

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY



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Contents

- 2 Constitution and Officers
- 3 Chairman's Notes
- 3 Planted Bulb Sale for Petworth Cottage Museum. December 1996
- 4 Petworth Horticultural Society - a letter
- 4 Book Review: Just Imagine - a past life with John Lennon?
- 5 Book Review: Billingshurst : Wendy Lines
- 6 Messing about on the river - 19th century style
- 7 West Sussex at War
- 8 Ian and Pearl's non-Langhurst Walk
- 8 Steve's Graffham Walk
- 9 David and Linda's Frith Walk
- 11 Audrey's Chestnut Walk
- 12 Report of Maple Leaf Down Tour April 30th to May 16th 1995
- 13 A.G.Y.G. perhaps
- 14 Evacuation and after
- 15 The Art of making oneself scarce!
- 17 Sausages as an art form
- 22 His Grace - and Lord Derby
- 27 Bartholomew and Accordion
- 31 "Yea, though I walk through the valley..."
- 35 F.G. Talbot's account
- 36 The Chiddingfold Players at Petworth - 5th December 1930
- 36 Petworth Society Christmas Evening

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That on the back is of Egdean church.
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THE PETWORTH SOCIETY SUPPORTS THE
LECONFIELD HALL
AND PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM!

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 £6.50. 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. 342562)

Vice Chairman

Mr K.C. Thompson, 18 Rothermead, Petworth (Tel. 342585)

Hon. Treasurer

Mr P. Hounsham, 50 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth (Tel. 343461)

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Mrs B. Hodson, The Cottage, Whitelocks, Sutton

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Mr E. Vincent, Mrs Linda Wort

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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

I hope you enjoy the story by George Garland. I suppose it's rather dated now but it evokes a world of rather different values than today's. I'm not sure that such a world ever existed outside George Garland's imagination! I assume he is the author : the story was among his papers and the style is certainly his. I think there is a vaguely Byworth background but very much a Byworth of Garland's own recreation. The story comes I would think from the early 1930s.

Paul Vine got the new season off to a cracking start with a very full house, what we call a "balcony" for obvious reasons and Alan Readman's masterly Garland lecture kept up the momentum. Keith's reports are inside.

All sorts of things going on but just space to note two in passing - neither directly related to this Society. The U.R.C. exhibition of material relating to the Church's history at the end of October was something of a revelation. A credit to the U.R.C. and something of which Petworth could be proud. Bob Ratcliff's Midhurst community play "A Patriotic Duty" with music by Terence Albright was quite an experience. What a lot of hard work but very rewarding. It comes as something of a shock to see people I had known like Norman and Vera Lucas or Mr Jackson portrayed by others. I suppose it's an indication of my advancing years. Anyway a tremendous effort.

Peter

31st October 1995.

Planted Bulb Sale for Petworth Cottage Museum. December 1996

If any Member has any spare containers in which indoor bulbs could be planted - either china, basket-ware or plastic, Alison Boreham would be delighted to receive or collect them in anticipation of a sale of planted bulbs planned for next year in aid of Petworth Cottage Museum. Please ring 01798 - 869258 or alternatively contact Peter or bring in to Anne Simmons at E. Streeter and Daughter.



Winter/early Spring Programme. Please keep for reference.

LECONFIELD HALL 7.30. Admission £1.50. Refreshments. Raffle.

MONDAY 11th DECEMBER

PETWORTH SOCIETY CHRISTMAS
EVENING

Mince Pies/Punch.

WEDNESDAY 17th JANUARY

John Norwood:
"Shepherds of the South Downs"

Slides.

TUESDAY 13th FEBRUARY

David and Elizabeth Tait:
"Sussex Folklore and Customs"

Slides

THURSDAY 7th MARCH

Geoffrey Godden:
"Victorian Pottery and Porcelain"

Slides

THURSDAY 28th MARCH

R Brian Rich:
"Real Tennis"

Talk and Slides, followed by
visit to Petworth House Tennis Court
to see exhibition game.

THURSDAY 11th APRIL

"Memories of the Music Hall"

Presented by
Grace and Leslie Baker

WALK

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 18th
PETWORTH SOCIETY'S "FIRST OF THE SEASON WALK"
Cars leave Car Park at 2.15.

LECONFIELD HALL EVENTS:

FRIDAY 26th JANUARY
SATURDAY 27th JANUARY

Tickets David's, Anne's £4
or on the door.

"An evening with GILBERT and SULLIVAN"

John Ellerton's Pulborough
Gilbert and Sullivan Group

Leconfield Hall 7.30

LECONFIELD HALL FOOD FAIR

THIRD YEAR!

SATURDAY 3rd FEBRUARY

LECONFIELD HALL 10 - 4.

AND

FRIDAY MARCH 1st JOHN TREMAINE : An Evening of Magic. Leconfield Hall 7.30.

See local publicity.

THEATRE PETWORTH

COMING

MARCH 29th and 30th.

Angels on Bicycles present:

JULIE EVERTON'S new play

"A PLACE IN THE COUNTRY"

See local publicity

The Leconfield Hall Committee like to present exciting new work. If you missed the Horse and Bamboo Company, don't make the same mistake twice! First come first served. Tickets on sale late February/ March. This play is not suitable for children under 14.

PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM

Max Bradley's Antique Fair was a runaway success and will probably be repeated - when Max gets his breath back! As the Museum Committee will be entirely occupied with getting 346 High Street ready for a scheduled May opening, there is no separate fund-raising event this quarter. Full details of our progress in March Magazine.

EVENING CLASSES

Enquires Midhurst 816683

Petworth 343913

THE TRADITION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT PROPHETS

Tutor: Peter Jerrome

This course offers five informal talks to introduce the great Hebrew prophets, paying especial attention to Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel but looking also to the so-called Minor prophets if there is time. It would seek to place the prophets in their historical context and elicit their message for today. It is something of a new departure and an experiment. The tutor was at one time lecturer in Old Testament and allied studies in the University of Birmingham.

Petworth Herbert Shiner School

P10 Monday 7.30pm - 9.30pm

Start 8 January 5 sessions £17.50 Red. £16.50.

GEORGE GARLAND: A POET IN PICTURES

Tutor: Peter Jerrome

Five talks on perhaps the most influential Petworth figure this century, seeking at once to penetrate to the man behind what is fast becoming a myth and to elaborate the theme that it was Garland's initial desire to write that influenced the way his photography would develop. There will be some slides and a consideration of Garland's somewhat neglected literary output. The tutor knew George Garland very well and the course coincides with a considerable concentration on Garland's work in 1996 and 1997 in the form of exhibitions and general studies.

Petworth Herbert Shiner School

P16 Monday 7.30pm - 9.30pm

Start 26 February 5 sessions £17.50 Red. £16.50.

A Letter from Petworth Horticultural Society

Dear Peter,

May I kindly ask you to reproduce this letter - or an extract thereof - in the next issue of the "Petworth Society Magazine". The Society enjoys a wide and varied circulation and this would be most helpful to us.

The point is that the Society was formed in 1946 and thus, in October 1996 we celebrate our 50th Birthday. Whilst we have not yet decided on the format of the celebrations we plan to publish a history of the Society and if any of your readers has any memorabilia and photographs etc., which I can borrow or any particular story to tell in relation to the activities of the PHS I will be delighted to hear from them. Memorabilia could include, for example, old show schedules, membership cards, copies of newspaper reports on shows and anything else which might be of possible interest. The focus of our celebrations will be a party to be held in the Leconfield Hall and one idea that has been mooted is that we could put on an exhibition of gardening tools from the 40's and 50's - perhaps those who read this could find such items lurking in the depths of their tool shed! Indeed, if any memorabilia is available which might not be suitable for any publication which we produce, then we could very well include it in an exhibition.

I think that we can fairly claim that the Horticultural Society is an integral and important part of the Petworth community - if any Petworth Society members can assist us in any way to mark the occasion of this significant anniversary it will certainly be both appreciated and acknowledged.

Many thanks and I remain,

Yours sincerely,
Douglas Cook-Martin
Chairman

342700

Book Review : Just Imagine - a past life with John Lennon? By Jewelle Lewis

The first thing you have to say is that this is a very courageous effort, the second that it is very much a Petworth book if one like no other, the third is that it is extremely readable. Simply put, the basic premise of the book is preposterous. John Lennon of the Beatles was shot dead in New York City just before 11 o'clock on December 8th 1980. Jewelle Lewis a Canadian housewife living near Vancouver and several years Lennon's junior, had had no more than a passing interest in the group, other than planning to see them in Vancouver in 1964 and being disappointed when the trip failed to materialise. She was therefore disconcerted to find that

her grief at Lennon's sudden death was boundless and uncontrollable and lasted through the 1980s.

Enquiries in the psychic field suggested that Jewelle had known John Lennon in a previous life and a first trip to England (a trip the family could ill afford) was to Merc in Wiltshire. It proved largely abortive. Jewelle refused however to abandon her quest to make sense of the turmoil she was in and further psychic enquiry suggested not only that the century but the location had been incorrect on her initial trip. The century was the seventeenth rather than the fifteenth and the location West Sussex. John Lennon had been one John Baron from Fittleworth while Jewelle had been Catherine James from Petworth. They had been engaged to be married but John had died of consumption. Catherine herself had tended him for a time before herself dying of grief heavily dosed with laudanum by an aunt.

Jewelle returned to England in 1990, armed with more information about the James family and allied matters. As chairman of the Society I had already corresponded with her but remained somewhat uneasy about her central thesis. Ros Staker was a tower of strength for Jewelle as was Ann Boxall and her daughter Becky. Ros brought Jewelle round to see me and Jewelle writes, "Although he had the reserved, polite, manner characteristic of English men, I sensed a doubtfulness in his expression as Ros introduced us." Couldn't have put it better myself. A visit to Jumbo Taylor added some detail but I'm not going to spoil the book by telling you any more. It reads like a detective story and it has real Petworth people in it as well as their seventeenth century counterparts. Perhaps it tells us as much about Petworth in the 1990s as about Petworth in the 1660s. That's for you to judge. I remain uneasy about the basic thesis but it's a real talking-point and it's the sort of book that will soon disappear from circulation and become a curiosity. Available at the Blackbirds Bookshop at £9.99 and from me by post if you add £1.50 for postage and packing. I enjoyed reading it and it's certainly not as silly as it sounds. Jewelle's had the courage to write it and get it published and the book is its own tribute to her drive and perseverance. However cynical you may be it does raise interesting questions and it makes you think. How many books do that? Read it, you'll enjoy it.

P.

Book Review : Billingshurst by Wendy Lines Archive Photographs series

George Garland rarely ventured to Billingshurst although there are one or two Billingshurst pictures in the Garland collection. Wisborough Green seems to have been something of a boundary for him. Haslemere was another area he kept well clear of. In later years his friend Ron Oulds was at Coneyhurst and one imagines there was a kind of gentleman's agreement over territory. This book of photographs, carefully selected and annotated by Wendy Lines owes nothing to Garland and breaks new country. Billingshurst books are thin on the ground and

the informative captions make this more than just a collection of photographs, more an introduction to modern Billingshurst itself.

With no resident photographer in the village for long periods judicious use has to be made of postcards. Sometimes as with a picture of the Luggs' steam-engine there are echoes of familiar Garland themes but basically this is a non-Garland world and all the more interesting for that. Wendy Lines has done an excellent job. The book is available from bookshops or from Wendy direct at Long Acre, Marringdean Road, Billingshurst for £9.99 - (£8.99 + £1 postage).

Peter

Messing about on the river - 19th century style

The Hall was packed for the first of the '95 - '96 season's monthly meetings when the Pulborough author, P.A.L. Vine, spoke about "London's Lost Route to Midhurst". This was the Rother Navigation and is the subject of Mr. Vine's recently-published book.

The 3rd Earl of Egremont, famous as a patron of the arts and science and promoter of innovations in agricultural practice, saw the commercial potential in linking Midhurst and Petworth to the Arun Navigation and the Wey & Arun Canal. Encountering problems and opposition over 8 years, he eventually succeeded in getting the Rother Navigation Act through Parliament in 8 weeks in 1791, and two years later, 100 men were digging the eight locks and building bridges. Gin and beer were provided to relieve the harsh conditions which the navvies had to endure in the coldest winter on record, puddling clay in icy water to line the locks. Lord Egremont, very kindly and generous towards all his employees, gave feasts as each stage was completed, and the opening ceremony in Midhurst included the firing of cannon and fireworks. All the evidence comes from the financial statements as strangely, there were no press reports at the time.

A Petworth Canal, with two locks, was constructed from Shopham to Haslingbourne. William Cobbett noted the importance of Coultershaw in his "Rural Rides", but even in the 40 year "hey-day" between 1823 and 1863 there were never more than five barges a day. Coal, timber and chalk were among the cargoes carried between Arundel and Midhurst.

The opening of the Pulborough to Midhurst railway in 1861 caused a 40% reduction in trade and in 1868 an Act of abandonment was sought, but this was opposed by the management of the Wey & Arun Canal, which, however, was itself closed three years later. Trade on the Rother continued to decline despite a reduction in tolls. Lord Leconfield filled in the Petworth Canal without obtaining Parliamentary approval. In 1896, a Warrant of Abandonment was obtained for the Arun Navigation but it was not until 1935 that the Warrant for the Rother was finally issued and even today all its locks remain intact except for one which has been turned into a private swimming pool.

After his talk, which was illustrated with slides, Mr. Vine answered a steady flow of questions from the audience which had clearly been fascinated by this subject which, though local, is relatively little-known.

KCT

The Fifth Garland Memorial Lecture - West Sussex at War

Alan Readman, of the West Sussex County Record Office, provided another fitting topic for a Garland Lecture, emphasising with 40 of his photographs the contribution George Garland made in recording the War's progress as it affected local life. Further photographic background came through the cameras of Frank Lalaouette of Bognor and Goldring of Midhurst.

For the majority in the audience, the jumble of memories and experiences have been given perspective by the recent commemorations of D Day, VE Day and VJ Day and Mr. Readman's talk had the same effect. While gas masks, air raid shelters, rationing, evacuees and the blackout are easily recalled, the speaker's facts and figures made a fresh impact on many. 24,000 children evacuated from London into West Sussex, 6" naval guns at 7 mile intervals along the coast, 3,800 troops at 3 camps in Petworth Park, 6-7,000 West Sussex girls married Canadian soldiers, 11 RAF stations, 1,200 people killed in air raids, a munitions factory in Harwood's Pulborough garage.

Petworth's own tragedy, when 28 boys, the Headmaster and an assistant teacher and two other adults died in the bombing of the Boys' School was evocatively portrayed in Garland's photographs of the wreckage and the funeral procession of Canadian army vehicles.

Then there were the Dig for Victory, Salvage and National Savings campaigns, when astounding sums were raised for the war effort. The WVS, the Land Army, the Civil Defence, ARP and rescue services, the LDV (later Home Guard) were examples of ordinary people became extra-ordinary people by successfully taking on unfamiliar roles. The popularity of the cinema is easily forgotten today.

With the end of hostilities came VE Day with its processions, street parties and great jubilation, contrasting with the more subdued later celebration of VJ Day, a distant war brought to an end by two atomic bombs.

Women's Institute scrapbooks and the response of local residents as well as official sources had contributed to Mr. Readman's masterly presentation, but he would like still more recollections to add to the County's records.

KCT

Ian and Pearl's non-Langhurst Walk

We left the cars under what shade there was in Cowdray Park, skirted the golf course to the right and set off down towards Cowdray itself, through a Pony Club Camp, ranks of horse-boxes, a self-absorbed world of its own taking no notice of us as we weaved a way through. Polo on the lawns, cricket by the Hyorne Tower, then to the bridge and along to the Wharf terminus for the canal. From there we followed the high track by the river affording views over the polo. The River Ground wasn't in use today, it was used particularly if the ground was too hard at Ambersham it appeared. It could be very wet in winter. We walked on through varied stabling aware of yellow paint and dogs sleeping in the Sunday afternoon sun. Blackberries were still greenish and small in the hedgerows and everything tinder dry. Just the weather when the River Ground would be needed I thought. Cowdray House was visible from the narrow road. A (fairly) friendly dog seemed included to follow us. "Allez", John ordered in a stern tone. The dog turned round and set off home again. Very impressive - perhaps it was a French dog? John said it worked whatever nationality the dog was.

Up here, said Pearl, were a pair of Vietnamese pot-bellied pigs. We looked over a wall at them, not easy to see at first, then they trotted over the parched lawn to look at us. Framed in a buddleia at the garden's end they were like two black dogs with tails wagging furiously in unison. We bore left through a potato field, the corrugated green haulms not seeming quite natural. Fertiliser and irrigation fighting the dry season. Some nightshade plants were squat and strong, kinsmen of the potato I'm sure. We bore round to come to the bridge over the road at Selham. It was here that Ian and Pearl produced a moment of magic. Haranguing the assembled multitude, like some patriarch of old, Ian announced water in a parched land. Better actually, pineapple juice, orange juice and lemonade, left in a cool bag earlier among the reeds. Biblical parallels again. Time to linger in the dry field before turning off to the left up the Moor Farm footpath. A dachshund came trotting out of the farm toward us. No need of "Allez" this time for after inspecting the company he trotted back into the farm. On up the lane over the road, under the trees and off.

P.

Steve's Graffham Walk

We parked down the lane to Cathanger, turning right as the road through Herringbroom turns left for Graffham. Beech nuts already formed on the trees. Going away to the left through September woods greening again after the long drought, blackberries and rose hips and horse mint where the ground was wet, a stream and a bridge. Territory quite new to everyone but Steve is seamed. We looked across to Tillington on higher ground, watching the distant traffic going through on the A272. Hurlands Farm was away to one side not seen. The old railway embankment ran quite straight before us and Perryfields lay just across the river.



*George Garland in the 1960s.
Photographer not known.*



*George Garland in thoughtful pose in Pyecombe Churchyard.
A photograph probably from the late 1920s.*

The footpath ran alongside a venerable stone wall past Fitzlea, a few apple trees, docks in high crimson seed-bearing and the now obligatory converted barn. The farmhouse itself looked an old timber-framed building. Jean said that Enid Blyton's daughter had lived here at one time. Jean had seen the house when it was unimproved and had the servants' palliasses still in the attic rooms - but that was years ago.

Steve was bringing us round in an arc and we crossed the road we had originally turned off much higher up. Into the woods again and up a steep incline. Gallows Hill, an old name Steve said. The soil on the common was of a dark sandy texture. Steve pointed out some young conifers growing and some larger conifers a little further off. They should all be the same size but those in the nearest block had all died and the area had had to be planted again. No one knew why the one lot had all died. The experts suggested that a plane had jettisoned excess fuel over the woods. By the time the fuel had killed the trees the fuel had broken up and nothing could be proved. Here we could see on the sandy paths the huge ants that are characteristic of this area and of New England too.

We skirted Barnett's Cottages, then Steve showed us a waterlogged piece of ground in a depression, moss-covered tree trunks, a spring, a bridge thrown to one side like an abandoned gate, the remains of a cow-stall. Here had once been Barnett's Mill Farm. Given up what? Thirty years ago? He showed a picture of it, a huge lake at one side, the mill already gone when the photograph was taken. Back to the cars and to Coultershaw for tea. Nice to see Michael Palmer and his very merry men again. The last day of the season for them. And thanks to Diane and the ladies for the tea. The Society were delighted to make a donation of £15 to the Coultershaw Beam Pump as a small thank you to Steve.

P.

David and Linda's Frith Walk

No need to worry about the weather. It was one of those rare October days when the summer seems to have returned to stay. David unlocked the gate for us to drive into the Frith wood. The marl was brown with acorns, there were acorns everywhere. What would once have been called a good mast year, but all going to waste now, rotting on the path. As late as 1840 John Payne remembered the poor people collecting them in sacks to sell to a local farmer for a few pence. Langhurst Hill not far from here. Pigs loved them but for animals like horses they could be toxic. Another acorn plopped on to the path to join his fallen comrades. The woods were full of fungi: Douglas was already peering intently at a rotting tree-stump. A boletus of some kind, inky stains on cream gills, then on the top of the stump the delicate creamy sulphur tuft. "Tuft" because all the stems come off a single base. One of the few poisonous mushrooms that have an English as well as a Latin name.

On through the autumn oak trees, the leaves still green in the sunshine, just the crunch of acorns under foot to remind of autumn. We were on the trail of the iron-workers, departed these woods a good three hundred years or more. Then Frith resounded with the working of

the furnace and was alive with the coalmen or burners who produced the charcoal that fired it. It certainly didn't look an industrial site, a stream running over black stones, the water glinting where the sun broke through the canopy of the trees. I had been here before, coming both this way and from the other side, clambering with Jumbo over slippery bloated late spring bluebell stems. Of bluebells today there was no sign at all, not a leaf or anything.

Suddenly we were there. This field was the old furnace pond, the grassy embankment was the pond head. The water would strike an overshot wheel which by a system of cogs would drive a pair of bellows. The ore or "mine" would be melted down in a sandstone furnace some twenty feet high. This had gone, the stone long since appropriated for some other use. The molten metal would run into moulds to form "sows" later to be reworked at the forge. The forge for Frith was at Mitchell Park that for Ebernoe and (probably) Roundwyck at Wassell Mill. From the meadow you could look across, a mile perhaps to Fisher Street and the cars hurtling along the road.

Certainly there was water here. There was a deep gorge to our left and on the extreme right of the embankment the stream ran into the wood. Where had the wheel been? At Ebernoe it was in the centre of the embankment the experts said. Here we were not sure, the present course of the stream had a lot of stonework. As at Ebernoe the land sloped sharply down from the embankment. Here the work would have been done, the furnace-master looking into the inferno through his special eye-hole to check the heat was constant. Once a "campaign" started it could go on for months but the furnace must never lose its temperature. Charcoal was bought in in quantity. I thought of "Matthew the Collyer" a name I had seen on an invoice of 1591. He would have known this spot well enough. He'd find it eerily quiet now. In the woods the dark vitreous looking slag was everywhere. Where trees had keeled over in the storm you could see they had been growing in slag. There was an underworld of stunted elders. We rooted about in this industrial wasteland in a green wood. Plenty to think about.

Time to go back; over the wooden bridge, up the slope. Rowan berries washed pink lying on the path. Too tart for the birds I supposed, in the fullness of time they'd just fallen off the tree. We came out into a field, as we looked back at the wood edge it was scarlet with holly berries. Douglas had some small fungi, like vivid white strands through a wooden branch, there were a mass of scarlet toadstools, fly agaric, Douglas said, when dipped in water the resulting solution was deadly to flies.

It was a surprise to come out at Frith Hill and walk along the familiar lane. Looking away over the fields we could see as far as Ebernoe. Three huge red toadstools in the distance, balloons waiting to go up. As we drove back into Northchapel they flew over the top of us.

P.

Audrey's Chestnut Walk

On a clear warm late October afternoon we parked in the overflow car park of River View Garden Centre near Stopham Bridge, and set off uphill across a rich green clover ley and clumps of white dead nettle. It was hard to remember the recent parched appearance in the summer drought. We followed a hedgerow of unusual shrubs and trees which marked the boundary of the Nursery - there were Hypericum (St John's Wort) in flower, bright red hips of Rose Mayesii, Ceanothus, yellow fruits of Malus, and a magnificent weeping ash. This diverse hedge enclosed clumps of hedging conifers, now well grown but still in neat rows and beyond these a good view of Pulborough Church in the sunshine.

We turned right handed along the ridge where Sweet Chestnut trees grow in abundance and were shedding their fruits for busy squirrels. They were now gathered by the foraging Petworth Society into rustling plastic bags. There was plenty for everybody. When we paused to look southwards across the water meadows the view of the South Downs from storm depleted Chanctonbury Ring round to Bignor Hill was magnificent. A train left Pulborough Station and rumbled across the middle distance, passing Hardham Water Works with its towering cranes. Audrey said the works supplied a very large area including Crawley, Horsham and even Northchapel.

We walked along the sandy bridlepath edged with prickly gorse bushes in flower and lots of red champions in full bloom and entered a larch wood, emerging by a new house built for the jockey daughter of local racehorse trainer, Guy Harwood, whose manicured Coombelands Gallops stretched away to our left with a glimpse beyond of the Toat Monument built in 1827 as a memorial to a much loved son killed in a riding accident. Our vantage point was a concrete pill box army gun emplacement - a grim reminder of war torn Sussex half a century ago. Soon we were back among larch trees interspersed with truly venerable oaks and beeches carpeted underfoot with unusually large numbers of acorns and beechnuts. The holly trees were looking very Christmassy with masses of red berries denoting a hard winter ahead perhaps or just a defensive reaction to the unusually dry summer months? Time will tell. Bright red "gnome seats" Fly Agaric fungi grew in the underwood litter and far below us down the slope gleamed the tidal Arun meandering on its way to Stopham bridge and the sea at Littlehampton.

We emerged from the woods past an impressive sandstone cliff to see the medieval beauty of Stopham bridge beyond the modern road bridge built to relieve it of a heavy traffic burden. Stopham bridge was, the notice told us, built originally of timber in 1309 and rebuilt in stone in 1403, the centre arch being raised in 1822 for barge traffic. The remains of the junction of the Rother Navigation completed in 1794 can be seen across the river with Stopham House in the background. Close by is where the Arun and Rother meet and they flow as one river to the English Channel.

A lot to marvel at and ponder as we walked past the picturesque White Hart Inn and crossed the A283 to a welcome tea at River View Nursery.

Jean Gilhooly

Report Of The Maple Leaf Down Tour - April 30th to May 16th 1995

We arrived in London at 7.00am, and our first hotel was in Folkestone, so I arranged a visit to the ancient town of Rye, as we would not book in to our hotel till late in the afternoon. This visit to Rye proved to be an outstanding day. We were met at the coach park by the town police, the local cadet unit, guides, and many local people. We were split into three groups to be guided around the many historic points of interest. At noon we went to the town hall for a reception by the Mayor, who presented us with a plaque, which hangs in the town hall. Later we went to The Royal British Legion for lunch and a few pints. Here we were presented with a Rye Branch, Royal British Legion plaque. It was here that I met John Kingsmill, who gave me his mother's autograph book, with the signatures of most of B company from 1941, also many pictures, which you will see at the October reunion meeting. As we left Rye, we were reminded that the Canadian Flag was flying over The Landgate Tower. Many thanks to our friends in Rye for a most wonderful day.

The next day we went to Antwerp for two days where we toured the Scheldt area, and attended a special service at Bergen Op Zoom cemetery, and were hosted later by the town of Bergen Op Zoom, and received a commemorative medal from the Mayor.

We stayed in Arnhem for five days in a hotel close to the bridge and we could see the show every night from our hotel window, paratroops, searchlights and guns etc. From Arnhem we attended the Wageningen parade on May 5th; and the Apeldoorn parade on May 7th. We also visited all the cemeteries in the area including Holten, where the last soldier killed in the Tor. Scots. is buried. Pte. Gotlied Wiegand, a fine young boy of 19 years.

From Arnhem we journeyed to Paris and on to Caen, visited the landing beaches, Pegasus Bridge, the cemeteries and other points of interest.

Saturday we came back to Brighton for three days.

Sunday was Petworth day where we held yet another church parade. For marker we had Bill Brooks a Dieppe veteran, and Major McGowan laid the wreath at the cenotaph. Rev. Keith Kiddell conducted the service in the church. We presented our plaque to Lord Egremont, also a new flag for the school. The flag was donated by Bob O'Connell, a member of R.C.L. Br.217. We were presented with a limited edition plate from the Petworth Society, also a needlework emblem of Sussex. The plate will be presented to the Association.

The day in Petworth was a fantastic day which we will all remember for many years. The afternoon was spent socializing with our friends around town and at the R.B. Legion.

Once again we thank the Petworth Society for the wonderful lunch and everything they have done for the Tor. Scots. Also we thank the R.B.L. for their wonderful hospitality.

When it came time to depart it was very difficult for many of us, as we realized that it may have been the last organized trip to Petworth, but I hope not. May I suggest that any Tor. Scots. returning to U.K. that you drop in to Petworth and say hello. You will never be a stranger there, and after all Petworth is just around the corner.

We had one more day in Brighton and we visited Portsmouth to see the Royal Navy Dock Yard, and the D day museum.

The next day we returned home, tired but with a lot of memories.

Carry On — Dusty Morrow

A.. G.. Y ... G .. Perhaps...

Do not the years go by so quickly in this busy world of today ... "No time to stand and stare. No time to stand beneath the boughs and stare as long as Sheep and Cows." Was this Wordsworth? or some lesser known Poet? The first night of The Proms, around again. .. the confusions of the Enigma Variations, both compelling to the attention and restless to a restless mind. Thoughts awandering to a former Elgar music programme, some years previous, accompanying a small boy on a white pony wearing the large cap of the Edwardian, tweed britches and smart riding jacket, galloping the track over the Chiltern Hills, which sent the wandering thoughts away to Bedham where Elgar lived on the top of the hill. Our Friends of The Society and The Festival will know more of that. .. Memories being stirred. ...

The Vet was on rounds. In the days of Youth we liked to go with him on the Bedham, Wisborough Green, Fittleworth journeying. Should he take overlong vetting a horse, or dosing a cow we could well enjoy the walk back to Petworth, through the rides of Flexham Park Chestnut woods, through the Gog woods, over Sugar Knob Hill, down the meadows, over the brook, up The Hills and Home ..

This particular day had a visit to see "Bunty" .. a favoured Client. Bunty lived with Flo. Bunty lived on the best of New Zealand lamb .. it was, indeed, acknowledged that Bunty knew the difference and the day the butcher delivered English 'twas the day that his contract to deliver meat to her cottage, as he had no New Zealand, temporarily, was the day that he was ordered not to come again.

As we took the track drive, in off the Wisborough Green Road, leading up to the cottage gate, dear Flo appeared .. with a white bandage around her head. She had an attack of shingles, we learned later, and with a double barrel shotgun menacingly pointed at us, and a loud challenge "Stop or I fire ... Who are you ... What do you want?" In some trepidation Vet climbed out of the car to assure her that we were friends and how was Bunty, today ... From the back seat of the car .. "Blimey .. She's got a Gun .. into Song with undertones of Eartha Kitt, who was making her debut in the London theatre at the time. "Quick of the trigger with something not much bigger, than a pinpoint on number One" .. with a trill of young laughter, a forerunner of the great talent that from an early career as a comedienne would take her to the pinnacle of the theatre with the world at her feet .. "Not going in there" say Mags "She looks dangerous! Annie get your Gun!"

I fear that dear Flo and her much loved companion, much spoiled companion, Bunty had her meals on the dining room table .. so that should could look down the garden To remind

her that if she did not eat her dinner the leg of lamb would be given to the current occupants of the caravan parked down the end of the paddock ... Flo, of course, had her meals in the kitchen. Methinks, that day, the Vet had two patients to minister .. but we all had a drink of whisky and we remember a much favoured, if a trifle eccentric, client who lived down off the slopes of Bedham. I fear both long left the cottage to where lovely old Ladies and thoroughbred Labrador dogs go ..

.. The rise and swell of the orchestra, from noise to silence, from Power to Peace... Another season of the Proms .. to "Land of Hope and Glory" .. and the years go by ...

John Francis

Evacuation and after

We left London with a carrier bag and a gas mask. I remember lining up through the park from the school to the waiting trams and buses that took us to the station. We said tearful farewells to our parents but, young as we were, we hardly realised what was going on. Our parents of course were well aware of parting from their children and not knowing if they would ever see them again.

My first recollections of Petworth is the Town Hall (or would it be the Iron Room) and being taken south of the town. We had beds on the floor in a barn in an orchard. There was a house nearby but we only went in for toilet facilities and an evening meal. We found sleeping in the barn quite frightening. We walked to school every day with a few sandwiches, then walked back again. After about a fortnight some of the older children complained. We were then separated.

A Mr and Mrs Baker said they could take in one child. They hadn't room for any more, but the lady in charge said that she had another little girl with nowhere to go, and that as we were great friends, we ought to be together. We would be very upset if we were parted. Mrs Baker took us both in. As it turned out neither little girl had ever even met the other let alone become close friends! In fact while I settled in very quickly the other little girl soon went home to her father.

Audrey, the Bakers' daughter, was only two years older than me but the two older Baker boys were mainly away in the services. I went to school where the two Miss Woottons were teachers and made friends with some of the local children. There are so many memories, collecting chestnuts and roasting them, getting up early to pick mushrooms and being excited if we found any, collecting watercress from the stream at the waterworks, or being able to ride Audrey's bike into town. So many memories but brought to a sudden end when the war ended and it was time to go back to London. I haven't said home because Petworth had become my home.

During the stay in Petworth I had had visits from my mother and aunt and uncle. My mother's visits were not frequent. She didn't like the country and when she did visit it was

from about 12 to 4 on a Sunday afternoon. Sometimes she simply didn't come and I cried. My aunt and uncle however loved Petworth and often stayed with us. My parents had divorced and my father, who was in the army, came to see me now and again.

When the time actually came to leave Petworth I was very emotional. I didn't want to leave and I think I was one of the last children to go. London when I returned was totally different, a shock. My mother had a one-bedroom flat in a three-storey house, there were no fields to play in, only streets and the noise was horrendous, everyone rushing about. My mother worked during the day and I went to school, but my mother and I had grown apart. She had contrived to live without a daughter for six years and we knew so little about each other. My mother was kind enough and gave me money and clothes but we could never really bridge the lost years. Eventually I found my grandmother taking over my mother's role. I married at nineteen, perhaps as much to leave home as anything else and that ended in divorce. A second marriage has produced two children and two grandchildren and I came to Petworth this August. I didn't find it so very different, more antique shops of course. Obviously Grove Lane is slightly altered but my memories are there and I wouldn't want to change them. I showed my grandchildren the Virgin Mary Spring and wondered why they didn't show the enthusiasm I always had for it. Next week they start Secondary School and that means I can relax a bit without wondering where to take them next. Time as Audrey says to jump on a train to Pulborough. And why not?

I've paid as much attention to what happened after I left Petworth as I have to my stay here because I think it's important to realise the ongoing effects of such a complete break. I loved being evacuated to Petworth but it was very difficult to readjust to living in London again.

Jean Leffer (née Farnham).

The Art of making oneself scarce!

My father had various jobs before he joined the Leconfield Estate and I had a number of moves which makes my recollection of schooldays disjointed. My father worked basically with traction engines, either threshing or drawing out cut timber. We were at Alfold for a time, then he was at Midhurst as a gardener with my mother working in the house. The lady wasn't the easiest of employers so we came to a cottage at Coates, my father working for the Leconfield Estate as a woodman. I went to school at Fittleworth. After a while we were moved to Duncton Common, No. 42a along the Chichester Road. I didn't want to change schools again so I went to live with my grandparents at Ambersham so that I could go back to Midhurst School where I'd been before. It was by the Half Moon Inn on the Petersfield Road. I stayed at Ambersham during the week and went home for weekends. My father worked for Mr. Wilcox, the Leconfield Estate forester and planted many of the trees on Cooper's Moor along the Graffham Road.

I think that my going to work at Petworth House was something arranged by my parents.

I'm sure I didn't answer an advertisement, although I would certainly have had an interview with Mrs. Cownley the housekeeper beforehand. I would be no more than fourteen and started as the most junior housemaid of all, the very bottom of the ladder. The job was live-in of course so I was away from home. Yes, it was rather frightening and it was hard work, there was no doubt of that, and much of it was on my hands and knees. I sometimes wonder if so many hours spent like this had an effect on my mobility in later life. We were treated well enough by the standards of the time and Mrs. Cownley was very kind. The food was good, although I can't remember a lot about it: certainly suet puddings, and, yes, ground rice. Breakfast and tea we had in the housemaids' sitting-room but the mid-day meal was in the servants' hall with the butler sitting at the head of the table and Mrs. Cownley at the other end. Supper was basically a hot drink as I remember. We'd start at 6.30, have breakfast at 8.30 or 9 and lunch at 1 o'clock.

One or two things I can see quite clearly in my mind's eye: the butler slicing off the beef in the servants' hall and the blood running out of it. I didn't like it like that but that's what you were given and that's what you ate. I can remember too the pheasants hanging until they dropped maggots, all coming out of their mouth, or the big domed cheese dishes again with the maggots. This is how they were taken in to be served, the footmen carrying everything across through the tunnel.

Our work was largely, exclusively almost, in the big house, clearing out the fires and burnishing the steel grate bars until they shone. It was very hard work. Another job was to scrub the black and white squares in the front hall, one of us doing the white squares and one the black. Different methods were used for each. The soap we had for cleaning came in long rectangles, from which we'd cut off a piece to use. Our cleaning equipment was kept in boxes with handles and everything had to be in spotless condition. No dirty dusters of anything like that! Carpets were still cleaned in the old-fashioned way by spreading tea-leaves and sweeping. Talking wasn't encouraged and when we scrubbed the landing in the servants' block, we'd keep separate as far as possible.

The head housemaid was Florence Roper and she had direct responsibility for us. She was very strict and not always tactful. I can remember her running her finger along the balustrade of the Grand Staircase looking for dust. Mrs. Cownley seemed quite different. Unlike Florence, she was essentially an administrator and was a robust, sensible, cheerful lady to whom you could go with your problems knowing you wouldn't just be fobbed off with anything. You could really talk things over. She lived in and we'd go to see her in her flat. It didn't happen very often but it was nice to know there was a sympathetic ear if we needed it.

When the family were in residence there were a lot of house guests and a great deal of our work involved this: getting the bathrooms ready, keeping them clean, seeing to the fires, looking after the beds. We were free in the afternoons from 2.30 to 6 but then it was time to start again, turning the beds down, getting everything ready, looking to the fires. We also had to clean the attics where the servants, who had come with the house guests, stayed. The servants ate over in the big house so we didn't see much of them. No, I never saw the house guests; at most you might hear that someone like Charles Laughton the actor was there but you'd never actually see him. Servants had to disappear in the background: the work needed

to be done but it was not to be seen to be done. That was the essence of it. Being so young, I found Lady Leconfield herself a somewhat formidable figure, larger than life. It was mainly, I suppose, because whenever I caught sight of her I had to make myself scarce, get behind a pillar, or disappear into a doorway.

There was always something to do, fires in the winter, coal and wood being hauled up on a small hydraulic lift, spring cleaning when the family was away. Remember the long passages and the walking made heavy weather of the lightest task. We were paid every month in the Audit Room - but it wasn't that much. I think I took mine back to my mother.

Things were doubtless more relaxed than they had been a few decades earlier but we knew nothing of such comparisons. We'd go out to dances at the Town Hall in a group and come back through the Cow Yard. Woe betide anyone who was late and had to knock up the porter at Church Lodge! I never had to do that! Sometimes we might go out on our bikes to visit my grandparents at Ambersham. Mary Standing I well remember, I often used to go down North Street with her to visit her parents. Elsie Langford was another and her sister Gertie. I kept up with Elsie for sometime afterward. Ivy Richardson? I have an idea we called her Connie - it's a long time ago, 1926.

I left because I wanted more money and that didn't seem likely to be forthcoming. I worked for a while as a waitress at the Swan, Fittleworth, then as a house parlourmaid for a lady at Tripp Hill. My father-in-law would be Ernest Salter who lived in South Grove. He was a tailor in Trump Alley and made the livery coats for the House.

Esme Salter was talking to Diane Owen and the Editor.

Sausages as an art form

The charged atmosphere of 1939 seemed to communicate itself to the school. Some of us were getting close to the time when we would leave. We all knew of boys who had left, and those who were still at school were already beginning to feel unsettled. I remember a snow-bound winter's day, great soft snowflakes floating down by the great window on the north side of the school, some settling on the window-ledge, the rest dropping silently to the ground, the passing traffic hushed by the snow, just the occasional swish of tyres through a thickening white carpet. The big old tortoise stove glowed red in the front and on top. The room had the old familiar smell of chalk and books and for once lessons seemed to be over for the day. The outside world was as cold and unwelcoming as the school room was warm and comforting. Charles Stevenson spoke quietly, yet with concern, on the effect the coming years might have on us. Whatever happened we must change with the times, and participate in all that was offered us. Many of us on the north side of the screen would be leaving that year and we needed to make the best of what was offered us while we were at school. To help us he was fully prepared to teach after hours as many of the senior pupils as wished to attend. I am sure that, like me, many remember the quiet conversation in the warm classroom. In fact I wouldn't

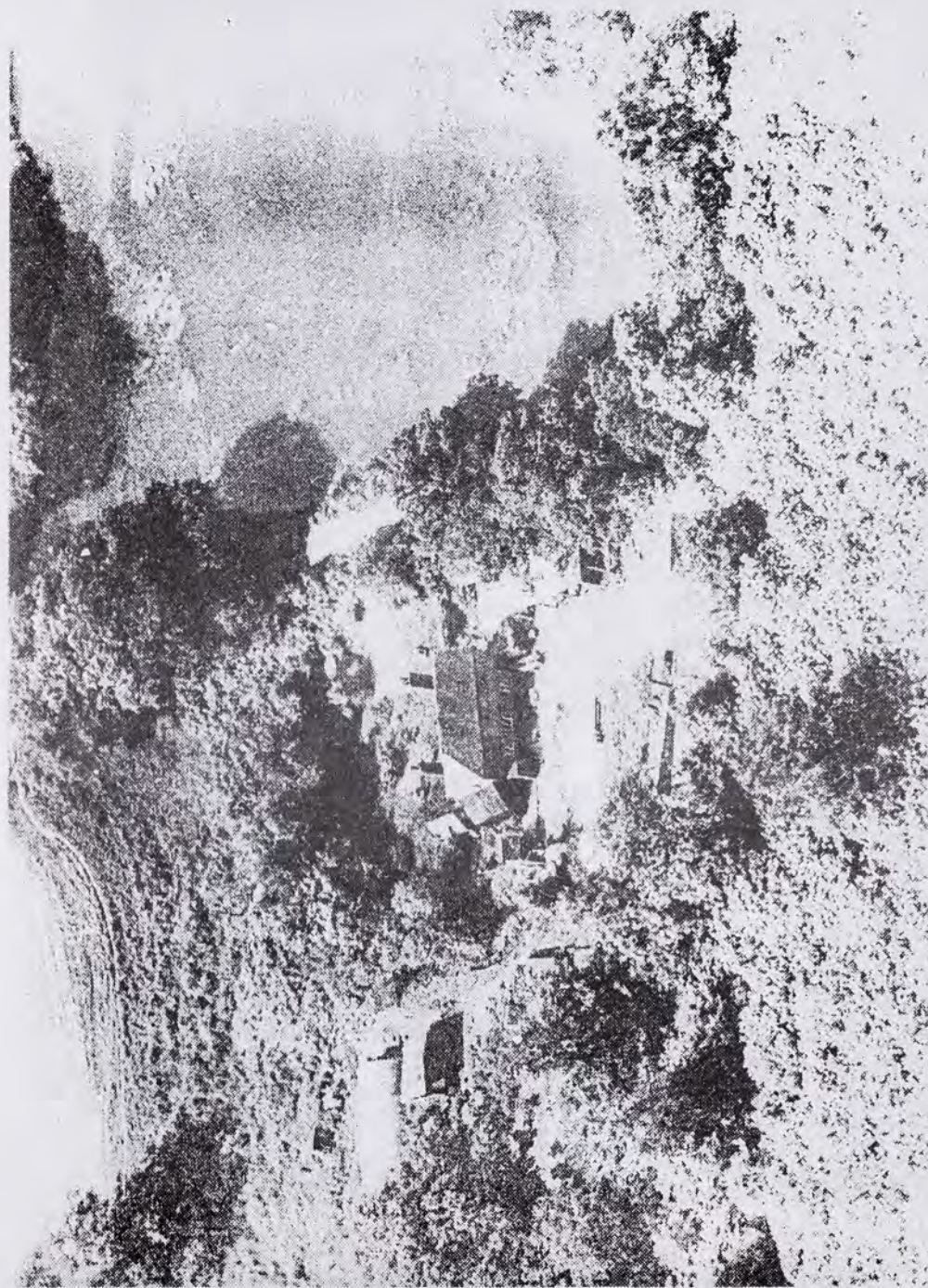
leave until the following year and I didn't go back in the evenings until I had left school in 1940 but there were many boys who left that summer who took up the offer.

On the face of it things went on as they had been, even September 3rd seemed uneasily quiet, as if people were taking advantage of one last weekend of peace. No doubt parents saw the likelihood of serving sons being killed, while an older generation remembered 1914. We, however, went back to school to pick up much as we had left off. The church choir was as it had been, the school pipe band still rehearsed and played, but there were changes: Mr. Cree the curate had gone away already, Mr. Crawley too had left the school to join up. One afternoon in late September came the crump of a number of bombs and we went out to find the craters and collect shrapnel, savouring a new experience. Eight small bombs across the fields just up from the top half of Rotherbridge Lane, indicated perhaps an abortive strike at the Gas Works. We found little enough at the site and went back to playing round the now darkened town. All was lightless now; windows blacked out and cars with the dimmest of flights. Gas masks were part of school equipment and the dark evening streets were stiff with unaccustomed stealthy figures - police, wardens, Home Guard (as they would soon be known) and Specials. Little chance to work off youthful mischief.

In some ways it was fortunate that there came an outlet for our restless energy. This was the A.T.C., unofficial when it began, but soon gaining the required recognition from the Air Ministry to become the Petworth Flight of the Air Training Corps. Major Milbourne who lived at Burton Rough was in command, quite elderly and almost the caricature of an old Army major, but for all that well-informed and ready to help. To start with we'd go to see him on spring evenings, cycling eagerly to Burton to learn the basics of drill and of guns and how they worked. First and foremost however came aircraft recognition. We needed to be able to distinguish, say, Spitfires from ME 109's but you had to be able to tell from the front, for if you waited until the plane was actually overhead, it might be too late. With careful tuition the 109 could be seen to be slightly square and squat. At night however detection could come only through the roar of the engines.

Some nights we'd simply wander up to the Sugar Knob to watch and wait, seeing the searchlights flash into life, slim pencils of distant probing light over the Downs both north and south and, of course, all along the coast. As a plane moved inland the coastal searchlights would dim and, as it were, hand over the intruder to those further inland. The local searchlight batteries too would monitor the incoming aircraft. Often planes would be flying very high, carrying out photo reconnaissance. This was a time of ominous expectancy more than anything. By now the Home Guard could be seen training in the streets, or in the Tillington Road Armoury. There were no uniforms to start with and their duties were basically at night, although they might be called out if there was a parachute drop or glider landing.

While still at school I had taken a little job, evenings and weekends, at Mr. Payne's the butchers in Lombard Street, the bull's head tile on the front of Bamboroughs still proclaims the shop. By the summer of 1940 I was thirteen and ready to leave school. I wasn't old enough to join up so I went to work as a boy for Mr. Payne, making sausages, cutting meat and cycling out twice a week to the outlying villages with meat. Supply was beginning to get difficult however and my village trips were soon confined to Fridays and Saturdays. The main delivery



*Barnett's Mill Farm at Graffham. A picture perhaps from the 1940s.
See Steve's Graffham Walk.*



A housemaid dressed for work in Petworth House 1926.



*A similar picture 1927.
Photographs courtesy of Mrs Esme Salter.*



*Somerset Hospital 1935.
Photograph by George Garland.*

was by van but with petrol so short even this had to an extent to be curtailed. Often now the cycle replaced the van. The trade too began to be seriously affected by uncertainty in the supply. Rationing was in force and the old and lame, meat that in peacetime would have gone to the factory for processing or to the kennels, came to the butchers. Rabbits came into their own at one and six-pence each with threepence for a skin, more if it were a good one. We might have fifty skins or more for the old man when he came to collect them. Waste was looked on as a crime and all odd fat and skin was run down for dripping. Sausage-making became an art, some thirty pounds of meat of all kinds cut up to make "pork" sausages, odds and ends of pork, any breast of lamb that was over, odd cuts of beef that we couldn't otherwise use; if we were very stuck we'd put in some of the precious rabbit. Sausages then had about a third weight of biscuit meal or bread, whatever you could get, soaked to the consistency of bread pudding. Seasoning was important and bought in in quantity, pepper, nutmeg and small amounts of sage and thyme. We began to collect our own herbs to add to those bought. All this would be mixed on a wooden top, the meat having already been cut up and pushed through the old mincer. To be fair it looked very acceptable when it came out - not much different from best pork. Sausage skins were not synthetic then but came in coils or bundles, packed tight in barrels and heavily salted. They would keep like that for weeks. You'd take the required number from the barrel and put them to soak in a bucket of warm water. When you'd minced the meat, mixed in the bread and seasoning, got the mixture into a barrel and were ready with the plunger, it was time to fill the skins. Sometimes if the skin was difficult to open you had to blow through it, feeling the salty tang harsh on your lips. The ideal was no bulges, no gaps, and sausages even sized, eight or nine to a pound. And they did look good.

As the war went on the percentage of bread to meat increased and the quality deteriorated too. Often the ration was just one sausage per person, certainly never more than two. Some weeks there simply wasn't the meat to make them at all, so they were always highly prized: if we had to struggle with "pork" sausages, "beef" were a grade down but again people were pleased enough to get them and sausage making was at once an art and, given the shortage of material, a challenge.

Meat came in basically either frozen or canned and, as time went on, delivery became increasingly irregular. If meat came in frozen Thursday evening or Friday we had literally to chop out the ration sizes. We could offer two ounces of corned beef if the tins were not punctured and contents green: if they were you just might get them replaced the next week. We'd try to give corned beef, eight or nine ounces of meat, two or three slices of heart or offal, a sausage or two and whatever else was going. The winters of those years were cold, the shop was cold and the meat cold. With so little meat about, there were free afternoons but always with the question of when the next delivery would come and the renewed finger-freezing agony of picking frozen carcasses to pieces. By now any quota of unfrozen English meat, however scraggy, was a luxury. At least you could work on it without freezing. On free afternoons in autumn Mr. Payne let me go down to Frog Farm, picking, knocking, trimming and loading sugar beet in a biting late October or November wind which blew the stinging dust straight into your face. Ten shillings or twelve and six for three afternoons' work.

Thinking about it, I suppose the week at the butchers divided clearly into days, each with

the same texture but each slightly but definitely different. Any day of course you might go to work after an unsettled night, planes overhead and everyone down the cellar with a couple of candles. Monday was for scrubbing and cleaning, defrosting the big freezer with a bucket of hot water standing inside. At 8.15 it was time to go home for breakfast. Back to stoke the copper for boiling water and saw wood to keep the copper going for the rest of the week. Time then to fill the old scalding tub with fresh boiling water and loads of soda, then it was a matter of being ready with the yellow Sunlight soap, scrubbing brush and mutton cloths. These were the muslin cloths the frozen lamb was wrapped in when it came. The wooden racks in the shop and refrigerator were scrupulously cleaned, scrubbed and rinsed, then put out in the yard to dry. Meanwhile the knives, saws and choppers lay waiting in the boiling water for their turn. First job though was the wooden bench in the room next to the refrigerator, just in case a little meat came in on the Monday evening and there was the chance to make a few sausages. We'd scrape and scrub the two big beech blocks and the wood block floor, then the whole premises from the shop entrance over the red and black quarry tiles to the back door. The baskets at the back were cleaned every day but they had especial attention on Monday. About eleven Mrs. Payne would be round with a jug of coffee and I would already have slipped down the road to Arch Knight's for three lardy rolls. We'd still work while we were drinking the coffee but Mr. Payne would go off to the Club to meet his friends from bowls. Bowls and fishing were his great hobbies and of course his faithful pipe.

The slaughter house wasn't really used at this time but we still had to wrestle with the frozen carcasses when they came. One last job with the copper fire already low was to take out the steel hooks and fittings from the front of the shop, sit on a sack on an upturned bucket, with another bucket of boiling soda water, the hooks and fittings in the bucket, a bottle of oil and some river sand. I'd gingerly fish the hooks and other items out of the bucket, dip a lightly oiled cloth in the river sand, then burnish the steel until it shone. I can still smell the hot sandy oil and the simmering copper. Just time at twelve to sort out any odd meat, put some fresh brine in the tank, put back the scrubbed shelves, and restart the week with a clean if empty refrigerator. Oh, and not forgetting to polish the brass weights on the scales. Mr. Payne would be back now, and I'd be ready to go but not quite like to suggest it. I'd get out the broom and sweep, while he'd tie his fishing rods to the old trade bike and hook on his small bag of reels, tackle and maggots. No sign of the meat delivery: we'd go off but Len and Frank, the two men, or myself would have to look back periodically just in case a delivery was waiting for us in Trump Alley. In winter Mr. Payne would go off earlier and return before dusk, on summer days he'd stay later. I'd see him coming back past Bacons and up Park Road at about 7.30.

My afternoon work might be gardening at home or doing whatever was on at Frog Farm, sugar beet as I have said, or pitching sheaves, helping to bed the horses. Up and down Park Road came convoys of tanks and guns in ever-increasing numbers, usually at night, driving nose to tail, just a small slit of light from the front and a glimmer of red at the rear. No wonder outside walls on the street took a battering. Bren-gun carriers particularly would lurch and sway as they cornered. Occasionally one convoy would meet another in Park Road, going in the opposite direction. That did take some sorting out! Petworth then was like a huge garrison, clogged with troops and their vehicles, then suddenly as quiet and empty as a tinker's grave.

Tuesday and the cleaning was behind us. Time to sweep the yard and then get on with the sausages. The aim was to have them strung and hanging in the refrigerator by 11.30. If there was enough meat over we would bone it out and prepare it. Tuesday wasn't busy in the shop, perhaps someone who had carried their rations through from the weekend, someone hoping there might be some fresh sausages. Alternative Tuesdays I would go down to Mr. Webbers at Frog Farm and bring back half a dozen chicken or any day someone might have been ferreting and come back with twenty rabbits or so. Chicken and rabbits were in very great demand. But even then you weren't finished. What about the meat delivery? Mr. Payne would ring Horsham to see if they'd had a consignment. Even if they had, they couldn't usually give a precise date or time for delivery. Then it was a matter of waiting for a telephone call. When it came it was then a matter of going round to Trump Alley to collect the delivery. Many a Tuesday afternoon might be wasted simply waiting.

Wednesday was a half day and basically involved getting out what meat you could spare for mid-week, sausages, corned beef, tripe, odds and ends from the previous week. A lot depended on what we had had then. If the meat had been particularly poor, people would be out looking for something more appetising. The Tuesday delivery would probably turn up sometime on Wednesday. In the evening I might be up on the Sugar Knob with the others, watching for air activity. We could identify engine sounds by this time. Come ten o'clock we'd be going home, the cows munching and snorting in the darkened fields.

Thursday it was up early for this was always a busier day. Cut up what English meat we had into named pieces. You couldn't get much on a week's ration but you might have rabbit, liver or sausage for a change on Sunday and carry part of the ration over to the following week for a joint. Joints had to be ready Thursday to be delivered on the country round, starting first thing Friday and finishing about mid-day Saturday. Breakfast at 8.30 back at 9. Everyone had some sort of order, whether delivered, or in the case of locals, collected from the shop. We did what we could to meet customers' wishes and sausages were the great peace-offering. There would be a return to normality if the war ever finished and customers needed to be looked after and kept.

What English meat there was could be made into something recognisable as a joint but boneless frozen quarters came stuck together in bags. You might tell front from back by the time it had thawed but by that time it was quite shapeless, even a skewer couldn't do much with it, you could only set it in a piece of greaseproof, rather like a cake with a frill. Put a sausage or two or a piece of liver beside it and it might just pass muster. Or of course it might not. By five o'clock Friday after a long journey in the van it might well have collapsed again. Each little "joint" would be carefully cut according to size, placed in its own piece of paper, any extras set alongside and a ticket or name-tag stuck on. Then it would be placed either on one of the racks in the refrigerator or (covered with a clean dry cloth) on the benches at the back of the premises. It would take Frank Burdock, Mr. Payne and myself all morning and part of the afternoon to get forty or more sets of rations cut and set out, serving customers in the shop meanwhile. If customers insisted on chatting while we were trying to do this Mr. Payne would sharpen his knife hard on the steel or chop at the chops harder than he usually did. We could tell although the customer didn't. As meat ran low so would the sausages, and I would often

be taken off orders to collect odds and bits of meat, bone out some flank, neck or breast in a desperate effort to get together another lot of sausages. Another quota of frozen meat might be due and with luck it would arrive by early afternoon. Then I'd hack what I could off the frozen lump and cut the pieces into chunks the size of Oxo cubes before forcing them through the mincer, my fingers by this time frozen and numb. Because of the liquid in the frozen meat, the dry matter needed bulking to prevent the sausages being too limp. By late afternoon the round was prepared and set out and with luck there might be some meat for tomorrow!

Jumbo Taylor was talking to the Editor.

His Grace - and Lord Derby

As we understood it the Country Life project sought through a number of different commissions to build a picture of Petworth at the end of the century much as George Garland had done for the earlier century. Well, whatever the fine detail Chris Harrison was booked to start. We'd talked about him coming, I'd spoken to him on the telephone and now here he was. In his late twenties and from Jarrow on Tyneside, now based in London, Chris would find Petworth strange territory. He had already had numerous commissions at home and abroad, including one on youth at Salford. A current project involved war memorials across the country. He didn't know Petworth, and, perhaps more to the point, Petworth didn't know him. I supposed my role was to introduce him to people. But what people? Perhaps too he needed an introduction to Petworth itself and to George Garland the man. As one who had known George Garland well I was one of a diminishing band. It was something of a shock to think that he had already been dead seventeen years and more. You couldn't any longer assume a generally diffused consciousness of the man.

It was hot as we walked through the August streets, talking of George Garland, a man rapidly developing into a legend. Someone to be spoken of almost in hushed tones. But over the years I could hear the old man's earthy chuckle. He'd be pleased but amused at the same time, his humour was something like the man himself, a strange mixture of the romantic and the relentlessly everyday, walking round Westhampnett churchyard looking for the graves of bygone cricketers, or arguing over a penny on the price of a tin of cat food. You accepted him as he was or you didn't accept him at all. I tend to remember him as elderly but he had been young once and almost absurdly idealistic, playing chess and talking poetry with the Franciscans at Duncton. But that was long ago, a Garland I had glimpsed only occasionally beneath a veneer. Of what? Disappointment? Simple experience? I think the bombed school took a lot out of him. In quiet moments he would talk about it with a curious intensity. And yet it was more than that, his happiest work had tended to be with older people. And they were long gone. He would talk wistfully over an evening meal of old Shep going away in the early 1930s to live with his son. He would never come back, and in his passing, he seemed to embody the passing of them all.

Chris and I sat round the hills and talked. One man's view of Garland. There would be others. There should be others. I could never feel that Garland was a photographer pure and simple. For him photography was a medium of self-expression but not perhaps the medium he would ideally have chosen. Writing was his first love, the pictures coming slightly later, a means of bolstering his early journalistic essays. Not all photographers are writers and his Petworth predecessor Walter Kevis seems to have kept very much to the pictorial image. For Garland however, photography was a supplement to writing or a substitute for it. Certainly it took over entirely for long periods but the desire to communicate what is in some ways incommunicable in pictures is the essence of Garland's work, the differentia. Talking of differentiae, as we looked across the Shimmings valley we saw something quite different to Salford - or Jarrow too for that matter. It was its own reality. Perhaps Chris would explore youth in a different environment, some problems shared with Salford, some not. Idyllic Petworth had its own snares for young people, more insidious but no less real. We went off down to the Youth Centre in Pound Street. Yes, they'd be very pleased to help perhaps if Chris went down there in the evening ... Well it was Chris's project and it was up to him.

Another day. Chris wasn't quite convinced of the young people idea. He'd done it once before. There were other possibilities. Petworth had a long and distinctive historical tradition, perhaps we should involve that in some way. He took up a chance remark by Canon Collins, the result itself of a chance encounter. One of the Petworth almshouses? What did I think of that? Well there was certainly plenty of tradition there. We could make a tentative enquiry; it might be considered upsetting for the residents, or of course they might even enjoy it. The Leconfield Estate could see no problem if the residents agreed and Angela the Warden was happy enough. It was left that I would go round with Chris to introduce him and then we'd both go round with Angela on her morning round to see what the reaction might be. If no one wanted to have anything to do with it we'd think again. One lady politely declined but otherwise everyone seemed to think it a nice idea - if a little peculiar. Good for me to meet some old friends again and Chris was soon settled in. In some ways a series of portraits wasn't a typical Garland project, but yet there were the character studies. Perhaps Chris was aiming half-way between a portrait and a character study. In fact of course, whatever you did bore some relation to Garland, it either followed his way of working or deviated from it! Garland had taken pictures occasionally at the Hospital. There was a famous one in 1935 to accompany an article by the "Rambling Reporter" in the Sussex Weekly News and another one with Mr. Hooper "the flueographer" after the war - or was that at Tillington? I couldn't remember. Come to that, was the reporter "rambling" or "roving"? I'd have to look that one up. Perhaps he had been "roaming".

It was soon clear that Somerset Hospital itself was a player in this project; the building had a character of its own, much as its inhabitants did. There were the cellars with the huge redundant inglenook fireplace. You could look right up the chimney to the sky above. The boiler toiled away in an adjoining room: it was stiflingly hot in the boiler room on one of the hottest days of a blazing summer. The fireplace would go back to the very beginning. Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, buying an existing house for conversion, borne down in his sedan to review the works. A crusty old fellow without a doubt but the good men do live

after them. Philanthropy was a fashionable idea in the mid-eighteenth century, but many a needy widow seeking shelter from the threatening shadow of the workhouse, midwife, mantuamaker, or miller's widow, would have cause to thank his Grace. The Hospital certainly had links with George Garland if you thought about it, the inscription on the front had been worn away so that no one any longer knew what it said. It was Garland who resurrected the legend from an old Kevis glass negative. Going back beyond Garland I've often thought of Walter Kevis with his whole plate camera photographing the building from the wall over the road. I remember too George Garland, oblivious of everything, cavorting like some bumbling King Lear in the middle of North Street, photographing the Hospital, exhorting me to hold up the traffic both ways while he spent what seemed an aeon agonising over the light, his head covered the while with a huge cape. With the situation rapidly deteriorating I regret to record finding it necessary to instil a sense of urgency into the old gentleman's deliberations.

Well, everyone seemed happy enough. Best to start and see what happened. Stan and Peg were a cheerful starting-point. Chris thought so too. Would he do black and white or colour? The tradition was certainly black and white. George Garland never used colour as far as I know, if you except a colour film he once obtained free with a bottle of sherry, or it might have been wine or even cider. The film sat in the refrigerator for ages and I'm not sure that he ever used it. Or did he do a little colour right at the end? Memory plays strange tricks. Walter Kevis of course worked with turn of the century sepia. Chris perhaps was more like Kevis in taking portraits; it had never been Garland's forte. One says this but then one thinks again of the character studies of the 1930s. Portraits certainly and fine ones at that, a straining to bring out in a photograph the way that countrymen had lived and the shaping influence that a hard life, usually out of doors, had had on them physically. Garland had talked to them too: their story would be written down for the newspapers. The account might be truncated after the newspapers had mauled it about but there was an admission that there was a limit to what a photograph could tell you, that here was an imperfect medium. Or had Garland, in writing as well, abandoned the impossible quest? Perhaps one could labour this point to excess; after all Harry Sopp of Loxwood did some very fine character studies in the 1930s. They often ended up like Garland's in the West Sussex Gazette "Gallery" of characters, and he too appended some biographical details. Chris would use colour and break with the tradition of black and white.

The apple tree on the lawn was laden with green fruit: another month to go really, Angela said, but they were falling already, hidden rotting in the long border, lying obvious on the parched grass, or rolling off down the stairs to the left. They'd be all right for sauce Angela said. The seat under the apple tree seemed a good place. Stan was a youthful 87. Youthful? Stan looked doubtful about this. He had a picture of his father and grandfather with a pile of harvest marrows in 1917. Harvest marrows in Shepherds Bush? Stan looked just like his grandfather. QPR? Oh yes he knew Loftus Road well enough. Like me, he too had followed the Rangers' fortunes when he was young. Stan had worked a lifetime at White's Club in London. Traditions were changing, originally of course the Hospital was only for poor widows. The inclusion of men had meant a recent alteration in the rules. Everything was set up now so I left Stan and Peg with Chris to get on with it.

Mrs. Coles had pictures of children and grandchildren round her and the window looked out over the lawn. It was so hot that even walking across the lawn seemed like traversing a desert. The hottest summer since 1659, when the future Duke of Somerset was unborn, and this building a private house. On the wall was a sepia picture of an uncle in the Mounted Police during the 1914-1918 war, another picture was of a pigeon in a race from Calais. When you moved into the Hospital you had to choose carefully among your possessions, you couldn't bring everything. What you brought was what you prized. A lone nectarine in the fruit bowl had a spot in it: Angela would be back soon with the shopping.

Di and Gertie Wareham were happy enough to sit on the entrance hall stairs "like naughty schoolgirls" as they said. Angela came back with the shopping. "Barbecue tomato and vegetable" and other scraps of conversation came from the room on the right. Cars were inching up North Street; there was clearly a hold-up somewhere. Chris moved the hall table and the dried flower arrangement. Ethel came in and made an impromptu trio on the stairs. Later Ethel would sit in a downstairs room with oak panelling, as if to distil the very spirit of the Hospital.

In fact these earlier essays Chris would treat as sighters, defining what he really wanted. He would work with all the sitters again. Just one picture of everyone, possibly a double or two. The large transparencies meant that you could see at a glance. It was not the way Garland worked: for Garland was as sparing with film and plate as he was with most other things; he might take a long time to set up a "spontaneous" picture but he'd only take perhaps a couple of shots and when he'd done it, that was it. It wasn't so hot and the apples were dropping steadily, although there were still a lot left on the tree. We sat on the seat and looked up at the building. How different from a modern purpose-built one. Lunchtime, a day passing, it was quiet and we had the run of the building. Stan sitting under the apple tree, Peg later in a bright blue dress with the stone of the cellar wall behind her and a heavy shade on her right. The modern with a hint of older, harsher, days. Chris seemed very happy with his day's work.

Another day, Bill coming up for 90 and originally from Wolverhampton. We thought of using the landing and incorporating the carved staircase posts, but in the end Chris went for the bedroom, Bill lying on a colourful counterpane and talking about football. Not that Bill was one for lying about, a more active man for his years you would have a job to find. And Bill was doing what he liked, talking about football. Playing semi-professional for Wellington in the Shropshire League before the war. £2 a week. He could do what other work he liked as long as he didn't play for the works team he'd been signed from. An offer to sign for Wolves but somehow it hadn't come off. Newcastle to win the championship this year, the merits of a strong squad. Chris positively purred. Hughie Gallacher forcing a change in the offside law in the 1930s, a bit of a character off the field as well as on. "QPR for the championship?" I suggested. Chris and Bill looked at each other. Had I taken leave? Chris moved briefly from tripod to hand-held, something I hardly ever saw him do. It was like a boxer changing to a southpaw stance. Bill, I thought, would appreciate the simile. Sixty colour transparencies perhaps, probing for the one that was right, the one that had the differentia, and perhaps none of them would have it. That's what photography is about, Chris said. An exhibition might be just ten pictures - it had been like that with Salford and even then he wasn't happy with all of them.

Next morning, Mrs. Thayre. Here we were disarranging the furniture, the pot-plant rudely exiled from its normal spot, the standard lamp shoved in a corner. Mrs. Thayre seemed not in the least perturbed. Could Chris get in the woollen scarecrow she'd knitted herself? He didn't see why not. The room had the north light much beloved of the early photographers but as usual Chris was using flash, shielded by a nondescript white umbrella. It seemed to work. Elaborate equipment had never been a Garland speciality - string being the major component some alleged. I always thought the jocular reference to string a little overdone myself but string was certainly an element. Chris sealed a roll of finished film, tore the seal on another. "Can you turn your head this way?" Mrs. Thayre obliged. "Ay, that's brilliant, can you look into the lower lens?" On the way up Lombard Street we'd met Bill coming down toward the Square. What did we think about England's draw with Colombia and the goalkeeper's "scorpion" save?

The wind had layered another squadron of green apples on to the brown lawn and the weather was becoming unsettled. Pen liked tigers and there was a great big paper picture of a tiger attached to the wall. Yes, she was happy enough to stand if it wasn't for too long. Books by Georgette Heyer and Dornford Yates, paperback the former, hard-cover and dust-jacket the latter. Pen had been born at Millwall in London, no, not coming to work at the House, she'd come to Petworth when she was married. She'd certainly been at Petworth as long as I could remember. There was a crucifix on the wall behind her as she stood. Had Mrs. Penfold ever seen a real tiger? "No". "They're really quite big", Chris observed. The high windows looked out over the lawn. Chris opened another of the green "bricks", boxes of transparency film in rolls. And what would the photograph say? Would it tell you about tigers and moving to Petworth and living in Pound Street and Somerset Hospital? You could see the dilemma, the reason George Garland put in a press report with a character picture. Was that simply abandoning the quest for the perfect photograph or something you just had to do?

Ethel sat again in the ground floor room with the panelling behind her. She could remember George Garland as a young man in the 1920s. He had lodged briefly with her parents after his mother had died. He had never really got on with his step-father. She could see him now eating a great plate of onions her father had cooked for him. He loved onions and the sweat poured off his face as he ate them. Developing was done in a dark cupboard - it was before he had Station Road Studio of course. "If you look into the bottom lens..." Chris suggested. The room was in process of being restored, the oak panelling would be taken off the walls and then put back. You could occasionally see the bare brickwork at the back. Some builders' rubble was swept into a tiny pile on the floor. As I looked out of the window of a little alcove at the side I had a sideways view of the lawn, a pink hollyhock sprawled horizontal across the border, a mark of the changing weather. "You look as if you had been sitting on the lavatory," Ethel's mother said to her of an early Garland portrait. He had done it for her for nothing.

Last day for the project, for the moment at least. Chris had a month's commission in France. He'd picked out one shot of everyone but he needed another picture of Pen. As she stood the crucifix had been half hidden and gave a curious reflective effect as if it were stuck in Pen's hair. He was late today having missed the train at Victoria. Pen was happy enough

to oblige and this time the tiger was lowered a foot or so for the picture, before being carefully restored to his former eminence. Only the Warehams now, back from a week's holiday. Di and Gertie sitting on the stairs again, then Gertie standing by the staircase with Di on the stairs. Chris seemed quite happy with these. Everyone wanted to see the pictures - when would the Exhibition be on? Easter at the House it seemed.

So many personalities but what of another personality, the great house itself? Not purpose-built, but yet in some ways, in its very bondage to another age lay its strength. Everyone here had a kind of resilience that the house seemed to foster rather than drain. A feeling of self-sufficiency. None of the benefits of a common room but none of the squabbles either. Perhaps Chris needed some pictures of the Hospital itself - the framed sampler on the wall commemorating Lord Leconfield's putting on water in 1864, jam jars standing empty on a shelf in the cellar, as if pleading to be filled with jam or pickles. A pail of apples or a bag of runners in the hall. The late afternoon sun shone briefly, transfiguring the great entrance door, but before Chris could set up it was gone again. The weather seemed in quixotic mood this last day. Juxtapositions of old and new, the intercom and the red bricks of the portal, or alarms and oak beams. Angela's cat was rushing back and forth across the lawn like something demented. The rain came and went, the sun shone and went in again. Finally Chris did catch the door with the sunshine on it. Time to leave at least for a month. Had it been upsetting for the residents? Angela was sure they'd enjoyed it. We thought so too.

We met Ethel in Lombard Street as we walked back. The apples weren't so good this year, it didn't look as if they would keep. The variety? Lord Derby.

P.

Bartholomew and Accordion

"Well m'lads this is Bill. Dapper Bill, I've started calling 'im, and it aint difficult to see why." The landlord of the 'Black Horse' reeled off a string of names while Bill grinned cheerily at everyone.

"Bill's come down to these parts a'courting you know," announced the landlord tipping a wink to his nearest customer.

"Yes," he went on, after a pause in which everyone but Bill appeared to be reviewing memories of his own courting days.

"Come down last night 'e did. Give up 'is roast chestnut barrow in London jest special to be near 'is sweetheart. Didn't y'Bill?"

"Not arf I didn't," agreed Bill, "an' have a pint all rarnd on me, so you can wish me luck."

"How long be you staying then?" inquired an elderly fellow in a soldier's buttonless old coat.

"Anxious to push the gentleman off ain't you, Bart?" chirruped another. "Thinks you wouldn't be a good customer of 'is p'r'aps," he chuckled to the newcomer nudging his arm.

"Got a h'accordion has his highness Bartholomew," he said mischievously imitating

that gentleman's gruff voice and pompous manner. "Which said h'instrument he tortures for our entertainment most evenings. Sometimes 'e gets a free drink, or if he's lucky some visitor what's got more money than sense gives 'im a sixpence; and you shouldn't arf see 'is face then. A blinkin' warming pan's dark and dull agen it, and 'im 'aving a ginger beard an' all looks like as if he's on fire!"

"Arf a mo," put in Bill. "You don't mean ter say he keeps 'isself with that thar accordion?"

"No it's jest a side-line with 'im, and this be only pub he comes to. He 'elps farmers when they wants 'im, and I suppose you'll be after a job and a fresh billet soon?"

"Yus," nodded Bill, "wot bit o'cash I've got won't keep me here a' doing nothing like a toff."

"Tell yer what," said Bill's previous informer, "why don't you go along with old Bart? Sleeps in a barn 'e do. Farmer don't mind and there's hay in the manger, an' anyway if the hay runs short there's always Bart's beard!" he added with an impish chuckle.

"If Bart's a'wanting of a partner that would suit me darn to the ground," replied Bill eagerly.

Bart was obviously not overjoyed but he knew he couldn't easily refuse so, with the air of one who is fully aware of his own otherwise unappreciated magnanimity, he condescended to accept Bill as barn-sharer.

Bill had never before slept in such a place. It was a tarred wooden barn with one long side open to a farm yard. Sixteen young heifers were driven into the yard each night, and Bill awoke about a quarter of an hour after he'd at last managed to get to sleep, with something warm and soft breathing hot air on his cheeks and dribbling cold wetness into his ear; for these young heifers were no less curious than others of their kind and had come nosing into the barn to sniff among the hay with a friendly inquisitiveness. After this awakening Bill gave up attempting to sleep and lay on his side with his hands linked behind his head. He gazed at the purple depth of star-studded sky with the serene moon gliding above the dark masses of trees, and watched a lone bat circling around the duck pond beyond the fence. He finally drifted asleep again with the hooting of owls and the croaking of frogs for his lullaby.

The next day was Sunday so Bart had time to initiate Bill into the mysteries of a barn-sharer's life. As the farmer wouldn't allow a fire in the barn Bart made use of what was left of a roadman's old brasier, and kept it out in a meadow by the hedge. Bart showed Bill how to fry streaky bacon over a few obstinate embers, then, leaving him to master the art, he removed and cleaned his teeth - a duty which was performed with exceptional regularity every Sabbath.

The next evening the two made their way to the 'Black Horse'. Bart, tall and heavily built strode along with Bill pattering at his heels like a light-hearted puppy frisking around a stately hound inviting him to a game.

Bart and Bill sat in the bar of the 'Black Horse' drinking and gossiping until closing time, while Bart filled intervals with his accordion playing.

Bill was contented for a week since he was given a few odd jobs on the farm and was able to pay his way but he could get nothing permanent for although he was willing to learn, he was a novice and farmers preferred local men who were accustomed to farm work.



No one identified the pictures opposite page 35 in the last Magazine. Surely someone must know where these are. Same place but not local. Pictures are not of the best as you can see.

To the Right-Honble H. H. Asquith M.P. (Prime Minister)

We the undersigned representing the "Dependent" Brethren, a Society of Christians numbering about six hundred, desire to lay before the Prime Minister the impossibility of our young men becoming Soldiers if the Military Service Bill becomes law - Whilst perfectly ready to serve the State in any capacity consistent with their Religious belief they will be quite unable to take any part in the prosecution of the War, as to do so would violate their consciences. We cannot therefore accept the principle of the Bill, and urge His Majesty's Government, at least, to insert such a clause as shall set conscientious objectors legally free from a service which it would be impossible to them to perform -

We would recall to the Prime Minister's mind the fact that England's strength in the past has largely been due to her giving freedom of conscience to all, and it would be a sadly retrograde step to deprive Englishmen of this noble heritage -

This memorial is the outcome of representative meetings held at Loxwood, Sussex -

Signed, Henry Aylward (Chairman)

Eli Herrington

Thomas Rugman

Richard Nightingale

Walter J. Parr, (Hon Sec)

Loxwood

near Billingshurst,

Sussex -

One thing that did not contribute to Bill's content was Bart's selfishness. He was jealous of Cockney Bill, as the men called him, and didn't attempt to hide his attitude. He would sulk for hours if his pride wasn't pampered to, and as Bill was always highly amused at Bart's pompous and dignified airs it was not surprising that the two were not on quite such good terms as their casual acquaintances supposed. Bill usually contrived to hide his feelings on the matter of Bart's behaviour behind a grin but one evening he was so disgusted that he wouldn't go with Bart to the inn.

Later that night when Bart marched back over the mossy cobbles of the farm-yard, through the open barn to the hay filled manger, he propped his accordion against the wall and flopped into the hay without further fuss. His heavy snoring roused the barn owl who had overslept as he perched on the beams among the cobwebs, but Bart didn't awaken till daylight came and lit up the grass stalks which waved across his oily face in time with his deep breathing. Then Bart found that Bill was missing and discovered a pencilled note in his manger. He was vaguely annoyed with Bill and a little hurt. He wheezed as he bent to string up his boots which had been too tight until he had slashed them across the toes with his pocket knife. "Hufgh!" he snorted to himself, "So Bill's gone. Hopes I don't mind. Not 'aving no work he thinks he'll search around the country a bit. Hufgh, silly young jack-a-napes. If he'd had patience he might 'a' found a full-time job 'ere." Bart was offended because his advice had not been sought, but in the course of the morning, as he was trimming hedges, Bill slipped from his thoughts and he soon forgot that cheery little Cockney for whom he had felt a slight fatherly affection in his own peculiar way.

That evening, when Bart learnt that the farmer had three weeks of turnip pulling for him, he decided to be lazy for once. He rammed on his hat - a moth-eaten trilby he had rescued from the village clutter pit - and went to the village cinema instead of trying to make pence with his accordion.

The next night as Bart stalked into the 'Black Horse' with his usual self assurance, he was gently but firmly hushed and motioned to a chair. After a few seconds a buzz of talking broke out and Bart was made to understand that the stranger to whom they were attending was a Spanish travelling player. That evening the new arrival monopolised the entertainment. Sometimes he would amuse the customers by singing an old favourite in broken-English; or by mimicking with his own quaint accent their mannerisms and gruff country talk; he laughed readily when they teased him, yet looked puzzled too, as though he laughed to keep them company and thought it must be an excellent joke, but was sorry he could not understand; and his wistful bewilderment made them only laugh the more.

The first evening Bart stayed and listened, a little impatiently, it's true.

"Can't see nothin' in 'im meself," he declared to his neighbour. The farm labourer slowly removed his pipe.

"Can't yer Bart? Well now, I dunno. When I 'ears that there guitar what 'e plays it puts me in mind o' them there picters yer sees, with blue lakes, and palm trees, an' pretty gals, - kind o' romantic like," he explained graciously. Bart however wasn't impressed, and left the company before closing time. It disturbed him to encounter a rival when he had been so sure of his popularity. As he heaved himself into the hay that night he argued with his drowsy

doubts:- the Spaniard was only there for a night, two at the most, then he'd be forgotten. The customers of the 'Black Horse' would welcome ' Bartholomew and Accordion' all the more after the change. Why they might even stand an extra drink or there might be an odd sixpence. They'd be more ready to realise his worth after that inferior ferriner and his durned guitar!" He turned over and snored viciously.

The Spaniard stayed more than one night, and more than the two which Bart had prophesied would be the very most. Bart was a fidget so although he told himself a score of times "it baint no use a' worritin" he grew anxious just the same. The Spaniard grew daily more popular. Fresh customers came to the 'Black Horse'; men who had heard "there's a real live Spaniard what plays a guitar at the 'Black Horse'," and the news spread and grew. By the time it had reached the most distant parts of the county it was reported that there was a wild being, half man and half ape, at the 'Black Horse', who played on a weird and wonderful pipe which grew in the jungle. The landlord of the 'Black Horse' was taking as much money each night as he usually did in a week. Customers flocked to the inn to see the sight of a life time, and if the bland and sleek Spaniard wasn't quite what they had expected, no one was deeply disappointed. After all even a Spaniard wasn't common and certainly far safer than some unknown wild thing. Bart found himself completely forgotten while the Spaniard was the topic of every conversation. Whether it was between Mr Brown and Mr Smith over the midday bread and cheese by the roadside, or between their wives over the Saturday night's shopping. Bart was disgusted and said so whenever he could find anyone who would stop to listen, which was not often.

After a week he stopped sulking and became business-like. On Saturday afternoon he visited the Spaniard who lodged in a shed at the back of the inn. An hour later a disgruntled Bart trudged down the lane again wondering how people could be so obstinate. He had taken great trouble to explain to the Spaniard that he would get an even better reception at the next village. He had even offered him the kingly sum of five shillings to go there, but the Spaniard had been puzzled and appeared slightly hurt. He had asked for words to be repeated or explained and Bart had been careful to speak even more slowly than usual. When the foreign rival whom he had privately thought half-witted refused to go he was almost struck dumb.

Of course Bart didn't give up hope. He told himself that the Spaniard would change his mind, or anyway people would soon tire of him. In his sudden but short moments of despair Bart harboured a wicked desire to start a rumour that the Spaniard was a dangerous criminal fleeing from his country and justice. Had Bart met anyone when he was in one of his moods of temptation he would have set this scandal going, but he never did. Besides he had learnt more about human nature in the last few days than he had in his whole life before. He began to suspect that if he spread the scandal he had devised it would only serve to increase the crowd which gathered nightly at the 'Black Horse' in the Spaniard's honour.

Yet something had to be done so Bart offered higher and still higher bribes to the rival until he reached the astounding amount of one pound. For the first time in his life Bart was truly humble. Had he been told a month before that soon he would be begging a favour Bart would have been scornfully indignant, horrified or even insulted. Yet again he strode round to the shed behind the inn and his twitching beard betrayed that Bartholomew the haughty was

actually nervous. He made an effort to be thoroughly clear, but he fidgeted with the string that held his coat together where the buttons should have been, and although he pretended he didn't mind repeating words two or three times, he was really almost bubbling over with impatience. The Spaniard was adamant and refused to go but, he had a suggestion to make which Bart could accept or refuse as he pleased. For the one pound which the Englishman had offered he would take him into partnership. He could consider it until the next day, but it was obvious that the Spaniard was shockingly ignorant of the great honour appertaining to a partnership with the high (if not mighty) Bartholomew.

Bart went down the lane at a fast and furious stride. "How dared he? - a mere ferriner! - and his long bushy eye-brows came down and almost hid his pale grey eyes. That night in his bed of hay Bart tried to persuade himself that a partnership would be more profitable than his one man show. He saw himself sitting back and raking the money in while his partner did all the work, and he almost succeeded in convincing himself that a partner would be a blessing rather than the reverse.

The next day Bart was grateful to find the Spaniard still willing to enter into partnership. The only snag in the bargain was, that he insisted on a written agreement making himself the superior partner. Bart, realising that partnership was his only hope signed the paper with a suddenly assumed careless indifference born of relief.

Then the Spaniard leant forward as it about to make a confidence.

"Well Bartholomew, my cockey old lad, you're a'going ter 'ave the honour o'being Cockney Bill's best man, fer when we been an' made a mint o' money I'm marrying my dear gal what 'elphed me with me 'air dye an' suntan, *and* borrowed a book from 'er lidy ter learn me Spanish, not arf she didn't!

'Yea though I walk through the valley . . .'

A Dependant's experience as a conscientious objector during World War I.

Frederick Charles Greenfield was a Hove member of the Society of Dependants or "Cokelers" based at Loxwood and his account of his experiences as a conscientious object is a powerful document, quite unselfconscious, but heavily detailed. In practice because of the searing experience he suffered it is in itself an extended testimony, a classical statement of belief, a kind of Dependant Pilgrim's Progress and seen as such by the brethren, if one may judge from its frequent copying. Greenfield's account is a Dependant classic, a human document that deserves to be better known than it is and arguably the most powerful piece of Dependant prose that exists, rough hewn as it may be. It is in Greenfield's very simplicity that his strength lies. As an account of the experience of a conscientious objector from the inside it is of the widest interest; as an account of a Dependant's conviction under trial it is unique.

It was clear by the end of 1915 that compulsory military service would soon be introduced and equally clear that this would cause Dependant men of military age serious

enduring difficulty. They formed by this time probably a fairly small population of the total membership and Frederick Greenfield's would be in some ways a test case. Among the many petitions sent to Herbert Asquith the Prime Minister had been one of the 16th January 1916 seeking exemption for relevant members of the Society of Dependants. In vain. The compulsory military service bill became law and local tribunals were established. Frederick Greenfield, twenty six years of age, a market gardener and member of the Society of Dependants was summoned to attend.

Appearing before a local tribunal at Hove Greenfield was granted absolute exemption but found later that the military representative had the right to take the case to an appeal tribunal at the Parochial Offices, Princes Street, Brighton. Although he had eight of the brethren with him to support his case, Greenfield was eventually turned down with nothing but a non-combatant certificate. The Dependants were in touch with Miss Fry "a Quakeress who took a great deal of interest in us as a people" to see what advice there might be available and Miss Fry wired Greenfield to meet her at Waterloo Station the next day. "I did and I shall always admire her for her candid information for she informed me of all that was likely to take place and did not try to show it an easy way, but rather to see if my mind was firm enough to face the worst that might happen."

Another appearance at Hove Town Hall resulted in a fine of forty shillings and Greenfield being handed over to a military escort. He claimed exemption as being one of the Society of Dependants and "as such I hold that war is not a thing for the people of God to assist as it is as contrary to the teaching of Christ Jesus as light is to darkness. We claim that when a man is born again the old man is cast out with his deeds and the New Man Christ Jesus takes up his abode in the heart so that it is as easy for a man to do right as it was previously to do wrong for Christ guides the life of those in whom he dwells..." Greenfield added that as a market gardener he was in any case in a certified occupation. He asks to be remanded pending a government decision on the representation made by the Dependants and to be dealt with as a man of God.

In fact the court sent Greenfield to Brighton Recruiting Offices from there to travel under escort to Chichester Barracks. First however he was asked to sign the usual army papers. He refused. At Chichester, denied supper and threatened by a hostile corporal, Greenfield was placed in a room full of extremely unsympathetic soldiers. He was very much on his own.. "That night I shall never forget as long as I live. I slept a very little while and when I awoke all the happenings of the day were passing through my mind. I thought of being taken from home, of prison, recruiting offices, of the many things which I had already been threatened with and of the coming day when the Lord alone knew what would happen and I *felt alone*. If ever I realised the feeling of loneliness I did that night. I laid there in the darkness and the feeling was that God had left me. I have heard others use these words but never before did I realize the meaning of them. I felt I would die but I turned over and tried to pray but what could I say, truly my heart was too full for words, all I could breathe was Father do help me. It was a real prayer and thank God He regarded it. For after a while the words of David in the 23rd Psalm came to my mind as if spoken by a voice and as long as I am on this earth I shall never forget them, "yea though I walk through the valley..."

The Colonel at Chichester suggested that if Greenfield did not sign the papers he would be taken to France and shot, but in fact sent him off to join the 10th Border Regiment at Seaford. Before this however there were further refusals to accept pay or uniform and continued hostility from officers and men. The other men in the barrack room where particularly abusive. "During this time I had one of the most beautiful of my experiences for I felt perfectly calm, and was able to reply to them in a way beyond what I could expect. Truly God was my helper and gave me grace when crowded by a gang of men some of whom were little less than mad. Questions were directed at me without number and I was surprised at the answers which I am convinced God gave me for them..."

Refusing to wear uniform, Greenfield was marched with five hundred men to the station at Chichester. A brass band played and people cheered on either side. "If ever I longed for people to be quiet I did then for I felt ashamed of the overcoat and cap I was wearing. I knew I could not keep it, yet every cheer seemed to cut my very heart." Arriving at Seaford he could see the 10th Border Regiment practising with bayonets. Had he been sent to a full fighting regiment after all? It appeared however that he was to join a support group for them. "During the evening I walked to Seaford and back along the top of the cliffs. I felt lonely until I started walking back when I began to feel God very near me, how precious He is to us especially when we have no one else to converse with. I enjoyed God, it was a wild night, but oh the beauty of creation how it opens to our minds the majesty of God. I again felt convinced He was by my side, I have not another friend near me, truly He is the friend above all friends."

Greenfield had been given twenty-four hours to accept non-combatant status and was brought up before the C.O. the next morning. He refused to accept it. Returning to the barrack hut the Colour Sergeant casually observed that the table needed scrubbing. Greenfield replied that he could scrub a dozen tables if he wished but realised also that "as they wanted some sign that I would not accept non-combatant status I should refuse". He was given a positive order to scrub the table. He refused and was escorted to the guardroom. Of this incident, pivotal for the whole narrative, he writes: "My kit was then placed on my shoulders and the escort fell in. I no sooner took one step forward to go out of No. 17 hut for the guardroom than the blessing of God came upon me and I felt as happy as I could possibly be. I chatted with the Corporal on the way and thanked him for the kindness he had shown me during the 2 nights I was there. I realized I had done as God would have had me. This was a remarkable incident in that I did not realize it to be a test order until I had disobeyed. If I had been asked if I should have disobeyed such a trivial order I should have replied 'NO' but when it was given the reply was also given before I realized it and the whole of it was spoken in the most kind way possible. I am convinced in my own mind that God guided the whole of the incident. This was June 7th 11.30 a.m..."

This episode marks a definite turning-point for when Greenfield arrived at the guardroom he found he was no longer alone. There were nineteen other young men crammed into a room some nineteen feet square and about eight feet high. They were sitting on the floor all day and sleeping on makeshift pillows made from army boots. Life would be very hard indeed but the almost unbearable feeling of being alone in a hostile environment that dominated the first part of Greenfield's narrative is replaced by a feeling of togetherness with

others who are in the same condition. "I would often sleep till about midnight, would wake up and if I had been laying on my back it felt ready to break asunder. If on the other hand I had slept on my side, my thigh bone and collar bone would pain sufficiently to give the idea it had pierced the very flesh. That meant it would not be much more sleep that night..."

Court Martial followed but some of the brethren were there to give moral support; William Booker, Walter Hart and James Lindfield. Greenfield was sentenced to 84 days hard labour to be served, as it turned out, in Maidstone Prison. He had a jacket with thirteen broad arrows. The morning bell was at 5.30 and inspection at 6.00. "It was then I began to know what prison meant and I looked down at my clothing and I wondered if any of my friends would recognise me in that horrible garb. I then searched the cell in the hope of finding a Bible but there was none, so I determined to try to pray; it was a prayer of humility, for I was in the eyes of the world an outlaw but I thank God I soon found out that even prison bars could not shut Him out and that night I enjoyed fellowship, communion and blessing with my God, what a blessed time it was to my soul. Late in the evening the Prison Chaplain came round to find what religion we were of. I informed, telling him also of my belief. He came no more to see me till the day I was going out."

It was a grim regime at Maidstone but at least Greenfield was no longer completely alone. It was possible to communicate with the next cell by rapping the wall. "At 7.30 breakfast was served and to tell the truth I was generally quite ready for it and seeing it consisted of 1 pint of gruel and 8 ozs bread to a hungry man it was not too much, but oh how I used to enjoy it for remember I had God with me, and though I would hear the boy in the street shouting "hot rolls" every morning I felt quite happy, for conscience is a precious treasure." Work eased the day and Sunday was spent in the cell. "I well remember one Sunday morning kneeling to pray. It was about 9.15 and what a blessed time it was to be sure for practically all the brethren whom I knew came into my mind and I felt such liberty in my soul and fellowship with my God that to my surprise it was 20 minutes to 12 when I heard the dinner things clattering down in the hall. I had been praying all the morning. It had been so blessed and the time had passed so quickly and often of a Sunday I proved it thus, sometimes I would read a little first but generally used to pray first of a Sunday and could well picture in my mind the brethren in their journeys to the various churches." He sums up the great change that took so much of the sting out of the Maidstone's austerity. "Of course we CO's had one great advantage of the other prisoners for quite a number of us were known to one another having met in various guardrooms while in charge of the military authorities - which was a great blessing."

Eventually after a short stay in Wormwood Scrubs Greenfield was sent to work in a quarry at Dyce north of Aberdeen. Here were five members of the Peculiar People "with whom I had spent many happy hours; of an evening we would hold little meetings in their tent both for reading, testimony and prayer." Significantly too Greenfield had contacts with the Quakers: "The Friends at Aberdeen took a great deal of interest in us and their leader visited us every week." When the work at Dyce ran out Greenfield spent a while at Wakefield in Yorkshire, being eventually sent to work at Newhaven towards the end of November 1916. He was released in February 1918.

With God's help Greenfield had survived. As an account of his experience his narrative is a document of a searing intensity. The almost pedantic description if anything strengthens that intensity. As an account of Dependant faith in practice it is unrivalled, while in a wider context as a portrayal of the experiences and bewilderment of a conscientious objector in the face of officialdom, Greenfield's narrative has an interest and relevance that far transcends the narrow circle of believers for whom it was first written and by whom it was so frequently and laboriously copied.

P.

F.G. Talbot's account

F.G. Talbot at Northchapel had been brought up as a Dependant but as he was away from home in private service he began to loosen his links with them: he writes:

"The war came in August 1914 and I joined the Army, for three years or duration of war. After ten months training my regiment went to France. On my embarkation leave I went to Chapel Sunday morning. Many wished me well but the comment of two made me sad for my parents and myself. My train journey from Haslemere to Salisbury was a solemn one. I wished I had stayed away from Chapel. I had to walk from the South Western Station to the Great Western Station at Salisbury only to see the lights at the rear of the train leaving the platform. This meant a walk of fourteen miles to Codford St Mary arriving at camp at 2.45 a.m. Monday morning.

After arriving in France and doing eight days in the trenches and eight days out I used to have letters from some of the brethren from all the places besides many friends I had made and my mother used to write every few days. I used to answer all the letters but some of the others were asked to pass on messages. It was nice to have the letters but to try to answer all was a problem. My commanding officer used to have to censor all letters and he complained to me because I wrote so many letters. I was reminded that it was costing the Government free postage on active service. I came from France on leave at the end of April 1916 and I had a good reception with them and one that spoke to me on my departure on embarkation leave did apologise and was deeply sorry. I felt he had been reprimanded by his wife. After the ten days stay I returned to France and on July 1st 1916 came the Great Somme Battle. I was one of the 93,000 casualties on that day and came back to England and into hospital and still received many letters from the brethren. Caroline Luff wrote the most. I have often wished I had kept her letters. When I came home on hospital leave in June 1917 I found some of the Dependents of military age conscientious objectors who had taken up agricultural work. James Goodwin from South Norwood came to work for Richard Hammond at Northchapel; one or two were with Richard Nightingale at Plaistow Place. These had exemptions from military service. One Fred Greenfield at Brighton or Hove served some time in Maidstone Prison for being a conscientious objector. His belief against taking up arms was very strong.

On one weekend leave I went to Norwood Stores to stay the week and Fred Greenfield was there as well. When we met he hoped I did not think too badly of him but it was his belief. My reply was that I admired him and I did. I meant it for sticking to what he believed in. He was very pleased I did not bear any animosity to him and he was a cousin of Caroline Luff's."

For this extract from her father's recollections I am indebted to Mrs B. Phillips of Northchapel. I have made one or two minor changes in punctuation and the use of capital letters.

P.

The Chiddingfold Players at Petworth 5th December 1930

From Letters from Graham Robertson : Ed . Kerrison Preston
(Hamish Hamilton 1953 pp 242.3.)

"Petworth we all enjoyed wildly. Quite a nice little stage (to our surprise) and a packed house ready to enjoy *anything* as very little comes that way. Oddly enough, the more expensive seats (usually filled by martyrs dragged from their dinners by conscience) were in even more rollicking mood than the back rows, and the play went with a bang. Petworth House did its duty nobly and filled the front row with a large house party - Lady Leconfield quite excited as to who and what the Players were."

The play was an old comedy "Who's the Dope?" by Mrs Cowley rewritten by Robertson who lived at Witley and had been a distinguished theatrical designer in London. The venue was probably the Town Hall rather than the Iron room. The Chiddingfold Players were a very well-known amateur company at the time. Does anyone remember the event?

Monday 11th December Petworth Society Christmas Evening

£1.50.

Mince Pies/Punch.

Raffle.

