

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY



Miles Costello
Petworth
Collection

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magazine

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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 £7.00. Single or double one Magazine delivered. Postal £8.00 overseas £9.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:

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Society Town Crier

Mr J. Crocombe, 19 Station Road (343329)

Note: The crier may be prepared to publicise local community events and public notices for you, even snippets of personal news such as births, engagements or lost pets. It is suggested that such personal and business cries be made for a small donation to a charity to be nominated by the crier himself.

Chairman's Notes

Little to say that isn't covered by the reports except to note two initiatives that directly concern the town. The Town Hall Exhibition on the proposed lorry ban has just finished and I can only hope that members have made their views known. As a Society we cannot do this for you. Personally I would have preferred that questionnaires were sent out to everyone on the electoral roll rather than simply handed to those who attended the Exhibition. Regrettably not everyone takes time to attend exhibitions but that doesn't necessarily mean they're not interested.

Secondly the potentially crucial Project 2000, the proposed redevelopment at the Herbert Shiner School. As you know the project will also involve some help for interior work at the Leconfield Hall. This is a large project and one that, if it is successful in attracting the requisite funding, will to an extent alter the face of twenty-first century Petworth. Petworth people need to be acquainted with at least the broad outlines of the project. Perhaps we'll have a chance to explain it in these pages.

You will see that there is a slight reordering of delivery rounds for the Magazine owing to John and Gloria Patten moving to Bognor. As you know John was a committee member for a number of years. We are going to miss them both very much; the only consolation is that they have promised to come back often!

Peter

October 31st

Notice

Cinema West Sussex: The First Hundred Years. By Allen Eyles, Frank Gray and Alan Readman.

A new book on the cinemas and film-makers of West Sussex published in November 1996 by Phillimore in association with West Sussex County Council.

Hard covers. 256 pages. 257 pictures. Foreword by Lord Attenborough. Available at £15.95 from bookshops, libraries and the County Record Office (tel: 01243:533911).

'Not All Sunshine Hear'

All copies of "Not all sunshine hear"—A History of Ebernoe have been sold but the County Library Service has several copies and the Society has a copy of this and the other limited edition Window Press book "So Sweet As the Phlox Is" the diary of Florence Rapley. These can be lent out to members by arrangement with Keith Thompson the Vice-Chairman.

Peter

Re Magazine 85

I must have had a couple of dozen calls about the firemen at Petworth House. Left to right in the photograph are Dan Crawley, gunsmith, Jim Reed blacksmith and George Simpson who worked in the Yard. The men are probably checking over the engine, something that would be done periodically. Members of the Estate fire brigade had bells in their homes which were regularly tested on Mondays. The coal in the wheelbarrow was of course essential, the water pressure for the hose being reliant on steam from the boiler. No luck however with the "Boer" group or Mrs Cownley's bowling ladies.

P.

A much-needed book

When I wrote the chapter on Golden Square for the book about Petworth's ancient streets "*Tread Lightly Here*" (1990), I called attention to the Square's determinedly non-conforming past and paid particular attention to Benjamin Challen's Providence Chapel. I devoted more space to the Providence Independents because they had no real continuing voice and were now very much a part of Petworth's history. Of the Congregational Chapel, now of course the United Reformed Church, I wrote: "Of the history of the church from its establishment and of its previous wanderings the church's own records must speak. The United Reformed Church, unlike the Providence Chapel, still has a living tradition of its own that can speak for it." I wrote these words advisedly because I already knew that Joy Gumbrell was working away at her history of the church. It has been a long time coming but it has been well worth waiting for and the book was finally introduced to a full and enthusiastic church hall at a reception on October 25th. A very happy evening it was too.

Joy has to be very pleased with her work, there are 128 pages crammed with tradition, fact and picture, and to add to the allure, much material saved by Joy herself from the dustbin. How many good books owe their best parts to something saved from the dustbin! One need only think of the thousands of Walter Kevis negatives that would have been lost without George Garland's intervention.

Quite honestly the book is so packed with interest I don't know where to begin. Presbyterian beginnings? They're here. The early wanderings from room to chapel and back again? The wife of one of the ministers allegedly keeping an immoral house while her husband was out on church business? I hasten to note that this was in 1828! The building of the Golden Square Chapel. The crucial rôle of John Mance the incorruptible governor of the goal. Henry Rogers, the shield of the Loxwood "Cokelers" in time of persecution. The ministers of the early century and above all the children, the Sunday School, the Boys Brigade and the Fish Club. Registers, repairs, indentures, the village causes and the living and abiding

voice of the present Church. But I'm not going to spoil it for you. This is a book to go with the absolutely essential Petworth books, a book that transcends denomination. It's a book you simply have to have. As a Christmas present its unbeatable. Congratulations to Joy and everyone at the U.R.C.!

Peter

A
CHRONICLE
of the
ORIGINS and HISTORY
of
THE UNITED REFORMED
CHURCH PETWORTH
1640 - 1996
by
Joyce Louise Gumbrell

is available from

Mrs. J. Davidson, Petworth URC, 377 Byworth, Petworth, West Sussex GU28 0JL.
Book price: £10.50. P & P £1.50. Cheques payable to Petworth URC.

'Bought razorblades'

And now for something rather (if not completely) different Well, what was different? A presentation by four people instead of one? Musical illustrations? Cheese and wine? £2.50 admission? Yes, all of that and yet more, which was atmospheric rather than factual.

I am not qualified to list the works from which Stewart Freed had taped examples of the music composed by Sir Edward Elgar under the spell of his visits to Brinkwells, the thatched labourer's cottage amongst the trees, high in Bedham, but I do know that we were immersed in the most wonderful waves of sound. No doubt to the connoisseur, these pieces were frustratingly brief, but there was far more to the programme which, after all, had been entitled 'Elgar at Brinkwells'.

Kevin Allen gave a resumé of Elgar's career leading up to his tenancy of Brinkwells in 1917 and then came a detailed account of his time there, brought to life by readings from Sir Edward and Lady Alice's diaries by Walter Essex and Jennifer Nicholas, members of the Elgar Society (Southern Branch).

Brinkwells was a far cry from the opulent London home - 4 rooms, lit by candles and paraffin lamps, and an earth closet, the "hated back premises" in Alice's words. A redundant railway carriage in the garden became the studio, later to receive the piano which had to be manhandled up the rough track from the lane. Health problems and depression which had

brought Elgar to the country had sapped his urge to compose and it was carpentry and eventually fishing that were his chief preoccupations, until, inspired by the surrounding trees and the relaxation he experienced by walking amongst them, he launched himself with renewed enthusiasm into composing some of his finest works.

The extracts from the diaries gave us glimpses of more mundane matters however: shopping, the pony and trap transport to and from the station, the activities of Mark Holden, the gardener-handyman and Elgar's apparent obsession with razorblades and their durability! There were visits from the artist, Rex Vicat Cole and the writer Algernon Blackwood, both of whom shared his fascination, bordering on the mystical, with trees. A special friend, Lady Alice Stuart-Wortley, was another visitor.

We were especially glad to be reminded of our own Phyllis Catt's memories of seeing Elgar on his walks and to hear a recording of today's Fittleworth schoolchildren singing Kipling's patriotic song "Where are you going, all you big steamers?" to a tune reluctantly (Because they were not on good terms) composed by Elgar. There was also an account of a rather stressful visit to Lady Leconfield in Petworth House.

Slides showing artists' impressions of Brinkwells at the time of the Elgars' occupancy and more recent photographs taken when the cottage and grounds were in a state of dereliction prior to Robert Walker's arrival, brought the evening to a close. Time had run out and any questions had to remain unasked and unanswered unless you could snatch a brief word with Kevin as he packed his slides away.

Different, but nonetheless, satisfying.

KCT

Nothing to declare?

Members requests to "bring back Mike Smith" were rewarded when he came to give the 6th Annual Garland Memorial Lecture and he was rewarded in his turn by a capacity audience. His subject this time was the history of smuggling in Sussex - as well-researched as ever and delivered in characteristically enthusiastic style.

Mike started by suggesting that a section of the Bayeux Tapestry depicting Norman soldiers carrying wine jars ashore together with their weapons in 1066 was the first substantiated evidence of smuggling in Sussex, but, more seriously, that the introduction of a tax on the export of wool in the 13th century led to the smuggling out of that commodity on a grand scale.

The familiar romantic image of the smuggler is soon dispelled by reports of trials, contemporary newspaper accounts and posters advertising the sale of confiscated contraband during the heyday of Sussex smuggling from about 1680 to 1840. It was highly organised crime on an enormous scale, involving 20,000 people out of a population of 8 million, of which less than 1% was intercepted. Because it was encouraged and financed by the gentry, magistrates were loath to convict and some clergy and customs officials turned a blind eye.

Gangs of 300-500 men, variously known as "gentlemen", "free-traders", "the brotherhood", "honest thieves" and "owlers", could be summoned at short notice to transport tea, coffee, gin, brandy, silk and lace from the coast to Lambeth market. Comparatively few seamen were needed in the operation. Tea was distributed by "duffers" wearing large coats with the tea secreted in pockets formed by the quilted sections.

Mike illustrated his talk with slides and a fund of amusing, sometimes horrific stories as he described the sea crossing and the complicated intelligence system which preceded the landing, how that was carried out and the means of getting the goods up to London.

Riding Officers, each in charge of 4-10 miles of coastline had the virtually impossible task of spotting and apprehending the rouses despite being able to call on military reinforcements when required. Gun battles were frequent. Signals with lanterns, the set of windmill sails, diagonally or vertically and horizontally, and certain tunes played on musical instruments, informed those at sea and on land whether the "coast was clear" for an operation to proceed. Special double-hulled luggers with compartments between the hulls for stowing contraband, fast, 12-oared "centipedes" carried golden guineas and spies in the Napoleonic Wars - even copies of *The Times*, which Napoleon found more reliable for information about British troop movements than his own intelligence service. Goods were often brought ashore from larger vessels under or around small boats from which they could be dropped if detected and picked up later. Hoists intended for rescuing ship-wrecked sailors were utilised to haul the booty up cliffs. Barns, tombs, inter-communicating cellars and attics, served as staging posts along the route to market. Members of the gangs wore disguises and used nicknames which often reflected the blood-thirsty nature of their characters.

After the Napoleonic Wars, the chain of Martello Towers became available to the authorities and prevention was markedly more effective. Today, although Sussex is no longer the centre of the "trade" and the commodities are now largely drugs and drink, smuggling continues to feature at all levels of society.

Another informative and entertaining evening in the true Garland spirit.

KCT

In the land of Tickner Edwardes - Audrey's Burpham Walk - August 11th

Torrential rain in the morning did not bode well for an afternoon at Burpham. We set out with a resigned feeling that the black skies would exact retribution on those who ignored their menace. Off to Amberley to walk briefly along the breakneck A29, then escape thankfully over a gate and into the water-meadows, everything lush and green with the fullness of a summer of sun and rain. A large boat, the Arundel Castle, lay forlorn on the stream bank, pulled, it was said, out of the river.

This would be the reverse of the famous 1994 walk which had started from the other end, at Burpham. Out into a lane, a farm caravan site to the left, taking no more than five at a time but now having just the one in residence. Short cropped, dark green grass, left through a canopied lane and up onto a hillside. Dim memories stirred of coming upon this the opposite way. That same bare earth where the cows had been fed. Was the ragwort so plentiful two years ago? It had after all been early June. A sudden noise and a blue train hurried by to the right. Downhill along a path with marsh to one side and a wooded slope to the other, reeds and aquatic grass to our right and everywhere the coarse pink flowers of the great willowherb. Codlings and cream is a popular name. A codling was an underripe apple. Perhaps the name is a dig at the plant's being something of a disappointment. Perhaps. We had passed yellowing nettles with the tops uniformly bitten out. Cows taking the tender young shoots. Everywhere the riotous growth of late summer and the sun's smell on rain-freshened vegetation. Still no sign of rain. Here planain grew to an unwonted size, and further on the nettle-leaved bellflower poured in profusion from the mass of brambles - good enough for any garden someone said. Yellow umbrella heads of wild parsnip, ripening now. This area would be very wet in winter, we supposed. Suddenly we came upon the quarry where we had been photographed two years ago: time to repeat the exercise, then on up to Peppering Farm, bales of hay in an open barn, a steam-roller clearly not used for a while, a new trailer. Still the rain held off, the black clouds dense on the horizon.

On to Burpham, coming in the way we had come out two years ago, or very nearly, bison across a field, a strange sight in an English setting, Tickner Edwardes' grave again, a man in a landscape. Belloc might almost have had Edwardes in mind when he wrote:

He does not die that can bequeathe
Some influence to the land he knows ...

Last time the church was en fete, full flowers for Village Day, this time it was quieter, but still beautifully kept. It was turning out to be a long walk. Down the lane, fennel seeding prolifically by the wall, grapes still hard and green like beads. Ian climbed a steep slope to get a better view of the bison. Soon we were at the cottage that had been used as Tansy's home in the 1920s silent film, large but ruinous with dead ivy cut off at the stem and burned brown by the sun. May in heavy green berry. A landscape inseparably connected with Tickner Edwardes even if few read his novels now. Probably his nature and bee-keeping books have worn better. Could a man "bequeathe some influence to the land he knows" today? It may be that ease of travel has dimmed the consciousness of a single place. On along the river, the steeple of South Stoke church had been visible among the trees from far away; now we were approaching it. A dead tree stark against a coal-black sky, a settlement clustered round the church - pebbledash and slate. The hidden sun made the black sky almost luminescent. Here again was the Indian bean tree in the churchyard. When we had come before the annual Boat Service was being awaited, now the glory was departed. The singer we had heard two years ago was a memory and the church undecorated. Sheep in the churchyard; "Stocke" meant a ford or cross the Guide Book said. We sat in the pews and I could look out of the open door to the flint wall of the churchyard, beyond that there was a garden.

Back down the lane leading on to North Stoke. We left the church to our left unvisited.

Time to press home. Back to where the solitary caravan stood on the green sward, then a long walk back to the busy road. A pigeon stood in the middle of the A29 ignoring all entreaties to move. The line of cars had stopped. Ian picked the bird up and carried it, protesting, to safety. As its wings flapped feathers flew. Perhaps, as David suggested, it had been stunned by a passing vehicle. Quite a walk, thanks very much Aud (and Rita).

P.

Half-way to heaven? Steve's August Walk

On the face of it a walk at River would seem predictable enough, mundane almost, just a mile or two out of Petworth. Perhaps we reckoned without Steve. Well, over the path at Halfway Bridge, looking at the superannuated piece of road that was once the A272 and wondering as one always does however it could have carried main-road traffic. When were the changes made? 1960? Off to the left, sheep in a field of desiccated mugwort. "All rams", Steve claims to have announced. No doubt he did, I don't remember. He's prompting me because I lost track of the itinerary and I've had to ask him where we went. Embarrassing, I can usually use "local colour" to cover up the fact that I've no idea of where we are or what's going on. This time I've had to acknowledge defeat.

On through River wood to River village. Treve is the old name, River effectively a corruption. Rather misleading now, more than one visitor has taken the instruction on the signpost to indicate a waterway and found River to possess a somewhat "dry" humour. The "Street" at River seems to straddle the village. Levels are unusual, the road running between high banks. A little girl on a swing seemed half-way to heaven. Difficult to realise that the level of her garden was quite different to that of the road. In the wood we had crunched last year's beech nuts underfoot; now this year's plums lay in the road, the bloom still on them.

Straight across the road, Jacob's Ladder was a series of huge stone steps carrying us ever upward. Well I did say half-way to heaven didn't I? Quite a long haul, then a narrow footpath along the top of the scarp looking down the heavily wooded slopes of the hill. Steve was thinking of early days as a postman, delivering to Mrs Snewing at Heytotts, recalling the smell of paraffin, an old kitchen range and the best Camp coffee he'd ever tasted. Where the trees permitted there was a vast view across to Lords Wood, Lodge Farm and Blackdown in the distance.

Skirting the rear of Pitshill House, we turned left, coming down through the trees to River. Mallard and duck in quantity by a woodland lake. Passing timbered Roundabouts Farm, we came back on to River Lane, on up to Salmon's Bridge over the River Lod, shallow now, but its deep banks indicating a latent power. Away right cutting across the fields with the river on our left, Old Park Wood and Eel Bridge. Now we turned right into Lodsworth St Peter's well. A hedgehog ladder with a rung apparently short. The church on a quiet late summer afternoon. A tulip tree and laurel berries. The track wound round to the left back

down the old cart track to where we had started. Blackberries ripening, maize in the fields. Grey leaves and yellow daisy heads of elecampane by the wall and courgettes in a high garden plot, already with the dull leafery of high summer. Predictable? No - quite a revelation, thanks very much Steve and Di.

P (with the best bits coming from Steve!)

Bookham Commons - managing the impossible

The omens were not good. The coach cancelled through lack of bookings, complicated last-minute reorganisation - maps, cars, allocation of passengers - the Chairman gone down with a heavy cold and a weather forecast of rain and high winds.

Then things began to change. The forecast became "sun, with winds decreasing". The drivers found their passengers, set off in three different directions and yet were all at the National Trust Warden's bungalow at the appointed time.

We sat on logs while Ian Swinney gave us a background talk; something of the history of the three commons and the rich variety of flora and fauna, but mainly about the apparently impossible task of managing 450 acres of woodland, grassland, scrub and ponds with the help of one part-time assistant and a team of local volunteers, to ensure the preservation of resident species while maintaining traditional public access.

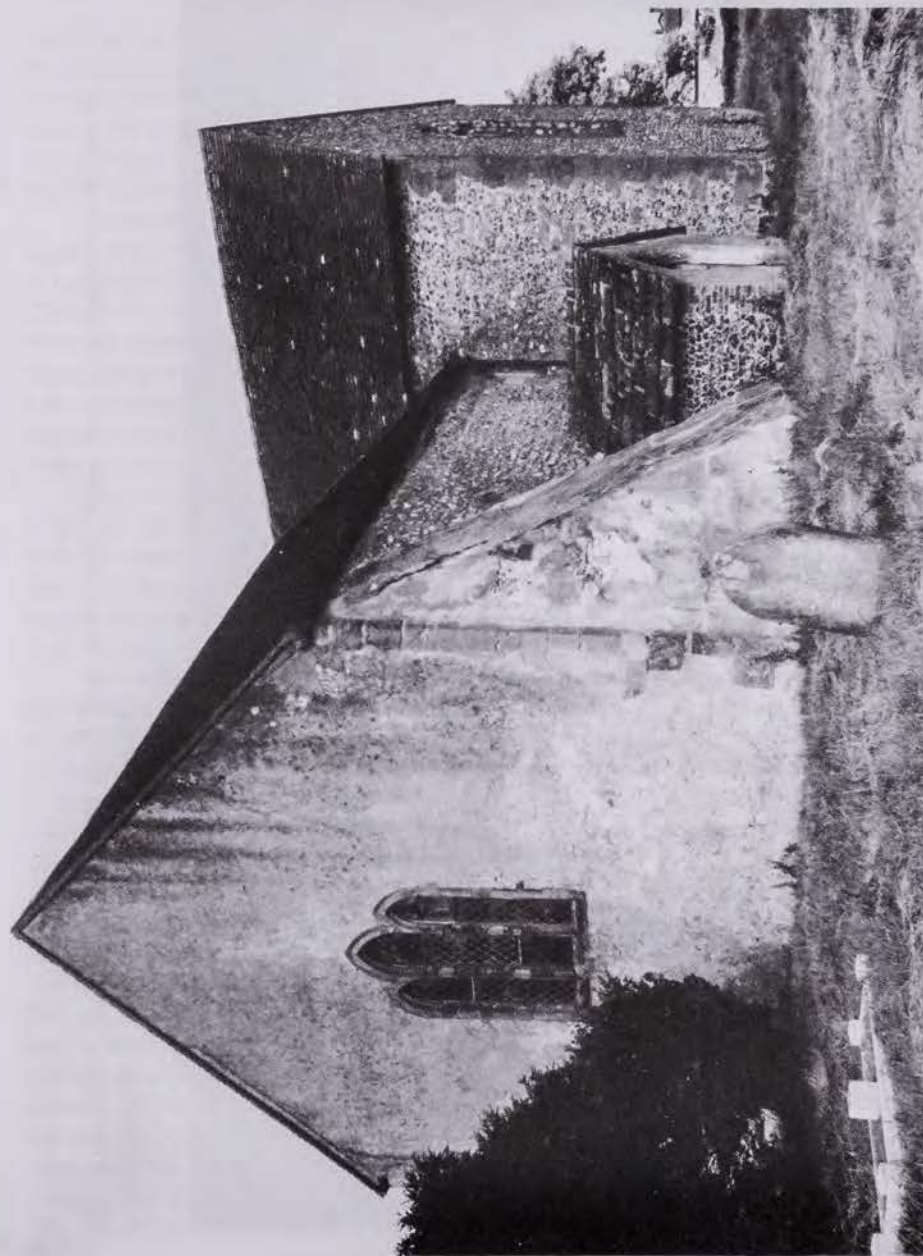
Those of us who expected to be surrounded by the beauty and vistas of the North Downs may have been disappointed. We were on the flattish London Clays beyond the Downs. Hardly wandering in peaceful isolation, we were ever conscious of the battle against encroaching scrub, Sunday afternoon strollers with their children and dogs - not always under control - the mountain bikers disregarding the pleas to keep to the way-marked bridleways, the horse riders themselves and overhead, the traffic into and out of Heathrow.

But with Ian, who describes himself as "no specialist, but trying to take the broad view", nevertheless a mine of information and carefully considered opinions on all aspects of his work, we found ourselves looking at the oaks, birches, blackthorn and hawthorn, the reed maces, lichens, fungi and field scabious, with an increased awareness of the patterns and evolution of the environment.

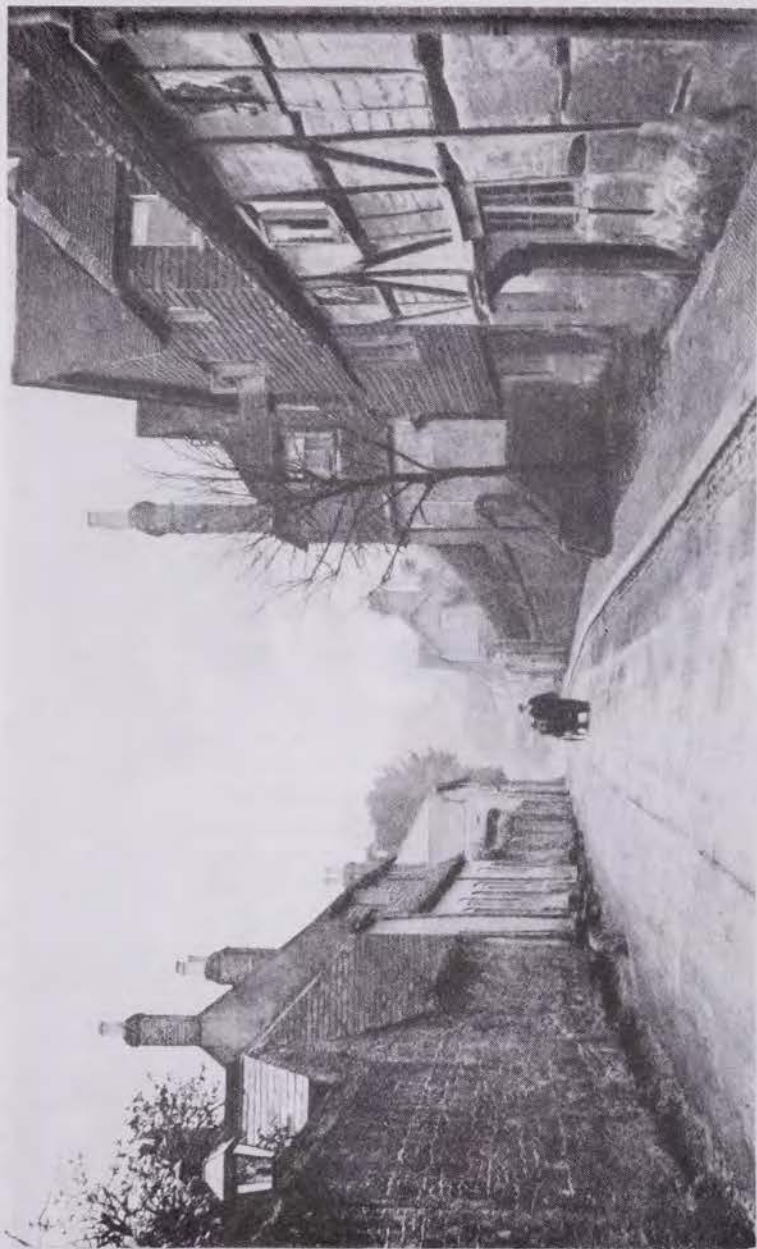
Perhaps selfishly, we were glad to be a party of nine and not a coach-load of 45, as we stood around the entrance of a badger sett, picking out the distinctive black and white hairs from newly-discarded bedding material while the occupants slept soundly below. That night our scent would tell them we had invaded their territory and for a while they would be reluctant to set out on their nocturnal foraging.

The sun was warm, the breeze had died down and we had stayed far longer than we had intended; but then, how many Society trips turn out exactly as we expect?

KCT



North Stoke Church from the South. A Garland photograph from the late 1960s.
See "In the land of Tickner Edwardes".



Pound Street about 1910, showing cottages on left. See "Memories of Pound Street", although this is some twenty years earlier than the recollections in the article.

A World War I Christmas

Christmas years ago seems to me now a happier and more contented time than Christmas at the present day. My brother and I had so much less spent on us than we would today, but we were always pleased with what we had. For a start, all the children we knew were the same as we were so there wasn't much scope for comparison. During our first Christmases, Father was in France, just Daddy in a photo frame, so we had to be satisfied with a visit from Mother Christmas.

At this time we lived at Tillington Lodge and my Father worked on the Leconfield Estate. What we really loved as Christmas approached was to walk to Weavers' Toy Shop in Lombard Street, at that time on the east side of the street. The shop, formerly King and Chasemore, is now empty. We'd set off with our old friend, the storm lantern, to walk to Weavers' about a mile from where we lived. In those days there were no conveyances or street lights. Despite the war, Weavers' shop was a regular Aladdin's cave to us and it always had a particular smell to it. I remember a gas jet sputtering in the corner, the smell of papers and magazines and a kind of smoky smell which I never fathomed. Perhaps it was printers ink in the newspapers.

While we children were looking round, Mother was at the back of the shop. She told us that she had given Mr Weaver a letter written to Mrs Christmas. After our visit and aglow with anticipation, we would set off home again. It would be dark by now, and my brother and I took turns to carry the storm lantern, getting it to throw all kinds of eerie shadows up against the park wall, especially distorted tree shapes. Christmas was now near enough to look forward.

We had a very large garden at Tillington so we always kept a number of chicken. Mum had fattened up a cockerel for Christmas Day dinner and I knew that the cockerel's neck had to be wrung. I'd also watched innumerable birds being plucked. We lived right under Tillington Church and the bells seemed to mix in my mind with plucking birds and the vicar saying, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out." In those days Jesus and I were the best of friends and I prayed, "Dear Jesus, do you mind if I don't pluck my eye out, amen." And this seemed to be alright.

Christmas Eve came very quickly. Food was scarce but my mother always managed to make something. The Christmas pudding was mainly grated carrots and apples and we always had plenty of eggs to add to things. Threepenny pieces were always put in the pudding and it was always a great piece of luck if we bit on one in our portion. Before we went to bed on Christmas Eve we'd pray that Dad would soon be home with us again. It must have been a worrying time for Mother but that didn't stop the lovely smells coming from the kitchen at this festive time, or the kettle singing on the hob or the saucepans simmering full of soup. Thoroughly excited, we had taken our stockings up and hung them at the foot of the bed, eagerly awaiting the visit of Mrs Christmas. We woke up on Christmas morning taking our full stockings with us and went in to see Mummy in bed, bumping along the shapeless lumps in the stockings or rustling brown wrapping paper as we carried it along. Then we could undo our parcels, a sugar mouse, an apple and orange, various other small

parcels, my brother had a box of soldiers and a Noah's Ark while I would have dolls. Mother used to go to jumble sales at the larger houses, and pick up what she thought was value for money - if she could afford it!

On Christmas Day we'd go to Church, we loved the carols and we prayed for all the soldiers to come home safely. From our visit to Weavers' had come a small book, snakes and ladders and ludo and a fresh pack of cards. There were so many games you could play with a single pack of cards, old maid, Jack out of doors, Snap, all sorts. After an afternoon walk we'd play. We loved the glow that came from the paraffin lamp. Next Christmas, perhaps, Dad would be home, but despite her loneliness, Mum sent us to bed, two very happy and contented children.

Kath Vigar

A Link Snaps

The phone call wasn't unexpected. Last summer when we had taken Alfred out it had been very hot and he'd been glad to come back again, no further than just down the road to see Connie Bayley at Ifold. There was someone else Alfred had wanted to see but on both occasions we'd tried, they'd been away when we came. He wouldn't see them now. This year Alfred hadn't been well enough to go out and we hadn't seen him. Not unexpected then, but still the passing of an age. You couldn't even say Alfred was the last of the Dependants or Cokelers, but he was effectively their last spokesman. He had authority. And I had known him, even been with him to his room, spartan as befitted such a man. It was there he'd give me the large manuscript hymn-book that Ephraim and Charlie Circus had kept at Norwood. On the table were his special large-print texts, a separate one for a biblical book. Of late he probably found even these too difficult to read, but the Bible would remain part of his mind. Alfred had been in some ways a very private man.

John Crocombe was to take the service and we brought him over to Loxwood with us. Alfred had specially asked for John to take the service. I'd usually met Alfred with Jim and Connie Nash next door. I'd be talking with Jim and Connie when Alfred came in. A tall upright man with white hair and a bemused look as you spoke to him, a look that would change to a smile as he understood what you were saying. The bemused look owed everything to an increasing deafness. He'd cup a hand to his ear and smile as he caught the question, or as the mention of a name from the past lit up a memory. He loved to talk of the old days and of Dependants long departed, yet so rarely had the chance to do so. A hurrying world had little time to bother with a decayed sect. When I knew him, the Dependants were no longer functioning as a worshipping community and Alfred's spiritual base seemed to be in himself. He would be up in the early hours to pray for those he knew, going round his acquaintances and remembering them with God. In a sense, perhaps, Alfred had been born "out of due time", in 1906, and twenty years after the death of John Sirgood the Dependants' founder. He had

grown up with a generation who were already older than he was, and numbers were falling. So many funerals he had conducted of those he had known. Now there was no one, and it was left to the Emmanuel Fellowship who had taken over the Spy Lane Chapel to conduct the funeral. The brethren had been Alfred's life: he always said this. "It's no good asking me about snooker or football," he'd say almost apologetically as he sat in Jim and Connie's sitting-room looking quizzically around him, "the brethren were my life." "I'm a poor old man," he'd say and that infectious, almost boyish smile would spread across his face. John Sirgood's religion might seem an austere one to the outsider, but then you'd look at Alfred's smile and wonder.

The chapel was filling up, both sides of the aisle, older people mainly, but then those who knew a man of Alfred's age would tend to be older. Amy was playing the piano, a medley of hymn tunes, some familiar, some not. "There is a green hill far away ..." I wondered if modern churches still use the hymn, and whether another generation of children would grow up wondering who Mrs. C. F. Alexander was, and why ever a green hill would need a city wall anyway. Amy was playing "O Sole Mio" now, often taken over as a Dependant hymn tune. Would Alfred have liked the music? Strictly speaking, no, I thought, but Alfred had a mellow side too and I think he would have appreciated it. The Fellowship had made changes, John said. The room at the rear of the Chapel was very comfortable now, but the big butler's sink had been put in by the Dependants. The Fellowship had taken out the "platform" where the elders had sat. Alfred would often speak of the "platform" as a kind of corporate wisdom. When the leader laid his hymn book on top of the Bible it was time for testimony from the congregation. Of course even this was a late tradition for there was no printed hymn book until 1958. The "power" - that was what the service was about, what need for sacraments, baptism, communion or anything else? All this was redundant in the age of the spirit, the age when no intermediary was needed. "Tarry ye not at Jerusalem", the risen Jesus had told the disciples, for the spirit had gone forth.

By now the Chapel was comfortably full. I looked up to the big oil lamps hanging in the aisle. John had said, "Yes, the Fellowship use them at Christmas." The Fellowship had clearly made changes, the comfort in the room to the rear for instance, children's pictures on the wall, children's playing frames stored at the side. The Dependants had had a tea-room; people would come to Spy Lane for morning service, have a packed lunch, go to afternoon service then perhaps have tea and stay for evening service. It would have been spartan enough, the Dependants were always spartan. Marian and I sat with Jim and Connie; Jim said Alfred had come in one day and said he didn't think he'd be in again. Up to then he had come in from next door every day. He was ailing fast but Don and Barbara had kept him at home some I recognised in the congregation, some I didn't. The two remaining Essex trustees were here, John had said, and there were those who had worked at the Stores with Alfred, Connie Bayley, David Gumbrell, others I didn't know. Confused sounds at the open door, scuffling on the hush before the coffin came in, some ladies were moved from the back to accommodate the undertakers ...

Alfred would not want us to be sad, John told us. He would be glad, dancing in the presence of his Lord. As he spoke I could see Alfred walking down the track at Diddlesfold. "Dear, dear Diddlesfold", he said, looking back seventy years and more to staying there on

holiday from Norwood. "Our funerals are not sad", he said as we walked by the early summer hedgerow. John Sirgood, our founder, did not like mourning, funerals were a time of rejoicing. I know I shall see them all gain, I know it..." He was talking of Walter Nash who had preceded him at Loxwood. Walter Nash who had gone to Norwood and "asked for" Alfred to come to Loxwood. Walter had been gone to his "long home" some thirty years.

"The Lord rejoices in the death of his saints..." said John, quoting from Psalm 116. It was a verse that recurred during the service, a service that did not have the conscious defiance of death that was always the Dependant trademark, the trademark of those who lie asleep a season beneath the green grass in the plot behind the chapel, those who sorrow not as them that have no hope. Alfred Goodwin was a gracious man, a good man, indeed a great man, not perhaps in the eyes of the world, but still a great man. John recalled his first acquaintance with Alfred some fifty years ago, going out from Plaistow to Abinger Hammer for a festival, then stopping at Cranleigh on the way back for fish and chips. John had had fish before but never in batter, and never chips. An almost celestial experience for a small boy! He echoed the passage from the Psalm, yes, Alfred had been a saintly man, all those who followed God were, in a sense, saints. And now he would be buried in the plot behind the chapel; just a number in the ground. There was a system for identifying the graves, which seemed complex but in fact wasn't. In any case God would know when the time came. It was difficult to argue with that.

Time for a hymn. As the Dependant hymns were not familiar, a handwritten text was shown from an overhead projector. So often Jim, Connie and I had run over the old hymns with Alfred. He seemed to remember all of them. Curiously neither of the two chosen for the funeral were familiar from talking to him. First was 53 in the Dependants' Hymn Book, black with gilt lettering. As with most Dependant hymns the tune was familiar enough but the words unknown. The Dependants used already familiar tunes and fitted the words to them. In fact the tune was one that I knew but I couldn't pick the hymn it would more usually be sung to, an experience we'd all had talking to Alfred. The pianist had a copy of the Hymn Book with her but these are becoming uncommon. Alfred was always a little reserved about the Hymn Book. It was only published in 1958 and the Dependant tradition had consistently been one of handwritten individual books and individual hymn-writing.

The second hymn was easier:

Oh Charity divine
Eternal gem of heaven ...

Written by Charles Taylor, after John Sirgood the most prolific of Dependant hymn-writers, it was sung to the tune, "Breathe on me, breath of God ..." "Carlisle" I think the tune is called. Alfred had known Charles Taylor well and I have seen a photograph of him, an early convert by John Sirgood and a Norwood stalwart. He and his wife kept a hairdresser's shop in Croydon.

After John, it was time for Brian Rankin one of the Essex trustees to have a few words. He had known Alfred for some twenty years now and had never come away from him without feeling refreshed. Yes, that was the word, "refreshed". Alfred's piety might have been the piety of another age but here was a man untouched by greed. You couldn't argue about that.

From abject poverty the Dependants had over a few generations accrued a considerable wealth. Many thought this portended spiritual disaster and some may have been influenced but Alfred this had affected not at all. Material things simply meant nothing to him. A smart man always upright and immaculate, as befitted one who had worked for some years in the tailors at Norwood Stores. Jim and I had been talking about this as we waited for the service to begin. A smart man certainly but, worldly, never.

And so to the green plot at the back. A late August afternoon of wind tugging at the hedgerow and fine wind-blown cloud. The Wealden clay was dried grey by the wind. The Dependants had always been a sect of the harsh clay farmland of the Weald. John dropped a piece of clay into the open grave. We paid tribute to the passing of an era, each left with our own thoughts.

P.

Editor's note:

Alfred Goodwin (1906-1996) was the last elder of the Dependants or "Cokelers", a localised evangelical sect founded at Loxwood by John Sirgood, a Gloucestershire shoemaker, in the 1850s, and very powerful at Loxwood, Northchapel, Warnham, and elsewhere. There are half a dozen or more conversations with Alfred Goodwin in previous issues of this Magazine.

Corroborating an old story

I heard the following story told by Bill Woods, who lived at Frogghole, when I was with a number of farm workers in a field at Shimmings - by the horse trough. The work was finished and I suppose it was clearing-up time. This was in 1930 or 1931 and I would have been eight or nine years old.

Bill remarked that it was in this very field that a witch got so annoyed with something said or done to her that she put a spell on the horses and nothing that the men could do would make them move.

The story was told in much more detail that I can remember after sixty-five years, it was told with great conviction and he was listened to quietly and sympathetically - his listeners believed him! It obviously made an impression on me and I gave the story to Peter more-or-less as a postscript to another subject some six years ago, saying, I think, that it was too way out to warrant publication but that it might just link up with something else on the same lines at a later date. Obviously the magazine is not there to publish fairy stories.

There is now some proof that the story was told truthfully all those years ago.

George Ewart Evans spent a lifetime preserving the memories of men in his local area of Suffolk and he published some sixteen books in the period 1944 to 1987, his achievements are now recognised as pioneering work in oral history. The story in question is from *The Pattern under the Plough*, published by Faber in 1960 and the article notes that one of the most

spectacular displays of horsemanship was the stopping of a horse so that it would act as though it was paralysed or bewitched and this was known as "jading". Because horses were no longer used on farms the "Horse Magic" was no longer a secret - it had been kept a secret because the knowledge gave the horsemen the "kudos" and it was from old men, the one-time practitioners of the magic, that he was given the details as to how the jading was done. It all revolved around a horse's sensitive "nose" and the knowledge that a horse would not go near an obnoxious odour (which to "jade" it would have smeared on its forelegs or dropped surreptitiously in front of the animal.)

The "jading" could be overcome either by soothing the offended nostrils, vinegar and milk brushed up its nose, or by sharply twisting the horse's head to one side and then reversing it away from the bad smell. A short sharp shock in today's language!

Another example of "horse magic" was "boning" or "the bone" which is said to give a horse unlimited power over a horse. The bone was from a frog or toad, and to make it "magic" there was an involved ritual of the frog kept on a thorn for 24 hours, buried in an anthill for a month until all the flesh was removed, wait until the moon is full and take it to a running stream. Be particular never to take your eyes off it and eventually a certain bone will separate and go against the current. That's it! This bone was then probably smeared with a repelling stink or it could be used as an attractant by smearing with oil of either origanum, cinnamon, rosemary or fennel.

I suggest that it was the horseman's implicit belief in their power which gave them the confidence to control a fractious horse, and as to the "bone" it is very possible that a dry stick smeared with the odour would have achieved the same result but without the magic bone it would not have been used with the confidence - the inner confidence which the horse would be aware of.

The earliest known instance of jading is related in Gibbon's epic history, *The Decline and fall of the Roman Empire*, Vol: 4, Chap XXXVIII and I quote.

"After the Gothic victory Clovis made rich offerings to St. Martin of Tours. He wished to redeem his war horse by the gift of one hundred pieces of gold; but the enchanted steed would not move from the stable until the price of his redemption had been doubled. This miracle provoked the king to explain * "Indeed, St. Martin may be a good friend when you're in trouble but he's an expensive one to do business with."

Klovis lived from 481 to 511, he was a "barbarian" who conquered most of France, and converted to the Catholic religion. During the "composing" of this article the Pope paid homage to Klovis' memory on his recent visit to France.

R.S.

* Latin:

"Vere Beatus Martinus est bonus in auxilio, sed carus in negotio."

At far Pallinghurst (3)

Life on the Estate

Haying time, which came in late spring, were good old days. Mum would meet us in the bottom of the fields at Tisman's with picnics after school. We would sit around the hay rick. The men would be feeding the elevator with hay. More men would be on top of the hayrick spreading the hay around. Harvest time from August on, was the same. We, kids would have our tea out in the fields, while they would be binding the harvest and stacking up sheaves of corn. Haying and harvesting was the time that all the estate workers worked together.

A number of the estate workers were carters as the fields were ploughed with horses and hand ploughs. We kids felt sorry for the horses, but Dad said that he felt sorry for the men who had to follow the plough. I can't remember a tractor on the estate. I remember six of the carters. There was Mr Batchelor, who had two lovely dapple grey horses called Roland and Daisy which were kept at Tisman's. Then there was Mr Wise who kept his horses at Pallinghurst so they would have to be brought down to Tisman's for hay and harvest. The other carters, who I remember, were Mr Lewis, Mr Grinstead, Mr Denyer and Mr Osgood. They all had houses on the estate. Mr Denyer lived out on the Baynards Road.

Mr Osgood, known as Sniffy Osgood lived at Lower Hill near Pallinghurst on the Surrey Sussex border. He had a housekeeper by the name of Mrs Walsh, a lovely old lady. She had long hair in a bun on the top of her head. Mr Osgood had three boys and a girl. Mr Osgood lived next door to the Kingshot family. I only remember Sid who was known to us kids as Beefy Kingshot as he was tall. His brother Howard Kingshot, who thatched the hayricks on the estate, lived nearer to us down Green Lane towards the Cricketers. Next door to Howard Kingshot lived the Knights. Mr Knight was the hedger and ditcher. Mrs Knight was dear old lady. She always stood at the door for a chat to whoever passed down the lane.

My Uncle Harry was the painter and decorator. He worked with big fat Jimmy Harding, we called him. I remember he always came to lunch with half a loaf of bread, a huge chunk of cheese and an onion.

Mr Dicker, the shepherd, lived out on the border down Wildwild Lane at Little Wildwood Farm. He was a short man and wore a cloth hat (not cap which Dad and the other men wore). Mr Hurst was the carpenter on the estate. He was a big man who smoked a pipe. He had quite a large family and lived at Greenhurst. The house was detached and stood next to Tisman's. It was bigger and better than the other estate workers' houses.

The gamekeeper, Mr Covey, lived in an old farm cottage up in the lanes to the woods where Dad cut pea boughs and bean sticks. Old Mrs Covey was really a lovely lady. We would take a picnic up to see Dad and she would be baking cakes and call us to the door and give us some buns, and we would go back to Dad in the woods, and we would all go home to Mum for our tea. The Covey's son was the gardener at Pallinghurst and lived up near Pallinghurst House.

School

Although our address was Loxwood, we went to Rudgwick School which was then at

Bucks Green. The Stanbridge family from nearby Pephurst Farm went to Loxwood but were later transferred to Rudgwick because it had a headmaster and not a headmistress.

Mr Bacon was the Rudgwick headmaster, he was known as Rashers by the pupils. There were three other teachers. Mrs Hearsman was next, then Miss Simmonds (we were frightened to death by her) then Miss Francis who left to get married, and Miss Tuff took her place. I have only learnt recently, that Miss Tuff was in fact only 16 when she came, as she was a pupil teacher. She had been a pupil herself at the school but had won a scholarship to Horsham High School. She only got qualifications after the war. She was a very patient teacher and I never knew her to get cross. The school was cleaned by Mrs White from Bucks Green. She always got there early in the morning to stoke the fire for the radiators.

To get to school in time, we would leave home at a quarter to eight each morning as we had a good two miles to walk. We always left for school when we heard the clock on the clocktower of Loxwood House strike a quarter to eight.

Every morning when leaving for school, our mum would give each of us a penny for sweets. On the corner near The Fox at Bucks Green there was a little shop kept by the Botting family. Old Mrs Botting would open it in time for all the kids going to school. We would spend a halfpenny in the morning and a halfpenny at dinner time. What you could get in those days for your money!

In winter our Mum would give us a tablespoon of cod liver oil and malt to keep the colds at bay, as well as the penny! Winter breakfasts on school days was a big soup plate full of porridge. I used to smother it with soft brown sugar and pour the lovely farm milk over it. I can see myself now spooning the middle out to make the milk run in so it would look like a dirty brown puddle that we used to walk in on our way to school.

In the summer we always took flowers to school to decorate the classroom. After the summer break we would go back to school with enormous bunches of michaelmas daisies.

When I started school, there were no dinners, but because we lived so far away, we had to take sandwiches. For our puddings, Mum would make us jellies in Shipman's paste pots. She would cover the top with a piece of greaseproof paper secured with an elastic band and a teaspoon attached. When Mrs Bacon, the headmaster's wife, started to cook school dinners, (which was very unusual at the time) then we had them and not sandwiches. Mrs Bacon cooked in the cookhouse which was under the classroom and the dinners came up in a little old lift to the classroom which we used as the dining area. The dinners cost 1s 3d a week for each child - that would be just over seven and a half pence in today's money. My mother must have been a good manager with money to pay for our lunches and giving us a penny a day.

Empire day, May 24, was always a day of celebration at school. The piano would come out into the playground, and the Union Jack would fly, and we would sing hymns and patriotic songs. We always sang Rule Britannia, I remember, and we got half a day's holiday. I remember going home in early summer and picking tottergrass and horse daisies (wild marguerites) in Tisman's Park and taking them home to Mother. We were never caught. Tottergrass dried off for the winter for flower decorations for the front room.

On Armistice Day which was in November, the big glass partition in the middle of the classrooms was folded back. We had a service and two minutes silence.

The day I started school was a day I'll always remember. Mum saw me off, with my sandwiches in my satchel, with the rest of the family. All went well until the first playtime, when I fell down the back steep steps to the back playground and cut my chin badly. They took me down to the village nurse who lived beside the garage at Bucks Green. She dressed the cut, and put a bandage under my chin and over my head and tied a knot in the top. Old Mrs Botting from the nearby shop, lent my sisters this funny old pram which had a footrest, and they wheeled me home. When Mum saw us all, she said "My God, what has happened to her!" and I still have the scar today.

Although we did not go for very long, I remember going out from school, on a Saturday morning, to have cookery lessons at Aliblasters. Col Hemley's cook took us. It was how I first learnt to cook a stew and dumplings. I was always taught to fry the onions first to give a great flavour.

Rudgwick School sports ground was at Gaskyns, a large private house with a cricket pavilion, now Penntorpe School. We would hold our Sports Day there. We would cut through on a footpath from Bucks Green between the Queen's Head and Goblins Pool (now the Italian restaurant).

Quite often our cousins Ethel and Ron Sopp, on our Dad's side, would come and stay weekends with us. They only lived at Bucks Green. They loved coming, and us kids loved having them for company. Ethel was a year older than me and Ron about two years younger. When we used to go up the stairs to bed with a candlestick and a candle alight, it would have to be relit several times owing to the dreadful draughts, but we finally made it to the bedrooms. Ron and Ethel would stay until Monday, and we'd all go off to school after having our weekends together.

The Weekends

Us kids used to attend Sunday School at the little church at Tisman's Common. It was a mission church for the parish church in Rudgwick. Mr Campbell, a Scotsman who was the curate, took all the services at Tisman's. On Sunday afternoons he took us for Sunday School and on Saturday mornings he took us poor kids for rambles. I remember at one time he took us up to Hyes Lakes, which was right up in the woods behind Smithers Farm which Mr and Mrs Holman owned. There was a home-made raft, made out of old beer barrels with a big square platform of planks on the top. Mr Campbell, dressed in his long black robes, piled us all on with him, and some of the boys rowed it across the lake. Well looking back on them, those days were fun in spite of all the risks. Another time we went down the back of Exfold Farm at Tisman's and across the river on a narrow bridge to Gibbons Mill, and came out at the Blue Ship at the Haven.

I well remember some Sundays after Sunday school, we would walk through the woods to Loxwood House as it was called in those days where the North family lived. They were very rich and I think had four daughters. We would walk to the two big lakes (which have since been drained). There were boathouses at the end of the lakes, and the girls would be rowing boats on this lake. They would have picnics in the boathouse and us kids would go in. On the way home in summer, we would pick watercress from the little stream for tea.

I always remember the Sundays, especially in the summer our boy cousins, on our

Mum's side and their friends would cycle out from Horsham and around. One had a tandem. They would come for the day, have mother's good cooking, and in the afternoon got on the cider which my father made; and when we came home after Sunday school, out would come the cricket stumps which were made out of hazel sticks, and we would all play cricket in the field. After tea, they would have more cider, and late at night my cousins would all leave to go home. I always remember one Monday morning going to school, and at the bottom of the path in the wood, we found two of them lying in the ditch. They had forgotten to turn the corner at the opening. What a laugh!

Vera Jones (to be continued)

'Pick Parsley Quick ...!'

I've lived in Upperton a long time, well over seventy years, but that doesn't mean I've always lived here. I was born in London, although my father came from Tillington. I was told once that years ago my great-grandmother ran a school in Upperton. She had bad eyesight and when the boys did sewing, she'd run her fingers over their work and make them take out and re-do any stitches that were too large. My father had to move away to find work and I lived at Wandsworth until I was six, then we moved to Eastleigh in Hampshire. My father worked on the railway. I only came to Upperton by a mere chance. I was temporarily, as the expression went, "out of a situation" and my grandparents had retired to live in the almshouses at the top of Hungers Lane. The idea was that I would fill in time by looking after them until I found another situation. They had one long room in the almshouse and a bedroom, I slept on a bed settee. In fact I was only there for a day or two, for when old Mrs. Kenyon Mitford heard about me, she suggested I work at Pitshill. She used to come to the almshouse to visit my grandparents who had worked for the Mitford family for years. They'd lived in retirement on the Mitford estate for a while but my grandmother's eye problem had forced them to move into the almshouses.

I'd had one or two jobs since leaving school, but for two or three years I'd been with Dr. Talbot, Bishop of Winchester, at Farnham Castle where I'd worked as a kitchen maid. It was a very happy, busy, place, always seeming to be full of young men getting ready for ordination. I loved it there and left only when the Bishop himself left after the 1914-1918 War. After that I spent a brief period as a kitchen-maid at a house in Winchester but my mother didn't think much of the job and the conditions and I left. Mothers had a lot of say in those days!

Mrs. Kenyon Mitford was looking for a kitchen maid at Pitshill and was sure that I'd get on very well with Mrs. Yeatman the cook, and I did. Mrs. Yeatman had the comforting knowledge that I'd enough experience to be left to "start" the dinner, put things in the oven, get the vegetables ready. She could then go and keep an eye on her son in the village. She'd go off saying, "I'll be back as soon as possible". I liked it at Pitshill and worked there until



Mrs on a Salad

was made by Mrs. C.

*Oh! - herbaceous treat!
 Thou'd tempt the dying Anchores to eat
 Back to the world he'd won his fleeing soul
 And plunge his fingers in the "Salad Bowl!"*



E.L. whose ad some X

E. L.'s lines on Mrs Cownley's salad. (Courtesy of Mr Leslie Whitcomb, Brighton, as are the three following illustrations).

The potato was deep in the dark underground
 The tomato above in the light.
 The little tomato was ruddy and round
 The little potato was white
 And redder and redder she rounded above
 And whiter and whiter he grew
 And neither, suspected a mutual love
 Till they met in the Irish & Jew



Eliza Mac.

24/1/14



The potato and the tomato meet. Does anyone recognise the gentlemen below?



A pencil-drawing by L. Bartholomew at Petworth House — almost certainly a colleague of Mrs Cowley.

Articles found in a Kitchen Drawer.

Nov 1884

Three aprons, two brushes, the face of a pig,
a dirty sack bowl, a dish cloth and a rag,
a foot of a shoeking, three caps and a froil,
a brush and six buttons, a towel and a will,
a comb and a thimble with Madama bands,
a box of specific's for chops in the lands,
some hair and some clothes tied up in a rag,
an empty bread paper and blue in a bag,
short pieces of ribbon both greasy and black,
a froil, a rubber, a key of the lock,
an inch of wax candle, a sheet and a flint,
a bundle of matches, a parcel of quilt,
a lump of old soap, a crump for the pack,
a pair of bed sliders, a bell for the wood,
a rusty bent screw, a broken brass lock,
some buttons and tines, and the drawer lock,
a bag for the pudding, a wolestone and string,
a sewing cross bar and a new explain ring,
a knot for the butter, a dirty chemise,
two pieces of soap, and a large piece of cheese,
five teaspoons of tea, a large lump of min,
the feet of a hare, and corks by the dozen,
a card to tell fortunes, a sponge and a can,
an old mouldy lemon, and a "Common prayer" book,
a rolling pin, basket, and a "Common prayer" book
are the things that I found in the "Drawer of the Cook"!!!



9/10/1910
G.L. Wilson

Articles found in a kitchen drawer. Does anyone know of an original of this?
Like the previous three illustrations this comes from Mrs Cownley's Scrap Book.

I was married and then on a part-time basis afterward. I went with the family when they moved to Tanners at River and then to the Manor of Dean. It was a long walk to River and wages were a guinea a week. If I wasn't actually working in the kitchen at Pitshill I'd do needlework. When the food was ready we'd bring it out of the kitchen, turn to the right and put it into the lift. Mr. Hammon the butler and Eric Grice the footman would then take the food to the dining-room.

There were three maids working upstairs and three of us in the kitchen, I had a maid to help me. I remember when King George V came to stay at Pitshill. The family would move out of Pitshill for the week of Goodwood Races and go away on holiday, leaving the house to Society people who were at the Races. In 1928 Lady Meux stayed there and the King was one of the house party. It was the easiest penny I ever earned. The place was crawling with detectives and there seemed an army of post office people to handle correspondence. The party brought their own chef and the chef had his own kitchen-maid so that I was effectively redundant for the week. In fact I only saw the chef one; he came bursting in shouting, "Pick parsley quick". I never did get a look at him at work, I rather hoped I would have picked up some tips from him. At the end the kitchen-maid said, "Take a bag and go home with what you can find, the chef will be cross with me if you don't get anything". The steward's room boy would give me bottles of beer to take home. I was married by this time and no longer working full-time.

We saw plenty of the ladies' maids who had come with the party but very little of the King himself, that is, until he went out of the front door at the end of his visit. As he left we watched from the window and he waved to us. Mrs. Yeatman curtsied although there was no way he could have seen her.

What else? Upperton has changed - it was much more of a village community then. We didn't even have to go to Petworth shopping then, there was an off-licence cum grocers, with a seat opposite where you could sit and drink, you had of course to be off the premises. It's a grass bank now. Mr. George Wadey had it and then Mr. Hazelman. The shop belonged to Amey's Brewery at Petersfield and remained in their possession until they were bought out by Whitbreads in the late 1940s. The freehold was then sold.

And there was Mr. Chandler's choir, part Tillington, part Upperton. Jim Stoner sang tenor, he had had a diseased foot as a boy and had been trained as a cobbler. He had a little room at Upperton where he worked. He used to do all the Pitshill work apart from anything else. I was the soprano and Mollie Chandler contralto. Jesse Daniels was the bass. We travelled to different venues. I don't think we ever won anything but we certainly enjoyed ourselves. We opened and closed the famous "Parish Mag" radio show broadcast from the Petworth British Legion Hut in 1940. We began with "Oh who will o'er the Downs so free?" and concluded with "Sweet and Low".

Eddie Wilson was talking to Janet Duncton and the Editor.

A Ghost story ..

The heavy gates topped by Gog and Magog, swung slowly open to permit entry to the shining black brougham. The driver well wrapped against the chill winter wind that was sweeping in from the park, through the wrought iron gates, over the haha. A North Wester chilling further as it came in over the lake. The single passenger wrapped in an official cloak was a presence of heavily whiskered cheeks under the formal top hat. A person of some importance. The monogram on the side of the carriage and the logo L.B.S.C.R. declared a visitation from the new fangled railroad that was creeping across the countryside, in the name of progress. The gate keeper shuddered .. not just against the cold wind of the November day. His job entailed part time work on his lordship's carriages and horses. Akeepin' of the gates gave him time to think. This was a good Estate .. well founded .. with very little concern that workers and servants, given the opportunity and time to think might create a problem ... insurrection in this quiet little country town was inconceivable. The people were housed, fed and warmed by logs from the woodlands and the Estate timber yard, and coal from the mines of Northumberland, the Sister estates, all under the benevolence of His Lordship, affectionately known as "Lordie".

The carriage drove up to the grand facade. A footman appeared and stood to the horse's head. The director, for so his presence commanded, alighted from the carriage and ascended the steps. Mr. Barnes, the senior butler greeted him formally .. "Sir .. Good Day .. His Lordship is expecting you. Follow me, please!" As he stepped into the Reception Hall footmen appeared, left and right, one taking his cloak, one taking hat and stick .. The butler leading the way up the wide staircase to the long landing running the length of the first floor, knocked discreetly with small hammer from the table beside the door. He awaited the summons "Enter!" .. "Your Lordship .. Mr. Director, from The Railway!" Picking up a silver tray from the table, he carried Mr. Director's visiting card, presenting it to his Lordship with a haughty gesture of disciplined disapproval ..

His Lordship was nestling in a deep winged armchair screening him from the draughts that whistled through the House but ensured that the open log fire that warmed the room remained bright and cheerful.

"Barnes .. A glass of the '44 for the Director, 'twill warm him from his journeying". Barnes had anticipated. The silver tray appeared with a glass .. a ray of winter sunshine came across the Park, that sparkled in a deep ruby hue, warming the welcome. He topped His Lordship's glass that was sitting on the chairside table next to "*Breeding of Fox Hounds*" .. "*The Perfect Hunter*" a sprawled copy of "*Horse and Hound*". "I freely admit that the best of my fun I owe it to Horse and Hound .. Whyte-Melville" had fall to the floor ...

"I thank you, Your Lordship. A fine winter's day, seasonally chill, perhaps, the view from your library over the Park is fine, indeed". Lifting his glass .. "The Company Chairman, sends his compliments with regret that he is unable to visit you, in person.. I am asked to express hope that the plethora of foxes hereabout are showing some 'unting sport." "Does he, indeed? These fellows seemed to know little of country life, probably never seen a fox ...

If they think that they are bringing their damned trains across the Park they must needs think again ... !"

"Pray, Sir, what can we do for you?"

"You will be aware, M'Lord, of the industrial revolution upon the land. This, inevitably, will need the Railway transportation system. Largely passenger carrying in the country area, but coal and timber from the estates such as those of your Lordship."

"Few passengers in these parts, Mr. Director. My people travel little enough ... to where do they need to go? The stagecoach gives travel facilities enough, if travel they must ... From where do you expect your tariff to show you your profits? ...

"We are trusting that your lordship and other landowners of the great estates will see the advantages of progress and subscribe .."

Did His Lordship's face turn a little ruddier of hue? .. maybe it was just a surge of heat from the good oak log ... picking up the bell on the side table .. "Barnes! We need another glass of the '44! ... " ..

The faint sound of the hunting horn. "Draw Home The Company!" came down the wind. Barnes, inscrutable, looked at the visitor to see if he was aware .. He gave a superior look at his Lordship .. Servant to Master. Friends over the years.

"To the point. We wish to bring the railroad across your Land. We do, of course, have the parliamentary right of Law .., but we would observe the courtesies."

It was no surprise. The inevitable march of progress. His Lordship had given thought and had made his decisions.

"Lay your tracks beyond the river, so that you do not endanger my hounds. You will pay the tenant right upon any crops that are burnt by flying sparks from your engines. I do not wish to see, or indeed, to smell your smoke or have the scent destroyed by your polluting of our country air. You may place your assembly yard at Coultershaw. The Mill Pond there will keep the distance atween us. .. Humph!"

"Good Day, Sir!" "Barnes .. Mr. Director is leaving. Summon his carriage and show him to it!" ...

He gazed distantly to the Park in formal dismissal. Mr. Barnes stood to the door in silent gesture ...

John Francis.

[As befits all the best ghost stories, the contours of a few facts have been well rounded here. Ed.]

'Tempting the dying anchorite...' Mrs. Cownley's Scrap Book

No, Elsie Whitcomb wasn't prepared to let us have it for more than the evening. Amy would remember Mrs. Cownley and this was Mrs. Cownley's Scrap Book. Most Petworth people of an older generation knew of Mrs. Cownley, housekeeper at Petworth House until 1933. Few might recall her coming in 1907 but at this time, in the mid-1960s, the very name was redolent still of a vanished past. The title 'Mrs.' my mother thought, was a courtesy one, "Mrs." Cownley was probably not married. Elsie would have known if we had thought to ask her. At the time it didn't seem to matter much. Elsie in some ways looked back to a more attractive past but in some ways treated that past with a curious insouciance, putting it very much under the thumb of a more urgent present. I vaguely supposed that Mrs. Cownley had suddenly reappeared, lent the book for a day or two and wanted it back. My mother seemed in no doubt that anything to do with Mrs. Cownley had a certain significance: there was an aura. I was wrong, I am sure, about Mrs. Cownley's reappearance, but the Scrap Book was handed over for the evening, a kind of talisman or sacred relic, almost like the bones of some medieval saint. We looked through. My mother remembered Mrs. Cownley well enough, she was very "thick" with the Whitcomb family. There was a photograph of a group of ladies in the Audit Room in 1916, dressed in white aprons, some emblazoned with a big red cross. My grandmother was there, but in truth the ladies in their white aprons all looked much the same. With the strict embargo on retaining the book, there was no chance of it being placed in profane hands for copying, although we would have liked the Audit Room picture. Over the years I had occasionally wondered what had happened to it, probably with greater knowledge it would mean more now; no doubt like so much else, it had been destroyed.

But here it was again, or at least a claimant for the title of Mrs. Cownley's Scrap Book. Leslie Whitcomb had brought a book up on the bus from Brighton for Diana and me to see. A scrap book kept by the Whitcomb family. But was it? Certainly the Whitcomb family figured prominently enough, but Mrs. Cownley seemed the prime mover. There were things here that suggested a housekeeper, like servants, perhaps at a loose end, signing the book at Christmas 1913. The Whitcomb connection was more easily explained by Mrs. Cownley's known friendship with them. Henry Whitcomb would still be alive then, Clerk in the office, Reg his son would work with him. Another son, Hubert, was Clerk of the Works. Was this the book as I remembered it? I couldn't honestly say, over thirty years and more the book had taken on a disembodied existence that was all its own, filled with what I imagined to be in it rather than what was actually there, except that here again were those same Audit Room ladies I had glimpsed and lost sight of so long ago. Whoever had given the book a dust-wraper, whether Mrs. Cownley or someone else, certainly knew what they were doing. Covered in a kind of oil-cloth with a rose pattern, the original cover was afforded a protection that was absolute. The wraper was secured with crossed scarlet ribbon front and back, the holes carefully eye-stitched. Here was a book to adorn with cut-outs, postcards, snapshots,

newspaper cuttings and those verses, original, or culled from elsewhere, that people put in such books at the beginning of the century. The book had been baptised with fourteen signatures, but not Mrs. Cownley's, running round-robin style to circle a fairly predictable sepia Arnold postcard of House and Lake with the steeple of St. Mary's rising behind the House. Mrs. Cownley's contribution had been to write Xmas 1913 over the top. At least it seemed to be Mrs. Cownley's handwriting, it was a hand that appeared from time to time through the book. Some of the names would appear later, W. Askham, Joseph Brooks, Cora Styles ... C. MacFarlane was Chris MacFarlane, lady's maid to Margaret Wyndham. Ella MacFarlane had signed too, Chris' sister and again in service of some kind. Their sister was Miss MacFarlane the schoolmistress, later Mrs. Hill. They were very Scottish. One imagines the servants, seniors all perhaps, sitting in Mrs. Cownley's sitting-room at the House, their "charges" briefly immersed in Christmas festivities, so many servants came to the great house for Christmas. The first of sixty pages but the book remains half-full, at least another sixty pages are empty. Then "Rockford", Adelaide, South Australia, "My sister's home". A large, ornate, bungalow-type residence with a cupola. There were a man and a woman in tennis whites. All familiar to Mrs. C. but now quite obscure.

Then the first poem, written in by Edwin Lewis and inculcating a "Lesson from the Leaves", six lines on man's mortality. The poem forces the first cut-out soldiers to lie horizontal beneath it. None would realise how quickly the following years would bear out the message of the poem. In December 1913 it would be no more than a generalisation. Next a longer poem on articles found in cook's kitchen drawer in 1804. Again E. Lewis but this time 1916. The change of date is odd: perhaps pages were left blank and filled in later. E. Lewis was presumably copying some verses he had found somewhere. The cut-outs this time are of children, meticulously scissored round. More short poems from various hands and again the meticulous cut-outs. Then another look at a private memory, Minley Manor, a large signed photograph of Edith C. Currie on horseback, an oval picture of a little girl, and another of a large country house. A lost world in sepia. Perhaps Mrs. C. had worked there once and retained an affection for it. The photograph suggested the feeling was mutual. On the next page a rather obvious satire on Lloyd George's Insurance Act, very much a matter for discussion at the time. E. L. (whose 'ad some) follows with some masterly "Lines on a Salad (as made by Mrs. C.):

Oh herbaceous treat,
Thou'd tempt the dying anchorite to eat,
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the "Salad Bowl".

The modern reader is left to wonder what secret ingredients Mrs. Cownley put into the magic bowl that would cause holy men to cast their sacred calling to the winds! More verses follow from December 1913, time spent perhaps waiting on others' pleasure and the call not always coming.

Next two limericks from Arthur Smith. "Tennis" Smith was the Tennis professional and a great friend of my grandfather. He lived in Egremont Row. He had left for South Africa just before the 1914-1918 war. Why? I was never told. He left various things with my

grandparents to collect when he returned. If he returned perhaps. Now three men looked out from a garden seat, one in khaki with puttees. The middle figure was no doubt Arthur Smith but the photograph was desperately faded. Underneath in Mrs. C's hand "SA 1916". Obvious enough. At the side an even more faded piece snipped off a larger photograph, Arthur Smith again, jaunty in a bowler hat. Smith seems to have been a sociable sort of man, on 7th December 1913 he had written two limericks, presumably as a kind of valediction, the second reads:

I like you in yellow,
I like you in red,
But I like you best
When I see you at the theatre (Je ne pense pas).

A humour based on suggestion has largely disappeared nowadays, as suggestion retreats before the explicit.

Ella Mac(FarLane), writing in January 1914 celebrates the potato and the tomato growing separately but attaining a belated liaison in the Irish stew. At the bottom are ten figures cut from a glossy sepia print. I've reproduced the page in this Magazine. Any ideas as to who they are? I've an idea or two. There follow some magazine cut-outs and a popular cartoon of the time carefully redrawn by Hubert Whitcomb.

Chronology now flies out of the window with three of the illustrations from "*A Petworth Posie*", a substantial pamphlet selling at a florin and produced by Lady Leconfield for the Petworth Park Fete of 15th August 1918 in aid of the Sussex County Prisoners of War Fund, after that however comes a pre-war of Stalheim in Norway in 1911 and a steamship brochure. "Aunt Jane" had presumably been on holiday. Mrs. C. feels no need to explain who Aunt Jane is, it is after all Mrs. C's Scrap Book, not ours. Three unidentified portraits follow, quite likely one is of Mrs. Cownley herself, we don't have a good enough likeness of her to compare. On the opposite side is a pencil sketch by E. Bartholomew dated October 1914. It shows two figures with a fly. E. Bartholomew is almost certainly the long-serving lady's maid at Petworth House of that name. Then four scarlet soldiers guard a fountain and a large house, both unidentified before a double page spread announces: "Ye House of Whitcomb", Pound Street, with a picture of what is now "The House in Pound Street" and several Whitcomb family snapshots, with signatures. The Whitcombs were a large family and several of the boys had already left Petworth by this time. One wonders what Elsie Whitcomb's thoughts were on seeing her signature again fifty years on, and so many of those pictured having passed away. Overpage more soldiers guard the Audit Room ladies. Overpage again is what might be termed a Petworth House Miscellany, a long print showing a range of greenhouses in the Gardens, with the steeple of St. Mary's rising behind them, various pictures of Lord and Lady Leconfield and a sepia print of the Kennels. Then an Arthur Rackham print and a very good drawing of a cat by "Shoebidge Petworth House 14/6/1916", then two blow-ups of postcards of Clovelly, so beloved of scrap book makers.

The progress of the war is reflected by a pencil note concerning C. Wharnby of the Sherwood Foresters who had been wounded at Neuve Chapelle in March 1915 and discharged as unfit after eight months in hospital. He had had two brothers killed and another seriously

wounded. Returning to the front he had been wounded again in June and July 1916. Probably he was one of a number of wounded soldiers billeted at Gore Hill. There appears to have been a special tea for them. A postcard view of Gore Hill has a dozen signatures, all listing different regiments. The next double page carries the legend "from Peter" and ten very faded pictures, not obviously local. A newspaper cutting mentions "Lord Claud Hamilton in charge of the Special Constabulary at Buckingham Palace, with his grandson." Overleaf, accompanied by a cutting from the *West Sussex Gazette* for 19th August 1916, are the signatures of a number of wounded soldiers from Graylingwell, then the County War Hospital. The *Gazette* reports that, in the absence of Lady Leconfield in Ireland, the soldiers had been entertained at Petworth House by Mrs. Cownley the housekeeper, ably assisted by Mr. W.G. Thomas the house steward. W. G. Thomas had been one of the signatories to the original round-robin in December 1913 that started the Scrap Book off. It appears that tea was served in the North Gallery and the guests were taken through Petworth House, lawns and gardens. As the soldiers passed through the town the inhabitants cheered them. Two photographs of the scene at the House, look virtually identical but both are badly faded.

The album passes briefly out of the traumatic shadow of the war with some derivative but less care-laden verses and a print or two. Two photographs show Lord and Lady Leconfield at what appears to be the 1919 Ploughing Match. Back then to the shadow of war with a memorial to the Stead brothers serving with the Sherwood Foresters, killed in action in 1914 and 1915. With this the war years lift, a postcard of the Devils Dyke seems a thank you for "a very enjoyable day at Petworth House" in September 1921, while F. Hibbert draws Petworth "From the Window of Room 16" probably in the same year. From 1921 also comes a page of snapshots of Mrs. Cownley with the Whitcomb family sharing a picnic, Mrs. C, always half hidden beneath an enormous hat. Photographs of the House interior in the early 1920s, some verses from 1926, two pictures, probably of Lady Leconfield's sister, two familiar Frith postcards of Pound Street and a loose picture of a Choral Evening and the book ends. Mrs. Cownley left in 1933 but the book is not continued till then.

A description is no substitute for the book itself which has fascinated those who have seen it, more so perhaps than it would have done thirty years ago. It's good to have seen it again and to know that it still exists. Some of the pages will be reproduced for this issue. The legendary Mrs. Cownley is not however a genie that can be summoned from its pages, the book in truth tells us little enough of her. With the current vogue of interest in life "downstairs", an abiding impression is that, with all the drudgery, and all the rigid hierachy among the servants, there were moments when some at least could be both spirited and articulate.

P.

I am grateful to Greta Steggle for looking at the Scrap Book with me and making some helpful suggestions.

Mrs. Counley's Recipe for Marmalade

To every dozen Seville oranges add 4 sweet oranges and 2 lemons.

First Day. With a sharp knife carefully remove the rind in quarters. Slice these quarters finely with the machine taking care to keep the chunky ends apart from the fine slices. The slices, when finished, should be put in a pan with a quart of water to each pound of slices.

The peeled oranges should then be squeezed and picked clean of all pips, and the resultant pulp put in another pan with the chunky end of peel and enough water to cover. The juice should then be strained and put on one side and the pips put in another pan with enough water to cover. Leave all for 24 hours.

Second day. Boil up the pulp and strain off from it all the liquid. The pulp is then thrown away and the liquid added, with the water in which the pips have been soaking and the pips themselves in a muslin bag, to the pans of sliced rind, and the whole cooked slowly in a preserving pan until the rind is tender. Put aside in pans to stand for another 24 hours.

Third day. Weigh the mixture, and the juice, add together and to each pound of rind and liquid add one pound of sugar. Over a good fire bring to the boil and boil quickly for about half an hour, stirring as much as is necessary to prevent sticking. Test for jelling and when done pour into warmed pots.

Fourth day. Tie down and label.

This recipe should produce 1 lb of marmalade to every moderate sized fruit used. About 7 lbs of sugar are used to every dozen fruit.

PETWORTH HOUSE MARMALADE made from Mrs. COUNLEY'S RECIPE
1940

The first brew, which was finished on January 31st, was made with 4 doz. Seville oranges, 16 sweet oranges and 8 lemons, 72 fruits in all.

For the final boiling, the large cauldron contained 23½ lbs fruit and liquid and 23½ lbs sugar, i.e. 47 lbs in all and produced 40 lbs of marmalade: the smaller cauldron contained 18 lbs fruit and liquid and 18 lbs of sugar, i.e. 36 lbs in all and produced 32 lbs of marmalade. 72 lbs of marmalade in all were made from this brew, i.e. 1 lb of marmalade from each fruit.

The second brew, which was finished on February 3rd, was made with 95 Seville oranges, 30 sweet oranges and 16 lemons.

It is not possible to say precisely what was in each of the four cauldrons as adjustments were made from one to another after they had been put on to boil but their total contents were 81 lbs of fruit and liquid and 81 lbs sugar, i.e. 162 lbs in all and the four pans produced 60½ lbs, 44 lbs, 27½ lbs and 18 lbs of marmalade respectively, i.e. 150 lbs of marmalade. As only 141 fruits were used, each fruit produced slightly more than 1 lb of marmalade in this brew.

In all, 222 lbs of marmalade were made and the cost worked out at 5d. a lb almost exactly. The cost of the materials was as follows:

12 doz.	Seville oranges	£1. 11. 6.	
4 doz.	sweet oranges	8. 0.	
2 doz.	lemons	5. 0.	£2. 4. 6.
1 cwt.	sugar @ 4 ³ / ₄ d. a lb		2. 4. 4.
10 lbs.	sugar from stock @ 3 ¹ / ₂ d. a lb		2. 11.
			<u>£4. 11. 9.</u>

MARMALADE 1940

The first brew of this season's marmalade contained:

48	Seville oranges		
16	sweet oranges		
8	lemons		
72	fruits	which made	72 lbs marmalade

In this final boiling, "Lady Leconfield's cauldron" contained 23½ lbs fruit and liquid and 23½ lbs sugar, 46 lbs in all, and produced 40 lbs marmalade.

"Mrs. Keys' cauldron" contained 18 lbs fruit and liquid and 18 lbs sugar, 36 lbs in all, and produced 32 lbs marmalade.

[Mrs. Cownley would be retired by 1940 and living at Stone House in High Street. She seems to have died during the war. Clearly her influence continued at Petworth House even if there was no visible presence! The name is variously spelled Counley or Cownley in our sources, possibly the former spelling is the right one. Our thanks to Lord Egremont for permission to reprint the recipe from Petworth House Archives. (Ed.)]

Memories of Pound Street

In appearance not so very different, that is apart from several buildings having changed their purpose, and three cottages on the western side being no longer in existence - but in atmosphere - it is another world!

A world of traffic noise - dust and petrol fumes! where used to be a gentle pace and country quiet!

Where the milkman and the baker would deliver daily from horse drawn vehicles, and where as children we could whip a spinning top, or use a skipping rope just outside our homes with only an occasional look for approaching cars or bicycles. Bowling a hoop was another favourite passtime.

Those were the days of the mid to late twenties and early thirties, before 'Newlands' became the Council offices, when it was a private house, staffed with servants, a gardener, and a man to care for the single horse and its stable!

Before Hitler menaced Europe and changed our lives, when only a few people either business owners or the better off had telephones, before television, computers and fax had

been heard of, when appendicitis was a serious illness and the operation life threatening and, when some unfortunate people, homeless and destitute through no fault of their own, had to enter the workhouse. But - I've wandered off! that is yet another story, although an integral part of Petworth history.

Back to Pound street!

I have known it since 1925 when my mother and I first came to live there in a very small cottage, having previously shared a home with her sister for a short time.

There was a housing shortage even then, for almost all small dwellings were the property of the Leconfield estate, and usually only available to their employees. So, there was a dearth of anything to rent privately then, as now, Council houses being at that time only the very few in Station Road.

Our former cottage is still there, having changed ownership several times. Indeed, almost the whole street is as it used to be on the eastern side - only at the northern end has there been structural change.

On the corner at the very top, there is now an elegant antique showroom, where formerly used to be the office and sales room of the local gas company from the mid-thirties until after world war II. Prior to that were two or three very old cottages, each with a deep old fashioned door step up to the front door - which, like most others in Petworth, opened directly into the living room - as did ours further down the road.

Most rural areas like ours were very much behind the times so far as domestic mod-cons: were concerned. So, there were few bathroom or inside toilets! For most of us, the latter would be at the least outside, if not actually down the garden path! Such were the times and social inequalities. The many things we expect, and take for granted today - had yet to arrive!

After those houses came a small somewhat dingy sweet shop. Although neither bright nor attractive, several of us would spend our Saturday pennies there. The owner, a little old lady would serve the mint humbugs or boiled sweets with difficulty, for, not then being individually wrapped, they would stick together in their glass jars and have to be jabbed and stabbed apart with some sort of metal spike, like a long paper knife.

I can't remember what happened to that old lady, she probably died, for she and her sweets were one day no longer there, and the shop became a grocery.

The present day 'Tasty Plaice' was always a fish shop, although then, not a frying one. It was a bona-fide wet fish shop, the wares being smartly and efficiently cleaned and filleted on the spot as required. A pleasure to watch, Petworth could do with such a one today.

Mr. Caine's fruit and vegetable store was next door, and continued for years until Peter's own family took over the business, then eventually Peter himself until recent times. Imagine then, coming out of Mr. Caine's to walk down the road - adjoining it was another tiny shop selling music and accessories. Its owner, Mr. Todman was also a piano tuner, he tuned our piano for years, calling at regular intervals for the purpose, he never needed a reminder. I don't think his little shop ever received much attention in the way of sweeping and dusting, for I can well remember when a little older, being able to buy or order a piece of sheet music, the very musty, dusty smell on opening the shop door! If in existence today,



King George V at Pitshill in 1928. The group is identified in P. Jerrome and J. Newdick, *Petworth the Winds of Change* pp 29. Lady Meux is second left front row. See "Pick Parsley Quick ...!" Photograph by George Garland.



The Rev. H.L. Newman, Rector of Sutton for many years. The photograph seems to come from the late 1930s. See Sutton's Rector. Photograph by George Garland.

it would probably be belting out rock or reggae or whatever in competition with the traffic!

Over the top of the shop was what is now 'Trowel Cottage'. At the time of which I write, a family named Smith lived there. Mr. Smith was a postman, there were several children. One daughter, Evelyn, was for a while a particular friend of mine - due I think to our being partners in our school cookery class. There have been several different occupants since that time. Following the Smith family, came Mr. and Mrs. Simmonds and their son and daughter. On thinking back to who lived when and where, one is appalled at the number of old friends and neighbours now no more! People who were part of our everyday life for year after year. At my age, one begins to feel isolated as more fresh faces take the place of those who have gone.

I remember Mr. and Mrs. Allison who lived further down at 'York Cottage' but before we get there, we come to the long old stone wall, topped by a dense box hedge, alongside the narrow pavement and leading to Box House, the entrance up a short flight of stone steps. Those steps, although now parallel with the pavement, were years ago at right angles to it, and extending almost to the kerb. The alteration took place when another house was built in the precinct of Box House sometime in the thirties, for traffic was then beginning to increase. There are old picture postcards about, showing this part of the street as it was then and also the tree that grew outside the house. When I was a child, Box House was occupied by two elderly sisters; Miss Emma and Miss Fanny Austen. Diminutive and dainty, I believe they once ran a little private school. I have a distinct memory of Miss Fanny when I began at Eager Bros. chatting with Olive and me while she chose fabric for her summer 'mornings dresses'.

Olive and I were fully aware of Mr. Stanley's disapproval of that friendly little 'get together' but he couldn't risk offending an old and favourite customer. For a few brief minutes the advantage was ours!

We are now almost at the end of the street, just another half dozen buildings. The next, a timber framed cottage, perhaps Pound Street's prettiest where then lived the Nairn family. Mr. Nairn was a shoemaker, and the board advertising his trade was over the front door. Their elder daughter Edna, was about my age, and one of several school friends. In the garden was another small cottage with widows only on the front. Eventually it was pulled down.

The next building, one of a pair with our own, was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Summersell. He worked for Austens in the Market Square, doing the delivery of goods and paraffin. In their house one day, I was fascinated by a glass case on their living room wall containing a large stuffed fish - a pike! It was quite handsome in its way and in a suitably watery looking background, but I thought it looked cold and dismal. It would be a collector's piece today no doubt, I wonder what became of it?

We have now reached my old home. Mother at first found it very irritating, having been used to the six rooms of a terrace villa in Portsmouth where I was born. My father had died in France in World War I and loneliness and a large rent increase eventually caused her to move. Although small, the cottage was very cosy. In winter, the glowing open fire in the living room was a delight.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace White and son Charles were next door to us for many years, then

comes York Cottage, a larger double fronted house, then occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Pugsley and daughter Rose. Rose too was about my age and one of our little school group. Mr. Pugsley was I believe the Registrar, they left about 1930 to take up management of the workhouse. Peter's grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Allison then came there to live.

Last, but by no means least, is Newlands. A pillared and porticoed gentry house of moderate size, it was occupied privately until shortly before World War II, at the time of our arrival by Mrs. Eardley-Wilmot, her son and daughter and staff of servants, then later by Mrs. Bradford, two daughters and two or three Austrian maids. There were many of those Austrian or German maids in this area at that time. They all disappeared at about the time of the Munich crisis. We, and our little group, were by then grown up, and gone to our various jobs, although meeting socially in free time. It had for a year or two, been a very happy time, we all belonged to the 'Imps' (Junior Imperial League) and to the League of Nations youth group, and thoroughly enjoyed our dances, social evenings and amateur dramatics. The foreign girls were also encouraged to join us which a few of them did, although with hindsight, I have since wondered why there were so many German nationals over here at this particular time.

Regarding the 'Imps', I don't know how politically motivated we local friends were at that time, I rather think the social side was the main attraction, it was for me anyway. Petworth, up to then had been sadly lacking in any spare time activities. The 'Imps' anyway, being political had to finish when war was declared. Personally, I look back on that little period of life in Pound Street with pleasure - it broke up never to return, for nothing was ever the same again.

On the subject of Newlands, I was quite young when I discovered something to me, very interesting. It concerned the garden, which occupied not only the space behind the house, but continued beyond it up behind our cottages, and parallel with South Lane (Back Lane). Before the present day car park was built, the walls enclosing South Lane were higher, and at intervals along it, were several clearly bricked outlines of filled in garden doors, each one on a direct line with one of the smaller houses had their gardens extended toward the rear instead of being cut off leaving only limited space. It was to me anyway, fairly obvious that ground had been taken from our houses in order to extend Newlands garden. That could have been when Newlands house was built. As a Georgian building, it would certainly have been later than the cottages, or it could have been done at a later date - but done it most certainly must have been and typical of the time that those with money or influence, and who so wished, could take what they wanted at the expense of the less fortunate. Anyway, the car park has swallowed Newlands' once lovely garden, including a beautiful old mulberry tree that used to hang over the South Lane wall, and a 'moongate' half way along its length. There must be somewhere, old deeds and plans that would bear it out. It would be interesting to investigate!

The opposite and western side of the street is really an extension of the Petworth Park boundary, the ground behind the wall, and the buildings further along being much higher.

From our upstairs front window, one could see over the park wall into the 'nuttery' and perhaps see, very occasionally, either Mr. or Mrs. Fred Streeter, he being Petworth House head gardener and later of B.B.C. fame!



Demolishing old cottages in Pound Street 1962. The buildings at the front have been demolished: this shows the cottage to the rear.

Going on up the road there is now a large gap, where formerly used to be three cottages, considered to be beyond restoration and repair - although I have wondered if their destruction was another mistake like that of South Cottage and the workhouse. Anyway, at that earlier time, all three were occupied. Mrs. Harvey, a war widow like mother, and her daughter Kathleen lived in the first. Kathy was another of our school group.

The Hamilton family were in the centre one, and the Charmans with one daughter at the end. Mr. Charman was I seem to remember, a Southdown 'bus driver or conductor. All but Mrs. Harvey moved on, and during the war one or two families evacuated from London moved in.

Still moving on up the road, a larger house called 'Magnolia' comes next. It stands high, approached by a number of steps. It was then the home of Petworth House head forester Mr. Wilcox. His daughter Winnie, my senior by a number of years, was one of Eager Bros. staff during my time there.

Two more smaller houses come next, also on the same higher level. There have been several different occupants over the years, but at that time, Mr. and Mrs. Pullen and family lived in the further one.

Next comes 'The House In Pound Street', as it is now called, a new coinage I think. On a lower level than the previous three, it was for many years the home of the Whitcomb family, several of whom were connected with the Leconfield estate. Of an older generation than myself, they have all passed on, but were a well known and familiar part of Petworth.

There is one more house at the very top - not exactly in Pound Street, the driveway extending on to the turning into Park Road. An attractive house, it may or may not still be named 'Culvercroft' and was for a long time the home of one of our Petworth doctors, one Doctor Kerr, (for some unknown reason pronounced Carr) his wife and two daughters. It was very much a part of the then smaller Petworth scene, both girls joining our Girl Guide group. The latter was a great social leveller even at that time, in which we all learned things we shall always remember. The family eventually moved away, then when the old Boys school was destroyed by the bomb of 1942, 'Culvercroft' became Petworth Boys' School until the new secondary school in Midhurst was built.

Thus did Pound Street look in those old days, not so much a change of scene, but a constant kaleidoscope of people and personalities.

Marjorie Alix

Sutton's Rector A Garland feature from the late 1930s

A short time ago I was talking to a man who was working in a farm field out Duncton way, and in the course of my conversation with him I asked if he knew the Rector of nearby Sutton, the Rev H.L. Newman.

"Whoi", he said, "doant you know 'e? Everybody knows un round about these parts. 'E've bin passon at Sutton fur nigh on 50 years. Started off there with Mus Sockett, 'e did, and 'ave bin there ever since".

A short time after this I set out for Sutton, for I had determined to meet this parson who had been established so long in the village, because I felt sure his "story" would be of more than ordinary interest.

You, my reader, may never have been to Sutton, in which case, and for your information, I would tell you that if you make your way into the place from the north, you have to climb your way up through The Hollow, which is shut in on both sides by high banks, with trees a-top of them, And because of this The Hollow is somewhat dark and eerie on a winter's afternoon, so that those of a nervous turn of mind may not care to venture that way at all after nightfall.

But there, I was forgetting. I am not supposed to be expatiating upon Sutton, and the ways into it at all. My destination is the Rectory, and my quest this Rev Newman, who has been parson in this very charming West Sussex village for close on 50 years.

Here it is. You turn into The Rectory on the right here, at the top of The Hollow which I started to tell you about.

The Rector was at home, and opened the door to me himself. He escorted me into the old fashioned drawing room of this truly charming old Sussex Parsonage, and as he told me the story of his father's and family's long connection with the place, an impudent little brown squirrel kept popping in and out through the french windows from the lawn outside, so that my mind was constantly being distracted from the Rector's narrative.

Mr Newman told me that his father, the late Robert Newman, was first a curate at Ravensworth, in Yorkshire, in 1859, at which time, in spite of the fact that he had a first class degree in Divinity from Trinity College, Dublin, his stipend was only £30!

Later he came to Sutton, where he was curate for 35 years, and Rector for 15.

Here it was that Louis Newman (the present Rector) was born in 1871. At the time of his birth his father was curate here. Four of the seven children went into the church.

Educated at the old Christs Hospital, when it was in Newgate St, London, and later for two years at Wantage Grammar School, Louis Newman started his career as a schoolmaster at Chelmsford Grammar School, later going to a private school at Worthing, where one of his first pupils was Mr T.H. Upton, who now lives at nearby Duncton, and is an esteemed parishioner of that place.

During the time he was at Worthing, Mr Newman recalls that the town suffered from a typhoid epidemic, which was much worse than the one which has afflicted Croydon just recently. This was in about 1891-92.

From Worthing he went to the Theological College at Chichester, passing out from there in 1895. In the Christmas of that year he was ordained Deacon by the late Bishop Tufnell (sometime Bishop of Brisbane) who was acting for the Archbishop of Canterbury during the time the bishopric was vacant through the death of Bishop Durnford of Chichester.

In 1896 he was ordained priest, at the same time as the late J.A.W. Bell, whose sad death occurred at Slinfold only a week or so ago.

In 1895 Mr Newman became licenced curate to the late Rev Sockett, who held the living for 50 years, and after his death in April 1900, he carried on as curate there until 1916.

In 1902 he was married at Great Beelings, in Suffolk, to the late Rector's widow (Mrs Sockett). They were married by the late Rev Howard Beech, who long afterwards became the parson at neighbouring Burton, and who now lies buried in the tiny churchyard standing in picturesque Burton Park.

Mr Newman had become Rector of nearby Barlavington in 1902 (a post which his father had held before him), and so from this time and until 1916, he was Rector of Barlavington and curate of Sutton!

The living of Barlavington was the gift of the late Douglas Hall, member of parliament for the Isle of Wight, who was a well known figure at Burton Park at that time, but in 1900, owing to a lapse, it became the gift of the King then King Edward VIIth.

In 1916 the Rev Newman became Rector of Sutton, which was then combined with Barlavington.

During his 43 years at Sutton, Mr Newman can remember many changes. His father restored Bignor church, and he can just remember the late Bishop Durnford coming to re-open it in 1878. The church had been closed for about three years, and during that time the parishioners had to worship elsewhere.

His father was also responsible for the restoration of Barlavington church, in 1874, and although he cannot, of course, remember this, he still has the subscription list of the time.

Mr Newman recalled that the curate's house in the old days (originally built for the use of a single man), is that now occupied by Mr Oliver Hall, the famous artist, who has lived there for many years.

It would appear that Sutton takes kindly to its parsons, for in a hundred years they have had but two Rectors there. The late "Parson" Smith, who held the living for 50 years, and then good master Sockett, who held the living for a like period. The former appears to have been something of a character, for he kept a pack of hounds at the Rectory, and used to hunt them himself. He was also very keen on shooting.

It is recorded of him that he used to drive a coach about the district with three grey horses harnessed to it in "pick-axe" fashion.

The present Rector is a man of many accomplishments. He is a very good amateur actor, and as an exponent of the Sussex dialect he has, I should say, few equals. In this connection he is a familiar figure at village concerts throughout West Sussex.

For many years he worked a loom at the Rectory, weaving his own cloth from which his suits were made, but he gave up this occupation when his first wife died in 1931; since when the loom has stood neglected, shrouded with dust and memories, maybe.

Ten years or more ago he was taught basket making by Mr Lambert, the blind basket maker of Worthing, and is now quite an expert in this fascinating craft.

Two years ago Mr Newman married again, his partner being the widow of his very old friend, the late Cayley Calvert, of Coldwaltham.

Before I left him, Mr Newman took me over to show me the church with which he has been associated for so long. Here he told me his only son, and his son, had both been christened.

Sutton church is a fine old building in the Transition-Norman style of 1160-1190, and contains a 13th century font with octagonal bowl and eight shafts. The West Tower is very fine indeed.

As I stood wishing him good bye at the entrance to the Rectory I asked him what he deplored most in this present mechanical hurry skurry age, and he replied that the most regretted the passing of the old Sussex dialect.

But later, as I wended my way down the steep hill of the Hollow I passed by two locals, who, judging from their conversation, had evidently not forgotten the tongue of their Anglo Saxon forefathers. I must write and tell Mus Newman about they ... but there, I spacks 'e knows um!

From: Garland, Petworth. *Exclusive to The West Sussex Gazette.*

'You've got to keep the hoe going...'

I went to Petworth Boys' School and left at the end of the summer term 1937. Technically I wouldn't be fourteen until the end of August but I went to work in the Gardens at Petworth House when I was still only thirteen, at the beginning of August. The Gardens were fairly familiar territory for me, my mother's job being to look after the "bothy" where the career gardeners lived. The bothy was no shepherd's hut, as it might be in Scotland, but effectively a kind of communal bungalow, single story with three or four bedrooms, a living room, kitchen and scullery. I didn't of course, live in the bothy, as I was living at home and didn't have much occasion go to in there, but it was an enduring presence to anyone who worked in the Gardens and I'd often speak to my mother as she worked in the kitchen. The

journeymen gardeners lived in the bothy, for this was still a time when young men took up gardening as a profession, moving from large house to large house in search of preferment. They'd not be local, but came from all over the country. It was in this way that Fred Streeter had worked himself up to become Head Gardener at Petworth and there were many looking to emulate him. My mother looked after the young men, did the cooking and cleaning and brought their socks to mend at a penny a time. As she said, it didn't really pay for the wool, let alone the work! How did I get the job? Well, I really simply fell into it. Charlie Blunden had left to work for the Co-op and there was a vacancy on the lowest rung. My mother worked in the Gardens, her uncle had worked there too, while my grandfather had been a lodge-keeper on the estate. After all it was a very ordinary job, ten shillings a week, paid fortnightly. I don't suppose they would have been flooded with applications.

We started at 7 o'clock in the morning, an hour before the somewhat "spoiled" Estate workmen. Breakfast was a 9 o'clock for twenty minutes, time for tea and a sandwich. There was a little stove in the bothy. I was "pot boy", washing clay pots in two big old wooden casks, made by sawing a barrel in half. I'd wash the pots and stack them in a low pyramid to dry in the alley between the greenhouse and the wash area near the stokehole. We simply washed the pots, and sometimes I might be doing this virtually all day, but there were other jobs for the pot boy like scrubbing out the greenhouses, polishing brass, painting the ironwork or helping George Carter, the foreman, to take plants and floral decoration up to the House. Opposite the entrance to the chapel there was a recess with white sliding doors where we kept bits and pieces for floral decoration. My impression was that Mr. Streeter didn't actually do the elaborate floral decorations for the tables at the House; the gardeners did this and he added the final touches. Wet clay was used rather as oasis would be now. The flowers were stuck into the clay pug, while leaves and sphagnum moss were used to cover the pug itself.

As I have said, George Carter was foreman, but I also remember Charlie Matthews and Don Pullman as "greenhouse gardeners". These men were not usually local; they were career gardeners, here for a time and then moving on. They would have the ambition of ending up as head gardener somewhere. Jim Steer had charge of the kitchen garden, with four men under him, while for the flowers there were Harold Cobby and Jim Butt with help from Bill Spreadborough and Billy Hunt. George Davies, a Welshman, was in the Pleasure Grounds and he was helped by Harold Cobby when necessary. Jim Pullen from Hill top at Tillington was odd-job man and my immediate supervisor. He'd wash pots with me, wash down the greenhouses, do limewash, and fumigate with nicotine. I think the chemical was put into a little receptacle over a candle. Once you'd set it up, you'd get out. It wasn't long before I was potting up strawberries. Strawberries were grown under glass, as were melons, cucumber, young cauliflowers and lettuce, the things you could bring on early season or even grow out of season. The greenhouses also produced gloxinia, cyclamen and other flowers for exhibition. As regard out of season produce, Lord Leconfield had certain requirements: some little spring onions and a bunch of radishes every day. I used to take these up to the House.

There was a definite difference between "greenhouse" men and other gardeners. The greenhouse men in fact hardly ever worked outside. I'm not saying that they never did but

they were certainly usually to be found inside. Allied to the greenhouses was the forcing house, where sea-kale heads were blanched, endive grown, rhubarb of course and probably chicory, although I don't actually remember that. There was a special house for mushrooms. Celery was grown outside. Fruit was another province altogether: Jack Forsyth looked after that; it was mainly grown on espaliers against the wall and, what with pruning and everything else, there was plenty for him to do. Whether he dealt with the orchards down at Littlecote I don't know. Reg Greest was responsible for the lawns and probably helped generally, if needed. He had a motor-mower - by the late 1930s the days of scything were already long gone.

You would move up in the Gardens only when someone else left. So it was a year or two before I took over from Dick Thomas who was responsible for the vegetable supply to the House. I'd pick brussels sprouts, parsnip, cauliflower and a certain amount of fruit. Jim Steer was now my immediate boss. In later years I'd run into him when I came back to Petworth to visit. "Hullo Beelly", he'd say in his drawling way. As regarding the vegetables for the day, the foreman would get an order for what was required - I don't know quite how this worked as I was only at the end of a chain. Fred Streeter may well have gone up to the kitchen himself, he was always about and available and even in the garden he could turn his hand to anything.

In between times I'd do hoeing or weeding but I didn't dig. It was a job I have never



Fred Streeter in the late 1930s. The Pomeranian is hidden by the photographer's shadow.

liked and I couldn't compare with some of the men: I can remember them double trenching for beans, straight as a die, two spits down. With such a staff the gardeners were supposed to grow more or less everything. There was plenty to do but no pressure and certainly nothing in the form of modern productivity deals. The man in charge of each department knew his job and Fred Streeter had overall responsibility. He had to delegate of course but the heads of the various operations were men you could rely on. Fred Streeter seemed kindly enough in a distant way but he was very much the governor. He had a little Pomeranian dog and a fierce dislike of smoking. It wasn't official policy to ban smoking; it was a personal thing with him. Fortunately the Pomeranian always preceded his master and if the men caught sight of the Pomeranian they knew they had to get their cigarettes stubbed out quickly. You wouldn't be sacked if you were caught

smoking but you'd certainly feel Fred Streeter's displeasure. "Any of you boys been smoking?", he'd ask gruffly. Another thing I remember him saying was, "You've got to keep the hoe going". Lord Leconfield I never saw in the Gardens, in the Park perhaps or at the Festival of Remembrance, but never in the Gardens.

Sometimes we'd go out to get leaf mould, often to the Pleasure Grounds where the leaves were collected and left to rot in shallow pits. I'd go with Jim Pullen. Or we might go to just under Duncton Hill with Bert Penfold driving the Estate lorry. There was a big riddle to sieve out the smaller stuff. I always thought the Duncton mould superior to that from the Pleasure Grounds. We'd use the mould for mixing compost, and we needed compost in very large amounts. Its base was loam, ie turves cut and stored face down and left to rot. After about a year it would be nice fibrous stuff, cut off from the main pile, a barrow-load at a time. There was a big bench in the potting shed and the loam would be put on it. It had to be mixed with sharp sand and bonemeal, and, possibly, some grit, depending on the type of plant to be grown. In fact for some plants, we might use rubble or lath and plaster; with so many buildings, the Leconfield Estate had plenty of both. Acid-loving plants like azalea or rhododendron would need an addition of peat.

The new job in fact took me out of the greenhouse elite into which I might have graduated, and in any case the war was coming. Nothing would be the same then. Certainly nothing seemed to be happening in the Gardens at Petworth: it was probably time to move on. By this time I was used to the boilers, clearing the clinker and relighting them if it was necessary. There were two big boilers apart from some small ones in the fruit ranges. By this time too I was doing night duty when it was my turn. Time to move I thought and I answered a magazine advert, probably in the *Gardener's Chronicle*, and went to work at Polesden Lacy, home of the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville, a member of the elite greenhouse staff. It was far smaller than Petworth, but I was still under age to be called up. When I was, my gardening days were over and I never went back.

Bill Westlake was talking to the Editor

Gleanings from the West Sussex Gazette 1883-1887

22nd February 1883

Petworth F.C.

Petworth Football Club v Petersfield.

Petworth Team:

J. Fry (Goal), Daintrey and Spencer (Backs), Wells and Evershed (Half-backs), Holdaway (Capt.), Tugwell, Eeede, Johnson, Sinclair and Speakstone (Forwards).

(The match was drawn 0-0. Petworth Football Club had been founded a couple of years earlier. Mr. Holdaway the skipper was assistant master to Cornelius Allen at the Boys School.)

5th April 1883

Petwóth Post Office - a letter

To the Editor,

Sir,

The Post Office being removed to Pound Street during the alteration of premises which will take something like nine months to complete, the present position of the Post Office is double the distance for those who live at the east end of the town. Could I ask, through your valuable paper, if a temporary pillar box could not be placed by the authorities in the market Square, near the old Post Office, for the convenience of those who only require to post letters. As I am now situated I find it a great inconvenience.

Your etc.

An inhabitant.

New Members

- Mr. T.J. Allbright, Greyhound, London Road, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. P. Byerley, Cowmans Cottage, North Street, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. Dormer, 8, Rothermead, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. S. Hook, Vine Cottage, Bell Vale Lane, Haslemere, Surrey, GU27 3DJ.
Mr. S. Orwell, Orchard Cottage, Bignor, Pulborough, RH20 1PQ.
Mr. & Mrs. Owen, Butlers Cottage, North Street, Petworth.
Mr. J. Taylor, P.O. Box 65, 21, Park Road, Warrington, Otago, New Zealand.
Mr. G. Warren, Waites Cottage, Tillington, Petworth, GU28 9AQ.
Mr. & Mrs. Westlake, 53, Richman Hill, Coulsdon, Surrey, CR5 3DT.
Mr. & Mrs. N.V. Wheeler, Lovat Glen, East Dean, Chichester, PO18 0JM.
Mr. & Mrs. G. Whittington, River Park Farm Cottages, Tillington, Petworth.
Mrs. V. Williams, 5, Hoxton Square, London, N1 6NU.
Mr. & Mrs. A. Henderson, 62, Sheepdown Drive, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. D. Johnston, 7, Gassons Road, Southbourne, Emsworth, Hants.
Mr. E.C. Wigg, Albury, Vicarage Hill, Loxwood, Billingshurst, RH14 0RE.
Mrs. C. Fisher, 11, Albert Street, Ryde, Isle of Wight, PO33 2SB.
Mrs C.F. Sandford, 15, Pennington Road, Hartford, Huntingdon, Cambs. PE18 7QF.
Mrs C.Y. Rolfe, Kimbers Cottage, River Common, Petworth, GU28 9BH.
Mr. & Mrs. K.I. Geary, 11, Allfrey's Wharf, Pulborough, RH20 2BN.
Mr. L.A. Whitcomb, 63, Dudley Road, Brighton, BN1 7GL.
Mr. G. Allan & Mr. T. Moore, Stone House, High Street, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs L.C.J. Wilson, 42 Buttermere Way, Rustington, Littlehampton BN17 6SX.



Winter/Spring Programme. Please keep for reference.

Sunday December 1st ANTIQUE FAIR. Leconfield Hall. In aid of Petworth Cottage Museum.

Planted Bulb Sale for Petworth Cottage Museum 6th December 1996

Friday 6th December. At the Old Rectory, Sutton, courtesy of Mr and Mrs Boreham. 10 to 12.30 and 2 to 4. Entry £1.50 includes tea or coffee. But do give a ring and come Thursday evening or Saturday if you can't manage Friday. Telephone 01798 - 869258.

The Old Rectory is next to Sutton Church.

Walks begin again in April

LECONFIELD HALL EVENT

Saturday 8th February "Words and Music".
An evening with Jill Balcon and Terence Allbright.
7.30 p.m. Tickets - Davids £5.

Special Event: Thursday 27th February:

Three's Company present:

WEST END MAGIC!

An informed and enjoyable journey through all your favourite west-end shows with selections from Les Miserables, Cats, Phantom of the Opera, Miss Saigon and Oliver to name but a few.

Tickets £4 Davids

This is the Society's February meeting.



Visit: Sunday 23rd March

Special pre-season opening of Petworth House for the Petworth Society. Arrive at Church Lodge at 2 p.m. Depart 4 p.m. Tea and biscuits. There should also be a chance to look at Mrs Cownley's Scrap Book now kindly donated by Mr Leslie Whitcomb to the National Trust. Admission to House is free, small charge for tea and biscuits.

I am sorry this clashes with Palm Sunday but we couldn't do anything about the date, the last Sunday before the House reopens.

Monthly meetings: Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m. Refreshments. Raffle. £1.50.

Monday 16th December

Petworth Society Christmas Evening

Changed format this year.

£1.50. Mince pies, punch.

Wednesday 22nd January

Jan Roddick:

Journey to Nepal — an artist's view.

Slides

