



odd eyes
A Brighton girl at heart

magazine

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Cover drawing by Jonathan Newdick.

It shows a landscape at Perryfields.

Cover design by Jonathan Newdick.

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

PLEASE NOTE

**The ENIGMA MACHINE at
MIDHURST GRAMMAR SCHOOL**

on 15th FEBRUARY 2003

at 5.45pm

Tickets £20 each

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An original ENIGMA machine will be on display at the lecture with slides to be given by Dr Mark Baldwin on Saturday, 15th February 2003, at 5.45 p.m. in the River Site Hall at Midhurst Grammar School. Dr Baldwin will tell the fascinating story of how the breaking of the German code shortened the last war by some two years. Proceeds will be in aid of urgent repairs to All Hallows Church, Tillington.

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Tickets £5. Seasonal refreshments.
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**The Petworth Society
Book Sale Calendar
2003**

January 11th
February 8th
March 8th
April 5th
May 10th
June 14th
July 12th
August 9th
September 6th
October 11th
November 8th
December 13th

Petworth Society Activities Sheet



Winter/Spring Programme. Please keep for reference.

Walks begin again in March

PLEASE NOTE. AS LAST YEAR WE HAVE ONE OR TWO FRESH IDEAS FOR THE NEW 2003-2004 SEASON. DETAILS IN MARCH.

MONTHLY MEETINGS: Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m. Prices as stated.

Refreshments, Raffle.

Tuesday December 10th [see overleaf]	Time of Our Lives Music Theatre present "The Best of Times". A musical look at British Life and Culture 1950s to 1980s. £5. N.B. Starts at 8 o'clock.
Thursday January 23rd	Judi Darley : Chichester Harbour and its Conservation. £2.
Wednesday February 12th	Valerie Hewitt presents : "Jenny Lind – the Swedish Nightingale". Accompanied by Martin White. £4.
Thursday March 13th	Chris Howkins : The Dairymaid's Flora. £2.
Thursday April 3rd	Alison Neil portrays "The Sixth Wife" (of Henry VIII). £5.

NEXT BOOK SALE SATURDAY DECEMBER 14TH LECONFIELD HALL 10 - 4

NOTICE BOARD

TUESDAY DECEMBER 3rd PETWORTH HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY

presents

"POSTCARDS FROM AN OLDER PETWORTH"

A selection from the collection of Mr and Mrs Christopher Knox
with Peter Jerrome

Open evening. Admission £2. Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 11TH

LECONFIELD HALL 7.30 p.m.

Admission Free

PETER JERROME

PETWORTH FROM THE BEGINNINGS TO 1660

A NEW HISTORY OF PETWORTH SLIDES

ALL WELCOME

COTTAGE MUSEUM EVENT

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 1ST

LECONFIELD HALL 7.30 p.m.

CIRCLE EIGHT FILMS

present

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

THE LIFE OF THE REV. MR. DODSON

with supporting film

Admission £5 Refreshments.

Proceeds to Museum Funds

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

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Mr Stephen Boakes, Mr Miles Costello, Lord Egremont, Mr Ian Godsmark,
Mrs Audrey Grimwood, Mrs Betty Hodson, Mr Philip Hounsham, Mrs Anne Simmons,
Mrs Ros Staker, Mr J. Taylor, Mrs Deborah Stevenson, Mrs Linda Wort

Magazine distributors

Mr Henderson, Mr Costello, Mr Thompson, Mrs Simmons, Mrs Grimwood,
Mrs Hounsham, Mr Turland, Mr Boakes (Petworth), Mrs Adams (Byworth),
Miss Biggs, Mrs Dallyn (Sutton and Duncton), Mrs Williams (Grafham), Mr Derek
Gourd, (Tillington and River), Mrs Goodyer, Mrs Williams (Fittleworth)

Society Scrapbook

Mrs Pearl Godsmark

Coultershaw Beam Pump representatives

Mr S. Boakes, Mrs J. Gilhooly, Mr A Henderson, Mr T. Martin.

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.

Chairman's Notes

From a personal point of view, the quarter will be dominated by the appearance in early November of the first half of a new history of Petworth, running as far as 1660, a supplement perhaps rather than a conscious replacement to Arnold's pioneering work of 1864.

For the rest, by the time you read this the autumn programme will be well under way and the fair, the gateway to Christmas, over for another year. The Book Sales are enormously successful and the income generated should help hold subscription levels, allow the possibility of additional pictures in the Magazine, (I have not used this option for the present quarter), and give us more artwork. I have taken the opportunity to include the whole of a long feature on "Kin" Knight's letter to her fiancé in India in 1908-9. I had originally thought to split the piece into two but I am happier to have it as a single entity. It is, I think, one of the most interesting pieces to appear in the Magazine over the year and I cannot sufficiently stress the kindness of the Carnarvon Brown family in allowing unrestricted access to the material.

As last year we have various ideas for spring, including excursions and perhaps another Petworth House evening. We have in mind also to use Book Sale funds to subsidise a lecture or lectures on some historical subject relating to Petworth, more of this in March.

It is my very sad task to report the passing of Joan Boss, an absolutely crucial figure in the Society's early years. Joan had been in poor health for some time but older members will remember her good sense and good humour with great fondness. They will remember too her capacity for sheer hard work. The funeral was at St Mary's on October 22nd.

Peter

Older/Holder families:

Mrs Sylvia McMaster of Sylvan House, Alton Road, Farnham, Surrey GU10 5EL is making a study of the Older/Holder families in West Sussex and would like to hear from anyone who feels they may be connected.

The Petworth Society Christmas Gift Scheme

A present from a Petworth-conscious friend!

From December 1st you can buy a gift voucher £12 (local) £15 (postal) £18 overseas entitling the bearer to a year and a half's subscription – 6 issues of the Magazine December 2002 to March 2004. This scheme is not available for existing memberships.

Further details from Mr Henderson (01798 - 343792) (after December 8th). Before that Peter (01798 - 342562).

The Petworth Society (Reg. Charity 268071) Christmas Gift Scheme	
Membership Voucher	
This voucher entitles	
<hr/>	
Seasons Greetings	
to membership of the Petworth Society to March 2004.	
The quarterly magazine will be delivered to your home	
address.	
<hr/>	
Not redeemable for cash	A. Henderson. Hon. Treasurer

Anne's Gardens Walk – August 11th

It was a curious day for mid-August, scurrying black clouds and more than a hint of rain. Above all cold, definitely cold. The original Petworth Gardens Walk, dating back thirty years, Mrs. Sheridan's idea originally. No collection, no tickets, a group visit rather than a succession of individuals. Perhaps three dozen people in the car park, certainly not less. We first move diagonally across to Peter and Caroline at the Old Meeting House, impatiens, blue petunias, a host of pots and hanging baskets, and the usual warm welcome, very much a Petworth Society stronghold. Back across the car park and up Rosemary Lane, left by the library, just a glimpse as we pass of the surprising red hollyhocks that grow somehow in the road hard against the wall. Right at the Museum, up the road, just time to notice the delicate white hydrangeas in the garden of Stone House before walking along the back of Egremont Row. Gerald and Brenda in the end house are away but have left a model of neatness, red and white onions laid out drying on top of the soil, not too large, just the right size for cooking. There's a black hollyhock, a single red gaillardia, and even a lifelike artificial toadstool. In fact, of course there are all sorts of things.

It's always difficult to move the party on, particularly from this garden, but finally it's over the road to Tony and Jean's, smaller but carefully cultivated. And, of course there's the view over the Shimmings, or, looking the other way, the Catholic Church from a slightly different, higher, angle. To look down on the familiar path by the stile. A hint of rain again. On to Mary Furnivall's adjoining garden, white phlox heads blowing in the wind, grey clouds hanging over. It's cold. Looking from the steps into the sloping garden of neighbouring Hill

Cottage, or further to the large trees blowing in the garden of Greys.



The Petworth Society at large. Photograph by David Wort.

Then to Little Leith Gate, built, I was always told as a permanent residence for nuns, not simply as a holiday house or retreat. Perhaps the little community was a short-lived one; perhaps it never started. Fudge the Labrador looks out on the unwonted crowd. Veronica in tall stiff stems of pale lilac. Mauve tradescantia, the colours of a grey afternoon. Talking to Jacqueline about a busy year at the Museum, much due no doubt to an influx of visitors for the Turner exhibition.

Then it's along East Street to Somerset Hospital. The familiar apple tree on the lawn. The company fan out. That extraordinary walled border. Back up the hill to the Museum. What does a 1910 garden really look like? Certainly it's beginning to take on the lassitude of late summer. Ricketts Cottage at last, tea in the barn, cakes, a chance to talk. The Society Gardens Walk is the original and, still on its own terms, unique.

P.

'Singing at Sutton Crossroads' Audrey's Burton Walk September 15th

Parking at Sutton crossroads, a cluster of cars. A mellow September afternoon and an



*Burton Church a hundred years ago.
Photograph by Walter Kevis.*

excellent turnout including five children and two dogs. Down the Sutton road, past the Barlavington turning. Marshland on either side of the road, the occasional car. A truck passes laden with bales of straw. We turn right to skirt Sutton End – it's a path with woodland on either side, part of the fence lying horizontal amongst the undergrowth, wood sage in September seedtime at the side, water pepper in the centre of the path, trying a leaf, at first nothing happens, then the acid juice burns the tongue. It's been a dry September and the sand of the path shifts beneath the foot.

There's a clear stream running down from Crouch, Toby finds the water irresistible. Audrey says we've been here before, fifteen, perhaps twenty years ago. I know Crouch well enough but I can't recall another Society visit. Audrey points to a bank covered with brambles and all the flotsam of late summer. "It'll be a mass of snowdrops next year." There's a fountain at

Crouch, moss covering the top and water trickling out of a cherubic overflow to soak the ground below. We wonder why such an ornate fountain should be in such a place. The sun glints through a guelder rose overhanging the track.

We enter a sunken passage rather like a wider, lighter, Hungers Lane. John Wakeford can remember biking down here on his paper round, destination Barlavington. It would be a rough ride now certainly. Initials in the sandstone wall of the lane. On to the waterfall and the ponds. Which one is Chingford? I can't remember. On into Burton Park, the old St. Michael's school complex. Trying to sort out new building from old, but it's difficult, perhaps the line of the road has been altered.

Shall we go to the little church? St. Wilgeforte hanging upside down in the wall, a highly popular saint in the Middle Ages under various names "and especially invoked by women who had grown tired of their husbands," says the Guide Book. Quite. Burton Park was always a Roman Catholic stronghold and access to this Anglican enclave was not always freely given. The Goring and Biddulph families apparently merging through marriage.

Out into the autumn lanes, a decaying tarmac path. Some rhododendrons hacked off and two rather forlorn blooms appearing rebelliously on the cut stems. Out on to the road, teas at Burton Mill, but we don't stop. It's Rita's birthday and John's too and the company sing Happy Birthday at the crossroads. Well it was a Petworth Society walk after all!

P.

Ian and Pearl's Pretty West Chiltington Walk October 20th

The last walk of the season – the experts had predicted a dreadful wet day with high winds! No doubt that this had put off a few of our members, and only ten adults, Daniella and Gordon and Coral's timid dog "Ruffy" ventured forth – yes it was quite fresh but it was not raining and during the pleasant drive to West Chiltington the sun was actually shining. The trees were very autumnal now with many losing their leaves owing to the early frosts we have had over the past few days. On the Storrington Road we turned off towards West Chiltington then into Monkmead Lane and half a mile on into the car park on the right. After admiring a lovely silver birch tree we set off toward the West Sussex Golf course, a public right of way crosses right through and we did not see many golfers about. The ground was extremely sandy, but did not make for heavy going, we soon came to a road where we turned left, we passed a beautifully shaped yew archway which led to a splendid house. Along the road we stopped to admire a new laid hedge, obviously made by a real craftsman – not ripped by machine as we so often see these days. We disturbed some birds eating the holly berries – fieldfare apparently. We looked across the gate and could just see the runway for the Storrington Gliding Club – too windy today for any to be flying. We turned off the road into the drive to Tickletag Farm and we passed small paddocks with horses grazing and a flock of geese – someone suggested they



*Society stalwarts in poor weather on the last walk of the season.
Photograph by Peark Godsmark.*

were on watch as they were near to some stabling. Along this lane we found we had a panoramic view from Chanctonbury right round to Blackdown. We then went over a stile and walked along a maize field. At the other end we had another stile and then passed a little building which houses a small pump, stone steps then took us down to the lane below - later we found that we were now in Spinney Lane a very pretty estate of private properties - we noticed some very large eucalyptus trees. At the end of this lane we turned off into Sunset Lane, which had many picturesque thatched cottages - Cherry Tree Cottage - Broom Cottage, Aud remarked that it was more like the Cotswolds! We continued along until we came to another path back onto the Golf Club, there were a few players still about but I do not

think they were put off by us. All too soon we were back at the car park where we started - usual drinks were had and thanks given to Ian and Pearl for another interesting walk.

P.G.

Sunday 29th September 2002

Glorious weather. The 29th September 1942 had been a wet day and overcast. Some boys had been kept at home. A day when everyone remembers where they were when the clump came, a feeling of impending tragedy all too quickly confirmed. Once in a taxi at Three Bridges, "Where do you live?" "Petworth." "I was delivering for Vinnicombes just down the road when I heard the bomb." Or, outside the church at the end someone recalls a Squadron Leader friend: "Petworth?" "Oh yes, I was waiting in the train at the station travelling through on the branch line when a lady came into the compartment in some distress. 'Something terrible's happened at Petworth ...'"

It's choral evensong for Michaelmas Day, the lessons Daniel and Revelation, set for the day, but not the easiest. Daniel 10, itself written in the time of persecution and great suffering, preaching a fiery comfort. Michael and his angels come to help the afflicted against the armies of Persia and the prince of Greece. A man clothed in linen whose loins are girded with gold of Uphaz ...

People have come to Petworth often from a considerable distance. It's a full enough congregation and very much a Petworth gathering, almost a private sorrow. Some, understandably, have not wished to come. You could feel either way and be justified, "We that are left" have indeed grown old, those who died have not, blessed with, or trapped in, an eternal youth. How difficult it all is. The bishop has somehow, as Dr. Bell did sixty years ago, to justify the ways of God to man. It's not really about angels and archangels, symbols if you like. Effectively we can only see the reverse of the coin, the human reaction to unimaginable tragedy, much like the heroism of the New York firemen on September 11th. The address

*The LORD is my shepherd;
I shall not want
He maketh me to lie down
in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside
the still waters.
He restoreth my soul
He guideth me in the paths of
righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death
I will fear no evil:*

Calligraphy by Ron Pidgley.

is direct, matter of fact, pertinent. A last hymn "He who would valiant be ..." The blessing. Slowly the congregation rise to leave. The Michaelmas sun catches the brass top on the churchwarden's staff and just momentarily lights up the church.

So many people outside, a chance to meet old friends. We're a long time in the mellow sunshine.

P.



The Bishop's Address

There are and have been in history a number of what we might call "days of infamy" in which terrible events have occurred whose awfulness, if possible, is even enhanced by the particular days on which they happened.

The St Bartholomew's Day massacre, the dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima on the Feast of the Transfiguration, the attack on Israel on the Day of the Atonement - and of course the bomb which snuffed out the lives of 29 children and a number of adults on Michaelmas Day 1942.

Preaching at their funeral, Bishop George Bell spoke simply and movingly of children and what they signify in both earthly and heavenly terms. He touched the hearts of the parents and reminded everyone present of how Jesus had said that every ill-treated child had his or her own angel in heaven, beholding "the face of my Father who is in heaven."

It is one of the tragedies of our generation that not only do offences against the young and innocent appear more widespread than they have ever been, but most people in our society have no idea about these heavenly advocates. At best they see all this talk about angels as well-meaning wishful thinking, at worst it is pious claptrap. Not much hope there!

And yet, I do not think today's feast of St Michael and All Angels and the Bible's particular reference to the guardian angels, is really much to do with what I might call the "demography of heaven." I do not think that Jesus' words are even, at the end of the day, mainly about angels at all. They are, rather, about children and about the judgement of God which will fall upon all who harm them.

Far more serious than what people do or do not believe about angels is the fact that so many people in our society do not believe in the judgement of God which faces each and every one of us.

In 2002 who will ever forget the names of Holly and Jessica - or Millie too for that matter? We may more easily forget, although we should not, those Russian children killed apparently as a result of negligence in the Swiss plane crash, the Iraqi children dying, more deliberately, as the combined result of western sanctions and the actions of their own government; the Israeli children blown up by Palestinian suicide bombers or the Palestinian children shot and their homes bulldozed by Israeli soldiers. Or the victims of sexual abuse

and violence in our own or other countries, or the almost countless numbers dying from poverty and starvation in a world which could so easily feed many times its current population, or the unborn killed in their millions in our own and other so called civilised societies.

I could go on - but I hope you have heard enough to understand that the massacre of the innocents goes on and if any good at all is to be drawn from today's sad celebration, it should surely be that we should commit ourselves afresh to do all we can to protect those whom the Lord Jesus said were the symbol of the kingdom of heaven.

Our commemoration is however not only a protest against violence and plea for the innocent. It is also a very wonderful opportunity for gratitude and defiance. I am very aware of the important role played in the aftermath of the horrors of 29th September 1942 by the Canadian troops stationed nearby, and indeed not only theirs but also that of many local people too.

It's not simply that we want to thank them (and God for them) but also that we see in their heroic efforts to honour the dead and rescue the injured a sign of the wonderful resistance and defiant compassion of the human spirit.

You see, Michaelmas Day 1942 is not only a symbol of human wickedness and the vulnerability of children. It is also a sign of the human (and therefore God-given) capacity we all have for heroic, humane and generous responses.

We may not be able to prevent disasters but we can respond to disasters in a way that ennoble human nature. This commemoration reminds us that in this world tragedy and glory are inextricably mixed up. While realism requires us always to be on our guard against the evil that stalks the innocent, we should nonetheless rejoice that even in the midst of the worst things that can happen there are traces to be detected of the kingdom of God and that each and every one person has a place and a part to play in that. By doing so we can make our contribution to turning days of infamy into days of glory.

Solution to Deborah's Crossword

Across

1 Goldsworthy, 9 Oving, 10 Tudor, 11 Tee, 12 Field, 14 End, 15 Coates, 16 Knight, 18 Aid, 20 Tithe, 21 Irk, 22 Enact, 24 Basin, 25 Bartholomew

Down

2 Ovine, 3 Dog, 4 Walter, 5 Rot, 6 Hodge, 7 Northchapel, 8 Trade tokens, 12 Fleet, 13 Dance, 17 Studio, 19 Drama, 21 Issue, 23 Tot, 24 Boo

Deborah is taking a well-earned rest this quarter but the crossword will be back for the March issue.

The lady in white

Mr John Morris writes:

Dear Peter,



Please find small photograph of a young lady making her way towards the Leconfield Hall on a long-forgotten summer's day in 1924.

The cars are both American, the one in front is an air-cooled 1922 Franklin, the car behind it is most probably – according to Bill Wareham – a rare and short-lived make known as a Jewett, of some 4.1 litres. It seems that they both ran as taxis. Bill tells me that the Jewett was the only car in the area that would climb Duncton Hill in top gear, quite a spectacular achievement in those days, indeed the majority of cars today need third gear!

Returning to the photograph, I love the tranquillity of the scene, particularly the wheelbarrow outside Austens – another world to be sure.

Yours etc.

The Rotherbridge Water-wheel



Mr Rolf Rowling draws attention to the decayed condition of the Rotherbridge water-wheel taken several years ago to Coultershaw. It had been installed initially to pump spring water to Rotherbridge farm in order to cool milk. It seems a shame that having been rescued once it looks to need rescuing again! For a picture of it in use see main illustrations. This is Rolf's picture of its present forlorn state.

The Petworth School Collage

In 1962 the Sussex County Show was held at Petworth. This was before a permanent home was found at Ardingly. The show ground was at Soanes farm to the south of South Grove, bordered by Station Road, Haslingbourne Lane and Grove Lane.

About twelve months before, head teachers of schools in the area were asked to produce something for the Education Marquee. The Education Organiser visited schools to discuss suggestions. We decided to do a collage of Petworth incorporating the history, activities and life of the town, and providing a topic to study in school lessons.

At this time there were three schools in Petworth under one head teacher, Arthur Hill, appointed in 1950. There were the Infants School, on the site of the present Public Library, the Girls' School in East Street, and the Boys' School at Culvercroft in Pound Street which had been taken over when the former Boys' School, at the bottom of North Street, had been bombed in 1942. We had a flat at Culvercroft and I taught at the Girls' School. The kitchens at Culvercroft were used as a canteen for school dinners and the children from the Infants' and Girls' Schools walked down with a teacher in charge. Other rooms became classrooms.

The collage was to be quite large; giving us scope for many points of interest and it was intended to be hung up as a large picture. Pale blue material for the sky and light green for the ground was put in place and we, the top class girls, ten to eleven years of age, were ready to begin. Suggestions came from the girls themselves – Petworth House, the Meet in front of the House, the stirrup cup, the Town Hall, the wall round the Park, the Lake, Petworth fair, the obelisk, people going about their daily business, the church and many other features. The hunt was on for scraps of suitable material and cotton wool for stuffing.

The girls were really keen: the base was left on a large table each day and was worked on whenever possible. All exhibits had to be handed in at County Hall a month before the Show date. The last month or so we were frantic to get it finished and a great sigh of relief went up when it was. It had taken twelve months.

The great day arrived at last and we were given a holiday to go to the Show. There were the usual activities and Petworth really came alive. As we entered the Education Marquee, right opposite was our collage, hung just above eye level. The children were delighted and we heard many appreciative comments. We too were interested to see what other schools in the area had contributed to the Exhibition.

When all three schools moved to the new Primary School, the collage went with us and hung on the stairs for several years. The Primary School was officially opened by the Bishop

of Chichester on the 6th May 1964. The Bishop also dedicated the School memorial to the 28 boys, head master and teacher who lost their lives when the Boys' School was bombed in 1942.

Now the collage will hang in the Leconfield Hall as part of the history of Petworth. I hope very much some of the girls who were at school at that time and who worked on the collage will come to see it and that it will remind them of their schooldays.

[Notes by Mrs Margaret Hill]

'Mrs Vigar . . . I presume'

Among regular contributors to this Magazine, Nellie Duncton and Kath Vigar stand out, not simply for the length of their recall, but for the sheer interest of their recollection. Some fifteen years ago Ethel Place did much the same: even recalling the winter of 1899 at the age of well over a hundred. Ethel was very deaf, she wrote out her material for me, and I never actually met her. Nellie Duncton will be a hundred early next year, while at the age of 92 Kath Vigar is positively youthful! Every reader of this Magazine knows Kath through her writing and I have heard that distinctive voice often enough over the telephone, but over a good decade or more I had never met her.

All was to change: Tony Richards long-time friend of Kath's son Bill who lives at Burgess Hill, phoned to say that Bill would be bringing Kath to the Gog Lodges and would Marian and I like to come. I suppose Kath has a little of the frailty of 92 years but only a little.



Gog and Magog lodges some eighty years ago. Photograph courtesy of Mr Tim Austin.

Still a very lively lady with a marvellous sense of humour and overflowing with memories of a Petworth that has faded almost from coherent recall. Going to these very lodges to buy cherries. "Mog Thayre was my Guide mistress." "My Dad ran whist drives for the British Legion. I went with my Mum, I'd be about thirteen at the time, it was in a big room at the Horse Guards." Or being friendly with the Bryder children at Tillington. There was a goat and goat's milk. Going up the Common all day to play, taking a galley pot of custard. Or moving from Tillington to a North Street lodge and her father coming across some old furniture suffering somewhat in a shed, drawing attention to it and being commended. It was valuable and had been overlooked. It would be 1923. Or thinking of Tillington School during the 1914-1918 war.



Mrs Vigar at the Gog Lodges September 2002. Photograph by Bill Vigar.

Kath is still very much a Petworth person. Being years at Hurstpierpoint haven't altered that. But you can't sit there taking notes: this was essentially a social occasion. These are just a few snippets of conversation. I've finally caught up with Kath and hopefully not for the last time!

P.

The Tame Robin A Garland feature from 1939

This is the story of a tame robin. In the autumn of 1937, Mr E.J. Ayles, who lives at Billingshurst, Sussex, and who is a patrolman in the Automobile Association, found a lame robin by the A.A. box at Fittleworth. He tended it and fed it, and in course of time they became good friends.

Every day since then when, Mr Ayles, whose beat runs between Midhurst and Pulborough, gets to his box at Fittleworth he meets his little feathered friend. Sometimes the bird will meet him some 200 yards from the trysting place, and ride along on the handlebars of his motor cycle combination. At other times he has only to whistle for the bird to fly out and settle on his hand, there to feed on luscious cheese rind, of which robins are very fond.

And so man and bird have been meeting each other in this way since that distant autumn day of 1937. So long as the man is there the robin is unafraid, and will not attempt to fly away.

Mr Ayles, who served in the navy for 25 years, retired on pension from the service 13 years ago. As a boy he was brought up on a farm in Dorset, where he worked as a ploughboy. It was then that he formed his fondness for birds, and, in fact, all animals.

See main illustrations.

The dog, the cat and the daisy

In the Park wall's east side, about 140 yards north-west of the brink of the hill down to the Upperton gate and about 65 yards north-west of the furthest beech tree to the north-west of the adjoining clump, about 1³/₄ feet up from the ground, on a limestone block set in the greensand wall, is the portrait of a dog. The block follows the outline of its head, about 12 inches by 8 inches; while the dog's upper and lower 4th teeth are missing, suggesting this may be a portrait from the life. The dog is about 6 feet from an overhanging ivy clump, the second from the brow of the hill.

On the west side of the wall, immediately behind the dog, and about 2 feet up from the ground, is a similar limestone block, now eroded, portraying a two-eared cat, fall-face, its eyes and nose badly weathered, and, to its left, a daisy with two of its petals now missing. The cat and daisy are in the wall in the field behind Park Cottage, Upperton.

Perhaps the Upperton dog and cat belonged to the stonemason constructing that part of the wall. The dog's portrait is exact and detailed, while the cat is sketchy, the daisy being stronger.

Jeremy Godwin

Petworth Fair – Ephemeral Perspectives

Only those fortunate enough to have grown up in the town can remember the effect that Petworth Fair has on a young child. If you could bottle the sense of anticipation and excitement, which precedes the big day, then we would be rich indeed. As far as I can recall the 'day' had only one other rival and that was the children's Christmas party at Petworth House, and though while greatly enjoyed, it came a distant second to the fair. Purely by chance

I have recently happened upon two quite dissimilar illustrations of what Petworth Fair means to us. The two pieces are quite unconnected in origin and yet essentially linked by their association with the fair and the fact that they are quite remarkable examples of ephemera, valued equally as much for their astonishing survival as for the charm of their contents.

The 'Silver Wedding' poem reproduced below came into our possession among a pile of old books donated to the Society for our monthly book sale. The verse gives no indication of who the author is, though by identifying the source of the accompanying books we suspect that we know that it may have been a local lady who passed away quite recently. The silver wedding is obviously that of the Queen and Prince Philip and while I can't personally recall the occasion, no doubt we found time to briefly acknowledge the royal celebration before getting on with the more important issue of enjoying Petworth Fair!

Silver Wedding Day on Nov. 20 1972. The Traditional Fair

Day in Petworth

It was a cold November day
With fitful gleams of sun
And as we went our working way
We had no thought of fun.
Children intent on holiday
Were heedless of the cold and wet.
The silver Queen had said her say –
On play, not work, their minds were set.

In Petworth Square at Sunset hour

There wildly whirled the round-about

Beside the bank and the old Town Hall

I heard the cheerful children shout.

Out of the dusk of the coming night

I chanced on the gay and carefree throng

Red and gold was the fairground light

Bright and blaring the fairground song.

The Children rode on their static steeds

Their eyes were bright and they held on tight.

They dreamed perhaps of their silver Queen

For the sake of whom they would work and fight.

I left the gay and gaudy sight

And homeward went through the dusk of night

And in the western evening sky

I saw the ragged sunset die

Through silver clouds on a silver day –

A day to remember.

The second item of ephemera is a petition reproduced from the Petworth Girl Guides scrapbook where it is pasted in under the heading of NOVEMBER 1964. Clearly the young Guides who so earnestly added their names to the list were unhappy at the thought of missing

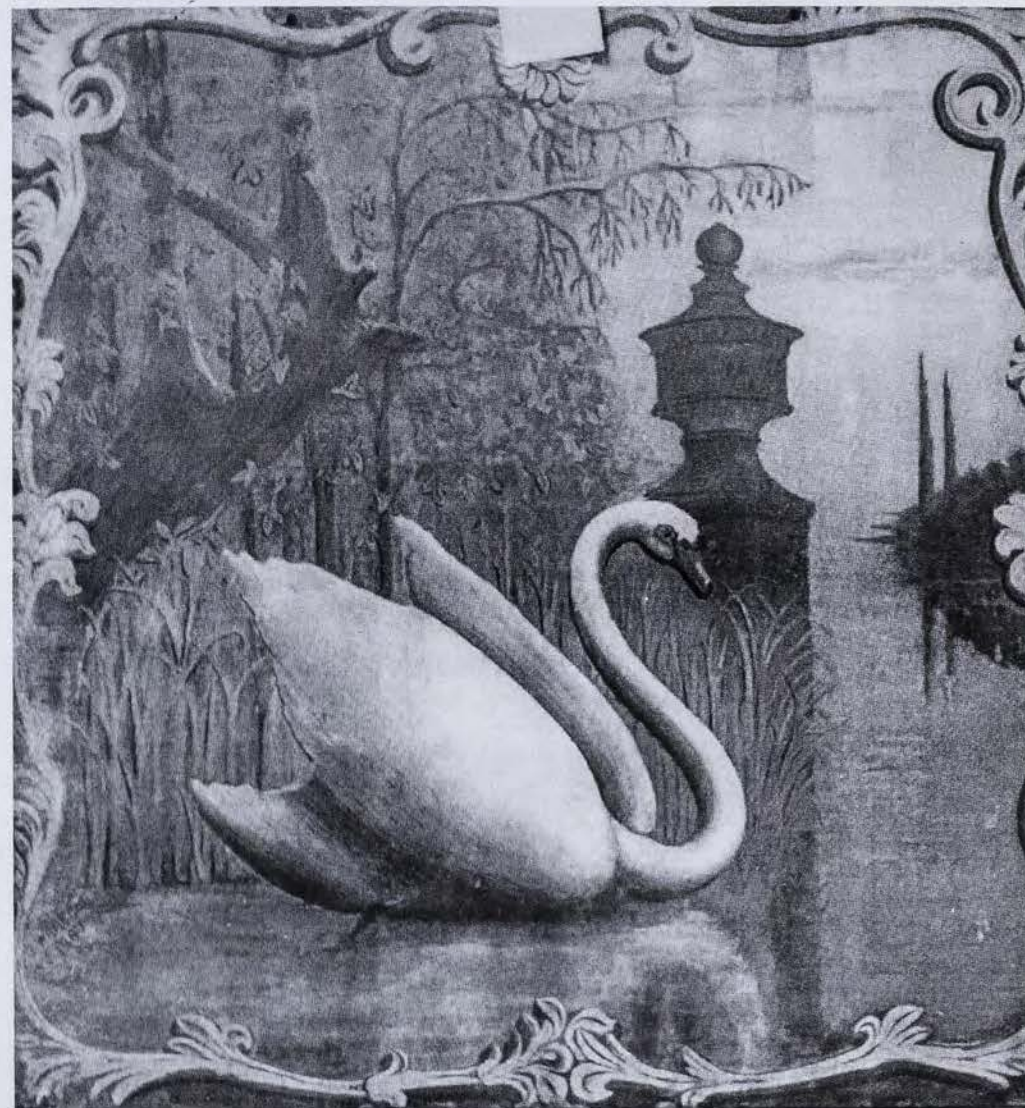
Petworth Fair, which that year fell on a Friday, and Friday was of course the customary day for Guides meetings! Not to be thwarted the girls appealed to the good nature of Mrs Whitcomb - their Captain - who clearly understood the seriousness of the predicament, for on the very next page of the scrapbook Lieutenant Joyce Rendall records in few words the satisfactory outcome of the petition -

"Petworth Fair. The list opposite was presented to Captain so therefore we all went to the FAIR!!!"

We ~~won't~~ ^{won't} reach Captain Friday ~~all~~ for the fair.

Signed N. H. H. H.
Susan Maycock.
 P. Page.
J. N. H. H.
 M. Cross.
 Liz Brown
 R. Costello
R. H. H.
 S. Blackman
 A. R. H. H.
 S. Penfold.
 G. Pilbeam
 L. Seeley
 A. Homewood.

Guides petition to be allowed to attend the fair.



The old slate Swan Inn sign, taken down about 1900, now reinstated on the stairs at the Leconfield Hall. Photograph by G. G. Garland.

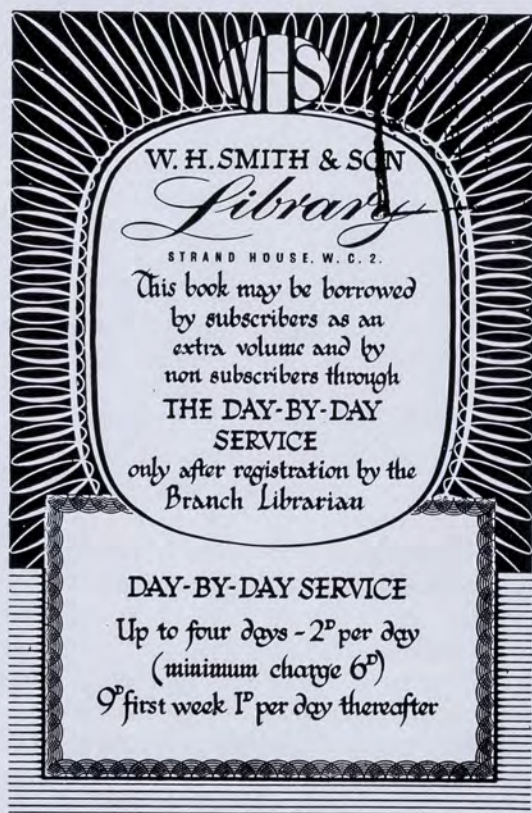


Part view of the Royal Counties Show at Petworth in 1962, looking in the direction of Haslingbourne. See "The Petworth School Collage." Photograph by G. G. Garland.

‘Loud talking or skylarking is not permitted’ Some book sale reflections

Book sales are heavy work, box after box, platform or otherwise to be manhandled into car or trailer, unloaded at the Hall then laboriously put out on tables. Putting away may be anti-climactic but it's never so hard. So what's the point? I suppose you could ask what's the point of the Magazine. I don't know, it is something that just happens. Perhaps the Society itself hasn't any point, I don't know. Certainly the book sale money is useful, making (I would think) for a stable subscription rate, the occasional extravagance with the magazine, a few extra pictures perhaps, or more artwork to break up the text. And there's the feeling that if the Society needs something, then, within reason, it can have it. But money's not really the key: obviously if the Book Sales didn't make money, and they certainly do, we'd feel the effort was hardly worth while, but, no, we don't do it for the money. Why then? Perhaps it's the feeling of an "in your face" Society presence once a month, meeting new people, and, very occasionally, enlisting a new member. People look now for the familiar signs, appearing at eight o'clock on Sunday morning, to disappear exactly a week later. Some see it as magic, but the reality is less romantic. Perhaps it's the dealing with books, all manner of them, pulp novels, coffee table books, art books, annuals, forgotten novels ... the occasional "gem" and that satisfied feeling when it's all set out. Or the literal scrum of bargain hunters at opening time followed by the more decorous, unhurried run of visitors during the day, some staying for hours, adding to growing piles behind the 50p counter, others walking sniffily round and out. There's no fee for admission. The former will go off with a box from under the table, a reused carrier or carriers or one of the capacious black-liveried Petworth Society carriers. Good advertising.

Filling up the great central phalanx of assorted fiction on the day: it must never be allowed to go slack, constantly reinforced from reserve during the day. By the end we will have sold some 1500 books at least, but you'd hardly notice. The £2 table's empty, the £1 a wreck, the 50p sick, the 25p still well worth a rummage. Perhaps our attitude's not tough enough. Of course we have to discard but we do it almost apologetically. The whole collection is effectively the last century in microcosm – often the previous one too. Most books would have a story to tell but most are quite mute. Just a select few carry a hint of their previous history. There's "*Stripped of it's Tinsel*" by J.E. Muddick (Digby, Long and Co 1896), a story of Bohemia. "Not the Bohemia of geography, but of that somewhat mythical world where intellect and poverty are supposed to be linked in an unbreakable bond." J.E. Muddick seems to have been a prolific author. The impressive library binding is badly broken now. By 1897 the book was in the Royal Military College library at Sandhurst. The rules (printed and gummed inside front cover) are strict. "The names of Gentlemen Cadets who have had books for fourteen days and upwards will be published in College Orders every Monday." Books were not throwaway items in 1897. It is a theme reiterated by the great circulating libraries. The R.M.C. library was intended "for quiet conversation and reading: loud talking and skylarking is not permitted." Quite.



A W. H. Smith library label from the 1940s.

with the book, or, like some faithful old horse, it was finally put out to grass. Or John Buchan's *Oliver Cromwell* from the R.A.S.C. depot library at Kensington Barracks in 1945. I remember barracks at the bottom of Church Street, how often would I have walked past the gates and the sentries on the door. I look at the book and think we've both been a long way since. Perhaps that's a less tangible reason for book sales, to let our thoughts fly away.

If you like, it's the voices. If you're alone in the Hall with the stock set out you can almost feel those voices, silent but clamouring for a listener. Most will not find one; there are simply too many trying to be heard. The endless passages of dialogue in forgotten novels with shabby covers, paperback or hardback, words losing the battle with time. How soon the merely fashionable becomes outmoded Here's something unusual, a stray volume of *Belgravia*, a London Magazine, "conducted" by M.E. Braddock. This issue is for February 1871, some five hundred pages of stories, poems, engravings and even quite factual articles. Something for everyone on a long winter's evening. Miss Reay in copperplate pencil on the title page, nothing here that would give offence at the vicarage. There's a defence of candles against

Some books testify to the educating influence of the old subscription libraries, local like Mr. and Mrs. Card's Chinese Lantern in High Street, still operating perhaps in the 1960s; Major Collins at the Four and Twenty Blackbirds at the north east corner of Lombard Street would go on longer. The green Boots sticker, usually cancelled, on the outside front cover is relatively common, while Mudie's bright yellow label protruding over the lip of the front cover, tends to be older. Smith's subscription library can be traced from a label in Hal Godfrey's *"The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore"* a farcical novel (1897), with its ornate covers in the contemporary style to the "twopence per day, sixpence minimum" per issue of the 1940s. There's J.B. Priestley's *English Humour* (1929) and a rare example of a surviving issue sheet. Braintree and Bocking Institute, 7 days allowed for reading. There are 41 entries between November 1929 and the 8th June 1949. What happened then? Perhaps the borrower absconded

"the very brilliancy of gas and lamp-light." The spine's broken but the pages not foxed at all.

STOCKTAKING SALE ORDER.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, Ltd.,

30 to 34, New Oxford Street,

LONDON, W.C.

One way for books to escape the library "treadmill". This Mudie's sell-off envelope comes from 1915/6.

Last month, looking round at 3.45 prior to clearing up, a book took my eye on the jumble of non-fiction. Obviously it hadn't caught the eye of anyone else. *Copsford* by Walter J.C. Murray (Allen and Unwin 1948), still with dustcover intact. A man living in London, apparently as a freelance writer fulfils a long-felt dream of taking a remote, derelict, windowless cottage miles from anywhere. He proposes to harvest the herbs of the countryside and sell them to pharmaceutical companies. It will be, perhaps, 1938, certainly pre-war. Clivers, foxglove, agrimony, travellers joy, meadowsweet, tansy, eyebright, yarrow and others. But first he has to win an individual battle with the rats which have colonised the empty house and resent his occupation. It really is a most vivid book, a quite distinctive voice amid the cacophony. Does anyone else know the book? And best of all it's a real Sussex book, two-thirds of the way through the district is revealed as Hellingly away to the east.

But I've digressed enough already. Book sales can be a magic carpet, leaving so many questions, offering so many new avenues to explore. Where was R.A.F. Changi, whose library is missing a 1950s novel? If the library still exists it probably isn't too worried.* The book now seems redolent of dull expatriate weekends forty years ago – probably pretty hot too. Oh and did I pay my 25p for *Copsford*? It was certainly a bargain. But the sale was finished The "till" had gone. Not a word to Andy or Miles – please!

P.

* In fact the book has been officially cancelled

THE FOUR-AND-TWENTY
BLACKBIRDS
LENDING LIBRARY
PETWORTH
SUSSEX

1950s
1960s

S.

WANDSWORTH TRAINING COLLEGE

LIBRARY

The romance of
library marks -
reduced size.

Book No. 822 SHA 1/1

[1929]

R. S. CHANGI
ECCLESIASTICAL LIBRARY

NFM
171

In.

This book may be kept for
14 days. It must be returned
by the date stated below.

NFM
71. DUE

DUE

CT 1962

HEADQUARTERS, R.A.S.C.
4.0.
18 DEC 1945
KENSINGTON BARRACKS,
LONDON, W.8.
THIS BOOK MUST
BE RETURNED ON OR BEFORE THE
LAST DATE
SHOWN BELOW.
No. 4.0.
1.6.46



Braintree & Bocking
INSTITUTE.
CLASS /
No. 2
ADMITTED TO LIBRARY.
1929
Days allowed for Reading.
Penalty for detaining beyond the time
allowed - One half-penny per day.

BOURNEMOUTH
CATHOLIC LENDING LIBRARY
Sacred Heart Church
The Institute, Richmond Hill

1960s

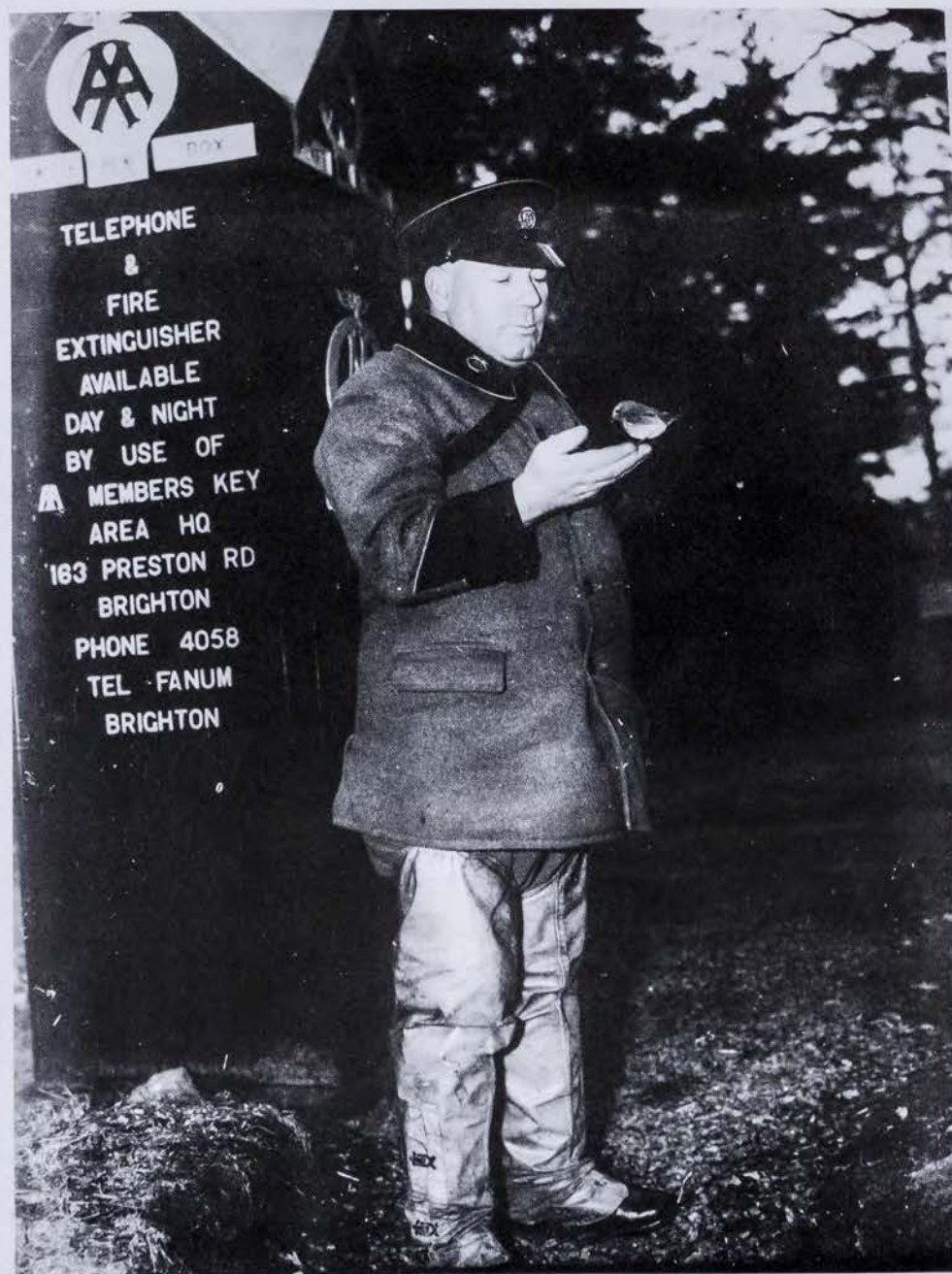
H. SMITH & SON'S
SUBSCRIPTION LIBRARY,
108, STRAND, LONDON,
AND AT THE RAILWAY BOOKSTALLS.
NOVELS ARE LOANED TO AND RECEIVED FROM SUBSCRIBERS IN SETS ONLY.
TERMS:
For ONE Volume at a time 20 10 0 12 Months
For TWO Volumes 30 10 0 12 Months
For THREE Volumes 40 10 0 12 Months
For FOUR " 50 10 0 12 Months
For SIX " 60 10 0 12 Months
For TWELVE " 100 10 0 12 Months
The books in charge of Messrs. H. Smith & Son's bookstalls are required to see that
books with illustrations and Maps are bound to and received from the subscribers to the
Library, in perfect condition.

[1897]

ST. THOMAS' PATIENT'S LIBRARY
NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY



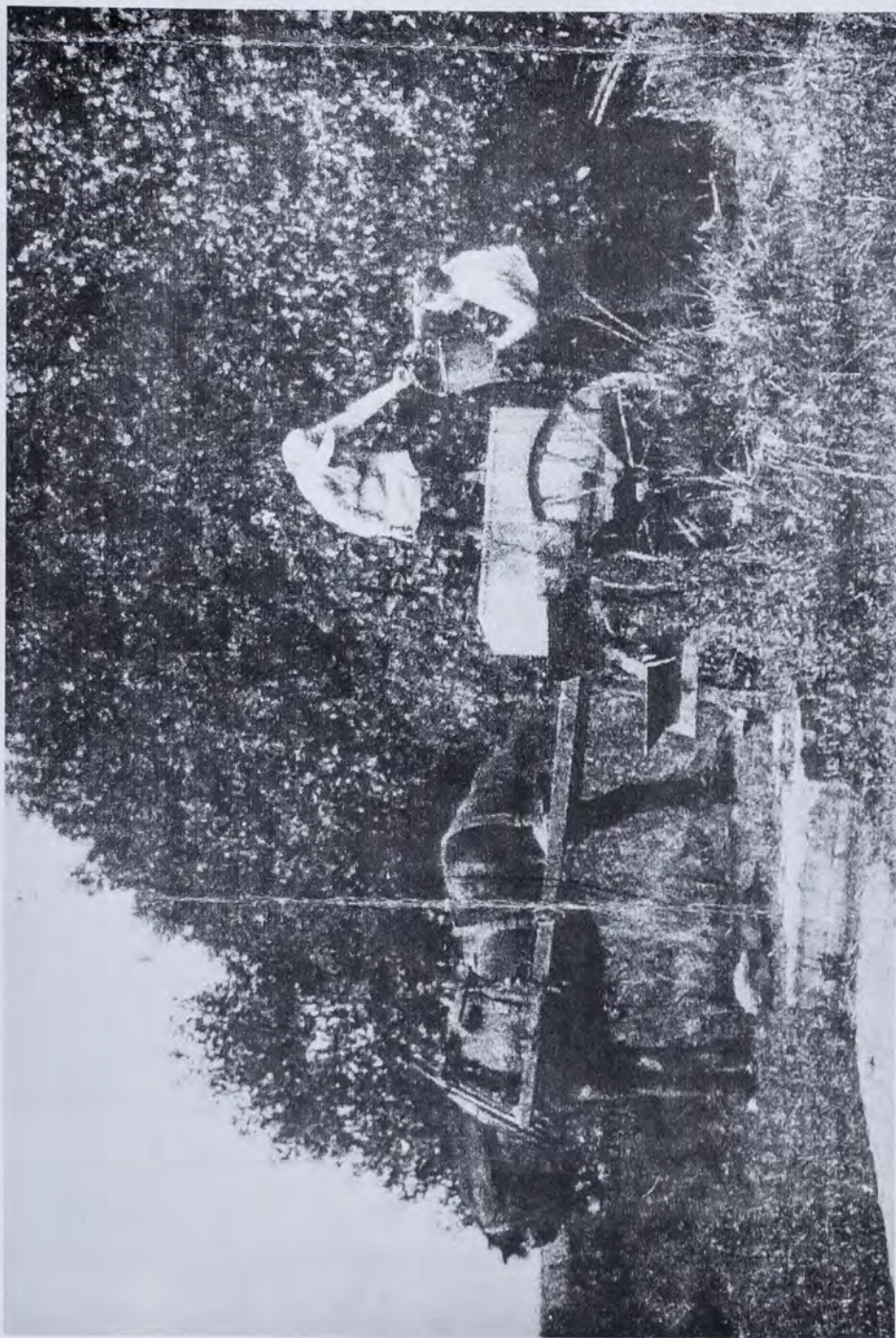
Looking out from "Eagers" window on to Petworth Fair about 1970, a tradition reflected
also by Kin Knight in 1908. Photograph by Charles White. Courtesy of Mr D. Sneller.



Mr Eyles in 1939. See "The tame Robin". Photograph by G. G. Garland.



The iconography of the road; one of a series of photographs commissioned by the late Mr Gerard Marillier in 1963. Northchapel School sign.



Rotherbridge Water Wheel about 1922. Photograph by G. G. Garland.

'Odd-Eyes' and other Short Tales From Westlands

'Odd Eyes'

There were nine of us children and there were probably others that Mother miscarried. There was Perc, Jack, Sid, Me, Dorothy May, Kate, George, Reginald and Frank in that order. Dorothy was the only one who had two names and that was because she was born on Mum's birthday in May. Reginald has two different coloured eyes one Kitchener (which was Mother's maiden name) eye that was dark brown, and the other was blue. Mother said that he belonged to two parishes, and I called him 'odd eyes', but Mother didn't like that and soon put a stop to it.

Hot Coals and Great Long Legs

When we were young Dad worked out in the woods doing piecework. He had to be in the woods by 7 a.m. and this meant that quite often he would have to be up by 4 o'clock. Early one freezing cold winter morning I came down the stairs and had the shock of my life, I screamed. "Mum, Dad is trying to burn his shoes". Of course I had got it all wrong and Dad was simply trying to warm up his wet boots by putting a shovel full of hot coals into each one.

Dad had great long legs and we children had to run to keep up with him. He would walk from Kirdford to Plaistow to meet up with Aunt Fanny's husband and then they would go off walking together. They were great friends and they were together so often that people used to tease them as though they were lovers.

Twins

When the hazelnuts were ready I used to go picking them. I can remember the old people saying that the number of double nuts that you picked was always the same as the number of twins in the village. Well I counted up how many doubles that I had collected that day and then counted the twins around Great Common and they both came to seven, so there must be some truth in the tale!

Rabbit Brains

When Mother had given birth to one of the younger children I had to do all of the household chores like cooking and washing, while she nursed the baby. Dad had bought in some rabbits, we skinned them, and then I had to put my finger through the soft bit of bone on their skull and pick out the brain. It was very good for young babies and even one-day-old babies would be given it off the finger.

This and Than

There were two boys that lived down Blackhouse Lane with their mother. One son named Edward left home and worked for the council while Tom the other boy remained at home with his mother. She never had shoes and socks on her feet and hardly any clothes, Tom used to work for my husband, and Joe would send the boy home with a corn sack and some binder string which she wore next to her naked body. You see things were hard in those days.

Pat Emmett worked for Joe for a long time, since he left school in fact. He was a clumsy

lad and would break everything he touched. Pat came from River Hill but moved to Blackhouse Lane. Later when we moved to Montpelier the estate found him a cottage at Shimmings.

Cecil Puttick, who worked for Petworth Engineering, came up to Westlands to clean out the well. He fetched up three old heavy flat irons that I had thrown down there to get rid of. I wasn't best pleased.

There always seemed to be a lot of drinking going on in the old days, and after ploughing the men would play darts and drink cider in the shed. There would be Joe, Jack Baker, Cecil Puttick and Mr Seldon. I can tell you that they drunk more than a drop or two!

I told you before how Joe used to make a 'pie' to keep the potatoes dry in the winter. Well I remember when there was a wasp's nest in one of the pies and I got sent to Mr Steggles the chemist in Petworth to get some poison. Mr Steggles said that he didn't like selling the poison because he reckoned that if you spilt a drop on the floor and somebody came in with damp shoes and trod on it the fumes could kill a person. We had to use poison on the wasps because they had got into the straw, which covered the 'pie', and if we tried burning them out we could have lost the whole 'pie'.

Nellie Duncton was talking to Miles Costello and Audrey Grimwood. For other recollections by Mrs Duncton see Magazines 53, 54, 81, 88, 89, 90 and 109.

‘We don't tot, we cast’

I started at Midhurst Grammar School in 1936, The Rev. Bernard Heald being headmaster then. I still have a school photograph from 1938; I'd be in the fourth form then. I'd grown up at Iping in a farmhouse close to Fitzhall where my father was employed laying out the gardens; he would later move on to Earnley near Chichester but, fortunately perhaps, only when I was just about to leave school. There was a war on by then (1941) and there was no way my parents could see me through university. I was too young to go into the R.A.F. and joined the Midland Bank at Petworth as temporary wartime staff. I'd cycle over from Fitzhall to work, although if the weather was particularly bad I could go in the little bus that ran every two hours to Petworth. I spent almost two years at the Bank, Bill Peters being the head clerk. Mrs. Peters I remember as a very smart lady. Howard Read was a clerk, he lodged in Petworth, a man perhaps in his late twenties or early thirties. He went into the R.A.F. and was killed in action. Mr. Brett, another clerk, had rather poor eyesight, but he too went into the R.A.F. in a non-flying capacity. I also went into the R.A.F. flying in Bomber Command with 625 Squadron.

When I was at the Grammar School, girls from Lady Margaret School at Parsons Green, Fulham were in Midhurst as evacuees. They went to the Priory at Easebourne in the morning and had the use of the Grammar School in the afternoon. The boys meanwhile had sport or spent the time in "preparation" i.e. homework. I kept up with one of the girls after the war and eventually we married.

The Rev. Heald had been at Midhurst for a long time, but towards the end of my time there Mr. Lucas took over, bringing a definite change of emphasis; the school cadet corps being a fairly early casualty, although Mr. Jackson, "Jacko", later deputy headmaster, was flying officer in charge of the local A.T.C. At that time he taught basic French and English, although in later years he taught essentially mathematics. It was "Jacko" who gave me an interest in poetry that I have never lost. Mr. Hayes taught maths at this time, but to me as boy of fifteen, the masters all seemed fairly old – much older indeed than they probably were.

Mr. Sidney Theodore Jerome was Manager of the Bank and also Captain of the local Home Guard. He had been manager for many years and had a Military Cross from the 1914-1918 war and wore an R.F.C. Observer badge from the war on his uniform. When there was a Home Guard parade in the evening, he would go home for lunch (he lived at this time at North Mead) and come back in uniform. Very smart he was too. I remember him showing me once some black and white aerial photographs he had taken of the trenches during the 1914-1918 war and I found them fascinating. I wonder if they have survived. As I say, he didn't at this time live in the Bank premises, another lady lived in Whitehall.

I suppose, by modern office standards, it was all pretty primitive but I imagine the Midland at Petworth was much the same as any other small town bank of its time. The only heating was a coal fire at one end while the lighting came from gas lamps which, of course, gave off a certain warmth. The mantles tended to shatter if someone slammed the door. All in all, it could be quite cold in the bank. I used to stand at a desk, making entries in the ledger. Customers with savings accounts had little pass books and when they made a deposit they brought the book to the bank where I would make the appropriate entry in passbook and ledger. There were also round metal miniature safes known as Home Safes for which only the manager had a key. If the customer wished to make a withdrawal the safe would be brought into the bank for Mr. Jerome to open.

Mr. Jerome was a very "hands on" manager. Economy was the rule in wartime and envelopes were religiously saved for reuse and gummed labels put back on. The Manager opened all mail personally. At regular intervals dirty banknotes were parcelled up and sent to Head Office; I'd take the parcel up to the Post Office in East Street in a brief case. The case was chained to my wrist and I had a whistle to blow in case anyone attacked me. Sometimes I'd go up on my own; sometimes I'd have someone with me. Petworth was so quiet then: there was never anyone about or so it seemed. Certainly the money I was carrying would be a significant sum.

A lot of the things I learned at Petworth helped me in later life – being orderly in managing an office, even being proficient at simple maths. When I began, Mr. Jerome said to me, "Bond, I want you to go through the ledger." "You want me to tot up the columns?" "Bond, in the Bank we don't tot we cast." And he was right, of course, you would cast your eye up a column of figures. This helped me later in the Air Force when I was called up. I did a lot of navigation work which involved reckoning. I had no formal training in banking; I had simply turned up at the branch and been given jobs to do. In those days banking was very personal and you knew most of the customers by name and also, of course, the state of their accounts. As an eighteen year old working in the bank I had a certain status in the town. I

knew if someone had an overdraft and part of the importance and mystique of the Bank brushed off on me. "Good morning, Mr. Bond," people would say as they met me in the street. The Manager had very considerable discretionary powers in those days. One customer I remember had exceeded his allotted overdraft and it was politely suggested that he sell a cow. He did!

Yes, I do remember the day the school was bombed. It was a sultry day and some of the boys came running home. I heard the clump although of course we didn't immediately know what had happened.

Mr. and Mrs. Tunks had their café opposite the bank. The shop is now Oak Apple Trading. I'd go in there for a cup of tea while I waited for the bus home. Mr. Clegg, the dentist, was across the road in Lancaster House and while I was waiting to go into the R.A.F. I had considerable work done on my teeth. Mr. Jerome was very helpful, giving me time off whenever it was needed. When Mr. Clegg had a free hour or so he'd ring up the bank and say, "Send him over." Mr. Jerome always obliged. When I was in the R.A.F. the dentist commented on the excellent work done and asked who had done it.

One afternoon we'd closed at the usual time. I'd shut the doors and put the chain on as was my usual duty, when the bell went. It was a man with a black homburg hat. He told me his name but it meant nothing to me. I kept the door shut and went to report to Mr. Jerome. "Mr. Reginald McKenna is outside." There was immediate consternation. It appeared that Mr. McKenna (sometime, I think, Chancellor of the Exchequer) was a director of the Midland Bank. Treasury notes, too, often bore his signature! The great man seemed unperturbed and said I'd acted exactly as I should have done.

Lunch I had with a Miss Cooper at a private house in High Street, I think. I certainly remember coming out of the bank and turning left. Mr. Read lodged there and arranged for me to eat there at lunch time as he did himself. I didn't have a lot of money to spare: my salary was £50 a year, a little under £1 a week.

Petworth then? Lord Leconfield was just a name. I don't recall ever actually seeing him. There was a multitude of different shops like Mott the pork butcher on the south side of the Market Square (now Barringtons). Bacons the shoe-shop (now Garden House) on the corner of Park Road, and the Swan Inn – definitely the place to go for a drink. But I didn't drink and on my salary could hardly afford to!

Obviously the war made for staff changes, female staff left to get married, Mr. Peters went into the R.A.F. and Mr. Woodger came from Horsham. I'm not sure whether he came before or after Mr. Sellers. Herbert Samuel Sellers – I had the idea he'd worked with Mr. Jerome before, presumably at Petworth. He was a lay preacher, but I can't remember for which denomination. I once went to have a cup of tea with him at the "round house" on the Pound Corner before I caught the bus home. Mr. Woodger would also live there.

One of the female staff I recall was very kind to me. She was then Miss Sybil Muzzell who later married a local (Fittleworth) farmer by name of Leslie Gadd. They had a son called Keith. I first saw him in a cradle as a baby but have not met him since, although I know he is still in the Petworth area, farming like his father.

When I retired from working for B.E.A. (later B.A.) my wife wanted to come back to



"Morleys Corner", Mafeking Day 1900. Kin Knight is third from left. Photograph by Walter Kevis.



The Knight family with friends in Pound Street c1908.



Aunt Alice (Sherwin), Mr and Mrs Knight (seated) with Kin. Pound Street c1908. Photographs courtesy of the Carnarvon Brown family.

Midhurst, although we did look first at property in Petworth. Now I overlook the garden of Capron House, part of the old Grammar School. Sadly my wife died soon after we returned in 1988 but I have since remarried. I feel I've done the circle, come back to my roots, and am happy to be back.

Henry Bond was talking to the Editor. Henry is Chairman of the Midhurst Society.

A Brighton Girl at Heart

I have lived in Grove Lane for eighty years though I consider myself a Brighton girl at heart, and have followed the Albion all of my life. You see my father had been a groom at Petworth House and when he joined up during the Great War my Mother moved to Brighton to stay with her parents. I suppose Father must have visited Brighton on leave and that's how I came about for I was born there in 1918. Sometime shortly after my birth Father suffered terribly from shell shock and he was hospitalised at Chichester, he never did come home again and I suppose that I only ever saw him about four times in my life, in those days children were not really welcome in hospitals and sadly he died when I was just 12 years old.

I was four when Mother was offered a new council house in Grove Lane, Petworth. There were just twelve houses then and another twelve in Station Road. I think that Mother would have preferred one of the Station Road houses but we had to plump for Grove Lane. This would have been 1922 when we moved to Petworth, the new houses had no electricity or gas and so we had to make do with oil lamps, but at least they were a great improvement on most of the other cottages in Petworth, which had only very basic amenities. The rent in those days was 8s a week, which included rates, not cheap by any means!

Across the road was Quarry Farm where we used to get our milk, Mr Cooper who had a daughter named Kitty had the farm then. Mr Childs had Soanes Farm, which is at the back of our houses. He was very strict and would never let us children on to his fields. After Mr Childs left, Mr Cross and his family took on Soanes. He was a real gentleman and ever so kind, he would let us take vegetables from the fields when we needed them and would give us chaff for the chickens, in fact we could let the chickens out into the field following the harvest and they would help themselves to the gleanings. Mr Cross was a very religious man and would never allow playing cards in the house or have a newspaper on a Sunday. I believe that he went to chapel at Storrington and he may have eventually retired there.

There used to be hare coursing on the Soanes field at the back of our house and I can remember quite large numbers of posh people coming to watch the dogs chase the hares. I seem to remember a Mr Townsend who was shepherd at Soanes.

Mr Richardson lived next door to us and he would cycle down to Petworth station to pick up the newspapers that were sent from the W.H. Smith kiosk at Pulborough railway station. Can you imagine anybody going to that trouble today for a newspaper?

Everybody remembers Gus Wakeford the milkman. He delivered milk all over

Petworth and the Grove Lane houses were the last on his round. It would often be as late as 3 o'clock by the time he arrived, and the milk would be quite sour, and would have to be boiled before it could be used. The only advantage of being last on his round was that Gus would be keen to get rid of any spare milk rather than cart it back with him, and we could have whatever was left over. Us children would often ride into town on the milk cart though we knew to sit right at the back, for as soon as the horse got to the lane at Cherry Orchard it would without fail do its business, it was quite uncanny, though I suppose that horses are no different to human beings and are creatures of habit.

I can remember the fish man coming round and you could buy seven herrings for 6d, for some unknown reason the fish man also sold fruit, though I must confess that I never could quite understand the connection between fish and fruit. Eager's the Market Square drapers would deliver anything and would even come out with just a cotton reel. Hazelmans would come two or three times a week as would most of the local butchers. In the summer the Mitchell family from Petersfield would bring round fresh strawberries, I suppose that you could call them a travelling family and in the winter they would often appear with Butcher's Broom for sale. Mrs Mitchell would buy rabbit skins from us but only if we skinned the heads as well as the bodies, if the heads were just cut off she would not buy them. She also bought old woollens if we had any. They were nice people, she always wore lots of clothes, and I can picture her with several layers of aprons one on top of another. Tramps were far more common in those days and it was no surprise to find one sleeping in the barn across the road from us. I always remember Butts of Haslemere coming round with the most wonderful cream cakes. Mother could afford the cakes because she received a good pension while Father was in hospital. Ironically once he died the pension went down quite considerably and she received just 10s for herself and 5s for me. Like many women Mother had to supplement her income and so she took in washing from Mrs Gilroy at Grays in Angel Street.

At Christmas the Grove Lane children would be invited by General Burnett up to New Grove house where we would all receive a bag with an orange and some homemade hard toffee inside. In the big field at New Grove the General would have a huge Christmas tree put up, he was a very kind gentleman, he even had a swing put up in the field, and if it got broken he would get his man to repair it. I seem to remember that the General had a chauffeur named Leal who kept a parrot, which sounded just like a person; it's strange how such things stick in your mind isn't it? I do believe that the well-known author A.E.W. Mason lived in the house before the General though I can't remember him.

I had rather a chequered working career, which began at the Market Square bus office, my responsibilities included answering the telephone and giving out information regarding bus and train times. Few people had telephones in those days, I really didn't feel confident using one, and coupled with my complete lack of knowledge of the timetables I soon realised that this was not going to be a long-term career for me. Fortunately Mr Morais who ran the office took me to one side and told me that I really wasn't cut out for the job and so after just a week I left. Surprisingly my teacher Miss Wootton had suggested that I went for the job, as Mr Morais required someone bright, how wrong she was!

Following this initial disaster I moved across the Square to Pellets the hairdressers. I

had to do housework in the family rooms upstairs as well as keep the boiler going which supplied the hot water to the barbers shop. Once again I was no great success and it was on a cold November fair day that old Mr George Pellett told me that he would have to let me go. The only consolation was the ten shillings that Mr Pellett gave me to spend at the fair; I suppose that it made him feel better about having to let me go. I also worked for Mr Leazell at Rosemary Cottage, I recall that he was a wonderful artist, but I wanted more money and when he refused I had to go.

Victoria School in North Street was the old workhouse and it would later become known as North End House. When I left Rosemary Cottage the school was run by Miss Murison but would later be taken on by Mr and Mrs Bagley. I had to start work at 7.0 am and would often not finish until 8 in the evening. I was supposed to have a long break in the afternoon but I usually spent this time darning clothes or ironing. It was the best money that I had earned up until then but it was extremely hard work. My job was basically looking after the boarders, boys and girls, who lived upstairs. I had to get the children up in the morning and make sure that they were all washed. Breakfast was just porridge and the children never seemed to get a lot to eat, though they were allowed a banana as a treat on Sundays.

Miss Wooldridge was matron at Victoria School she was a nice friendly lady. Lady Rosemary Stockford was the housekeeper, I believe that she may have been Irish; she was rather frugal and kept a close eye on expenses but then I suppose that was part of her job. If a member of the staff broke anything the cost of replacing it would be deducted from their wages. I recall dropping an iron once and it broke on the floor, Lady Rosemary never let me forget it although I don't think that she made me pay for it, which was rather fortunate as they were quite expensive in those days. I always seemed to be rather clumsy and I had a reputation, which I still have to this day, for breaking things. Hot water for washing the children had to be carried upstairs in large enamel jugs, this was very hard work and fortunately the jugs were more or less unbreakable.

Most of the girls wore their hair in plaits and these had to be done every morning, which seemed to take forever. If one of the children caught measles or any other infectious illness, they would be kept isolated upstairs and I would have to use the outside stairs and was not allowed to go through the school in case the illness spread. I have mentioned that the children were quite poorly fed, well so was I. I was supposed to have my meals at the school but quite often this would consist of just half a slice of toast with just a tiny piece of sardine spread on to it. The matter of food would eventually influence my decision to leave the school.

We also had day pupils but they were not my responsibility and so I had little to do with them. Apart from local children such as Louise, Anne and Sophie Mitford, the Shakerley-Ackers from Hilliers, and the Osmastons from Hawkhurst Court, we had German and even Japanese girls at times. I remember that just before war broke out the German girls parents couldn't pay the school fees as they were forbidden from sending money out of Germany. Instead they would send linen or silver cutlery, which would be sold to pay the fees.

Miss Murison was an excellent teacher and very highly regarded. We also had French and Russian teachers, I had to keep their rooms clean and do their washing. The Mademoiselles

were rather dirty and did not keep their rooms clean at all, the Russians however were spotless.

One of my duties was shepherding the boarders to church on Sunday mornings, this was quite a chore and I was relieved when Mrs Murison decided to have one of the buildings at the back of the school consecrated and converted into a chapel.

We had a diphtheria scare in the school and we were not allowed home for a week until the results of swab tests came back. I don't recall if anybody actually had it but there must have been all the symptoms and they blamed this on workmen who were taking up an old parquet floor and creating lots of dust. I suppose that it was thought that the disease had survived since the old workhouse days.

It was just before the war when I eventually left the school and went to work for the Misses Leigh and Bax at St Peter's Cottage, next door to the Roman Catholic Church in Angel Street. I don't think that the two ladies were local and I believe that they may have come down from London to escape the threat of war. They may have had some connection with the Catholic Church as on one occasion I was seconded to do some cleaning for the Reverend Fichter at the Presbytery next door. I must just add that I took my ability to break anything and everything on my short visit to Father Fichter's. I will not go into details other than to say that he was certainly a very understanding gentleman!

I was still at St Peter's Cottage when I was married. It was 1940 and my husband to be had managed to arrange some leave and we decided to get married by special licence. What with rationing and such short notice we couldn't get a wedding cake, however Mr Percy Hazelman made one and gave it to us as a gift, it really was very generous of him. Many years earlier when my father was ill in hospital Mr Hazelman had been very kind to Mother, he had taken telephone messages for her and even driven her down to the hospital at Chichester. Both Mr and Mrs Hazelman were such kind people and very hard workers.

I borrowed my wedding dress from a friend in Coventry as I had no clothing coupons with which to buy my own. I had to keep it for ages after my wedding, as due to the terrible bombing of Coventry we were unable to send any parcels to the city. It seemed like most of Grove Lane were involved in the wedding in one-way or another. Joy Clifford at number 3 was my bridesmaid; Cecil Puttick from 7 gave me away. All of the neighbours donated something for the reception and ensured that we had a lovely day.

Grove Lane has always been a close-knit community and when it came to bonfire night everybody rallied round to make it a success. We had a bonfire society and boys would be sent around the shops to collect rubbish for the fire. I can remember trawling through the boxes to see if there was anything worth keeping and it would be a great find to come across a part used reel of cotton in the Eager's rubbish. Mr Cross would let us use his field and the men would spend hours making torches for the procession which would follow the town band down from the starting point at Cherry Orchard.

I still live in the same house in Grove Lane that we came to some eighty years ago, there have been many high points and not a few low ones in all of those years, however I know that the worst day of all was St Michael's Day in 1942 when so many Grove Lane lads lost their lives in the Boys' School tragedy. Thinking back I can remember every one of those Grove Lane lads as if it were yesterday and not the sixty years it actually is...there was Roy Gumbrell

at number 10, Mervyn and John Moore at 6, Billy Herrington at 4, Charlie Hillman at 21, Dennis Richards at 18, and little Brian Cross from Soanes. Such a terrible waste!

Vera Randall was talking to Miles Costello (with more than an occasional interjection from her long-time neighbours Rita Callingham and Audrey Grimwood).

'Some of the people are very cranky indeed....' A glimpse of Petworth in 1908

Modern technology looks to be time-effective: this is a busy, some would say, hurtling, world, to which the old-fashioned letter appears almost alien. Time-consuming and in some ways inefficient, it did however encourage reflection in a way that more modern modes of communication do not. Where letters survive, often more by chance than by design, there can survive also a leisured richness that is at a premium today. A series of letters written to India in 1908-09 and preserved in a doctors' surgery at Sevenoaks offers a case in point. Clearly treasured by the family, they will have been brought back from India just before the 1914-1918 war and kept safe. Ironically only the outgoing letters appear to have survived; the replies from India apparently have not. The writer is a Petworth girl, Kathleen Knight (later Mrs. Carnarvon Brown) and universally known as "Kin" or even "Kin-Kin" as in Florence Rapley's diary. At the time of writing Kin is twenty-one and recently engaged to Dr. Arthur Carnarvon Brown, medical officer for the East India Railway and based at Umballa in the Punjab. Having left England in September 1908, Dr. Carnarvon Brown is unlikely to return on leave until the late autumn of 1910. Left in England, Kin writes a weekly "budget" of some eight or more double-sided quarto sheets to keep her fiancé (universally known as "Von") up to date with her life at home. To do this she has to dredge up whatever news she can think of from day to day. She spends a certain amount of time away from Petworth but it is her concern to interest her fiancé in the mundane details of life in her home town that gives the letters their peculiar flavour and interest.

Florence Rapley's diary begins roughly where the letters end in the summer of 1909 and there is a month or so when the two writers coincide and allow a comparison. Where Florence is a good thirty years Kin's senior and looking steadily to a different world from this present vale of affliction, Kin, freshly engaged and with her life before her, is very much looking to an exciting future in this present world. Florence, intelligent and self-taught beyond her social "superiors", the wife of a humble farm-labourer at Coultershaw, and living at Heath End, was literally and metaphorically on the very periphery of Petworth society. Kin, daughter of parents who were at the very pulse of Petworth life, has an automatic entrée into a charmed circle.

Kin, familiar from one of the most famous of all Kevis photographs, taken on Morley's Corner during the Mafeking Day celebrations of 1900, is the daughter of A.A. Knight, long-

time head clerk at Brydone and Pitfield the Market Square solicitors, and signatory to innumerable legal documents still extant. In the stratified late Edwardian social scene "Kin" Knight was a leading figure in the town, a natural member of a tight-knit circle of daughters of local business and professional people that took in girls of Kin's age like the two Eager girls, Mary and Marjorie from the Market Square drapers, the two Downs girls from Middle Street, Winifred Whitcomb, later to live in retirement at Arnops Leith in Angel Street, and the slightly older Upton girls from Greys, again in Angel Street. Less intimately connected perhaps were the two Wootton girls, at this time away at college, but later teachers of generations of Petworth school children.

Kin had become engaged in May 1908 at a dance held in her honour at the Swan Hotel ballroom; the invitation to Dr. Carnarvon Brown and Kin's dance card have been preserved with the letters. The Knight and Carnarvon Brown families seem to have been connected and Arthur Carnarvon Brown had obviously met Kin prior to his first tour of duty in India. Surprised as Kin seems to have been at Von's proposal, it is difficult to think that her parents entirely shared her surprise. The Carnarvon Browns were not a Petworth family; Von's widowed mother was living at this time in Bournemouth.

His proposal once accepted, Von clearly made the most of his precious home leave, spending a little time with his mother at her house, Carnarvon, but as much of the summer as he could with his new fiancée, several years his junior. The couple would be based at the Knight's three-storey house in Pound Street, the present Moon Cottage next to Newlands (now Palladio). There are occasional echoes of that summer in the letters but clearly the couple would live in the shadow of Von's imminent departure for India. Leaving in September 1908, he might manage a short break in 1909, but, much more likely, settle instead for an extended leave in the late autumn of 1910. He would then marry and return to India with his new bride. This in fact is what happened.

Whatever her parents' thoughts, as we have seen, Kin herself appears to have been at least a little taken aback by her sudden engagement – the first of her group of close friends. She had, she writes ironically, quite expected the sedate life of an old maid. Her first letter to Von, from Petworth, (6th September) looks not so much at the Tilbury parting as to the slow sad journey back to Liverpool Street station, then to the hotel for their luggage, tea at Lyons, Victoria, a quick glance at Sutton at Von's new niece (the nurse having brought her especially to the station), and a chastened return to Pound Street at 7.15. Two years would seem an eternity for a girl of twenty-one. Kin had spent much of 1907 and the early part of 1908 working as a governess at Redlynch Lodge near Romsey, looking after two children, Nancy and Dick, the latter clearly somewhat delicate. Presumably she had been given extended leave while her fiancé was in England. At the time of her first letter she has brought Dick with her to her parents' home in Pound Street and she writes of walking with him in Petworth Park and of his fascination with the deer, also of taking him to paddle in the Brook, catching minnows, bringing them home in a jar, then taking them back to the Brook the next day. Von has forgotten his watch, left for repair with Ernest Streeter in Church Street and an early task for Kin will be to collect the watch and send it out to Calcutta. Left to her own devices, happy in some ways to be still in the care of her devoted parents, and about to relinquish the position

at Redlynch, Kin looks about for ways to fill the two long years of separation. Perhaps she'll practise making her mother's famous salad dressing or lemon wine, or she can join Mr. Selfe Fowles' newly formed Choral Class, or perhaps play hockey with the new ladies' team.

Von was travelling to India on the S.S. Namura and it was possible to follow the ship's progress in the newspapers as also to catch up by post at scheduled stopping points, Malta, Port Said, Aden. By the 11th Kin is concerned over Dick's health and fears she will have to write to his mother if the next day does not bring an improvement. As it happened, it did, although Dr. Beachcroft's services were called upon more than once. By Sunday evening Kin notes: "9.10. Mother and Father gone up Eagers as we generally do on Sunday evening but I struck as it is so deadly dull, you simply look at one another and talk" Should Von's Bart's Hospital Magazine be sent on? Kin needs to know. At Mattins Mr. Penrose, the Rector, fresh back from holiday, has been trying to explain what the recent Bishop's Conference at Lambeth had been all about. Kin feels none the wiser for the Rector's efforts and detects an almost audible sigh of relief when he finally arrives at "Now to" Mrs. Knight had been reduced to surreptitiously learning the second verse of the National Anthem! "I think Petworth people are very disappointed I am not fading away or doing something to show my grief. They look at me so sadly and seem quite surprised when I smile."

It's time for Dick to return home and for Kin to resume her duties at Redlynch, however briefly. "It will do me good to be in harness again." Kin travels to the station, as she usually does, in Hill's fly. All is well until the train is just past Midhurst but in Cocking tunnel the train slows and eventually comes to a complete halt. There are no lights in the carriage and nothing can be seen outside except some occasional sparks. A somewhat alarmed Dick sits on Kin's lap. Eventually the train gets going again and the guard at Chichester explains that Cocking tunnel is always damp hence the wheels tend to slip and it is difficult to get them to bite again. Despite her continuing affection for Nancy and Dick, her two charges at Redlynch, Kin's time there is drawing to an end; she could certainly have continued but her new status as the fiancée of a doctor means increased leisure while Mr. and Mrs. Knight clearly want to see as much as they can of their daughter before she leaves for India in 1910.

With Von feeling the intense heat of the Red Sea, Kin is sitting in the schoolroom at Redlynch on a typical mid-September evening. She reflects that even the dreaded litany now has a place of its own for her. Where once it droned on without meaning now she waits for the petition "that it may please Thee to preserve all those that travel by land or by water." ... "I am afraid I generally give a sigh when it begins as it so long." On an evening like this, all that she can see beyond the garden is simply mist "but I must own it is very mild just now and altho' we have a fire in the drawing room it is quite warm enough sitting in the schoolroom with the windows open." The daddy longlegs keep flying round the lamp "and are far more aggravating than flies they are big." Von has forgotten to take a bottle of Tatcho with him, and this will be put in his Christmas hamper.

With Von due at Aden, Kin considers the merits of a book entitled Unicode, containing words which stand for entire sentences and hence are "immensely useful for cabling." Nothing more is heard of this. Time at Redlynch runs out in a flurry of social activity; a governess seems to have worked as much in the social sphere as the educational.

Petworth Saturday eve. 19th Dec:

My very dearest Boy

We were all dreadfully sorry to learn by your letter this morning that you have been laid up, & sincerely trust that by now you are quite quite well again & back at Allahabad away from that horrid Bilboosh. Poor boy, you must have felt lonely & miserable all by your lones with only your bearer to bring your meals, & then for your mail to go astray is too bad. I wonder what can have happened to it. Of course by now it has all turned up, but it was aggravating when you would have enjoyed your letters extra much for them not to turn up. I am very glad dear, you have told me, as I much prefer to know everything good or bad. Certainly I will not mention it to Mother, as it would only worry her needlessly & she would imagine you dangerously ill, whereas I know that if you say you are better, you are so. Nevertheless I shall be very glad to get next week's mail & learn you are quite alright again. Take care of yourself dear love, & don't overdo it after this little attack, as you must be careful not to take another chill if possible. But I won't bother

Kin worries over Von's health, 19th December 1908.

Kin is initiated into the somewhat boisterous new card game of Pit and helps a new servant "goffer" a muslin slip "i.e. do all the frills round with iron tongs which make it look crinkly and puffy."

It's soon time for the journey home and for clearing out the debris of over a year at Redlynch – bicycle, trunk, hat box, a bag of books and rugs – or rather one rug – umbrella, stick and tennis racket. Will the railway charge excess? In the event it doesn't. A telegram arrives to announce Von's arrival at Calcutta, while the Suffragettes, Mrs and Miss Pankhurst and Mrs. Drummond to the fore, make an incursion into the House of Commons. They are largely foiled by a heavy police presence. "Aren't they absurd?" asks Kin. Like Florence Rapley she seems to have little sympathy for her sisters-in-arms. Kin has nearly finished Conan Doyle's *The White Company* given her by Von, and has enjoyed it.

By the 19th Kin is home, having come via Salisbury, Cosham and Havant with an hour and a half's wait at Chichester. She loses no time getting back into the social whirl. Coming home in Hill's fly from the station, she has a meal and is then off to Mr. Selfe Fowles' Choral Class. The answering of names to a register reminds her of schooldays. Arrangements are made for the next Social, Kin having missed the first while at Redlynch, while Mrs Penrose is looking for help with a projected Debating Society. "I wonder what other things I shall be let in for." The King, staying at Singleton, has motored over to Petworth for tea with Lord Leconfield, "we saw his motor but not him. There were as many as 10 motors accompanying him." Elsie, a friend from schooldays in Paris, is staying briefly in Pound Street, and Dad wants the two girls to go the Ploughing Match. "Commencing 9.30 sharp and expecting 40 ploughs." Kin does not share her father's enthusiasm. Dad has been talking to Mr. Hutchinson, the local drill sergeant, who spent a good many years in Allahabad, not far from Von. He loved India and envies Kin her prospect of going out in 1910. What Von must not do, Kin insists, is to succumb to expatriate disregard of the Lord's Day and play bridge on Sunday. Will he promise? Kin has never made such a request before. "I know it may be childish but it does seem to me that when we have six days to play bridge, tennis, etc. it does seem hard we can't give one day to God." The voice may be Kin's but the sentiment could come as easily from Florence Rapley's contemporary diary.

Mr. Penrose's morning sermon on the 25th shattered everyone with its unwonted brevity and its lucidity, but Kin is already looking forward to a mid-week trip with her mother to the White City in London. Meanwhile, "we are not going to Church this evening but are enjoying a cosy time by the fire." Later in the week Kin encloses a cutting from the Standard describing another Suffragette incident in the House of Commons. "They are very lively again now." With Mrs. Knight about to go away for a week or two, Kin will be in total charge of the Pound Street household, good practice for domestic duties in India. She still finds time to bicycle on her own round Gorehill and Byworth.

A.A. Knight writes a rare letter to Von to congratulate him on the pipe he has given him. The "baccy" is a relaxing friend and the pipe itself is colouring splendidly. He echoes a familiar enough Petworth complaint over the years while lamenting the decline and fall of Otways the grocers: "This place is as slow as ever and each year seems to get less like what it has been in days gone by. Old faces go and the fresh ones are not up to the standard of the

old ones. Otways Limited the firm of grocers (3 shops) near the Church, Golden Square and Market Square are "winding up" under the Companies Act and the outlook for the creditors and ordinary shareholders looks very black. The shop in Lombard Street (near the Church) is closed and the one in Golden Square practically so. The whole business is now carried on at the Market Square. F.G. Otway himself has left the town with his wife and family."

With Elsie leaving, Kin is expecting another friend who will stay until after Petworth Fair on November 20th. It is the first time for some years that Kin has been in Petworth for the Fair and she is very much looking forward to it. "I just revel in our annual fair ... we are never allowed to stop out much after 8 as it gets very rowdy and squirts¹ are very prevalent but we enjoy watching the people from the Eagers' upstairs window. We always go to tea there that day."

By November 1st Von has received his watch and Kin and her friend Carrie are walking round Gorehill and Byworth. Dad is immersed in organising a testimonial for Inspector Read who is retiring, while as for Kin, "This evening I went for a little while to a Bazaar at the Chapel. Dad always likes one of us to go. I bought a few things including flowers, buns and a pot of jam. It was very tame and I came away as soon as I could politely do it." One suspects that attending the Bazaar is a duty Mrs. Knight would usually have undertaken.

On the 9th there are charades in the Girls' Club Room, presumably in the High Street, where Mrs Upton is entertaining her Mothers' Meeting in honour of her daughter Margaret's 21st birthday. The word acted is "elastic". The programme also includes two songs by Mr. Frost the curate and all sorts of games including one called "Turn the Trenches." After the entertainment Kin goes off to Mr. Selfe Fowles' Choral Class. On November 10th the Rev. H.E. Jones, who had left Petworth for Hitchin in 1906, returns to Petworth to address the men's Mutual Improvement Society on the Life of Christ, showing slides of the Holy Land. A.A. Knight manages to procure tickets for Kin and her friend. How different Mr. Jones' clear way of speaking is from that of Mr. Penrose! Dad plays cribbage with old Mrs. Colbrook to allow Fanny and Mrs. Summersell to go to the lecture. "The boy that was so dreadfully ill with measles, or rather the after effect of them, is progressing favourably and is quite sensible again. The straw has been removed and I believe his nurse has left." Wednesday, November 11th finds Kin cutting sandwiches for the evening's Social. It attracts 63 people, as usual more ladies than men, and again as usual, the ices are all gone before the evening is half over.

Mr. Bridge the curate is giving his final sermon before leaving Petworth. Unlike the other curates, he finds little favour with Kin. Mr. Penrose, the Rector, continues to look ever thinner and frailer. Petworth is not an easy parish, "some of the people are very cranky indeed." Time passes and the S.S. Namura on which Von had travelled to India, has now reached Gibraltar on her return journey. Kin cycles to the station to meet her friend Florrie and then "beats the dear old bus back." On the Wednesday Kin and Florrie cycle to Cowdray noting that the ruins have been very much tidied up since the King's visit a month ago when his Majesty had commented on their overgrown condition. In fact, "Pearsons (the engineers) have bought it also the Park and Cowdray House so it has gone out of the Egmont family."

¹ water shooters

Kin joins the Rifle Club, presumably, at it still is, based at the Armoury in Tillington Road. More pressing however is the weather for Petworth Fair. The 19th is "a dull wet day which makes us tremble for tomorrow The fair people have come into the Market Square and it looks quite different with the stall, caravans, etc. They are all very busy and there is much talking, shouting and perhaps something else going on! Our three policemen look very imposing among the rabble. No invitation from Eagers but I expect we shall go as we always have done." In fact as Mrs Eager was unwell the Knight party only went after supper. It is clear from Kin's comment that there was a conscious distancing from the fair people that would seem anachronistic today.

Kin obviously finds her friend Florrie a congenial companion, and on the 19th writes, "This morning we went to Petworth House (I shall soon know it by heart). Did you notice a rather pretty landscape by Hobbsma? The man told us today that it is worth or at least someone offered £18,000 for it and said they would be delighted to get it at that price!! It does seem almost wrong that one man should have so much because his pictures alone are worth over a million!! Still, all the same, I am glad I haven't got it all." One supposes the first "man" will be the redoubtable Sergeant Avant, for so long guide at the House. Mrs. Knight prepares a plum pudding to go in Von's Christmas hamper with the exhortation, "Think of us Pounders when you eat it." Kin is due to go to Von's brother and his wife at Sutton the next week and the Knights will be on their own again for a while.

On November 23rd Kin reports that Fair Day went off splendidly, she and Florrie managing some 25 rides each on the roundabouts. Mr. Bridge, the outgoing curate, gives a rousing farewell sermon but Kin wonders if, in his case, words and actions quite coincide. We can never know. Coming back from old Mrs. Colbrook's, Dad has fallen and hurt his leg on the high pavement just by the Wheatsheaf in North Street. By the 25th the plum pudding is safely in the parcel for India along with a silk handkerchief, a bottle of Azuryte ink, 6 washing lines, some coffee creams, 6 pearl waistcoat buttons, 2 writing blocks, 1 Xmas card, an India-rubber ball, 3 photos and 2 mounts." An accompanying letter from "mater" (Mrs Knight) makes a curious point: "On Thursday I am going to an entertainment, from a high sense of duty, given by the schoolchildren, another affliction which I don't care for but it is noticed and commented on if one stays away and I don't altogether approve of these entertainments as I think it only unfits the children for their future work and makes them think a great deal too much of themselves. However, my opinion is of little consequence." The colophon at least could come straight out of the pages of Florence Rapley's diary.

The scene changes to Sutton with Kin leaving Petworth on the 11.45 train. Von's doctor brother is clearly flourishing and drives out every morning in a brougham. Kin has to send a hunting knife out to India, "only you must be sure and send me a 1/2d so that it shall not cut our friendship!" Von is carrying a revolver because of the prevalent unrest, while at Sutton Kin looks after the children to enable the parents to lead a fuller social life. She somewhat artlessly compares the doctor's lot with that of others less fortunate: "I do think they were lucky to get such a nice one [their house] to start with. There are quite a lot of unemployed here, and they march round the streets every day singing and collecting money accompanied by three policemen; but they don't look very rough as I believe something is being done for them."

K. S. K.

May 26th, 1908

Petworth.

PROGRAMME.

- 1- Polka
- 2- Valse
- 3- Lancers
- 4- Valse
- 5- Valse
- 6- Valse
- 7- Lancers
- 8- Two Step
- 9- Valse
- 10- Quadrilles
- 11- Barn Dance
- 12- Lancers
- 13- Valse
- INTERVAL.
- 14- Valse
- 15- Lancers
- 16- Polka
- 17- Valse
- 18- Quadrilles
- 19- Valse
- 20- Lancers
- 21- Valse
- 22- Lancers
- 23- Valse
- 24- Two Step
- 25- Circassian Circle
- 26- Valse

Mrs. A. A. Knight

requests the pleasure of

J. A. Cameron & Co. Company
at the

Assembly Room, the Swan Hotel, Petworth.

on Tuesday, May 26th, 1908.

Dancing, 8:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.

R.S.V.P.
POUND STREET,
PETWORTH.

Dance card and invitation. Petworth May 1908.

Pencil annotations on the Dance card are very faint.

Kin returns to Petworth on December 9th. "The Petworth shops look very small and commonplace after Sutton: what the London shops must look like at this time I can't imagine!!" There is talk in England of stern measures in India and Von writes of the elaborate precautions being taken for the Viceroy's train. Nearer home and with Christmas approaching, Kin is missing her pocket money from Redlynch. The keeping of Sunday is the topic at the Debating Society with Oliver Cromwell for the next. On the 17th an old favourite, Bishop Tugwell, Bishop of Western Equatorial Africa, and ten years a curate at Petworth, is making one of his periodical visits to his old parish. He will speak on the West Coast liquor traffic on which he has waged unremitting and probably not very successful war for some twenty five years. "He knew Mother but did not remember me as I was only two years old when he left." A little entertainment given by the tots at Miss Fanny Austin's little private school in Pound Street in aid of Barnardos, demands Kin's attendance "but will probably be pretty tame."

There follows something of a gap, but the end of January finds "Dad" struggling with a billiards handicap system at the Swan Hotel. Mr. Penrose, the Rector, "a nice man but not suitable for the parish" is in Ireland for ten days and Kin has her eye on a London excursion to see Peter Pan. Mr. Watson, Lord Leconfield's land agent, is very ill, lying in bed propped up by pillows. A band concert scheduled for early February seems a mixed blessing for Kin, "If you want to hear wrong notes, discords and bad time come to it. Happily there are other items too or we could not sit through it."

The frost is severe and the trees still covered with white almost like a slight fall of snow, but Kin and her mother have been out all morning delivering notices in connection with a Pound Day which Mrs. Beachcroft (the doctor's wife) is getting up for the Brighton County Hospital. "She is delighted to receive anything from a lb. of sugar to a pound in gold!"

Easter seems to come quickly and Kin goes to St. Mary's for an hour of the three hour Good Friday service. She cooks rissoles for dinner. Then it's a matter of primrosing and mossing for Church decoration. Mother, Nancy (from old days at Redlynch) and Kin are allotted two windows. Kin forms Alleluia in each with the primroses while Mrs. Knight puts daffodils and ivy along the side. The letters are pricked out with daffodils too. Easter Monday is cold enough to warrant a fire, the first for a few days. There follows a brief spell with Von's mother at Bournemouth, where Kin enjoys the first instalment of a set of riding lessons paid for by Von, but by the 21st of April she is back in Petworth. She hopes that Von will not so take to India that he will be tempted to stay beyond his agreed four year term.

In Petworth itself great excitement is caused by seventy soldiers from the Lancashire Regiment coming into the town. "They camped in a barn a little way down the Station Road and nearly everyone had to go down and have a peep at them. They left early this morning." It was to be an eventful day: "The fire bells rang and all Petworth rushed out to enquire where it was. We soon learnt it was a house at Bury about six miles away and after the engine and firemen left we quieted down again." Later Kin cycled out with Mary Eager to see the damage. A spark from the chimney had set the thatch alight and the house had only wall and chimney remaining, only the drawing room furniture had been saved.

May Swayne (née Upton), it is reported, is coming back to England from India to recuperate. She is bringing the children with her. The climate is giving her problems. The

doctor says she will need at least six weeks at home. Time passes and customs change. "Fancy we are nearly at the end of April. Saturday will be May Day although the old-fashioned idea of garlands and maypoles has quite died away in most places. I am sorry as it used to be so pretty and quite a fête day for all kiddies. The Eagers and I used to be very busy making garlands and then used to take them to show Father and the rest in his office (Mr. Pitfield nearly always gave us 1/-) and also to Mr. Eager's shop. It was fun."

With summer almost in view Mr Frost, the curate, has managed once more to secure the curacy of Bellogio in the Italian lakes for the month of June – a kind of busman's holiday. Primroses are going over but the cowslips are coming. Traffic causes the occasional problem: "We had a little bit of excitement yesterday evening as a motor ran into the bus at the Swan Corner: nobody was hurt except that the horses were a little cut about and the bonnet of the car was crushed on one side and the lamps were smashed. Mrs. Eager and Mary were in the bus, it gave them rather a fright. They didn't seem to know who was to blame, the chauffeur says he looked three times, but he must have been coming round the corner very quickly. There were two ladies in the car and one of them got out. She seemed very nice and said she didn't mind how much the car had suffered provided the horses escaped. They were very frightened for a few seconds. I don't know if you remember the corner, it is a very dangerous one and I wonder there aren't more accidents."

By the 6th May Kin is back in Bournemouth staying with Von's mother. She writes a few lines at Havant Station on the way and some more in the waiting room at Southampton. May Swayne (Upton) will be back in Petworth before Kin returns. She hopes that Von will buy a practice in England with the money he has saved from his stint in India. Riding lessons resume and Kin is plunged into the now usual round of concerts, plays and visits. Everyone wants to see Von's fiancée. In Pound Street Mrs. Knight, writing to Von, finds it difficult to concentrate, "There is the most awful German band playing just outside which quite makes me jump – if they would only move I should be thankful." She has been privileged to be taken round part of Petworth House Gardens by Mr. Pull the head gardener. "There seems every prospect of a glorious fruit crop, of course everything was perfection." First impressions of the new land agent, Mr. Watson, are good. "A very different man to our late steward Mr. Watson – strange they have the same name and are no relation."

Kin is back in Petworth by May 24th, in good time for Mrs. Upton's haymaking in the Shimmings fields, something of an annual event, although there is no indication from the letters that Kin actually participates. She has enjoyed her visit to Bournemouth despite the four changes on the trip home. She is looking forward to a small birthday picnic at the Gog "the same place we had the day after my dance." In the event the picnic is cancelled because it's raining. She looks back to the previous year and sitting out the second dance (a waltz). "I thought you must be finding it dull." Then thinking, "This must be a story. It must be in a book, it can't be true." Dad has given her a seal made from the old church bell, made in the shape of a bell and carrying her initials. In the evening she is going to a lecture on the Navy, given by Lieutenant Knox of the Navy League. It's part of a patriotic concert given for Empire Day in the Iron Room. "All England seems determined to have eight Dreadnoughts built as soon as possible and I think it is only right. We are getting much too sleepy and as Lieut. Cox

(I think that was his name) said, if we weren't careful we should wake up too late."

Kin's political views probably mirrored those of her parents; she was certainly no supporter of the Liberal administration returned under Campbell-Bannerman with such a huge majority in 1906. "The Budget is causing great excitement and comment (and of course grumbling) but it is no good. We have to put up with it apparently and it serves the country jolly well right for being so absurd over the last election."

On the 20th of June Kin cycles to Littlehampton with some friends, suffering two punctures on the way back and arriving back in Petworth at 9.18. On the 22nd she goes with Mrs. Knight to the Mothers' Guild at the Rectory, both ladies having spent the morning at the Rectory cutting bread, buttering it and slicing cake. Kin returns immediately after dinner to put flowers on all the tables. Then it's time to practise the two songs Mr. Penrose has asked her to play for him. After a service at St. Mary's the Mothers arrive at 4pm. 200 were expected but only 140 come. The entertainment and tea followed and they left at 6pm. The date for the Rectory fête was finally fixed, Kin being one of the eight tea-girls, wearing white dresses with rose-coloured sashes, rosettes and mob caps. Mrs. Upton's haymaking is now under way. The 24th is a cold midsummer day but A.A. Knight has now settled for the family to go to Brighton for three weeks on the 14th of July. "He will then get four matches by going to Chichester for one. He is looking forward to seeing the Australians play on the 26th" The Wootton girls have completed their education but out of 90 leaving college only five have as yet found employment. Mr. Watson, Lord Leconfield's land agent, has died and is to be buried at Petworth. "Altho' very few loved him I expect it will be a large funeral." Kin meanwhile makes one of her periodic trips to London and takes tea on the roof garden at Selfridges. "We were not very much taken up with the shop; of course it is large and everything looks very nice, but you have a great trouble in getting anyone to wait on you; it is altogether a case of wait, wait, wait. We went back to the hotel for dinner and then off we drove to the Arcadians." The theatre was packed but the Knights had managed to obtain some last minute tickets.

It is high summer, the Rectory will be let as usual for the month of August and the Penroses will be away. Mr. Watson is buried in the Horsham Road cemetery. "The funeral was a lovely sight this afternoon at least I should say the flowers were lovely. There were a great many in church, and when they got to the cemetery it seemed as if the procession would never end. The coffin was drawn on a bier and there were no carriages, even Mrs. and Miss Watson walked. They had about 7 hymns and it was really too long, but they always like a lot of ceremony and are very high church."

Kin is not looking forward to a Girls' Friendly Society festival at River House, but in the event is pleasantly surprised, "delicious tea, strawberries, cherries, lettuces, cakes of all kinds, sandwiches and bread and butter." St. Swithin's Day comes and goes: "We are trembling in our shoes as it looks like rain indeed, altho' fine up to the present." Effectively the correspondence now comes to a close.

There survive some random letters from much later which are essentially of family rather than local interest. The couple were married at St. Mary's in November 1910 and, most unusually, the Parish Magazine carries a full report. Clearly the marriage was a considerable social occasion; Florence Rapley mentions it in passing. Kin went to India but returned in

February 1912 to have her son at home. Von will have seen out his term with the East India Railway, and appears to have spent the war as a medical officer with the Italian Expeditionary Force. When he returned he practised at Sevenoaks in Kent, eventually outliving his wife by several years. While Kin's letters to India appear to have survived virtually complete as far as July 1909 there is no trace of anything later. Perhaps the letters are no longer extant: certainly Kin would have continued writing. We can only be grateful for the insight into the life of Edwardian Petworth that the extant letters provide.

P.

The Society's thanks are due to Mrs. Sylvia and Mr. James Carnarvon Brown and Mr David Sherwin Brown for their willingness to loan the letters and to allow us to quote so extensively from them.



"Mrs Upton's haymaking in the Shimmings fields, something of an annual event"

See page 40.

An Upton family photograph.

Unravelling Petworth's past – introducing a new History of Petworth

Peter embarked on an impossible task for the 12th Garland Memorial Lecture in attempting to summarise his new book about to be released. So much had to be left out in a 1½ hour talk, but enough remained to whet the appetites of those who had come along in large numbers to the opening meeting of the 2002/3 season.

Arnold's classic history of Petworth is well-known as a work in its own right, not to be superseded, despite being published as long ago as 1864. But a lot has happened and come to light since then and Peter has taken up the challenge. He soon realised, to an even greater extent than at the outset, the magnitude of the task, tempted at times to give up and then not wanting to abandon what had already been achieved.



Byworth: A drawing by Miss Burton 1969.

Arnold's is not a formal history, more a series of talks. Peter wanted his book to be about people who lived in Petworth, the way they lived and thought. Of necessity, it will be in two volumes: the first, 'from the beginnings up to 1660'. He describes Petworth as an island within the history of England, largely because of the importance of the Percy family.

Little is known of Petworth's origins. Apart from the discovery of a Roman hypocaust at Duncton, destroyed by vandals in 1816 (What's new?) and a coin found when Austen's (ironmongers in the Square) was rebuilt in 1860, there is no evidence of a Roman settlement. Local names and traditions 'explaining' them – the Virgin Mary Spring, Kingspit Lane, Battlehurst, etc., are tantalising. 'Petworth', from Peota's Wurd, suggests a clearing in the great Forest of Anderida belonging to a Saxon chieftain.

So there is not much to go on before Norman times and it is not likely that the lives of the peasants would have changed with the Conquest. It was a hard time, governed by the seasons and the struggle for food, clothing and shelter.

Peter went on to touch on a few specifics: St. Thomas' Chapel, added to St. Mary's Church following Beckett's murder, the Fair, already established beyond recall by 1273, the medieval townland fields on the Shimmings, the ridges still visible in a certain light. He explained how the Percys became associated with Petworth – fascinating stories of political and family manoeuvrings and ended by showing how different the pre-Reformation Church was from the present day, the doctrine of purgatory and the rites relating to it, and the influence of the three Petworth rectors who became Bishops of Chichester: Richard Montagu, a major figure in the build-up to the Civil War, Brian Duppa and Henry King.

The violent storms of the previous day had given way to beautiful calm and it was good to meet up with friends old and new to launch the season in such a satisfying manner. All thanks to our Chairman.

KCT

'Petworth from the beginnings to 1660' by Peter Jerrome, published in hard back by the Window Press, illustrated, £29.95.

New Members

Mrs. J. Aitchison	The Old Forge, High Street, Petworth.
Mr. and Mrs. D. Blythe	8, Wyvern Close, Tangmere, Chichester, PO20 2GQ.
Miss S. Bohane	Baytree Cottage, Byworth.
Mr. R. Etherington	Brewhouse, River, Petworth, GU28 9AY.
Sister Giles	3 The Mews, High Street, Petworth.
Mr. C. Harrison	9, Saint Thomas Road, Hastings TN34 3LG.
Mrs. C. Maskell	2, Bevils Close, Doddington, March, Cambs., PE15 0TT.
Mrs. C. Perschke	George House Cottage, East Street, Petworth.
Mrs. M. Staveley-Wadham	The Rectory, Tillington, Petworth, GU28 9AH.

