

Letters from
Swaziland
Margaret Green
Ramblings from the
Roof space
Ghost Town
Named Petworth

Miles Costello
Petworth
Collection

NO. 106. DECEMBER 2001.

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
magazine

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Cover drawing by Jonathan Newdick.

It shows a landscape at Gownfold Farm.

Cover design by Jonathan Newdick.

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THE PETWORTH SOCIETY SUPPORTS THE
LECONFIELD HALL
PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM
THE PETWORTH PARISH MAP
AND THE COULTERSHAW BEAM PUMP.

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 £9.00. Single or double one Magazine delivered. Postal £11.00 overseas £13.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:

Chairman

Mr P.A. Jerrome MBE, Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth [STD 01798] (Tel. 342562)
GU28 0DX

Vice Chairman

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

Hon. Treasurer

Mr A. Henderson, 62 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth (Tel. 343792) GU28 0BX

Hon. Magazine Secretary

Mrs B. Hodson, 56 Wyndham Road, Petworth GU28 0EQ

Committee

Mr Stephen Boakes, Mr Miles Costello, Lord Egremont, Mr Ian Godsmark,
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Society Scrapbook

Mrs Pearl Godsmark

For this Magazine on tape please contact Mr Thompson.

Society Town Crier

Mr J. Crocombe, 19 Station Road (343329)

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

'The mixture as before ?'

Chairman's Notes

I hope you like the new Magazine. As I often say, "the mixture as before" but with possibly a few more currants (pictures) in this particular mix. I suppose it's twenty-three years more or less since our first venture into an expanded format for this Magazine. Since then there have been hundreds of monthly meetings and walks, the Toronto Scottish visits in 1985 and after, the reciprocal trip to Toronto in 1994, the revival of Petworth Fair, our links with the resurgence of the Leconfield Hall, and the emergence of the Cottage Museum as an irreplaceable Petworth institution. Above all, there is this Magazine, a vast repository of Petworth traditions and lore. It's probably the Magazine that gives me the greatest satisfaction.

The Petworth Society is a successful one but it can never be complacent, still less allow itself to become a mere segment of Petworth at large. It needs to reach out continually to a wider circle, in effect constantly to reinvent itself, keeping the best of what has proved to be successful and building on that, not looking to change a successful formula but to keep asking questions of that formula, and keeping that formula fresh. It makes no sense to move away from our roots in Petworth tradition, but it makes even less sense to take anything for granted.

The monthly book sale has been a revelation, a useful source of income certainly, but far more than that, a real meeting-place and monthly event now eagerly anticipated. Of course the sale does rely on a continuing influx of new books but we reserve the option of not opening in a particular month if new stock does not justify it. Monthly meetings will continue but I shall be asking your help with catering, once or perhaps twice a year. More of this at the meetings themselves.

Walks will continue but interspersed with formal visits and outings of which we have several planned for next year. The ever popular Gardens Walk will continue. Several other ideas are under active review and I will lay out our considered suggestions in the March Magazine. The Magazine will of course remain the Society's flagship.

Peter 21st October 2001

Tales of the Pilgrims' Way

Friday 18 January, Petworth Cottage Museum (in association with The Petworth Society) announce **Circle Eight Film Group's** acclaimed film ***The Tales of the Pilgrims' Way*** at the Leconfield Hall, Petworth at 7.30pm. All proceeds to museum funds. This is an open evening and everyone is welcome. Admission £4. Refreshments.

The film, fully-costumed and reflecting Circle Eight's years of experience in this medium, takes the form of a pilgrimage from Winchester, through Guildford to Canterbury. On their journey the pilgrims encounter a number of different figures, historical and legendary and enter their time-world. St Swithin and Jane Austen, the Watts Museum at Compton, Thomas Becket and the Surrey Iron Railway are just a few. There are so many more. This acclaimed film will be a night to remember.

‘Coultershaw Beam Pump - very much a Petworth thing’

So said Peter when Rolf Rowling gave a presentation on Coultershaw – its mills, the beam pump, the Rother Navigation and the railway station at the first meeting of the Autumn season.

As members are aware, the Society is seeking to further its links with the Sussex Industrial Archeology Society, who operate the beam pump as a visitor attraction, having restored it to working order. To this end, it is proposed to set up a management trust comprising members of both societies and we would be pleased to hear from anyone interested in becoming involved. Current finances are in good heart, but there are opportunities for further restoration and a need to repair sluices.

Mills have existed on the Rother at Coultershaw since 1249. Besides corn mills – two are recorded as operating in 1534 – there was also a fulling mill for cleaning wool prior to dyeing, in 1658. Remains of the dyeing vats have been found beneath the building housing the beam pump, which was installed on the orders of the Third Earl of Egremont in 1782 to pump river water up to Petworth House. It continued to work up to 1960, when the water was used for irrigation in the gardens.

The first pump was constructed entirely of wood but in 1858 the shaft and spokes ('spider') of the waterwheel were cast in iron. In 1912, the crankshaft was recast. On open days, the pump now powers a 14' fountain. There is also a 'hands-on' collection of pumps proving of great interest to children and a ram pump capable of forcing water to a height of 20 feet.

Coultershaw was the busiest wharf on the Rother Navigation Canal between Stopham and Midhurst, with men (haulers) as well as horses pulling the barges and stables for the horses (currently under restoration). The railway station eventually assumed similar importance and remains a tourist attraction in itself.

KCT

Lewes (Loowiss or Lewez – ask the Chairman)

Rachel Powell, a Blue Tour Guide for the County Town of East Sussex, took the Society's audience on a walk there with a slide presentation at the October meeting.

Starting with views from Mount Caburn over the town and river Ouse, she explained the ancient origins of the settlement established in the gap in the Downs on the river, navigable from its original estuary at Seaford.

There were two mints in Saxon times. William the Conqueror later divided Sussex into five rapes, each with a castle and so Lewes got one, dominating the town which was walled on three sides, with the river on the eastern fourth.

It was at Mount Caburn that the Battle of Lewes was fought in 1264 between Henry III and Simon de Montfort, leading to the establishment of parliamentary democracy in England.

The tour began at the top of the town, in Westgate and continued down the High Street to Cliffe, returning along Southover High Street, Friary Crescent and Keere Street, pointing out the many fine buildings and their association with notable people such as Dr Gideon Mantell, geologist and palaeontologist, John Evelyn, the diarist, the Revd John Harvard, founder of the American University, Dr Richard Russell, who instituted sea-bathing at Brighton, Charles Dawson, of Piltdown man fame and Tom Paine. Paine played significant roles in the American War of Independence and French Revolution and was instrumental in framing the Constitution of the United States, where, however, he died in poverty in 1809.

The audience had questions about the famous Guy Fawkes celebrations, with the 'No Popery' banners commemorating the martyrdom of 17 Protestants, including four women, during the reign of Mary, and the extensive use of mathematical tiles to give the appearance of brick to timber-framed houses, of which Petworth has an example in The Leads, East Street.

So ended a fascinating glimpse into a most interesting place, which will no doubt soon see more visitors from around Petworth exploring it for themselves.

KCT

‘They know the way’ Ian and Pearl's Loxwood Walk. August 26th 2001

“Darkness at noon.” If it's Sunday there has to be a Society walk. In fact nothing happens immediately but it begins to rain on the way to Loxwood. The sky itself will have put off all but the most committed but even so it's a good turnout. We were here this time last year, under just such skies, in the famous affair of the enchanted wood. Ian and Pearl however, were having nothing to do with enchantment, having thoroughly reconnoitred beforehand. They

set out in the opposite direction, passing the Onslow Arms on the left and striking across the busy Guildford Road. First, however, time to stand and watch the canal boat Zachariah Keppel turning to set off the other way. The rain has settled into a steady downpour but this section of the old canal is new to everyone. Fields through the hedgerow on the left, the canal bed to the right, sometimes a riot of vegetation, sometimes, apparently, cleared and with shallow static water. Purple loosestrife, bulrushes with their bottle brush brown heads. The rain seeps off ripe blackberries to our left. Yellow daisy heads of elecampane, giant hogweed in the near distance.

There are volunteers and a few cyclists at a lock which is apparently being reconstructed. It's surprisingly deep and the white stone blocks surprisingly large; huge galls on common thistle, we shall later see oak apples lying on the path, but meet no one else. On along the towpath, the rain settling clay brown in narrow ruts, slits almost, made by the cyclists perhaps. Eventually right. Two lakes, carmine water lilies and a yellow dinghy on the shore filling up with the afternoon's rain. A legion of ducklings march across a lush green field. Even on a day like this the lakes are impressive.

If anything, the rain intensifies. Uncharted territory for the Petworth Society without a doubt. Sheep in a field, long grass glistening wet, cereal crops darkening ripe. Rain cascades down showerproof coats and Toby presses ahead at the front, a furry bundle of clinging clay. On through the blackberry lanes and eventually to a new housing estate and back into Loxwood. The Guildford Road again. A holm oak planted for the 1935 Silver Jubilee by Miss E.M. Smallpeice. One wonders who she was – the black stone tablet looks as new as if 1935 were yesterday. The ilex or holly oak, the archetypal Spanish tree, "impassive, sound, serene, sturdy and evergreen" keeping a covenant with its own land, as the poet said. In 1935 there would be the rumblings of civil war in Spain and the Cokelers were still a main force in Loxwood, not simply the echo of a vanishing past.

The road is relatively quiet early on a Sunday evening. Oh yes, and the sun breaks through. The Zachariah Keppel is turning. Still turning? Was the walk simply a dream? Tom asks. Well, the orange and lemonade that appear from Ian and Pearl's boot is very much of this world. It's a classic walk, like Stag Park or South Stoke, one that will become a regular feature of the Society repertoire. Why, one wonders, have we not discovered it before?

P.

Annette and Andy's autumn amble. September 23rd

Into Northchapel Village Hall Car Park. It begins to rain but soon stops. Off up the familiar footpath at the side of a newly turned field. It's a good turnout, a couple of dozen certainly – with or without the dog. Towards Frith Hill – the leading party going ahead, rather like dropping the peloton in the Tour de France. Anne has to run ahead to stop them while I guard

the footpath diagonally off to the right. So easy to have gone straight on. Have I seen sedum and antirrhinum prospering on some garden rubbish? No. Did I see the chestnut cutter's tarpaulin? No. I did see a dead rabbit though. "Would you walk a little faster said the whiting to the snail?" Funny what you hear on a Society walk. I did see a dead rabbit though.

Skirting Frith Hill and on through the woods. Netting at the gate and a line of bricks along the bottom; rabbits are clearly a problem here. Through the autumning woods, still in full leaf, finally coming out into an open field. Are we near the old Frith ironworkings? It's difficult to be sure. Sloes almost like small plums in the hedgerow. Might they be bullaces? I don't think so. Heavy clay in the rutted track, pine cones lying where they've fallen. Soon the ruts will fill with winter's water. A lake – is it Shillinglee? It seems rather to be Park Mill – fishermen and a few buildings, the Petworth Society have blundered into a very private world.

We make off to our left, young conifers planted behind an attractive cordon of equally young deciduous trees, the whole netted against deer. An aeroplane overhead, another invader of this very private place and a reminder of days of uncertainty. Park Mill is a very long way from Afghanistan. We're coming round in a great loop back to Frith Cottage and Frith Hill. There's a garden that comes out beyond its immediate fences. Woody euphorbias and hydrangeas with variegated leaves. We bear off right into the woods again. Up and down the incline and into the ploughed field, the view to the Downs before us. Just right – not too long, not too short. Walks are firmly back on the programme again.

P.

David and Linda's Blackbrook Walk

Regular readers of these notes will be accustomed by now to the apocalyptic but if we take the recent foot and mouth outbreak out of account, the Society, in all its long and chequered history has never actually called off a walk. It's ten to two however and the rain is sweeping down an empty Pound Street, literally bouncing off the tile hanging. Slate roofs shimmer in the wet. The morning had given some idea of the rain's particular ferocity, Toby and I having to shelter in the porch of the Roman Catholic Church as the rain came on without warning out of an apparently clear sky. It soaks in seconds but, after a while, the sun appears. It's rather like a meteorological musical chairs. "Round the Hills" is a verdant, almost spring-like, green but there's a solid phalanx of black cloud over beyond the Hermitage. Just time to get home before it rains again. Leaves rot in Bartons Lane puddles, their stalks sticking up out of the decaying morass as if looking to grow again.

Why doesn't he get on with it ? you will ask. Well, it's nearly two o'clock and this is obviously no passing shower. I phone David who seems pretty calm. We can only turn up and see what people want to do. Maybe no one will come. It seems fair enough.

We sit in the car watching the rain cascade into puddles in the tarmac. Caped figures materialise out of the wet. No question of cancelling: more an eagerness to challenge the elements. Certainly the proposed walk across the fields from Hampers Common to

Blackbrook is impossible; it's a matter of proceeding directly to Blackbrook. David (or more precisely Graham) has something up a damp sleeve. Here is a serendipity of tradition, forgotten craftsmen's tools, earthenware Petworth jars and a quiz. There's talk of Harold Cobby's famous orange wine, and a tool for stripping bark from oak trees to use in tanning. A.M. is carved carefully on the shaft as the old workmen did. Something to turn the alley or marble on a mineral bottle, a lamp for a penny farthing, a metal wedge to drive into a tree with an explosive charge, a bottle for viewing grapes, a badger's skull. Tea, looking out of a barn into the unrelenting rain. Metal advertising panels from another age, another world almost, Pratts 1/5½, Hall's Distemper, the Sunday Dispatch. Everyone's absorbed, no one wants to leave....

.... In fact some sticklers insist on keeping up with tradition to set off into the park. I later hear they had trouble keeping upright in the wind and rain. Did I go with them? Well, tradition has its limits

P.

Correspondence

Jean Lucas (née Phelps) writes:

6, Holly Close, Storrington, W. Sussex RH20 4PD 11.0.01

Dear Peter,

For the last 53 years I've remembered a certain car number. I could hardly believe it, on opening the recent Magazine there it was, the very car as I remembered it.

It was lovely to read about Gallie, and how well I remember the fault with the car.

It was while I was working at 'Bowyers' the chemist, that Gallie and I were introduced and we went out for a while, I must have been about sixteen then. This particular day Gallie was driving me home and asked me to jump out as he slowed down, as the car was difficult to start once it had stopped. Well I did jump out but promptly fell and the back wheel caught my arm, so poor Gallie had to stop after all.

When a former girl friend appeared on the scene, it was farewell Jean, but we had some happy times and there are lovely memories of the days when we were sweet sixteen.

We often wonder what has become of friends in the past and it's nice to know some are still going strong. Thanks for the memories that are often brought to mind when reading your Magazine, long may it continue.

Re Magazine 105 Phill Sadler writes:

1 Oakwood Court, Park Rise, Petworth GU28 0LW

Dear Peter,

I've been trying to remember the sign of the Masons Arms and have just got in touch with Fred West's daughter and she said the board outside the Pub was half red and half black and the words were Masons Arms, Friary Meux.

It may interest members to know a little about the old Petworth Pubs. When I was a child they called the Masons Arms 'The Trap' and we were told it was because before cars the people

would come from London to Goodwood races in a horse and carriage or pony and trap and stop there for refreshments. I can remember Mr Martin was the landlord.

Further up North Street was The Wheatsheaf, Bob Whitcomb was the landlord and he limped as he walked and he had to go down steps to the barrels to get the men's pints of beer and, as he was unsteady on his feet he would spill some and when his customers complained of short measure he'd go back to fill the mugs and of course the same thing happened. His wife had a one man band I think they called it. She used to play at the local dances, playing the drums, with cymbals on her knees and a mouth organ. Her daughter Gladys played the piano and for many years after she married she played at concerts etc, not forgetting our local drama group.

Along Angel Street was The Angel Hotel and opposite was the Angel Shades, the public bar for the Hotel. I think a Mr Wakeford was landlord.

The Black Horse at Byworth was run by two Miss Jones, they were dear little ladies as I recall but some of the boys who lived in Byworth would wrap farthings in silver paper and pass them off as sixpence and buy sixpenny worth of sweets from them at the back door.

At the top of New Street the Red Lion was a very popular pub, the customers enjoyed a good sing song there. Mr and Mrs Dean the landlord and landlady loved to hear the men sing especially at Christmas.

At the top of High Street was The White Hart, the landlady Mrs Todman. I was friends with Bessie Salter who lived next door, her Father was a tailor and some evenings when I was in her house to play we would take a jug round to the jug and bottle at the back and get it filled with beer for her parents and we would have lemonade.

Further down the road was The Queen's Head, I believe Mr Tullett was the landlord.

I was at school when Mr Browning was landlord at The Star in the Market Square. That too was a very popular pub, bar skittles and good sing songs and Mr Browning taught the local boys boxing.

The largest Hotel in Petworth was the Swan Hotel. It had a Ballroom where our first silent films were shown and when the Leconfield Estate ran the Hunt Ball, an awning was run from the Town Hall (now the Leconfield Hall) with a red carpet on the road to let the guests dance in either of the Ballrooms.

The Square Tavern was a baker's shop when I was a child run by Mr Harris, then Mr Cockshutt and later it was made into a bakers and tavern and off licence run by Fred Knight.

When we had a Railway Station the pub was called The Railway Inn. Now we only have one pub in the town.

I forgot the Welldiggers. Years ago there was a cherry tree outside the pub and when the cherries were ripe the landlord's daughter would sit outside in a wheel chair and sell us a large bag of cherries for 6d.

Sue Goldsmith writes:

12, Park Rise, Petworth 6th September 2001

Dear Peter,

Re: *Past and Passing* by Rhoda Leigh

I would really like to find a copy and to have a read of it, then try and find one for myself. I have looked on the Internet and have found that the Walter Draycot Memorial Library, B.C.

all the way over in Canada, have a copy but not for sale.

Is there anyone in the Petworth Society who could help me?

Tel: 343904

Mr Bill Pescod writes:

176 Cranston Road, Forest Hill London SE23 2EY

Dear Mr Jerome,

My wife June (née Peacock) & I have inherited a book from her father (George Peacock of Petworth & latterly Tillington)'s estate entitled:-

Our Building Inheritance by Walter H. Godfrey F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A published around 1944/5, which, I suppose was a forerunner of The English Heritage in that it talks in general about protecting old buildings & gives advice, amongst other things on bringing old cottages up to modern standards without changing the outward appearance.

Although none of the properties are mentioned in particular in the text, there are 100 old sepia-ish prints of buildings all over Britain & presumably the reason for my late father-in-law having the book was because of print No. 30 & we are sure that he would have known the location of the cottages shown.

I feel certain that you will already have a copy of the photograph & know where the cottages are, or most likely, used to be but we would be grateful if you, or any Society member who knows, could let us have any details on the picture.

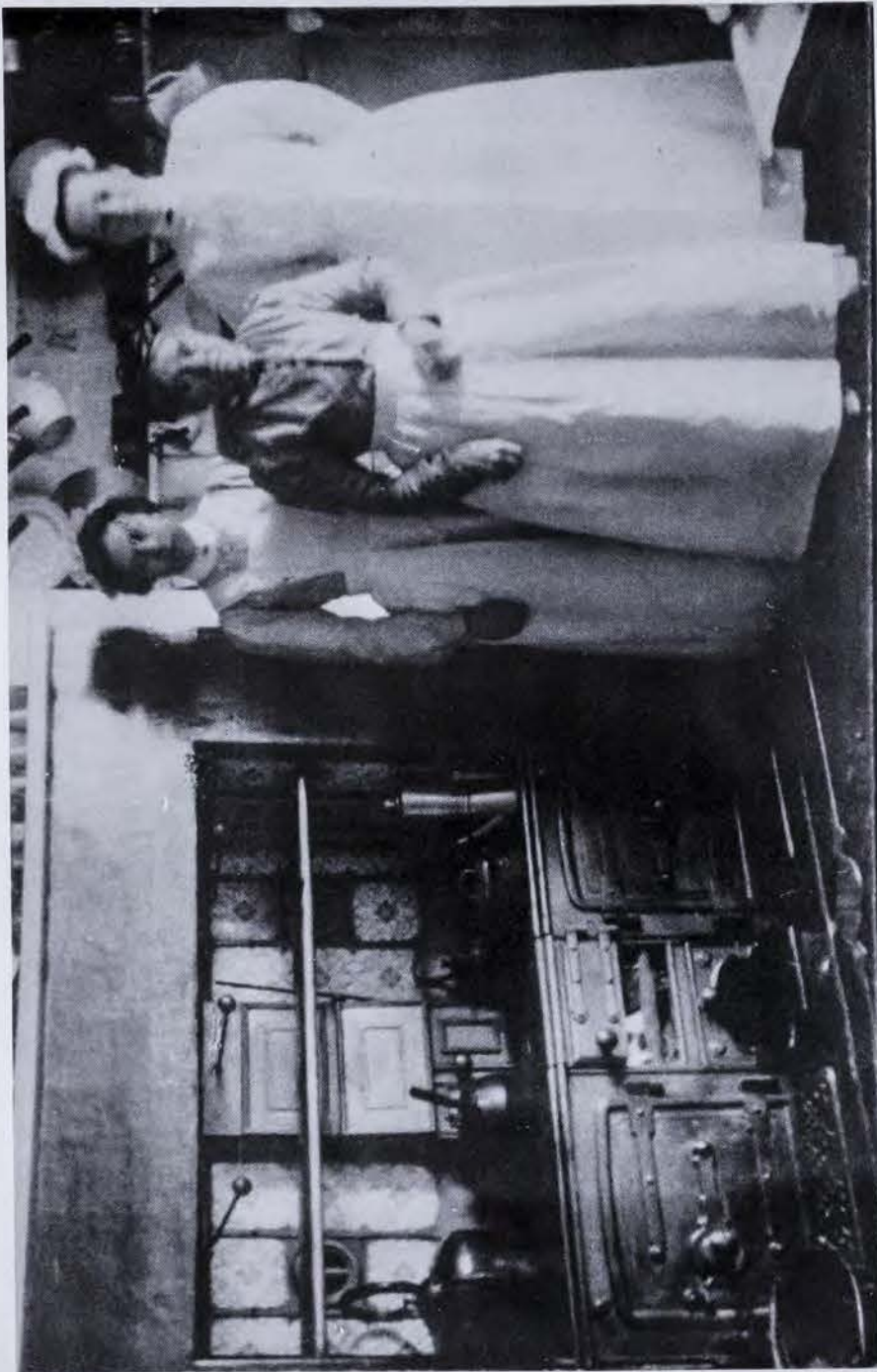


30. UNCONDITIONED COTTAGES, PETWORTH, SUSSEX

[This picture has caused problems before. Is it Petworth at all? The only suggestion I have heard is that it is a very old photograph of Donkey Row before it was rebuilt but it is very difficult. Any ideas? Ed.]



Tillington School about a hundred years ago showing the park wall on the right. Compare "A walk on the wild side."



*A kitchen scene at Upperton about a hundred years ago – possibly Westbrook House.
A postcard belonging to Mr and Mrs Knox of Hangleton.
Can anyone throw any light on either people or place?*

‘Double Bill’ 15th September

Sun in the Hall, the Book Sale is already almost an institution. Next one in October, then December. We're beginning to think in terms of regular customers. A lot of new books, some old friends, a proportion remaining in store. Someone points out that there are analogies with the old-style lending library; at 25 pence or (occasionally) 50 pence you can buy a book, read it (or decide it wasn't what you wanted after all) then bring it back next time. We've more books than ever this time but the way we've set out the tables has made more room and it looks less congested. Fiction is six deep on the centre aisle. A smooth operation the previous evening. The closely packed platform boxes coming up from store. Almost like the old smuggling days but shorn of the secrecy. Miles, Derek, Andy and myself.

Snippets of conversation. "Do you remember Alison Utley?" "Elizabeth Goudge is someone you could always read in public." There must be books you can't be seen reading in public. I'm not sure we have any of these, although a book of "erotic stories" disappears very early on. Large thin craft books almost need to be prised one from another. "What can be nicer than a houseful of books?" Or the corollary, "Will you compensate me if my house simply collapses?"

Half an hour after opening. The best of the new have been creamed off. It is always so and no doubt will ever be so. It's this first half hour that sets the tone for the day. You need to be ahead of the game by then. We are. Miles and Peter's Green Label books at £1 are already a ransacked remnant. Cooking and children are much more ordered this time – it's the varying sizes that upset things. Non-fiction at least **looks** tidy even if it's something of a spiritual kaleidoscope. A Spanish phrasebook rubs shoulders with a heavyweight tome on the psychology of religion, a handbook of British birds with a browning pre-war guide to Rome. From that unruly province of our empire someone brings over Peake's old single-volume Bible Commentary from the 1920s. A new version replaced that one in the 1960s. Forgotten divines and scholarship that has moved on. 25 pence. Thank you very much. Would you like a carrier? And so one of our veterans leaves us.

Those who run book sales must cultivate a certain detachment. For the moment however we still treat our books almost as pets to be rehoused. We'll learn no doubt. Enid Blytons in venerable dust covers – reprints with paper browning quickly now. They go I think. The Penguin *Canterbury Tales* with the dodgy spine is still with us. I'm due at the Museum this afternoon. Miles and Andy will "mind the shop". The sun pours into the lunchtime hall.

.

The comforting plop of the Museum gas at the pilot ignites. The brass tap in the parlour is a little stiff. It's late season but the Museum's holding up well this year, already more children and more guides books sold and there are still seven weeks to go. We've got the postcards too this year. Despite the mellow sunshine it's good to have the fire going. The garden's sunk in September torpor. The golden daisy heads of a rudbeckia, a flash of scarlet dahlia, some strangely reticent calendulas. The rhubarb seems larger this year.

Down the cellar to fire the oddly ornate gaslight – perhaps a curiosity as much as a reflection of real life, but we can't go down there with lighted candles. The loose door latch lying on the cellar table, like the tumbling block pattern chair in the sewing room, it exists like so much at 346 in a state of suspension, a land of timeless limbo in which things are always on the point of being done yet never are. Clanking the metal 'open' sign over the brown-painted gate. Will this be the week when numbers start to fall away? October, certainly, tends to be rather quiet. It's difficult to tell from the visitors' book. Let's say this week looks a little erratic so far.

Quiet early on. The guides are almost sold out. Four left to last the season. They won't of course. If we're busy this afternoon they could all go. (In fact we don't sell any)....

It's twenty to four. The black kettle steams away on the 'Petworth' stove. Visitors upstairs, for the moment all quiet downstairs. One of those staccato afternoons when you never quite get into the swing of things. 'A cottage as it was on the Leconfield Estate in 1910 ...' People uncertain about the copper, the Polyphone playing. 'Are there other records?' 'There are, but we've had this one all season.' The metal disks are piled up at one side. The sundered relationship between the Cummings, husband and wife. The old farrier sergeant-major finally dying at Wimbledon in 1917, no doubt in very straitened circumstances. What stories he might have told of the Crimea or India just after the Mutiny. Hardly, surely, a man to stand back and reflect. Understandably suspicious of those who have the benefit of hindsight and the interest of the antiquarian. A hard life did not allow such luxuries.

..... Time to bring in the 'open' sign, take off the steward badges, turn off the gas. But lo! the gate slams shut, footsteps on the brick path. Two ladies from Southsea. 'Are you still open?' They light up one of the duller afternoons with their enthusiasm. 'It's my dream' one lady writes in the book. 'Old houses are so much more comfortable than modern ones.' Are they? I don't know.

Back down to the Town Hall in the afternoon sunlight. Miles and Andy have already cleared up. The books are packed ready to go away first thing tomorrow. 'Sorry, I was detained at the Museum.' Miles and Andy look quizzical. Just £1 short of August's record. Three new members and a host of books gone. Absent friends or lost souls happily rehomed? A bit of both I hope.

P.

Answers to previous Crossword

Solution

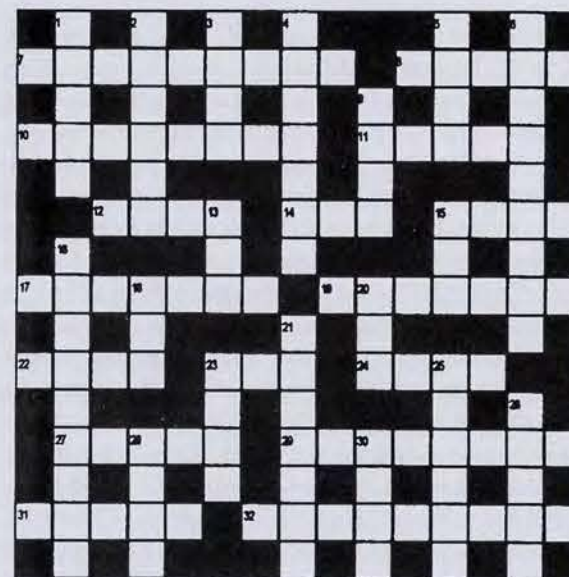
Across

1 Beast Market, 9 Upton, 10 Smith, 11 Gin, 12 Grain, 14 Ark, 15 Rustic, 16 Damers, 18 Les, 20 Downs, 21 Lye, 22 Nurse, 24 Manor, 25 Open Gardens

Down

2 Eaten, 3 Sin, 4 Morgan, 5 Ros, 6 Eliza, 7 Hungers Lane, 8 Shakespeare, 12 Guild, 13 Noths, 17 Gwenda, 19 Scrip, 21 Linen, 23 Ern, 24 Mud

Deborah's Christmas Crossword



Across

7 Parasitic plant which grows in Petworth Park (9)
8 Wet-sounding hamlet - its name derives from the Saxon for "hill brow" (5)
10 Heavenly object which guided the Magi - interrupted by a ton weight - a surprised result (8)
11 "God of God, ---- of ----" (5)

12 Recess in church (4)
14 Brood of pheasants (3)
15 Sleigh (4)
17 & 19 A villain sorted out for a gallant fighter in a Sussex mummings play (7,7)
22 Submit (4)
23 Hill on Wisborough road (3)

24 A sprig of 7 ac. should

guarantee you get one (4)

27 Plenty to drink this Christmas - I have an arrangement with all points of the compass (5)
29 Warming Xmas brew (3,5)
31 Christmas fowl, popular in Victorian times (5)
32 Ancient Petworth house - formerly Bywimbles - for many years a grocer's shop (9)

Down

1 & 26 Tim's craft's capsized revealing two items of warm winter clothing (5,5)
2 Rouse yourself to make the Christmas pud on the last Sunday before Advent ... (4,2)

3 ... and don't forget to add some of this (4)

4 ----- Day - 21st December - when the elderly poor visited the rich for gifts of food or money (7)

5 "On Christmas night all Christians ----" (The Sussex Carol) (4)

6 God rest them, the merry lot! (9)

9 & 30 Strange subtitle which means visitors at your bird table (4,4)

13 A very long time (3)

15 "Heat was in the very ----" (Good King Wenceslas) (3)

16 Frothy Sussex drink of spiced ale and apples, offered from the wassail bowl (5,4)

18 Christmas greenery ... (3)

20 ... and a tree where you might gather 7 ac. (3)

21 Mrs. Garland's famous Christmas soup - a delicacy which failed to impress the youthful Mr. Greenfield (Tales of Old Petworth) (2,5)

23 The quick answer is the opposite of feast (4)

25 Extinguishes the Christmas candles (6)

26 see 1 dn.

28 Could be red after too much 29 ac. - perhaps that was Rudolph's problem (4)

30 see 9

Letters from Swaziland

I imagine that quite a few readers can remember the Green family who lived at number 20 Station Road. Norman Green worked for the Petworth and District Council for some thirty years before retiring to Boxgrove. He was a prominent figure in the town and besides being Senior Sanitary Inspector for the Rural District he was involved in the Cooperative Society, civil defence, Freemasons and Petworth Bowling Club. Norman operated from offices at Newlands in Pound Street and beside many other duties he designed and built many of the sewage pumping stations in and around Petworth. I have been in contact with Margaret Green the youngest member of the family for sometime and she has recently moved from Canada to live in Swaziland. Margaret has a deep affection for the town where she was born and which she left aged 14, and we have chats about a somewhat idealised time that we can both remember. She recalls a Petworth when the library was still in East Street, before the infants' school was sadly demolished to make way for the new one. I suppose that Margaret had a rather unconventional childhood, though she would not have agreed, that included accompanying her father on visits to local pumping stations and sewage works. Petworth pumping station she recalls was a particularly beautiful noisy shiny place. Washington Copse at the back of Station Road was her playground and in the spring it would be a mass of bluebells. The house high on the bank at the entrance to Hunger's Lane was supposed to be home to a recluse and she would always rush past it. Margaret recalls, 'The swinging bridge at Rotherbridge was great fun, as its boards were becoming rather rotten, and to stand at the end and jump while someone was just about in the middle was great fun. I think there were signs up to say no swimming because there had been a polio outbreak – but that was my Dad's concern. We also loved to go to the Gog, where you could really get lost. Our favourite expedition would be to get Mum to come and cook bacon and eggs for us there. So many great places within walking distance – another being the spring – St Mary's? Is it still there? I remember a birthday party at Petworth House and going in a lift – this must have been my first one – especially in a house! My eyes probably grew even bigger when I saw the table with an enormous chocolate rabbit in the centre. After tea we played some games in the garden, one of which was finding things hidden throughout the garden and then bringing them to a summer house where we received a penny. Having collected most of the pennies I headed off to do brownie duty at a St George's Day parade at the Church'.

Margaret's elder brother Peter recalls a visit to the Post Office, Mrs Gordon Knight's provisions shop on the corner of East and New Street and finally the library at New Street House. He begins at the Post Office -

'Yes, it was on the street that came down from the Church towards New Street, on the right hand side. The public part was fairly small, but there was a bigger section that I assume was offices, and I think there was an opening into a yard as well. Almost opposite there was a chemist I think, and further down, near the corner of New Street there was a grocer. I remember going into the back of the grocers with Mum late in the year, and watching powdered almonds being taken out of a big bin. It may still have been rationed, certainly it

was treated like gold, Mum made almond paste from it and I can still taste it! Turn right down New Street and the library was there, on the right. Small but a treasure house. Again I can still remember going up there on a wet winter's night to change my books, inside it would be warm and muggy because of all the wet coats, with that special library smell. The children's section was behind the checkout desk, about two cases only, and at times I thought I'd read every book. Then I moved on to the adult section, but it was never as thrilling as the kids choice.'

Margaret has begun to settle in Swaziland now, and recently decided to apply for a learner's driving licence for which she has to take a test.

Hi Miles,

Sometimes I wonder what I'm doing here in Swaziland, especially taking driving lessons, which for reasons of money or time have eluded me so far. Here is my experience of the test to apply for a learner's licence, which I took yesterday: I arrived early at Manzini Police Station and was told to wait outside - in the sweltering heat - tried to get a bit of shade in the doorway. Police coming and going all the time, a pick-up unloaded a group of youths handcuffed together, and entered the other door. More men came for the test - all told to wait outside - they stood under a tree up the street a bit. Eventually, the policeman told us to come in and we all crammed in to the little reception area facing the counter. He then told some to go - too many, I guess - and the rest of us stood in a row at the counter. The policeman said 'Are you all ready for what's about to happen?' 'If I tell you to go, you must go'. He went along the row, asking the others in Siswati, and me in English, one question at a time, but it was so noisy as the doors and windows were wide open to the street - and I was at the end of the line, so I had some trouble hearing him. After asking some questions he started telling some to go, and in the end only two of us were left. All the police business was going on around us, someone at the counter going through the morning's violations.

So NOW I have the opportunity to drive in the middle of town!

Regards,

Margaret

Not quite Petworth, but then at least their Police station is manned!

Miles

A walk on the (not particularly) wild side - August 31st

The last day of August and summer slipping fast away. Black clouds again, rain during the afternoon. Nick and Elizabeth are up for the evening. Will we venture a walk? If we do it have to be between showers. And so it proves. Unpromising territory on the face of it, but then Nick and Elizabeth so often see what would otherwise be ignored. We park by Tillington Church, leaving the Village Hall car park sacrosanct as always. To walk up the slope with

the park wall on the right and the grass verge dividing pavement from road. The old lime mortar offers a haven for plants of various kinds, purple toadflax with its mauve antirrhinum heads rearing stiffly erect against the lowering sky. It grows too as you enter the Sylvia Beaufoy car park from Station Road. A funnel spider's elaborate web; they're more often seen in grass and this one may be abandoned. A yew seedling will find the wall an unforgiving home. Tillington Hill House on the left. Thinking of A.E.W. Mason being there, renting in succession various local properties over a period. The brief recollection of this stretch of road at the beginning of the Winding Stair. The two young people coming to four cross-roads then up the hill to the right. Paul pointed with his stick towards the signboard of an inn build on the high bank above the road. "Now I know. I lived here once as a child. I always wondered why the Horse Guards had an inn here, and what sort of people they were. I used to imagine they were half-horse like the centaurs, and I always hoped to see them."

A stone cut in the house wall recalls 1794. And who reads Mason now? I probably wouldn't know about the Winding Stair passage if George Garland hadn't told me. He'd interviewed Mason as a young reporter/photographer in the early 1920s – quite a coup for someone just beginning. A speck of dried grass on the path metamorphosises into a brown grasshopper, short antennae and a long speckled body. It merges into a genuine piece of dried grass. Tillington Hill House has the gate open and there is a vista to the sun – blurred valley beyond, a wheelbarrow holding the middle ground. A picture for George Garland. As we proceed up the hill a car turns into the drive. No doubt the gate will be closed again and the vista gone.

Nick finds pellitory of the wall, *Parietaria diffusa*, a member of the nettle family. "Not uncommon" said Arnold in his 1887 *Flora*. He'd found it, among other places, at Cowdray Ruins and, in profusion, on the city walls of Chichester. Nick had tried it in the garden but it was much too invasive. Wall rue is one fern growing in the wall, black spleenwort another. The latter apparently less common than the former. The pointing here is more recent and the mortar has a pink tinge to it. It's a truism that the more distressed the pointing is, the better will be the yield of wild flowers.

Just time to notice an unobtrusive sandwort with its sage green leaves before crossing the road to the cricket pitch. Nick wants to see if there's chamomile grass on the playing area as there is at Heyshott and sometimes elsewhere. In fact there isn't. We're told the two adjoining fields have been kept free of sprays for twenty years or more. A stile suggests a right of way but, in fact, that runs elsewhere; the stile is for the benefit of fielders hunting the ball. A "charm" of goldfinches plunging up and down in the long grass, feeding off the knapweed seeds says Nick, who is moved to recollect some extraordinary childhood game with the hairy brown knapweed heads being used as extremely lightweight conkers, "Donkers" it was called. Is he making it up? He protests an inscrutable innocence. Bedstraw and hairy tare, the sun suddenly goes in, a great dark flat-bottomed cloud over Tillington Church. Time for an undignified retreat down the road before we get soaked.

Peter and Marian were walking with Nick and Elizabeth Sturt.

Clunn Lewis and Petworth's Fairground Tradition

I can't say I am particularly surprised that no one has produced any information on Clunn Lewis "the man with the marionettes" (magazine 105), but we are a little further forward. Some laborious probing through occasional echoes in long-forgotten articles has not exactly worked wonders but it has offered tantalising glimpses of an engaging and larger than life personality. There are definite links, too, with Petworth's age-old fairground tradition. Lewis certainly came regularly to Petworth with his marionette show and he certainly attended fairs, but whether his periodic visits ever coincided with Petworth's November fair is another matter.

Three short paragraphs by Gertrude Robins in *Nash's Magazine* for August 1913 perhaps raise as many questions as they answer, but they do offer some tantalising odds and ends. What is curious at present is that the most obvious entrée into this world, "Middletons" historic puppets themselves, appears for the moment to be closed. Of their history and fate there is no hint whatsoever.

It will be remembered that in 1913 Clunn Lewis had been on the road for 47 years, but that he was beginning to feel the rigours of such a life. He may have given up the "tenting" but the constant peregrination from village to village still took its toll. His wife, we hear from Gertrude Robins, was at this time in failing health. The show, too, was suffering from a certain public impatience with older traditions and amusements. "Other times, other manners," Master Lewis reflected. Somewhat belatedly a group of stage luminaries, and a very distinguished group at that, perhaps seeing in the imminent demise of the Lewis travelling show the demise of a whole ancient stage tradition that he represented, had espoused the old showman's cause. George Bernard Shaw, G.K. Chesterton, Ellen Terry, E. Gordon Craig, Granville Barker and E. Nesbit were in 1913 names to conjure with. By January of that year Clunn Lewis was appearing at the Children's Welfare Exhibition at Olympia, obviously with their backing.

Gertrude Robins' short article comes from this period of revived interest, a revival that, I imagine, would have taken Master Lewis by surprise, given his long years of relative obscurity. A suggestion was for him to have a permanent booth in Hyde Park, its installation and upkeep paid for by a grateful country. Master Lewis was, after all, a national treasure.

According to Gertrude Robins Lewis came of fairground stock, his grandfather, a noted showman in the old days, having taught him to play the harp and paint scenery (and even tavern signs!). At sixteen he was already a pantaloone in pantomime. The pantaloone was a stock character in classic farce, a lean and foolish old man instantly recognisable by his regulation spectacles, pantaloons and painted slippers and the constant butt of the clown's unwearying and somewhat basic humour. Lewis married when he was nineteen, his new wife being "a clever actress-vocalist" and eventually the couple were able to buy "the famous old

show known across the South of England as Middletons." Gertrude Robins adds the fascinating information that, "Clunn Lewis belongs to a Catholic Order of Friars, and has more than once served Mass in the morning and worked the marionettes in blood-curdling dramas in the evening."

The article concludes with an account of George Bernard Shaw's enthusiasm for Lewis' puppet performances, and of the puppeteer's somewhat bemused attitude to being befriended by such pillars of the intellectual establishment. There is one vignette of Lewis in action, "His time-worn top hat and cheery smile make the old man like a real-life Dickens character."

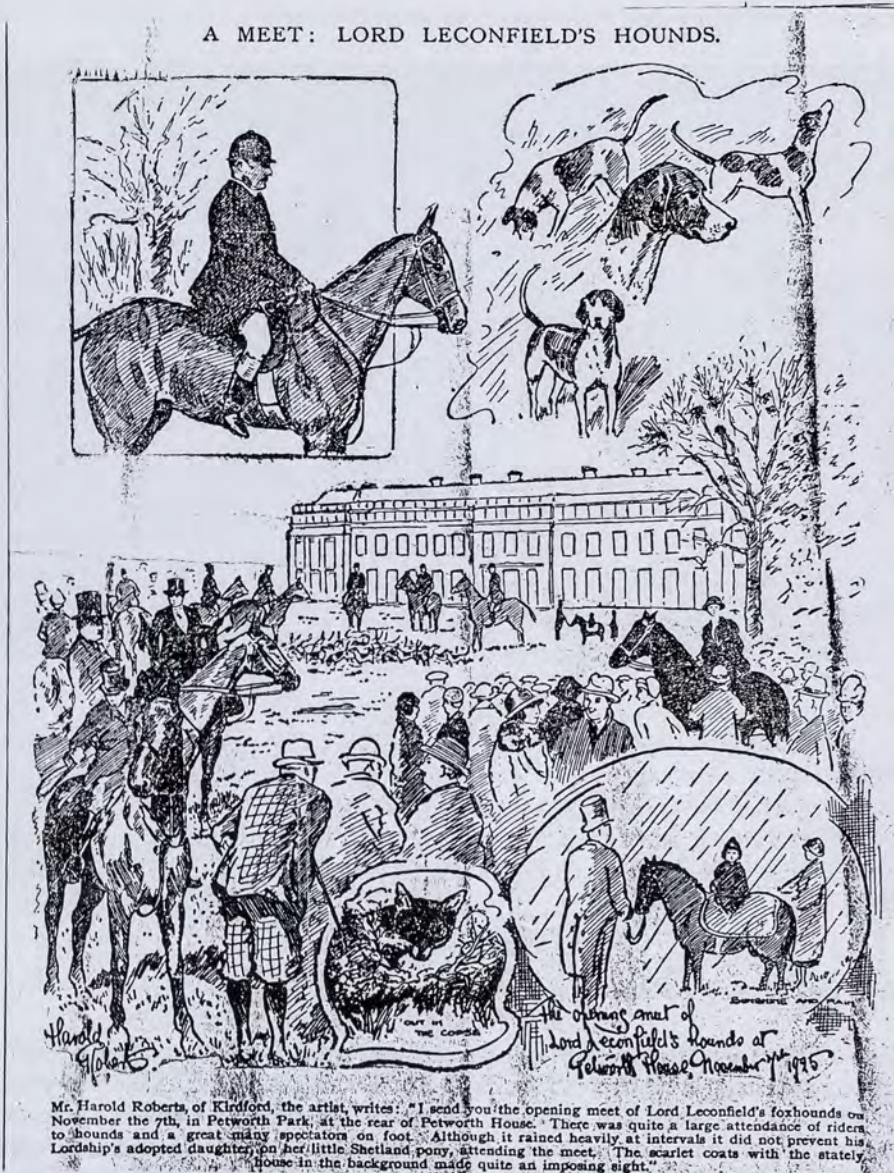
Of Master Lewis' fortunes during the 1914-1918 war nothing is known at present, but in the Chapbook Magazine for February 1921 Mr. E. Gordon Craig is advocating the old showman's cause with some élan. Clearly Clunn Lewis, by this time nearing his mid-seventies, is still very much in action. He can be contacted care of Miss Ellen Terry at 215 Kings Road, Chelsea and can be found working with Mr. John Burns in Battersea Park. Mr. Craig hopes to see Mr. Lewis "installed" in a large and well equipt (sic) Puppet Play House in Battersea park by next JUNE – June 1921 the puppets need to be restored to England." Were they?

Writing in 1904, E.V. Lucas, (Highways and Byways in Sussex, 1904, page 91) recalls a traditional travelling "circus" he had seen in Petworth some years before. It was "a dumb show representation of the visit of a guest (the clown) to a wife, unknown to her husband. The scenery consists of a table, a large chest, a heap of straw and a huge barrel. The fun consisted in the clown, armed with a bladder on a string, hiding in the barrel, from which he would spring up and deliver a sounding drub upon the head of whatever other character – husband or policeman – might be passing, to their complete perplexity. They were, of course, incapable of learning anything from experience." Through the mist of Lucas' cultivated reserve we may glimpse that robust travelling world in which Clunn Lewis first practised his act.

Historic puppets, a travelling marionette man, bloodthirsty melodramas, George Bernard Shaw laughing "till he almost died with joy", a practising friar, a pointed-slippered pantaloon, G.K. Chesterton and Ellen Terry, Hyde Park, Olympia and Battersea Park. There's more to discover and as so often the old, insular, Petworth is linked, however reluctantly, to a wider world.

P.

A cartoon by Harold Roberts



(This appeared in the West Sussex Gazette on 10th December 1925).

Two Garland 'characters' from the late 1930s

1) *A link with Hilaire Belloc. "Jimmie" James of Petworth.*



Mr "Jimmie" James.

"When Belloc used to stay at the Chalet at Burton the gardener there was the late Mr 'Jimmie' James. Sometimes when Belloc turned up unexpectedly 'Jimmie' - if there was no new bread in the house - would go down to the nearby Railway Hotel, to get a loaf of new bread and a quart of ale, for, with cheese, that would be Belloc's supper. Belloc became very friendly with 'Jimmie' and often visited him when, in later years, he was living in retirement in Petworth."

[Garland press caption and photograph].

2) *"A typical son of Sussex". Edwin Penfold of Rogate.*

"EDWIN'S" GOLDEN WEDDING

Out on Fyning Common live Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Penfold, in a little cottage where they are happily spending the evening of their days. Recently they celebrated their golden wedding, and they are very proud of it. They have two sons and a daughter, and four grandchildren. Edwin - "a gentleman's name for a poor man," he told a "W.S.G." representative - is 82, and he is a typical son of Sussex, with a cheery countenance fringed with dark whiskers, and a round soft black hat of the type that is nowadays rare. Born at Ifield, he worked as a carter all his life until he was 80, including 23 years at Milland, for people including Col. Hawkshaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Penfold have been at Fyning Common for eleven years. They were married at Leigh near Reigate, but Edwin could not quite remember the date when talking to our correspondent. Every Friday he walks to Rogate Post Office to draw his old age pension, after which you can find him in the Wyndham Arms, having his usual pint of bitter before trudging home. "A bit o' cricket" used to interest him in his younger days. "At cricket matches and harvest suppers we used to get a good many pints off the old farmers them days, but you got to put your 'and in your pocket nowadays if you wants a pint," he added. That day Edwin had a free pint. Mrs. Penfold is 73. They have been readers of the "West Sussex Gazette" ever since they were married. "That's the paper to take if you wants a place, you can't beat it," Edwin said."

This Garland note appeared in the *West Sussex Gazette* in March 1939 and the photograph was taken to accompany it.



Ramblings from the Roof Space

(1) August 1914.

For the fortunate majority who are not acquainted with Peter's attic room I have no intention of wasting both my time and yours in trying to describe it in any detail. Suffice to say that most of the time it is in a state bordering on the chaotic, just now and again Marian

will put her foot down and remarkably the room is transformed, but for a short while, into something strangely resembling order. This latter state is thankfully very temporary and it is only a week or two before once again the attic reverts back to a condition of homely, disordered normality.

I doubt that even Peter knows everything that is in the attic, I certainly don't. There are I suppose several thousand documents, account books, ledgers, letters, photographs, countless pieces of ephemera, and multifarious examples of what can best be described as miscellanea piled into cardboard boxes of every shape and size which are stacked waist high around the walls of the room. The boxes have, like everything else in the room, their own story to tell, and heaven help the unlucky person who happens to accidentally mistreat one. Peter, as we well know, spent many years as one of Napoleon's redoubtable English shopkeepers and among the rather dubious services that he offered was that of home delivery, for this reason boxes for packing customers goods became cherished and valuable items and an appreciation of their worth has remained with their owner over the ensuing years. A story which has quite reliable foundations even suggests that our editor has been known to retreat to the attic during times of contemplation, and it is then that a keen listener may on occasions, when the wind is in the right direction, hear a muffled and rather one-sided exchange coming from the loftier regions of the house. It has even been bandied about by a scurrilous resident of this less than genteel part of the town that the mute recipients of this affectionate chit chat may even have names, known only of course to their devoted master.

I apologise, for I appear to have digressed. To the point, over the next few issues of the magazine I shall pluck out documents randomly from the boxes and files that fill the attic, and in doing so I hope to go some way toward illustrating the contents of the room.

Writing this in early October the world is going through a time of great insecurity, no one knows what the future holds and it seems that we are collectively holding our breath. I personally have not lived through a time of such uncertainty, though of course my parents and grandparents probably would have witnessed such feelings before the two great wars of the last century. It seems rather appropriate to reflect upon a time almost ninety years ago when the people of Petworth had no more idea of what the future held than we do today. We can however get something of a glimpse of the mind of a member of the local ruling class through the contents of a short letter that has survived almost undisturbed since the very earliest days of The Great War. The letter writer imperiously berates men for failing to volunteer for a war that they could know so little about and he unwittingly evokes the essence of that period during the late summer of 1914 when thousands of innocent Sussex boys enlisted into their county regiment and were then herded off from Newhaven, most never to return to their native land.

The author of the letter is Captain Basil Constable, commanding officer of "D" company of the 4th Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment, Constable is writing to John Pitfield a well-known and respected Petworth solicitor. "D" Coy was effectively the Petworth unit of the territorials and it relied heavily on the district for recruits to the ranks. Constable is appealing for assistance in encouraging more men to enlist in the company and he obviously feels that Pitfield with his local influence may be able to help. The letter is dated August 4th



*An unusual shot of the Horsham Road chapel in 1968.
A photograph by S.T. Jerôme, courtesy of Mrs Mary Fraser.*



Stalwarts of the Men's Mutual. (1) The Rev. H.E. Jones, later Bishop of Lewes, with his family, presumably in the Rectory garden, about 1900. Photograph by Walter Kevis.



(2) Charles, Lord Leconfield.



*Old blacksmith's shop in Petworth, Ontario, September 2000.
(See A ghost town named Petworth).*

1914 just ten days after the declaration of war. The army is totally unprepared to fight in a huge European conflict, yet the government has pledged to supply by the 21st of that month an expeditionary force of 150,000 men, and the recruiting officers were ordered to pull out all the stops to achieve that number. It would appear that Constable is somewhat uncertain of reaching his quota and he has written to Sidney Vincent at Petworth to try to whip up some support. Vincent, apparently, a local tradesman running a plumbing and monumental masonry business from premises in Angel Street is a long time member of the territorials and has probably – through his pre-war connections with the company – become elevated to the position of recruiting officer in "D" Coy. How successful Vincent was at his adopted task is difficult to judge, clearly there was something of a recruitment crisis at Petworth and recollections gathered many years later suggest that in order to reach his quota Vincent was not averse to enlisting under aged recruits. The tone of the letter is certainly not conducive to a request for assistance and had the contents become public one could assume that it would have been totally counter productive. Exactly what assistance Pitfield could offer is unclear, after all he was not one of the local landowners employing large numbers of men, and while he was of considerable standing both in the town and within local political circles it seems doubtful that he could be of a great deal of assistance to Constable.

Whether Pitfield managed to assist Constable or Vincent in achieving their goal is uncertain. Perhaps further evidence may one day emerge from the bowels of the attic to fill in the details of the roles which Vincent and Constable played within "D" Company. Having read the letter we must not be too harsh on Constable, how can we hope at this distance in time to be aware of the pressures he must have been under during those first days of war. We know that despite their apparent "lacking in energy" many Petworth men fought bravely and died for their country and regiment, and it is with this in mind that we can reflect on the contents of the note.

Miles Costello

4th Battalion Royal Sussex Regt.,
The Fort,
Newhaven.

Aug: 14th 1914

Dear Mr Pitfield

I wonder if you could do anything for us in the way of recruits. This company is very short still and they are drafting in men from other districts to fill up our ranks, this seems to me to show that the men of the Petworth district are somewhat lacking in energy. Hundreds of recruits are coming forward for other companies except ours. I am writing to Sydney Vincent, who has just left us, to see what he can do to help you if you will take this up.

Yours truly
Basil Constable, Capt.



45th Bn. Royal Sussex Regt.

The Fort.

Amshaven.

Aug: 14th 1794.

Dear Mr. Bouverie

I wonder if

you could do any
thing for us in the
way of recruits. This
company is very
short still and they
are drafting in men
from other districts
to fill up our ranks.

The beginning of Captain Constable's letter.

A Ghost Town Named Petworth

A ghost town, surely not? Perhaps Petworth may have on occasion been so described by our scurrilous neighbours, and yet the slide down the slippery path of dereliction has thankfully so far been avoided. There is however a Petworth on a far away continent that certainly could be so described, and which through its name has a rather tenuous association with our own sleepy town.

To establish a link between Petworth, Ontario and Petworth, Sussex is difficult. Perhaps an early migrant from Petworth settled there and named it in honour of his home town, who knows? There is much that we don't know about this little town hidden away in the isolated hinterland of Ontario. We can try to retrace the history of the community, and in doing so we may be able to make certain observations relating to the rise, and subsequent demise, of a community that placed all its commercial eggs in one basket, and the price it paid for doing so. Sounds familiar? A cautionary tale indeed!

There has been, in recent years, a great deal of fine scholarly research concerning emigration from Sussex to Canada in the first half of the nineteenth century, and it struck me as strange that with so many poor souls making the hazardous journey from this part of the county to an uncertain future several thousand miles away, that the law of averages had not seen fit to name one of the hundreds of new communities springing up all over Canada after the town which they had left.

I had heard of a Petworth in Australia that may be just a sheep station, also a Petworth in Tasmania and yet another one that I believe is a district of Washington in the United States. A tiny Italian speaking island named Lampedusa lying some way between Sicily and Tunisia had been given the dubious honour of being named Petworth as its U.S. naval code during the Second World War. I also believe that there is a Petworth lakes somewhere in the southern hemisphere, but remarkably a search through a gazetteer revealed no Petworth in Canada.

Undaunted I approached a group of Canadian genealogists and historians with whom I have contacts to see if they could come up with anything. Within a few days letters and email messages began slowly to come in. My original assumption was correct and there had been a community named Petworth in Canada, and yes it still exists but only just! Apparently the tiny hamlet is situated in the county of Frontenac that lies north of Kingston, Ontario. "Try and get hold of *Ghost Towns of Ontario* by Ron Brown," instructed one of my correspondents. Not surprisingly there isn't a copy at the library. Meanwhile Jennifer Bunting, the archivist at nearby Lennox and Addington Museum, had heard of my quest and kindly sent me an extract from an 1882 business directory that contained entries for Petworth. The population at that time was 200 and the businessmen who supplied information for the directory numbered just six, there were two blacksmiths, a carpenter, two grocers, and finally a postmaster who must have experienced quite long periods of enforced inactivity as the incoming mail arrived only every other week.

It was a few days later that a photocopy of the relevant chapter from *Ghost Towns of Ontario* arrived in a parcel sent from Canada by a dear lady named Brenda Zadoroznij.

Ghost Towns certainly proved informative and together with a number of notes and some excellent photographs collected by Brenda it is now possible to make some sense of the rise and subsequent demise of our Canadian *doppelganger*.

Petworth lies some 50 miles north of the great Lake Ontario. The area was then known as Upper Canada and it would appear that it was first settled around 1845 when the timber industry began to establish a series of sawmills on the Napanee River. One of these mills was to develop into a community that was later to become officially known as Petworth. It would appear that the development of Petworth was hardly haphazard. Large sums of money were invested in the infrastructure of the town as well as local commerce. Any industry that could be run by water power was considered viable and potentially very profitable, and by the third quarter of the nineteenth century the district could boast a carding and fulling mill to complement the huge saw and grist mills which had been established earlier. A cheese factory was established towards the end of the nineteenth century and prospered until 1912 when it was destroyed by fire. How the village came to be known as Petworth is unclear, Timothy Chambers purchased the site in 1852 and the area became known as Chambers Mills. It is thought that the first official use of the name Petworth was in 1861 by James Wallace the first postmaster who had purchased land from Chambers two years earlier. If there was a connection between Petworth in Sussex and Wallace it has yet to be identified and there is also no obvious link between Wallace and the Petworth Emigration Scheme that had been assisting emigration to Canada during the 1830's. Indeed it does seem possible that a migrant travelling with the Petworth scheme may have been involved in the early years of the settlement, for although the area settled by most of the emigrants was many hundred of miles west of Petworth, Kingston Mills, a stopping off point for the travellers on their long and arduous journey to the 'promised land', is only some 35 miles from Petworth. It is clear that the fledgling community grew rapidly much in the same way as the gold rush towns did, though on this occasion the gold was liquid and infinitely more available. If you controlled the water in Canada then you controlled the economy and consequently huge sums of money would pass hands for suitable properties where a mill could be built on a fast flowing river. Petworth flourished for a number of years and by the time of the 1901 Canadian census it was a thriving community. The town could boast two churches both of the Methodist persuasion, a one roomed school with 46 pupils and a teacher who served the needs of the younger members of the community, while several bars catered for the loggers. Everything was looking rosy for Petworth and things could only get better with the anticipated arrival of the railway.

Sadly this continued prosperity was short lived. The railway never got to Petworth, the terrain for miles around had been stripped clean by the logging companies and with no ground cover the land was subjected to the harshness of the winter elements. The area became prone to landslides and flash floods that played havoc with industries almost totally reliant upon waterpower. Summer water levels on the Napanee and its tributaries fell and it became impossible for the loggers to move their timber downstream to the sawmills at Petworth. By damming the river and artificially regulating the water levels the problem was for a short time resolved, but this move was not welcomed by everyone. Sometime during the 1870's a group of disgruntled farmers who had seen their livelihoods ruined by the flooding of agricultural

land by the dam builders took it upon themselves to exact revenge and destroyed Petworth's dam by explosives. No doubt the monolithic lumber companies soon restored the barrages to use and a short-lived semblance of order returned to the harsh lives of both the loggers and the farmers. With the de-forestation of the district so many of the loggers who had spent much of their hard earned wages in the bars and stores at Petworth moved on to more fertile districts and with them went the businesses which had prospered under their patronage. By the time of the First World War the town was in serious decline and from then on it never fully recovered. Most of the old wooden buildings that had graced the town fell into ruin, and though the school survived until the 1960's its fate has followed that of many of the structures and it is now just an overgrown ruin. Surprisingly quite a few of the old buildings have survived in their derelict state. The church, now redundant, has been painted and the exterior restored. All is not lost at Petworth, attracted by the peace and tranquillity of rural living some new residents have set up homes in modern houses and with a small number of older citizens the town is just about surviving. Sounds familiar! Now I wonder if they have thought about importing a few antique shops.

Miles Costello

Thanks to
Brenda Zadoronznij,
Jennifer Bunting.



The repainted Church in Petworth, Ontario. September 2000.

Early days at Ifold

(1) A mouthful of rook's egg

[Note: The following is excerpted from a tape made by Petworth Society member Geoff Philpott in 1990 as an appreciation of C.H. Bayley's 1988 book "Ifold, Loxwood and Plaistow, three forgotten border villages." It takes the rough form of a conversation with Miss Bayley whom Philpott had not been able to meet while in the area. The original tape runs for ninety minutes but I have edited and rearranged to give some feeling of chronological progression. The best commentary on the tape remains Miss Bayley's book particularly chapters 1-4. Geoff Philpott died not long after he returned to Australia. As he perhaps half-suspected, this was to be his last trip back to Loxwood. Ed.]

Reading your book, Ifold, Loxwood and Plaistow, made me realise how similar was our earliest experience of Ifold. We were just across the Drive from you at Ifold, but as far as I know we never met. Our "hut" was green, yours was black but I never remember seeing a single member of your family at close quarters, either coming to and fro from the shop at the bottom of the Drive or by the lake, let alone actually meeting them.

My father was employed by the Corporation of Croydon and we lived, in fact, quite close to you in South London. Indeed, as boys, we used to walk from Thornton Heath past the church to Tooting Bec. The reason was that the Tooting baths were free. From earliest days I was addicted to swimming and in the early 1930s, with money short, we couldn't afford the pennies needed for our local baths. It was a fair old walk to Tooting but we considered it well worth the effort.

My father, like yours, was looking to buy somewhere in the country in the mid-1930s and he too had seen plots on the former Ifold estate advertised in a South London newspaper. I remember going with him somewhere in London to finalise the transaction. I can say that coming to Ifold transformed my entire view of things and dominated my whole boyhood and beyond. My two brothers, Victor and Harold, were two years and one year older than I, but Ifold never took quite the hold on them that it did me. I never missed an opportunity to escape the city. At school I'd count the hours to the weekend and it was the same later when I started work. Even if I were on the other side of London, Willesden, Maida Vale, I'd finish at 12.30 on a Saturday (archaic hours they now seem) get home and join the family car on the drive to Loxwood. Spring, summer and autumn, we'd hardly miss a weekend, but we didn't go to Ifold in the winter. Ifold for me was an addiction.

We started exactly as you did, strictly as weekenders. It would be 1935, 1936 perhaps. We had a family car, an 8 horse power Ford which simply could not take Mother, Father and three rapidly growing boys the 26 miles from Thornton Heath to Loxwood. One of us had to cycle half the way, setting off early, to be met on the road, when one of the two of us in the back seat of the car would take over. That meant thirteen miles apiece, but it did mean that we came as a family. Same again going back of course. We'd always buy from Mr. Phillips at Loxwood, piling produce into the car for the return journey – fresh eggs, rabbits (tenpence or a shilling each), runner beans or whatever he happened to have.

Early friends were the Walsh family at Loxwood Cottage. Mr. Walsh had lost an eye in an accident on a fruit farm but this was before they came to the area. He obtained a job at Rudgwick. His son, Malcolm, with whom I was very friendly, later volunteered for the army, was wounded in the knee at Dunkirk and discharged. He enlisted again, and was killed, I think, at Arnhem. He received a posthumous decoration and for a long time I had the newspaper cutting. There seemed few children of our age in the area at the time, but Malcolm's sister Jean was exactly my age and as children we would walk and cycle over the whole territory as far as we could reasonably reach.

One occasion I still recall with embarrassment, after more than fifty years. It would be 1936 perhaps. A house was empty on the Plaistow Road, houses were fairly sparse then, but this one was for sale. We noticed the kitchen window was open and, as children do, thought we'd explore. I had to put Jean in first for it was a relatively high window. I then climbed in after her. We'd hardly set foot in the kitchen when we heard the front door open. The estate agent was coming round with a client! It wasn't that we were being more than inquisitive but I was terror-struck. If this was reported to my father I climbed out of the high window, getting ready to pull Jean up after me. Before I could do this, however, the kitchen door opened. I fled into the adjacent woods and left Jean to her own devices and to offer such explanation as she could. I was mortified and still am. Whatever Jean said I don't know but she was eventually let out of the front door to join me outside.

Loxwood Hill Pond fascinated us and Malcolm suggested that it would be possible to sit on the bottom and breathe through a hosepipe protruding from the surface of the pond. I duly descended to the murky bottom with bricks tied on to me with string to hold me down. With the hose in my mouth I proceeded to breathe in, to find instead of air that I received mouthfuls of muddy water. With desperate haste I managed to free myself of the bricks and come to the surface. The hose was an old one, frayed and cracked, and water was coming in through the fissures.

At about this time, the Bass family arrived as our neighbours. Their plot was named "Bassadise". They had a cycle shop at Feltham in Middlesex and in contrast to us they came down twice a week – Wednesday afternoons and weekends (and of course when they were on holiday). They had a good-looking "shack" with a small caravan. They had two children, Eric and Hilda, Eric being exactly my own age. The Bass family had Ted Sopp dig for water and they were lucky. At nine feet the most beautiful water gushed into the well. Obviously we were looking for the same and we dug as near to the boundary fence as we could. Despite going down 32 feet, however, we found nothing and the mutual decision was taken to cease operations. Water did percolate later into the pit but it was quite undrinkable, some nine or ten inches deep and having an appalling smell. We later used the pit for rough storage. We had to bring our water down with us. In the very early days we'd had water from Mrs Smelt, another neighbour, but we didn't feel we could go on doing that.

When I was twelve or thirteen I used to cycle down from Thornton Heath in the school holiday, twenty six miles down and twenty six back. Despite an offer for me to stay with the Walshes my father would never allow me to stay overnight. I always thought this unreasonable but he was adamant. At least I didn't have asthma then!

There was an area on the corner of Chalk Road and Plaistow Road which had once been a saw-pit. When we first discovered the place, it had long been abandoned and there were two very large heavy spanners lying there which we supposed had been used to change the saw-blades. We would later use them as hammers. Rumour had it that the site had been used during the 1914-1918 war for making pit-props. Whatever the truth of this, over the years the sawdust had settled into the pit. I saw three grass snakes on top of the sawdust and with the impetuosity of childhood made a grab for one. All three snakes promptly disappeared into small holes underground. I dug into the sawdust to uncover what seemed hundreds and hundreds of snake eggs. Over a period we'd raid the pit and earn a little pocket money by taking the eggs into a pet shop in Croydon. It was a regular weekend task to go the old saw-pit looking for eggs – but only when we'd done all our chores at Greenacre!

Walking by the hedgerows, we'd often see pheasants and partridges, but one day I came across the most enormous grass snake, quite the biggest I've ever seen before or since. My brother and I were determined to take it to London. The difficulty, of course, once we'd initially caught it, was how to get it there. My father certainly didn't share our interest in snakes nor was he a person to trifle with. Our plan was this: Mother always brought a cake down with us at the weekend and the large empty tin would go back with us when we returned. If we could put the snake into the tin it could go back with us in that. The snake was in no way submissive, hissing violently and resisting all the while – rare for a grass snake. Eventually we coiled it into the cake tin, three or four coils round, still hissing. We told Mother it was snake eggs and she sat in the front with the tin on her lap. It must have been quite heavy but she didn't query it. The snake continued to hiss however and there was a desperate moment when my father swore he could hear air escaping from the tyres, stopped the car, and looked at all the tyres. We were terrified. All was in vain, however, for although we arrived home safely and let the snake out into our garden, my mother came across it later and my father killed it with an axe.

I shouldn't give the impression that we were destructive. We had a strict "code of ethics" in relation to nature. We were eager egg-collectors, but would never on any account remove more than one egg from a nest. I always wanted a rook's egg for my collection and, climbing a tree, I came upon a nest with two eggs in it. True to our "code" I took just the one, but it was a high tree with a six foot jump from the lowest branch to the ground. It was in fact the tallest tree by the lake. Not wishing to jump one-handed, I put the egg in my mouth. As I jumped the half-forgotten egg moved in my mouth, struck my teeth, broke, and left my mouth filled with the unpleasant sensation of rook's egg still warm from the nest.

There had been swans on the lake: the young had hatched and flown and the birds had left the nest. I had always been warned to be very wary with swans as their wings could easily break a limb. There was one egg remaining and the nest seemed to have been abandoned so I thought the coast was clear. It was. I pierced the egg at either end but the smell was absolutely foul. The egg was putrid. With some dexterity I managed to extract the contents of the egg, then flooded the egg with eau de Cologne. At least I now had a swan's egg.

Despite everything I really do think we had a respect for wildlife. I've now spent the best part of fifty years living abroad but the primroses, cowslips and bluebells of England are

like nothing else. Albert Curtis at the garage, another early resident, was something of a naturalist. He had an acetylene lamp which he'd use to attract bats and moths at night. This always fascinated me.

Another favourite haunt was the silo. There was a ladder into it which had been cut off halfway; no doubt with the express purpose of stopping children like us climbing up and jumping in. This only served as a challenge for us, because we contrived an impromptu ladder of our own to marry up with the truncated one. It was a fair height but not, I suppose, terribly dangerous, for the material inside was soft enough. The problem really was to get out again. Martins and swifts built their mud-nests around the top.

The Besses built a punt to use on the lake and we fished continually from it. I remember one of our first catches being an enormous pike. One particular night my brother and I decided we would stay out all night on the Besses' punt. It was a kind of dare. We pushed off from the shore and anchored in the middle of the lake. By half past midnight my brother had had enough and wanted to go back to Greenacre. I put him ashore and returned to my vigil in the lake. I didn't know what I expected to happen; in fact nothing did. Even the wildlife seemed strangely subdued. It was the longest night of my life, but pride was at stake. I was mightily relieved to see the first streaks of dawn on the horizon, and took the chance to crawl back, dog-tired, to Greenacre.

Odd and ends. As children we were hardly aware of the earlier history of Ifold House, and, as children, just accepted things as we found them. Once, in the bed of the old canal, we came upon a beautiful old camera, made with polished oak and brass, along with other bits and pieces. I suppose the camera would have been something of a collector's item even then. It later occurred to me that we might have stumbled upon a tip for things thrown out of Ifold House, but I may, of course, be wrong. Another favoured haunt of ours was the former kitchen garden at Ifold House with its traditional high wall.

Two other early residents. Mr. Moody who kept chickens and tended to remain somewhat aloof. He had an old broken-down vehicle chassis outside his place and, being of a somewhat mechanical turn of mind, I'd sometimes take a part off to experiment with.

"Pop" Shergold lived on the same side of the Drive as we did. He was a lively old man who sometimes did work for my father during the week. On Sundays he would dress immaculately with brown tweed suit and tie and trot off to the Onslow Arms. It was something of a tradition for him.

Such was my experience at Ifold in the years to 1939, tenting in the early days and gradually settling in at Greenacre. The storm clouds were, however, gathering fast.

'As the Iron Room will not hold more than 400 people ...' – The Men's Mutual Improvement Society 1897-1914

Petworth's Men's Mutual Improvement Society, to give it its full name, was popularly known simply as the "Mutual." It ran from 1897 to 1914 and was almost certainly the most successful organisation of its kind Petworth has seen, or perhaps will ever see again. It is now quite forgotten. Brief accounts of the Society's activities surviving in the old red-bound copies of St. Mary's Parish Magazine are now our prime source of information. Fixture cards were issued to members but I have never seen one. It may be that somewhere at Petworth House there is a dusty file marked "Mutual" but this is by no means certain. The main initiative always came from Rectory rather than House. That said, however, the new Lord Leconfield, succeeding to the title in 1902, remained an enthusiastic and generous supporter of the "Mutual" until its demise at the beginning of the 1914-1918 war.

Direct recollection is very limited and there is no one now who will recall the Society in those days before the war. The Society was not open to "boys", however this was defined. Edwin Saunders¹ of Station Road, 82 in 1966, recollected these golden days sixty years before when Herbert Jones, the Rector, presided. Jones left Petworth in 1906. Whether Edwin Saunders is writing from experience or recollecting what he had been told is now impossible to say: "(there were) meetings every week at the Town Hall different lectures every week and slides – a most interesting evening out the room was always full." The detail perhaps suggests an eye-witness. In fact meetings were fortnightly and only during the season October to March. There are, too, passing reference to the Mutual in Florence Rapley's diary², Florence even attending occasionally on Ladies' nights. Clearly the "Mutual" was too well known to need any sort of explanation.

Herbert Edward Jones had replaced Charles Holland as Rector in the summer of 1897 and already by September of that year is outlining a programme to include, among other innovations, a Sunday afternoon Bible class, an Ambulance class and "a Mutual Improvement Society" for men with weekly lectures and discussions on all sort of topics. The Bible and Ambulance classes find occasional mention in the Parish Magazine over the years. Two letters from the new rector to the ubiquitous John Pitfield, partner at Brydone and Pitfield the Market Square solicitors, churchwarden and local Conservative party organiser, suggest that the new Rector was not averse to a certain amount of delegation and, indeed, that he found Mr. Pitfield's somewhat relaxed attitude to organisation a little difficult. The letters anticipate the Mutual's second season, 1898-9.

"I expect you have got our Programme for the Mutual Improvement Soc. all settled by

¹ See PSM 27

² So Sweet the Phlox Is (1994)

now. I should like to have the printed programme next week if possible so as to send a notice to all members with a letter saying when we begin. Oct 4th was I think the date we fixed. You have I hope got the Hall for the quarter. I think I sent you a reminder just before I left"

Or in another letter:

"You will think me a great worry but I honestly think everything ought to be ready before our first meeting on October 4th."

The inaugural lecture was given at the Town Hall on Tuesday October 12th 1897. It began at 8.15pm with the Rector speaking on "A walking tour through Japan," illustrated with lantern slides. In these days of extended travel it would be assumed perhaps that the Rector would have visited Japan and brought back the slides himself, but the lantern slides and notes would almost certainly have been hired from an agency. "This lecture will be open without charge to any men who like attend. No boys will be admitted." So a rather magisterial notice in the Parish Magazine. Meetings were initially held downstairs in the Town Hall, in the "Board Room."

Among other topics that season, Mr. Lacaita from Selham spoke on the Beauties of Spain, Mr. Wootton the schoolmaster on electricity, the Rector again on the Spanish Armada and Mr. Izard, the Rector of Slindon on the coal mines. The season was divided by a Social Evening at the Rectory just before Christmas. Colonel Simpson's lecture on India took place in the East Street Girls' School, which may possibly suggest that the downstairs room at the Town Hall was somewhat constricted. The Mutual was well and truly under way.

The 1898-9 season began briskly enough. Lectures by the Rector on the Soudan and by Aubrey Pain the popular Rector of Lurgashall, and sometime curate at Petworth were "wonderfully well attended," Mr. Pain speaking on Nansen's Polar Expedition. Officers elected at the opening meeting were the Rector as President, Mr. Pitfield and Mr. Wootton as joint secretaries, with a committee of Mr. Cragg, the Barton's Lane plumber, Mr. Davies, manager of the London and County Bank, and Mr. Kevis, the Lombard Street photographer, always a willing participant in any such enterprise. The season closed with the Rector speaking on the French Revolution with the usual lantern slides. Reviewing the year's activities, the Parish Magazine observed: "The lectures have been very well attended throughout the winter, the attendance never falling below 100 and on one occasion reaching 149." There survives a notebook detailing fifty-six one shilling subscriptions given to W. Cragg for the year beginning October 4th and running through to December 19th. The book offers a breakdown of the autumn session.

Date	Speaker	Subject	Attendance
October 4 th	The Rector	Switzerland and Alpine Climbing	149
October 18 th	Aubrey Pain	Nansen's Polar Expedition	122
November 1 st	Mr. Wootton	Belgium	122
November 15 th	Mr. Johnstone M.P.	The Houses of Parliament	152
November 29 th	The Rector	The Soudan Campaign	125
December 18 th	Colonel Simpson	Big Game in India	110

Judging from the names in the notebook, the paying membership would seem to come from the more prominent town tradesmen and shopkeepers. There would also be relatively

well-to-do sympathisers who offered donations. For the rest admission was free. There were no charges on the door.

The following season offered the same basic mix of travel and military. The Rector's opening lecture on the Transvaal was clearly topical given events in South Africa and attracted two hundred men. It is, in truth, difficult to see how such a number could be fitted into any available venue, the Iron Room not being built, but two hundred was exceptional. Towards the end of the season the Parish Magazine noted, "The attendance since Christmas has fallen off a good deal, but this is probably accounted for by the bad weather and the prevalence of sickness." In fact the average attendance for eleven lectures and a social evening had been 126.

Petworth Men's Mutual Improvement Society.

Balance Sheet for years 1898-9.

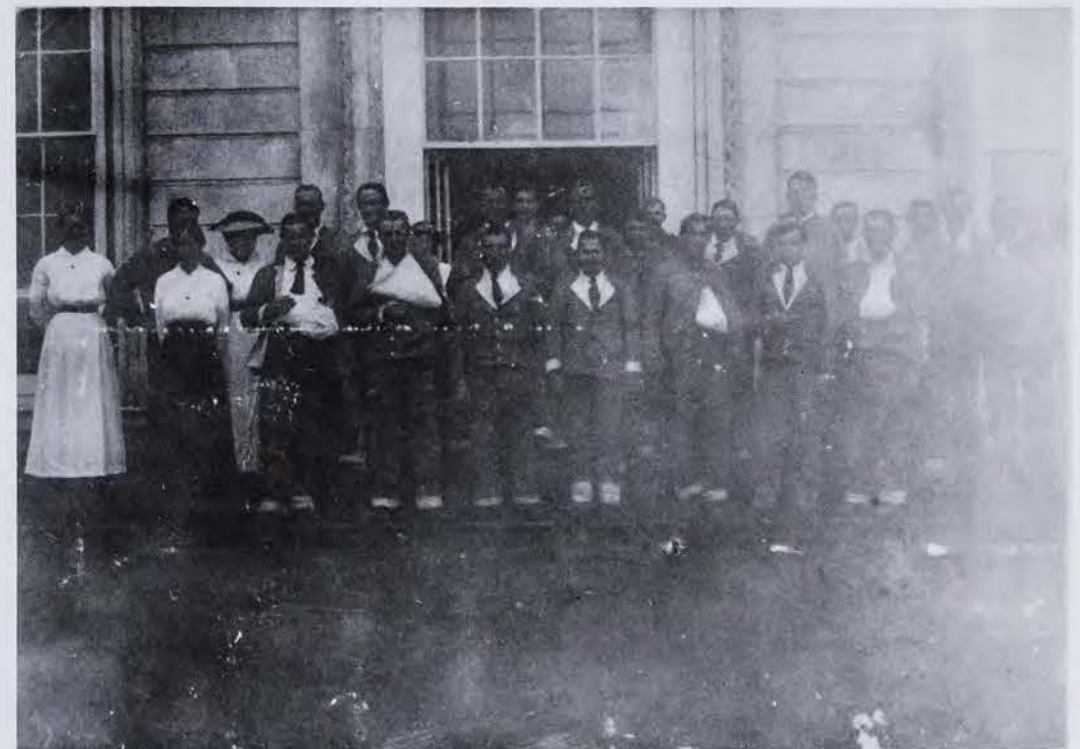
RECEIPTS.		£	s.	d.
1898 October to 1899 March—				
Subscriptions and donations	...	10	0	2
		£10	0	2
Balance brought down	...	0	12	5
PAYMENTS.		£	s.	d.
1898 October to 1899 March—				
Use of Town Hall, etc.,	...	2	0	0
Opaque screen	...	2	15	0
Lamp and two burners	...	0	5	9
Hire of slides	...	2	1	0
Carbide	...	0	11	0
Acetylene burner	...	0	12	6
Printing bills	...	0	14	0
Repairs, etc., to gas container	...	0	3	0
Stationery and stamps in connection with the "Social Evening"	...	0	1	0
Cab to fetch lecturer	...	0	3	0
Carriage of oxygen	...	0	1	1
Rubber washer	...	0	0	5
Balance in hand	...	0	12	5
		£10	0	2

Balance Sheet for Men's Mutual 1898-9.

the privilege of each bringing a lady. The evening "commenced with tea which was followed by a short concert and some amusing lantern views." Another debate (February 11th) tackled, like the first, one of the issues of the day. Lord Lytton proposing "that this Society would welcome a wider recognition of the rights of women." This was not a Ladies' night! Mr. R.G. Wilberforce opposed and the motion was lost by a large majority. The impression one gains from the brief résumé in the Parish Magazine is that the debate was dominated by those members who were in a position to make donations; the "shilling" members and, even more so, those who made no payment at all, seeing it as their place to listen rather than to air their

The 1900-01 season provided the highest attendance yet, to hear the Rector's presentation on the war in South Africa. It was a measure no doubt of public interest and concern. Mafeking had been relieved in May 1900, with great celebrations in the town when the news came through. Two lectures were cancelled in this season because of the deaths respectively of Queen Victoria and Lord Leconfield.

The Rector and his committee were always prepared to try something new. An idea for 1901-2 was debating, with an early subject, suggested perhaps by events in South Africa, being "Conscription—ought it to be enforced?" The motion was lost by 68 votes to 28, but the problem was not one that was to go away, being thrown into sharp relief by the events of 1914-1918. The Social Evening on December 17th was restricted to members, but these had



Hospitality to wounded soldiers August 1916. Newspaper caption (unidentified) as follows: "By the kind invitation of Lady Leconfield, a number of our wounded soldiers at Graylingwell Hospital were entertained at Petworth House on Saturday. In the absence of Lady Leconfield in Ireland, the duties of hostess fell to Mrs Counley, the housekeeper at Petworth House, who was ably assisted by Mr W.G. Thomas, the house steward. Tea was served in the North Gallery, one of the most spacious and beautiful apartments in Petworth House, and Lady Leconfield's guests greatly appreciated the substantial hospitality extended to them; they were also taken through Petworth House, the lawns and gardens. The party, before leaving, gave hearty cheers for Lord and Lady Leconfield and thanked those who had looked after them so well. As the soldiers passed through the town the inhabitants cheered them." The photograph, which comes from Mrs Counley's Scrapbook (see Magazine 86), is a very poor one but we have done the best we can.

P.



Mystery pictures: Can anyone identify the place in these photographs?

own views. The season closed with a lecture by the Rector on the Indian Mutiny.

While St. Mary's Magazine continued to stress that a shilling for the season was asked only from those who could pay, and this was genuine enough, certain privileges were reserved for members, particularly the new idea of allowing a member to bring a lady on certain specified occasions. Some particularly popular lectures too might be open only to members. Does this mean subscribing members only? It rather looks like it, in which case, those who were unable to pay will have felt at an increasing disadvantage.

Innovation was not at an end. On the 18th November 1902 the new Lord Leconfield provided a cinematograph lecture, a highlight of the Mutual season, and one which, with different subjects and with or without the cinematograph, would boost the Mutual once a year until the Society's demise in 1914. For 1902 the subject was the war in South Africa.

Speakers often drew on their own experience of historic events. So in January 1903, Colonel Barrington Kennett from Tillington House, who had a year or two before lectured on the Afghan War, spoke from his personal knowledge of the Franco-Prussian war. In 1870 he had been sent out to distribute charitable donations from the British public to those suffering in the war. "He dealt with the siege of Paris and the atrocities of the Commune, and brought home to his hearers the horrors of modern warfare."

Lecturers seem to have kept strictly to time. An 8.15 start would certainly militate against excessive length. When, in February 1904, the Rev. S.J. Norman, who had himself visited Russia, came to the end of his "allotted time," "he was asked to finish the subject which he did to the satisfaction of all." Incidentally there is never any mention of refreshments still less of a raffle! A debate in the same month on the motion that every man on reaching the age of 21 should have a vote, was lost by a small majority "about half the members present abstaining from voting." The Magazine's somewhat coy comment may indicate that many of the audience were not prepared to support or exhibit "radical" ideas in the presence of their social superiors, but equally were not prepared to vote against their conscience. We may conjecture but we cannot know.

Numbers were growing, particularly for the increasingly frequent and very popular Ladies' Nights. It was as well for the Mutual that the "Iron Room" had been built, effectively a large corrugated shed to the north of the present National Westminster Bank premises. It was in theory a temporary structure erected to accommodate the congregation of St. Mary's during extensive renovation. It was not pulled down until 1963. On October 4th 1904 the Rector's opening lecture on the Russian and Japanese war attracted the largest audience the Mutual had ever had "over 200 men being present" and not even a Ladies' Night! Clearly such numbers were quite beyond the capacity of either Town Hall or Girls' School. Average attendance for season 1904-5 was 154, a new record.

Lectures continued with the usual mix of travel and military interspersed with the occasional debate and the 1905-6 season was perhaps the high-point of the Mutual's activity. Mr. Lacaita's presentation on Pompeii, Etna and Southern Italy "was one of the best lectures the Society has ever been fortunate enough to hear," while in November 1905 Colonel Wavell spoke from personal experience on the Indian Mutiny. He had been one of the defenders of the bridge outside Delhi. In December Lord Leconfield's annual lecture was given by Mr.

Villiers, war correspondent with the Japanese forces outside Port Arthur. Members could bring a lady but "no one except those who are members will be allowed to attend as the Iron Room will not hold more than 400 people."

Herbert Jones left Petworth for Hitchin in 1906 but the Mutual continued. Lord Leconfield's lecture this season was given by Mr. F.T. Bullen, author of the *Cruise of the Cachalot*. Bullen was an extremely popular writer at the time. Again it was a Ladies' Night and the Parish Magazine reported "an agreeable change in the aspect of the Iron Room, as the large audience consisted almost half of ladies." In 1907 Lord Leconfield brought Professor Flinders Petrie, the famous Egyptologist, to Petworth again for a Ladies' Night. Halcyon days indeed.

The new rector, Mr. Penrose, had a fine reading voice and was prepared to use it. He could also sing the songs of his native Ireland, and, again, was more than prepared to do so. In October 1909 he read extracts from Dickens to accompany appropriate lantern slides. Lord Leconfield himself attended for his own lecture, the speaker being Mr. F.C. Selous "the famous big game hunter and explorer." Meetings were not always free of the occasional technical problem: Mr. Wootton's lecture in November 1909 was cut short by a failure of the acetylene gas supply. He continued but without pictures. In October 1910 Mr. Penrose opened the season by reading Tennyson's narrative poem *Enoch Arden*, illustrating his rendition with hand-painted lantern pictures. "There was only a moderate attendance of members," the Parish Magazine somewhat guardedly observed, "as the fixture was, apparently not widely known." Perhaps the subject was not to everyone's taste, perhaps the committee had been a little dilatory in distributing fixture cards. In fact the first meeting of the season is a particularly vulnerable one even today!

Accounts of meetings tend to be particularly full at this time, such matters being probably at the discretion of one of the curates. Mr. Goggs, the Rector of Tillington, had been eight years vicar of a parish in the Potteries. His lecture showed, "an intimate knowledge of the mining folk, with their strong independence of character, their curious customs and superstitions As an example of the latter, the lecturer related an instance of miners when going to work in the early morning turning back because they unluckily met a woman on the way!" In October 1911 the Rev. MacDermott, Rector of Bosham, paying a third visit to the Mutual, described his experiences as chaplain on one of the transports ferrying troops between England and India. On this particular occasion a regiment of the Highland Light Infantry were on board making, with the crew, the other passengers and the children, a floating parish of roughly 1,500 souls. The lecturer illustrated his talk with slides of the trip. Arriving at Bombay he had a fortnight to see the sights before performing a similar duty on the trip home.

To all appearances things were going on as usual. Mr. Izard, the Rector of Slindon, paid one of his periodic visits to the Mutual and offered first some general views and then "an amusing account of that far-famed village where the trees grow very tall." Slindon had a long-standing reputation for dicing with the apocryphal and its ongoing war of words with Graffham was known far outside the district's immediate confines. Mr. Lacaita's talk on the mountains of Sikkim suffered as Mr. Wootton's had done some years before from a failure of the lantern.

But the Mutual could never be exempt from the inexorable march of events. In October 1912 the Rector had spoken of unrest in the Balkans, a portent of what was to come. Times were changing. At a special meeting held on October 28th 1913, "It was decided that for the future women be admitted to the Society on equal terms with men." A year later two female committee members were elected. It would be interesting to know who they were.

The 1914-15 season began with Britain already at war. That Society stalwart Aubrey Pain spoke on England and the war; Mr. Foster Fraser spoke on the Panama Canal. In December the Parish Magazine sounded the Last Post for the Mutual. "Owing to the Iron Room being required for the accommodation of the soldiers who are now quartered at Petworth, the lectures announced for December 7th and 15th cannot, to the regret of the Committee, now be given." The Society would never meet again.

The Petworth Society monthly meetings have been going now for longer than the Mutual's seventeen years, but it would be misleading to make any direct comparison. Quite apart from its now being immeasurably more difficult to attract an audience than it was in those far off days before radio and television, we are simply not comparing like with like. Petworth before the 1914-18 war and, to a considerable extent, after it, was an insular community where those who lived in the town were, like it or not, very much a part of that town. That is

hardly the case now, in Petworth or anywhere else. The ethos of the "Mutual" was quite different too, as its name attests, it had an avowedly educational and social purpose. While, in theory, it encouraged the meeting of different, even disparate, minds, it would appear to

July 24. 1901.

Dear Mr. Pitfield,

A Committee meeting of
The Men's Mutual Impst.
Soc'y. will ^{be held} at the Rectory
on Friday, July 26. at 9 P.M.

Yours sincerely
A. Wootton

Notice of Committee Meeting for the Men's Mutual. July 1901.

modern eyes as somewhat paternalistic. The debates, largely dropped in later years, were clearly dominated by the inevitably more articulate gentry class, while the speakers, mainly local, tend to inhabit the same rarefied air. There is nothing surprising about such social stratification – it would be more surprising if this were not the case. The occasional appearance of Lord Leconfield at meetings and the more constant presence of the Estate Officers would exert its own thrall. Is there any other way to interpret the mass abstention in the debate on universal male suffrage?

All that said, however, not everyone would raise such quibbles. Above all, the Mutual was a good night out, especially if one could bring a wife or girl friend. The Mutual was an oasis in a desert of unremitting toil, an acknowledgement of a far wider world that existed independently of Petworth. This is clearly how Edwin Saunders recalled the Mutual. After all, the Society did bring different men together in one room. It might sometimes be oil and water, but it was a contact of a kind nevertheless. The Men's Mutual is well worth the remembering.

P.

Perspectives on the 1930s

In some ways George Garland's photographic portrayal of Petworth in the 1930s must have a defining effect. Put in the form "What Garland recorded happened, what Garland did not record did not happen," this is obviously absurd but there is an element of truth. In practice what Garland did not record tends to sink out of sight, to be disinterred, if at all, either from random newspaper survivals or chance oral recollection. Remember too that local newspaper reportage would emanate from the Garland studio in Station Road and come from the pen either of Garland himself or (perhaps more likely) Mrs Garland.

S.T. Jerome, manager of the Midhurst Bank in Golden Square was a keen and competent amateur photographer in the 1930s and while his negatives do not appear to survive, small double prints mounted on card and extant in some numbers. These were originally intended to be viewed in three dimensions through a simple focusing apparatus. While the majority of these cards are holiday snaps with no immediate local reference, a few are local and either parallel Garland's work or, to an extent, supplement it. They have been carefully printed for the Society by Mr Tim Austin of Bexhill and appear by courtesy of Mrs Mary Fraser. The originals are quite small, just over 1½ inches square so the magnification here is considerable.

1) Haymaking at Milland in 1936. A parallel to numerous Garland pictures showing at once the old voluntary help on the farm and the increasing use of the petrol engine as an alternative to horse power.



2) The Petworth Fire Brigade float in East Street on Coronation Day in 1937. George Garland of course covered this event very fully. S.T. Jerome's several pictures of the procession and scenes in Petworth Park offer a variation on Garland's coverage.





3) S.T. Jerome took several pictures of the visit of German war veterans to Petworth British Legion in August 1938. Some are in Grove Street, some in the grounds of Petworth House. The visit does not seem to have been covered by Garland at all but Jerome who had served with distinction in the 1914-1918 war had strong links with the Legion. Here the Lord Mayor of Coblenz photographs some Petworth notables. The original mounted card identifies L-R Walter

Dawtre, Baron von Leusner and Colonel Mayne while the fourth figure is clearly Dr Ball. With the deteriorating international situation leading to war a year later, this goodwill trip was presumably quickly forgotten.



4) Lord Leconfield at the Leconfield opening meet at Petworth House in November 1938. This was an event regularly covered by George Garland and there are photographs of this and many similar occasions. This would no doubt be the last opening meet for several years, the war supervening in 1939.

5) Motor-cycle test at Titty Hill near Fernhurst in 1939. Not something normally covered by George Garland.



6) Petworth Hockey Team's last match of the season, at Chichester Theological College in April 1939. I do not know whether the club reformed after the war.



7) New Zealand troops passing through Petworth in 1939. An important and historic picture showing the Boys School (bombed in 1942) in the foreground, then the Masons Arms, and finally the old Petworth workhouse building (now demolished) but in use in 1939 as a private school.

P.



PETWORTH CRICKET CLUB.

ESTABLISHED, September 22nd., 1843.

President,

J. WELLER LADBROKE, Esq.

Committee.

BAKER, MR. H.
DAINTREY, MR. A.
GREEN, MR. J.
MILLYARD, MR. G.

MILLYARD, MR. W.
ORSBORN, MR. H.
PHILPOTT, MR. J.
SHERWIN, MR. T.

WRIGHT, MR. W. S.

MR. J. W. ORSBORN, TREASURER.

MR. W. DEATH, HONORARY SECRETARY.

RULES.

1st. Every Person wishing to become a Member of the Club, to sign these Rules, and to pay One Shilling, towards the Funds of the Club, and Sixpence for a Copy of the Rules.

2nd. No Member to be admitted after the First of October next, unless by ballot at a Meeting of not less than five Members, and any Member so admitted, to pay up his Subscription from the First of October, to the time of his admission.

3rd. Honorary Members to be admitted on subscribing Annually Ten Shillings or upwards, and to be liable to no other payments.

4th. The Treasurer to keep a just and correct account of all Subscriptions, Fines, and other Monies received by him.

5th. The Secretary to receive and answer all challenges to the Club, keep an Account of, and collect the Fines, and pay them over to the Treasurer, and assist him in receiving the Subscriptions.

6th. The Committee of Management to consist of Nine Persons exclusive of the Treasurer and Secretary, who are to be Ex-officio Members; such Committee (four to be a quorum) is to decide as to all Matches to be played by the club, determine all disputes arising on the Rules, and have the general management of the affairs of the Club, and to meet, when expedient, at the Swan Inn. The Committee to have power, on the resignation or death of any of its Members, to elect others in their stead.

7th. The Committee to provide Bats, Balls, Wickets, &c., at the expence of the Club.

8th. Every Member, not honorary, to pay to the Treasurer a Monthly Subscription of One Shilling throughout the Year, commencing on the First of October, and payable in advance, and if any Subscription and fines be not paid up at the time appointed by these Rules, every Member making such default to be fined for the First Month, Sixpence for the Second Month, One Shilling, and if such subscriptions and fines be not then paid, the Committee to have power to exclude the defaulter.

9th. The Club to commence their Meetings for practice on the First Monday in May and to continue to meet twice a week, viz., Monday and Thursday, for practice, until the last Thursday in August inclusive.

10th. Every Member not present on the Club Ground on the Weekly Days of practice, by 4 past 6 o'Clock in the Evening, to forfeit three pence.

11th. No Person residing within Two Miles of the Town (not being a Member) to be allowed to play on the Club Ground, but any Person not resident within the above distance, will be allowed to play, by being introduced by a Member.

12th. Every Member playing in any Match for the Club, to be allowed Five Shillings from the Funds for his expences.

DEATH, PRINTER, PETWORTH.

Rules for Petworth Cricket Club – undated, possibly 1870s.



Saturday 8th December
in the Leconfield Hall

10-4 p.m.

Book Sale
Free Admission

7.30 p.m. **Vanguard Productions**
present

Christmas through the Ages

A nostalgic look at Christmas through carols, songs & dance
and - of course

the appearance of Father Christmas



Seasonal refreshments

Raffle

Admission £3.00

Petworth Society Activities Sheet



Winter/Spring Programme. Please keep for reference.

Saturday 8th December Leconfield Hall 10 - 4
Petworth Society Book Sale Admission free

Saturday 8th December
Vanguard Productions present:
"Christmas Through the Ages"
Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m. Admission £3. Raffle. Seasonal Refreshments.

Saturday 12th January Leconfield Hall 10 - 4
Petworth Society Book Sale Admission free

Friday 18th January In association with Petworth Cottage Museum:

Circle 8 films present
The Tales of the Pilgrims Way

Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m. £4. Free Refreshments.
See feature in main Magazine. In aid of Museum funds.

SPECIAL
EVENT

Saturday 9th February Leconfield Hall 10 - 4
Petworth Society Book Sale Admission free

Tuesday 19th February Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m.
Talk with slides.
Ditchling Museum and Village
£2. Refreshments, Raffle

Saturday 9th March Leconfield Hall 10 - 4
Petworth Society Book Sale Admission free

Wednesday 13th March Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m.
Chris Howkins: Heathland Harvest
£2. Refreshments, Raffle

Coming on 20th April The Music Makers with "Let us entertain you".

Book Sales



The very successful Book Sales do help finance this Magazine, but, much more importantly, provide regular Society presence in the town. People can enquire about the Society: new members can join. The Sales do depend, however, on a constant supply of books.

If you have anything at all for us please contact Peter (342562) or Miles (343227). Books can be left with Peter or Miles or we will collect by prior arrangement.

Peter 20th November 2001

Walks and Visits begin again in March

New Members

Mr. N. Castle	2, Woodpecker Court, Woodpecker Road, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. G. Chambers	2596, Warwick Lane, Santa Cruz, CA 95065, U.S.A.
Mr. & Mrs. R. Daughtree	37, Tennyson Drive, St. James Park, Malvern, Worcs., WR14 3TQ.
Mr. M. Mant	Churchill House, Churchill, East Down, Barnstaple, N. Devon, EX41 4LT.
Miss F. Thomas	Flat 2, Yeomans, Trumpers Lane, Petworth, GU28 0AB.
Mr. W. Tyler	47, Hampers Green, Petworth, GU28 9NP.
Mr. P. Cronshaw	59, Mansfield Road, Skegby, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts., NG17 3ED.
Mr. R. Cronshaw	Taqah, 15, Strother Close, Pocklington, York, YO4 2GR.
Mr. T.G. Harrod	86, Whichers Gate Road, Rowlands Castle, Hants., PO9 6BB.
Elizabeth Steer	113, Pallance Road, Northwood, Isle of Wight PO31 8LS.
Miss E. Butler	Castle Cottage, Amberley, Arundel, BN18 9ND.
Mr. and Mrs. R. Cable	Flat 2, Swan House, Saddlers Row, Petworth.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Whitmore	Arnold Farm, Steers Common, Kirdford, RH14 0JP.



Petworth House from Lawn Hill. 6th February 1963. Photograph by George Garland.

