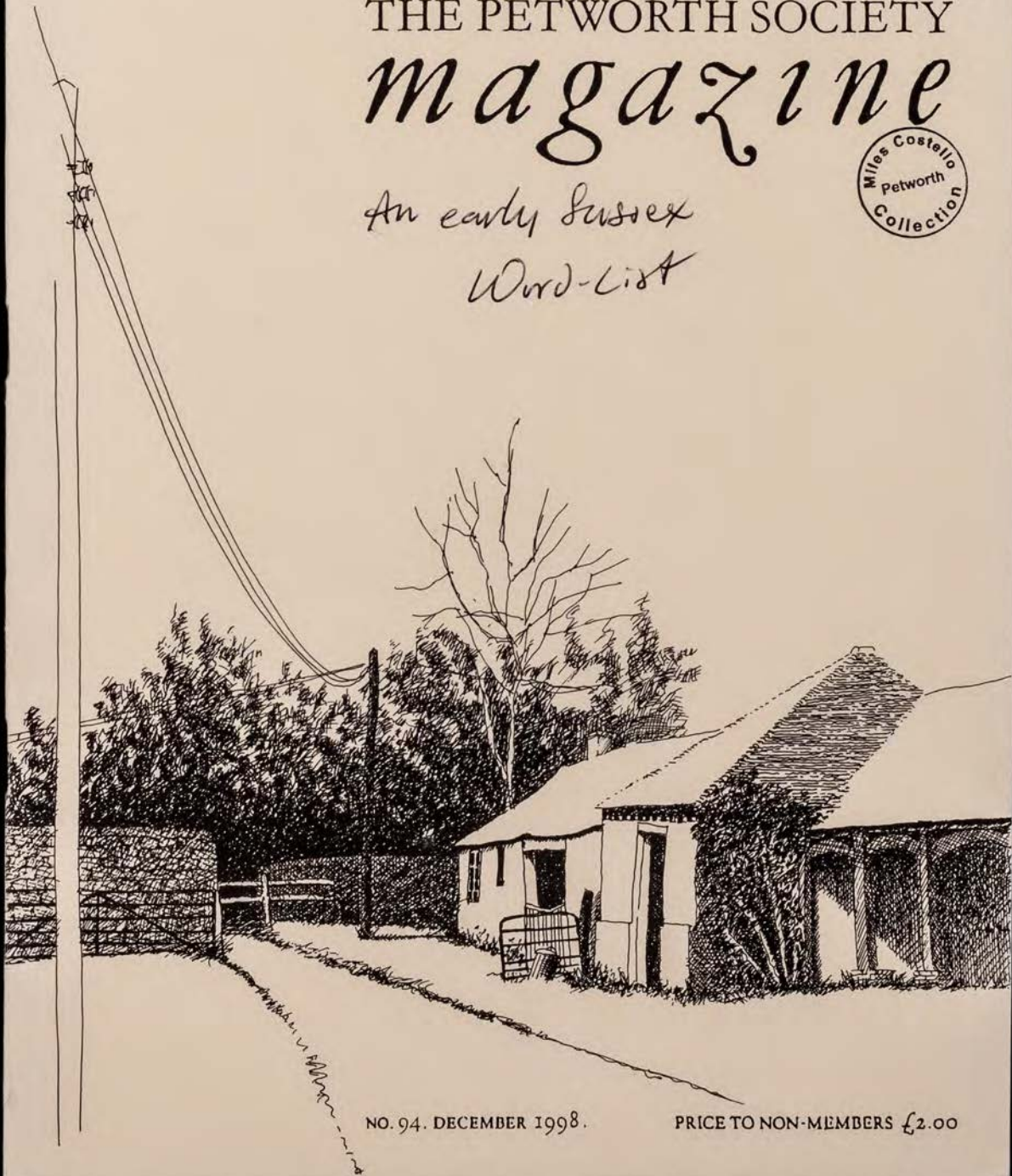


THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
Magazine

*An early Sussex
Word-List*



NO. 94. DECEMBER 1998.

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The drawing on the back cover is of a door in the wall at Parkhurst Farm - also by Jonathan Newdick.

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THE PETWORTH SOCIETY SUPPORTS THE
LECONFIELD HALL
AND PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM!

Winter/early Spring Programme. Please keep for reference.



Monday December 7th

"John Sirgood's Way". An informal evening presenting the new book on the Loxwood Dependants or "Cokelers". Slides. Leconfield Hall 7.30. Light refreshments. Open Evening.

So many were unable to come on October 31st that it seemed sensible to offer another, possibly less formal evening.

Wednesday December 9th

Petworth Cottage Museum Stewards' Party
Leconfield Hall 7.30. Refreshments. Entertainment.

If you have ever thought about being a Museum steward, or simply would like to find out about the Cottage Museum you are most welcome to come.

* Wednesday December 16th

Petworth Society Christmas Evening
Welcome return visit of Three's Company with some more of their "West End magic".
Different programme this time.

Tickets £4 on door. Season Refreshments. Raffle. See local publicity.

Thursday January 14th

"Proud Petworth and Beyond 1945 - 1970"
Peter Jerrome presents George Garland's view of post-war Petworth and the immediate neighbourhood. Slides.
Leconfield Hall 7.30. Admission £1.50. Refreshments, raffle.

Sunday February 14th

Nigel's Snowdrop Walk. We'd hope to catch the snowdrops.
Cars leave Petworth Car Park at 2.15 p.m.

* Wednesday February 17th

Alison Neil presents: Mrs Beaton - in person!
Tickets £4 on door. Refreshments, raffle. See local publicity.

Thursday March 25th

A Petworth Society Jubilee! Twenty five years!
A celebration with slides. Something of a party perhaps.
It will also be our last function in the unrefurbished Hall which will be closed for repairs during the summer months.
Leconfield Hall 7.30. Refreshments, Raffle. Admission £1.50.

Borrowing facility

Mr Keith Thompson has Society copies of the three Limited Edition Window Press books which can be borrowed by members. Contact Keith on Petworth 342585.

"So Sweet as the Phlox is". The diary of Florence Rapley 1909-1912 (1993)

"Not all sunshine hear". A History of Ebernoe (1996)

"John Sirgood's Way". The story of the Loxwood Dependants (1998)

ORDER FORM

Peter Jerrome:

John Sirgood's Way : The Story of the Loxwood Dependants. 150 numbered copies.

Please supply 1 copy, individually numbered of John Sirgood's Way at £40.

If ordering for postal delivery please add £3.15.

Name:

Address:

I enclose cheque for payable to the Window Press.

Please send order and cheque to The Window Press, Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth, Sussex GU28 0DX.

And a Merry Christmas from Peter and the Committee.

18th November

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:

Chairman

Mr P.A. Jerrome MBE, Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth (Tel. 342562) GU28 0DX

Vice Chairman

Mr K.C. Thompson, 18 Rothermead, Petworth (Tel. 342585) GU28 0EW

Hon. Treasurer

Mr P. Hounsham, 50 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth (Tel. 343461) GU28 0BX

Hon. Magazine Secretary

Mrs B. Hodson, The Cottage, Whitelocks, Sutton

Committee

Mr Stephen Boakes, Lord Egremont, Mr Ian Godsmark, Mrs Audrey Grimwood, Mr Andrew Henderson, Mrs Anne Simmons, Mrs Ros Staker, Mr J. Taylor, Mr Graham Whittington, Mrs Linda Wort

Magazine distributors

Mr Henderson, Mrs Mason, Mr Thompson, Mrs Simmons, Mrs Hounsham, Mr Boakes (Petworth), Mrs Adams (Byworth), Mrs Hodson (Sutton and Duncton), Mrs Williams (Graffham), Mr Derek Gourd (Tillington and River), Mrs Goodyer, Mrs Williams (Fittleworth)

Society Scrapbook

Mrs Pearl Godsmark

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

With the Leconfield Hall out of action for renovation for an indefinite period from April our spring programme will be one meeting short but I still think there's plenty to interest you. In January we look at Petworth and district from 1945 to 1970 through the eyes (and the lens) of George Garland. In February Alison Neil will bring her acclaimed one-woman presentation of Mrs Beaton to the Hall, while in March we will have an evening to celebrate the Society's Silver Jubilee. This, our last meeting in an unrefurbished Hall, will be a good time to look back on the last twenty-five years.

For the Christmas evening we have the return of Three's Company with a different programme. No one who came when they were last here will want to miss them this time and those that only heard about it will not want to miss out again. A full house is certain. No tickets - pay on the door, but don't leave it too late. The admission for Three's Company and Alison Neil will be £4 to include refreshments. Other evenings, of course, our usual £1.50. Professional performers of the calibre of Three's Company and Alison Neil work very hard and we have no subsidy to help us with their fees. Our aim on these evenings is simply to break even. If you have had an evening to remember we're happy.

Members will have heard with sadness of the passing of John Simmons. He was not a committee member but like so many "other halves" very much a part of the Society. He was also a skilled film projectionist whose expertise we have used once and again over the years. I don't know anyone who would splice or cut a film for us now. In old "Regal" days he had worked there for a time as projectionist. A very full St Mary's was its own tribute to the town's sympathy for Anne in her loss. This quarter has seen, as most quarters unfortunately do, the passing of one or two long-standing members, as also of "Bill" Vincent, so much a part of the very fabric of the Society that it seems appropriate to append the following note on his outstanding contribution over the years.

Peter

29th October.

E.W. 'Bill' Vincent. An appreciation

A few lines on Bill Vincent may be appropriate as he was for so long such an important part of this Society, not simply for what he did but also as in some indefinable way embodying the Society's very spirit. Bill had been a committee member for nearly twenty years, a great proportion of the Society's existence. If, of late years, he had been somewhat less active, he still carried out the critical function of "sorting the postals", with well over three hundred Magazines to envelope and send off every quarter. This was no light matter but one that Bill always seemed to relish. It was only when one saw the large stacked boxes waiting at

Westside to go off to the Post Office that one realised what a big job it was. Bill also hand-delivered the Tillington Magazines and, until quite recently, had a regular round of posters advertising Society events. He also took a great interest in working for the local Red Cross Centre. For most local Society members it was Bill's work with the projector and slides that most endeared him to a wider public. The immortal phrase "next one Bill" and his somewhat unpredictable response were a part of local folk-lore.

In fact the name "Bill", as he was universally known, was a substitute for Edward, his real first name. Bill told me once that he was called "Bill" after his uncle and the name stuck. His father Perce had been well-known in local musical circles for his fine voice and I always imagined that Bill too could sing. If he did, I never heard him. He grew up in Pound Street, looking out on the yard at the back of the fish shop, Gosden's Yard as it was still called. Memories of the 1914-1918 war were perhaps twice-told stories for Bill would have been fairly young then. Mr Penrose the Rector digging gardens for wives whose husbands were away at the Front, or, even, earlier times when performing bears would spend the night in the yard of the Queen's Head in High Street, while their itinerant masters dosed down in the beer house. Bill never lost touch with a Petworth that was old even when he was born. Early days working as an after-school errand boy at Bacon's the shoe-shop are chronicled in Magazine No. 59.

Bill was still in the Army when the war closed and it was a little while before he was demobilised. He went to work for Mr Whittington the plumber and when the latter ceased trading went into business on his own account. I suppose this was when I first knew him in the late 1950s. He had an upstairs workshop in what is now the Old Bakehouse, then of course, unreconstructed. Over the years Bill and his succession of Robin Reliants, always yellow, were inseparable companions. Bill's workshop door carried a poster advertising a film called "The Italian Job", "The Italian Connection", or something like that and the punchline ran, "It's daylight robbery, How do they get away with it?" Not by today's standards a slogan to carry on your workshop door but it seemed to survive for years.

Bill took the greatest interest in George Garland's photographs, George being still alive then. In a more general way he was a great enquirer into everything that appertained to an older Petworth. Although he lived at Tillington he was "Petworth" in a sense that, in modern terms, is effectively no longer possible. When Vera died several years ago he will have found adjustment difficult but he never spoke of this; he was in some ways a very private man. To all appearance he remained the same, if a little slower and no longer inclined to venture out of an evening. His son Chris lives at Burton with his family while his other son, John, had moved with his family to Orkney a few years previously. Bill loved Orkney and of late years always had half an eye on that faraway place. It was in some ways appropriate that he should die suddenly in Orkney on a boating expedition and in the presence of members of his family.

Bill was buried, as Vera had been, in the beautiful churchyard at Egdean. The Society in particular and Petworth in general will be the poorer for his passing. His proverbial "failure to understand" could be trying on occasions but at the same time it was something that endeared him to everyone with whom he came into contact. To be held in the affection in which Bill was held is a legacy that few leave behind them. My own memories are perhaps

best summed up in this extract from Magazine 18 (December 1979), in which after the Druid that austere and legendary guardian of the Petworth Society's spiritual welfare has upbraided the Chairman (not for the first time) for his chronic bumbling inefficiency. The Chairman replies:

"Times are, my lord, when I feel lackaday. Hard toil we had, William of Tillington and I, at ye Public Library travelling o'er hill and dale on that three-legged steed he hath that almost flies except there be so great assortment of old pipes all clattering at the back. Hard toil we had with mapping pins and screens to make a picture show. And all that time the people scanned, and none a word would say!"

That's how I remember Bill.

P.

'Yankee' Ayling — a note (See Magazine 93 pp 8-9)

Yankie's grand-daughter Barbara Grisdale tells me of a family tradition that the nickname came from Yankie's parents having worked their passage to England from the United States. It may be that they had gone to America to settle and then decided to return to England. (See also Magazine 29).

[Ed]

'Coals to Newcastle' A trip to Loxwood. 27th October

To go to Loxwood, in imagination still the almost legendary stronghold of the Dependants or 'Cokelers'. In reality, of course, a village concerned at the end of the twentieth century with remaining a village community. For new inhabitants the Dependants will be just a name from a remote and receding past, while older residents will have memories of an all-pervading politeness, white aprons perhaps, and a certain distance. As religious people working in a secular world, the Dependants knew how to mingle humour with a certain reserve. Despite the calm efficiency and steady routine of later years, Dependant beginnings go back to the social and religious upheaval of the 1840s and 1850s and their story is inseparable from that turmoil.

To talk at Loxwood, but also in theory at least, to sell some books, 150 shining new books at £40, each one individually numbered. Slightly less than a third accounted for before

we start. "Sell" gives perhaps the wrong impression. At best outlay and receipts will roughly coincide this time, certainly they will do no more. Publishing a book like this on such a limited catchment is a very uncertain business.

And what to say? Covering such a huge canvas in the time will be, inevitably, something of a tour de force. An eight o'clock start means time will be running away from the first slide. A slide presentation is essential in these circumstances and preparation a waste of time. I've never spoken in the North Hall before

Well what happened? An atrocious night of wind and rain with water lying on the road and browning leaves hurried by the gale. A very full house and a fair-size hall. Cars milling around outside in the half-darkness. We've left it pretty tight - it's ten to eight. Free admission and a bar. It's always interesting to see how other societies do things. The Loxwood Society, in fact, is a fairly young one. Eight o'clock to start does exert pressure, at half-time we've only 'done' about a quarter of the slides. Some remember the Dependants Stores, for others all is clearly new. We sell some books and everyone seems happy enough. Stop at 9.45. On balance it's been a good evening. Ifold Thursday — Saturday the world — well, not quite, but the Leconfield Hall's a fair substitute isn't it?

P.

'John Sirgood's Way. The Story of the Loxwood Dependants', is available from the Window Press, Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth, at £40.00. By post please add £3.15. If your local Society would like the talk on the Dependants please contact me at Trowels.

Petworth Residents' Open Evening at Petworth House. September 4th 1998

Mauve tickets. The TIC had been inundated with requests for them. Petworth residence needed to be established. Two hundred extra tickets had been printed, seven hundred in all, I was told. Some for issue by the Trust, most for the TIC. Newspaper coverage evoked echoes of earlier, more expansive, days, the Third Earl in Witherington's famous picture, a lone rider among the festive crowds on Lawn Hill. A hundred and sixty years and more ago; after all he had died in 1837 and a very different world from this one had marked his passing.


Five o'clock to eight thirty, not the most cheerful of early September evenings, the wind blowing the pink cosmos heads in the gardens and damp on the darkening pavements. It's already gone half past six. We've misjudged slightly: most people are ahead of us and even the full three and a half hours won't suffice for what is to be seen. I suppose I see a fair amount of the House one way and another but it would have been a bold person indeed who could claim to have seen nothing new. Much on view here was not open to the paying visitor. This really was Petworth's night. For those unfamiliar with the House here was a revelation indeed. An extraordinary, unknown, but coherent world existing on Petworth's very doorstep. 'I have


lived here for twenty-six years and never dreamed that all this was here." Comments like this would become more commonplace as the evening went on.

So often in we've repro-memories of the Servants' workplace, unforgiving, the factor to be taken consideration. sometimes feel pre-war world memories came hanging in the shared with wished. His rarely glimpsed, certainly but for Olympian. Mrs Mrs Leversuch receiving the labour intensive demanded. acquired in a year might take Real people had hours here. In

1940 the French chef had sat on a stool, tears streaming down his face, as he heard of the fall of France. Memories neither bitter nor nostalgic, just recollection of what happened. Gleaming brass, growing herbs, the bain-marie, perhaps the best collection of kitchen equipment in the whole country. Batterie de cuisine is the technical name. The Leconfield Estate genius, even in depressed times, for not throwing things away, has here received a triumphant vindication. Incoming goods being check-weighed, the vivid orange of lentils, bags by Arthur Knight, Lombard Street, in the chef's sitting-room — the ultimate one would have thought in ephemera. Only the rotting pheasants that so unsettled the junior kitchen-maids are wanting.

We've hardly begun. Alison's in the Archive Exhibition room with the three Petworth House Archive catalogues, two of them her own work, the very backbone of Petworth as a historical entity. As latecomers we're already well behind schedule. The Education Room highlights aspects of the Park and Gardens and drawing of Uppark resurgent. Out to the Ice House, new I'm sure to most visitors and the largest and finest in the South of England, constructed in 1784. Men were taken off their usual tasks to cut ice from the lakes and

 **THE NATIONAL TRUST**
Petworth House



Petworth Residents' Open Evening
Friday 4th September 1998
5.00pm-8.30pm

This ticket admits 1 Person free of charge
(under 5's do not require a ticket)

Please bring this ticket to claim your free drink

Registered Charity No: 205846 **263**

this Magazine duced the those for whom Block was a demanding and plentiful food a seriously into Readers may remote from this but tonight these into their own, air, ready to be anyone who so lordship a figure t a n g i b l e a junior almost Cownley and expecting and effort that a household C a l l u s e s at Petworth decades to lose. worked long this kitchen in

elsewhere, then bring it here by cart. Thinking of a man standing in the semi-darkness of these vast brick vaults and treading the ice down. Conservation in the Battery House is worth an evening on its own, too quickly we move on in the darkness, glimpsing in the artificial light the flowers growing in the woodyard plot; they will furnish the House with floral decoration. Through the tunnel, increasingly aware of 'time's winged chariot'. The classic rooms are almost to be assumed on such a night as this when there is so much else to see. It's not long before we're in the Chapel, due for re-opening in 1999. Upstairs, Turner's Studio, the roof space, the Belzamine suite, a spiral staircase rediscovered. Time's running out and we're nowhere near round. Meeting the same people time and again as we move round the circuit. National Trust volunteers and staff have left out cards describing their favourite object. If I were asked I think I'd say the circular well room usually hidden behind a locked iron gate as you go along the tunnel from the Servant Block. Once an electric DC motor had pumped pure water up to the House, but in pre-electricity days a donkey had done this, hence the circular shape of the room, it's what in Spain is called a noria. The DC motor is still in place but, of course, not used.

'We hope you've enjoyed your evening,' enquires the guide specially printed for the evening. Yes we have. And in some ways the best is to come. Wine and 'nibbles' in the Audit Room. It's full of Petworth people, not a stranger to be seen. 'Another wine?' 'Thanks very much, Rod.' It's getting on for nine o'clock. No one seems in a hurry. So much for half-past eight. The Audit Room overflowing with the people you meet in Petworth every day. Dare we hope the evening has exorcised just a few of the old demons?

P.

The Eighth Garland lecture Whither and whatever?

Neither Alison McCann's own title for her lecture - 'The Garland Collection - whatever next?' - nor Peter's more poetic version - '... whither next?' - adequately prepared us for the comprehensive review of the efforts to conserve the 70,000 negatives over the past 20 years since George Garland died and the selection of photographs, almost all unfamiliar to the audience and including some Kevis scenes and portraits from the 1890s, of which there are 5,000 rescued by Garland and, finally, the aims and prospects for the next 20 years.

This was the 8th Garland Memorial Lecture, and while the first seven dealt with Garland's life and work or subjects which Peter has described as being in the Garland spirit and with which he would have readily identified, Alison's talk covered the fundamental legacy itself, the photographic record of Sussex people, places and events from the 1920s to the 60s.

When the collection came into the hands of the West Sussex County Records Office, with the proviso that it should remain in Petworth, space was found in Petworth House and

a team was commissioned to recommend methods of conservation. No funds were available to finance these recommendations until, in 1984, a Government scheme was set up to help the unemployed and this, together with additional funding from NADFAS and businesses, ran for three years, indexing by place, person and subject and taking a contact print of all but 3,000 of the negatives. Another 3 months would have seen the job completed.

Meanwhile, the negatives had begun to deteriorate and so copy negatives were needed. With some additional grant aid, it fell to Alison to select significant negatives for copying. So far, she has worked through 50,000, usually choosing for reasons quite unrelated to the original purpose of the photographs - fashion, home interiors, etc. We were shown examples as Alison explained the reasons for her selections - a Polish wedding at Duncton and the reception at the hutted camp in Petworth Park, children's fancy dress, Garland himself performing his yokel act, a Sunday School party (with members of the audience suddenly recognising themselves!). And then some Kevis examples, buildings as well as portraits and group photographs. These need sorting and a volunteer project is under way to index them. Money has been found to store them properly.

As to the future, more funding will be needed to complete the work in hand, to improve public access to the collection and to get everything on to a database. That's whatever and whither!

KCT

Audrey's 'Home Ground' Walk. August 2nd

No cars needed, we weren't going to Burpham this August but, echoing Keith's poster, were to be on 'home ground'. The party set off up Rosemary Lane, past the newly tumbled library wall. Walter Kevis had photographed the school-children sitting on that very wall in 1885. Down Grove Lane and along by the Tennis Court allotments. A row of runner beans with a profusion of white flowers. A hint perhaps of Chaucer's pilgrims setting off along the Southwark hedgerows from the Tabard Inn on the long road to Canterbury. Down the diagonal path toward the Virgin Mary Spring, ragwort growing in profusion and the bracken, decimated last year, already returning. Where it grows in the Park, by the lake, the caterpillars of the cinnabar moth have stripped the ragwort to a few desiccated browning stems but here it flourished. Across the bridge into the sloping fields on the other side of the stream. Some just remember Mr Webster's apple trees here, while in later years Bill Hazelman kept pigs in what was left of the orchard. Now there's just grass. An old wall, the outer defences of faraway Byworth. Himalayan balsam growing sparsely - perhaps the ground here is a little dry for it. The Byworth Spout. Once there had been taps in the wall in Byworth Street. Across the road and up through the farmyard taking the path to the Welldiggers, rather longer perhaps than one remembered, the trees meeting overhead as they do in Hungers Lane and the ruts deep and muddy after torrential rain on the Saturday. Across the main road from the Welldiggers, the lorry route looks a little narrow still, harebell growing out of the clay bank.

On a quiet Sunday afternoon there is no sign of lorries.

We angle off left into the Gog Woods, glimpses of the long view to the Downs. Stopping briefly at the Gog Magog lodges, so-called apparently after the huge figures were removed here from the formal front garden at the south of Petworth House. It's always difficult to imagine these tracks as once a main road. 'Scrumpy' Meachen living up here, memories going back a fair time while walkers of a more recent vintage listen with interest. Cherry trees and the lodge incumbent standing guard with a shotgun to deter predators. Human? No airborne. Children would be sent up to buy cherries. Cherry trees as part of a local subsistence economy. Time has moved on and so, I am afraid, have the cherry trees. I've heard of similar traditions about Cherry Orchard but this time of an aerial bell worked by a string.

The footpath ran on through fields of discolouring linseed; someone says there are still some of the distinctive blue flowers at the side of the field. The smell of rayless chamomile rises from trodden stubble. We stop for a photograph at a five-bar gate and a discussion of 'thurtways', Sussex for 'from corner to corner'. Even those who have heard tell of Scrumpy Meachen have some difficulty with this one. Down the lane, a Queen Elizabeth rose runs wild in the hedgerow. Agrimony in yellow flower in the verge as you come down the road from the Cottage Hospital. You can always find it here. Suddenly back on the main road. Down the sloping field to the bridge by the Virgin Mary Spring, then the long haul back up the hill. At Sheepdown the party go their separate ways. A very distinctive walk, a mix of familiar and unfamiliar in a very local context.

P.

Steve's September Walk. September 13th

Threatening weather, as so often at the beginning of a walk. Wind and black clouds to put off the fainthearted. Along the A272, right, through Lodsworth to park by the triangular strip of grass at Leggatt Hill looking up the narrow road to River. Over the road, down a grassy incline then gradually climbing. Skirting the edge of Snakelands Wood, a gate in the mesh for weasels and stoats, natural control for the rabbits in the wood, another for badgers. Steve says this was the original track from Bexley Hill; in older days the postman would jolt down here on his bike. A roller is breaking the dry soil to a tilth as fine as you'd get in a garden.

We go on gradually climbing, stopping briefly to look back. The Downs above Storrington, the remnants of Chanctonbury Ring, Bignor and Barlavington. Familiar names. Just two months ago many of us were looking across to Shoreham from a farmhouse garden in the shadow of Lancing College. Through the woods and off to the right. The wind has dropped. A few houses along the track, bamboo leaves looking down to a gate. Corrugated sheds and the last blown yellow lupin of summer. Sunday afternoon people immersed in their own Sunday afternoon business. "Ovis Common," Steve announces.

We turn sharp left and begin to climb more obviously, scuffing last year's brown leaves. Apparently this track is the old road to Easebourne, itself not far away on the other side of



*Delivery day at Loxwood Stores 1920. (See "Coals to Newcastle.")
There is some damage on this photograph and reproduction may be poor.*



*"Once there had been taps in the wall in Byworth..."
See Audrey's "Home Ground" walk.
A photograph by John Smith.*

the hill. We're not far from the television mast, it's slightly away to our right as we come out into an open ride. There's a farmhouse a little further on with a thick rope attached to a tree on which children swing out into the lane. Land Rover tracks. We can see pheasant pens just down the incline. A tree is full of apples in the hedgerow. Crabs? No, the apples, small as they are, are too large for crabs. They are hard and shiny green and too bitter to eat yet. Some lost variety? More likely a stray seedling dropped by a bird or the product of a carelessly thrown-away chog years ago.

We're travelling in a circle, or perhaps an ellipse. The track runs between plantations of sweet chestnut and winds down into the outskirts of Lodsworth. Three headstones in Bayley's Yard, the Farthing family. Perhaps there had once been a chapel here. I was told once but have forgotten. "Pleasing in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." The quotation from the one hundred and sixteenth psalm had been used at Alfred Goodwin's funeral at Loxwood two years ago.

Cars in Sunday drives, over a stile and into a field with cows, a half rainbow over the hills set in black clouds. We've been very lucky with the weather. Into the farmyard at Redlands. Steve has obviously prepared them for our coming. A dappled cow in a stall with a brown calf a few days old at most. "Ayrshires like to be out, they're hardy cattle that aren't happy kept in." Coming down there's a hint of wet in the deep grass; we've probably missed a localised shower. Back to a familiar gate, then on to the Leggatt Hill triangle where we began.

P.

Ian and Pearl's Autumn Amble October 11th

A caterpillar writhed solemnly across the tarmac, no ordinary caterpillar, something almost out of Alice, a rolling bundle of bright emerald fluff with a spiky brown tail. It seemed too vulnerable on the tarmac so we carefully picked it up and put it into the verge greenery. Perhaps it would re-emerge at a time when it would be less likely to be run over. Past the King Edward VII Hospital and what was obviously staff accommodation then gradually rising into the autumn woods. A fresh clear October day with the bracken still green under a blue sky. On through the woods and then into more broken country. Woolbeding Common it was said. We looked across to the ridge of the Downs, apparently the Trundle at Goodwood. Cars glinted in the Car Park. In the undergrowth something had been nibbling the treacherous scarlet heads of fly agaric, while a stinkhorn stood ready to burst. We had smelled one or two as we came through the bracken. A marvellous holly in the hedgerow; by this time we've picked up a seemingly endless stone wall on our right and we're going uphill again, perhaps it marked a boundary of some kind. A beech tree long ago struck by lightning. The changing conversations of a walk. An account should distil the spirit of a walk, but perhaps you can

so 'distil the spirit' of the walk that no one who went on it could actually connect the two. Distillation and description not cohering. Did someone suggest that that's what happens with these notes? Probably a purely philosophical problem, we decide.

Sweet chestnuts in the path now, we're getting back towards the Hospital. Pools of standing water in the lane, the walkers' shadows pass over them. Sharp left over a stile, then sharp right, the squelching of Wellingtons on leaves. Back to the cars, cars boots raised and throwing shadows on the tarmac. Ian and Pearl with orange juice and lemonade. Ian shaking the lemonade and pouring the orange juice. He forbids me to report this. But, after all, shaking the lemonade is part of the "spirit" of the walk and he can always claim it didn't actually happen can't he?

P.

The Smugglers' Wheel?

When the Sun Inn in Plaistow was sold at auction some twenty years ago, the W.I. of the time had saved the newspaper cutting, and had added the comment:

"The Sun Inn is reputed to have been a regular meeting place for smugglers making their way inland from the coast, and certainly an old 'smugglers clock' a form of roulette used to divide the contraband, may still be seen on the ceiling of one of the bars."

There is every chance that the inn was connected with smuggling. One definition of smuggling in *The Harmsworth Encyclopedia* of over seventy years ago was that it was a term used to denote the illicit distilling of spirituous liquors. That certainly is true of the Sun for the W.I. went on to add: 'During their visits to Plaistow these same smugglers probably became well acquainted with a local drink known as 'Loony' and to the rear of the inn in an outbuilding stands a massive copper where parsnips were boiled and from which after fermentation the brew was made.'

Darcy Ayling who made a wonderful tape about life in Plaistow in 1901, says that Darcy Pullen the landlord was noted for his homemade wine especially parsnip wine and cider. Two men would be making cider every day for six weeks, and the daily ration made was 120 gallons. Most of it was for sale. 'Well it was all for sale, but not a lot of it was in wholesaling' was Darcy Ayling's retort. Darcy Pullen was the grandson of Henry Pullen who had bought the Inn in 1807, so he was probably just carrying on the family trade.

As to what is normally regarded as smuggling, that too is quite believable. Plaistow was on a drove road to Guildford and a route to Godalming. Two smugglers, Thomas Ayling and William Penycod, who had obviously seen better times were among the beneficiaries of two small parish charities of Kirdford (Plaistow as a hamlet of the parish) in 1800. However another clue to smuggling in the area is that there is an abundance of stories of witches and wizards which have been handed down. The people named and the dates are a little bit late for smuggling, but not if they referred to a person with the same name who lived earlier. For instance the most persistent one, which even people living in Plaistow today say that their

parents believed, concerned Henry Pullen who could turn himself into a hare! According to the account written down fifty years ago by the Women's Institute, Harry Pullen of the Fox Inn was a wizard. One day, John Childs of Chandlers, now known as Todhurst, went shooting and shot a hare. He hamstrung it and laid it down at his feet while reloading his gun. The hare jumped up and ran away, the next day Harry Pullen was seen walking with two sticks. Another time a hare was followed by the hounds. The hare managed to jump through the keyhole, but not before one hound had had a bite. The next day Harry Pullen was limping badly. This particular story was told to the W.I. by Mrs Darcy Ayling, whose family had always lived in Plaistow. This story was also told by late Arthur Nobes who swore it was true because his mother told him.

Who was Harry Pullen? Again going back to the W.I. scrapbook of 1947, A.J. Warrington has written an account of the Sun. According to Mrs Warrington, the Sun is owned by Miss M Pullen and has been in her family for 140 years. Her grandfather purchased it in 1807. The Fox Inn (which was owned by the Winterton Estate) was built for Miss Pullen's grandfather. It was supposedly named the Fox on account of his love of fox hunting.

However according to the 1861 census, Henry Pullen of the Fox Beershop who was a brewer as well, was born in 1801. George Pullen of The Sun, innkeeper and miller was born in 1832, and Miss Minnie Pullen's brother Darcy was born in 1864. There is something a little bit wrong here because that Henry Pullen couldn't have bought the Sun when he was six. However if his father was a Henry, and the inn was the Sun, then stories to frighten people off make sense if you do not want them poking around. After all a Henry Pullen was able to afford to buy the inn, where did the money come from?

This theory could be nonsense as could the smuggler's clock. For I was in the Foresters Arms in Kirdford fairly recently when I looked up at the ceiling and saw this thing. 'Is that what a smugglers' wheel is? I thought it would be the size of a cartwheel,' I said to the landlord. 'There are several round here and they are all about that size' he replied. So to The Sun we went. A similar thing was still attached to the beam of their ceiling. The landlord there said that he had found a reference to something looking like it in a book of old pub games, and it was called a Twister. He didn't know how it was played, but he thought the ladies who had sold the pub had believed the story about the



A 'Spinning jenny' at the Foresters Arms Kirdford

smuggling because it was a gambling game which would have been illegal. So now on to the detective trail of the twister, I rang up the previous landlady of The Foresters to ask if the thing had been there during her time. You mean the Spinning Jenny, she had replied, but we never knew what it was for. The customers used to spin it to see who would buy the next round. All she knew was that about ten years ago her father had discovered an article about one south of the Downs. Again they did not know what it was for, and there was this feeling it was to do with smuggling.

Does anyone know anything about these roulette type wheels. How do you use if? If it is roulette, you cannot put your money on it because it is upside down. It probably isn't to do with smuggling, but if it is a game it seems quite complicated. On the outside ring, opposite numbers add up to 13, but there is a small set of number on the inside ring also the letters A, K, Q, J, implying that cards are involved.

Also while I am asking, and nothing to do with the wheel, has anyone heard any other hare stories? Could they be to do with smuggling?

Janet Austin

[A somewhat similar device is described by Gertrude Jekyll on page 246 of *Old West Surrey (1904)*. It was connected with a gambling game and involved spinning a point with hand or stick. Ed.]

A visitor to Petworth in the 1890s (2)

A second extract from J.J. Hissey's travelogue *On Southern English Roads (1896)*. Here he takes the road to Fittleworth. The first extract appeared in Magazine 93.

By the side of the common stood a lonely public-house with the novel sign, to us at any rate, of the "Well-Diggers' Arms." We had seen the Cyclists' Arms, the Blacksmiths' Arms, the Bricklayers' Arms, but we were not aware before that the Well-Diggers had their arms too—and, of all places in the world, to find well-diggers up here in this sandy, sparsely-populated region.

Then as we drove on, our road began to descend once more, and took us, deep in shade, through wild, unenclosed woods, with a thick undergrowth of bracken below. Rabbits ran out into the roadway here and sported about, so tame that they did not hurry to scamper off, as we approached, until the last moment. This charming bit of wild woodland we found by a notice-board—one, alas! of many, for they took away from the rusticity of the spot, and the feeling of freedom it induced, by reminding you that the land was private property, and that you must not do this or that thereon under pains and penalties—we found by a notice-board that this was part of the "Waste of the Manor of Leconfield." The peeps that opened out through the trees, now and again, of the distant country, and of the long line of the blue Downs that faded away into a faint blue mist, were very charming and mutely beckoned us forward. I know nothing so provokingly enticing as a winding English road, each turning luring you

on to the next, just to learn what is coming ; the whole long day seems too short to see all, and you want to go off in four directions at once!

As we progressed, to our pleasure the country still maintained its wild open character, the wooded waste giving place to a wild stretch of sandy heath, covered in places with dark gloomy pines, that made the immediate landscape look sad and surly, and strangely out of harmony with the golden green of the sun-suffused Downs that loomed up brightly beyond. The pine trees sighed as the wind passed them by—quite a different sound from the cheerful and companionable rustling of the multitudinous leaves of the elm, or oak, or beech in the breeze. But we forgave the pines their gloom in consideration of the delightfully dry and refreshing resinous fragrance that came from them wafted to us ; fresh from stuffy towns the sweet and varied country odours are almost more enjoyable than even the changeful scenery. Soon after this we found ourselves in Fittleworth, a charmingly picturesque village set in the midst of gently-sloping hills, with fir-clad heights around, and a country rich in varied beauty stretching away in every direction.

I think Fittleworth must surely be the prettiest spot in Sussex, and that is saying a great deal. It may have been that we were in a mood to be pleased with everything that day, anyhow Fittleworth took our fancy exceedingly, and we used up quite a number of adjectives in expressing our admiration of the place one to another. Happy travellers we to be so pleased and contented ; we were on the look-out for beauty and the bright side of life, and we discovered both! Who could help being charmed with Fittleworth, its pretty cottage homes, and dear quaint old church with gay roses growing over its timbered porch in place of the usual dark-green ivy? There was nothing sombre or depressing about that ancient fane, which we noticed was primitively lighted inside with candles ; even the churchyard looked quite cheerful ; seated round the ancient yew tree there we noticed several natives sunning themselves and chatting—let us hope not scandal!

Down in the village—for we descended into it—we found a small country inn, clean and neat-looking outside, but in no way remarkable ; within, however, we found a tiny parlour, panelled, and the panels on the walls and at the sides of the windows painted in oil colours with charming landscapes. Then it dawned upon us that this was an artist-haunted inn, and that these panels had been done by some of the artists staying there at various times. So the painters have discovered Fittleworth. Truly it is an ideal spot to come to with easel and colours and to study Nature in her picturesque moods. It is a peaceful, dreamy spot, where

The fisher drops his patient lines,
The farmer sows his grain,
Content to hear the murmuring pines
Instead of railway-train.

The obliging landlady mentioned to us the names of several well-known artists who had stopped with her. "Why," exclaimed she, "one of them is very kindly painting my sign-board for me now. It's not quite finished, but I think I may show it to you," and she thereupon did. Leading the way into a large and well-lighted chamber, manifestly doing duty as a studio, she pointed out to us the sign-board with a charmingly quaint design thereon, rich in colour and clever in drawing. This represented the swan swimming in a reedy pool with a gold ring

round its neck, and a jovial-looking frog (I have never seen such a creature before) afloat in a pewter tankard by its side calmly smoking a long churchwarden pipe, and underneath ran the legend, "Ye Swanne Inne." It was simply a delightful conceit: would that more artists would do likewise. We were told that this was being painted by Caton Woodville. Fittleworth would make capital headquarters for the amateur artist or photographer, for there is plenty of picture-making material round about.

We felt sorry to leave such a charming spot, but it was the same old story, we could not really stop the day at every delightful place we chanced upon, or it would be the winter time before we reached home again. So reluctantly we drove away, and soon afterwards we reached Stopham, where we crossed the Arun on an ancient stone bridge of five arches. The weather-stained bridge and reedy river made such a sweet picture that we stopped to photograph it. Just then a boating party came along drifting down the stream, and backed water so as to be included in the view. We thanked them for their courtesy—fortunately we had secured the photograph before the boat arrived in position! They were a merry party and very obliging; they even offered to pull inshore for us the better to take them, if we liked! We did not like, but simply said we would not trespass upon their good-nature any more, and hurried off to the dog-cart.
[Concluded].

'How Long Will You Be Staying?'

My grandfather Charles William Whatley was Congregational Minister at Petworth from 1930 to 1945. Petworth was the last of his cures and he retired to Partridge Green where he died in 1949. His career had spanned ministries at several different places including Yapton and Elsted near Midhurst. Petworth perhaps was his longest stay. My father was educated at Midhurst Grammar School and went from Elsted to the 1914-1918 war. Fortunately, unlike many of his contemporaries, he returned. I don't know a great deal about Grandfather's early days, but I know that he had worked briefly for an undertaker, a job he didn't take to, and had been trained as a gardener at Bratton in Wiltshire and in big gardens at Frome and Trowbridge. He came from the Westbury Hills in Wiltshire, and his vocation first showed itself when he worked as a colporteur, a seller of bibles and devotional literature. From this he went on to the ministry.

Grandfather was a short man, a little on the portly side when I knew him, with white hair and a white beard. He was a very genial man with a marvellous fund of stories. My grandmother Louisa had been brought up as a Baptist and was, as a minister's wife in days when a great deal was expected of ministers' wives, a great support to him.

Going to Petworth for a fortnight in the summer holiday was an annual event. Horizons were narrower in those days and until I went to stay with an aunt at Fordingbridge in 1939 I never really thought in terms of a different holiday. We lived at Mere in Wiltshire where my father was one of the pillars of the Congregational Chapel. We'd always come by train

and sometimes we'd cycle from Mere to the nearest station, Gillingham, some five miles away. On one occasion we'd planned to leave on a Sunday but it rained so hard that we couldn't cycle to the station. We had to go to Petworth the next day. Petworth Station always had a fascination for me, simply because I never went there. We'd alight at Chichester or Pulborough and come on to Petworth by bus. I remember coming to Petworth the first year that the electrified line ran from Portsmouth.



*Remembrance Day about 1933. Mr Whatley on the steps of the War Memorial.
A photograph by George Garland.*

Arriving at Petworth became something of a ritual over the years. My grandfather would be waiting for us in the Square, ready to carry our luggage. There would be my parents, my sister and I. Grandfather would always greet us with the question, 'How long will you be staying?' It was something of a family joke. I don't think it implied that he was anxious for us to go home again, more that he needed to plan his busy life to devote some time to us. It always seemed time for tea, very welcome after travelling much of the day and there was always a well-laden table at the Manse, and a very happy Manse it appeared to us. Usually there would be someone staying in the first room on the right. The minister would at that time see it as his responsibility to look after a member of his flock who needed help and they might go on living with him for years. There were front and back stairs, as I remember, and a sitting room that didn't seem to be used very often. Lighting was by oil-lamps in the early 1930s with candles for the bedrooms. You wouldn't carry oil-lamps about. Cooking was with two spirit stoves in the kitchen.



*The Rev and Mrs Whatley
at Petworth Manse.*

Grandfather would spend a certain amount of time in his study, presumably preparing the Sunday sermon. At such times he was definitely not to be disturbed. Trained initially as a gardener he never lost his love of gardening, kept chicken and had a greenhouse and lean-to. He liked nothing better than to gather the whole family on the lawn. The church treasurer was Mr Bennett, Lord Leconfield's secretary, seeming to a child a slightly austere north-countryman. He was a great friend of my grandfather. The two of them used to go for long walks - perhaps discussing church affairs. I remember once, in somewhat boisterous mood, tying Mr Bennett's wrists together and then for the next few days whenever he saw me, he'd flap his wrists as if to suggest that I'd damaged them.

Coming, as we invariably did, in the height of the summer holiday season, it may be that we missed one or two regular chapel services that were suspended for the holiday. I don't know. Certainly at Mere we were used to morning and afternoon Sunday School, whereas at Petworth there seemed only the one, at ten o'clock, prior to the morning service. Our annual visit often coincided with the Sunday School outing to Littlehampton or Bognor. We'd go in a charabanc. Once the circus came to town and Mrs Bennett took us down. It was wet down and wet back but we loved it. The picture house in the Tillington Road was newly open and the rest of the family went. I didn't go as I didn't like the pictures then. My sister was frightened by the dark and insisted on going out, leaving her hat behind. It was all quite new to us; there was nothing of this kind at Mere. There seemed so much more opportunity to get about at Petworth, buses wherever you wanted to go. There were only solitary single-deckers at Mere, not the double-deckers that plied between Brighton and Midhurst, Horsham and Chichester.

I suppose our basic holiday pursuit was walking, as I've said horizons were narrower

in those days. I remember trying, without much success, to fly a kite in Petworth Park. What my sister and I wanted to do wasn't always what our parents wanted to do. We probably didn't realize how precious father's annual holiday was to him. He was cashier in a large store at Mere, earning fifty shillings a week - a reasonable wage in those days. He liked to bring a book for the fortnight and was quite happy to sit on the Manse lawn and read. Mother was much the same. This seemed to us rather a waste of precious time. Effectively they had one idea of what constituted a holiday and we had another. Once they both went off on their own to Hindhead leaving us behind with our grandparents. When they came back they said they'd seen the Crystal Palace burning from Hindhead Hill. In 1938 we went to see cricket at Brighton. I was ten and well able to follow what was going on, but if we made the slightest movement the other spectators would tell us to be quiet. My mother spent, I think, an uncomfortable day.

There are parts of Petworth I particularly remember. There was the area around the Manse where we used to play, often running down through the allotments toward what is now the Car Park. It was always July or August and there was the thrill of walking between the carefully nurtured rows of vegetables, white runner beans in full flower. Mr Lezell's house was on this route; he was a great friend of my grandfather's and when Mr Lezell was on holiday, the key of his house was kept at the Manse. Grandfather would go in and check that everything was alright. Mr Lezell was an accomplished artist and I still have some of his pictures at home in Bath. Because I only came at a certain time of the year I think I saw more of Mr Lezell's house than I did of him! Sheepdown was another favoured spot. On Sundays if we'd been to church in the morning Grandmother would go round the Sheepdowns with us and we'd come out by the Angel. Another favourite walk was up to the Gog and Magog. We used often to go up to the Park, walking up Tillington Road to the Cricket Lodge. There was a magical quality about the Park, the lodgekeeper eyeing us up and down and giving the impression that it was a privilege for us to go in. The deer in particular fascinated me. In 1937 the park was full of soldiers on manoeuvres, camping out, and my father went to see a friend he knew from Mere. Sometimes we'd walk up to the second Lodge or further on into Tillington.

I suppose things changed in 1939. The war probably drew people together more and of course the bombing of Petworth Boys' School. My grandfather played a greater part in the general life of the town. I have photographs of him at Open Air Services in the Market Square, something by no means impossible before the war but somehow less likely. In fact my



*Richard Whatley with his mother and
sister going for a walk on the
Sheepdowns in 1933.*

grandfather's sojourn in Petworth was drawing to a close. One particular service stands out. It was 1945 and my grandfather's last year. I played the organ, my aunt from Partridge Green, who was a lay preacher, preached the sermon, my grandfather conducted the service, and my father, who was a fine singer, contributed the solos. The chapel was always well-filled in those days, not bursting at the seams, but certainly well-filled. Mr Dale I remember as one of the stalwarts and Mr Gigg the caretaker. Mr Stoner the milkman with his yoke and pails, is a vivid memory, delivering to the Manse.

On my last visit in 1945 I was about to leave for home when Miss Woolley who lived (I think) across the street from the chapel in Damer's Bridge, came rushing out with a single-volume encyclopedia for me. She thought it would help me at college. In fact, if didn't, but in later life I've often had occasion to refer to it and found it very useful. I still do.

It's difficult to put my feelings about Petworth into words. The feeling we had as children that Petworth was a magical, sunlit, place has never really left me. On my infrequent visits I still have the same impression. I suppose the genial character of my grandfather contributes as well, such a sociable man with so many stories to tell. Petworth always seemed a place of light and summer. I know we only ever knew the town in high summer, but there's more to it than that.

Richard Whatley was talking to the Editor.

Gwenda Morgan records the first week of the war. September 1939

Sept. 4th. Again did not go to Hallgate as we didn't know if more evacuated people would arrive. They didn't. Shall send back the land outfit, after all, for a small size. Now that war is really upon us I may need it. It will be more waterproof than my own clothes. Two little girls arrived from Miss Cooper who can't look after them with her work to do and her helper not arrived yet. They seem to be nice kids, ages 7 and 8. Names : Margaret and Alice. Germans torpedoed British liner Athenia this morning. A lot of Americans on board. This ought to set America properly against Hitler. Una and I took children for a walk after tea. They are feeling rather homesick.

Sept. 5th. To farm 9 o'clock. Dug more potatoes. Home for dinner. Up to hayfield that is on opposite side of lane to Mr Hurley's house. Shook hay. Lovely sunny afternoon. Very hot and thirstifying but had got bottle of lemonade. Tea in hayfield with Thorne family. After tea Mrs T. took me as far as Byworth corner in car. Walked home from there. Don't seem to get so tired as I did last week. Cymru is wonderfully good. After his early morning walk he settles down very contentedly in the workroom.

The children seem to be rather trying. Can't seem to amuse themselves. Let's hope they won't always be homesick. Margaret is the more homesick otherwise would be the easier

of the two to look after. They eat sweets continually and never feel hungry at meal times and are very faddy about they will and what they won't eat.

Sept. 6th. Up at quarter to 7. Out with Cymru before breakfast as usual. Picked up potatoes in field while two men dug. Home to dinner and back at farm by 2 o'clock. bus. Turned the handle of the sheep shearing machine while Mr Thorne sheared the back parts of sheep to keep them fairly clean during the winter. Took the machine etc. up to a field up the lane and did some more sheep up there. Parker did the catching of the sheep after the dogs had put them into a pen and he knelt on them while they were being sheared. Stoner trimmed their hoofs and treated with some liquid with a feather. One sheep had foot root and walked very lame. A lovely sunny day. What glorious weather it has been. Home just before 6 o'clock. The children are very much better today. No tears and seem happy in the garden. They were introduced to Cymru just before I got home and are longing to see him again; but must get him used to them gradually and not let him get overexcited. Una says he was very good with them. Thank goodness!

Sept. 7th. To hayfield just above where the searchlight soldiers are camping. Began by forking hay up onto elevator, then did raking two rows into one at lower end of field. The hottest day of all I think. Left at about 6.30 and on the way home sat in the wood below Hallgate to rest and drink lemonade. The idea of haymaking seems to be:- First cut the grass (and don't call it hay yet!). When dry rake 2 rows into one. Then shake it bringing green stuff to top. Then sweep it up to elevator. Fork onto elevator and begin to make rick. Rake the bits left on the field into rows and sweep these up to elevator. (When the sweep broke down we made these last rows into cocks and the horse waggon went round and the men forked the cocks up into it. Then unloaded on to elevator.)

Sept. 8th. To same hayfield at 2 o'clock. My rows of yesterday had been put two together again, i.e. four together since cutting. It was still very green near the hedge so moved some out into sunshine. Then helped at the elevator. The thing I called a waggon yesterday I heard the men today call a trolley. This was the last field and we finished at about 5 o'clock. Mr T. said they'd been haymaking since June. The sweep was removed from the tractor, and the elevator packed up. The men had a drink of beer all round. I had lemonade (my own). The men rode down to farm in trolley and I rode on the side of the tractor. The fields look so tidy when they are finished; all nicely combed over. It's hard to realize there is a war on. It seems so lovely and peaceful in the fields. The evenings are glorious when the hills begin to look blue. I love the walks home over the fields. Mr T. said something about thatching the ricks. Wonder if I shall be shown how that is done. I hope so. He also said they had finished digging the potatoes. Good. The children seem to be settling down happily now and simply love Cymru who is wonderfully good with them. How nice to come home to a bath. If coal gets scarce I suppose I shall have to wash all over instead.

Sept. 9th. Picked up potatoes. I thought I had seen the last of them for this year. I think I really have now as I picked up every one in sight except for the squashy ones. All the ones I picked up today were for the pigs. Hotter than ever. Glaring sun and no breeze at all. A sunbonnet the ideal thing to wear. Very nice to get to my wood to drink lemonade and sit for a bit on the way home. Dawdled on the way home, eating blackberries. Just finished

dinner when Barbour dropped in. Hadn't seen him for years. Couldn't follow his ideas about Germany. A lot of repetition about oil and gold. Una's letter to Anita returned by Censor because she mentioned we were having evacuated children here. Miss Cooper is having an awful time. Her evacuated school master has got his wife there and she doesn't help to do anything, and he has got his mother there too and she smokes all over the place. She's found another home for her third child; the one who wets the bed every night. Letters to the Editor ask what this war will be called. A suggestion is "Hitler's War". Wonder if it will be called that? The children are getting good appetites. They love to give "concerts" outside the summer house. Alice's "funny stories" are a bit risky but they're quite sweet little things when they sing, especially Margaret.

Sept. 10th. Sunday. Out with Cymru before breakfast. Church in morning. Children to Sunday school in the afternoon. I did my washing and ironing. The children gave another concert. They seem to be awfully happy.

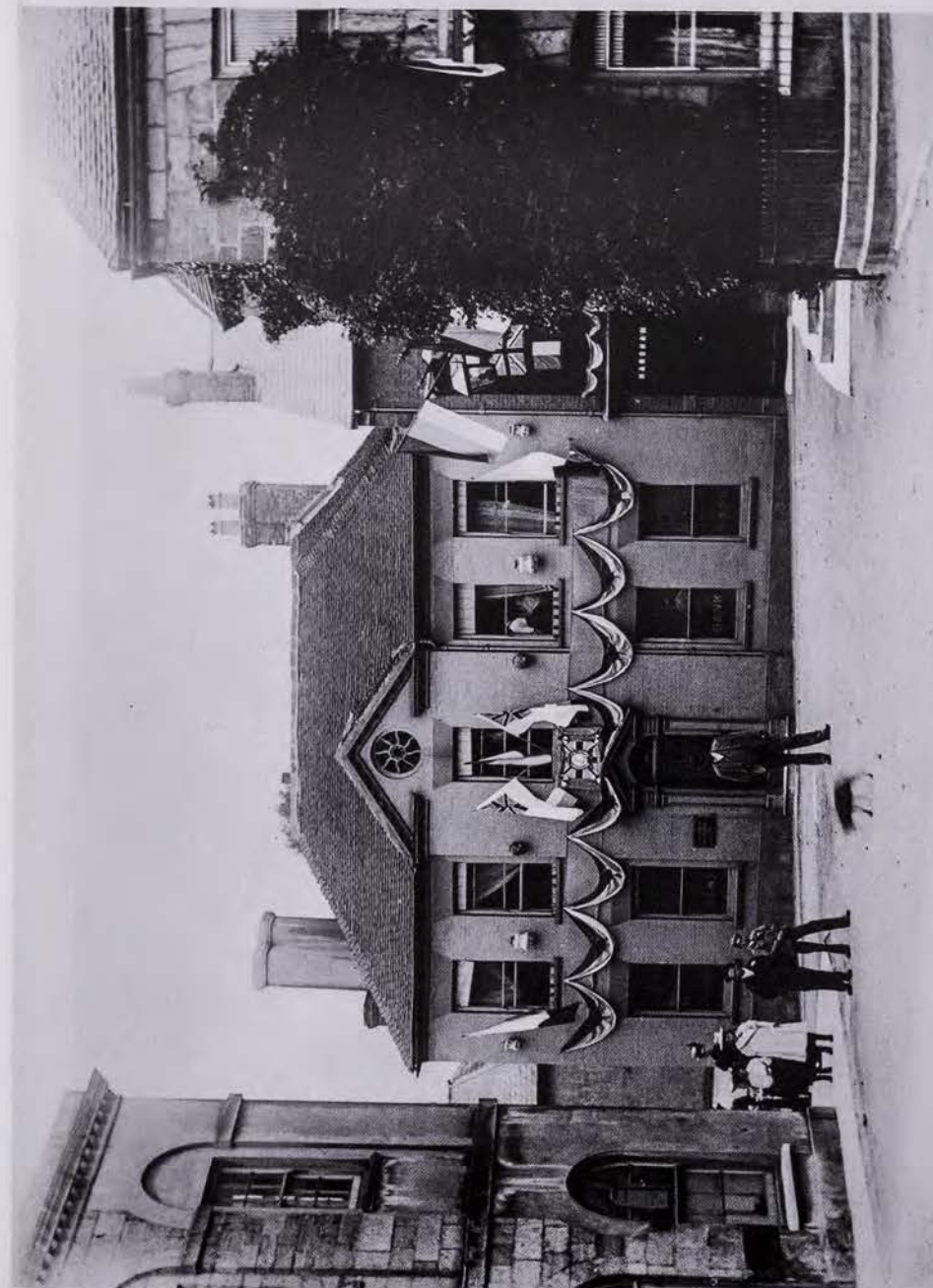
Sept. 11th. To a meeting at Newlands in the morning, about the children's medical cards. To the farm at 2 o'clock. Walked up the lane to the Welldiggers and along the grassy ride to where Mr T. does his sheep dipping. The sheep were dipped about 4 at a time except for the two rams who each had the bath to himself. After dipping we took them up Honeysuckle lane and left them in a field. Mr T. took me down to farm in the car, then I cut down nettles etc. in the field just behind the house, with a sickle (or fag hook). A cooler day. Children started school today but only from 1 o'clock - 4 o'clock.

As you know we don't often include poetry in this Magazine but these two evocations of an older Petworth seem exceptional in their portrayal of attitudes and feelings that will be familiar to many readers of this Magazine. [Ed.]

Sunday walk — with parents

'No, not today, dear, not today.
We know the meadow's your favourite way,
But Daddy prefers to walk in The Park.
It's a much more suitable
Way to choose
On Sunday.'

'So button up your coat, dear
And wear your Sunday hat.'
(You mean that horrid, hard velour?)
'Don't say it makes you feel stiff-necked!
(It does! And fat! And sore!)'
'Without that scowl it would look nice.'



Some help with the Festival Round the Town Quiz on this and the next three pages.

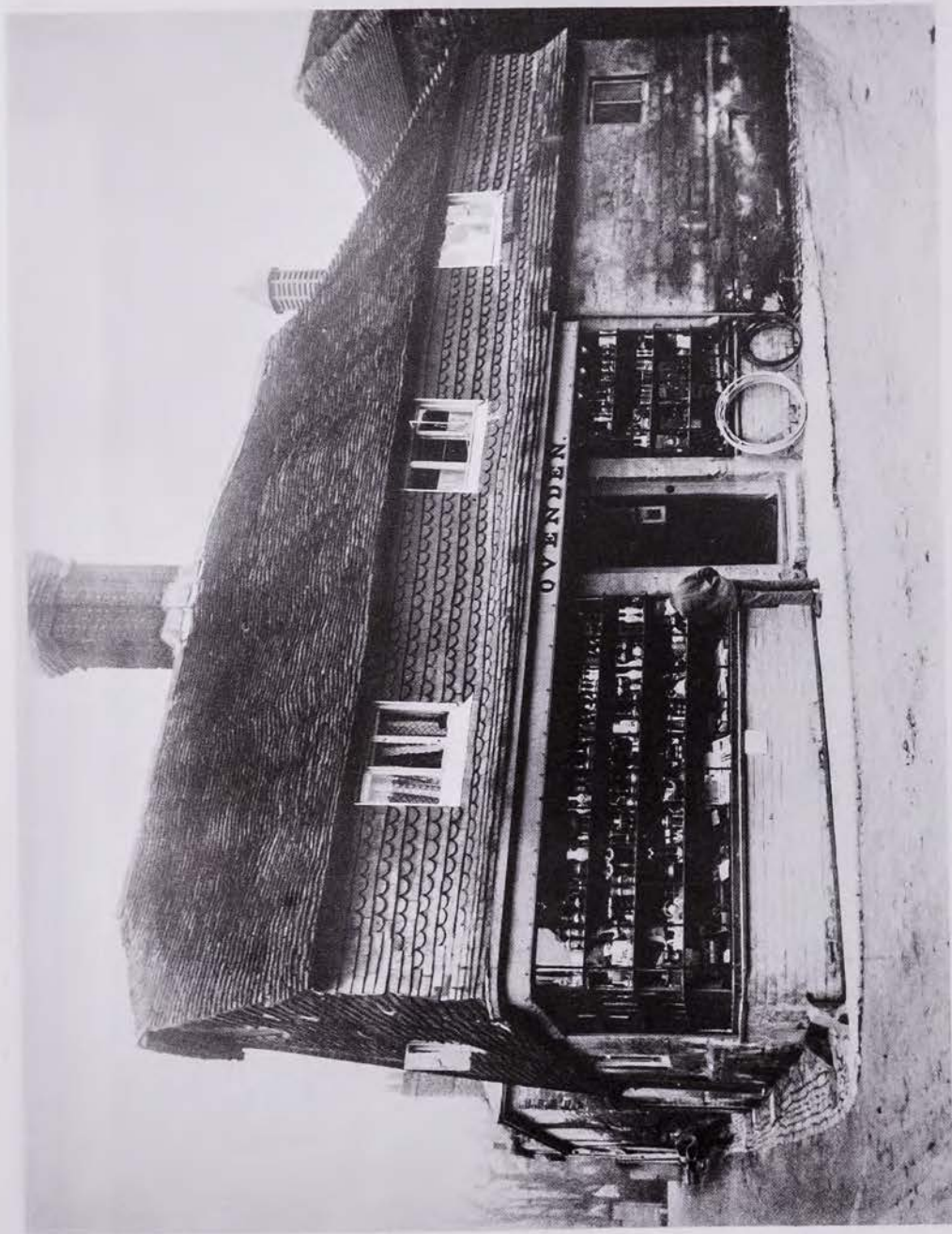
*1) "Sorry but no withdrawals or overdrafts here now..."
A picture taken by Walter Kevis in 1897.*



2) *George Garland takes the same view in 1962. Withdrawals withdrawn!*



3) *The bishop's headgear was missing then!
A Walter Kevis picture from about 1890. Clue: the building on the far left is the Star!*



4) You wouldn't bring your tired extremities here!
A Walter Kevis picture from 1894. See Quiz Question 56.

Forget your comfort, just for once
Be Somebody,
It's Sunday.'

'We tread sedately in The Park.
Don't skip about today.
It's lady-like to curb your will.'
(Not race the wind to the top of the hill?)
'Most certainly not! Walk properly,
On Sunday.'

(May I take off my hat
To greet the breeze?)
No! Nor dawdle under the chestnut trees.'
(When you stand to chat,
As grown-ups do,
With others you meet in The Park?)
'Just wait for us.
Don't fidget and fuss,
Be patient dear,
It's Sunday.'

'If we stop to admire the man-made lake,
Do avoid the mud on its shore;
And you know the long grass is *always* wet.
Stay on the gravel road, dear and,
Don't forget,
It's Sunday.'

'Capability Brown designed this Park.
And Turner took pains to paint it.'
(There's a list of Don'ts at the Entrance Gate,
And I tell you,
On Sundays
I hate it!)

D.B.

Heaven

At *Sunday School* my teacher spoke of Heaven:
It hung, suspended, in far distant space;
(Like some gigantic dinner plate, perhaps?)
There, crowding round a throne, and dressed in white,
Those who'd been good, sang hymns both day and night.

I listened politely, with a docile face,
To hide *my* dreams of *quite* a different place.

D.B.

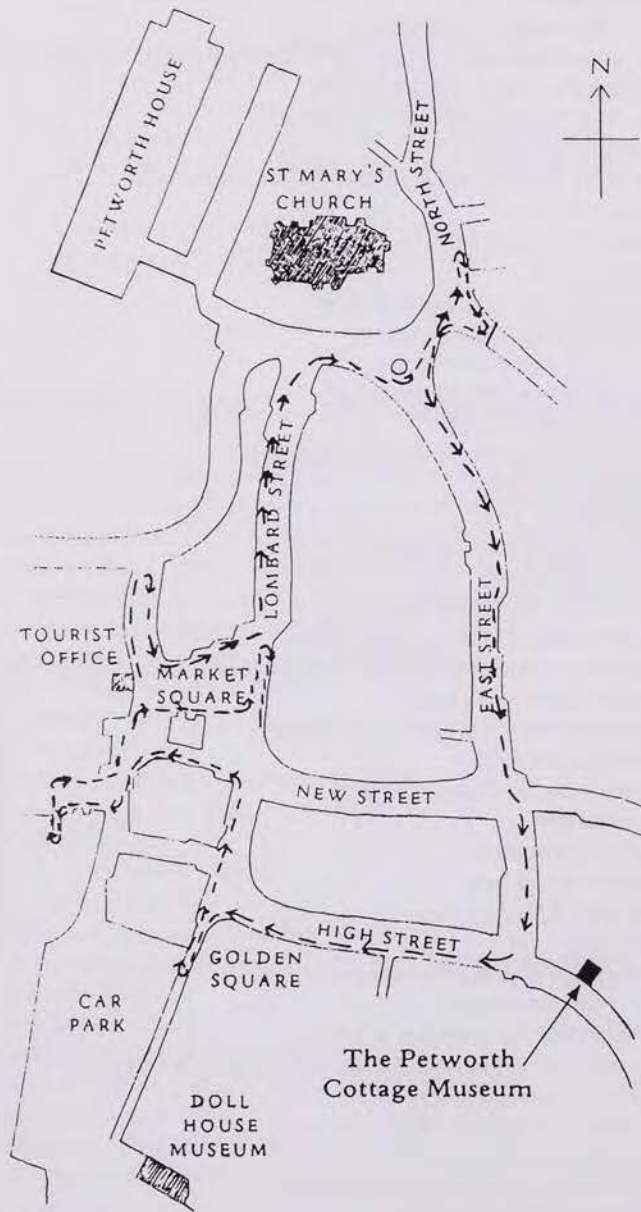
Petworth Festival Round the Town Quiz

[The Petworth Festival Round the Town Quiz attracted a considerable amount of attention during the summer, even from those who felt themselves unable to answer it! In fact the Quiz is by no means as difficult as it might at first appear and we thought readers might like to have a try. Follow the map! Answers at the back of the Magazine - if nothing else the Quiz gives a conspectus of a Petworth that is changing all the time. One or two items may already be anachronisms by the time you read this! Ed.]

1. Clematis Vitalba can be found in abundance here
 2. Far Eastern Delicacies here or away
 3. Where is the HQ?
 4. Ecologically geared
 5. What did Joan and Desmond donate and why?
 6. This one has George and Mary connections
 7. Little Jack had one too
 8. Will they feed the five thousand?
 9. Beware canine on alert here
 10. A good crop could mean another line for them
 11. Where do the workers bring home the produce for the god's needs?
 12. Reapers needed first
 13. No swords or blades here
 14. A heavenly body in perfect surroundings
 15. Arabian travel can be arranged here if you take the risks
 16. Lots and lots and more lots
 17. Open up this and find some delights
 18. What did you do to earn five bob?
 19. Royal in tight grip
 20. Game bird not too well concealed
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21. What is the date of the property with the pillars?
22. Heavy metal love tokens
23. Sounds like a cushy number for someone
24. Have Beatrice and Evangeline left the 'Rag' trade for this new venture
25. No good bringing your beads and pearls here
26. Same name as Lady Founder of the National Trust
27. Steer clear before you weigh
28. You may find view, playing, gift and others if you search here
29. The angry kings rules here
30. Has envy caused this condition?
31. Boastful antiques dealer
32. Where does Ivy twine in regal surroundings?
33. No need to fence in these spirited visitors
34. You may get the key of the door here
35. Where do the snowdrops always bloom?
36. Haven't we seen this one before?
37. Tartan Rod or Jackie could have been the inspiration
38. Some good tales to tell here
39. Gallic decor delights
40. You can enhance the complexion here
41. Herb aids titled Lady to care
42. The early one catches the 'Worm' here
43. You can still find plenty of this in Sussex today
44. These were worn to commemorate King Charles' return on May 29th 1660
45. Burns fans can get their needs here
46. Not a residence now but has property connections
47. A bright addition to the galaxy
48. Find the bishops mitre in an unusual place
49. Timber framed hostelry
50. Has Washington connections
51. Crowning glories service here
52. No doubt they have built up a lot
53. The best of the catch
54. Useful and with decorative stationery connections
55. Hands on with wonderful results
56. Bring your tired extremities here for a cure
57. Not the Charleston but another one for the party goer of the past
58. Has it reached these rural parts now?
59. Sorry but no withdrawals or overdrafts here now
60. No overtures are needed here now
61. Lawyers and barristers could perhaps meet here
62. Early connection to Henry perhaps

THE PETWORTH FESTIVAL AROUND THE TOWN QUIZ



A Tillington Childhood (8)

My father soon settled down to his work, he had to go on duty from 2.30am to 6.30am every morning all the year round. The first night watchman used to wake Dad up every morning with a beanstick I believe. His name was Lathom. The night watchman had to walk all round Petworth House and made sure that all the guests were safely bedded down. It must have been very spooky as they were only issued with a very powerful torch and they had to go outside as well. Once my Dad said he felt someone was following him, he turned round and found a foxhound - reminded me of the incident at Tillington Lodge years ago. He must have been terrified. I wonder if there were burglar alarms in those days?

Dad had to get Lord Leconfield's papers - he wasn't allowed to crease them. He was provided with an enormous baize envelope, the kind of material they have on a billiard table, and the papers were put in this container almost, I would imagine, like Moses handling the Ten Commandments. Doesn't it seem ridiculous to think of now? I had always loved the paper shop, it was owned by a Mr and Mrs Weaver and was full of the most wonderful toys. I so loved the dolls and dolls prams - it was a treasure house to me from my Father Christmas days until my growing up. I often fetched the papers for Dad - I was always scared I would crease them. They were reverently delivered to the servants' hall there to be taken up to his Lordship by, I believe, the First Footman.

Once, when Lady Leconfield had failed to tell Dad that a certain bedroom was occupied, he, Dad, walked in it to make sure that everything was alright. He said he was met with some awful shrieks. He had disturbed some sort of foreigner who thought he was being attacked. Dad said he left that room quicker than he went into it.

During the year 1923, I was sitting on a seat with old Mr Thayre, (whom I believe was an agricultural engineer in Petworth) when we heard a most uncanny sound. It was similar to the old steam trains whistling through a tunnel. Looking up we saw hundreds of swans hovering over our heads. Between us we counted one hundred and twenty eight, missing many in doing so as they, the swans, were flying in all directions. They continued to fly round and round over the valley, their wings still making this uncanny sound. All of a sudden the swans broke off, then, in small groups, flew away in all directions. The silence afterwards was weird, our ears seemed to still ring with this uncanny sound. Although very young, I realised that I had seen a most marvellous phenomenon of nature. Mr Thayre, in a voice filled with what I would call emotion, said, 'My dear, that which we have just seen is called a swan's meet. I am 84 years old and have never seen the like before and I don't suppose you ever will again in your lifetime'. I am now 82 years old and have never witnessed such an event. It is almost an honour to have been granted that wonderful experience. I have spoken about it over the years, but have yet to meet someone who has witnessed 'The Meet of Swans' - surely someone has?

I was very friendly with the Wickham family. Daddy Wickham was Butler at the House, Faith, the daughter, was my friend. There were twin brothers and an older sister. The Wickham family were very musical. Mrs Wickham used to make lovely little miniature violins from Lord Leconfield's used cigar boxes and although only having one string, the

violins made quite a sweet sound. The Wickhams lived in a house at the bottom of the cow yard, I wonder if it is still the Butlers House? The back of the house was very dark as it seemed to be built in the side of the bank, adjoining what used to be then the Pleasure Grounds.

I used to go for lovely long walks with my mother after school. We had a dear little dog called 'Bizzy'. Our favourite walk in Petworth was up to the 'Gog'. It used to be a haven for butterflies. I remember we came to a quiet dell in the woods and on a very hot day, we saw hundreds of them. I remember my mother saying that she imagined Heaven was like that. Another time, on a very hot day, there was lots of snakes up there, not just one but lots. In those days, none of these awful sprays were used, leaving nature to look after itself.

One of the highlights of my life was Miss Mant's jumble sale. We used to buy lots of bargains, by then I was a good needlewoman, and used to pick up some wonderful bargains for a penny. Miss Mant lived in a house with an enclosed garden almost opposite the Congregational Church.

I thought perhaps I would win a scholarship from Petworth School as I was quite a bright pupil, but sadly I hadn't been at the school long enough to study for it. I was very low about that as I felt sure that I would have been successful.

I used to love the Maypole - that was a highlight of my life. I remember we had new white dresses to dance in - I believe we always danced round the Maypole on Mayday.

I left school during the summer term of 1924. I was quite relieved to leave as I never did get used to Miss Cousins, she was a person of many moods, so different to our teachers at Tillington school.

In the meantime, I had been interviewed by Miss Margaret Wootton at the infants school and was engaged by her to start as a pupil teacher at the school. I must say that she was the sweetest lady I had ever met. My salary was to commence at 16s.8d a month. I had a shilling a week pocket money - how times have changed. I seemed to be able to do quite a lot with my shilling in those far off days. I loved my work at the Infants school. The teachers there were Miss Bartlett, Miss Mac, Mrs Hill and Miss Wootton. One day I would teach the babies from 3.5 to 5 years then the 5 - 6 year olds, then the 6 - 7 year olds. I found the work most interesting and so rewarding. I always had to see that the children put their hats and coats on during the winter to go out to play, then the teachers took it in turns to do playground duty, making sure that everything was harmonious with no bullying. Those were happy days. Miss Wootton ran her school with so much love and tenderness, her pupils must remember their days at the Infants school as very happy ones. It's hard to believe now that all those lovely little children are now old age pensioners.

The Woottons were a wonderful family, her sister, Miss Mary, took over from Miss Cousins to become Headmistress at the girls school and Mr Wootton senior was Headmaster at the boys school. I was at the Infants school for nearly two years - never once did I see Miss Wootton raise her voice or smack the children, yet she had a very well ordered school. I remember asking one little girl where Jesus had gone on 'Ascension Day', (the children had had a holiday). She answered to Brighton shopping with my mum. In those days you were able to catch the number 22 Southdown bus for 5 shillings return day trip to Brighton. I had a very happy time at the Infants school. I did all the usual things, loved my Guides, walks,

knitting and sewing, fell in and out of love. I acted in the guide plays. I remember we used to use the old Iron Room in those days, I think I am correct in saying that the galvanised building, hence 'Iron Room', was erected whilst the Parish Church was being renovated.

Mrs K. Vigar (to be continued).

An early Sussex Word-List

Additional Manuscript 1729

Deposited in the West Sussex Record Office by the Vicar and churchwardens of Boxgrove, January, 1957.

A Letter to the Reverend William Turner of Chichester, from the Reverend Edward Turner of Wiggonholt, dated October 18th, 1935, and post marked at Petworth.

The correspondence appears to follow a request from Wm. Turner to his counterpart in Chichester to supply a list of Sussex provincialisms. Why Wm. Turner should wish to collect such a word-list is open to conjecture, after all the first purely Sussex dictionary was not to appear in print until the following year, and the author of that work, William Durrant Cooper, makes no mention of either of the reverend gentlemen in the preface to his glossary. Perhaps by comparing the words in Turner's list with those in Cooper's glossary we can find some clues to the purpose of the former, however it seems that both editors based their word-lists on John Ray's collection, and those words collected by Turner which did not originate from Ray's work do not generally appear in Cooper's glossary, and even when both Cooper and Turner list the same word it is quite often the case that their derivations differ.

Following careful analysis of the manuscript list, and by comparing it with Cooper's Glossary of Provincialisms in Use in the County of Sussex (1836), and with his greatly expanded glossary of 1853 I have come to the conclusion that Turner's word-list was not incorporated into any of the subsequent Sussex dialect glossaries. I also believe that the manuscript may be the earliest surviving example of a Sussex dialect glossary, and if that is the case, then it is a unique and valuable document in its own right.

For the benefit of the reader, and for convenience of space, I have omitted from the transcription several Latin and Anglo-Saxon derivations which have generally been published elsewhere and are chiefly taken verbatim from Ray's glossary. Edward Turner writes:

Dear Turner, Without intending to lay claim to the compliment which my friend and neighbour at Parham has been pleased to pay me, I send you a list of nearly 100 Sussex words, the great part of which many years residence in this my native county has brought under my notice. The short time you have given me for the task and a more than usual press of engagements upon my hands at the present moment, must be the excuse for the hurried and imperfect manner in which I have been able to accomplish it. Had I been differently situated my list might have been more complete and the explanations and derivations better worth your notice. Some of these you will think rather fanciful, they are so - quite as much perhaps

as Horne Tookes¹ derivations of Breecher - but you are aware that the word derivation gives great latitude to etymologists. To Ray's Collection of *English Words not Generally Used*,² appended to his book of proverbs I have, as you will see, frequently alluded, first, because his explanations and derivations are generally good, and secondly to point out some errors into which it appears to me he has fallen. Ray was not a Sussex man, but his frequent visits to Danny led him to observe the peculiarity of many of our expressions, and at the instigation and with the assistance of his friend Peter Courthope³ to whom the work is dedicated, the collection made. The words I object to may have become obsolete.

Wishing you success in your undertaking, I remain truly yours, Edward Turner. October 18th, 1835. (M.C.)

In Sussex generally words ending in *sp* are pronounced as if they ended with *pse* - as *hapse* for *haspe*, *wapse* for *wasp*, *clapse* for *clasp*. *E* is also changed into *i*, as *nick* for *neck*. *Throat* is called *throt*; *choak* - *chock*; *ditch* - *dick*. Inanimate things are called *him* instead of *it* - expressed in a sentence by '*n*', as for *set it down* - *set n' down* - that is *set him down*, *let n' stand* - that is *let him stand*. *Come and fetch 'n* &c. are common expressions. An *s* too is added to verbs of the first and second person as *I goos to Chichester*, *you looks badly* &c.

[Key to Sussex dictionaries in which a word is first listed. * = Cooper, 1836.
= Cooper, 1853. + = Parish, 1875. ^ = Hall, 1957.]

[+]Bout. Ask a man who is engaged in any work for you which requires much coming and going, to do anything to which he has no inclination and he will answer *not this bout* - that is not this time.

[*]Barton⁴. The yard of a house. Ray gives this as a Sussex provincialism. I never met with this word in Sussex.

[+]Baven. A Faggot made of brushwood.

[*]Blighted. As applied to corn destroyed by mildew. Ray gives this word as a Sussex provincialism.

[+]Budge. To go, as *come budge*. It is also used in another sense as *how budge you look*, that is how serious or sullen. May not this expression have arisen from the circumstances that people in a serious or sullen mood ought to shun or go away from society.

¹[John] Home Tooke (1736-1812). Author of the celebrated etymological work *Epea Pteroenta, or The Diversions of Purley*, (1786-1805).

²John Ray (1627-1705), naturalist. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Author of several outstanding works on plants and zoology. Published in 1674 his *Collection of English Words not generally used, with their Significations and Original, in Two Alphabetical Catalogues, the One of such as are proper to the Northern, the other to the Southern Counties*. The list to which Turner refers is appended to *A Complete Collection of English proverbs* (1768).

³Courthope was a pupil and friend of John Ray who not only dedicated the *Collection of English Words*, but also his acclaimed *Synopsis Methodica Animalium* (1693), to his student.

⁴Cooper (1836), describes *barton* as *disused since Ray*.

[*]Bostal. A drift way up the downs. The origin of this word has never yet been discovered. Bang. To beat about, or handle roughly.

[*]Brutte. Cattle are said to *brutte* a hedge or tree, when they browse upon it. The old form of browse is *browset*, hence by corruption *brutte*.

[*]Buck. The breast or body. Ray gives this as a Sussex word. It may have been so but I cannot find that it is now in use. *Buck* is the Saxon for belly, and the *buck* of a cart Ray says, is the body of a cart, but we have no such term in Sussex now.

[*]Bud. As applied to a calf of a year old is sometimes used. The derivation is obviously from the *budding* of the horns.

[*]Chavish. As *what a chavish you are making*. Ray says in explanation of this word, that it is a chatting or prattling noise among many.

[*]Chizzle. A Teut[onic]: *Kieselee*, *siliqua*⁵, *gluma*⁶. Ray says this is used in Sussex for bran, if it is, I have never met with this word.

[*]Chuck. A chip. In other counties, Ray tells us, it is called a *chunck*. Hence probably our Sussex term.

[*]Church-Litten. For churchyard. This too Ray says is a Sussex word used in Wiltshire. I have never heard this word used in Sussex.

[*]Coger⁷. The midday meal of farming servants is called *coger*.

[*]Combe. A valley. Common as applied to a hollow in the front of the downs. This term is not peculiar to Sussex.

[*]Crap. As applied to darnel or rye grass.

[*]Crock. As to *crock a thing up*, is derived from the custom of laying up butter in a *crock* or earthen vessel, for winter use.

Drab. An untidy person is so called from the Saxon *drabbe*, signifying *lees* or *dregs*.

[*]Ellenge. Applied to a solitary or lonely place is a term much used in, but I suspect not altogether peculiar to Sussex. The term is probably derived from the Saxon word *ellende*.

[#]Ersh. A field of stubble, after the corn is severed. Probably from the Saxon word *edise*. An *ersh* is sometimes called in Sussex a *gratton*. The derivation of the latter I have not yet discovered.

Flicken. To sparkle and flare, applied to a wood fire.

[*]Fostal. The way leading from the highway to a great house.

Geer. As *suchlike geer* - speaking of trifling, lively things. Probably from *gero* as applied to the harness of a horse.

[*]Gill. As applied to a small stream running between two hills, is, I believe a term peculiar to Sussex. In the North it is applied to the valley through which the stream runs.

[+]Gunning. As *he kept gunning at me*, a common expression among the lower orders in Sussex for - he kept his eyes steadfastly fixed upon me.

[*]Hagglng. As *why do you stand hagglng* or disputing about it, a corruption of *higglng*.

⁵Latin. *Siliqua* = husks.

⁶Latin. *Gluma* = pods.

⁷Cooper (1836), suggests that *coger* may be a corruption of *cold cheer*.

[*]Heal. To cover over, as to heal up the fire, or a person in bed. From the word *healan* to hide or cover.

[*]Hornicle. A hornet is so called by the lower orders in Sussex.

[*]Hotagoe. As *your hotagoe*, (or move nimbly) your tongue. Ray gives this as a Sussex phrase. I have never met with it. Its origin, I think, is obvious. Heat created by quick motion.

[*]Hover. Straw and other light things are said to be *hover* when they are placed lightly on the ground.

Jamb. A thing is said to be *jammed in* when a place is so full, that it is with difficulty you can force in more. Is not then this word a perversion of *cram* or *ram*?

[*]Leasing. Used for gleaning corn.

Leer. A sheltered place is said to be *leer*, and any thing in such a place is said to *stand under the leer*, a corruption probably of *lee*.

Lit. As *I lit upon it*, for I found it, evidently a contraction of *lighted*.

Leef or Leve. For willing, Chaucer uses *leven* for *rather*.

[*]Lithy. For pliant. A corruption of *lithe*.

[*]Lourdy or Lourgy. For sluggish or idle, as *he is a lourdy fellow*. From the French *lourd* - ignavus.⁸ Heylin⁹ in his geography maintains that *lourdon* - a lazy fellow - is derived from Lord Dane, for that the Danes when they were masters here were distributed singly in private houses, and in each were called Lord Dane because they lorded it there, and lived a slothful and idle life.

Mandering. For commanding. [Turner gives an example but it is illegible].

[*]Misagaft. Mistaken or misgiven. Although Ray attributes this word to Sussex, it has never fallen under my observation.

[*]Mokes. The meshes of a net are so called.

[*]Mixon. Dung laid out in a heap mixed with vegetable mould is so called.

[*]Nab. The summit of rising ground.

[*]Nail. A stone or 8 lbs of what is so called in Sussex.

Near the Matter. A common Sussex expression. A vessel is said to be *near the matter full*, when it is nearly so.

[*]Poud. A boil or tumour. Why so called I am unable to say unless it is from *pout*, to hang prominent.

[*]Puckets. Ray gives this as a Sussex term applied to a nest of caterpillars.

[*]Quotted. Cloyed or glutted. From the Latin word *quot* or *quotus*.

[*]Rathe. Early. This is a word sometimes used, but not common in Sussex. Ray gives it as a Sussex word. Its derivation is from a.s. *radh* or *radhe*.

⁸Latin. idle, lazy.

⁹Peter Heylin, 1600-1622. Ecclesiastical writer and royal chaplain, published his 'Geography' in 1621.

¹⁰For an example of the use of *mander* in Sussex dialect see stanza 3 of *Jan Cladpole's Trip to Merricur*, by Richard Lower (1872).

Remain. As *left to my own remains*, I have lately met with this expression in the Weald of Sussex. Its application was to the state of a person left to act for herself in a case of some difficulty. She had consulted her friends and was, as she said, *after all left to her remains*: - that is as I understand it - I remain alone to decide this point, or I am left alone to abide the issue of this business.

Santer. To loiter about. Ray says it is derived from *Saincte terre* i.e.. the Holy Land, because of the old time, when there were frequent expeditions thither, many idle persons went from place to place, upon pretence that they had taken, or intended to take the cross upon them,¹¹ and to go thither. It signifies to idle up or down, to go loitering about. This is very ingenious and need not, however, in my opinion, travel so far for the origin of this word. It is a corruption of *saunter* - from *segniter*.¹² Johnson's derivation seems in accordance with Ray's.

[*]Scaddle. Mischievous. From a.s. *shade* - damage or hurt.

Scovet. A sort of wooden shovel without a handle made use of in moving corn.

[*]Seam. A measure of wood.

[*]Sew. To go dry. Ray says it is spoken of a cow, but this is not the case. It is applied to water drawn off from a pond or well.

[*]Shaw. A wood enclosing a space of open ground.

[*]Shawle. A wooden corn shovel, of which word it is probably a contraction.

[*]Skeeling. Ray is mistaken in the meaning of this word, he says an *isle* or *bay of a barn* is so called. But this is not correct, a *skeeling* is a building attached to or carried on from the main part of a house, the roof of which is a continuation of the main roof, or else *skeels* or slopes from the main house. It is sometimes called a *lean to*, which is very expressive of a *skeeling*.

[+]Sheer. Semi transparent, or which has a tendency to transparency.

[*]Shimper. Applied in Sussex to anything that shines. I have heard shinning also called shucking.

[+]Shravey. A soil is said to be *shravey* when it is gravelly and unproductive, and the small stony particles of which such soil consists is called *shrave*. We have also the phrase *a shravey fellow*, or *a fellow of shravey character*, a man, that is, who is leading a useless life.

[*]Shuck. The shell of anything.

[*]Sidy. Surly, moody.

[*]Sizzing. For yeast or barm, I have never met with as a Sussex word, though Ray gives it in his list.

[^]Slank. A shallow sluggish piece of water is called a *slank*, from the Saxon *slingan*. To creep along.

[+]Sliver. A slice, as he gave me a good big sliver.

Sluther. To sluther a thing over, is to do it in a slatternly or sloven manner.

[*]Snagge. The large black shell of a snail is so called in Sussex.

[*]Speen. The teat of a cow is so called.

¹¹To take the cross, to embark upon a Holy crusade. Crossed, to have taken the cross.

¹²Latin: slowly; lazily.

[*]Squat. Is used actively. An apple or any other thing of a soft nature is said to squat easily, that is to bruise.

[+]Stent. Applied to work, as he gave me a stent of work.

[^]Stiver. As he went stivering along, or bustling.

[#]Stodge. Anything of a thick moist substance is called a stodge.

[*]Strig. That part of fruit by which it is attached to the tree, the footstalk.

[*]Stuckling. An apple pie not made in a pan is called an apple stuckling, probably from the custom in Sussex of serving it up with the lid cut in slices and stuck in the fruit.

[*]Sweale. To singe or burn.

[#]Tag, or Tegge. A sheep of a year old. The derivation of this word I have never been able to ascertain. It has arisen probably from the appearance of the teeth.

Tharky. Anything dark. A corruption probably of swart or swarthy.

[^]Trugge. Ray gives this as the Sussex expression for a tray, for which a term I have never yet met with.

[*]Trull. To trundle, of which it is evidently a corruption.

Ungainly. A careless person is so called. From ungang, the Saxon term for awkward.

[*]Voor. A furrow in ploughing is called a *voor*, *f* is often pronounced in Sussex like *v*.

[*]Wattles. For a particular kind of hurdle. Ray is wrong in giving this word as peculiar to Sussex.

[*]Whapple-way. A way for cattle only, in opposition to a drift way. This word has puzzled the etymologists. Mr Marten's derivation from waypole - because the shutting of the gates on these roads was obliged to be secured by means of long poles attached to the gate posts and acting as spring to the gates - he has probably given you. The conjection is ingenious, if not conclusive.

[*]Wimme. To winnow corn, of which word it is probably a corruption.

An Appeal for Assistance

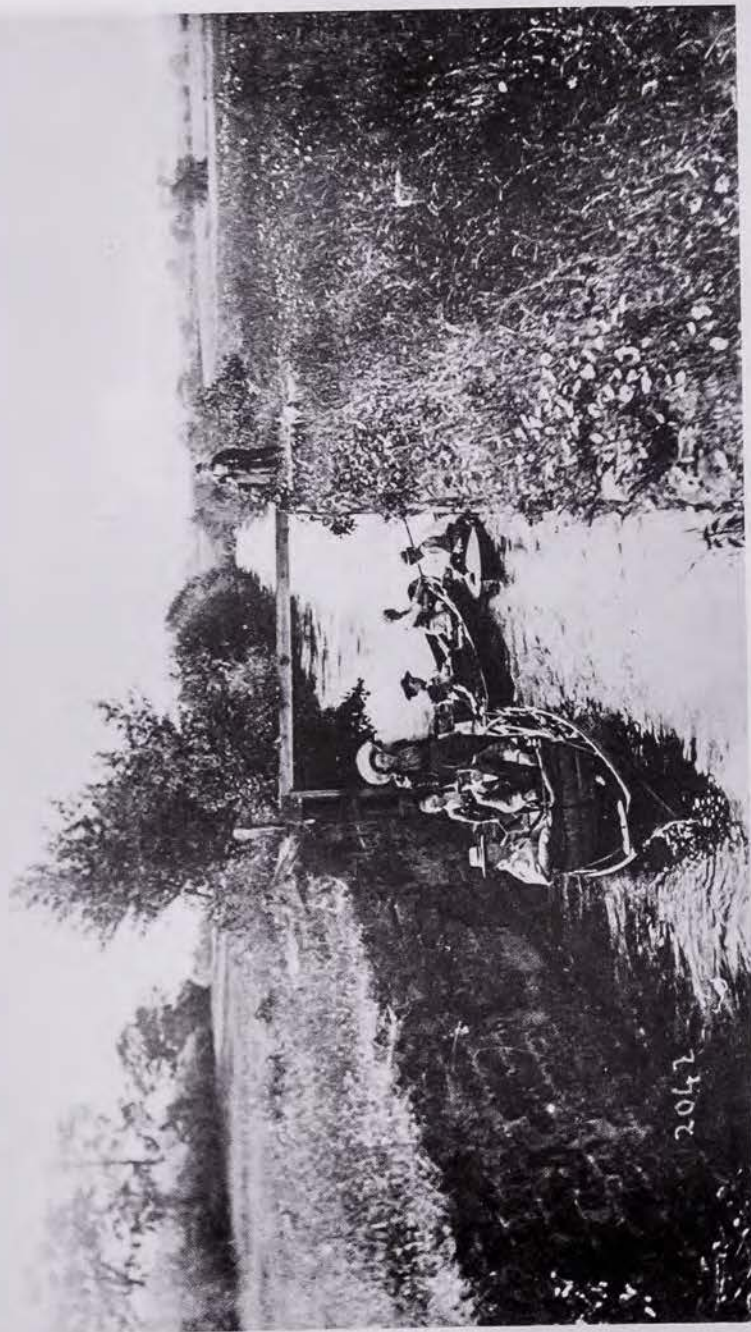
For the past ten years I have steadfastly been collecting Sussex dialect words that have not previously appeared in any of the published Sussex dictionaries. I have managed to gather together several hundred words which may have otherwise been lost or exist only in dusty old books, manuscripts, tradesmen's accounts, and inventories, which due to their rarity are almost inaccessible to the general public.

To the point that I wish to make. I would like to talk to farmers, labourers, tradesmen, housewives, hedgers woodsmen, quarry workers, in fact just about anybody who has lived and worked in Sussex over a lengthy period. I do not wish to question anybody, and any discussion will be totally informal. I believe that many Sussex people still remember and in some cases still use dialect words without even being aware of the fact. So if you would be prepared to talk to me then please let Peter or myself know.

Miles Costello
38 Hampers Green
PETWORTH 343227



"Mr Rowe, Duncton Nov 1901. Copy."
Alison McCann showed this as a slide in the Garland lecture.
Can anyone explain the picture? It was obviously copied by Walter Kevis.



"Just then a boating party came along drifting down the stream..."
See "A visitor to Petworth..."
This picture is taken at Shopham Lock, by John Smith, in 1895.

Shut in the Library

I was brought up in Burnley in the years between the wars and I soon learned that whatever we'd done at school, there was nothing for us locally. My mother had died when I was quite young, but talking to a friend of hers who was in service locally, I was advised to get in touch with an agency in Derby, Mrs Reeves I think it was called, and they would send me a list of positions to apply for. The firm's commission was paid by the employer.

My first job was at Briley Close, Windermere, working for a Mr Hedley and I stayed there a good couple of years. I liked it at Windermere and left only because I felt it was time to move on. In the afternoons we could go swimming in the lake. The house stood on a hill overlooking the lake, and I remember each bedroom was completely different. It was back to Mrs Reeves' agency again and the sheets of prospective positions. Chatsworth was one I remember with a dozen or more housemaids on the staff, Petworth didn't seem to have quite so many and may have seemed less forbidding. There was no preliminary interview and at eighteen I found myself travelling down on the train to Euston. Coming out of the station I was terrified; I'd no idea how to get across London to Victoria and consulted a policeman. He was, I think, a Northerner. Anyway he was just going off duty so he took me to Victoria himself. I often think of his kindness even now. I was met at Pulborough, I don't remember anything about that, but I know I didn't change to the branch line for Petworth. After all it's over sixty years ago, the end of September, early October, 1937. It's strange to look at this copy of the wages list and see my name. It was certainly something I would never have seen when I was working at Petworth.

On first impressions Mrs Leversuch, the housekeeper, seemed a rather superior lady, somewhat distant. It was the head housemaid who for all normal purposes was responsible for us. Mrs Doble, who took over from Mrs Leversuch after a time, was a much "earthier" character than Mrs Leversuch.

Two incidents stand out for my earliest days. As you know, open fires were a crucial part of our job and I was sent out to get some "pimps". When I got outside I realised with some embarrassment that I didn't know what I was supposed to be looking for! I had to go back to ask what a "pimp" was. Another early misadventure was being stuck in the White Library. The door was made up of books. When it swung to and closed I couldn't figure out how to get out. A footman came in and rescued me.

The day, I suppose, revolved around fires and cleaning. That was what a housemaid did. We had nothing to do with the kitchen and never went in there. Vera Watts the head housemaid was very kind to me in those earliest days. She married George Carter from the gardens and eventually went to live at Broadstairs. George was foreman in the Gardens. Vera was nine years older than I was and it seemed a very big age gap then. We would be woken in the morning at 5.30 by the watchman, usually Mr Howick who would continue to knock until we answered. There were three of us in our room.

Fires were very important, particularly when there were house-guests and there were a lot of these. I had to clean the fires out, burnish the steel grate with a pad with a chain on it, then relay the fire for the footman to light later. For each room, Mr Wilson the "odd-man"

gave us a handled box with what amounted to a firelighting kit complete with pimp and coal. The empty boxes were left by the lift for the hard-working Mr Wilson to collect and refill for the next day. I'd have a whole landing to do perhaps and would be hard at work all morning, working on my own. At twelve o'clock sharp the big bell rang in the yard and it was time for lunch.

Cleaning was the other part of our job. The head housemaid and second housemaid made the beds as a general rule. Two particular tasks I remember: using a feather brush to dust in the North Gallery and polishing the Marble Hall. Our instructions were, as far as possible, to keep out of Lord Leconfield's way. He didn't like to hear the sound of the Hoover and we had to be out of the way if he was about. It was an electric Hoover but I can't ever remember using it downstairs, basically a simple dustpan and brush. My friend Dorothy and I used to have to clean the Marble Hall, oiling the black squares, one putting the oil on the other wiping it off. Druggetts, long protective strips of hessian were very much a part of life. Once two of us were working in Lord Leconfield's study. It had to be cleaned by nine o'clock. There were all sorts of different hunting horns hanging by the fireplace and my friend and I tried to get a tune out of them. You can imagine our consternation when his lordship suddenly appeared. We made a hasty exit and nothing was said but was there the hint of a smile on his lordship's face? Mrs Keyes, the sempstress, made Lady Leconfield a pair of riding breeches in stiff green buckram. I remember going once into her ladyship's bedroom and seeing the trousers standing quite upright. I wondered how on earth she got into them. It seemed the only way would be by swinging on the light fitting!

There was a great deal of entertaining, housefuls for Goodwood particularly but a great number of house guests at all times, even in the first years of the war. If the guests hadn't brought a maid, we would have to "maid" them ourselves. In those days hot water came in brass cans, laboriously transported by us. I couldn't help noticing that some visitors might have very expensive outer clothing but less so underneath! A real lady was Mary Churchill, often at the House at the beginning of the war. As we say in Lancashire she had no "edge"; she was always completely natural and friendly.

If we saw one group of estate workers more than another it was gardeners. Five of them lived in the "bothy" in the gardens. It was, by all accounts, pretty basic there, although Mrs Westlake, who looked after them, did all she could to make things as comfortable for her charges as possible. As housemaids, of course, we were never allowed into the bothy but I remember down-to-earth Mrs. Doble, the housekeeper, going down to the bothy once and coming back in a great state because, she said, the men had no proper pillows there. The gardeners were often in the House to do the room sets for which Petworth was noted. Themes might be anything, I remember gold and silver particularly. As I have said there was a houseful at Goodwood but there were many other times when the House was awash with guests. It was usual then to have a "room set". The gardeners effectively had to be specialists in what would now be called 'floral art', table decoration was very much part of their job. It could occasionally happen that Lady Leconfield didn't like the finished set and it all had to be redone. I later married Ted Lee from the bothy, who came from Hailsham in East Sussex but I remember the others: Charlie Matthews went on to Roundhay Park, Leeds, Don

Pullman came from Alton and would go home whenever he could. George, I can't remember his surname, came from Anglesey, and was always looking to go back there.



Ella (second left) with other housemaids at Petworth House in 1938. Ella's stepmother is on the right. She had come to Petworth to visit Ella.

With a job like that of housemaid, time off was important, but we didn't have a lot of money to play with. Walking in Petworth Park or even Stag Park was free of course, although if the House was full of guests even time off could be curtailed. We might save enough to go to the pictures but one and threepence seemed a lot of money then. For holidays most girls simply went home, but the train fare to Burnley and back needed a lot of thought - and saving! Occasionally a couple of us might go to Brighton on the bus - five shillings return - again it might want a bit of saving. Dances too were a possibility once in a while. They were held at the Swan. If there were a lot of guests we had to do the hot water bottles not before ten o'clock, there might be thirty or more to be done. As soon as we could, off came our black working dresses and on went our dance dresses and we'd be off down Lombard Street. Dances were from eight till two. At one thirty we had to be back sharp, gardeners, housemaids and everybody for it was then that the night watchman would let us in. Once, after tea, we borrowed some big old cycles that were kept at the House and went off to Littlehampton.

A notable break in the year came when the family went off to Cokermonth. It was time then to give everything a good clean. We were then rather better off than usual because we did our own catering and were on "board wages". Vera Watts cooked for us in our own little kitchen, we were never allowed into the main kitchen: one great standby was wild mushrooms, picked in the meadow at the bottom of Grove Lane.

At the beginning of the war Lady Leconfield took me and Irma the stillroom maid to her London house in Bryanston Square. There was a cook-housekeeper there full time. There were barrage balloons everywhere. Lady Leconfield said, "I'll take you to see de Gaulle and the Free French marching". She did but then to my consternation she said, "I've got a lunch appointment, you can find your own way back. You'll be alright". Once again I had to seek help from a policeman! Her ladyship also got tickets for Irma and me to see Chu Chin Chow in the West End, quite an experience, I'd never been to somewhere like that before. It was not long into the war when Irma and Gertrude, the lady's maid, were interned. I think they were either Austrian or Swiss. Before the war we had one trip to Ascot Races, three of the housemaids being chosen, another year another department might have the treat. Colonel Carter, clerk to the course, was a regular visitor at Petworth. He didn't tip but left three tickets for Ascot. It wasn't just admission, though, we went in a coach, and the trip involved a visit to his house, where we had a buffet meal. We then spent the afternoon at the course, before returning to the Colonel's house for tea.

When the school came in 1939, we moved across into the Tapestry Room, Mrs Doble sleeping just across the passage. There was still a great number of visitors, even if the atmosphere had changed rather. Once we saw an elderly lady in delicate mauve, a very sweet smiling old lady, who disappeared through the door - without opening it! I often think about this. She was such a sweet lady that I don't think we were frightened, just a little worried that people would think of us as silly girls. The school didn't make a lot of difference to our routine, except that if the siren sounded we had to grab a baby each, (it didn't matter which one!) and run into the tunnel with them.

When Ted was called up I went back to Burnley to work in munitions. I left at the end of 1940. We came back to Petworth just after the war because Ted's job had to be kept for him. He worked at Red House for a time and we lived at Tillington. Mrs Westlake who had looked after the boys in the bothy was very kind to me at this time. Eventually we decided that the children would have a better chance of employment in Burnley and moved back north. Once, during the war, I had come back to Petworth for a day while staying with my mother-in-law in East Sussex. Fred Streeter who always called me "old Oswaldthistle" after my Lancashire accent, said jokingly that now I'd gone he'd realized who kept stealing his peaches and nectarines. When I was going home he gave me a box of them to take with me.

Ella Lee was talking to Diana Owen and the Editor.
Our grateful thanks to Ann and Don Callingham and Audrey Grimwood for setting up the interview.

Petworth House of Correction

When the Justices of the Lower Division of the Rape of Arundel built their House of Correction at Petworth in 1785-1788, they had for their architect the celebrated James Wyatt, whose plans,

sections, and elevations for it are in the front of *Dallaway's History of the Rape of Arundel; Vol. II* (1832 edition). Wyatt's drawings are dated 1784-85, and show a three-storey 12-bay building in severe classical style, the central four bays pedimented and slightly projecting, and the two sets of four bays on its sides having their ground floor as an open arcade each. Four chimneys rise at equal distances in the roof. The building is set within walled 'Airing Grounds' (exercise-areas), with a small privy-block behind and the Keeper's House separate at front.

The Chapel occupied the centre of the first and second floors, under the pediment, and had four fanlight windows, two per storey; the other windows were cell-like fanlights on the two upper floors. Downstairs in 1785 were the two arcaded wings, with a central four-room block (two storerooms at front, two turnkeys' rooms behind).

In 1788 the Justices drew up their Rules for the Petworth House of Correction, printed in *Dallaway (Vol. II, front)*. Houses of Correction were short-stay reformatories, where incorrigibles were 'set on work' and released when amenable. The Keeper's pay was to be £50 a year, plus house and garden. The Surgeon's was to be £15 p.a. including medicines. On the staff also were two turnkeys (warders) and a Chaplain (local C. of E. priest). No members of the public were admitted on visits except by Justice's warrant.

All prisoners were to be kept separate from each other and forbidden to talk or communicate. They were to be exercised at least one hour daily; to attend divine worship (unless ill); before exercise ('airing'), each 'to sweep his room and wash his face'. For each room, the House provided one bedstead, 1 mop, 1 leather bucket, 1 canvas bed, 1 straw mattress, 2 blankets, 1 comb and brush, 1 wooden basin, 1 long towel. Scales for weighing the bread-allowance (on request of prisoner) were to be provided.

On arrival as new inmate, whether on remand or as convict after trial, each prisoner was examined by the surgeon, then stripped and washed in warm water. His head was then shaved, and his clothes taken away to be baked in the House's oven and kept till his release, when the House's clothes would be taken back and his own clothes put on him again. The House clad him in 1 coat, 1 waistcoat, 1 pair of breeches, 1 shirt, 1 pair of stockings, 1 hat, and supplied 1 woollen night-cap and 1 spare shirt and pair of stockings. All clothing was to be 'of the cheapest and darkest woollens, with different-coloured sleeves, and without plaits or pockets'. Women prisoners were to be clad in suitable women's clothing, likewise of cheap dark woollens. No vagrants were to be clad by the House.

For diet, each prisoner had 2lbs of bread a day, to be one day old, and any other food ordered by the House's Visitors (supervisory committee of inspection), i.e. the said Justices. No liquor to be allowed other than water, unless an inmate was ill and liquor ordered by the Surgeon. Prisoners on remand might buy in own food but not liquor. Supplies and fuel for the House's Infirmary were to be bought and paid for by the Keeper, for refund at next Sessions (held quarterly, at Epiphany, Easter, Midsummer, Michaelmas).

Sole visitors permitted (1788) were the Chaplain or a J.P.

Unruly prisoners or escapers might be handcuffed or fettered by the Keeper for 6 days at most, he to give notice of same to the Visitors after the first two days. The Keeper might order reduction of rations, or prisoner to be closer confined.

All prisoners were to work on hemp, flax, etc., if physically able. Up to one-sixth of each's work can be used by the inmate to buy food or to store as cash for use on release.

The Keeper to keep two record-books, one of the prisoners' personal details (date of arrival; trade; crime; sentence; conduct; earnings) and one for sick (stating disease).

Table of totals committed to the House, 1788-1818; it does not say how many each year were remand only:-

Year	Total	Remarks	Year	Total	Remarks
1788	40	Opened this year	1804	40	
1789	69		1805	84	
1790	66		1806	77	
1791	63		1807	70	
1792	71		1808	74	
1793	60		1809	71	
1794	40		1810	49	
1795	35	Start of the Napoleonic Wars	1811	67	
1796	41		1812	81	
1797	67		1813	81	
1798	83		1814	72	
1799	69		1815	122	Napoleonic Wars end
1800	76		1816	178	Dreadful summer, much want
1801	67		1817	182	
1802	40		1818	199	
1803	79				

In 1816 there was frost in July, and the frequent cold rains rotted the crops before harvest. The troops were all paid-off, and sent home, many to poverty and some to swell the totals in the Houses of Correction. In 1816 the Justices ordered that the Petworth House be enlarged by closing-off its open arcades and making them into four workrooms, two rooms for vagrants, and one day-room; George Moneypenny of London was the architect. He had worked on several gaols and Houses of Correction. His drawings are in the front of *Dallaway, Vol.II*. The turnkeys' rooms and store-rooms were as before; on their left, a lobby with two looms in it, and two workrooms and one vagrant's room beyond; on their right, a lobby, workroom, dayroom, and vagrant's room on end. Upstairs, in the centre, was the Chapel, of 32 pews, each 3ft. by 2ft. 10ins., high-sided, giving each a sight of the chaplain but not of the other prisoners; in each floor of left and right wings, 16 bedrooms, each 13ft. 3ins. by 10ft. by 9ft. high, with privy in it; and two rooms with fireplace, each for infirmary use, each 16ft. 3in. by 12ft. 8in. One of these four infirmary-rooms would be used for female prisoners (average 3 or 4 at any time, in 1830s) as their quarters. The turnkeys' rooms were each 16ft. 3in. by 12ft. 8in., and the store-rooms (for straw etc.), 20ft. by 10ft. each. There were six Airing Yards, four 62ft. by 54ft. each, two 62ft. by 50ft. each, and two 50ft. by 46ft. each.

On 17 October 1815, the Justices revised their rules for the diet. Those on hard labour to have bread and water only; those on remand, to have three half-pints of soup and 1½lbs of bread on Thursdays and Sundays, in their common-rooms or cells as the Keeper thought fit.

On 11 January 1819, the Justices changed some of the diet again. Convicts now got 2lbs. of bread a day, and water, only, unless ill. The Justices also revised the staff's personnel and pay, thus:

Keeper, £70 p.a. + house + garden

2 Turnkeys, 14/- a week each

1 Superintendent of Work and Weaver, £1 a week, to be paid from the work's profits

1 Chaplain, £35 a year

1 Surgeon, £30 a year

New arrivals' heads were only rarely shaved, by 1830s.

The goods made in the Petworth House of Correction were better than most then on sale in shops, and the House was in profit. So said the Clerk of the peace in his Epiphany 1819 report to the County Justices, printed in *Dallaway*. The County lent £350 for the work's upkeep at start of year; wool bought from Messrs Hollands, and machinery from William Nightingale. Stock in hand's value was £423-18-6; profit made, £76-15-4½d. *Dallaway (II p.xvi)* lists the goods made, with prices at sale, viz collar-cloth (two sorts), horsecloth, coatings (3 sorts), blankets (3 sorts), coverlids (coverlets), tilting, mops (6 sorts). prices, e.g. Horsecloth, 3s. 6d. a yard; 15 ozs. Mops, 19.02. a dozen; 8-4 Blankets, 22s. 0d. a pair.

Further details of the House's running and life there will be found in the County's Quarter Sessions or other records in the West Sussex Record Office, Chichester. The Police Station in Petworth is now on or near the site.

Jeremy Godwin

Answers to Around the Town Quiz

- | | |
|----------------|--|
| Market Square | 1. Traveller's Joy. Tourist Information Centre. |
| | 2. Shanghai Cottage. |
| | 3. Red Cross at Hove. |
| | 4. Greens of Petworth. |
| | 5. Wooden flower tub at entrance to NatWest Bank. |
| | 6. Pillarbox in front of Teelings Dental Surgery. |
| | 7. John's Corner. |
| | 8. Loaves and fishes design over 'Granary' door. |
| Lombard Street | 9. Alsatian in mural. Window of Wayletts newsagents. |
| | 10. The Orange Tree. Marmalade. |
| | 11. Sign at Bacchus Gallery. |
| | 12. 'Threshers' wineshop. |
| Church Street | 13. Wilkinson Antiques. |
| | 14. Angel Antiques. |
| | 15. Persian Carpet Shop. |
| North Street | 16. Christies (Auctioneers). |

- North Street 17. Pandora's Box.
18. Notice on Coach House regarding information on vandals.
- East Street 19. 'Vice-regal' Lodge.
20. Protruding sign at the Covert.
21. 1819 on old School House.
22. 'Misses' of metal used to strengthen wall. 356d.
23. Sola workshop.
24. House of Elliott.
25. 'Stringers'.
26. Octavia Hill - Octavia Antiques.
27. Anchor at Trumpers Cottage.
- Middle Street 28. The 'Card' Shop.
29. Red Lion Antiques.
30. Green Man Antiques.
- High Street 31. Lesley 'Bragge' Antiques.
32. Wrought iron gate to Rother Insurance Services.
33. The 'Corral'.
34. Bradleys - 21 High Street.
35. Mews sign - Pannells Cottage.
36. Déjà vu.
37. Stewart Antiques.
38. Riverbank.
39. The French Room.
- Old Bakery 40. Peaches and Cream.
41. 'Rosemary', Sue Ryder shop.
42. Blackbirds Bookshop.
- Golden Square 43. Open Country.
44. Oak Apple.
45. Haggis Advert at Roger Richardson's.
- Market Square 46. Barringtons - Market Square House. Sponsors of original Festival Quiz.
47. The New Star.
48. Sign over entrance to Somerfield.
- Saddlers Row 49. Tudor Cottage.
50. Plaque at Baskerville Antiques.
- Pound Street 51. Cynthia - Hair Stylist.
52. Goodwill Takeaway.
53. The Tasty Plaice.
54. Davenport - a davenport is a kind of desk.
55. Natural Therapy Studio.
56. 'Bacon' and Co.
- Market Square 57. 'Madison' Gallery.
58. 'Subway' Youth Centre.

- Market Square 59. The Old Bank House.
60. Austens - established 1812.
61. Ronald Chambers.
62. Jacqueline Tudor.

Two William Nightingales - a note from Mrs McCann or 'Undone by coincidence'! (See Magazine 93)

Dear Peter,

Having read your article on the William Nightingale case in the last Petworth Society Magazine, I thought I would have a quick check to see what information we could uncover about him in a fairly short and basic search. It is of course complicated by the fact that he was a nonconformist, but I enclose a sheet with the information I found.

By coincidence there were two William Nightingales living in Petworth at the time of the 1841 census, both very elderly, and in fact they died within months of each other in 1849-1850. The William Nightingale living in Ayres buildings was an agricultural labourer. William Nightingale the carpenter was living with his wife and with his son Joseph and his family at Worlds End. The premises are shown on the 1839 map (Add.Ms.15112) and described as a house, yard and premises, so presumably this was where the carpenter's business was carried on. The next property to it was a house and malthouse, of which we know from the Land Tax returns that Warren was tenant. This property is now Grove House. William Nightingale's property was the next one on the way out of Petworth. You will know if it is still recognisably in existence.

You will see that I have used the records of Petworth Savings Bank. I have a volunteer indexing these at the moment, and they are proving quite fascinating. A number of the savers are in service in the smaller houses, of which we have no other records of employees; there are a number of trust funds for various purposes; and of course they give us unique information on the financial resources of the small craftsmen and traders, like William Nightingale. The depositors ledgers cover 1818-1893. They raise more questions and speculation than they answer, of course, but that is usual!

William Nightingale

Born c.1754, married 1784 at Petworth to Hannah Winpenny.

Children:

Esther, b. c. 1797, married William Bartelot, sadler

Joseph, bap. 1798 by the minister of Arundel Independent Chapel; married Harriet Bartelot, children William, Hannah and Harriet; by 1841, wife dead or gone, Mary Bartelot, age 20, living in as servant to care for the three young children; died July 1849.

James, bap. 1801, Arundel Independent Chapel; probably died young.

Maria, bap. 1804, Arundel Independent Chapel; married John Wickenden, carpenter and builder.

Rebecca, no birth or bap. date ascertainable, married — Elliott.

1825 Put £30 in Petworth Savings Bank

1841 Living at Worlds End, Petworth, with wife Hannah, next door to son Joseph and his children

1844 wife Hannah died, age 84

July 1849 son Joseph died, age 50

September 1849 died, age 95

1850 Will proved by his executors, John Wickenden and William Bartelot. Copyhold property (not in Petworth Manor, according to the index to the court books) to be sold, and proceeds divided between his daughters and the children of his deceased son Joseph. The executors placed £30 in Petworth Savings Bank for Joseph's three children. The money was withdrawn in 1855.

New Members

Mrs Aldredge, 26 Methley Street, Cudworth, Nr Barnsley, S. Yorks.

Mr and Mrs S. Anstruther, Barlavington Farmhouse, Barlavington Estate, Petworth
GU28 0LG.

Mrs Atkins, 5 Hanover Close, Bury, Pulborough RH20 1PW.

Mr and Mrs J. Carver, 232 Copse Green, Petworth GU28 9NE.

Mrs J. Dallyn, Keyzaston Farm, Sutton, Pulborough.

Mrs S. Farrar-Pound, 14 Heatherwood, Midhurst GU29 9LH.

Mrs B.A. Joyce, 13 Katarina Grove, Tawa, Wellington, New Zealand 6006.

Mrs T. Kirk, 328L Percy Row, Petworth.

Mrs C.M. Nicholas, 1 Claremont Way, Midhurst, GU29 9QN.

Mr and Mrs J. Robbins, 75 Wyndham Road, Petworth.

Mr M. Walton, 37 Rogate Road, Worthing BN13 2DY.

Mr M. Wrey, c/o 'Christies', North Street, Petworth.

