I or indeed anyone with a pencil ever can : I am looking to suggest a interaction between the cathedral and myself.

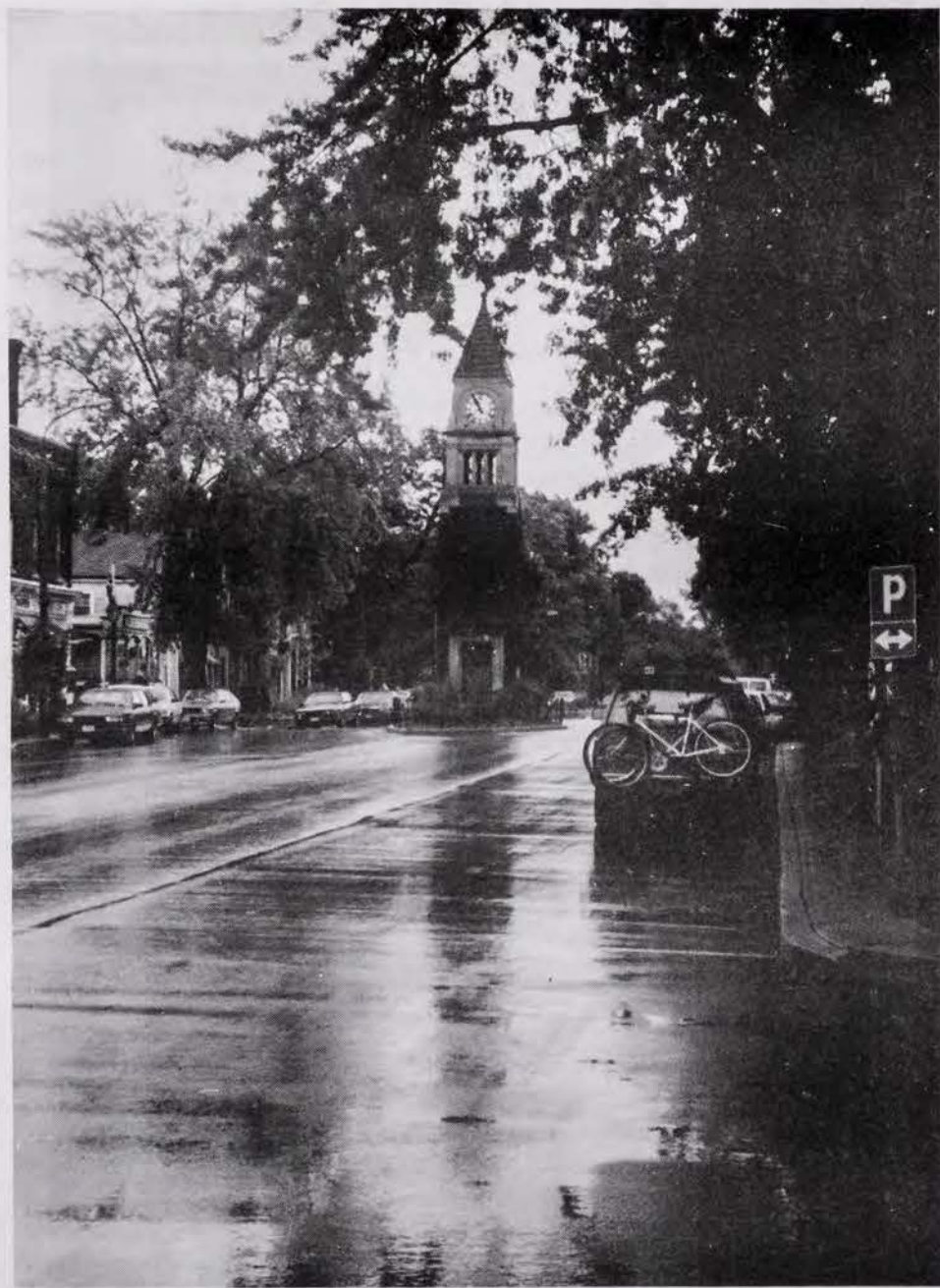
I try not to make special trips to see cathedrals, rather to fit visits in with journeys to be made on other grounds. I can't always do this however. My visit to Ely in the fen country is a good example of the way I work. Ely was really a stop-off on another journey but I was determined to give it as much time as it needed. I had my drawing book, pencil and camera. Curiously a camera is essential. It provides a record for later reference. Ely is unusual, at least among cathedrals I have visited, in making a charge for admission. A disturbing trend. It is, too, a cathedral that I had not seen before. My practice once at a cathedral is fairly standard although it can be tailored to particular circumstances for example there may be scaffolding which could give me an unusual view. I have to say though that it's rather unusual to be allowed access to scaffolding. At first I walk about, often for a long time. My aim is to get into the essence of the cathedral, to live and breathe it, if only for a day. Cathedrals have a particular, inimitable, smell, not so much in summer, but in winter when the damp brings out the smell of stone. Living that smell, that feel, for however restricted a time is essential to the drawing itself.

*A medley of photographs by John and Betty Exall, Roger and Jean Lucking, Ray Sadler, John and Anne Simmons and David and Linda Wort.*

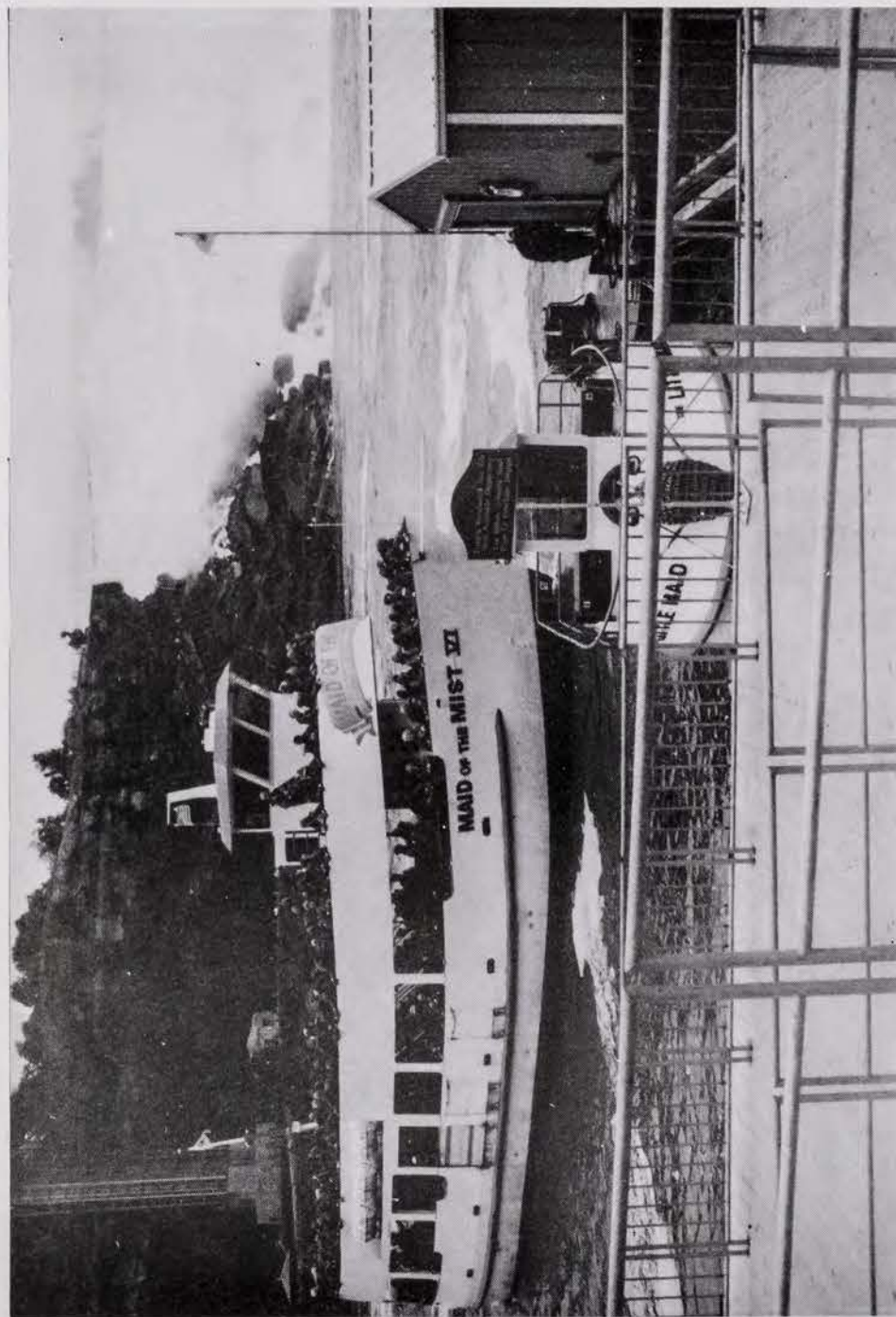


*With the Petworth Society in Toronto.*





*The main street in Niagara.*



*The Maid of the Mist. Niagara Falls.*



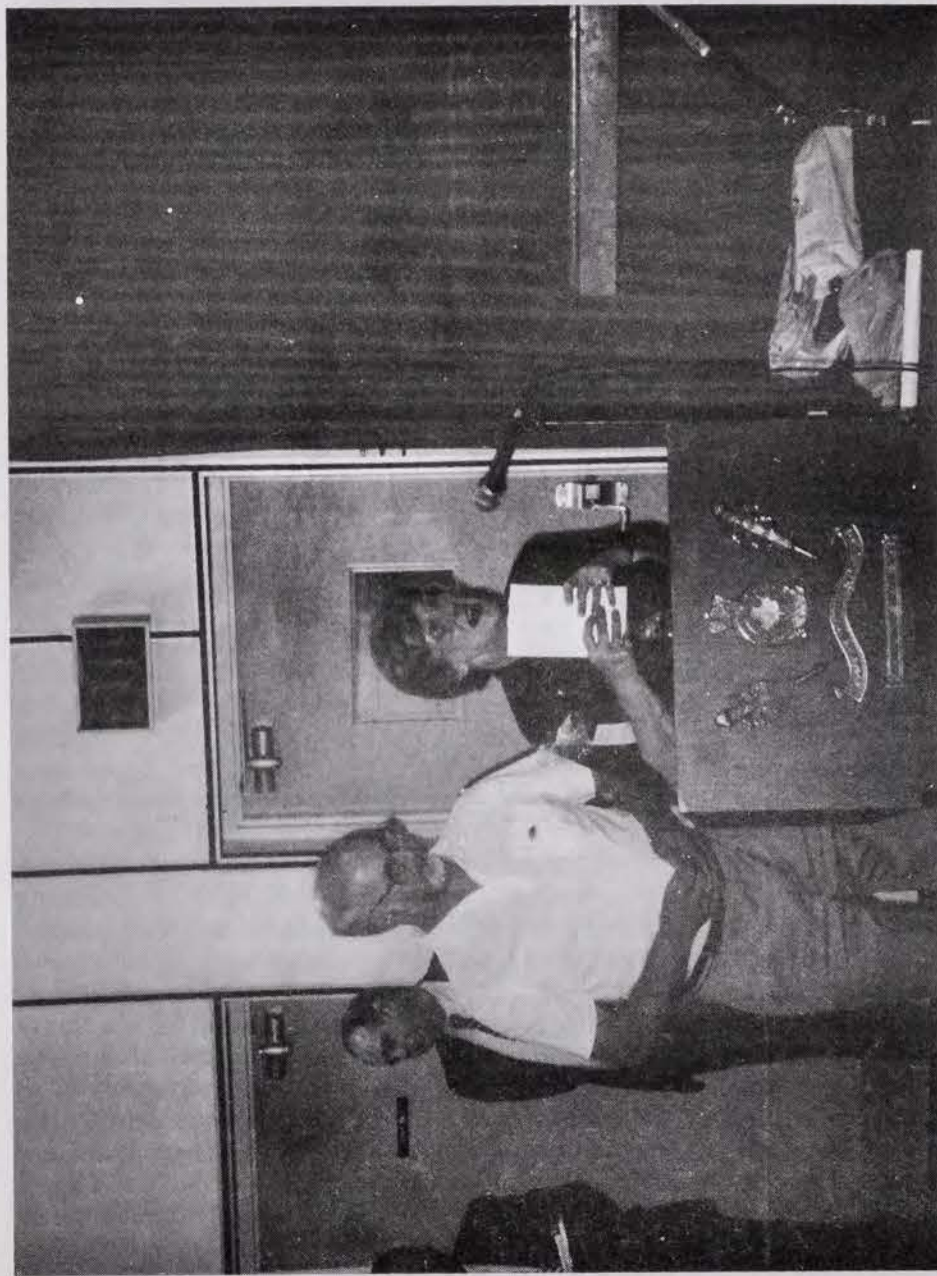
*At St Marie among the Hurons*



*At St Marie among the Hurons*



*Vi Kennett and Mary Price*



*Surprise. Ian gives Anne a necklace from the other members of the party to thank her for all her hard work! Dusty Morrow (left).*



CLARENCE HOUSE  
S.W. 1

2nd September, 1993

Dear Mrs. Simmons,

Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother has asked me to thank you for your letter, which Her Majesty read with much interest.

The Queen Mother was so pleased to learn of the ties which are still maintained between the Petworth Society and the Toronto Scottish Regiment.

Her Majesty, as Colonel-in-Chief of this Regiment, is delighted to know of the 50th anniversary reunion being planned for this month, and Queen Elizabeth indeed hopes that your visit will be a very happy one.

Yours sincerely,

Lady-in-Waiting

Mrs. A. Simmons.

*Letter from Clarence House.*

Eventually I settle on something I want to draw. At Ely it's a plain glass window in the Lady Chapel, three long rectangular lights, each pane individually leaded. It is reproduced on the notice enclosed with this magazine. I am looking at the window at an angle of some 45%. There is another wall at a 90% angle to the wall with 'my' window and that wall too has a window. As I look through the first window at an angle of 45%, this second window can be seen through the first, the impression heavily distorted by the leaded lights in the first window. There is another, different, world that is governed purely by the apparently random way in which the light plays and falls. Here is the foundation of a drawing. I draw quickly in pencil, my notebook is relatively small, about 12 inches by 9 inches. That's all it is: a note-book for drawing. I draw and make notes. I don't take measurements but I do note the number of individual lights. A photograph is essential to take back with me. I will go away with my notebook, some photographic record but above all an impression in my head of what I have seen. By 'impression' I do not mean to suggest anything in common with Impressionism with a capital I. Those Frenchmen were doing something quite different from this. I'm looking for the coming together of my own awareness and the unchanging 'spirit' of the cathedral. It's this synthesis that I am trying to transfer to the paper and it's a very private thing. I don't like to be seen working if I can help it. I certainly don't sit there with an easel in the traditional artist's pose. I don't want people looking over my shoulder. That's an intrusion into the personal relationship I have forged with the cathedral. The drawing and notation can be quick. It will certainly be brief in comparison with my initial exploration and also with my final drawing. It will certainly be unobtrusive.

While at Ely I look round the cathedral environs and draw a view of the cathedral rising in the distance over a screen of trees. I am standing at the side of the ring-road and there is a field in the foreground and a dead elm while the screen of trees is a healthy green. They have only just come into leaf. I do not stress the ring-road but it is there in my mind. The cathedral rises in the distance; an anachronism for those who hurtle past on the bustling ring-road, at once an anachronism and a permanence. I am ready to leave Ely.

In contrast I know Chichester Cathedral quite well. Not to say that I have always looked at it with any real intensity. An easy familiarity can dull the eye. At Chichester my eye falls on a head of Christ. Twelfth century, and part of a tableau some four foot wide and three foot high depicting the raising of Lazarus. It's at eye level and the glass protective screen at the front doesn't affect my vision too much. I stand and draw it in the notebook, having first spoken to the head verger to establish when is the best time. The tableau is on the cathedral's south side and the officiant has to walk past when he comes in so that I cannot make the drawing when a service is due. I am always conscious of the clerical presence in a cathedral. It's part of the aura; the long black robes seem an inseparable part of the whole thing, as all-pervading almost as the smell of stone. I am not drawing the whole scene, just one detail. There is a feeling in the stone head that conveys itself to me as I draw. I am in intimate contact with that head for an hour or so and it is an emotional experience. Not just the obvious reflection that some craftsman from the twelfth century is somehow conveying a message to me, but something at once less tangible and more complex than that. I can only feel it, I cannot explain it.



### Chichester

Returning from Ely I take my drawings and put them, one after the other on the 'scanner'. This enables me to project an image of them on to a glass platform illuminated from below, put tracing paper over the drawing and redraw in pencil. What I am seeking to do is, by adjusting the focusing of the scanner, to regulate the size of my eventual picture in congruence with the proportion of the original drawing. The scanner can enlarge or reduce to proportion but I almost

always use it to enlarge. The old method of doing this was by 'squaring', that is dividing the image into regular squares and redrawing each individual square at a larger size, a very laborious process. I now have a pencil tracing of my original drawing to the size I want and in the correct proportions.

At this stage I have to make a judgement: does the drawing I have say what I want it to say or does it need something else to focus on the point I am trying to make? The first Ely drawing, of the window, looks sufficient in itself but the perspective from the ring-road seems to lack something. I knew when I was there that it wouldn't be sufficient as it was. I colour the field in green ink but I feel there is something missing... I keep an extensive file of printed images and I remember a photograph from *'The Independent'* of a girl at Ascot Races. She's dressed in black and she, as much as the bustling traffic on the ring-road ever was, is a part of the modern world. She is what the picture needs. I put her in the foreground, the jet-black dress contrasting with the green field. She floats almost in the air and I make no realistic effort to incorporate her in the picture. She remains a presence if a distinctly corporeal one. She becomes a part of that April day when I was in Ely, and she makes an enduring statement about the cathedral. I don't decide what this statement is, I cannot quantify it, nor do I use her as a conscious symbol, but she raises questions and her very presence asks questions about the cathedral. What relevance can it have to her, transported here, against her wishes, from the glitter of Ascot? Or what relation is there between her and the skeletal dead elm that dominates the foreground? Her lips and eyeshadow are touched in with colour pencil. Colour needs to be used very sparingly to give its most startling effect. She has become part of my vision of Ely.

The next step after the scanner is to place the paper I'm going to use for the drawing over the pencil tracing on a 'light box', simply a series of bulbs under a plain opaque table top. The drawing will be done in ink. Not all the drawing need be detailed to the same degree. A half-finished piece can often say so much more than full detail. In some cases unrelieved detail can mean unrelieved boredom. In just the same way a half-finished building can tell you more about that building's intrinsic character than a finished one. This half-finished aspect is prevalent in my work, as it is in the work of many others, but it's not an invariable rule. There are drawings where the essence is to finish.

For ink-work I use a very fine ink pen - the finest available. It has a nib thickness of one tenth of a millimetre and I need to work quickly. A slow line is pedestrian, a fast one has life. Making these thousands of very thin in lines however is very laborious indeed, a real battle to keep going. Sometimes the inking just doesn't work. I labour on but it gets worse and worse and I abandon the drawing. I tear it up, once having decided to reject it, and that is that. I use a lot of pens: they're expensive and I can sometimes break two in half an hour. They're actually architect's pens not really designed for the use I put them to. They're intended for drawing very fine lines with a ruler and as such are relatively durable. I'm looking however to produce the fineness of line you achieve with an etching, made initially with a needle on resin. After inking I do a lot of scalpel work. The paper I use is so hard that the ink remains on the surface; it does not bite into the texture. It's inevitable that with such very quick shading strokes the image will have to be redefined. Scalpel work is again laborious but not quite to the same degree as ink-work. I use then two basic tools, ink-pen and scalpel and just occasionally a colour pencil.

What other cathedrals have I drawn? As you can see I often focus on a detail, a feature, rather than depicting the whole edifice. For me however that feature stands essentially for the whole cathedral of which it forms just a small part. A stone angel at Exeter is an example. At Winchester I drew some medieval floor tiles, actual size, in colour. An enormous amount of work for such a small drawing. I went to Winchester on a fine day but I really felt the visit would have been more fruitful on a dull damp day. As I have said, that's when cathedrals have their distinctive atmosphere and smell. I couldn't find very much I was drawn to at Winchester until I hit on the medieval tiles. At Salisbury I drew the classic view from Hamham Mill, a hot-air balloon high on the right hand providing a dash of colour in the prevailing grey. I remember the scalpel work that went into the tower and steeple. In fact looking at the picture now the foreground trees seem to have been influenced by the balloon! It's certainly unconscious. I don't think I intended those rounded shapes.

At Bristol I drew from the chapter house looking out on to buildings. The chapter house has a large glass window with an engraved list of names - previous incumbents I think. Only that part of the legend can be seen that is silhouetted against the darker background of the buildings. At the time I was there someone had thrown a brick through the glass and this was temporarily covered by a sheet of polythene. The broken glass gave a slight distortion to the saplings outside making it look as if each were fractured half way up the stem. A surreal image that is yet true to what I saw. The whole drawing in fact begs a further incidental question: it would not have been possible without the activity of a vandal. Should I therefore make something creative out of this person's misapplied energy? Do I owe this person the same debt as I owe the twelfth-century mason who carved the head of Christ at Chichester?

Wells is a favourite cathedral for me. My drawing of the uneven steps there is an entity in itself but also something that I will divide up into four enlarged quarters, as it will do quite naturally: two sets of converging steps at bottom right and left, a closed door top left and pillars close as organ pipes top right. These quarters will form four separate panels which will hang together to form a composite picture. I shall return to Wells to draw the cathedral itself by night across the water. I don't know what will happen but a drawing done at night could be interesting.

Lastly Southwark. One picture is a front view, but I have paid especial attention to the traffic signs in the foreground, and made them appear to impinge on the very fabric of the cathedral itself. I have always loved lettering, something many artists fight shy of. Rather as in the Ely perspective I have put in an alien presence although the technique I have used here is quite different. Against the lamppost in the foreground I have a female figure sitting on the ground. To me she is neutral, meant to be invested with whatever nuance the viewer of the picture cares to give her. She is like the girl in black at Ascot Races; for me an inseparable part of Southwark cathedral even though she is intrinsically alien to it. She is of course a splash of colour but certainly more than that, another attempt on the meaning of the cathedral itself. The girl at Ascot I redrew from the newspaper photograph but here I have employed a different technique, simple but very effective. The figure comes from a magazine and is simply transferred to the picture. It is simple enough to do. Take a printed image or figure from a magazine and use a solvent to dissolve the printer's ink. In other words put a wash of cellulose thinner on the back of the printed sheet then lay it face down in place on the drawing so that the

printer's ink transfers. It works very well and was a technique often employed by pop painters in the sixties, especially in America.

I have another, vertical, view of the cathedral from the rear to which I have added, not only the everyday road signing of an urban age, but a red bus and a taxi. I suppose I'm playing with the idea of anachronism again. What is the anachronism here? Is it the red bus and taxi I have quite reasonably superimposed on the scene with the attendant road signs or the giant walls of the cathedral? It's a question I'll never really answer, the thrill lies in posing it.

Jonathan Newdick was talking to the Editor [An exhibition of Jonathan's cathedral drawings will be on show in the Archive Room at Petworth House from 7-19 December, 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. The exhibition will be closed on 12 and 13 December. Ed.]

## Petworth Between the Wars

It is so often said that the arrival of the many antique businesses in Petworth had the effect of saving the town from impending decline. It is also true however that the gradual built-up of Petworth as the centre for the antique business of the South did much to attract trade to the town. But what about the earlier years? Every street in the town had an overflowing amount of business. It was generated from within the area and attracted customers from all the surrounding villages, and many of the nearby towns.

From 1926, until the outbreak of the war in 1939, much of the present-day development did not exist. Only a few Council houses had been built in Station Road, whilst in Grove Lane the houses built by the Council were only on the West side of the lane. Those seen today on the East were constructed in the early 30s. At Hampers Green the same, whilst at Sheepdown Drive we look to the more recent years of 1970-1980. Here are the shops we remember.

*In The Market Square.* Mr. Steggle the chemist would later be Bowyer's. G. Pellett & Son sold sweets, tobacco and offered ladies and gents' hairdressing. B. S. Austen & Co. were ironmongers as today. Pitfield & Oglethorpe were Solicitors - now Anderson, Longmore and Higham. Eager Bros. were Ladies and Gents Outfitters and drapers - now Davids and Morris Antiques.

Mrs. G. Pulling, LRAM Music Teacher, Organist and Choirmaster at St. Mary's Church (who also conducted and trained Petworth Choral Society, winning many cups) lived over the premises of Syer & Co. They were gentlemen's tailors (managed for many years by Mr. Arch. Standing). I remember how, in the early years of the war, a lady's washing caught alight while she was out. Major Syer rang the Town Hall firebells and a lady fainted in the chemist's believing that the bells were ringing to signal an invasion.

At the corner of The Square stood the Westminster Bank. The street to the North would lead to the Iron Room. This building had been provided for the social life of the town; it was also a meeting place for the Sunday School, for regular boxing matches, as well as dances and concerts. At boxing matches I remember that Lord Leconfield and other patrons would sit on

the stage, giving themselves a better view. To the north of this building stood Baxter and Sons' Forge. Here Mr. Baxter could be seen shoeing horses and carrying out forge work. The numerous farms provided him with a great deal of work.

Moraes Garage, known for the hire of cars and charabancs, as well as buses for private touring, for repairs, petrol sales and with lock-up garage space, conducted its business from the opposite side of the road. Below this, and where the Red Cross rooms are now situated, stood the Public Toilets.

Petworth's fire engine had a garage next door. The bells to sound the alarm were hung at the corner of the Leconfield Hall and are at present stored away in the hall. An excellent bakers and confectioners, serving lunches and teas, and acting as outside caterers, operating under the name of Cockshutts (later Knights), completed the row of businesses on the western side of this street. Next door was The Southdown Bus Office, also used by The Aldershot Traction Company. Besides dealing with passenger traffic, parcels were carried and could be left or collected at the office. The long flight of steps seen today were part of the Swan Hotel building and enabled access to be gained to the Ball Room above the hotel. The regular event of the Hunt Ball would cause this stairway to be connected to the Town Hall (as it was then known), thus enabling those attending this function to pass through a fully enclosed awning from the hotel to the Hall. The road was closed. To complete the circuit of the Square, the International Stores operated from where Gateways are today. Deliveries to outlying villages, and no self service, demanded the employment of a large staff. The landlord of the Star public house was a Mr. Browning. The present Estate Agents office was Mott the butcher.

*Lombard Street.* The name 'Weavers' over the shop at the bottom of Lombard Street is the continuation of the name of the owners of the time. Much as today, it sold books and toys and was the local newsagent with a good daily delivery round for newspapers and magazines. Earle, selling snuff, walking sticks, postcards and a wide range of tobacco, and housing what had been Kevis' photo studio, was next door. Jack and Jimmy Brash ran a fish and chip business from the next shop in the street and their delivery van with coal fire was got ready for the round as it stood in the street.

To add to the excitement of the day it was possible early in the morning, as children made their way to school, to witness a flock of sheep being driven down the street, from the direction of the Church. These were destined for Boorer's the butchers, where a slaughter house was sited to the side of the shop. Sometimes it would be young cattle. The shop traded later as Boorer and Payne, when Mr. Payne moved from Pound Street. E. Streeter & Daughter is another name that continues from the past. Mr. Streeter ran one of only two antique shops in the town. On more than one occasion his shop was visited H. M. Queen Mary, and then Mr. Streeter put on his jacket! Mr. (Tommy) Atkins was employed for the repair of clocks and watches. Peggy Streeter continued the business until recent times. The Four and Twenty Blackbirds served lunches, teas with home made cakes and biscuits. Mrs. Maitland was the owner and later a Mrs. Churchill. This business was opposite E. Streeter's. We now proceed down the street. Godwins was the name over the Wine Merchants shop and Mr. Wareham, a former sergeant of police, ran this business for many years. In the bakers further down, bread was baked on the premises. Mr. and Mrs. Knight would produce bread, cakes, pies of various kinds, and deliver to

customers over a wide area. Next door Mr. Bowdidge had a fruit and vegetable shop. I would often be sent up there if my father ran out of fruit. As greengrocers Mr. Bowdidge and my father had a mutual arrangement. Adjoining was a painter and decorator, Mr. Westwood. His daughter sold wools for knitting, silks for embroidery and ladies clothes in the shop. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Dale's shop, instantly recognisable by the clock which hung out over the street, was known for clocks and watches. Mrs. Dale also sold knitting wools and baby clothes. Bishop and Son specialised in shoes and boots for the working man, repairs done on the premises. Young Mr. Bishop almost filled the doorway, which he chose to do when customers did not require his services. Newland Tomkins and Taylor were Auctioneers and valuers. They attended at farm sales for the disposal of contents, farm equipment and animals. They made regular attendances at Pulborough Market.

On the corner of *Church Street* and *East Street* stood the business of C. Meachen. The cycle shop and repairs were in one half of the shop, whilst Mrs. Meachen looked after the sale of fruit and vegetables, as well as floristry work for weddings and funerals. Their daughter Kathleen joined them on leaving school.

At the bottom of *North Street* stood the Workhouse: this was run by a Mr. and Mrs. Pugsley. Here the elderly of the town were cared for, and in return were required to work. A Miss Murison later acquired the building for a Girls School, and in more recent times, the old building was knocked down to make way for Harwoods garage. Once again the building has been razed to the ground as today we await the construction of new houses. The Masons Arms was then the first public house in the town as you approached from the North. The next, situated by the white rail fence in North Street, was the Wheatsheaf. A Mr. Whitcomb ran it for many years. We proceed too quickly, because before the Wheatsheaf, and next to Thompsons Hospital, Mr. Peacock, undertaker and builder had his business which he conducted from his home. Climbing the hill, and opposite the entrance to the garages of Petworth House, Mrs. Tyrrell sold sweets and groceries from the front room of the house. Mr. Tyrrell was frequently seen delivering paraffin around the town, which he carted by hand-cart, a kind of three-wheeler. We always wondered whether the paraffin got into his sandwiches. The shoe shop run by Mr. Kensett was later taken over by F. G. Fox and Son who sold a range of ladies and gents clothes and children's wear. The shop was also known for a good range of household linens and curtains. Mr. Fox would call on many households in the surrounding countryside, to introduce his wares. Passing the entrance to the old rectory (and the new), we come to *Bartons Lane* at the far corner of which Mr. Thayre had a workshop. More recently we remember Mr. Summersell and his men with their hand-cart and plumbing equipment working in the town.

*East Street.* George House was the doctors' surgery. The dispensary at the side catered for some of the more immediate medicines required. Doctors Pope, Kerr, Druitt and later Dr. Ball would attend here and would also carry out operations at the local Cottage Hospital. Before arriving at the Girls School, one passed the entrance to the Library, and above the Boys Club and Institute. Then the chemist shop owned by Mr. Grey and later Mr. Wilson Hill.

Returning to the North end of *East Street*, and at the site of the Indian restaurant today, Miss Phyllis Payne, later Mrs. W. Goatcher, ran her Ladies Hairdressing salon, one of the first to be opened in Petworth. Mr. Calnan had his business, Petworth Engineering, in the premises

where the antique market now operates. This later became a depot for SCATS, the agricultural firm. Wireless receivers, gramophones and records were obtainable at the shop run by Mr. and Mrs. Streeter, whilst next door C. Denman operated the only other antique shop in the town. The sale of modern furniture, repairs and deliveries was also part of his trade. The Post Office and sorting office, a comparatively new building, came next.

Adjoining Trump Alley was the dairy run by Miss Wareham and her sister. In the house next door, Miss Brenda Knight gave piano lessons whilst Mr. Cecil Knight conducted his car hire business from the premises. Crossing the alley, the next house was where the two District Nurses, Nurse Allen and Nurse Read lived and worked. They visited their patients by cycle and motor cycle. The house was also a small surgery for the attention of wounds, boils and many of the common ailments. The means of getting about in all weathers greatly improved when, after a year or two, they managed to buy an Austin 7 car. The shop on the corner was operated by Mrs. Gordon Knight as a grocers and general stores. As was usual, deliveries were made to a number of villages in the area. This was on a daily basis and those employed were often seen riding a trades bicycle well out into the country.

*Middle Street.* At the corner of Angel Street and Middle Street was Morley's, trading as saddlers and cycle dealers. Before closing down, Mr. Yallop was the man in charge. A rope-operated lift inside the shop was a feature of considerable interest to small boys. The shop next door, now all part of The Card Shop, belonged to the Misses Arnold, Agents for Pullars Dye Works of Perth; they also sold newspapers, having a large delivery area. They specialised in postcards, books and stationery products. Corralls had a coal office in the front room of the house presently occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Rix. There Mr. Frank Wright would take orders and arrange delivery. Hazelman's shop on the corner with High Street, was well-known for home baked bread and once again the delivery area was quite extensive and included a full range of groceries.

*High Street.* The White Hart public house stood on the opposite side of High Street. The alley-way at the side led to the Police Station. In this area on the present site of the Library, stood the Infant School: the headmistress was Miss Wootton. For many years Mr. Greest shoed horses at the Forge. Later part of the building was to become premises for the sale by Mrs. Norah Wareham of home-made cakes and pastries. Mr. Stevens also had this shop for the repair of shoes. He had moved from across the street where, at the ground floor of the Clubroom, he had previously carried out his business. The Clubroom was often used for smaller meetings.

Mr. Spurgeon was the local veterinary surgeon and cared for the animals in the area. The entrance was under the archway at the side of the house. Next door the Queen's Head public house, which was run by Mr. and Mrs. J. Russell, had been for many years a place where travellers could stop over on their journey. This practice gradually ceased during Mr. Russell's time as landlord. At the western end of the public house was the entrance to Leazells Yard. Mr. Leazell built many houses in the area, the West Side estate at Tillington being an example. Also in the yard were buildings in which the District Nurses ran a clinic for the health of the babies and their mothers. Another part was used as a slaughter house by one of the butchers. Two shops fronting High Street were used by Mr. Biggs the butcher, to sell home produce from his farm at Kirdford.

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*Advertisements from local traders.  
Petworth Parish Magazine December 1927.*



The Chinese Lantern and lending library was a development from Mr. R.E. Card's plumber's shop. Foyles lending library had come to Petworth. Another front room style shop was Mrs. Palmer's sweet shop, a great attraction to children for a pennorth or ha'porth of sweets. The C.W.S. (Co-operative Wholesale Society) occupied what is now Hennings. As grocers and provision merchants, and offering the dividend scheme, they were very popular in the town. The Manager of the Midland Bank was Mr. S.T. Jerome; he ran a strict code of conduct for both his staff and for his customers. Prior to being modernised by Lucking Bros., Mr. Card used the next shop as a store for his plumbing and electrical business. Next door again at The Blue Bowl Tea rooms run by Mrs. Arnold and offering coffee and light lunches as well as afternoon teas. A butcher's shop was next and was owned by Mr. A.J. Lerwill. Home produced meat and game was his speciality. Petworth had two fishmongers, the next shop being run by Mr. Dean, purveyor of good quality fish. The next shop to that was for the sale of groceries and provisions and was owned by Mr. Whetham. (Steps lead from the footpath into his shop.)

*Golden Square.* Mr. Walter Dawtrey owned, in addition to the yard now known as 'The Old Bakery', the house until quite recently used by Mr. R.A.F. Ford as a dentist's surgery. This was a Corn Merchant's business. Combining fruit and fish, Mr. Alf Money occupied the first of the shops on the western side of the square. Next door Mr. E. J. Wise was known to have roasted many Christmas turkeys in his bread oven. His business as a pastry cook and baker of a selection of breads, made the cafe he ran in conjunction with his business very popular among visitors to the town, especially those awaiting bus connections, and of course the bus drivers and conductors. The third shop in this row was a butcher's and was run by Mr. Hounsham, assisted by his daughter Jessie. Next to the Midland Bank on the eastern side of the square, Mr. Mant and later his son, Major George Mant, had their solicitors business. It was not until the end of the second World War that the Rural District Council moved out of the downstairs rooms to occupy their new offices at Newlands. This is now the District Council Offices.

*Angel Street.* Near to the Catholic Church, Mr. Peacock had his builders yard, whilst the other side of The Angel Hotel was Messrs. C. Older and Sons grocery and provisions shop. Mainly run by the family he also employed help and his delivery van covered a great distance to supply the parishes around Petworth.

In what is now a private house, Miss M. Whitcomb had a shop opposite to Olders, where she sold rug wools and canvas and ran a high class fancy drapers and milliners business. To the east the Southdown Omnibus Company garaged their buses, both single and double deckers, in premises now occupied by Angel Court. The Angel Shades next door was popular with coaches on their way to and from Goodwood and charabanc trips to the coast.

*New Street.* Besides the shop described as being in East Street, Mrs. G. Knight had a shop for the sale of ironmongery, pots and pans, brooms and brushes and candles in New Street. This was on the northern side and was followed in line by a butcher's shop run by Mr. Golds and later by a Mr. Durrant. Above the chemist in the square were rooms used by Horstmann of Horsham; they were open two days a week as opticians. The remaining days the rooms upstairs were used by a dentist.

Only just recently the Red Lion has closed; it was run at the time by the Purser family and more recently by Mr. and Mrs. Dean. The shop next door was the International Stores. They

later moved to the site occupied today by Gateways, something much opposed at the time by local tradespeople and their supporters. Miss Gadd also had these premises after the International had moved and ran tea rooms known as The Hobby Horse. It was for a time a hardware shop. First Dancy's and then the Misses Westlake occupied the shop at the bottom of the street; the business was that of drapery and ladies and children's clothes.

*Saddlers Row.* At the corner to the Car Park stands the Tudor Restaurant. This at the time we are considering was a stationers, tobacconists, and confectionery business. Owned by a Mr. and Mrs. Tate for a number of years, it was also occupied by Miss Rosie Ricketts and her sister who sold confectionery and provided afternoon teas. For several years Mr. Weeks had a saddlery and harness makers business next door, then Mr. and Mrs. Harper took over the business selling sweets and tobacco and catering for ladies and gents hairdressing and operating a taxi business. Then, as now, the shop next in line was a butcher's first run by Stevens and then by Seth Holden who also took over from Mr. Biggs in the High Street. On the corner of the street and partly in Pound Street was the Gas Company's showroom. The north side of Saddlers Row was mainly occupied by the Swan Hotel. Built in 1899 it had accommodation for over 20 guests. As mentioned, there was entrance to the Ballroom from outside the building, or usually from within. Mr. and Mrs. Letchford ran a shoe shop on the corner of the street, assisted by Mr. Pullen whose son-in-law, Mr. John Christie will attend to your needs today.

*Pound Street.* It was possible to have your shoes repaired by Mr. Nairn who lived in one of the cottages at the southern end of Pound Street. A piano tuner by the name of Todman had a piano tuning business which he ran from the shop below Trowel Cottage. Mr. D. Long later opened this as a cycle shop while next door was a high class fruiterer and greengrocer, trading under the name of W. Caine and Son. Many of the owners of the large houses in the district were customers and they had their purchases delivered by Mr. Caine. Afternoon teas were served in the summer months and home made ice cream was one of the treats sought after by customers.

Where the fish and chip shop now operates, there was a very high class fishmonger owned by Mr. and Mrs. Joyes and run by a manager. Their window display also included game. The display was so professionally arranged that one year in competition it was placed first in front of Mac Fisheries. The please and pride lived with Mr. Joyes for many years. Deliveries were made by his son who drove a Trojan motor van, visiting all the large houses in the district.

The only other shop was that of Standens. Mr. Standen was the manager for the Employment Ministry and it was here that dole money was paid out to the unemployed. The shop also sold sweets and confectionery.

*The Leconfield Estate* employed a large number of men and women in the various departments of the Estate. They were engaged in work on the farm, woods, building, and in the gardens as well as being fully employed in duties in the House. There were few cars, so that these employees walked or cycled to work.

*Petworth Railway station*, 1 mile out of town, was on the line which ran from Pulborough to Petersfield via Midhurst. The fare from Pulborough to Chichester, changing at Midhurst, was 11/6d. single for First Class. Moraes garage ran a bus to the station to meet trains.

George Garland, whose photographic work is so well known, ran his business from the studio which is the building close to the present Fire Station in Station Road. London

newspapers would telephone and direct him to incidents in the area and seek his help in reporting news items. He was also well employed locally in taking photographs at weddings and other family events.

It is to be hoped that we, as we pass through life, ensure that our contribution is worthy of note to those who take our place. Thus not only will they respect the way in which we have kept the treasures and memories of the past, but that we too have made a worthwhile contribution to the History of Petworth. Mrs. Wilma Jacobs

I would like to thank Miss Mary Newick and also John Caine for their help. [W.J]

## Working in the still-room

*Interview with Mrs Marietta Payne on Thursday 20 July 1993*

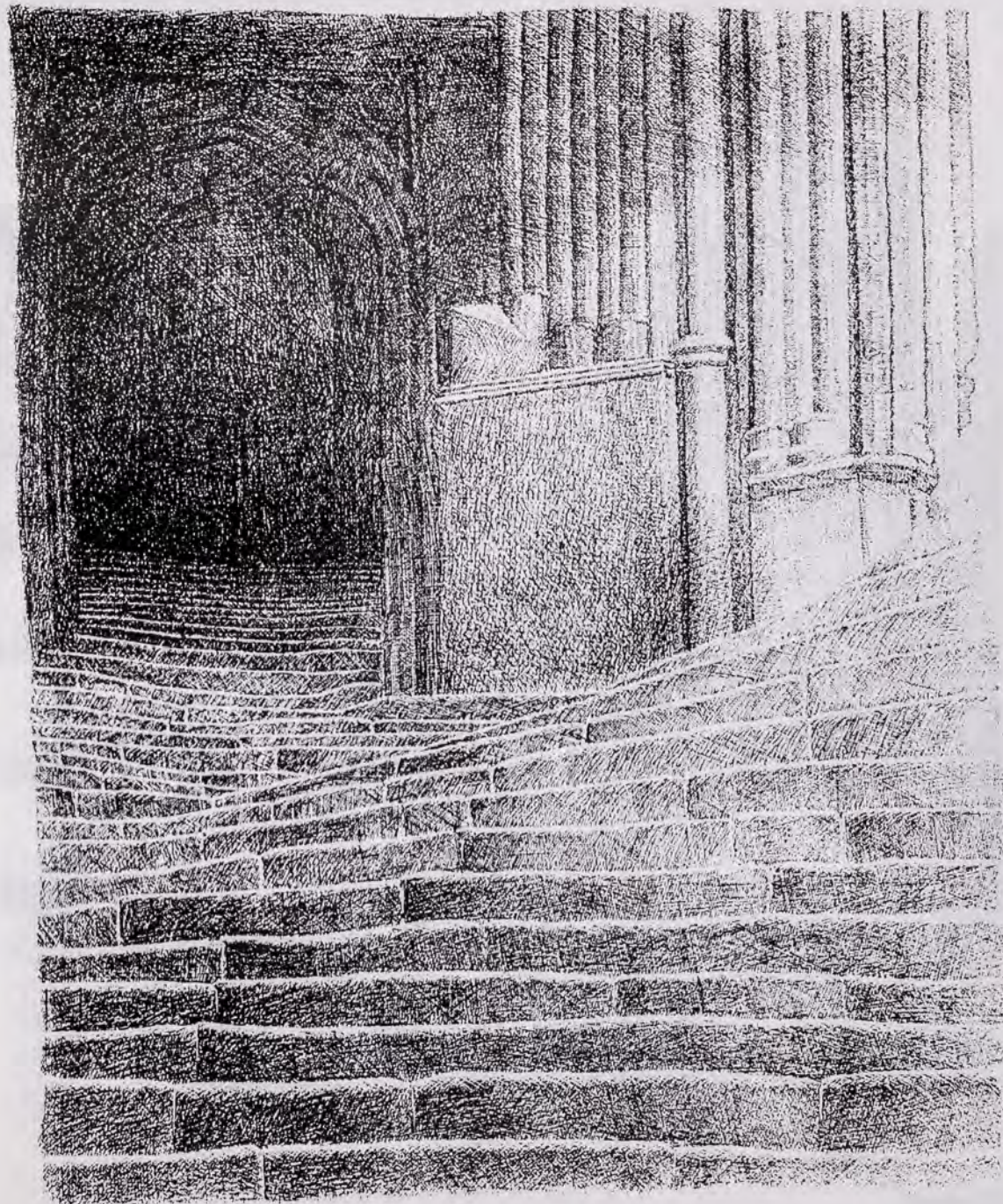
Mrs Payne was the Still Room Maid at Petworth from 1939 to 1946.

Mrs Payne was taken on as a Maid by Lady Leconfield in January 1939 initially to go to school. She stayed at 5 Wyndham Place, London but at Easter in that year she came to Petworth because guests were expected. Mrs. Payne was Swiss and had been sent over to England to learn English. She had no knowledge of English at this time.

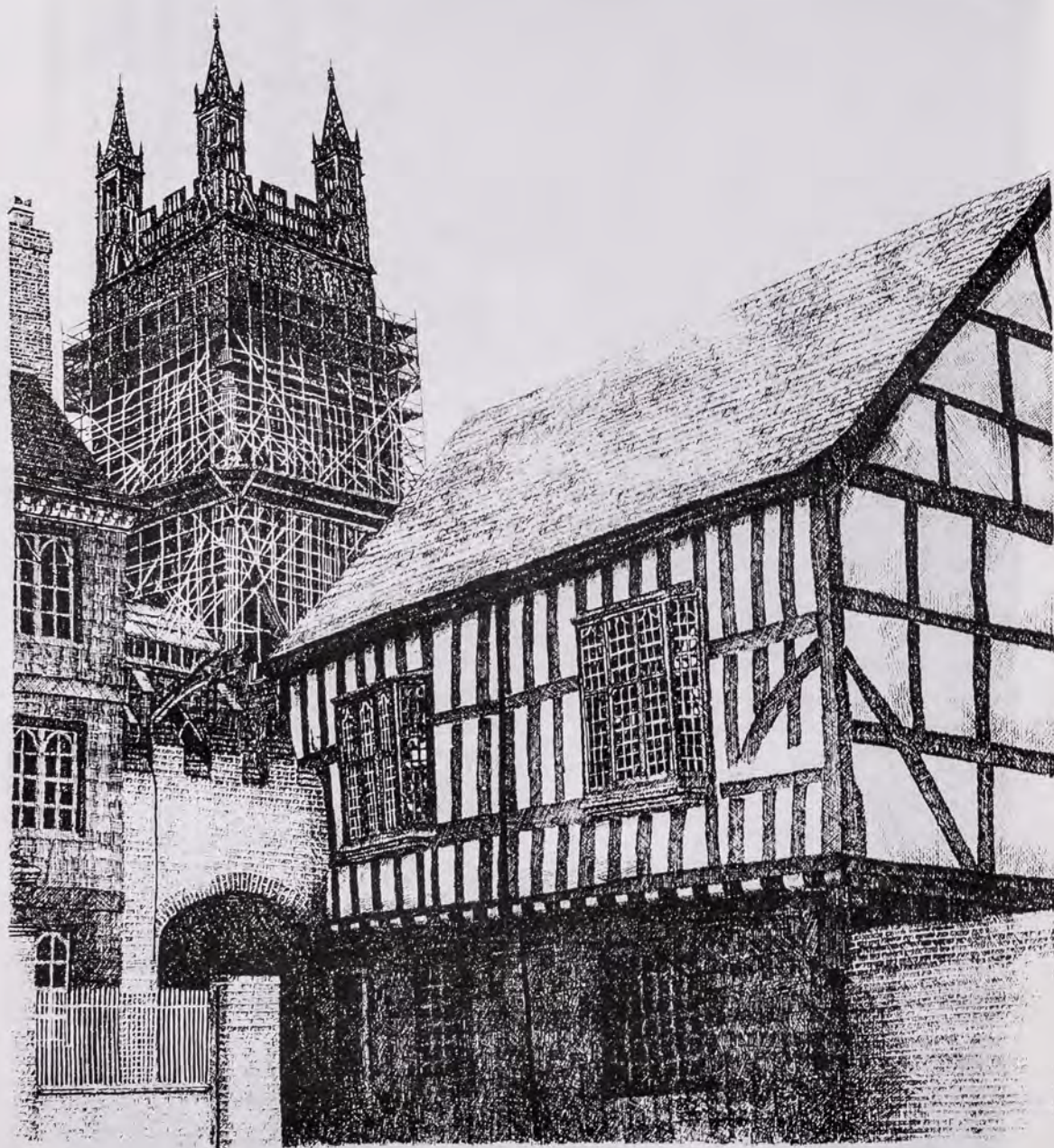
As Still Room Maid Mrs. Payne was one rank down from the Housekeeper and wore her own clothes and not a uniform. The Housemaids she said 'were a breed by themselves'. As Still Room Maid she had her own room in the Domestic Block and a scivvy to make her bed and keep her room clean. After war broke out the servants moved across to the House and Mrs. Payne slept in the Belzamine dressing room for part of the time and then below stairs at the South End. This was a room Mrs. Payne made up herself because of the air-raids.

The duties of the Still Room Maid were to provide beverages for each meal. This consisted mainly of tea and coffee. She had also to display food such as fruit on the dinner table, and also to be in charge of the special china that was used at meal times. Her role was working between the Kitchens and the Dining Room and other family rooms. The food came to her to be decorated and arranged on its way to the House. Mrs. Payne would collect leaves from the Pleasure Ground to decorate the food or to wrap fruit in. She recalled that Mr. Streeter had become very cross when he saw her trying to polish an apple. He felt that this was unnecessary. As Still Room Maid she also made all the jams, marmalades etc. and lemon barley water for the tennis matches.

Her day started at 6 o'clock when she made up the fire in the Still Room and then prepared the tea and other beverages for the Dining Room. These were prepared in the Still Room and didn't come from the Kitchen. At 8 o'clock she had breakfast. After breakfast she washed all the special china that had been used during the meal in a special sink in the Still Room. She had a coconut mat on the floor in case anything was dropped. The Still Room was moved over to the South End during the war and was next to the Butler's Brush Room. At lunch she also provided coffee, tea and barley water and again washed up, and her day didn't finish until 9 in the evening.



Wells.



Gloucester.

As well as jams and marmalades she also bottled fruit and she remembered that Lord Leconfield was particularly fond of strawberries bottled in champagne. She also used to bottle prunes in gin and once caught the Housemaid drinking the gin from the bottle. The Housemaid had always told her that the prunes soaked up the gin. This was obviously not quite true!

At meal times the male staff would sit at one side of the table headed by the Butler and then the Footmen and at the other side the Housekeeper sat opposite the Butler, the Ladies Maid opposite the First Footman and then the Still Room Maid next to the Ladies Maid.

She often didn't have a whole day off and sometimes only a half day. There was a French Chef until the war started, then a lady Chef called Mrs. Miles. Mrs. Payne's salary was about £40 per annum and on her days off sometimes would visit Chichester as a special treat and would take the Housekeeper with her and treat her to tea.

Mrs. Payne was sent to England from Switzerland by the Swiss Hotel Association and was recommended to Lord Leconfield by the Swiss Hotel Association.

There was a Swiss connection in that Lady Leconfield had spent some time in San Moritz and would talk to Mrs. Payne in Swiss, much to the annoyance of the Housekeeper. Mrs. Payne said that Lady Leconfield was about 70% proficient in Swiss Deutsch.

Mrs. Payne accompanied Miss Elizabeth on visits to other houses when there was no ladies Maid. She met her husband during the war. He was at the No. 1 Service Brigade Commando Unit whose headquarters were in North House, North Street, Petworth. She met him at Petworth cinema and she left Petworth after the war. They married in London in March 1946.

Lord Leconfield gave Mrs. Payne £25 as a wedding present and with this she bought a Singer sewing machine, which she still has.

Mrs. Payne remembered parades in Petworth Park during the war and one time Lord Leconfield asked her to change her dress so that she could take the parade with him when Lady Leconfield was unavailable. Lord Leconfield always called Mrs. Payne 'Alma' even though that wasn't her real name. Mrs. Payne remembered that in the parade were Lord Lovett and General Montgomery. Lord Lovett had rented a house in Station Road, Petworth.

Another incident recalled by Mrs. Payne was the time when there were many guests staying including Madame de Gaulle and two French fashion designers who had asked her to model some of their creations, but she had been forbidden to do so by the Housekeeper, so on her only half day off she decided that she could model these clothes and was caught walking down the Grand Stairs in a very grand dress by the Footman who was about to bang the gong for dinner. He fainted on seeing her coming down the stairs, as he thought it was a ghost.

Mrs. Payne had a close relationship with Lady Leconfield, partly because of her Swiss connection and also because Lady Leconfield liked the unusual, particularly in the presentation of flowers and food and so on, in which Mrs. Payne excelled. Another incident recalled by Mrs. Payne was when Lady Leconfield's sister's husband, who was an aviator, landed in a plane at Petworth House.

[A memorandum made by Diana Owen after a conversation with Mrs. Payne in Petworth, on a visit in July 1993. We have left the article in the form of a memorandum and incorporated one or two later corrections made by Mrs. Payne. Ed.]

## Thomas Hamman's Will: A Byworth family in the early 19th century

Thomas Hamman, yeoman farmer of Byworth, who was born in 1736 and died on 12 December 1829 at the age of 93, owned at least four houses identifiable with buildings still in existence: Trotts (or Trofts) at Byworth, Sibland at Ebermoe, Sorrells at Fittleworth and a house and cottages at Tripp Hill. As well as farming, his interests included brick-making at Tripp Hill and financial and property transactions. He was an Anglican, but his family also had local Roman Catholic (Burton) and Congregationalist connections. A grand-daughter married the Rev Richard Gould, Congregationalist Minister at Petworth in the Victorian period.

Thomas's will and the deeds of Trotts are at the WSRO in Chichester and have been consulted by the present writer, Thomas's descendant through a maternal line, in the course of a research project still in progress. The collaboration in this research of the writer's father, the late A.E. Holdsworth of Sutton, is gratefully acknowledged.

The will, dated 21 November 1827, helps us to identify Thomas as the Thos Hammon, Hamon or Hammond given in the Petworth parish register as married to Mary and having five children baptised there between November 1771 and April 1782 (William, Thomas, Mary, Elizabeth and Luke). (He may be the Thomas Hammon who married Mary Lee at Petworth by licence on 24 October 1771; see this writer's brief article on 'Daniel Lee of Petworth and Bath' in PSM No. 72, June 1993). Mary Hamman died on 20 April 1816 aged 70, so was born in 1745 or 1746. Thomas's parentage is not yet established.

The will refers to him as 'Thomas Hamman of Byworth in the Parish of Petworth in the County of Sussex Yeoman being weak in body but of sound and disposing mind memory and understanding praised be God for the same'. The principal persons mentioned in the will are the following.

(i) Elizabeth Young (daughter), widow, executrix. Her name is joined, as a trustee, with that of a John whose surname is hard to read but may be Young, and who is given as 'Governor of the House of Correction of Petworth'. Since she was the widow of a Thomas Young, farmer of Fittleworth, this could not have been her husband. Elizabeth was baptised at Petworth On 28 March 1780.

(ii) William Hamman (son). He was granted a weekly allowance of ten shillings for life plus a legacy of one guinea, but no landed property. Baptised 7 November 1771.

(iii) Mary Jane Hamman (grand-daughter), daughter of William. To receive £40 on attaining the age of 21.

(iv) Mary Bushby (daughter), widow. Baptised 23 May 1776. Age as of will, 51. She had married Edward Busby in Fittleworth in 1802. An altar tomb at Amberley shows that he died on 4th March 1810 aged 51, and she died on Christmas Day 1853 (Sx MIs, Vol 11, Soc Geneals Lib).

(v) Thomas Hamman (deceased son). He died in 1827, and his decease was possibly the reason for his father drawing up a new will. Baptised 1 March 1774.

(vi) The children of the late Thomas Hamman jnr (grandchildren). Though not named in the will, they were: William (born Fittleworth 1810) and Jane (born 1821 or 1822). Their mother was Frances, nee Farley, of Walberton. Thomas Hamman jnr married her in 1810.

(viii) Mary Ann Young and Sarah Bushby Young (grand-daughters), daughters of Elizabeth Young. It was Sarah who married the Rev Richard Gould.

(ix) Mary Elizabeth Comber (grand-daughter), wife of George Comber and apparently daughter of Mary Bushby.

The following were the principal items of property bequeathed by Thomas Hamman to these various descendants:

1. Land near Shopham Bridge: Elizabeth Young was left 'All those my freehold closes fields or parcels of Arable and Meadow Land containing by Estimate Six Acres...with all the Timber Wood and Appurtenances situate in the said parish of Petworth near Shopham Bridge.' Shopham Bridge spans the Rother just south of Byworth.

2. Byworth property named Maskridges: Elizabeth Young also received 'all those two Customary Closes of land containing by estimation two acres of thereabouts called Maskridges or by other names situate...at Byworth...and the appurtenances holden of the Manor of Byworth and Warningcamp by Copy of Court Roll.'

3. Byworth property named Trotts: Thirdly, Elizabeth Young was left 'all that my Leasehold Messuage or Tenement Barn and Garden and Croft or Close of Land called Trotts or by any other name containing by Estimation three acres...appurtenances belonging Situate...at Byworth...and now in my own possession and occupation.' Trotts was Thomas Hamman's farmhouse, and it still stands.

The testator states that the three properties mentioned above were 'purchased by me...from Robert Watts and Margaret his Wife.' This may be the Robert Watts referred to by Kenyon in his 1958-1961 articles on Petworth in the SAC. Reviewing the pattern of property ownership in Petworth revealed by James Crow's survey of 1779, Kenyon notes that, apart from the Earl of Egremont, three Petworth men had more than three properties in the town, and one of these was an R. Watts, who owned five. Summarising the 1762 Petworth window tax assessment, Kenyon notes a Robert Watts senior (14 windows) and a Robert Watts junior (5 windows, 'empty') in Market Place, as well as a Charles Watts with 24 windows which Kenyon surmises to be The White Hart Inn, since demolished and replaced by the Austens building.

Trotts, which in due course passed to Elizabeth Young and later to Sarah and Richard Gould, appears to have been the home of the Goulds for more than 30 years. The writer plans to give more information about Trotts and the Goulds in later articles.

4. Ebermoe property named Sibland: Mary Bushby, the other daughter, was left 'all that customary Tenement and twelve Acres of land called Sibland or by other names with appurtenances lying at Ebermoe...and holden of the manor of Ebermoe otherwise Ibermoe by Copy of Court Roll and purchased by me from James Smith with the Appurtenances thereof.' Sibland was mentioned in an article in the Petworth Society Magazine in 1987 on dead villages. In an entry for Ebermoe Common the author, Godwin, remarked: 'All but Sibland demolished lately'.

The name of Smith appears to have had a long-standing connection with Ebernoe, as Kenyon suggests in a passage on iron furnaces and forges:

'Frith furnace appears to have been working for much of the time during the year 1576 to at least 1668 and possible as late as 1724... The forge at Mitchelpark probably operated only at intervals between 1576 and 1652. John Smith, an iron-master, who lived in Petworth, operated these 2 works in addition to the iron forge at Wassell from 1579 and probably the Ebernoe furnace also, the 2 latter being in Kirdford parish.'

5. Brick-works and other property at Trip Hill: 'All that...my customary Messuage or Tenement Cottages Gardens Barns Buildings and thirty acres of Land...and Common of pasture with the same belonging called... Trip Hill or by other names with liberty of digging clay on the [illegible: 'Wash'] for making Bricks and other appurtenances thereof late in the occupation of my Son Thomas Hamman deceased...holden of the manor of Bury by Copy of Court roll and purchased by me from Mr. Peter [?Levett] Hurst. Memorial inscriptions at Petworth concerning the Hurst family mention a Peter Livett Hurst who died on 28 January 1792 aged 34 (Sx MIs, Vol.8). Trip or Tripp Hill is a locality in the parish of Bury, west of the road from Fittleworth to Bury, near Coates.

This property was to be sold to provide £400 for Elizabeth Young and a balance which she and John [?Young] 'Governor of the House of Correction of Petworth' were to 'place out on Government or other good real security at Interest' in trust for the children of the testator's deceased son Thomas. The trustees were empowered to use the annual interest 'for the Maintenance and Education of the said Children...'

6. Fittleworth property named Sorrells: Thomas gave to his son Luke Hamman 'All that my Copyhold or Customary Messuage Tenement Barn Garden and half a Yard Land (or in other words upwards of thirty Acres of land)...now in the occupation of my said Son Luke Hamman and myself called Sorrells...in fittleworth and also holden of the said Manor of Bury by Copy of Court Roll and purchased by me from Thomas Francis Goble Esquire...' This property was subject to a mortgage for £450 borrowed 'this day' by the testator from Henry Upton of Petworth.

This son, Luke Hamman, is later to be found in the 1841 Census for Fittleworth, aged 55, living at an address which is difficult to read but resembles 'Sorrelbottom' or 'Sorrels House'. In the Census, this property is listed between 'Fitzroy' and 'Kittlingorth' (or similar). Sorrells still exists, and forms part of the complex of buildings on the corner of Bedham Lane and Upper Street, Fittleworth.

7. Mortgage on premises in Petworth: The testator says he has lent £800 'upon mortgage of a certain freehold [?Toft] Backside Garden new edifice' (etc.) in the town of Petworth, late the property of James Edwards 'and now of the Trustees of the said property'. He makes detailed testamentary arrangements, mainly involving his daughters Elizabeth Young and Mary Bushby and his grand-daughters Mary Ann Young, Sarah Bushby Young and Mary Elizabeth Comber. This Petworth property has not been identified.

8. Crops, horses, farm equipment and household effects: The testator leaves to his daughter Elizabeth Young 'all my growing Crops of Corn and Grain and all the Crops which shall be in the Barn or Stacked on the premises in...my occupation at Byworth' together with 'all the Hay Horses Ploughs, Wagons, Carts, Harrows and farming Implements' and 'all the

Household Goods furniture plate Linen China Money Property and Effects with all the rest residue and remainder of all my Estate Money and Effects'.

This and other passages make plain the confidence which Thomas placed in his daughter Elizabeth Young, who was born when he was already in his mid-40s, but whom he had seen grow to early middle-age and widowhood.

It would be good to know more about the link with the Governor of the House of Correction at Petworth. The will was made only two years after the day, 12 November 1825, when William Cobbett made his rural ride to Petworth and was inspired to inveigh against the town's 'Bridewell', which, he said, 'views, in point of magnitude with the house of Lord Egremont itself, though that is one of the largest mansions in the whole kingdom'. He said the place had not been needed 'when the labourer got twice as much instead of half as much as the common standing soldier' and concluded:

'Oh! we are a most free and enlightened people; our happy constitution in church and state has supplanted Popery and slavery; but we go to a Bridewell unless we quietly exist and work upon 7d. a day!'

Dick Holdsworth

## Petworth Evacuees - an appeal for help

Beck Cottage,  
Town Street,  
Clayworth, Nr. Retford,  
Nottinghamshire, DN22 9AD

8th September 1993

Dear Mr. Jerrome,

I have been given your name and address by Mr. M.A. Hayes, the Principal Librarian at Worthing Library, who feels that you may be able to assist me with some research I am carrying out.

I am currently writing a book about the evacuation of London school children to West Sussex in 1939, with particular emphasis on Pulborough, Fittleworth and Petworth. As I was one of the evacuees much of the story is based upon my own memories, but I have also managed to make contact with several of the other evacuees and some local people.

The school I was evacuated with was the Peckham Central Girls School, this may seem odd but as I was only eight years old in 1939 I was sent away with my sister who was fourteen. During the war the main base of the school was at Pulborough, in the Village Hall, although myself and the other boys attended the village school for several years. However Pulborough, at first, could not accommodate all of the evacuees and several were billeted at Fittleworth and Petworth where satellite schools were opened.

I have managed to track down some information about Fittleworth (where they used the Village Hall) but have so far drawn a blank in respect of Petworth, although several of the former evacuees recall that their teachers had to travel between the three places to take lessons.

The Administrator at Petworth House tells me that children were billeted in the Domestic Block during the war but as that was before the National Trust took over she has no records. The Petworth House archives held at the West Sussex Record Office have been searched but apparently contain no references to the evacuees.

I am very keen to obtain some information about the Petworth involvement with the evacuees as without that my book will obviously be incomplete. May I therefore ask whether you, or any of the Society's members, have knowledge of the matter. Perhaps someone remembers the children arriving, or where their school was held. It is also possible that some evacuee boys attended the Petworth Boys School that was so tragically bombed.

The national story of the evacuation is one of muddle and confusion, largely caused by procrastination on the part of Central Government. At the eleventh hour local authorities, such as the former Petworth Rural District Council and the Chanctonbury Rural District Council, were ordered to take responsibility for billeting the evacuees - West Sussex County Council to arrange for their education. Not until six days before the special trains arrived with hundreds of children did the government finally allow the local councils in the reception areas to spend any money on preparations.

I can remember all too clearly the day we arrived at Pulborough, the slow journey from a south London station packed like sardines in the tiny compartments of a non-corridor train - the shouting and the pushing of the teachers and porters - the complete absence of any facilities at Pulborough station other than a row of open-fronted temporary lavatories set up in the station yard. Then came the trauma of being picked by a foster parent or, as in my case, not being picked.

However the main theme of the book is really about how the people of West Sussex took us into their homes and often into their hearts, how they helped us cope with being separated from our families and taught us country ways. Some of the evacuees never returned to London, others such as myself did go home but returned to Sussex at the earliest opportunity. I was not able to stay there, firstly because of joining the Royal Air Force and then the demands of earning a living, but I have mostly lived in the country.

I remember how shocked everyone was at Pulborough when we heard about the bombing of Petworth school, but I was only ten at the time and have only recently learnt of the full horror of that day from reading a copy of your magazine No 69 sent to me by the Library.

Yours sincerely,  
James Roffey.

Can anyone help Mr Roffey? I'm sure it should be possible.

P.

## 'Prosser' and 'Beanie' - an appeal for help

10 Redshank Crescent  
South Woodham Ferrers  
Essex CM3 5SF

3rd August 1993

Dear Mr Jerome

A plea for help.

According to my grandmother's birth certificate she was christened Ellen and born in Byworth in March 1867, the daughter of George and Emma Slemmonds (nee Newell). At the time of her birth her father registered as a Farm Labourer but in the 1871 census he is recorded as a Stone Digger living at Gore Hill. The 1881 and 1891 would appear to indicate the family continued to live in the same house, though unfortunately it is only identified by the Enumerator's household identity (No 71 Gore Hill in 1871 and 1881 but 70 in 1891). Is there any way that members of the Petworth Society would be able to assist in locating the house(s).

Ellen Slemmonds is missing from the 1891 census for the whole of Petworth, assuming I have not missed her name. She next turns up in Portsmouth in 1894 where as a 27 year old spinster living at 7 Cyprus Road she married Alfred Osborne a Stoker in the Royal Navy on the 15th September. They had six children of whom my father was the last. The address where the first child Frank, was born, was also 7 Cyprus road. A relative perhaps?

In 1897 Alfred transferred to the Coastguard service and gradually worked his way round the coast, from Norfolk to Devon, then back to Essex where he died in 1920. Ellen died at Babbacombe during the flu outbreak of 1918 but shortly before this or perhaps in the summer of 1917, she and possibly the children still at home, namely Nell, Floss, Charles and George visited her sister at 'Petworth' and met with several cousins. I do not know the names of any of the cousins or that of the sister, there were three, Eliza born in 1846, Emily born in 1850 and Emma born in 1858. Their christenings are all registered as being in Petworth.

Any information that could be found would be gratefully received. On my visit last Saturday, Mrs Hichens who gave me your name and address tried to help by introducing me to Mr Peter Thorne at the farm and subsequently at her suggestion I spoke to Miss Joyce Gumbrell but without any success. Miss Gumbrell thought that a branch of the family lived in the cottages almost opposite her and others at Gore Hill. She also thought that two of the brothers were called Prosser and Beanie (because he was tall).

Yours sincerely,  
Mike Osborne

## A hymn for Petworth schoolchildren

This special hymn for the children of Petworth School was written by the Sussex poet Hayley and is found at the end of the Rev. C. Dunster's 'Psalms and Hymns for the use of Petworth Church'. Dunster was Rector of Petworth from 1789 to 1816.

Saviour! Whose tender love and care  
To infant minds exprest,  
Benignly witnessed that they bear  
Resemblance to the Blest.

For us the young, who love Thy name  
And hold thy promise sure,  
O make it our continual aim  
To be, as Thou art, pure!

If prone to err, yet quick to mend,  
Let this our study be,  
Ever to seek a heavenly Friend  
And find that Friend in Thee.

We honour all, who raise our thought  
Above the Valley's clod,  
All, by whose Bounty we are taught  
To know and serve our God.

It is quoted by K.H. Macdermott in his *Sussex Church Music in the Past* (2nd Edition 1923 pp 71-2).

## Americans in the Pheasant Copse 1944

[There is virtually nothing available on American [as opposed to Canadian] troops in Petworth Park during the war. This brief snatch of recollection from a summer visitor to Petworth, by its very brevity draws attention to an almost forgotten episode toward the end of the war. Ed.]

My recollections of Petworth are fragile. I was here for just a few days, a week or two perhaps, one stage in a whole series of bewildering movements. We were all volunteers and I was a nurse in a U.S. Hospital Unit, the 48th General Hospital. I had served a year in the States before we were flown to Glasgow in January 1944, there was a brief stay in people's homes then in transit to Petworth. We didn't even set up as operational at Petworth, soon moving on to Stockbridge,

then to Bournemouth waiting for the invasion of France, waiting for the beaches to be secured. At Petworth we stayed in portable quanset huts, effectively metal tents. I remember being told about the Boys' School tragedy and simply walking round the old town, just one stop among so many. My main recollection is of the sheer excitement of being involved in such a huge operation and of how friendly the people were, how welcoming. I recall that when we travelled on the bus we were never allowed to state our destination and that the conductor would simply tap us on the shoulder when we arrived. Where were we? It was wooded, it was Petworth Park and there were deer about. Yes, I seem to remember the big water tower and that there had been troops camped there before. It certainly sounds like Pheasant Copse. When I left England, I went on to Panama, the Philippines and elsewhere and this, almost fifty years on, is the first time I have been back.

Mrs. D.K. from Washington D.C. talking to the Editor.

## The 3rd Garland Memorial Lecture

A capacity audience gathered in the Leconfield Hall for the 3rd Garland Memorial Lecture and the first of the season's Petworth Society monthly meetings. Before introducing the speaker, Mr. Peter Jerrome (Chairman) displayed the flag which, having flown on the Peace Tower of the Ottawa Parliamentary Buildings, had been presented to the Petworth party during their recent visit to Toronto. It is hoped to put the flag on permanent display, together with a framed letter from Mr. Patrick Boyer, the Member of Parliament who made the presentation.

Mr. Frank Gregory then gave an illustrated lecture on the subject of windmills along the South Downs, starting with descriptions of the three main types: the post mill, with the whole structure turning on a central post to face the wind; the smock mill, with a fixed body and a turning cap holding the sails, and the tower mill, in which also the cap turned.

Windmills became popular on the Downs, there being no water power, but few remain today. Mr. Gregory's slides showed over 60 Downland mills from drawings, paintings and photographs, as working mills and later conversions into dwellings; fascinating combinations of windmills with water or tide mills; a mill on a barn; mills for pumping water, grinding corn, or limestone for cement; mills being hauled bodily from one site to another by teams of oxen or traction engine. There were stories of disaster by fire, gales, lightning and collapse through decay, but for many, the surprise of the evening was John Constable's sketch of Petworth's own windmill in 1834-5 on the site now occupied by the public library.

Question time as usual, drew out even more of the speaker's expert knowledge and detailed information on aspects as diverse as the timbers used in windmill construction, the stone of which grindstones were made, the operation of sails and the prospects for present-day wind farms.

This was a subject which would have appealed to George Garland, both as a photographer and as a communicator of the disappearing rural scene.

K.C.T.

## 'So sweet as the phlox is'

On the eve of the publication of his latest book, written in collaboration with his partner, Jonathan Newdick, Peter spoke to the November meeting of the Society. The Window Press has been in existence since 1976, but this was the first occasion that anything like a 'launch' had been staged. Peter explained how they operated and how this latest book was special and limited to 250 numbered copies.

Reminding the large audience that Petworth has the largest collection of photographs depicting its people, their occupations and workplaces, the streets and surrounding countryside, of any town in West Sussex and possibly in the South of England, he had always been fascinated by the Kevis photographs of the turn of the century and had wondered what life was really like at that time. When the 1909-12 diary of Florence Rapley came to light through her grandson, Mr. Jack Rapley of Wisborough Green, this was revealed in a way never achieved by the camera. The question arose as to whether a private diary should be made public, but there were hints in it that Florence expected others to read it. So research went ahead, resulting in the publication of *'So sweet as the phlox is'*.

Peter put the diary into context by quoting from Constance, Lady Leconfield, E. V. Lucas and a contemporary record of a Petworth resident, reflecting the influence of the big house and estate on the town and the rigid class system exemplified by the seating arrangements in the Parish Church. Any illusion that these were idyllic years shattered by the onset of war in 1914 was dispelled. The country was in turmoil as the Liberal Government elected in 1906 was thwarted by Tory domination in the House of Lords. The Suffragette Movement was at its height and Ireland was on the verge of civil war, prevented only by the Great War itself.

Florence Rapley was born in 1856. Her father appears to have been in the Army during her childhood and she was brought up by grandparents in a tiny house in Grove Street, in the shadow of the great gaol, possibly going into service in Oxfordshire as a young girl. How she came by her considerable education is not known, but her poems, published occasionally in the Petworth Parish Magazine, as well as the diary, are evidence of her intellect. Apart from hers, poetry did not feature in the Magazine at that time and it was also most unusual for an educated woman to marry a farm labourer as she did. They had three sons and four daughters, all the girls dying young. Through her strong religious faith, she was totally reconciled to the tragedies in her life, her devotion to the Church taking priority over all else.

After reading several moving, and some amusing, extracts from the diary, Peter showed slides of personalities and places featured in it.

K.C.T.



