

Echoes from the Green

Attended Petworth Fair at
Hampton Common



NO. 102. DECEMBER 2000.

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THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

magazine

Contents

- 2 Constitution and Officers
- 3 Chairman's Notes
- 3 How the other half lived
- 4 Music Makers programme
- 5 Steve and Miles' late summer walk 27th August
- 6 'Neither peppery nor a saxifrage...' a walk on the clay
- 8 The enchanted wood - 24th September
- 9 Answers to Crossword No. 2
- 10 Deborah's Christmas Crossword
- 11 Gwenda Morgan's Diary October 2nd to October 10th 1939
- 12 Mrs K. Vigar writes ...
- 13 Kowleching at Petworth 1721/2
- 14 Petworth Transportees
- 16 A look at the Cottage Museum visitors' books
- 17 Echoes from the Green (1)
- 18 Echoes from the Green (2)
- 20 'Why don't you go and see Mr Garland...?'
- 22 On leaving Gownfold
- 24 Sept. 4th 1857 "Attended Petworth Fair at Hampers Common"
- 28 Mrs Webb at The Gog
- 28 'How long do you think I've been in the Post Office...?'
- 32 Flames on the ceiling. Day Centre Conversations (6)
- 35 At Lurgashall 31st October
- 37 The Petworth Society Book Sale 4th November
- 37 Working for Pitfield & Oglethorpe

Cover drawing by Jonathan Newdick.

It shows the "Sugar Knob" at the Gog prior to the 1987 storm.

Cover design by Jonathan Newdick.

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LECONFIELD HALL
PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM
AND THE PETWORTH PARISH MAP.

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 £8.00. Single or double one Magazine delivered. Postal £9.00 overseas £10.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:

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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

Herewith the "economy" shorter magazine. "Never has so little been so eagerly awaited by so many!" Well, not quite, it's just that two consecutive 52 page issues rather strain resources. I think the usual features are here, except that the fourth and last Petworth Personality of the twentieth century will have to wait for another issue. I haven't done a review of the Music Makers' Show on September 30th. Keith was away on the night and he does our reviews. I only reproduce their programme — much enjoyed. I've no doubt we'll be seeing them again.

Peter October 31st

How the other half lived - which half includes you?

So complete did the account of life on an Elizabethan manor seem, that there was only one over-riding question left at the end of Bill and Louie Taylors' Garland Memorial Lecture: How did they come by such a comprehensive and detailed collection of slides to illustrate the story so convincingly?

The answer was that at Long Melford in Suffolk there is an annual event portraying Tudor life in all its aspects with participants in costumes so stringently approved three months beforehand and different every year.

The speakers too, were in Tudor dress as they gave the audience an insight into life 400 years ago, a time of change as the declining wool trade forced migration from the country into the towns and cities. There was still a vast gulf between the gentry and peasantry and the meaning of a line from a familiar hymn, now considered politically incorrect, took on its true meaning, for 'the poor man at his' (i.e. the Lord of the manor's) 'gate' was the vagrant waiting for the left-overs from the 'rich man's' meals.

So we were shown what went on in and around the manor house itself, with its well-to-do owners anxious always to maintain their position in society and when possible, out-do their neighbours with ostentatious displays of property, dress and entertainment; the many servants who were essential in maintaining the system, working long hours at tasks which were both monotonous and physically demanding, yet enjoying food, clothing and shelter which the peasants, more often than not, on the bread line and living in hovels, were denied.

We were taken through the kitchens, gardens, schoolroom - for children of the gentry only - and the great hall. We were shown harvesting, hunting with dogs, falcons and ferrets, entertainments, candle-making, sewing. The processing of wool still had an important place in rural economy, with the Queen attempting to bolster the market facing superior quality from the continent with such measures as requiring all to wear a woollen hat at least twice a week.

ACT 1

- 1 Anything Goes
- 2 I Got Rhythm
- 3 Sunny side of the street
- 4 I'm going to see you today
- 5 Marta
- 6 I'm Busy doing nothing
- 7 The Sun has got his hat on
- 8 Buddy, can you spare a dime?
- 9 Nice work if you can get it
- 10 Autumn Leaves
- 11 We'll gather lilacs
- 12 We'll meet again
- 13 Underneath the arches
- 14 Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner
- 15 Lambeth walk
- 16 Piano solo: In the mood
- 17 Skylark
- 18 How about you?
- 19 In love with Amy
- 20 Lullaby of Broadway
- 21 Forty Second Street

ACT 2

- 1 Piano solo: Dream of Olwen
- 2 Medley
- 3 Play a simple melody
- 4 A Nightingale sang in Berkley Square
- 5 I'll be seeing you
- 6 Sisters
- 7 Ramona
- 8 In the still of the night
- 9 I'm gonna sit right down
- 10 Whispering Grass
- 11 Alexander's Ragtime Band
- 12 Blue Moon
- 13 Somewhere over the rainbow
- 14 I yi yi
- 15 Don't fence me in
- 16 Gal in Kalamazoo
- 17 Chattanooga
- 18 I've got the sun in the morning
- 19 Stepping Out

Finale: Forty Second Street

Gambling was an accepted part of leisure, sitting alongside compulsory church attendance - absence incurred a fine. Formal education was confined to the gentry and children of selected employees, whose skills would be needed later, privately in the manor house before the boys would go on to one of the new, fee-paying grammar schools being established. Girls needed only such education as would fit them for a good marriage, which would include the arts as well as household management.

As well as the contrasts with the England of Elizabeth II, there were surprising similarities, notably the problems facing agriculture. Peter, in his vote of thanks, was able to point out the relevance of the subject, as a Garland Memorial Lecture (the 10th) to Petworth at the time of the Earls of Northumberland, the leading gentry in the land. A most informative, unusual presentation and, as always, a congenial evening for the 65 who had overcome flood and tempest to attend.

KCT

Steve and Miles' late summer walk 27th August

Steve and Miles' walk. A test for the Chairman's much-vaunted "youth" policy? A sharp shower at lunchtime may have deterred one or two but it was still a good company. Parking at the side of the lane to Cathanger, just down from Graffham crossroads, the path away to the left had been turned by the rain into a kind of stream. It wasn't long before we reached Barnett's Mill Pond, right on the border of the old Lodsworth liberty. Such a position had its advantages it seemed, although no one was very sure what they were, or why. Steve had some pictures of the mill, not too long demolished apparently. Clear traces of the mill remained, particularly the cobbled overflow. This is a great place for snowdrops, it's said. There is a project to reinstate the weed-choked mill pond: it certainly looked as if a good deal of dredging would be needed to bring back the old levels. Trees with red numbers painted on them. 12A. A sign of impending doom - or otherwise? We thought perhaps otherwise.

On up the track to Barnett's Mill Cottages. The miller lived here once. A huge trailing marrow on an equally huge mound outside. Mr King chatting to the unexpected Sunday afternoon crowd. By Barnett's Mill standards a pretty raucous scene, but then Barnett's Mill is a quiet sort of place - most of the time. And this was where Ron Probert (PSM 96) had spent his evacuee years "no electricity, gas, or running water". I wondered how things are now. Fearn's long legs were keeping her effectively free of mud, but Toby was plastered. A tale of two dogs! A Lockheed Lightning had crashed in the woods here during the war. Western red cedar in the wood, the kind of "cedar" used for conservatories, with unconscious echoes of the rather different cedar of Lebanon, that Hiram of Tyre had sent to build Solomon's temple. The land of the large ants. Steve says that if you put a bluebell on the top of one of their mighty mounds the ammonia the ants produce will bleach the blue flowers white.

Into Graffham Common, a clear stream twisting through woods. After a dryish August the paths are rather muddier than we might expect. Up a steep slope to emerge into open fields. Horses - a brown and white appaloosa among others. It's a clear day with storm cloud and not a hint of afternoon haze. Graffham's past - never Leconfield territory, the Gastons, Sergeants and Wilberforces, much, no doubt, unwritten. A pony in a field, viewed through nettles. A tumulus and old remembered almshouses where it's difficult even to find the footings. On through the woods, past the camp site. It's a fair way, but never strenuous: orange and lemonade at the end. It's five o'clock and no one's in a hurry.

P.

'Neither peppery nor a saxifrage...' A walk on the clay

"What's happened to Dr Sturt? Isn't it time he spoke to the Society again?" It's an oft-repeated question, recalling halcyon days while at the same time suggesting a certain slackness on the Chairman's part. It's not that I don't see Nick, it's simply that with such a busy school schedule he hasn't another subject on tap. At least it wasn't long since we had a "plant walk" article was it? Well, it was PSM 90 I was surprised to find, late summer 1997. It isn't that Marian and I haven't seen Nick and Elizabeth in the interim, simply that when we've gone out I haven't taken the dreaded biro and notepad. A Saturday afternoon was arranged for late August but because of the rain it was put off until early evening. We suggested a walk along the canal from the Onslow Arms at Loxwood, a possible "trailer" for Peter and Marian's Last of the Season Walk in late September.

It's not just a matter of making for the Car Park. There are things to be seen on the way. Down Pound Street, turning at the Pound. There is a riot of sturdy weeds hard into the wall as we walk up the slight incline. Red valerian of course, and Canadian flea-bane with its white daisy flowers, but also a coarse-stemmed hairy plant with small off-white flowers. Nick and Elizabeth identified it as a fast-flourishing "escape" *Conyza sumatrensis*, Sumatran or "Guernsey" flea-bane, a namesake of the more attractive "Canadian" *Erigeron canadensis*. The former is not mentioned by Arnold in his *Sussex Flora* of 1887 while the latter is described as "rare". It is no longer so. For some reason all the plants along this wall have keeled over and many of the stems are hopelessly broken. Perhaps the wind has had a tunnel effect on leaves heavy with rain. I suppose it's possible too that some late-night botanists, fresh from tavern, takeaway or both, have let professional standards slip momentarily and "trashed" the plants. We incline to the first view.

Loxwood? We're not in the car yet. What of the unobtrusive thick-leaved stonecrop, *Sedum dasyphyllum*, in Arnold's time virtually peculiar to Petworth - at least as regards Sussex records? Here it was "long known", and otherwise recorded only on a wall at Binderton in 1886. Cause for concern as the Back Lane wall at its southern end has been

repointed, and, where the swollen valerian roots had penetrated, effectively been rebuilt. Valerian is a very attractive plant with its carmine heads but it can do a lot of damage. All's well, Nick finds some surviving specimens, more or less shrivelled as you'd expect at this time. Arnold locates it particularly in North Street. I wonder if it still grows there.

Did someone say Loxwood? Here we are, walking up the towpath under a watery sun. Stone parsley on the bank (*Sison amomum*) hedge stonewort Arnold gives as another name. Nick crushes the leaf to provide "a smell of petrol and nutmeg". Strong stems of the wild angelica. We had the cultivated variety in the Cottage Museum garden but it was too invasive. Across the water, spires of purple loosestrife rise above the green surface of the canal. It's a plant that is sometimes grown in gardens. Water drips from the trees, a legacy of the afternoon rain. A wild crab tree and the canal boat, the Zachariah Keppel, excursions are over for the day. There's a reinstated brick bridge. Across the canal and into a water meadow. As we bear left with the footpath we can see to the right on the other side of the canal a huge stand of Himalayan balsam in pink head and, further huge dried brown heads of giant hogweed, like great upturned besoms. Trees at the towpath side of the canal must be survivors of days when the canal lay derelict: horses would have needed a clear run. Some trees now grow in the water itself. Tufted hair or tussock grass (*Aira caespitosa*) is in full brown seedhead. It can be a marvellous sight on a frosty morning with the sun behind it.

On into a stubble field. Nick and Elizabeth ferreting about for the old cornfield weeds, a diminishing species in these modern days. Here's the tiny snapdragon flower of sharp-leaved fluellen (*Kickxia elatine*), common in Arnold's time and probably still so. Here too is the least spurge, another "declining arable weed" as Nick puts it. In the hedgerow is scented agrimony, shorter and less common than the usual yellow agrimony but in other ways very similar - the outer row of hooks on the seeds turn upward. Like its more familiar cousin, it would have been used for snakebite or put into lemonade to cure colds.

The late summer countryside seems reinvigorated by the rain. There's the 'squawk of alarmed small birds in the trees away to the left, a small bird looking out from a dead ash. Two jays are foraging. The footpath enters a conifer wood, carefully disguised by a hedge of thoughtful hazel. Along a rough path, Midland hawthorn (*Crataegus oxyacanthoides*), much less common than the normal variety and having deeply cut leaves and less flower, very much a plant of the clay. A wild service on the fringe of the wood, not a common tree by any means, birds eat the bitter brown spotted fruits. "Chequers" children once called them. Mrs Rapley records picking them at this time in 1912 (August 31st and again on September 28th). Here's a hornbeam, hardest and heaviest of native English woods and much used for, among other things, charcoal and the teeth of mill wheels. The clay's sticky even in late summer. A pond is half-covered with parrot's feather, an invasive aquatic weed, probably carelessly thrown out of someone's aquarium. Bearing right over another bridge and we're on the canal again. Wild hop is sometimes an indicator of settlement but not always. Duckweed covers the still surface of the canal, like pea soup. Poplars in the wood now across from us under a clearing sky suggest a French rather than Wealden landscape. Pepper saxifrage (*Silaum silaus*) is another plant common enough on heavy clay and in damp conditions, an umbellifer that is neither peppery nor a saxifrage. Himalayan balsam (*Impatiens glandulifera*) at its late summer

apogee - the ripe capsule, when touched, has a will of its own, hoisting away from the touch and releasing the seeds, hence the name Jumping Jack. Native to the Himalayas, it now runs wild. I don't think Arnold mentioned it at all in 1887, only the less common orange balsam and that as a rare introduction.

Just a few plants anyone might encounter on a short walk. Some are old friends, some new. All have their own voice, their own contribution to an evolving dialogue - if we take the trouble to listen to them.

Marian and Peter were talking to Nick and Elizabeth Sturt

'The enchanted wood...'

Peter and Marian's last walk of the season.

24th September 2000

The long range weather forecast was good. It was perhaps a little early for the last walk of the season, but otherwise omens were favourable for a repeat of the walk we had made with Nick and Elizabeth a month earlier.

So much for anticipation. Reality soon came into the picture. Sunday morning was twilight dark and by noon become darker by the minute. Lightning, then the answering thunder. Then the rain in sheets. Was Loxwood clay really such a good idea after all? Still pouring at start time, or at best threatening to. Those who had telephoned beforehand to find out where we were going had largely thought better of it. You'd hardly blame them.

Parking in the canal car park and scrambling up the muddy bank. It's very wet on the towpath. The sheer volume of rain means much of it is still lying on the surface. What a contrast with the day before, talk of the ploughing match, soil in perfect condition under a cloudless sky. What a difference a day makes. The canal is pea-green, the swans motionless on the surface as if sitting on a suburban lawn. To the brick bridge and over, the remembered path beside the canal. It's very muddy indeed, plantains long and swishing in the middle of the track, off into the stubble field, the stubble seems almost as high as the plantains had been. A cut has been taken out for the next ploughing and there are pheasants everywhere. But there's also a problem: we're working round the perimeter of the winter field and there's no sign of the wood. It's a large field and walking over the high stubble isn't easy. Smooth-leaved holly and fiery-red hawthorn berry but we end up in the sodden track with the plantains. The wood has disappeared. It seems a wet day for enchantment or perhaps enchantment is another word for incompetence.

We take another path which brings us out on what would seem to be the road to Rudgwick. The sun comes out and there are blackberries in full fruit. They will shrivel and rot any day now as blackberries do at this time of the year. We turn right down a public footpath, then left, but this only brings us out further up the road. Pephurst. Another chance

to go right. Hazel wood and a surprisingly wide path. The enchanted wood is quickly forgotten in the excitement of exploration. Suddenly there's a concrete slab, water and parrot feather weed: enchantment and reality coalesce. To recover a measure of confidence. Over a bridge to arrive on the far towpath, "the poplars standing up in bright blue air" as if it were in France. The sky clearing after rain just as it had a month before. The trees that shouldn't, growing in the canal. There's no sign of passage in the canal, apparently the duckweed closes up even as a craft passes through. Fallen crab apples are still as green a month later but more numerous. The giant hogweed looks more desiccated now. A walk which in planning seemed a little short has worked out well. The sun shining; ginger and apple drink in the Car Park. Business as usual. Oh, the Chairman was yattering on about an enchanted wood - but he lost it years ago - poor old chap. See you all next year.

P.

Answers to Crossword No.2

Solution

Across

7 Stoolball, 8 Ferry, 10 Nash, 11 Tan, 12 Romany, 13 Emma, 14 Gnu, 16 St Marys, 18 Stopham, 21 Club, 23 Race, 26 Ostler, 27 Imp, 28 Owen, 29 Vardo, 30 Cuckfield.

Down

1 Otway, 2 Bosham, 3 Obituary, 4 Slindon, 5 Beam Pump, 6 Grinstead, 9 Brig, 15 St Dunstan, 17 Accolade, 19 Turnpike, 20 Belinus, 22 Bury, 24 Cookie, 25 Wells.



Mrs Street at Burton Park with Jack and Jill the Jacob's lambs.
See "Why don't you go and see Mr Garland?"
Photograph by George Garland. Courtesy of Mrs Joan Mills.

Gwenda Morgan's Diary October 2nd to October 10th 1939

Oct. 2nd. Cleaned pigstyes. Pigs not quite such a beastly nuisance. Praps they are getting used to me, but when I was wheeling the barrow through the door of the sty one pig slipped underneath and got out and ran round the rick-yard. I ran to fetch Mr T. who was in the tractor house and he laughed like anything (luckily) and helped to get the pig back again. The sow is still bad. Won't eat, and getting very thin. Picked apples with Stoner. Milked Rose, Queenie, Dimple and Buttercup - Buttercup is tough. Raked up loose straw in rick-yard; and fed the hens.

Oct. 3rd. Cleaned out pigstyes. Didn't risk trying to get the barrow in, but dumped the muck into it over the fence. Went with Mr T. and Stoner to do sheep's feet for the rest of the morning. In the afternoon milked Rose, Queenie, Dimple and Buttercup. Then watered young strawberry plants in the garden. Had a letter from Madge Conick. Ted has joined the Royal Engineers.

Oct. 4th. Cleaned pigstyes. Went up Honeysuckle Lane with Mr T. to cut young ash and hazel for rick pegs. Then to count the Kent sheep and move them into a different meadow. In afternoon, milked Rose, Queenie and Cherry. Then helped with rams' feet in the middle pigsty. One ram and Rover nearly had a scrap. Filled old churn with oats and corn for the hens.

Oct. 5th. Pigs again. Painted registration number of back of tractor. Cut nettles round about the rick-yard. In afternoon, milked Rose, Queenie, Cherry and Dimple.

Oct. 6th. Swilled down cowsheds. Mr T. thought someone was coming to look over. He had put on a stiff white collar, and they didn't come after all. Painted front number plate for tractor. Tied up raspberry canes.

Oct. 7th. Saturday. On tractor up to field behind rubbish dump at Plum Pudding Corner. Mr T. and Parker ploughed ruts up and down field at about 50ft. intervals while Callingham and I forked the earth back on either side of ruts and threw it about the field (Gawd knows why). Very, very hard work and we kept on till nearly 1 o'clock. Nice sunny day though.

Oct. 8th. Made a pig overall. Don't like putting on a nice clean overall on Monday mornings and getting it piggy within 5 minutes.

Oct. 9th. Wet Monday. Turned over the black oats in the barn loft and put corn into sacks. Sprayed about with some stuff like Flit because there are weevils up there. Milked Rose, Queenie, Dimple, Buttercup and Lily and cleaned two sheds.

Oct. 10th. Pigs. Then Stoner and I began to creosote the barn loft. The oats and corn have been moved down to the Frog Hole barn. Mr T. hopes creosote will get rid of weevils. There are millions of them. Afternoon: milked R, Q, D, B, and L. The little fair soldier came and tried to milk Buttercup, but not very successfully. Cleaned two sheds and fed hens afterwards. That front number plate a great nuisance. Paint bubbled up and wouldn't dry, so have tried cellulose and that does ditto, so cleaned all off and have painted all over with black cellulose (Robbialac) ready to paint on the number tomorrow.

Notes

- October 2nd* Mr T. - Mr Thorn farmer at Hallgate, Byworth and Gwenda's employer.
October 3rd Madge Conick - obviously a friend of Gwenda's. "Ted" is clearly another friend.
October 4th Honeysuckle Lane is the lane leading from Hallgate Farm to the Welldiggers' Public House. In later years known as "The Hollow".
October 6th As a wood engraver with an effectively national reputation Gwenda might find the task of painting a number plate at once congenial and ironic.
October 7th Gwenda is describing standard operation prior to ploughing, performed with horse or tractor but with the plough tipped over. The ploughman takes a shallow furrow three or four inches deep and some eighteen inches in width and proceeds to the end of the field. He turns at the end and comes back leaving some nine inches of bare ground. The turned ground would then be spread over the field and covered in when ploughed.

Once the farmer had opened up, he'd return and plough first one way and then the other. The idea was to avoid leaving a ridge which would stand proud when the field was ploughed.

[With thanks to Mr Peter Thorn].

Mrs K. Vigar writes re Magazine 101

Dear Peter,

Once again the Magazine has jogged my memory and as you realise at 90 years of age it goes back a very long time. I was very interested in the article "Petworth Personalities of the Twentieth Century", my choice being Lady Leconfield. I remember her so well as a teenager during the early 1920's. She (Lady Leconfield) was very tall and I thought beautiful. A story my mother was very fond of telling is that she, my mother was spring cleaning the staircase in the lodge in North Street washing the stairs down. All staircases in those days were covered with linoleum, carpet was out of reach to most working class people. Well Lady Leconfield called one afternoon with I believe Lady Lonsdale. They walked in. Seeing Mum was busy her ladyship went out in the kitchen and made a pot of tea in the pot which was used to water the aspidistras.

In those early days there used to be an Alexandra Rose Day collection which I believe was given to the Nursing Association. Lady Leconfield was interested in that. Lady Warrender her ladyship's sister is also mentioned, I think her name was Dorothy. Lady Leconfield gave me a very good reference when I went to Lady Warrender's as an under nurse. With my nannie and the two boys I stayed at Petworth House. I loved Nannie Townsend at Petworth: she was sweet, she used to call me "Moon" as I am so tall. My own nannie just didn't like me so my stay there was not a happy one.

Colonel and Mrs Rawson gave the Bolney Village Hall to the village, it's known as the Rawson Institute.

I remember Mr Henry Whitcomb at the Estate office. I believe he had a little goatee beard, I'm sure he lived in the house almost opposite you Peter in Pound Street.

Egg preserving is mentioned; I used to buy eggs at 9p a dozen and put them in water glass in large red crocks. Ising-glass when mixed set in a very thick kind of crystallised substance.

The tail of the pond is also mentioned, my father worked in that enclosure whilst waiting another post. I'm sure he helped to build a bridge in that enclosure, that would be about 1922 as just after we left Tillington to live a North Street Lodge where he was the second night watchman. Mr Latham, the first night watchman, from the grand entrance used to knock dad up with a beanstick.

I also remember the key to our lodge gate at Tillington would unlock the gate to the enclosure at the end of the pond.

Kowleching at Petworth 1721/2

The following text is an interesting example of the difficulties experienced when reading old documents. Taken from an abstract of bills submitted by John Dawtrey to Charles Seymour the 6th Duke of Somerset for 'kowleching' at Petworth, the docket was very likely written by a clerk who it would appear was unfamiliar with certain words peculiar to husbandry, and which would explain the rather unorthodox orthography used by the scribe.

For the benefit of the reader I have added notes in order to make some sense of the grammar and also to explain the archaic terms used in the text.

A bill for his Grace the Duke of Sommerset, for knowleching¹ donby John Dawtrey.

1721

for going to Kilson² and kouring³ the lambs of the kinker⁴.

For going, to the Houstis⁵ and kouring, on⁶ bullick hourn.

1722

for goin to Killsom and drenchin⁷ on bullick.

for goin to Littill Parck & kouring of a youn bullick of the wips⁸.

for goin to Littill Parck & kouring of a youn bullick of the kibe⁹.

for going to Littill Parck and kouring of a young bullick of the wips.

for goin to Littill Parck and kouring on youn bullick which was bit with a ader.

for goin to Littill Parck and kouring on ox that was stob¹⁰.

for goin to the Bulings¹¹ kouring on ox of the wips.

for goin to Littill Parck and kouring on kow that was tor with a nail.

for goin to Littill Parck and kowring of on kow that had the foulds¹² in hour fout¹³.

¹ Cow healing, the art of the cow physician. Not necessarily with the aid of leeches despite the implied suggestion of their use.

² Kilsham, just south of the Rother near Coultershaw.

- ³ Curing.
⁴ Probably canker, an inflamed sore.
⁵ Probably the fields leading up to the Gog known as the Hurst.
⁶ One.
⁷ To administer medicine by pouring it down the throat.
⁸ Wips or wisp. A disease commonly afflicting the hoof of a cow.
⁹ A sore on the foot of a beast.
¹⁰ Probably stab. An infected wound caused by a thorn.
¹¹ A parcel of land near Stag Park.
¹² An ulcer or inflammatory disease of the hoof of a cow.
¹³ Foot.

Miles Costello

[Photostat courtesy of Lord Egremont]

Petworth Transportees

Alfred Andrews. Butcher. 26 yrs. Reads and Writes imperfectly. Stealing 1 sheep 30/= the property of Richard Goatcher the Elder. Transported for 7 yrs. July 1850.

James Berryman. 14 yrs. Labourer. Stealing 2 ducks 1/6^d. The property of James Foard. At Chichester Sessions:- 2 months hard labour and once whipped. 20th July 1830.

John Bowyer. Attorney. 1847. Transported for Life (with Daniel Steer - Ostler) for attempted extortion from Percy Burrell.

Thomas Connor. 35 yrs. Tailor. 5ft ½ an inch. Slight build, sallow complexion. Brown hair, grey eyes. Long face pitted with small pox. Witness - John Lucas. Stealing 1 brass weight - 2/= . Property of John Lucas. Transported for 7 years. 13th January 1824.

Samuel Davenport (Petworth). Stealing a watch 20/= . The property of James Hunt. Witnesses:- Lucy Hunt, James Tripe (?). Transported for 7 years. 14 October 1828.

Edward Dillaway. Labourer. Stealing 1 scoring axe 1/= . The property of Thomas Boxall of Petworth. Transported for 7 years.

William Dudley, Petworth. Labourer. Stealing 3 shirts - 3/=, 1 round frock 1/=, 1 waistcoat 1/=, 1 sheet 6^d, 6 lbs bread 1/=, 2 glass bottles 6^d, 1 cotton sheet - 6^d. The property of Richard Tanner. Transported for 7 years. 14 Oct. 1823. Witnesses, Hannah Tanner, John Paine, George Pannell, Mary Tanner.

Thomas Edwards (Petworth). 22 years. Reads and Writes imperfectly. Previous conviction. Stealing 1 pair of Wellington boots 5/= . The property of Thomas Delves. Also 1 shirt 5/=, 1 neckerchief 3/= . The property of William Davenport. Transported for 7 years. 16 Oct. 1851. Witnesses:- Robert Farguson, Alfred Bridges, Thomas Delves, William Davenport, William Shepherd.

Mary Foot (Petworth). Spinster. Can read. 23 yrs. Previous conviction 8 April 1831. Transported for life 5th July 1838 for stealing 1 shawl 10/=, 1 shirt body 8^d, 1 Pillowcase 4^d, 1 cap border 2^d. The property of John Peacock. Witnesses:- John Peacock, Harriet Peacock, William Troth, John Lucas, Edward Peters, John Humphrey.

William Hall (Petworth). Labourer. 18 yrs. Stealing 2 ducks 1/6^d, the property of James Foard. Transported for 7 years, 16th Oct. 1830. Witnesses:- John Clue, ? Glue, Edward Peters the younger, John Lucas, Henry Ayling.

John Loader, Reads and Writes imperfectly. Previous conviction 1st June 1837. Shoemaker. Stealing 1 pr shoes 2/3^d, 1 pr of upper leathers 10^d, 1 lb of leather 1/= . The property of the Western Division of Sussex ie The Workshouse. Transported for 15 yrs 18th Oct. 1838.

James Lovatt, Petworth. Marriner. 24 yrs. 5ft 8". Straight build, Fair complexion, Brown hair, Hazel eyes, Thin face. Stealing 6 silver teaspoons 10/=, 1 pr sugar tongs 3/=, 1 coat 5/=, 1 waistcoat 1/=, 2 prs breeches 5/=, 1 gown 1/= . Property of Samuel Dalghass (?). Transported for 7 years.

George Lucas (Petworth). Labourer. 33 yrs. 5ft 4 ins. Stout build. Fair complexion. Light hair. Light Hazel eyes. Oval face little pitted with smallpox. Stealing one coat 10/= . Property of James Hill. Transported for 7 years.

George Osborn (Tillington). Schoolmaster. 36 yrs. Reads and writes well.

① Embezzling £10=6=5. The property of John Farhall and John Sanders

② Embezzling £12=9=3 - Ditto.

① 1 weeks Imprisonment.

② Transported for 7 years - Concurrent.

Henry Ragless (Petworth). Labourer. 25 yrs. Reads and Writes imperfectly. Previous conviction 5 July 1838. Stealing 1 gallon measure 1/=, 48 pennies - 4/=, 96 half-pennies - 4/= . Property of Richard Kingat the Elder. Transported for 15 yrs. Witnesses, Richard Kingat, Robert Kingat (younger), Fanny Kingat, Charlotte Kingat, George Tribe, Richard Pannell, John Mence.

John Rapson (Petworth). Labourer. Stealing one gold half-guinea (10/6^d). Crown piece in silver 5/=, Half crown 2/6, 2 prs of cotton stockings 2/= . Transported for 7 years. Witness:- Richard Upperton of Petworth.

Anne Walbern (Petworth). Widow. Reads imperfectly. 40 yrs. Stealing 4 sovereigns - £4, 3 half sovereigns - £1=10, 4 Half crowns 10/=, 4 sixpenny pieces - 2/=, Cheque for £9=4=0, 1 bag 3/= . The property of James Smith. Transported 10 yrs. Witness - James Smith.

William Wicks (Petworth). Labourer. 18 yrs. 5ft 3in. Straight build, Fair complexion, dark brown hair, grey eyes, oval face, scar on forehead. Stealing a pair of gaiters 1/= . Property of George Millyard. Transported for 7 years. 5 Witnesses.

Abstracted by Brian Rich from cards at the West Sussex Record Office.

Transportees would wear the lettering POME Prisoner of Mother England on their backs.

For William Dudley see *Not all sunshine hear - a History of Ebernoe* (1996) page 87.

A look at the Cottage Museum visitors' books

Faced with a visitors' book I immediately become the literary equivalent of 'tongue-tied' - I cannot think of anything brief and to the point which will encapsulate my reactions to the place I have visited. Judging by the number of entries in the visitors' books of the Petworth Cottage Museum over the years, from its opening in May 1996 to the end of the 2000 season, many other people have the same problem. 'Interesting', 'brings back memories' and 'A step back in time' appear very frequently. I know exactly how they feel and I sympathise with their repeated entries. Luckily there are many other entries which reveal an insight into the reactions of our visitors. Their pithy and pertinent remarks tell us so much about themselves and also about us. I am very grateful to them for their comments and I should like to share some of them with our readers.

It is always helpful to read what specifically pleased our visitors. For instance 'As a quilter I have been most interested in the textiles' made us realise that it is not merely the fact of realistically recreating a Leconfield Estate worker's cottage which is important, but that the cottage must be accurate in every way. Experts in many fields are likely to come and see us. We have always been anxious to display the cottage as a home rather than a museum so that 'Good to have hardly any roped off bits', 'Glad to see gas lights and range really working' and 'We especially admired the flower arrangements' were particularly pleasing comments. So too were 'The vibes were right - this has been a happy house', 'We loved the stairs display and the view from the top' and 'would have loved to stay to tea'.

Other entries are very complementary about the stewards. Some of these include 'Very helpful guides', 'Excellent - I felt like an invited guest', 'Stewards most helpful - make it come alive', 'Excellent ambience and very informative inmates' and 'Marvellous house and a hospitable guide'.

The age of visitors is often reflected in their comments, and their perception of who the museum might appeal to is a great help to those of us who are involved with it. Older visitors write 'I can remember this' or 'Excellent but made us feel our age'. Those who like to look back on the past with rose-tinted spectacles and are too young to have lived in such a house write 'Charming - will you sell?' or 'Can I move in?' Others are more realistic and down to earth. They write 'How cold in winter', 'It's very small - how can they live here?' or 'Marvellous, but I'm glad I live in 2000'.

When the museum first opened we were not sure if it would appeal to children. Judging by the reaction of those who have come with parents or grandparents, and those who have come in school parties we need not have worried. Adults have written 'Very interesting and child friendly' and 'Very enjoyable - a good lesson for 11 year olds or younger'. While the children's enthusiasm was typically expressed by 'Good guides - fab - thanks!', 'WOW' and 'WICKED'.

The wide variety of countries from which our visitors come was a great surprise to me

when I looked through the back numbers of the visitors' books. Every year we welcome people from all the European countries, including Scandinavia, and from the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand. In addition we have been visited by tourists from Malta, Poland, Hungary, the United Arab Emirates, South Africa, Rumania, Argentina, India, Swaziland, Cyprus, Japan, Hong Kong, Indonesia, Malaysia, The Bahamas, Singapore and Jamaica. Not bad for a little museum in a little town in West Sussex. Some of their entries are fascinating. 'Very English', 'Can you please move this to Holland - it's lovely', 'Very pretty and small like Japanese house'. Surely there are no Leconfield Estate lookalike houses in Japan!

Two entries are of particular relevance to 346 High Street. In 1997 Agnes Phelan, a lively lady in her nineties who was a friend of Mrs Cummings's grand-daughters, wrote 'I am here after 78 years. It is such a wonderful feeling to return to such a pretty place, to find it in such good preservation'. In 2000 we read 'Brings back memories of my cousin who lived here - Jack Slee and his wife Ivy'. Mrs Slee was the last tenant of the cottage before it was taken over by the museum.

In conclusion I give three very heart warming and welcome entries. 'You got it right', 'The best £1 I have ever spent' [1996] and 'An hour's pure pleasure - thank you'. I am sure that stewards will join with me in thanking those many visitors who make our own afternoons in the museum so enjoyable.

Jacqueline Golden

Echoes from the Green (1)

We moved from Holland Wood to Hampers Green in 1939. I was five at the time and my mother knowing that we were getting a house had not started me at school until we moved there as it was such a long way from Holland Wood to the infants school. Shortly after moving in my father volunteered for the RAF Regiment and went off to war. Number 34 was brand new when we moved in and the estate was still quite small as only 13 to 36 were built before the war. The houses had no electricity and only gas lighting downstairs and nothing at all upstairs, just candles or lamps. All of the hot water had to be heated on a copper; in fact it was all quite basic considering they were brand new houses. My friend Peter Carver moved in shortly before us, his family had moved from Bowling Green Cottages in Angel Street as they were due to be demolished, and like me has lived on the Green all of his life.

Like all boys we used to get up to a fair bit of mischief but nothing really serious. I remember Annie Benham living at number 19 where she was housekeeper to Ted Talman who was the tenant. Annie kept goats which she used to graze on the verges along the Balls Cross road. We boys would get great pleasure from feeding the goats dry oak leaves which gave them the most terrible wind and used to make Annie mad.

On Bonfire Night we would have our celebrations on the little green at the top of the hill but this was discontinued when some people complained about the smoke, I don't suppose it was really safe anyway.

I delivered Sunday papers all around the Green and along the Balls Cross road right out to Langhurst Farm collecting payment for the papers as I went. General Finch lived at Langhurst Hill and Dad used to look after his garden.

During the war a lot of Hampers Green mothers would take in washing from the Canadians stationed near the Lower Pond in the Park. The soldiers used to throw a Christmas party for the Hampers Green children and they were very good to us especially if they thought you had an older sister at home.

Dickie Taylor was our football coach and he would take us for training in the field by the cemetery where we had bean sticks as goal posts; he was a very good player himself and regularly played for the Petworth first team. I remember one day a whole party of boys and their fathers going down to the Common with rakes and shovels to flatten out all of the molehills to make a football pitch, we then had proper goal posts though they were a little smaller than those used by the adults.

Yes I do remember the huge pile of cordwood stacked on the Common during the war, it was protected by a high barbed wire fence but what the wood was used for or where it went I don't know. The little brook which runs along the end of the Common quite often used to flood near to where it went under the Balls Cross road, quite a large pond would be formed and in the summer we would swim in it and skate on the ice in the winter.

Of course many of the local shopkeepers delivered to the Green, there were Whethams, Hazelmans and of course the Co-op besides most of the local butchers. Gus Wakeford delivered milk with his horse and cart; he ladled the milk into jugs for his customers. He wasn't the only milkman to deliver on the Green there was Sid Witney from Upperton and also Dick Robinson who delivered milk for Mr Horton who had Gunters Bridge Farm. After Sid Witney packed up his daughter Vera took over his round.

Many more houses were built during the war including the wooden ones at the bottom of the Green, the builder was Titcomb's of Milland and the houses were only meant to last for 25 years and they are still standing. Boxalls of Tillington and Woolfords of Petworth built some of the other properties.

Reg Withers was talking to Miles Costello

Echoes from the Green (2)

We went to live at number 37 Hampers Green in 1942 though we were eventually to end up at the bottom of the hill at 64. We were only the second tenants of 37 and I think that a schoolteacher had lived there for a short time before us. The house was certainly not very old when we moved in though the ones up the hill behind us were built a little earlier. We became tenants with the help of Major Mant, I think he managed to pull a few strings at the council; he had considerable influence in the town. Mr and Mrs Scutt lived at number 39, Mr Scutt was an air raid warden and I always picture him even now wearing his tin hat. Ted Bojanoski

lodged with the Scutt family, he was such a nice man, always going on long walks across the fields, one thing you could be sure of was that if you saw Ted you could guarantee that he would have a book in his pocket when he set off for his walk.

During the war there appeared on the Common a huge pile of timber, it was stacked roughly where the garages now stand, I don't know what it was for or where it came from, I suppose that it was in case of coal shortages but I don't ever recall it being used or where it went to. Fuel was always something of a problem on the Green, especially during the war years, and I remember many of the local boys pushing prams or carts up to the gasworks in Station Road on a Saturday morning to collect a shillings worth of coke.

We had of course a few Polish families on the Green, lovely people and so resourceful. They would pick mushrooms in the field where the cemetery now is but unlike us they always knew which ones that they could safely eat.

I believe a Dr Michael was quite involved in the Hampers Green Sport and Social Club though I couldn't say whether he founded it or not. He lived at number 10 just across the road from us with his wife and two daughters. I suppose he must have been retired when he moved to the Green as I don't recall him practising locally, though quite often mothers would take their children to him to treat minor cuts and bruises. We were fortunate at the time to own a vacuum cleaner and Mrs Michael would borrow it now and again to clean out the back of their wireless as the big valves seemed to attract such a huge amount of dust. I believe that the two Michael girls still live locally.

Every year we used to have a sports day on the Common. There would be parades, races and all manner of other competitions, and then tea, which quite often we would have in the Civil Defence Centre that still stands at the Petworth end of the Common. We also had comic football matches where the men dressed as women and vice versa. It was a big occasion in our family as it was the only day that my husband 'China' shaved his moustache off; after all he couldn't really look the part sporting a moustache could he? None of the costumes used in the football matches or fancy dress competitions were bought, everything was home-made and most of the women on the Green took great pride in trying to produce the best costume.

I always remember a funny thing happening when we were still at 37. 'China' had been given a turkey to fatten up for Christmas but when the time came he had grown so attached to the bird that he used to push it around in his wheelbarrow and he just couldn't bring himself to kill it. Anyway we bought another bird for Christmas dinner and the family were sitting around the table waiting for 'China' to start carving when all of a sudden he disappeared out the back. 'China' reappeared a couple of minutes later with his pet turkey under his arm, he sat the bird on a chair at the table, tied a ribbon round its neck and continued with the carving whilst at the same time singing "It Might Have Been You". The turkey didn't move at all while 'China' was singing and we just burst out laughing as it was such a ridiculous scene. A few days later George Garland heard about the goings on and asked us to recreate the scene so that he could take a photograph, which I believe appeared in a local newspaper.

We spent many happy years at the Green and it is with great fondness that I look back over that long period.

Phil Sadler was talking to Miles Costello

'Why don't you go and see Mr Garland...?'

I was born at South Harting and we lived in High House which is next door to Harting Chapel. My father was in the Navy and my mother and my maternal grandparents ran High House as a guest house. Business was very much during the summer months and we could be very busy. I don't think that we advertised; people just got to know about us, largely by recommendations and the same people tended to come year by year. I particularly remember some visitors from Rio de Janeiro who stayed for several weeks. As a little girl I used to sleep in the attic when we were particularly full. My memories are a little hazy as we left when I was four or five. It would be the mid-late 1920s. My father had come out of the Navy and gone to work for Major Courtauld at Burton Park. Major Courtauld was the local M.P. and Dad was his political chauffeur so he was away from home rather a lot.

We moved from High House to Petworth and lived first at Sheepdown Cottage, just down the lane from Orchard House. I went to Petworth Girls' School. After a while we moved to a Courtauld estate house at Burton Park and then I walked in to school. I had to start early in the morning because it's a fair way. Sometimes the milkman would give me a lift. A great friend of mine was Joan Dale: my parents had always been friendly with the Dale family who had a clock shop in Lombard Street: the families often went on holiday together. In fact we still have the clock the Dales gave us when my husband and I were married.

I knew what I wanted to do - to be a nurse, but work was in very short supply then for a girl of fourteen who had just left school. As it happened my mother was a friend of old Mr Gallup who knew I was looking for work. "Why don't you go and see Mr Garland the photographer...?" he said, "I think he's looking for an assistant." I went to see Mr Garland at the Station Road studio and was given the job. It would be, I suppose, the mid-1930s. In fact, although I always liked George Garland, I didn't in practice see a great deal of him. I worked almost exclusively with "Sally", Mrs Garland. The Studio seemed to run on the working principle that Mr Garland would be out. I'd help clean the studio, answer the telephone, but most of the time, be in the dark room with Mrs Garland, developing and printing, changing pots for the hypo, things like that. I very rarely went out on jobs with Mr Garland, once to Lurgashall certainly, but as I say, I worked with Sally and became very attached to her. She did what portrait work there was herself. She wasn't a terribly robust person and, in today's terms, smoked rather more than she should. I worked at the Studio for two or three years and one incident, photographed by George Garland, sticks particularly in mind. It was a very hard winter and Major Courtauld had a famous herd of Jacobs Sheep at Burton Park. The snow was so deep that sheep were dying in the drifts and the park-keeper was at his wits' end. Workers and friends were asked to bring the lambs indoors. We had a ram and a ewe. We called them Jack and Jill, and fed them with a teat from a milk-bottle. We grew so attached to them that when the crisis was over we kept them on as pets. The only thing was that as they grew bigger and bigger and were sometimes a little "stroppy", there was a worry that one of them might knock Mum or Granny over. It was obvious that we couldn't keep them. Eventually they were taken to a farm several miles away. Imagine our surprise when the next



Top: Cottage Hospital Group early 1940s.

Back L-R Alice Enticknap (Cook) Volunteer Caring Nurse
caring for private patient
Front L-R Joan Mills Staff Nurse Webb

Bottom:

At back: Staff Nurse Webb
Centre: Alice Enticknap Miss Harrison (Matron) Private Nurse
Front: Joan Mills

See "Why don't you go and see Mr Garland ?"

Photograph courtesy of Mrs Joan Mills.





Lost cottages on Ebernoe Common: 1) Golden Knob.
Photograph courtesy of David Bland.
Date uncertain, the cottage was demolished in the 1950s.



Lost cottages on Ebernoe Common: 2) Shoterland in autumn 1967.
Front and back views.
Courtesy of Mr David Gilhooly.



A frosty morning at Ashington 1945. Photograph by George Garland.

morning we were greeted by the familiar "baa". They had left the farm and found their way back to us! Unfortunately, of course, they had to go back again, so my brother and I had to suffer the agony of parting from them all over again!

I have to say that George Garland was quite fun to work for, always ready with a story or a laugh. I never had a cross word with him all the time I was there. He was certainly not extravagant with wages: I started on five shillings a week and my mother had to go to see him to have it put up to ten. Eventually I got up to a pound a week but it took a long time. I always had a decent present at Christmas. I remember once a day trip to Brighton, Sally, George and I in the car. They bought me a nice coat for Christmas and a hat to go with it. The hat was all of five shillings and the coat fluffy and rust-coloured. I can see it now.

Having a mind to nursing, I would go to Red Cross lectures. There were exams to be taken, and, when once I needed time off for this, Mr Garland was quizzical ... "You can have the time off, but I hope it doesn't mean your mind's not on your job here".

Soon after the war broke out, I had the chance to work at Petworth Cottage Hospital. It had two main wards at this time, one for men and one for women and two private ones. There was a small operating theatre used for minor operations like tonsils. The sister-in-charge was Miss Harris, an Australia who had relations in Bury. She had come over for a holiday when the war came and stayed on. I had a Red Cross badge and the rough idea seemed to be that you picked up what you could as you went along. For my first month I was effectively on probation, working in a plain overall. Only after that was I measured for my own uniform (two or them in fact) which I had to buy myself. I sent to Gerrards in London for it. We made our own caps.

I was soon on night duty - just the single nurse on. The hospital establishment didn't run to much more than sister-in-charge, staff nurse, two or three nurses of whom I was one, and Alice the cook. There was the odd voluntary auxiliary and sometimes a patient would bring their own private nurse. I was quite nervous going on my rounds: if some crisis occurred I'd have to go to the dormitory and wake up one of the other nurses. Fortunately this was rare. We all lived in of course in those days. Night duty meant seeing everyone was alright, emptying bedpans, that sort of thing, but having to give injections in the night was really being thrown in at the deep end. It was all so different then. For an injection you'd take a sterile spoon, crush a tablet in it, draw your sterile water, dissolve the tablet in the water, draw it back into the syringe and inject. We were still at Burton Park although, much against my mother's wishes, Dad had re-enlisted in the Navy when war came. What I disliked most about night duty was having to go down the stokehole when I had to stoke the boilers. It was very lonely down there and I was more than a little uneasy.

Oh, and the telephone calls. When enemy planes were expected, hospitals were warned. We'd be told and then have to repeat the message to show that we'd understood. The process would be repeated when we were phoned with the "All Clear". Receiving the warning wasn't the end of it, though: any patient who could, had to be got out and put under the bed, and we had to take special precautions with any child who was in for an operation.

What I suppose I remember most vividly is the day of the school bombing in 1942. I'd been on duty all night, had had a bath, breakfast, and gone to bed. I was fast asleep when

someone started shaking me, "Come quick, come quick". They were bringing in survivors from the school and leaving them in the wards, two or three on a bed. It was fortunate we didn't have a full hospital at the time. Doctors and ambulances were coming in from all over, and ambulances moving children on to other hospitals. Parents were desperately trying to find their children. I would put labels on the children, some of whom were in great pain, administer morphine as appropriate and note what I had done on the label. Quite a task for someone with no formal training. It was a long day and it still upsets me if I think about it. Alice the cook said to me, "Have you given the patients their lunch?" and I saw it was five o'clock. I thought it was still morning. I was on duty the next night but I could never have slept anyway. All the hospital staff went to the funeral, except me. I wanted very much to go but someone had to stay on duty.

Joan Mills was taking to the Editor

On leaving Gownfold

I shall be leaving Gownfold Farm at Michaelmas after sixty-two years, having come here in the early spring of 1938. I had always been in farming but this was the first time I had my own farm, hitherto I had worked on a farm in Oxfordshire. My brother-in-law Tom Biggs at nearby Crawfold had heard that Gownfold was becoming vacant so I came down to see Captain Briggs the Leconfield Estate agent at his Petworth office. My father had to guarantee the rent for two years: I remember it was £73 per annum for a farm of some 112 acres. Dad stayed on in Oxfordshire. The outgoing tenant at Gownfold, a Captain Peacock, was keen to go. He wanted to train for the Church of England ministry and went off, I believe, to East Sussex with his wife and daughter. Obviously I met him when I took over but once he had gone I never saw him again. There wasn't a lot at Gownfold but the farm was in very reasonable order. Tom Biggs, Dad, and I valued the stock at what we thought was right, while Bill Boxall of Newlands Tomkins valued for Captain Peacock. There wasn't a lot of difference; Captain Peacock just wanted to go, he wasn't particularly concerned about the valuation. I gathered he'd farmed Gownfold for twelve years and before that had been at West Chiltington. Before him the Brooks family had been here for some fifty years I was told. Some of the family were still about at that time but their tenure of the farm was never discussed. There were other things to think about.

Of late years I've been told that Gownfold is mentioned in a record of 1271. The name appears to be a corruption of de Gundeville, a family name. Later Gownfold long went with the Madgwick family. What relation any building from this time has with the present farmhouse is not clear; some think the present house is basically eighteenth century with a much older core, possibly a medieval hall house. There are smoke-blackened timbers in the roof, often indicating a hall house, although sometimes such beams have simply been re-used. Gownfold's later history is cloudy, but it was purchased by the Leconfield Estate in 1884. Possibly it's then that the Brooks tenure began. A definite link with an older Gownfold is the

gnarled twisted weeping ash on the front lawn, even it it's not quite as old as it looks. It withstood the 1987 hurricane with ease. It's the last tree to put on leaf in spring and the first to lose it in autumn.

When I came to Gownfold I "inherited" from Captain Peacock two horses, two cows and a tractor. Until the Peacocks actually moved out I lodged at Crawfold. In fact I didn't come to live at Gownfold until I moved in with my new wife in the April. A cottage went with the farm and I had a worker there. Mr Enticknap, a pensioner by this time, who had worked at Gownfold all his life, came occasionally from Kirdford to help. Milking of course was done by hand. The full-time man tended to work with the horses while I drove the tractor, but of course I had been used to handling a pair of horses and could do so if needed.

1938 was a particularly dry year and I soon made the acquaintance of Mr Allison the Leconfield Estate water foreman, who was having a trying time keeping up supply on an estate that stretched from Upwaltham to Wisborough Green and Pulborough. Coming south in 1938, I only once attended an Audit Dinner at Petworth House, I suppose it would be the last before the war. It was a sit-down affair, held on two separate nights, divided alphabetically by names I think. It would be November. There was another rent-day in June but that was much less elaborate - simply a glass of beer with bread and cheese.

I hadn't been long at Gownfold before the war came. We weren't at that time a milk farm, having just the two, hand-milked cows. It was corn, cattle and Kent sheep in the winter. In those days the "Kenters", as they were called, still came to Billingshurst by rail and were then driven to the various farms that would overwinter them. In the spring they were returned to a collecting point at Kirdford. Elkham was another of many local farms that took them. After the war the sheep were delivered from farm to farm by lorry. The Kent farmers on the marshes needed to rest their ground over the winter. Still do.

We'd raise heifer calves to sell on, our shorthorns being serviced by the red Sussex bull at Crawfold but we'd also buy in "forward store" cattle to sell on for fattening up. The war brought many changes: an obvious one was petrol rationing. We got our petrol at the Pound Garage in Petworth, in exchange, of course, for coupons. Agricultural petrol was specially dyed, I think, to distinguish it. I can remember bombs falling at the top of Fox Hill and a big one at Shillinglee. We were in the lounge and everything on the mantelpiece shook with the blast. We used to sleep downstairs and when the doodlebugs came over it was possible to see the flames of the engine. That was alright, as far as it went, it was when the engine cut out that you knew it was going to drop. Once we actually saw the engine stop and the device went on to hit a house at Northchapel. We were supposed to have evacuees but there was some mix-up and we were told they'd got off at the wrong station. We never heard any more. We had no telephone or electricity - candles and lamps for light, no running water and an open fireplace. Water was from the well. We still salted our own bacon from our own pigs, usually once a year. Someone's sow would have a litter and we'd have one of them. The hook's still on the beam in the scullery where the pig would be hung up. Joby Enticknap, at one time the Kirdford Butcher, would come out to kill the pig. At this time he was working at Tom Biggs' butcher's shop in Petworth.

After the war we went more into milk, the regular Marketing Board cheque each month being decidedly useful. We'd buy calves for the dairy herd at Pulborough Market. The milk

went to the Express Dairy at Billingshurst, the churns being collected every morning. We grew wheat, oats, mangolds, swedes and clover. It was well after the war before we had water laid on, the lack of it, of course, had severely restricted our milking activities. Both water and electricity came to Gownfold long after it had come to Kirdford itself, our water coming over Fox Hill and through from Marshalls. In early days summer often meant a shortage of water and the need to rely on the river. We had a horse-drawn water cart, with buckets; the farm pond would dry up quite quickly in hot weather. Crawfold and Elkham by contrast had good ponds - but they did need to be kept clean. All in all the Kird was very important to us. It forms our boundary on one side. The remains of "Kirdford", "Sladeland" or "Gownfold" Mill are still visible on the other side of the river from us. It was probably always a precarious living; PSM 65 reports some notes by Mr Kenyon to the effect that the last tenant went bankrupt, the river was too low to work the undershot wheel in summer, and because of the risk of flooding the corn was kept on the second floor. Certainly the mill had gone long before my time - perhaps at the turn of the previous century.

In some ways Gownfold was less isolated in the 1930s and 1940s than it is now. We had cars and bicycles but someone from Ireland's shop in the village came up for our grocery order in the morning for it to be delivered in the afternoon. Thompsons would leave the newspaper at the end of the drive - again from the village. The butcher called twice a week, Tuesday for Wednesday delivery and Thursday for Saturday, by this time we had a little van. At first a baker came from Wisborough Green, then the Cokelers all the way from Loxwood, then Hazelmans from Petworth. In theory we hardly had to go out at all, a tallyman came from Billingshurst for clothes but we preferred to go out and buy them in Egers at Petworth, or occasionally we might go to Horsham. George Garland was very friendly with Tom Biggs and often at Crawfold but he didn't come out to Gownfold.

John Treadwell Senior was talking to Katharine Walters and the Editor

'Sept. 4th, 1857. Attended Petworth Fair at Hampers Common.'

It has been said that reflecting on the 'good old days' is - like our preoccupation with the weather - as much a part of our national consciousness as the unquestioning acceptance of long queues and warm beer. After all every generation claims that things were so much better in their childhood, and that the youths of today are certainly "far worse than we ever were". We all know that crime was almost non-existent when "we were young", doors could be left unlocked without fear of being burgled and we were able to walk the streets at night save from the ubiquitous assailant. By my reckoning if crime was almost unheard of in the 1950's when I was a child, and I recall my parents speaking of a crime free society in the 1920's, then one hundred and fifty years ago it must have been of the greatest rarity indeed!

Of course we all look back through rose-coloured glasses, and official records invariably prove that no age was free of crime, after all it has probably never been any wiser to leave your back door unlocked in Petworth than anywhere else and it would seem that the opportunist thief and petty criminal was just as active in the 19th century as he is today.

By studying the few surviving records of the Petworth police force we are able to appreciate the difficulties of maintaining law and order over a largely rural area without the benefits of telephones, radios and the rapid means of transport that today are essential tools of crime prevention and detection. Superintendent John Kemmish was very likely the first full-time officer in charge at Petworth, aged 30 and hailing from Beaulieu in Hampshire via Alton he and his wife Emma had taken up residence in the Police Station at Petworth by 1857. Kemmish was responsible for an area covering Petworth, Midhurst, Billingshurst and all of the surrounding villages. Life cannot have been easy for the officers in the fledgling West Sussex constabulary, the force was established in the year that Kemmish came to Petworth, and in May of that year the Superintendent writing in the official occurrence book records an example of the diligence and devotion to duty which was to make the British 'bobby' world renowned.

...Information received from Mr W Daughtry [Dawtre] that he suspected some person or persons had taken peas from his sheep troughs near his house. Ordered P.C.43 Peckham to watch, after five days he detected three boys in the act of stealing them.

One can imagine the pain on the face of our present day Inspector who may almost certainly lament the passing of an age when resources allowed such a frivolous use of manpower. Of the punishment imposed upon the children it is now only possible to speculate. Perhaps they simply received the customary 'clip around the ear', while reflecting that only some twenty years earlier a person may have been transported for life as a result of being caught poaching a pheasant. It is however occasionally possible to trace some of the reports to their conclusion by relating arrests to entries in the court records which appeared in the newspapers of the day.

The following entry once again illustrates the diligence of the individual officers but also reveals that Superintendent Kemmish was by no means a desk bound officer and he was prepared to go to extraordinary lengths to detain the perpetrators of what to us would seem almost insignificant offences.

Aug. 12th. 1858. Received information from P.C.23 Henderson that George Padget a tramp, had stolen apples from a garden at River, the property of James Carver and had absconded, went in pursuit and apprehended him at Fisher Street in the Parish of Northchapel.

The round trip to Fisher Street and back must be all of fourteen miles and although Kemmish never alludes in his reports to his means of transport we must assume that he went by horseback or perhaps he had a trap? We may also speculate on what would have happened had the felon managed to evade detection and crossed the county border into Surrey, would Kemmish have had any powers of arrest outside of his own jurisdiction? The following day Padget appeared before the Petworth Magistrates and received fourteen days hard labour for his pains. No doubt the sentence was served in the Petworth House of Correction which stood adjacent to the Police Station.

As today the role of the police force was not only to investigate crimes but also to act as a deterrent to those who otherwise may be tempted. Entries for attending local fairs are common and Kemmish seems to have devoted much of his time to crime prevention. On September 4th 1857 the single line entry records that he *attended Petworth fair at Hampers Common*. The fair seems to have taken the place of the old Egdean fair which was held on the same date but which had been discontinued some two decades earlier. The fair on Hampers Common must have gone off relatively quietly as no crimes or arrests were reported, however a little over 2 months later Kemmish is back in action at the much larger fair held at Petworth on November 20th. This time Kemmish clearly expects some sort of misbehaviour and hopes to pre-empt any trouble by making his presence known among the revellers. *Nov. 19th. 1857. Petworth the whole day in consequence of numerous parties in the town to attend the fair on the following day.* For that occasion Kemmish records perhaps his most succinct entry and simply informs us that he *attended Petworth Fair*. At this time Petworth fair was noted for the unruly behaviour of many of those who attended it and there were concerted attempts to have it dissolved. Consequently it is somewhat surprising to note only one arrest was made that day, for the theft of a watch, and quite possibly the culprit was one of the many itinerant pickpockets for which the occasion was quite notorious.

Bonfire night was clearly another red-letter day in the busy schedule of Superintendent Kemmish though he had to travel a little further a field to conduct his duty and on Nov. 8th. 1858 he reports that he journeyed to Wisborough Green and Billingshurst and remained there *till 1 a.m. on account of it being 5th November*. Exactly what sort of activity was expected by Kemmish on Bonfire night is unclear, however we do know that several other Sussex towns and villages experienced scenes of drunkenness and unruly behaviour during the annual celebrations.

Public houses naturally feature high in the police reports and instances of theft and after hours drinking are not uncommon. An entry for May 19th, 1860 records that Kemmish *received information from Henry Hoar of the Star Inn that a navy who had lodged there the previous night and left that morning, had stolen a pair of galoshes. Went immediately in pursuit, overtook the suspected man at Billingshurst and found the stolen galoshes in his possession*. The offending navy was most probably only passing through Petworth, as little work would have been found locally. The canals had long been constructed and the railway line had been completed the previous October. Out of hours drinking was common and on July 1st, 1860 Kemmish reports that he *visited public and beerhouses in Petworth, found two men drinking in James Burgess' beerhouse at 11.30 a.m.* Burgess, who kept a hostelry and accompanying brewhouse in the row of buildings at the very top of North Street between North House and Rectory Gate, appeared at the following petty sessions held at the town Hall and was convicted of a breach of the Beer Act for which he received an undisclosed fine with the addition of costs.

The role of the 19th century police officer was varied indeed, Kemmish may one day be visiting local shops in order to check that weighing scales were correctly calibrated, while the next he could be journeying to London in pursuit of his duty. *July 6th, 1860. Kingston and Hampton Court to execute a warrant on James Heather for disobeying an order of bastardy.*

Clearly Heather had attempted to escape his responsibility for an illegitimate child and quite probably the parish overseer, keen to relieve the cost to the ratepayer of supporting the child, had applied to the court for his arrest.

Much of his work may well have been mundane, though suspicious deaths and other serious crimes were not as infrequent as one would imagine. In 1860 Kemmish investigated a case of infanticide at the Petworth workhouse in which Harriet Moore was convicted of wilfully murdering her child (see PSM no. 97), and in July of the same year he received information that the body of an infant had been discovered in a water closet at Northchapel Rectory. Fanny Heather a servant at the Rectory was charged with concealment of birth and committed to the assizes. False alarms and time wasting must have been as prevalent then as today though Kemmish manages to disguise any irritation he may have felt when making the following report *Feb. 11th, 1860, received information from Dr Bailey that he had lost several bundles of chips from his stable. Went to Fittleworth made enquiries and found that a mistake had been made in counting them, and none were lost*. Arson seems to have been much more common in the 19th century than today, we know that in the first half of the century dissatisfied farm workers would often set fire to ricks as a means of protesting over the low wages paid to them and it would appear that memories of that turbulent period may have played on Kemmish's mind when he reported that on Feb. 6th, 1860 he *received information from P.C. 18 Holmes that a rick was on fire at Coultershall, proceeded there immediately, and used endeavours to extinguish the fire. Supposed to originate from incendiaryism*. Kemmish was mistaken in his supposition as a report in the West Sussex Gazette concluded that the fire was probably started by a man smoking a pipe. Just two weeks alter Kemmish is investigating another fire, this time at a house in the parish of Woolavington. For this offence a man named Crouch is charged with arson and remanded to appear at Lewes assizes in March, he was later acquitted of this and a similar charge.

The occurrence book covers only a short period in Kemmish's time at Petworth, being the four years between 1857 and 1861. Clearly the author was well educated and his reports, while lacking in emotion, are lucid and graphic. They form a priceless record of the very earliest professional policing at Petworth and compose a dramatic pen picture of the criminal underclass in a small rural district. Much remains unknown about Kemmish and the Petworth police though for a determined researcher the material available would fill any gaps in our knowledge. Perhaps someone else would like to move the matter on and possibly find proof to substantiate a notion of mine that Kemmish beside his duties as Superintendent may also have been chief of Petworth fire brigade at the time? Kemmish would remain Superintendent of police at Petworth until sometime after 1881, a by no means inconsiderable length of duty, and he may well have retired in the position. He certainly does not appear in the 1891 census as living at Petworth and by that time it seems unlikely that he would have taken a similar post elsewhere.

M.C.

Mrs Webb at The Gog. An appeal

The following appeal for information came by way of the Internet. Martin Webb is keen to know anything about Mrs Webb who lived at The Gog, she was well known in the district for rearing turkeys and keeping a pet goose, it seems that she was also blind. Two small photographs of her appear in issue 59 of the magazine but apart from them we have very little to go on. Do you remember Mrs Webb or recall hearing of her? Please ring Miles on 343227; any information no matter how inconsequential would be appreciated.

Hello Miles,

Thanks for the information on Mrs Webb of the Gog Lodges which intrigues me.

Do you know how would I get hold of a copy of Issue 59 of the Petworth Society magazine? My family remember our Mrs Webb as being a little 'old fashioned' even in 1930! Apparently her letters were written in what has been described as 'Old English'. Whether that refers to her language or style of writing I'm not sure but does point to someone who preferred the old way of life which may have included keeping a pet goose!

One last question. I wondered if there are many of the residents of Petworth today who were living there in the 1930s? I was considering writing to your local newspaper (which one is it?) or even to the Parish newspaper to see if anybody could remember Mrs Webb.

Thanks very much for your help,
Martin Webb

'How long do you think I've been in the Post Office...?'

I was brought up at Chillinghurst in Stag Park, in those days when private cars were unusual and groceries would be brought back from Petworth on the bicycle. Milk and bread were delivered at Mr Hunt's lodge on the London Road for us to carry on up the lane, while the accumulator for the wireless had to be taken in to Mr Card's in High Street and brought back again - once more on the bicycle. A trip from the lodge might involve carrying groceries, two bottles of milk, two loaves, a can of paraffin, the accumulator and even some thing like sweep's brushes! Just as well the lane was pretty free of other traffic.

Chillinghurst had once been a large farmhouse but was now divided into three cottages. We were expected to keep an eye on the animals in the yard and give a hand summer holidays and weekends with things like hoeing and harvesting. Chillinghurst also boasted a kind of moat, still visible but now somewhat choked with vegetation. Towards the end of our time there, the Ellks family lived in the middle cottage and Miss Boniface on the other side. I suppose by modern standards it might seem a little primitive, certainly isolated, but I liked living there.



Don Simpson in uniform.

The photograph is taken at Chillinghurst.

The belt had to be left at the Post Office.

very lowly member of the staff, but it was by no means a job without prospects.

I well remember Mr Simmons the postmaster sitting at his big office desk looking across at me. I was only fourteen and understandably in some awe. Obviously he was sufficiently satisfied with what he saw to give me the job. Strangely enough the Government Issue 1936 desk across which I looked at him has followed me round and not only in memory. It's now the Parish Clerk's desk, having been surplus to requirements at the Post Office. I suppose now that I'm leaving as Clerk to the Council I will finally part from it - fifty seven years on!

Wages were poor even by the standards of the time - nine shillings a week with an additional shilling for keeping the bicycle clean. This last was quite an important matter, for Mr Muskett a senior figure at the office, kept a wary eye on such things. I was told that, before the war, the postmen used to line up with their bicycles to have machine and uniform inspected. Mr Muskett still retained a little of this in altered times - he might say, "That tyre's a bit rough, take it down to Nobby Yallop's ..." he was the cycle dealer in Middle Street. Because of the low wage, the Civil Service gave me a meal voucher to eat three times a week at the Old Square Tavern.

My job was to deliver telegrams. That was all, but it was usually a busy day. I had had a lot of time off school and it was something of an open question whether my health would stand up to continual cycling in all kinds of weather. In the event it did. It was certainly a strenuous job which involved riding up to a hundred miles a day. There were days when I seemed never off the bicycle. Some journeys were very regular and these formed a kind of

I went to Petworth Boys' School in North Street and, after the School bombing in 1942, the survivors integrated with the evacuee children to be taught in the Iron Room in Market Square. I had just under a year to go and left in the summer of 1943. At fourteen I was too young to join up and had two immediate prospects of employment: either as apprentice to Ernest Streeter the clockmaker in Church Street or to become a Post Office messenger. The Post Office was then a branch of the Civil Service and Petworth an important Head Office. It may be that Lord Leconfield's prestige as Lord Lieutenant had something to do with this but I have no real evidence. Petworth was the headquarters for an area that stretched as far east as Washington and included all the surrounding villages. At that time, the Post Office looked to take on boys who would start as messengers and work their way up the promotion ladder. The messenger boy was a

framework for the job. When I started the hours were 9am to 6pm, six days a week, forty-eight hours in all, counting one hour off for lunch. The next year the hours were changed to 8.30am to 8.00pm, obviously not a shift a single person could be expected to work. I then switched to 8am to 1pm and 5pm to 8pm while an auxiliary was brought in from Pulborough to cover the afternoon. Obviously the revised hours meant two trips to and from Stag Park. There were troops in the camps in Petworth Park then and I often had to go out there. Uniform for the telegram boy was trousers, tunic, belt and the famous pillbox hat, so heavy that it seemed immovable, even in the wildest gale. There was certainly no chance of it being blown off as it must have weighed four or five pounds. It had no visor and the top was of waterproof hessian. When going off duty I had to show the belt was empty and wasn't allowed to take it home. That's why I'm not wearing it in the photograph, which was taken at Chillinghurst.

There was a room at the back of the counter in the old East Street office which was for the telegram boy, but, as you will gather, I didn't have much time to sit about. The telegram boy was forbidden to venture into the sorting office itself which was dominated by a kind of raised desk popularly known as "the pulpit". The supervisor was a rather short man who sat in a chair in the "pulpit" and couldn't easily be seen over the parapet of the desk. I remember once venturing into this forbidden land, thinking that the pulpit was empty, to be met with a blast of "Get out, boy."

For telegrams the central receiving point for this area was Horsham. Once received there, they were dictated over the telephone to Petworth and written out by hand. When I was given a telegram it was in a sealed envelope and, of course, I had no knowledge of the contents. It was however wartime, and there was always the possibility of the dreaded "I regret to inform you ..." notice from the War Office. I only ever had one of these and was warned beforehand of the effect it would have. "Wounded" telegrams were upsetting but not quite the same. Telegrams had to be delivered personally. If I could get no reply I would put a docket through the door for the recipient to come and collect from East Street. If I was able to deliver, it was part of the job to wait to see if there was any reply. It was one and sixpence for the first twelve words and a penny for each additional one. The sender would write out the message on a form which I carried with me, then when I brought it back to Petworth, it would be phoned through to Horsham. If the originator of the telegram needed a reply, he might pay in advance so that he could be answered without charge, the recipient filling in the reply form as "reply paid".

Fred Streeter, in the gardens at Petworth House, was a regular recipient, being frequently asked by the BBC or the newspapers to do something for them. For instance an article might be needed to meet a newspaper deadline. He would write out his answer "reply paid" and keeping to the number of words paid for. I liked going to the Gardens and it was a frequent trip, three or four times a week. Usually Mr Streeter wasn't in and Mrs Streeter would tell me to go and find him in the maze of greenhouses. "Right ho, boy," he'd say when I caught up with him. When he'd written out his reply, he'd find a ripe peach or pear for me and tell me to take some apples. "Is that all you've taken?" he'd say. I only had my trouser pockets, the tunic had no pockets. Another regular trip was to a business man at Burton Rough, Mr Morton of Mortons' Fish Pastes. He would always give me a sixpenny tip - very useful indeed on nine shillings a week. I might go there three times a day and he'd usually send



Hampers Green Sports July 1953. Photograph by George Garland.



Hampers Green Sports July 1953. Photograph by George Garland.

a reply. Duncton Mill was another regular port of call, right on the edge of my territory. I'd go down Dyehouse Lane. Herringbroom Cottages were one limit of my territory: others were Burton, Byworth, Low Heath, Beechfields, Langhurst Hill, Blackwool and Whites Green.

I remember once having a telegram to take to a cottager out beyond Blackwool Farm on the London Road. It was well after dark and, it being wartime, we were not allowed to show lights. I was directed on from Blackwool through a wood and across fields. I'd had to leave the bicycle behind as there was no track. "You should see the cottage if he's got a light on," I was told. After what seemed an age I found the cottage, it must have been on the edge of Ebernoe Common. Only one of the cottages was occupied. Few people had telephones then and the telegram was the only means of quick communication. I later found that the cottage was Birchwells - now demolished.

An early misadventure caused me some embarrassment: a lady at an outlying farm used to receive telegram tips for betting, often at night. I had become quite familiar with this call but one particular night it was not only very dark but also very late. I sped up the lane on my bicycle and ran straight into a gate put across the track. I had never realised it was closed. The front fork on my bicycle had suffered in the crash, but I hoped no one would notice. When I went, rather sheepishly, into work the next morning, George Muskett's eagle eye was soon in action. "Your front fork's out of line." Anxious to keep my misadventure quiet, I said there was nothing wrong. Mr Muskett wasn't happy and it wasn't long before I was in Mr Simmons' office, with him looking not unkindly at me across the desk. In vain I protested that nothing had happened. "How long do you think I've been in the Post Office?:" he asked, without awaiting a reply. "Long enough that I can tell when something's happened." In the end I had to admit it. The bicycle went for repair and two weeks' cleaning allowance was deducted to pay for it.

An odd thing I recollect was the suggestion that I learn the violin, something I did for a time in Mr Harry Kent's house, now Causey End in Lombard Street. Harry was a postman. I was taught by Marjorie Heard, but why this was done in Harry Kent's house I have no idea.

I worked as telegram boy for some two and a half years before I moved a step up the ladder and someone else took over. The days of the telegram were numbered although we didn't realise it then. The spread of the telephone would kill the telegram almost overnight, although overseas cables continued for some considerable time.

In 1946 I had to take a half-day examination to proceed to the sorting office. I needed to satisfy the examiners in mathematics, English and especially geography - a good knowledge of the English counties was considered important for the sorting office. What I'd done at school was well in the past by this time and I did what I could to prepare with some postal courses in the little spare time that I had. I remember filling in the counties of England on a blank map. I took the examination on the familiar desk in the postmaster's office. Assuming that I satisfied the examiners, I would instruct the new telegram boy and myself take incoming telegrams over the telephone, but my main task now was to sort outgoing letters, dispatching them via Petworth Station three times a day. Letters were hand-sorted and bagged for dispatch. Sorting involved a large pigeon-hole with some 48 places. Horsham and Chichester would have their own place but as the distribution spread, the areas grew larger,

south east, north, midlands etc. Some would be sent from Redhill and taken there in one of the two vans we now had, otherwise everything was still done by bicycle. Two of us worked the sorting of outgoing letters in two shifts, 4am to 11.30 and 11.30am to 7.00pm. Ralph Denyer preferred to do the early turn so I came up from Chillinghurst for 11.30 in the morning. National Service, mainly in Kenya, took me away from Petworth for two years but I came back for a few months before being sent to the Oxford Post Office training centre for "junior counter training" so that I could work at the counter dealing with pensions and some of the standard, less complex, Post Office matters. In 1949 I went to Bletchley Park for two weeks "senior counter training", savings, licences, anything that might come up at the counter. I could now operate either counter or both, different functions went with the two different counters, although some things like postage stamps were common to both. The Post Office was still part of the Civil Service and by this time I was going out as relief to places like Pulborough or Storrington in cases of holiday or sickness. I'd usually cycle.

A great change came in 1952 when Petworth was downgraded to a sub-office. Some of the senior positions were phased out and Petworth came under the control of Haslemere. It was done through retirement rather than redundancy and Freddie Dean, senior clerical officer, became postmaster, running the counter, certifying accounts and appointing staff. It was basically administrative. I was sent out on relief in the Haslemere area, substituting for the Petworth postmaster when he was on holiday. The Civil Service had a tremendous pay range running from age 18 to 32 and as I was still only twenty-two or three I was still way down the grades, so that most of the postmen, being older, were being paid considerably more than I was. When Freddie Dean retired, Jack Bartlett returned to Petworth to take charge. He was a very social man and in his time the Post Office put on an annual entertainment in the Iron Room for family and friends.

I took over in 1976 and was in charge for eleven years. It was, I suppose, the classic progression from telegram boy but things had changed out of all proportion since those early Civil Service days when I looked across the big desk at Mr Simmons. That of course is another story. Curiously the desk doesn't look quite so big now!

Don Simpson was talking to the Editor

Flames on the ceiling. Day Centre Conversations (6)

I was born at Upperton in 1915 but we moved to Tillington when I was three. I had four brothers and three sisters, all except one being older. A younger brother was born at Upperton just before we left, my father coming to work for Mr Boxall, the Tillington builder. We moved into one of Mr Boxall's houses. When we were at Upperton my father had worked at Midhurst and we had a rented Mitford Estate cottage: most of Upperton then belonged to the Pitshill

Estate and was owned by the Mitford family. I went to Tillington School from the age of five until I was fourteen and I was very happy there. As in other village schools of the time, there was a class for infants, a larger classroom for standards 1, 2, 3 and 4, then Mr Brown the head for standards 5, 6 and 7. The Infants had two teachers, in 1, 2, 3 and 4 either Miss Chandler or Miss Maskell or Miss Holden, a relief teacher who lived on the river at Perryfields. Grades 5 to 7 were very hard at the beginning but eight or nine of us won scholarships, as I did myself. It was a remarkable achievement for a small village school like ours. Winning a scholarship was one thing: going on to Midhurst Grammar School, or, in my case, Chichester High School, was quite another: there was no question of a family like mine being able to pay for books or transport. I would leave and go out to work.

Tillington School had over a hundred children coming from Tillington, Upperton, River Common and as far out as White House Corner, almost to Selham. Some of the children were desperately poor even by our own standards, arriving at school without shoes for instance, but we all pulled together; Mr Brown would make us laugh: if boys did anything wrong he'd hit them on the leg with a ruler, something he'd never do to us. Sometimes we'd get the boys into trouble but the most we'd get was a sharp rap across the knuckles.

Next to Tillington School were two cottages; the first had the Post Office and sweetshop run by Mrs Streeter, while two schoolmistresses, Miss Maskell and Miss Bishop, who came, I believe, from Selsey and later married Toby Bryder lived next door. The Post Office and Stores would later move to its recent position. Tillington was very much a working village of large families with everyone going to the village school. Of the war I knew nothing, it was over when I was three and my father was not of an age to be called up. My mother recalled in later years how when she was in bed in Upperton with my youngest brother Mr Yeatman walked up the causeway and shouted out that he'd see everyone again soon. Like so many he never came back. The Yeatmans kept the village shop which was in almost the last cottage on the way out. It sold sweets and beer among other things and my mother used to take us up past the shop on the way to Upperton Common to pick the raspberries and blackcurrants which effectively grew wild on the common. Mr and Mrs Peacock lived at the Monument and once we played truant from afternoon Sunday School, and went up to the Monument with the penny we'd been give for the collection. The Peacocks charged a penny for allowing you to go up to the top of the Monument and look out.

Sunday School was held in the afternoon at church but also on Sunday mornings in the school. After being taught in the morning we'd walk down to church and when the sermon began were allowed to go home. As my father was caretaker at the church we used to go to church in the evening too. Mr Goggs the Rector was a lovely man; when we lived at Hill Top in Tillington he'd often come to see us. Our front room was beamed and he never wanted us to put the lights on. He loved to see the shadow of the flames from the hearth playing on the ceiling. When Dad was ill Mrs Goggs would come and sit with him to give Mother a break. I was confirmed at the age of twelve, having been to lessons at the Rectory.

Mr and Mrs Goggs used to have big parties on the Rectory lawn. As you went in the front gate, there was a mulberry tree and in the season you'd tread on the crushed fruit - or like all children, throw them about. My eldest sister worked for the Goggs briefly when she left

school but married when I was twelve. There was a big barn in the yard and old Mr Boxall liked to get us children to sort out the apples with him. At Hill Top we had a gramophone - the old-fashioned type with the trumpet. In the winter Dad would put up a sheet in the front room, get some of our friends in and we'd make silhouettes on it with our hands. Dad being caretaker at the church, sometimes my mother would lock up instead of Dad, summer at eight o'clock, winter at five. Once she happily locked up and was home before someone came rushing round to say that Mr Champion the rector was making frantic signs at the belfry window. She'd contrived to lock the Rector in church. Mr Champion followed Mr Goggs at Tillington.

My mum used to take us into Petworth on a Saturday. We'd go to Angel Street where "Polly" Whitcomb had a shop more or less opposite Ryde House. She sold dresses, hats and socks - things like that. Mum would buy her overalls there and every Whitsun she bought me a new straw hat. My youngest brother was born on Petworth Fair Day, November 20th and we'd always walk to Petworth Square from Tillington. He'd be taken into Mr Dancy's in New Street to buy a pair of blue socks. At the fair we were given a shilling each which enabled us to have a good go on more or less everything. About eight o'clock Dad would say, "I'm going into the Star for a pint. Finish what you're doing and we'll go off home". An old lady made gingerbread at a stall on the corner where Mr Stegges had his chemist's shop. There were swings outside Austens, and you could roll pennies down on to cards. In those days the fair extended into Golden Square and caravans went up Lombard Street.

I left school at fourteen: my father had heard of a job in Petworth and I would walk in from Tillington. I would work for Mr and Mrs Weaver, the newsagents in Lombards Street. The premises are still a newsagents of course. I had to come in from Tillington to be at work at 7.30. I'd help fold the newspapers and begin with two delivery rounds. The first was all round the Square, down Pound Street, to Mr Streeter in Petworth House Gardens, and to the "bothy" in the Gardens. Mr "Bogey" Baxter, the blacksmith would be at the corner of park road waiting for his paper. A second round took me up Lombard Street, down North Street, across Hampers Common, then in to the Kennels. I needed to be back at the shop by nine o'clock. Then I'd go upstairs to see Mrs Weaver - the basic job was in the house, not in the shop. In winter Mrs Weaver would have a cup of hot Bovril ready for me, in summer a glass of lemonade. I did the housework and left at twelve o'clock: it was a six days a week job. There were steps up behind the counter to the bathroom and a way out to Park Road. This was the way the newspapers were brought in. Mr Weaver died two years after I started but I went on working for Mrs Weaver, on and off, for thirty-three years. I stopped doing the delivery round after a while but I did work some of the time in the shop. Mr and Mrs Earl lived next door and I would go out along the passage and into the back yard to hang out the washing. Mrs Earl would always call from her window, "Is that you Mary, are you hanging the washing out?" Lombard Street was the very centre of Petworth life, so many important shops were there, Mr Dale with his clocks, Mr Earl's tobacco and sundries, Mr Bowdidge the greengrocer, Westwood's wool shop, Mr Vincent's plumbing shop with its tanks and cisterns and sanitary ware, Mr Payne the butcher and of course Arch Knight's the bakers where two big slices of bread pudding cost twopence.

When I was sixteen my Dad said, "I've got a present for you." It was a second-hand bicycle. After that I bicycled into Petworth. Dad worked as a painter and decorator, he was a skilled grainer, but an accident when carrying pots and brushes on his bicycle meant that he had to give up. He took the Horse Guards at Tillington for a time and I used to help out in the evening. My mother never liked the trade; she could never get used to the drinking and smoking. One old lady would come to the back door in the morning to have her little bottle filled with whisky. "Do you think Mrs Leggatt you could put a drop of whisky in there?" She paid for it of course. A glass of beer was fourpence, bitter sixpence, old and mild eightpence, crisps twopence a packet and Woodbines packed in fives. Lemonade bottles still had the alley or marble in the top. My brother came in one day, "Is Dad about?" He wanted to break one of the bottles to get the alley. He couldn't: bottles were returnable and cost money. The pub belonged to King and Barnes at Horsham.

We were a large family but most moved away. My two eldest brothers worked for Kays, the transport people in Horsham, while my eldest sister was in service with her husband. They worked for Lord Woolavington for a time, then for the Dowager Lady Cowdray at Selham House, then for Mrs Lakin at Trotton.

After we left the Horse Guards my parents went to live at Burton Common. I was living at home then and would cycle into Petworth to work. When the war came I was officially informed that I had to do war work. I went to pack flour at Coultershaw where I stayed throughout the war. Two evenings a week I'd be fire-watching. Harold Whitcomb, the manager of the International Stores, watched with me. He'd cycle down to Burton Common and we'd walk out to the Sutton Crossroads, then back to Chalet Corner, then to Duncton and back through Burton Park. If we saw a fire we had to report it. There were Canadian soldiers at Burton House and also in Burton Rough. Once we'd just got past Burton House when we saw incendiary bombs coming down but, curiously, they all fell into the lake. Fire-watching was quite hard work, a lot of walking and it could be very cold in winter.

I went back to working for Mrs Weaver after the war, while my husband worked in the gardens at New Grove. I returned to Tillington in 1955 after my husband died. I had a Mitford Estate cottage and I started to work at Manor of Dean in the afternoon while still going to Mrs Weaver's in the morning. After a while I went to Manor of Dean full time and stayed there until 1996. I still go to help when the gardens are open!

Mary Clark was talking to the Editor

At Lurgashall October 31st

A new book, a chance to put the usual Window Press "hype" into action, the experience of twenty five years and what? Fifteen books? I've lost count. Jonathan is in Italy and I feel vaguely uneasy, embarrassed almost, as I always do. This time I've only written a short introduction, "Hype"? As far as I know neither of our last two books were reviewed at all -

except for a helpful notice on the Loxwood Dependants in the *Midhurst and Petworth Observer*. The book on Ebernoe sold out within the week, while there's a box or two of the Loxwood book upstairs - nothing to worry about. They go out one by one. Mrs Rapley's Diary (1994) is now down to just four copies. Salesman's patter? No, it's actually true. They'll probably have gone by the time you read this.

The present book is much less expensive and it's paperback. Lurgashall at the beginning of what is now the "last" century through the eyes of a child — or, at least, a man looking back through a child's eyes. He had come to Lurgashall as a toddler as the century turned and left in 1908, his father, the village schoolmaster, moving to Caterham. Harold Roots would not return to Lurgashall until all was totally altered: the trenches of the 1914-1918 war a distant but unfading memory, and the names of the boys he had grown up with long familiar on the war memorial.

Mike Oakland, the Parish Council Clerk, had been helpfulness itself and there was great good will from the Parish Council. Here was an opportunity to introduce the book on its home ground. "Edwardian Lurgashall" — I hadn't enough slides to confine myself to that but did have enough Garland material to carry me through to 1960. The key figure of the genial rector, Aubrey Pain, and a special relationship with Petworth. Pain had been curate at Petworth for several years under Mr Holland and was a great favourite with Florence Rapley who never missed the chance to hear one of his "refreshing portions" (sermons to you!) when he came to Petworth.

Barnado boys Roots had grown up with had been with the rough "kindness" of the age unceremoniously packed off to Alberta or Saskatchewan. They were, perhaps, more fortunate than it seemed, for they might well escape the holocaust of 1914. Lance Corporal Shotter, back from the Boer War in his splendid Royal Horse Artillery uniform. "We thought him no end of a hero." Harold Roots would have been five or six then. Mr Farthing the baker buying a donkey from the gypsies only to find later that the animal was blind. Making the best of a bad job he used the animal for years on the bread round, the unseeing donkey knowing the shops. Except for the donkey, all, like Mr Pain himself, captured by Walter Kevis' Lombard Street camera. The gypsies seem like a kind of Greek chorus, mysteriously appearing and as mysteriously vanishing into the surrounding countryside

It's slow to start with. Ian and Pearl setting up the projector. Marian looking after the books, with five minutes to go the audience is respectable. With our Society once you get to 7.25 you know that's it. You can look out to the unforgiving evening Square and see no one. Here it's different: there's a sudden rush, all the chairs are quickly taken, more brought in, still not enough, standing room only. Memories begin to stir ... those who remember provide a commentary. Those who don't join in

A view of Edwardian Lurgashall by H.S. Roots is available from The Window Press, Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth, GU28 0DX at £9.95 please allow a little extra for postage.

The Petworth Society Book Sale November 4th

Books have been coming in steadily, mostly paperback but not entirely so. Book sale? It's really rather more: with Anne's shop no more, the Society really needs an occasional physical presence. Sorting roughly at home on the Friday afternoon, then setting up on the Saturday morning. The usual plethora of soft-back fiction, a few of the classic old-fashioned Penguins and Pelicans in their plain orange and dark blue livery. A lot of cookery books — not very sanguine about these, cookery's changed so much in the last ten years, let alone the last twenty. Celebrity chefs are like pop-stars, all the rage and then forgotten. Turkish cooking, books of salads, books of curries, vegetarian cooking of various kinds, ways with lentils. Gardening too has changed and D.I.Y. Several "Arden" Shakespeare — they must be worth 50p, a rare departure from the regulation 20p. What we have must run well into four figures, laid out on the east and north sides of the Garland Room in an elongated L shape. Some are no doubt veterans of other sales, some old library stock. Some, I expect, we'll see again.

Getting people in off the quiet Square is difficult but there's a steady stream. We learn that it's a rare book that's of no interest to anyone. At 20p most visitors are prepared to have a crack at something. Even the cookbooks begin to move, the philosophy being apparently to throw out your old greasy ones and try something else. Some German visitors on a flying visit. One picks up a book about German women's experience of the war another a book about greenhouse gardening. The sun pouring into the morning hall - a brief respite from the recent storms. Anne has coffee for those who want it. D.H. Lawrence *The Rainbow*, someone looking for Dick Francis novels ... a chance for newcomers to look at Petworth Society Magazines.

For the evening the books are replenished a little and the long lines on the east side moved up. There's been a big clearance. A chance for those who have come to the talk to look over the books. It's been a success. The next one is on January 20th. Please let me know (or Miles 343227) if you've any for us or if you've a dry place where we can keep our stock, we're in temporary lodgings at the moment.

P.

Working for Pitfield & Oglethorpe

I started working for this firm in 1930. The partners were John Pitfield, who had come to Petworth many years before to be a partner with Henry Gray Brydone and, following the death or retirement of Mr Brydone, had carried on the business under his own name until 1923 when he was joined by Ralph Stuart Oglethorpe. The latter having held the rank of Captain when he served with the Kumaon Rifles during the Great War was generally known as Captain Oglethorpe or, by the staff, as "the Captain".

At that time the only rooms in the building which were used by the firm were the two ground floor front rooms, the two rooms above them (the northern-most first floor room not then having been sub-divided) and a small room at the back, behind the stairs. The back ground floor room, opposite the foot of the stairs, was used as the County Court and Justices' Clerk's Office, Mr Pitfield being Clerk to both, and was occupied by Mr A.P. McLachlan and Mr William Booker, who carried out the work of both appointments. The two ground floor rooms behind the stairs were the sitting room and kitchen of the caretakers (Mr and Mrs Alfred Phillips - he being also the County Court Bailiff) and the other small first floor room was their bedroom. The only toilet on the premises was outside, beyond the kitchen and to reach it the female staff were allowed to go through the caretakers' rooms, but the male staff approached it through the Justices' Clerk's room to the side passage and up the garden.

When I joined the staff the others were Frederick G. Denham (cashier), Mr Harvey, whose Christian name I cannot recall, (shorthand typist), Frank W. Whitcomb (working mainly for Mr Pitfield) and Eileen M. Burton (receptionist and shorthand typist). Mr Pitfield occupied the front room at the top of the stairs with Frank Whitcomb in the other front room. I joined Frank in that room for the first year or two. Mr Harvey was in the back first floor room. Captain Oglethorpe occupied the downstairs room opening off the front office. Mr Derham worked at a high desk near the window in the front office (and although he had a high stool, did most of his work standing) and Eileen Burton was at the back of that office, near the telephone. There was no "fence" and "gate" marking off the passage through the front office and the door between it and the stairs was always kept open, so that it was an extremely draughty room.

As there was no electricity in Petworth in those days (except for a few houses with private supplies) the offices were lit by gas and there were only coal fires for heating. The latter were laid only for use during the winter months so, on a cold spring or autumn day, there was no means of warming the place. An additional chilling effect was caused by the fact that there were no floor coverings except for a few small mats at the desks and the draughts came up between the floorboards, particularly from the side passage under Frank Whitcomb's room. For the first time in my life I experienced chilblains when working there.

The only "machines" in the office in 1930 were (i) a small hand operated telephone switchboard with extensions only to Mr Pitfield's and Captain Oglethorpe's rooms (no intercom, of course), (ii) a Roneo letter and bill copying machine (I just missed the days of the letter press !!) and (iii) three very antiquated typewriters. I learned to type on one of them simply by being given documents to copy and told to get on with it! For a day or two my greatest difficulty was to put the carbon paper in the right way round!

The office was open from 9.30am to 6pm and it was the task of the junior in the front office to go to dinner from 12 to 1 and to tea from 4 to 4.30 and then "hold the fort" while the rest of the staff went at 1 o'clock and 4.30 respectively. All the staff lived in Petworth so that there was no difficulty in going home to meals. Captain Oglethorpe at first lived at Tillington and travelled to and fro on a bicycle, or by bus in bad weather, so Mrs Phillips provided a pot of tea for him. He did not have a car until 1936.

"Engrossing" in those days generally meant the writing of documents by hand, frequently on parchment. It was only if the purchase money involved was very low that a

typewritten conveyance was acceptable otherwise it had to be written on "parchment substitute" or if the price warranted it, on parchment itself. The days of "Indentures", where the documents were on large sheets of parchment cut, or "indented" at the top had gone, and folded, ruled, sheets of parchment were in use with the heading "This Conveyance" (or as the case may be) already printed in text at the top. The rest of the texting in the document had to be done by the engrossing clerk with a specially wide pen nib. Before anything could be written on parchment, "pounce", a rough white powder, had to be rubbed over it with a special pad, otherwise it would not take the ink, which also had to be of a special kind. Frank Whitcomb was the chief engrossing clerk, though Eileen Burton, I and other clerks who came later, all did a certain amount before the typewriter finally took over for all documents. In engrossing on parchment if a mistake was made it was possible, if the error was small, and one was very careful, to erase it by scratching with a penknife, but if it was at all likely to show then the page in question had to be discarded and a fresh start made.

Carbon copies were not taken of letters and bills but they were typed using a copying ribbon and alterations and signatures were written with copying ink. Mr Pitfield, and Frank Whitcomb, wrote many letters by hand using copying ink and the former, from time to time, upset his ink. There would then be a loud call for "Frankie" (as he still called Frank Whitcomb) to clear up the mess, which was no easy task. Before despatching the letters the junior clerk had to take two copies of each (and one copy of bills) on the Roneo copying machine, for use on the files and letter/bill books, the copies being on flimsy, damp, buff paper which were not dry enough to handle until next day. Mr Pitfield had a habit of bringing down one hand written letter just before six o'clock and saying "I have just one more to write", which eventually came down some time after six when I was longing to get home. The ink could not be blotted otherwise it would not copy, but should have been allowed to dry before being put through the copies but I'm afraid that many were put through too soon, in my rush to get away, resulting in decidedly smudged copies!!

The only way to make a number of copies of Estate accounts etc was to use the Gestetner copier. This involved writing with a pen that had a very tiny metal wheel instead of a nib, on a sheet of waxed material, held taut in a frame, over a metal bed. (In winter this was a very cold job so far as the writing hand was concerned). After the writing was done paper was then inserted under the waxed sheet and a roller charged with thick black ink was rolled over the top so that the ink ran through the perforations and produced the account etc on the paper below. Some years later a more sophisticated machine was introduced whereby the stencil could be cut using a typewriter (minus ribbon) which was then placed over a revolving drum with ink inside and copies were produced merely by turning a handle and rotating the drum.

When the first dictaphone was introduced there was still no public supply of electricity in the town. The dictating machine and the transcribing machines could be run off batteries, rather like car batteries, but the cylinders onto which the dictation was done (rather like the old phonograph cylinders) were of wax and had to be shaved for re-use. The machine for shaving would not operate on a battery so Captain Oglethorpe, having by then moved to Somerset Lodge, Petworth, (where he had a supply of electricity from Petworth House) had to take them home and shave them there.

Bills for work done, unless for Conveyancing or Wills, showed in detail the work carried out and, in 1930, the charges were 3/4d for a telephone call, 3/6d for a letter and 6/8d or 10/- for an interview. The preparation of documents were charged according to length and it was often the duty of a junior clerk to count the folios (72 words) contained in the document. An exceedingly boring job! In the itemised bills, after the total had been arrived at a further 33 1/3% of that total was added as "allowed by the Solicitors' Remuneration Order 19.." (I forget the year!). Scale charges were applicable in conveyancing matters, and wills were generally charged for in guineas - one guinea for a simple one and rarely more than five guineas for a complicated, long, one.

When I started work I was paid 10/- a week which, incidentally, was the same as the rate of Old Age pension at that time. After a few months I received an increase of half a crown a week and gradually the amount was increased over the years but there was no question of a recognised annual increase. A private pension scheme was unheard of in the office until a new member of staff came in 1949 who was already in one at this previous place of employment and Captain Oglethorpe offered to put me in the scheme - certainly an innovation for a **female** employee but I had been with the firm for 19 years. I, and the firm, each contributed about £9 annually, to give me a pension of £50 a year which, I am pleased to say, has over the years increased somewhat.

In 1934 there was quite a change. Mr Pitfield retired, though, in fact, it was 1935 before he actually left the office as, each evening, he would say that he must come in the next day to clear up some matter or other. At the same time Captain Oglethorpe took over the practice of Mant & Staffurth, the other Solicitors in the town, which had been carried on by Mr Ernest Hugh Staffurth at Avenings, Mr Staffurth then retiring. Captain Oglethorpe took over from him the positions of Clerk to the Petworth Rural District Council and to the Petworth Parish Council, the work in connection with which he carried on from Avenings, and he also took over from Mr Pitfield the position of Clerk to the County Court. Frank Pullen, one of Mr Staffurth's clerks moved up from Avenings to share Frank Whitcomb's room and work on conveyancing and probate and trust. He left the office a little before 1939.

More space was needed and the very dilapidated room behind the one at one time occupied by Mr Harvey was cleared of rubbish and thoroughly repaired and it was in the first place occupied by Mr Kenneth P. Hickman, an assistant solicitor. He was, however, only there for a short time as he was in the Territorial Army and was called up at the outbreak of the war. He did not return to the office after the war.

When he left I moved up to that room and was, by then, carrying out probate and trust work. At times I shared the room with one of the typists but I was alone on 29th September 1942 when, hearing a plane going over, I looked out of the window towards the Church and saw the bombs falling which caused such a tragedy at the Boys school. I thought that they had fallen in the park which was the case with some, but not all.

Greta L. Steggles

To be continued.

[Faint, illegible handwriting across the page]