

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
magazine

NO. 118.

DECEMBER 2004



*Copied by Eliza Green
A Bit o' Green Aish*

Contents

- 2 Constitution and Officers
- 3 Chairman's Notes
- 3 The Petworth Society Magazine on CD-Rom
- 4 David's moonlight flit 21st August
- 4 David's moonlight flit 29th September
- 7 A Bridge too far?
- 8 'And the occasional Tansy ...'
- 9 The thirtieth anniversary dinner
- 10 Muggletonians and munitions – the September book sale
- 12 Valley of the barn owls
- 13 Book review : '*One man in his time ...*'
- 14 Mrs P Payne : a letter
- 14 A Tillington Royalist?
- 15 Of 'pimps' and Michaelmas daisies
- 17 Solution to 117
- 18 Deborah's crossword
- 18 Did you go to Ebernoe school?
- 19 The day the earth moved at Petworth
- 19 Two old shepherds of Ashington
- 21 A pound of onions and other matters
- 24 'A bit o' green aish'
- 27 My childhood 1888–1903
- 29 The will of Sir John Dawtrey (ii)
- 30 George Garland and 'Miss Canary Islands 1936'
- 36 'Copied by Eliza Green 1859'
- 44 All in a Property Manager's Day?
- 46 A Petworth childhood (2)
- 52 New Members

Cover design by Jonathan Newdick. Photograph by Walter Kevis.

Printed by Midhurst and Petworth Printers, 11 Rothermead,
Petworth (tél. 342456) and Duck Lane, Midhurst (tel. 816321)
Published by the Petworth Society which is a registered Charity

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

Images of West Sussex



Calendar 2005

This calendar of black and white images of West Sussex will be available from the Record Office in early October. It is £5.00 + £1.50 p.p. Petworth Society members can purchase it for a special price of £4.00 + p.p. It comes complete with hardbacked white envelope for posting. We will also have Christmas cards available for sale.

Please send Images of West Sussex

Name.....

Address

.....

.....

Please make cheques payable to West Sussex County Council

This order and remittance should be sent to
West Sussex Record Office, County Hall, Chichester, PO19 1RN



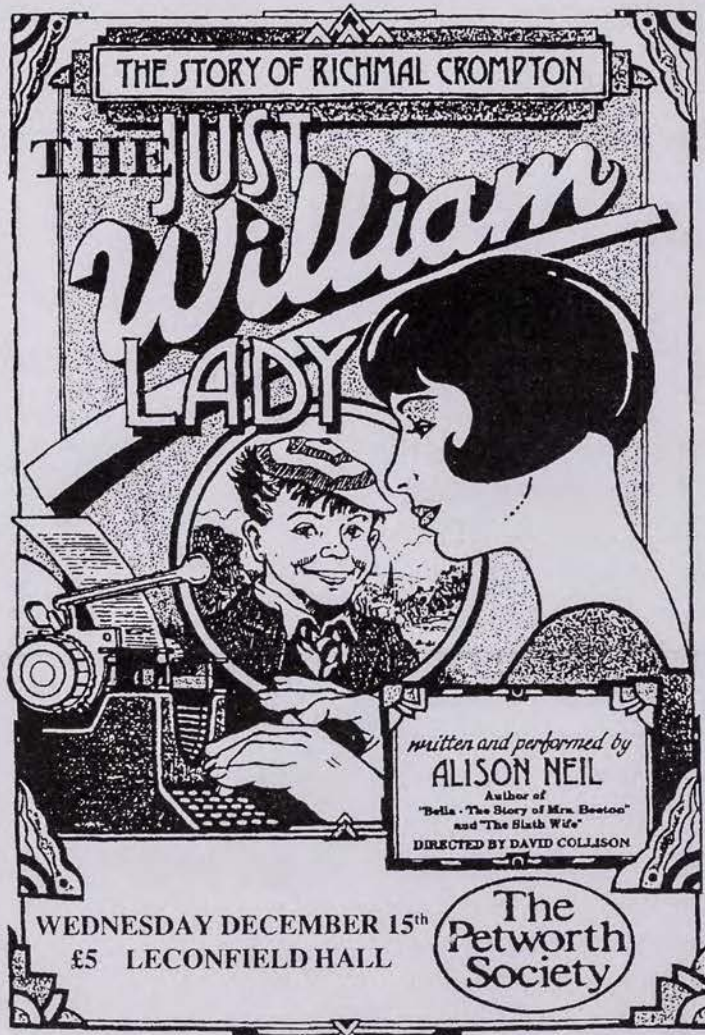


PETWORTH SOCIETY ACTIVITIES SHEET

PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL OFFER FOR SOCIETY MEMBERS - GARLAND CALENDAR FOR 2005. SEE ACCOMPANYING SHEET.

THE DECEMBER BOOK SALE IS ON SATURDAY 11TH.

MONTHLY MEETINGS, LECONFIELD HALL 7.30. REFRESHMENTS. RAFFLE.



MONDAY JANUARY 24TH

PETWORTH SOCIETY 30TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION : 7.30 £2

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 24TH

TIME OF OUR LIVES MUSIC THEATRE : TWO FOR THE 1/9'S 7.30 £5

THURSDAY MARCH 24TH :

MEL MYLAND — The Master Puppeteer "A WORLD OF PUPPETS"

Mel. and his wife run a puppet shop and museum at Eastbourne. He makes puppets for opera; street shows, giant puppets for stilt walkers, trick marionettes and hand puppets for solo artists in all branches of theatre, film and T.V. He will talk about puppet history and bring along a box of his favourite creations to show how a master puppeteer works. £4

WEDNESDAY APRIL 20TH

GERALDINE WINTER "A TRUE WOMAN OF MYSTERY"

The unusual life and works of Agatha Christie. 7.30 £2

WALKS AND VISITS BEGIN AGAIN IN SPRING.



THE PETWORTH SOCIETY BOOK SALE CALENDAR

3

Books to donate?
Ring Peter on 342562
or Miles on 343227
We are always happy
to collect

2nd Saturday in the
month
**Leconfield Hall,
Petworth**

**BOOKS
Wanted**

Now in our fourth year The Petworth Society book sales have become something of an institution in the town. Book lovers come from far and wide to enjoy one of the largest sales of its kind in the south of England. While we have now managed to achieve a kind of permanence about the event which we could only have dreamt about when the idea was first conceived, we still have the never-ending problem of obtaining new stock. Certainly the people from Petworth and the surrounding villages have been extraordinarily generous with their donations but we simply cannot sit back and take it for granted that more books will come in.

Please help us to continue the work that was begun four years ago. If you have any books at all that you would like to donate then don't hesitate to contact us and we will be more than happy to collect them. Alternatively you can bring in books to the monthly sales where you will be assured of a warm welcome (if you can fight your way through the scrum).

BOOK SALE CALENDAR 2005

10 a.m.—4 p.m.

Free Admission

Saturday

Jan. 8th

Feb. 12th

March 12th

April 9th

May 14th

June 11th

July 9th

Aug. 13th

Sept. 10th

Oct. 8th

Nov. 12th

Dec. 10th

2005



**IF YOU
HAVE
BOOKS
TO DO-
NATE
THEN
PLEASE
RING
PETER
ON 342562
OR
MILES
ON 343227**



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

Committee

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 (Graffham), 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

Once more it's a "vying-for-space" Magazine. There are separate reports on Society activities so I don't need to do more than say that the Society dinner was again a huge success and that a really excellent season of monthly meetings looks in prospect. The Book Sale gets busier. "One of the largest sales of its kind in the South of England", Miles says elsewhere in this Magazine. I wouldn't argue with that. Certainly local traders have said they welcome the monthly influx of visitors from outside the town.

A word on misprints. Numerically very few in the last edition; they just happened to be prominent. Three of them I think. Did you find them? It's all down to me as proof-reader. I think it's easier to pick up small errors than bigger ones: you perhaps unconsciously assume that if it's a caption or large type there's no need to look. It would be nice perhaps to produce a real classic. My favourite remains that old (possibly apocryphal) Parish Magazine note. "Anyone who has shaken hands with the vicar will know they have shaken hands with a fiend." Not from St Mary's Magazine I hasten to add!

After thirteen years I have handed over the chairmanship of the Leconfield Hall: Mr Raymond Harris will continue in the short term, while Mr Andy Henderson will now represent the Society on the Hall Committee. I am pleased with what has been achieved at the Hall during my tenure and perhaps know more than anyone the immense contribution of Raymond Harris to this as to so much else in Petworth. It has been (and still is) my privilege to work with him. I wish the Hall every success in the future.

Peter 21st October 2004

The Petworth Society Magazine on CD-Rom

Tim Austin a member from Bexhill-on-Sea has recently completed the task of placing the complete set of Petworth Society Magazines on to CD-Rom. This may not seem a remarkable task at all, however when you take into account that he would have had to have scanned at least 4,500 pages and with each page taking at least a couple of minutes to scan and save to his computer, then the whole work would have taken about 150 hours to complete, and that is without taking any breaks into consideration!

The full extent of the uses to which the CD's can be put will no doubt become clearer as time goes by but in the meantime it is now possible to search the whole 117 issues of the magazine in just a few seconds. Family historians searching for references to their relatives will no doubt find the database invaluable and to this end it is planned to offer the West Sussex Records Office at Chichester a copy of the disks for their own use.

Tim has generously donated the copyright of the CD's to the Society.

MC

David's moonlight flit. 21st August

And it was wet. Another wet evening in the wettest August on record. Wetworth? The old jibe resounds over the years but seems hardly fair. It's wet everywhere. Ian and Pearl marshal the cars in the car park, David and Linda will be waiting in the Pheasant Copse. Two dozen walkers? It's difficult to tell. Could be thirty. Along the London Road. Steve Wadey holds the gate open to keep the turning cars on the move. It's a fast road.

The path is a metre wide, the creation of Andy Goldsworthy, the ground excavated by digger to allow a filling of kibbled chalk. The path is of its essence fragile, always on the cusp of reversion. David's been round and removed the more obvious weeds. We're very fortunate to have access. It's private Leconfield land and the last public viewing was in May 2003.

We set off individually at fairly regular intervals. The essential experience has to be a solitary one. The rain is unrelenting, steady rather than torrential. To an extent the tree cover shields us, but it occasionally gives way. Water then cascades on path, walker or both. Perhaps the rain deadens the sound of traffic on the London Road. Perhaps the feeling of not too distant traffic is part of the experience, as is the occasional aeroplane above. The white pathway is clear enough but it's mid-August and still not quite dark, not dark enough to realise the essential contrast to the full. I pass a stand of pencil-thin conifers to the left, there's all the sombre dead brown underleaf of a closely planted wood. It's quite still in the rain, boles glisten, holly looms at the pathside. Figures front and back occasionally materialise in the half-light. Some seven-eighths of the path lie in the Pheasant Copse. We turn at the closed gate that leads into the Park itself. The sunset is just visible as a rent in the dark clouds. Rain streams from the sleeve of the red waterproof. Up a slight incline to the end. How long have we been walking? Thirty? Forty minutes? It's difficult to be sure, perhaps timelessness is part of the ambience. Familiar voices now. We compare notes. A large shape in the undergrowth. I never saw anything myself. Puma? Anything's possible. Perhaps that's just the whole point. The chalk path offers a world where the mind can roam at will, or anyone may have their own private certainties - or otherwise.

P.

If in doubt keep to the crunch. David's second moonlight flit

The downside of setting out for a walk at 9.45 in the evening is that untidy sense of having to go out again once you're comfortably settled. The advantage is a certain feeling of conspiring against an obviously uncaring world. Who but the Petworth Society would be wandering in the woods at such a time? Into the Pheasant Copse, turning off a strangely empty London Road, primeval darkness lit only by car headlights. It's difficult to say how many

walkers - fifteen certainly. I never did find out.

The chairman is to go first, apparently to ward off any large animals. Whether this a tribute to his intrepid character, his alarming appearance or simply the thought that, if some animal is going to carry anyone off to its lair, it might as well be the chairman who goes, is not clear. I don't stop to enquire. The remainder of the party will follow at regular intervals.

The night has been set to coincide with full moon, but that knobbly old character the Man in the Moon clearly has other ideas. There is no moon. Even so, the path stands out reasonably well and the chalk gives a reassuring crunch. If in doubt keep to the crunch. The occasional branch gives the initial impression of an old-fashioned fairground ghost ride. At any rate the rain has stopped and it's mild. The mind wanders. I'm sure that's the point of it all. The moon riding above the cloud-rack, Spanish romantic poets, "A" level at the Grammar School. It's too many years ago. Imagination loose in space and time. David had warned that it would be dark through the firs. It is. Essential to take the chalk a step at a time and be guided by the crunch. It's quite still in the woods. As the path curves I can see the light of a torch. Someone's not trusting to the crunch test. In a way an admission of defeat, but the light evokes smuggling days - not nostalgic so much as matter of fact. Smuggling was a serious, not to say brutal, business. Tall droplet-laden bracken at shoulder height, the path twists and turns. This time we've permission to go into the Park; Dave and Steve Wadey are on hand to guide us. The vista opens out - or, at least, there are only single trees; a heavy mist blots out even the darkness itself, there's an enormous rotting tree-trunk on the left side. Like the yellow jersey in the Tour de France I have to keep ahead of the peloton. Not the happiest of analogies perhaps. If the peloton catches up the whole point of the walk will be gone and anyway I haven't a cycle. An aeroplane drones overhead. This is a kingdom of darkness. You might say today's world has an excess of light. You wouldn't, perhaps, wish it otherwise but that old darkness did have a certain restfulness about it. How long have I been walking? Thirty-five minutes? Fifty? I don't really want it to end. The path winds on and eventually I'm back at the cars. I can't think we'll ever do it again. Perhaps no one will, the Park section must be well on the way to reverting. So we'll never experience it under ideal conditions. Perhaps that's just the whole point. Nothing ever quite works out. It's all down to the Man in the Moon, if he hadn't been so awkward but then perhaps he just feels that way.

P.

On the following page there is a letter from St Richard's Hospital acknowledging donation after David's moonlight flit on September 29th. The Society also received a personal thank you from Dr Margaret Rice-Oxley consultant in Rehabilitation medicine.

	St. Richard's Hospital CHARITABLE TRUST <small>Registered Charity No. 1049201</small>	Royal West Sussex NHS Trust Spirallfield Lane Chichester West Sussex PO19 6SE	Tel: 01243 788122 ext 4000 Answerphone: 01243 831799 Fax: 01243 831195 Email: trust@rws.nhs.uk Website: www.rwst.org.uk
			

Mr A J Henderson
 Hon Treasurer
 Petworth Society
 Champings
 62 Sheepdown Drive
 Petworth
 West Sussex
 GU28 0BX

13 October 2004

Receipt No. 21238

Dear Mr Henderson,

Thank you very much for your wonderful donation of £50.00 to St. Richard's Hospital Charitable Trust (Registered Charity No. 1049201), which has been passed to me by Dr Margaret Rice-Oxley.

Your donation will be put towards the Donald Wilson House (Rehabilitation Centre) fund as you requested, where it will be used to improve equipment and facilities for both patients and staff here at St. Richard's.

It is the kindness and good will of everyone that makes St. Richard's such a special hospital.

Thank you once again for your support and generosity - they are very much appreciated. Please pass on our sincere thanks to the other members of the Petworth Society.

Yours sincerely,


 Kathryn Snowden
 Fundraising Assistant

President
 The Countess of March and Kinnara

Patrons

Michael Bell - Col. Sir Brian Bartlett OBE, DL - Christopher Bateman, FRCPsych - Vanessa Branson - Professor Robert Collier CBE, MD, FRCP, FMedSci - The Viscountess Cowdray - Fred Dinerage
 The Lady Egmont - John Gale OBE, FRSA - David Glenister - Kay Glendinning MBE - The Rt. Revd. John Hind, Bishop of Chichester - Susan Jameson - Dame Alison Munro OBE - The Duchess of Norfolk
 Michael Peacock CBE - The Duke of Richmond and Gordon - Patricia Routledge OBE - Deirdra Salkeman RN - Christopher Timothy - The Lord Lieutenant of West Sussex, Hugh Wyatt - The Rt. Hon. Lord Young of Gratham PC, DL

A Bridge Too Far?

How many times have we heard the Chairman boast "We never cancel a Petworth Society walk"? So when Andy rang up to ask whether we were still going to Ladymead Lock in the face of the forecast of strong winds and heavy showers, what could I say? (Peter was not available on this occasion.)

In the event, there were eighteen of us, half a dozen in Wellingtons (more about that later) to meet Andrew at Kilsham Farm and make our way along a mile of the old railway track to the fishermen's car park and then by foot over 'Jumbo's Bridge' to the newly, partly-restored Ladymead Lock.

We had visited a year ago, just prior to the excavation, when Andrew had explained the plan to let water flow through again and to restore the stonework, but not to replace the lock gates. He had his own painting with him this time, of the scene 200 years ago and a photograph of the digging out in progress.

The remains of the original gates, which went down 20 feet, were found, together with a metal rod which had controlled a sluice gate, but otherwise little of interest apart from a vintage Coca Cola can and modern rubbish for which one of our members was suspected of being responsible. Ironically, he had found himself one of the excavation team. The work included laying an underground pipe from a carrier ditch on the northern side to ensure a flow of water through the lock and into the river, since Environment Agency legislation does not allow extraction from the river, even if it is to flow straight back in again. Similarly, Health & Safety Regulations forbade excavating deeper than 10 feet, where unknown treasures may still lie hidden. Water in the ditch was rising by 2 inches a day and was expected to start its work within a week.

We moved on to an adjacent meadow which is being turned into wetland as part of the scheme and where, in the preceding week, sluices had been built in the ditch to direct water into the area.

Why do all this? Andrew was asked. To preserve the ancient structures and to provide another habitat for wildlife – fish, kingfishers and winter visiting waders – and at the same time allow grazing by cattle.

Waders of the avian variety – but we had our own and after we had walked back along the river bank to a third 'riffle' which Andrew had constructed with over 200 tons of gravel along a shallow stretch of the Rother to encourage brown and sea trout to spawn, he invited (challenged?) those of us wearing Wellingtons to wade across and return to the cars 'the quick way'.

Descent into the river, battling the considerable current and clambering out the other side provided experience for some and spectacle for others. Those with less – or perhaps more, foresight had to trudge back almost as far as Kilsham Farm before crossing Keepers Bridge up to the railway track, where we could once again admire the skewed brickwork on one of the bridges and the substantial excavations of badgers in making their setts, concluding that what for Andy had started off as a 'visit', really was a 'walk' as well.

And we didn't get very wet.

KCT

'And the occasional tansy'

Andrew's Coultershaw Meadows walk

In twenty five years and more of walking we've perhaps had somewhat similar weather forecasts - none worse perhaps. In my experience the worse the forecast, the less likely to be accurate. It's a dangerous doctrine - perhaps we've just been lucky. The morning's not too bad, sullen, as if limbering up for the afternoon. First a soaking light drizzle, then at lunchtime it rains to some purpose. This will affect turnout, but rain isn't going to concern Andrew. It simply goes with his job. In fact there's a very reasonable turnout in the car park. Down to Coultershaw and a sodden landscape. A dark green bruise of nettles away to the left, a definite environmental plus, the rain standing in pools on the cowpats. Two fishermen trudge cheerfully back. A pale green umbrella still by the bank seems to encapsulate the scene. Actually the weather's nothing like as bad as the forecast. It's even stopped raining - almost!

The Coultershaw scheme looks essentially to reinstate the river to its original course before it was canalised and recreate the original flood plain, the old copyholders' water-meadows, enriched annually by the waters. It's not a matter of interfering with nature so much as arresting man's previous interference with nature. The revitalised habitat will become a refuge for wild species of all kinds. Leconfield and Barlavington estates have worked carefully with the Countryside Agency to enable the river to take its former dynamic course, Shopham lock becoming a backwater. The river's stronger flow will keep down silting - a problem also in canal days when there was need for regular dredging.

Across the water-meadows, then fording the fast-flowing river. It's just up to the top of Wellington boots and you can feel the impatient current. Andrew offers an improvised motorised ferry service for the less intrepid and the shallow shod. The presence of sea-trout and particularly grayling is a good indication of purer water. The banks of silt have sprouted thousands of seedlings, mainly dock, but also bur marigold and the occasional tansy. We look at the now redundant lock. Wooden debris lies on the overgrown bed, newly exposed through the fall of the old level. There are alders in fruit and mossy blocks of stone. We walk round the silt-banked field; noting a pile of rain-washed ash, some bright orange, alder wood perhaps. The sides of the river have been cut sharply vertical - ideal for kingfishers Andrew says. It's hoped that otters, moving steadily westward, will colonise. Andrew notes a decline in the mink population. Back to the ford, some cross on foot, some by motor. The weather's closing in again. Back over the fields to Coultershaw. The Petworth Society has had a great afternoon and somehow avoided a soaking!

P.

The thirtieth anniversary dinner

The dinner's later this year. I can't now remember why. It certainly hasn't made it less popular. Perhaps a vague notion that the Society sprang out of the autumn mists has something to do with it. Thirtieth anniversary? In fact the inaugural meeting was in 1973. I remember it - but - well? Actually it's all a bit hazy, downstairs in the Leconfield Hall, but little sense of portentous things to come. I went with George Garland. The bypass issue was divisive then in a way it's difficult now to imagine, but it wasn't something in which GG took much interest. Colonel Maude, however, kept a wary eye: the issue could easily hijack a fledgling society. Petworth, he insisted, would change. No Society could, or should, arrest that. And, of course, Petworth is greatly changed since 1973. Colonel Maude, as so often, was right.

Suddenly it's 2004. A glorious September evening with the nights just beginning to come in. That first 2002 one-off meal has become a regular occasion. The only slight downside is having to tell some people they will be disappointed. 88's the limit, first come, first served. No preference even for committee. We gather in the foyer, coming in through the Church Lodge entrance. Some fresh faces. Jennifer has come back with her husband. She remembers roller-skating up that long stone-floored passage. It all looks so much smaller now. Her father, Jack Knight, worked in the Estate Office. It would be just after the war. In this insurance/compensation driven age the very thought of someone roller skating up the passage encapsulates another world.

The party will need to be divided. The old Estate Office will only accommodate so many at a time. I don't remember it as an Estate Office, but rather as the "Muniment Room" as it was from the early 1950s. George Garland always called it the "Mummy Room." It provided temporary storage not only for the Petworth House Archives, but also for George's 70,000 glass negatives (give or take a few). It's all gone now to purpose-built premises in the old stable block. Some of the huge cupboards remain but empty now, as are the pigeon holes where the farm accounts were kept. Up those familiar wooden steps there's another archive room, the map room and what was the archivist's office. Built in 1802, Dai says, but very sketchily documented. Petworth was a large estate and in those pre-computer days carried a full-sized clerical staff. The Cockermonth office is senior in age at least. The Trust hope to have the Estate Office ready to show visitors by next season: in its own way it was as crucial as the kitchens.

Time to move on. There's only half an hour before drinks in the Marble Hall. Time for a chat with the ever amiable Clive McBain - his exhibition's worth a visit on its own. Some have taken the chance of a look at the old kitchens. Another three quarters of an hour or so in the Marble Hall. The party streams out on to a sun-drenched west front, looking across to a green September park. There's been plenty of moisture this year!

Then eleven tables of eight. Andy's mixed the company as well as he can. You won't always sit just where you might expect. And that, after all, is just the whole point. The chairman's welcoming speech appears (to him at least) mercifully short. The golden rule after thirty years? Never think beyond the next thing - the next November fair, the next magazine,

season of meetings or walks, the next book sale, even the next dinner. Once you start to think beyond that you're in trouble. Oh, and the food was excellent. And the quiz? Well the chairman's table won again. In boxing terms this triumph received a very mixed reception. Howls of derision and slow hand-clapping. At least no one tried to overturn the tables. Was it the chairman's fault that Andy had given his table such a galaxy of intellectuals? Three years unbeaten - even Arsenal haven't gone that long. See you next year.

P.

Muggletonians and munitions – the September book sale

It's been one of those strange months when little comes in after the last sale, then, when we're more or less ready to go, there's an avalanche. We'll keep some back, put some out and use some of the reserve. In theory all fresh is a good idea, but it does beg the question of the reserve. It can't simply grow. It looks however as if October will be predominantly new. No one will notice except Miles and myself. The turnover on reserve is the best part of a year. This time it's a four week interval between sales: it's odd how the occasional five weeks seems to give double the time. Eighty flat boxes and slightly less of the more expensive "square" boxes. Probably the right mix.

The setting-out team can vary. Not everyone's available every month but we have turned what is, on the face of it, a logistical nightmare into a relatively smooth, if strenuous, operation. We've certainly moved on from those far-off, innocent days in 2001. This time we've a few pictures and some odd bric-à-brac but we're very light on jigsaws and records. Just the way it goes.

Enough of this you'll be saying. What of the chairman's quarterly piece of ephemera, that eagerly awaited "strange what falls out of old books" bit? "Eagerly awaited?" you ask. Well, after all, the chairman writes the script. How about this munitions requisition from 1942? It comes from the Manchester area and the pencil entries may be difficult to read but the stripping of railings has clear Petworth echoes. I've never seen such a form before, but no doubt some dusty archive room has hundreds of them somewhere. Actually dusty and archive probably don't go together in these conservation-conscious times.

All set up, then that electric moment when the doors open, the queue stiffens into motion and we're off. The moment never disappoints. Then total silence except for books picked up, put down, boxed. It's as impossible to describe as it is to photograph. Phil tries to count numbers - sixty seems a conservative estimate: remember the two rooms are crammed with tables anyway. People come in but don't leave. Afternoon casuals are a different breed altogether. The first hour is at once exhilarating and exhausting. In fact September turns out to be the best book sale, but one, and in some ways perhaps the best.

Book of the quarter? Another "regular feature" forced on a reluctant public. How about *The World of the Muggletonians*?¹ You've never heard of a Muggletonian? Well, I hadn't until I was looking at background for John Sirgood's *Way*.² A sect spawned like so many in that sudden crazy window of religious tolerance in the 1640s. John Reeve and Lodowicke Muggleton, his cousin, claimed to be the two last witnesses mentioned in the Book of Revelation. Others had made the same claim before, but the pair did attract a following. Reeve died relatively early but Muggleton, initially the junior partner, continued well into the 1690s.

The sect, never militant, dispensed with sacraments, set services and even meetings. The main tenet was to believe in Reeve and Muggleton's divine mission. No attempt was made to evangelise. Once rivals to the Quakers, the Muggletonians kept themselves very much to themselves and made little attempt to develop. They seem also to have evaded the attentions of almost every sect-seeker. Their massive archive, surviving well into the last century with

¹ Christopher Hill, Barry Reay and William Lamont: *The World of the Muggletonians* (Temple Smith 1983)

² *John Sirgood's Way: The Story of the Loxwood Dependants* (Window Press 1998)

Receipt No. **L 32287**

MINISTRY OF WORKS AND BUILDINGS.

SALVAGE OF RAILINGS, ETC.

In accordance with the notices already posted and published in the local press and in Exercise of the Powers conferred under Sections 50 and 53 of the Defence (General) Regulations, 1939, the Railings of this Property will be removed immediately.

To Owner or Occupier,

Address Mamock Princess Ave
N. Wellington

Contractor's Name **JAMES CROSBY & SONS LTD.**

Address **COR WOOD,**
HALE, CHESHIRE.

Foreman's Signature Brook

Date 19/9/42

the last known adherent, offers a direct insight into that turbulent world of the 1640s. I don't think there are any Muggletonians left now - but then, I suppose you never know.

P.

Valley of the barn owls

Keith being unavoidably absent, the report seems down to the chairman. Perhaps some exotic non-de-plume at the foot of the page? Keith and I discuss possibilities. We eventually decide to keep to the ubiquitous P. It's Dennis Bright's third visit to the society and he's clearly a good choice for that awkward "first meeting of the season" spot. It always takes members a month or so to realise that the season is under way. There's a good audience for what is clearly a popular subject. It must be some four years at least since Dennis first came, then again, some two and a half years ago. I missed the talk then. Dennis will go straight through with refreshments at the end. We're coming to think that this may be a good format - it means members can take as little time or as long as they like once the talk's over.

The barn owl is Dennis' particular forte, and it's difficult to convey the sheer force of his enthusiasm to someone who wasn't there. His love affair, for that is effectively what it is, with the barn owl, goes back to boyhood in Eastleigh, the owls entering the urban area from the adjoining water meadows. The church where Dennis sang in the choir was inextricably linked in his mind with owls and they could sometimes be seen in the light of the street lamps. An evocative twilight shot of the church tower was followed by a sobering picture of preparations for a large supermarket. There are no owls in urban Eastleigh now. Even the church, burned down and now beautifully restored as flats, offers no entry for the barn owl. Visits to his grandparents in more rural surroundings seem only to have increased Dennis' enthusiasm.

Dennis' basic beat is the Hampshire river valleys and his talk a fascinating kaleidoscope of ideas and pictures. I can mention just a few: the removal of the owl's food supply by standardised modern farming, the effects of hurricane damage on damaged trees which afford the owl a shelter. There is the eternal conflict of interest between owls and, in different ways, other birds, like rooks, jackdaws, carrion crows even the rare Montagu's harrier. Barn owls in this country are at their very northern limit. They are not found beyond the Scottish lowlands. Barn owls have insufficient natural oil to ward off excess water and cannot fly with soaked plumage. Rats and small rodents are a staple food and their taking of rats is a great help to farmers. The owls will however pick up "wobbly" rats, dying of poison. Warfarin in limited quantities they can take but the more sophisticated rodenticides can take out both rodent and raptor. A silent nest with owl and rat skeletons side by side can be a macabre indication of this. For the rest there was the old oak at Mottisfont, old by Doomsday, decaying ash trunks, nightingales, nesting boxes, originally converted tea-boxes, then purpose-built from timber by Dennis and his volunteers. Expensive lenses and long hours in the hide waiting for that single magical shot. Oh yes, Dennis had a few of those! An absolutely first-class evening and yes, Keith should be back for the next one.

P.



Richmal Crompton. Circa 1925.



*Alison Neil as Richmal Crompton in later life.
Alison will present "The Just William Lady" at the Leconfield Hall on Wednesday
December 15th.*

Book review : 'One man in his time'

Many of us will remember Ron Pidgley as telephone engineer at Petworth in the 1950s. Many of us, too, will have noted his help with artwork during the early years of this Magazine. Among many other contributors Ron produced the beautiful calligraphy and the drawings for the Society tribute on the fiftieth anniversary of the Boys School bombing in 1942. The Society's November fair poster still uses as its basic artwork fairground drawing by Ron and I'm always pleased to receive his distinctive Christmas card – quite different every year. If I haven't seen him and Sheila so often over late years its no doubt because their visits to Petworth have grown a little less frequent.

Ron is not the sort of person you forget and he has always been very much his own man. There's certainly nothing wrong with being an individual and his autobiography reflects a certain independence of thought. Ron's certainly been around, particularly during his war service and he has an excellent recall and an eye for detail. Early days in his native Buckinghamshire, school at Leighton Buzzard, a brief job in a stationery department before joining the G.P.O. at Berkhamsted, graduating quickly to the telephone system. It wasn't long, however, before the war came and, being twenty in 1940, Ron volunteered. It was inevitable that he would end up with the Royal Signals at Catterick camp. He writes of the journey north, taking the old L.N.E.R. from Kings Cross with his mother's words ringing in his ears, 'You will need sandwiches and notepaper to write home'. Service was varied, a raid across the North sea, North Africa and India.

A interlude at Petworth, hitherto unknown, would be significant for the future. He lodged with Mr and Mrs Ted Saunders at 4 Station Road. Troop H.Q. was at North House. He met Sheila who was with the W.L.A. and working on Oliver Cross' Soanes farm. 'Sheila lived with her mum and dad just up the road where Mr Roberts owned a garage. Unfortunately severe damage had lately been caused by a runaway Canadian tank unable to negotiate the corner of the A272 running over the forecourt to pick its way through large wooden doors and colliding with a bus house inside.' The bus itself had been pushed into the side of the house. It's an incident which has had its echoes in the Society Magazine.

Promotion within the Service, operating as a Commando, marriage to Sheila and it was back to the civilian life. A spell at Petworth as the 'telephone man' would follow. Readers of the present Magazine will perhaps home in on Ron's evocation of 1950s Petworth before the Pidgley family moved to Horsham. Ron helped with Fred Streeter's early radio broadcasts from the gardens at Petworth House and writes of the important rôle of 'new!' people like the Chapmans and the Huggetts in post-war Petworth, and the resurgent spirit at Hampers Green, Ron's technical experience and artistic bent were invaluable in the early days of the Petworth Players, then the Hampers Green Drama Group. Horsham in the 1960s and finally retirement, with the opportunity to continue with calligraphy and art.

I haven't been able to do more than skim over what is a substantial book of some 250 pages. Clearly a Petworth book if only in part. I don't think Ron had any great number done

and he's a little cautious about the price. Interested? Drop Ron a line at 4 Danehurst Crescent, Horsham.

P.

Ron Pidgley : One man in his time plays many parts.
Printed and produced by Midhurst and Petworth Printers (2003)

A letter from Mrs P. Payne

[Editor's note: I am always pleased to receive a letter from Mrs Payne, who invariably has something interesting to say.]

Dear Editor,

Much enjoyed Petworth Magazine No.117, but as usual yielded to the temptation of playing Madam Know-All knowing you will take all in the interests of knowledge.

Page 13. Household hints

If you consult Dorothy Hartley : Food in England, (and it is the only cookery book I know that includes making a privy) on page 326 'sal prunella' is not the same as saltpetre. It is a form in which minute quantities of the potassium nitrate is already converted into nitrates and thus starts the working of the salting process more rapidly.

.... Ivy black is also a proprietary brand. Did not the young Charles Dickens work in a blacking factory? It makes sense of the boast of the Regency gentleman's gentleman that he cleaned his master's riding boots with champagne. A farmer used beer, in both cases stale drugs. I think the oil, sugar and egg white was to prevent the blacking washing off in rain. Page 31. The will of Sir John Dawtrey

To Anthony my black-rye gelding. Is this a local description of colour. Or a misreading of ry(ding) gelding. Can't wait to read the second half.

Yours sincerely,

Patricia Payne
Minehead

A Tillington Royalist?

A recent book on *'The Life and Times of Lancelot Addison, 163-1703, Dean of Lichfield'* by David Risk (2002), touches on Petworth (page 28). These Addisons were yeomen of The Hill, near Maulds Meaburn in Westmorland. Lancelot's children included Joseph Addison, essayist, diplomat, and hymn writer, whose output included the 'Tatler and the Spectator' (jointly with Richard Steele).

Lancelot was at Oxford 1652-57; the Lord Protector's grip was lessening by 1657 and a change was in the air. Clergy were vetted and ejected, from 1654, if of Anglican principles;

in 1655 they were forbidden to minister to Anglicans as such. In 1657 Lancelot nevertheless took Holy Orders, and 'lived in or near Petworth in Sussex. Here he ministered to local gentlemen of Royalist sympathies according to the unfashionable principles of the Church of England.' In Petworth House was the tenth Earl of Northumberland, Algernon Percy, Royalist but aloof. In the Rectory was Dr Francis Cheynell, a furious ranting Puritan fanatic. 'Lancelot's base at this time cannot be established' (Risk L.C.); but Petworth itself is not likely, given Cheynell's presence and hostility. Tillington, however, is a possibility; in its church's south aisle is the monument (a brass) to Dr Cox, spirited Royalist and Anglican, who took on Cheynell on the topic of Infant Baptism and worsted him; he died in Cheynell's time, and was buried at Tillington to escape Cheynell's funeral sermon over him. Tillington, therefore, was then evidently more favourable to Royalists and practising Anglicans; and being only a mile from Petworth, was as handy a base for such as Addison and his clientele in 1657-60. He was witty and adventurous and would enjoy the challenge of Cheynell.

Jeremy Godwin

Of 'pimps' and Michaelmas daisies

It's 1.45 and I'm lighting the fire at the Cottage Museum. The newspaper's obstinate. It won't catch. Recalcitrant, refractory, rebarbative perhaps, but this is no time for linguistic niceties. I get a little more firelighter out of the cupboard. Mrs. Cummings herself would simply have had to persevere. The "pimps" in the grate look on smugly, secure in their role of honoured exhibits. At last the fire's going, smokes briefly and then is away. I open the back door, the smoke will clear before two o'clock. In the garden the Michaelmas daisy is beginning to flower, a washed-out mauve, sombre messenger of a dying summer. The sun pours into the early September garden. As it's Sunday the clothes prop holds up an empty line. Protestant or good Irish Catholic, you don't put clothes out on a September Sunday in 1910. Cosmos in pale pink, calendula and corn marigold and, of course, this year's burgundy antirrhinums, flowering now on branched stems, the first seed-heads having been cut back. The zinnias give a more vibrant colour. What strange plants zinnias are - if you can get them through the first fortnight after planting they can do well. Half of them however simply curled up and shrivelled away. Reddening haws by the wall are another sign of autumn.

The High Street's totally deserted, swept clean by the hot sun. A cucumber and some tomatoes lie on the parlour table with the usual scones and cakes. Siesta time you might think when not even a dog emerges into the heat. It's half past two. But then - a hesitant knock on the door. Knocks come in definite gradations from the "Open up, we're here" or "Stand by your beds" type to the lighter "Are you open? Is it all right if we come in?" to the faint tap followed by a shuffle round the water butt and out of sight and eventual capture by an alert steward.

We start with a couple of refugees from the Revival at Goodwood. They've been for two days but have found today simply too hot. That mystery item on the scullery table.

Miss Blagden
 To Mrs Cummings
 £ " s" d.

May 4 th	Binding skirt	1. 0
" 5	Servants carpet	1. 0
" 6	Bedroom do	1. 3
" 6	2 blinds	5
" 8	2 short blinds	8
" 12	1 rolled blind	1. 2
" 15	Dining 1/2 blinds	2. 6
" 18	4 Up curtains	2. 0
" 15	1 rolled blind	2
" 12	Drawing R. 1/2 blinds	6
" 22	Do Do	1. 2
June 4 th	1 Ball blind	4

Material for blinds	12. 2
	<u>4. 1</u>
	19. 3

Paul the S. Y. 1
 199 Paid with Hunter

Account from Mrs Cummings to Miss Blagden (East Street) 1897 for sewing work. See "Of 'pimps' and Michaelmas daisies".

Might it be a portable sifter for flouring pastry boards? Could be. It's been suggested before. And the glass bottle wasp catcher. "We still use the same idea, simply making a big enough hole in the top of an empty jam jar." "Oh, and how long's the Doll House Museum been gone? Local people give periods from one to seven years. This brochure we've got must be considerably out of date."

The old explanations: the bombazine on the parlour mantelpiece. "Ours is green but black was perhaps more usual. Most Victorian and Edwardian parlours could boast one." Or Agnes and the two granddaughters, first night in a house strange to all three, holding their candles and halting before that forbidding door to the attic, the sharp stairs, Or Agnes remembering those extraordinarily wide window sills at a distance of eighty years. Brown paint then, that same brown paint now, if, of course, a different coat. It would be 1919. Part of the growing mythology of the cottage. Mythology can be a strange amalgam of history and tradition.

Sitting down again while Marian explains the mysteries of "upstairs". The surprising non-silence of a century ago. The saucepans sizzle on the range: you'd need these big saucepans if that were all the hot water you had. The slow tick of the clock, the hiss of the gas lamps. Lavender stems have broken and dropped the heads into one of the Crimean war jugs. More couples arrive at staggered intervals, there's a family with two very young children. It's busy from three to four, then stops again. One or two visitors have been before and are revisiting with relatives: "Would you say that Michaelmas daisies are weeds?" "Well I can't say our specimen is terribly distinguished but it's certainly not a weed." "The man next door to us says they're weeds." The lady and I join forces against this unseen heretic.

It's been a good average afternoon in a year when attendance is significantly up on last year - so far at least. Perhaps it's something to do with the poor summer, but on a glorious day like this, that's only a distant memory.

P.

Solution to 117

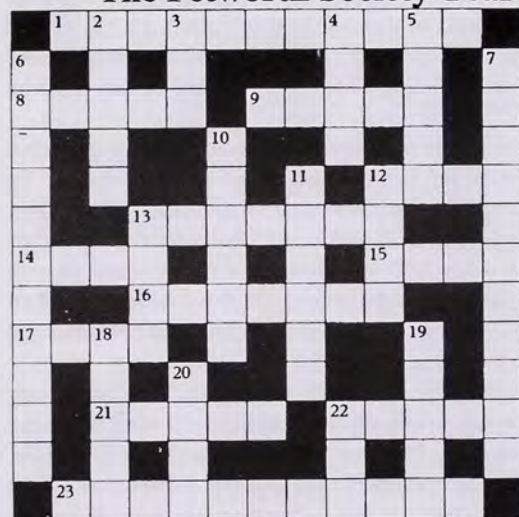
Across

1 Gingerbread, 9 Twins, 10 Galop, 11 Nag, 12 South, 14 Ale, 15 Sutton, 16 Alfred, 18 Rum, 20 Elect, 21 Baa, 22 Elder, 24 April, 27 Stonemasons

Down

2 Iping, 3 Gas, 4 Rag Rug, 5 Rig, 6 Aella, 7 Stane Street, 8 Spread Eagle, 12 Stoke, 13 Holst, 17 Bedham, 19 Midst, 21 Bryon, 23 Run, 24 Ass

The Petworth Society Year Crossword



Across

1 Society outing in June: countryside, cream teas & Chris Howkins (5,6)
 8 "---- Days & TV Times" - entertainment from The Time of Our Lives Music Theatre (5)
 12 Dry and withered – as sedge (4)
 13 Endangered bird – subject of a talk by Dennis Bright (4,3)

14 Name of vessel that provided 1 ac. (4)
 15 Twisted ruse to find a consumer (4)
 16 Greenish variety studied by Trevor Price on his Himalayan expeditions! (7)
 17 Gather (4)
 21 Not suitable(5)
 22 Search energetically in Arundel venue (5)
 23 Milestone the Society reached in 2004 – marked by celebratory dinner (6,5)

Down

2 Confuse (5)
 3 Fuss (3)
 4 Encourage(4)
 5 Soothe(5)
 6 Subject of Andy Thomas's talk – unusual goings-on in the corn fields (4,7)
 7 Natural feature forming part of the parish boundary – the focus for two walks (5,6)
 10 Goddess of the dawn (6)
 11 keep your eyes on the one in front – the way to walk the moonlight path (6)
 12 Speak indistinctly in the slurry (4)
 13 Holler! (4)
 18 The Time of Our Lives Music Theatre can be relied on to raise one! (5)
 19 The 3rd Earl's notoriously unpopular legal agent – the subject of a magazine article (5)
 20 Annual Petworth event recently on our TV screens (4)
 22 Female animal (3)

Did you go to Ebernoe school?

If you did, we would love to know! Over the winter, Katherine Walters and Frances Abraham are hoping to gather together enough information to produce a small book about the school, which will be sold in aid of the Ebernoe Church Restoration Fund.

The memories of those who attended the school will be an important part. No details are too small – it is so often the little things which bring a story to life – the games you played, your nicknames, your lessons, your misdeeds, everything... And we are hoping to include

as many photographs as possible – do you have any pictures of the school and the schoolchildren, or its surroundings on Ebernoe Common?

Or perhaps a relative of yours attended the school? Perhaps your grandmother might have a photo of the school in her attic?

Please write to Frances Abraham, The Old School House, Ebernoe, Petworth, West Sussex GU28 9LD, or telephone Mrs Katherine Walters on 01798 343029.

The day the earth moved at Petworth

The following article comes from an unknown publication from 1811. It came my way in a bundle of similar cuttings most of which related to the north of England, however for some reason or other this particular one happened to catch my eye. The correspondent is reporting on an earthquake or tremor, which appears to have had its centre in the Portsmouth area, but was of such force that it was distinctly felt at Petworth. As far as I am aware there were no reports of any damage or injuries following the tremor.

1811.] *Intelligence from various Part of the Country.* 581

Nov. 30. A violent shock or concussion of the earth was felt this morning, between two and three o'clock, in *Portsmouth* and the neighbouring towns. It commenced by a smart shock, which is described by the persons who felt it as very alarming; in many instances, the whole furniture of the rooms shook, and the handles of the drawers rattled against the wood: the bed of a workman, in the Water works, was moved four inches from the wall. The shock was followed by a deep rumbling noise, like that of a waggon passing over the street, and immediately after by a flash of lightning. It was distinctly perceived in Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, at Havant, Emsworth, Chichester, Petworth, and Bognor. The general conjecture is, that an earthquake must have happened in some distant spot. At the time of the great earthquake at Lisbon, the concussion was visibly felt there, and one of the gates of the dock-yard burst open.

M.C.

Two old shepherds of Ashington (A Garland feature from the 1930s)

Along the quiet little laneway which runs from Ashington, by Wiston's tiny Post Office, and along out to the main road at Bunton Cross Roads, is an old half-timbered house with a name which might have been created by Lewis Carroll, for it is called 'Trickles House', and this particular spot where it stands is called Hole Street. It is old Trickles Farm house.

If you want to hear of the old days, and of the time when the South Downs were alive

with sheep, and the jangle of the sheep bells mingled with the song of the larks, you should go into Trickle House, for inside you will find (unless he is out working in his garden) a Southdown shepherd of the old school, and his wife who was a shepherdess too in her younger days. They are Mr and Mrs Jack Cox.

Jack Cox, who is now turned 75, was for 52 years a shepherd up over the hills from Washington at Lee Farm. He was born at Shopham Bridge, near Petworth, and his father was a cowman for old Billy King, who was the farmer at Bigenor Farm there at that time.

Jack, who had five brothers and a sister, had to walk more than a mile to Byworth School each day. A Miss Price was the mistress there at that time and Jack's parents had to pay twopence a week for his schooling. They didn't have to stand this expense too long because he left at the age of eleven and went to work up over the hills at Lee Farm as a shepherd's boy for 2/6 a week. Charles Duke was the farmer there in those days. After a time he became a carter at the same farm and was paid 14/- a week for looking after four horses. Hanging on the wall in his long, ceilinged, oak-beamed sitting room, hangs his old carter's whip, now more than forty years old. It is one of his most treasured possessions.

After Charles Duke Fred Stacey came to Lee Farm and he owned his own threshing tackle to which Jack became attached for a time. But the call of his first love eventually got him and at the age of thirty he took up regular shepherding at this same farm, and remained a Southdown shepherd on the hills until his retirement thirteen years ago when the farm was sold up.

Jack Cox will talk about sheep-craft of old until the cows come home. Shepherds in this day used to wear a smock and hard hat, which they changed when doing such jobs as fold pitching for a rough sort of sacking smock and a cap, very often a red one. The hard hat would get in the way when carrying hurdles -- hence the need for a change of headgear.

Jack Cox showed me how he used to sit in his little low-backed arm chair at lambing time. His father taught him how to 'sit orkard' at such times so that he shouldn't sleep too long!

In 1919 Jack Cox married Mrs Brooks, widow of an old-time shepherd. Before her second marriage she and her husband tended a flock of 1,000 registered Southdown sheep and she was awarded a certificate by Lord Selborne who was Minister of Agriculture at that time. This, framed, is another show piece in their old-fashioned sitting room.

During the Great War Mr Cox and Mrs Brooks, as she was then, drove more than 500 sheep over the hills at Long Furlong to Findon Fair. Mrs Cox can recall the time when a pig used to be roasted whole at Findon Fair.

In those days Jack Cox used to shear the whole of his flock of 1,000 sheep by hand with hand shears and his wife used to help him. Jack Cox enjoyed his life among the hills and he told me that he would not live in the town for anything. Nowadays he goes out doing a bit of jobbing work when opportunity offers and it is still his proud boast that he has never been late for work. These two old shepherds still rise at 5.30am and go to bed about nine o'clock.

In the evenings they sit in their old-fashioned sitting room with their memories and the old carter's whip, Lord Selborne's certificate, an old sheep bell and an old Pyecombe Crook which must certainly have been made by that noted maker of Pyecombe Crooks, Mr Mitchell.

Oh! I forgot to mention these two old shepherds make an exceedingly good drop of home-made wine.

A pound of onions and other matters

I've lived virtually all my life in the immediate Lodsworth, South Ambersham area, being born at Vinings, a solitary settlement up in the woods a mile or so from The Hollist Arms at Lodsworth. My father worked for Mr. Dallyn at Lower Farm, Lodsworth. Vinings was in some ways a lonely settlement but as I was one of five brothers and a sister, the solitary nature of Vinings presented no problem. We were very much a family unit. It was, of course, Lodsworth school for me, during the war I remember Freddie Simpson used to warn us of a coming air-raid. He was in the A.R.P. and carried a kind of hand-held siren, I suppose it was more like a rattle really. We'd rush out to the air-raid shelter dug in on the common. Mrs. Jenkins was the teacher when I left, assisted by her daughter Margaret. I left Lodsworth school when I was fourteen, went to Easebourne for a year and then left school for good. One childhood incident particularly sticks in the mind. During the war the Canadians from Petworth Park had a rifle range up by Vinings and I remember, as an over-inquisitive, "nosey", child, getting up on a milk churn to watch them. I slipped, cut myself very badly on the edge of the churn and had to be taken to Easebourne to be stitched. At Lodsworth every Thursday morning we'd go from school to church, walking two abreast through the village.

The war had just finished when I left school and I went to work with Mr. Bridger, the farmer at Easebourne. While I never actually ploughed with horses, as my brother did, one of my first jobs was with a horse and cart. If a cow calved in an outlying field, I'd get out the horse and cart, load the calf on and the cow would follow me along the road back into Easebourne. You'd hardly try that with today's traffic! I was soon working with tractors, one of the old grey Fergusons; and still living at Vinings. When I married I went to work for Mr. Jack Tupper at Lyttelton Farm, Duncton; he also farmed at Bignor. Then I came back to work for Mr. Smallridge at Lodsworth. Finally I went on to the Cowdray Estate from where I retired a few years ago. We have now lived at South Ambersham for over forty years.

Like all such villages, South Ambersham, tiny as it is, has changed. Historically a Cowdray Estate enclave, this was still largely the case when we first came here. Farm or estate workers occupied the small cottages: now two or even three cottages have merged into one and ownership is largely private. Only the occasional Cowdray cottage remains. I have some memories of traditions of earlier days. My father and his brothers were in the Old House at Home pub at South Ambersham when the landlord, I can't remember his name, said, "Jack, you must come down and look at the wheelbarrow I've made. It's in the cellar." They went down and were admiring it when my father said, "Have you ever thought how you're going to get out of here? You'll never get it up those steps." And it was true, he couldn't. He had to dismantle the whole thing; take it up separately and reassemble it upstairs!

Yes, South Ambersham, small as it was, did have its own pub, but it will have been gone perhaps since the late 1950s. The premises were bought and converted for residential use. Come to that, South Ambersham also had a village hall which closed down in the early 1960s. I can remember taking the piano down to Hurlands Farm, Mr. Hancock having bought it. Another job for the tractor and trailer.

South Ambersham would have been quite lively during the war. The Fleet Air Arm had a base here. I remember seeing the double wing planes, although I didn't then live in the village. The men were billeted locally. Up at Vinings we originally used to get down into the cellars when there was an air-raid, but after a while my father decided it would be safer to shelter upon the common under the wall. From there we could watch the searchlight batteries playing on enemy planes. There was one battery on the Hancocks' farm at Selham, another on the common itself and another at Lickfold. The three would converge on enemy planes. There was another battery in Petworth Park. Sometimes a plane would fire and the lights would go out. I was reminded of those days when to commemorate my years of service on the Cowdray estate, my wife and I were given a balloon trip. As we sailed over Petworth Park I was able to tell the pilot what the prominent white squares were in Pheasant Copse - foundations of the old ammunition huts. The pilot had seen them so many times and always wondered what they were. The Fleet Air Arm people had a great affection for South Ambersham and have often returned over the years. This summer one of them flew down from Scotland and kept his plane a couple of days on the polo fields. I think he was a guest of Lord Cowdray. I suppose, in the scheme of things, polo is relatively recent at South Ambersham, but I can never remember the village without the polo connection. There must be some one hundred acres of polo ground. The village once had a blacksmith's shop. I don't remember it in operation but my brother used to bring horses there from Morleys at Selham to be shod. I don't think there was ever a shop, while for Sunday service villagers would go to Selham church.

From Vinings, Mother would walk into Midhurst regularly once a week rain or shine. She'd often return soaked to the skin, not forgetting her woollen hat. Groceries and things like saucepans came from Randalls in Lodsworth village but all clothes shopping needed to be done in Midhurst. We kept two pigs at Vinings, one for use as bacon, the other to be sold at market to help toward winter groceries. The bacon pig would be sent down to Randalls to be smoked, but it would of course come back to us. It was nothing for my father to cut off a rasher of any size you wanted. My mother's people were Carvers. Her father, "Ratty" Carver had a smallholding on Lodsworth Common and was a noted beagler, but he had finished before my time. Every autumn he'd get his gun out, a twelve bore it was, and discharge it up the chimney, he had, of course, a large open fire. Down came soot and all sorts of debris and that was chimney sweeping over for the year.

Lodsworth just after the war had two hostelries. The Hollist Arms was still run by "Shoppie" Gill who had been there in the 1930s. There was also Ben May's down by the village hall. This was a beerhouse pure and simple without a licence to sell wines and spirits. It never opened on Sundays whereas The Hollist did. Perhaps it was something to do with the licence. Anyway, as a young man I was often in Ben May's. It had one room for games like shove-halfpenny and another room where you could play darts. Ben May was at the back, visible through a kind of shutter. He presided over a number of barrels covered in dripping wet sacks to keep the beer cool and which stood on a kind of wooden platform. Bitter, cider and a bottled beer called 4X were among the choices. To order you'd look down through the open shutter and say what you wanted. He'd then draw through a tap at the bottom of the barrel. The beerhouse had a blue and red sign outside.

Petworth Fair? I never went, but we never missed Ebernoe Horn Fair, July 25th. Boys and girls from Lodsworth would set off on their bikes via Lickfold, Lurgashall and out on to the Northchapel road, then stay at the fair till quite late at night. There were the usual swing-boats and dodgems but I don't remember who the fair people were.

"Winkle" Ayling, the Lickfold baker was a rare character and Lodsworth very much part of his round. He'd bring bread and buns up to us at Vinings and stop for a cup of tea if he wasn't pressed for time. The old story of his funeral is often told. More or less everyone from Lodsworth and Lickfold came out for him and the funeral procession stopped at The Hollist Arms for a drink on the way because Winkle wouldn't be with them on the way back. As I have said groceries at Vinings came from Randalls in the village, they had a van by this time. If the weather was so bad in winter that the van couldn't make it, my brother would go down with a horse and cart.

Below us at Vinings, at the bottom of Stony Copse, lived Miss Everett, very frail and elderly by this time. As children we'd go down to pump water for her and bring it into the house. She was usually in bed. Miss Tatham from the other side of the village would ride her "sit-up-and-beg" bicycle up to Miss Everett's every day with a little churn full of homemade soup. She was tall and very thin and somehow related, it was said, to W.G. Grace, the cricketer. Mrs Terry at Lodsworth pulled a milk churn on a cart and people would come out with jugs to buy the milk. When her husband died, she'd go every week to the grave and leave a pound of onions. They were his favourite vegetable. The next week she'd replace the onions with another lot. Lodsworth's annual fête was traditionally held at Lodsworth House, first the Kaye family, then the Gordons from the gin family. There was a tradition at one time of having bagpipes there.

My working life has been spent with tractors. Some ten years or more ago I appeared on the television programme "Country Ways". The television people came and asked if I would be prepared to appear in the programme. I agreed. They took a particular interest in the vintage tractors I have in the garden. They filmed me ploughing, pulling out tree stumps and doing other farming work, there was even a photograph of me and a write-up in the book they produced. What amazed me was how much film they took in proportion to what they actually used.

The County Council had an agreement with Cowdray to provide snow ploughs to clear minor roads in severe weather. The farmers would have the use of the ploughs but provide the necessary labour. David Slade and I were often out clearing snow. We worked in tandem: first clearing a way with the "V" of the plough, then sweeping the walls of snow back to the sides of the road. Bexley Hill was a particular place for us. We were rather similarly employed after the 1987 hurricane but this time, of course, moving fallen trees instead of snow.

Tractor driving is a curious occupation. Of its nature it has to be a solitary job. I might leave home in the early morning and not see a soul until I got back in the evening. At busy times it might be half-past seven or even later. That's a long time on your own. No, I never tired of it, there would be the satisfaction of doing the job well, the endless variation in the flight of the gulls below the share, the need to concentrate. I won prizes for ploughing at Petworth, the Borders (Northchapel) and elsewhere. As I've said I never ploughed with

horses; farming became virtually mechanised during and immediately after the war. The introduction of hydraulics then changed everything: one small lever replacing several large heavy ones. Mind you, nothing remains the same. Things move on. Now it's the computer. The cab's almost a miniature office with radio, telephone and even a refrigerator to keep the drinks cool. The driver is there to control and turn the tractor, the computer looks after the line.

Ernie Hill was talking to Rob Smith and the Editor.

'A Bit O' Green Aish'

I was born the week before Christmas at 285 Oldham Cottages near to the bottom of Fox Hill on the Horsham Road. I was brought up with my mother and brother Albert who was two years older than me and my grandfather Charles William Steer who was tenant of the cottage. My mother was a Steer. I never knew my maternal grandmother or in fact my father's mother who was a Welch. My father Albert Ernest Welch was in the navy until 1926, which is why we lived with Grandfather. When Father left the navy he went on to the roads working for the Petworth Rural District and he would have to cycle to wherever he was required. Father always joked that Shillinglee was his winter quarters as he invariably had a job there during the coldest months, unfortunately Shillinglee was also just about the furthest point in the rural district to cycle to.

Although 285 Oldham belonged to the Leconfield Estate it was what was known as 'free', that is it was not tied to a farm. The cottage immediately adjoining us on the Petworth side was tied and it went at that time with Moor Farm but for some reason or other it was later transferred to Mr Duncton's Westlands Farm.

Our part of the property had only two bedrooms, and the attic went with our neighbours so you can imagine that space was at a premium. The toilet was up the garden among the laurels and it was quite often necessary to take an umbrella when you needed to spend a penny. Not a pleasant experience on a wet, dark night, and when the wind rustled the bushes it was a difficult decision whether to stay in the loo or make a dash for the cottage.

Mains water came to Oldham in 1948 and up until then every drop was fetched from the well in the back garden, and as we didn't have a back door it made the journey around the cottage that much longer. As for electric light it still hadn't arrived at Oldham when in 1957 we moved to Station Road in Petworth.

Oldham was really quite isolated in those days between the wars, much I suppose as it is today though of course we didn't have motorcars to nip into Petworth in then. I seem to have grown up mainly among boys as there were very few girls living locally at the time. Exceptions were the Boxall girls from Selscombe up over the other side of Fox Hill but I only walked to school with one of them for a short time. We would go haymaking at Selscombe

when Ephraim Boxall had the farm. We always knew Ephraim as 'Uncle Mitt' though I have no idea why as I don't think that he was a relative of ours. I don't really think that I used to come into Petworth much as a child other than to school or shopping with Mother, and it would not be until sometime after I left school that I began to stretch my wings a bit.

In the Moor Farm half of the two cottages there seemed to be a relatively constant coming and going of families. You see everybody looks back now and thinks that nothing used to change much in those old days, but really being a farm labourer wasn't a well-paid job and people were always trying to earn extra and so they would up-sticks and move if they could earn more elsewhere and you couldn't blame them at all. Just thinking back without trying too hard I can remember the Knight, Randall, Squires, Kingswood, Laker, Rice, Bardon, and White families all living there at various times and of course dear old Frank Whittington who no doubt many Petworth people knew well and who was not adverse to a tipple or two on pension day.

We local children went to Sunday school at Hilliers the big house across the road. That was when the Stapyltons had it. Old Miss Stapylton took us for bible lessons and I can remember us children - and there weren't many then - sitting around a big circular table learning our passages. I never knew any other members of the family other than this lady and I believe that they moved to Wisborough Green eventually.

Unless we could 'cadge' a lift we would walk in to Petworth Infants School each day, which was quite a trek for young children. I remember Miss Bartlett and Miss Mac, who later became Mrs Hill, and of course Miss Margaret Wootton who everybody remembers so well. Later her sister Mary would teach us at the Girls' School.

Every Saturday my brother and I would come into Petworth with Mother to do the weekly shopping. I would spend my 'tuppence' pocket money on sweets at Rosie Ricketts. Mother was an 'Inters' customer rather than the Co-op, just a preference for no real reason I suppose. Mr Whitcomb was manager of The International Stores then and the Whitcomb family lived around the back in the cottage that makes up part of the storerooms now.

Occasionally after school we Fox Hill children would get a ride home with Gus Wakeford on his milk cart and if we were lucky we would have had a lift in the morning on Alfie Carpenter's cart as he came into Petworth from Buckfold. Alfie's float was particularly high but if it meant a free ride then even the smallest child would manage to climb aboard. Mr Purser the landlord of the Red Lion was another regular sight as he passed Oldham on his way home to Bennyfold. If the weather was fine we would walk home across the fields and one of us would be chosen to be the fox and we would chase him or her all over 'The Sugar Knob' up 'Lovers Lane' and around 'The Gog' before we came through the big copse gate that led out of the woods opposite our garden gate. If, as we crossed the road we could see Dad's bike propped up against the house wall we knew that we would be in trouble for being late for our tea.

Mr Lutman from Byworth used to work in the copse across the road making pimps for the Leconfield Estate. Mum would make him a jug of tea everyday and I would have to take it out to him. Having accepted the tea he would invariably say 'Take a bit o' green aish wood home Elsie', Mr Lutman had a niece named Elsie and for one reason or another he always

called me by that name. Anyway he would lump up this piece of wood onto my shoulder and I would nearly fall over under the weight, "Ar! Wait a minute" he would say, "Yus need another bit on t'uther side, now cross them at the back and hang on tight". Off I would go stumbling back to the cottage with my huge load of firewood.

I left school at 14 and straightaway went to work for Mr Fox in North Street. Mr Fox senior had the shop then, in fact his full name was Frederick Garret Fox and the sign at the front always bore those initials even long after he had died. Mr F.G. Fox was a real gentleman despite us girls leading him a bit of a dog's life, though I think that deep down he really enjoyed it. Jimmy Baxter was the only other male in the shop, in fact I think that he was the only male ever employed by Mr Fox, like F.G. poor Jimmy would also suffer at the hands of us girls and I hadn't been at the shop a month before I hit him over the head with a hair brush, but no doubt it would have been his fault. Colin Fox – who was a gentleman just like his father - came into the business when his F.G. became ill and the name continued.

In my last year at school I had a bicycle, which made the journey to and from Petworth much easier and quicker, and of course when I left school and started working for Mr Fox the bike would be essential as shop girls got an hour and a quarter for lunch and three quarters of an hour for tea which meant I could just about cycle home for a very quick tea and back to work until six thirty, seven on Friday and half past eight on Saturday. You see a lot of men got paid on a Saturday and worked all day which made it all the more important to stay open late.

Next door to Fox's was a sweet shop. Mrs Thayre ran the shop and I worked for her for a time after leaving Fox's. In between times I had worked as a collector for the Prudential Insurance Company, I would help the agents out wherever I was needed and often seemed to be doing the Station Road, Duncton and Upwaltham round which meant that I had to cycle out to Upwaltham and gradually work my way back while the agent whose round it was would work out towards me from Petworth.. Needless to say I had much the furthest to travel and on a wet day the ride out to Upwaltham was no great pleasure. The Prudential didn't have regular offices in Petworth and so we more or less worked from the home of Mr Bryant who was the manager and he lived in Gleneagles in Angel Street. Mrs Dunford from High Hoes was one of the agents whom I worked for, as were Mrs Fred Andrews from Burton Mill and Mr Letchmere from Fittleworth. I believe that Mrs Dunford was evacuated from Portsmouth and she took one of the cottages at High Hoes. My job entailed collecting money and delivering policies and reminders. I would still have been in my teens then as it was really a job for a young fit person.

My brother was Albert Charles William and when he left school he went to work for Mr Long who had the cycle shop in Pound Street which would later be taken over by Mr Caine. I don't think that Albert worked there long as I can't imagine that the pay was very good, but then mine wasn't very much either when I started work for Mr Fox. Poor Albert went into the Navy in 1940 and sadly we went down on HMS Hood, which was a terrible tragedy for our family.

Faith Harris was my best friend and she and I used to go fox hunting with Charlie Bishop. We would follow the hunt on foot for miles, and if it was cub hunting then we would set off at the crack of dawn. Faith would cycle out to Oldham and we would then continue out to wherever the meet was.



*Albert Cox of Nutbourne. Photograph by George Garland.
See "Two old shepherds at Ashington."*



Left to right Major Hugh Pollard, Miss Diana Pollard and Miss Dorothy Watson.
Photograph by George Garland. See "George Garland and Miss Canary Islands 1936."



Outside the "Old House at Home" Ambersham. February 15th 1949.
Photograph by George Garland. See "A pound of onions and other matters".



"OH! WHAT A GUY! An admiring group of youngsters watch Colin Doyle light a cigarette in the mouth of the Guy which has been made for Petworth's Bonfire celebrations on Sat (3rd) by Mr Ron Pidgley, former Commando officer (left). The head, carved out of a solid piece of wood, is wired up for electric light, so that the small bulbs in the eyes can be lighted up at night." (Original Garland Caption from the 1950s). See "One man in his time".

Growing up at Oldham would probably seem quite boring to modern children but we always found something to do. If we weren't playing out in the woods or in the fields then we would be listening to the radio, or making things, or even playing cards with the rest of the family.

Mabel Boakes was talking to Miles Costello

My childhood 1888 – 1903 (Being recollections of Petworth by Mrs Dorothy Secomb of Coldwaltham Farm taken down in 1963)

It was I think a pleasant world for a child in those late Victorian years. Ours was a small family consisting of Father, Mother, a younger sister and myself. We lived in a small town in West Sussex. Father was a Sussex man and a farmer but we lived in the town as there was no farm house at the farm. My mother was an Essex woman, one of a family of six sisters and one brother. My father's mother lived in the town and my earliest recollections are bound up with her; she was eighty years old when I was born and was a wonderful old lady, quite a lot of my early years were spent with her and I have vivid recollections of some of the things she told me of events in her long life. She remembered as a young girl going to the Jubilee Celebrations of George III. She was the mother of twelve children, my father being the youngest and had lived in four reigns which was then somewhat of a record, she died when I was ten much to my grief.

The clothes we wore in those days were very voluminous, flannel and white petticoats, tight white knickers and bust bodices. In summer white pique frocks with starched collars and sleeves that scratched when you moved, black stockings and black button boots. In winter we wore stuff dresses and cloth coats with felt or velvet hats and in summer white leghorn hats with wreaths of daisies.

I remember being taken to the tea in the Park given in celebration of the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of York on 6th July 1893, my mother was one of the tea hostesses and had a very prettily decorated table. In 1897 came the celebrations in connection with Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. Before the day our school-mistress made all her pupils write out and learn the words of the National Anthem. I still have my copy. As usual in our town all the celebrations were held in the Park, they comprised tea and sports and I have vivid recollections of the "Women's Cheese Race". Round Dutch cheeses were used and rolled from the top of a small hill in the Park, the women raced down hill after them, this caused a lot of fun especially if two women caught the same cheese.

In 1898 a nephew of my uncle's came home on leave from Egypt after taking part in the

battle of Omdurman, he was in the Royal Horse Artillery and had served under General Kitchener as he was then, his stories made a great impression on me at the time. I have vivid recollections of the Boer War and remember the Relief of Ladysmith in February 1900. I was in school at the time and one of the School Managers came into the Class Room to tell us children that Ladysmith had been relieved and we were to have a half holiday. Mafeking was not relieved until May of that year and our first news of that was hearing the blacksmith's anvil being fired in our Market Place but this time we didn't get our school holiday. Another of my remembrances of the Boer War was seeing the 4th Battn. Royal Sussex Regiment with their Colonel Sir Walter Bartelott march through the streets of our town on their way to practice at the Rifle Range in the Park three weeks before they sailed for Cape Town, Sir Walter Bartelott was killed at the Battle of Spion Kop.

My school life started in 1893 and was the beginning for me of a very happy time, the schoolmaster had twin daughters the same age as myself, we were great friends, he had a magic lantern quite a new thing in those days. I remember that he showed us pictures of the Jameson Raid in 1896.

When I was twelve I was entered for the College of Preceptors Examination which necessitated a train journey to our next town for a three days Examination held at the Grammar School, it was quite an experience for me which was not much enjoyed but was a good practice for the Civil Service Examination which I took three years later.

My remembrances of a Victorian Sunday are very clear. Our family always went to Church twice during the day, morning and evening and I remember walking to Church with my father and mother the former wearing a top hat (as did most of the other men). We had a very old Rector who always preached long sermons and we used to get very hot and tired of listening to them. After Church Service in the summer it was usual to go for a walk in the Park, the entrance to which was in the town and you met nearly all the townspeople on this promenade. I expect it would be very uninteresting to our modern youth but we used to enjoy those walks with Father and Mother.

My sister and I were taken by our mother to spend one holiday in the year at her old home in Essex. This meant a fairly long train journey and what we used to enjoy most of all was the ride in a horse cab or as they used to be called a "Growler" from London Bridge to Liverpool Street, all the London traffic in those days was horse-drawn, the motor was hardly thought of but I do remember being taken by a school mistress aunt in May 1896 to an International Exhibition of Horseless Carriages as they were called at the Crystal Palace and being told that I was to remember the visit when I grew up.

My first recollection of the sea was a visit to Brighton when about six years old with my father and mother. I had never seen the sea before and it made a great impression on me.

I went to the Commemoration service for Queen Victoria in 1901. It was held in the Parish Church which was packed to overflowing. It was a very solemn ceremony and almost all the congregation wore black.

At the age of fourteen I was taken by an aunt of my mother's for a fortnight's holiday at Folkestone and during that fortnight saw the Foundation Stone laid for the extension of the harbour there. In this year a Ladies' Hockey Club was started in the town. I joined it and

became a most enthusiastic member. We had a very good teacher, a lady who played for the Sussex Women's Team. We had two very good seasons of play.

I took my Civil Service Examination when I was fifteen and went into the Post Office in 1904.

The will of Sir John Dawtrey 1542 (ii)

Item to John Dawtrey the beddes with the hangings and fustians in the Inner Chambers with a quylte of silk and twoe beddes of silke that I made the oon rede and yelowe the other read and violett. Item to the said John a carpett for the hall and oon other for the parlour with twoe of the best cupbord carpetts and a coverlett of imagerworke. Item to the said John twoe fyne table clothes of diaper⁵ and three fyne table clothes of playne clothe. Item two diaper towells and two playn towells. Item to the said John two paire of shets of thre bredes⁶ too pair of ii bredes and a halfe and two paire of the fynest of the other sorte. Item six pyllowes and pillowberes. Item a garnyshe of vessell of the fynest and best. Item a bason and an ewer of silver. Item thre gobletts parcell gilte with one cover. Item a fflatt pece parcell gilte. Item two of the best salter with a cover. Item a gilte goblet with a cover. Item my gowne furred with foynes⁷. Item to my [sonne] John Dawtrey all my harnes with billes and almaner of artillarye. Item I will at my buriall to have xxx masses. Item my monthes day xxx masses. Item at xii monthes day xxx masses. Item I will that John Dawtrey my sonne shall preforme and make the coope⁸ with the stole and fronells⁹ against my moneths day according to the vestements. Item I will that John Dawtrey my sonne shall fynde a preest by the space of two yeres geving him by the yere vjⁱⁱ xvj^s iv^d. The residue of my stuffe and implements of householdes I will equally to be divided between Thomas Dawtrey, Anthony Dawtrey and Jane my daughter except two awndyrons two brochis¹⁰ and two great coffers be reserved to the use of Nicholas Apsley. Item I will that suche catall cowis and shepe and all other to husbandry belonging to be equally devided between my three sonnes. Item I will that my daughter Jane Dawtrey to have yerely unto she [be] maryed viⁱⁱ xiii^s iv^d and also a gowne clothe the price xxxvi^s viii^d yerely orells in lafull money xxxvi^s viii^d to be paid by my sonne John out of Ryvers hall yf she contynue not in householde with him but in case she contyue with him Than my sonne John Dawtrey to fynde hir all necessaries at his costes and charges and she to clayme noo parte of the xiⁱⁱ xiii^s iv^d neither her gown clothe. Furthermore I will Jane Dawtrey to have to hir marriage oon hundreth pounds in lawfull money of my sonne John Dawtrey and if he refuse or deny to pay the hundred pounds then I will that my sonne John

⁵ Patterned fabric

⁶ Breadth or width

⁷ Beech-marten

⁸ Cope

⁹ Frontals

¹⁰ Broachis (spits)

Dawtrei shall geve her yerely during her natural lyfe vth xiii^s iv^d in lawful money of Englande and a gowne clothe yerely to the value above specified to com out of my land of Ryvers Hall. Item I will and geve my sonne John Dawtrei all my landes of Ryvers Hall unbequethed and all my detts owed to me to performe this my testament and last will. Also I do ordeyn and make John Dawtrei my sonne my sole executour to performe and fulfill my last will and testamente. Also I do ordeyn and make Thomas Dawtrei Supervisour of this my last will and testament to be performed. Witnessith that this is a trewe and perfite will these persones Thomas Mownfield parson of Petworthe Sir Richard Browne curate John Trewlove John Defe thelder Robert Humfrey with other moe. The day and yere abovesaid. Proved 1 February 1542 [13].

George Garland and 'Miss Canary Islands 1936'

George Garland never spoke to me about the Spanish Civil War. I suppose his connection might best be described as tangential, but a connection of a kind there certainly is. The story is a strange one.

British public opinion was in 1936 broadly supportive of Franco's insurgents, somewhat too easily portrayed as guardians of western religion, values and civilisation against the supposed "Red" menace of a leftist Republican government in Spain. An intellectual minority however saw matters quite differently: for them the Republic was a bastion against the rise of Fascism and a beacon that portended a better world.² Enthusiasm contrived to sweep the continuing atrocities under the carpet. Neither side wished to advertise the orgy of killing committed by their partisans, Anarchist and other militias under the Republic, or Franco's later brutal and systematic liquidation of "dissident" elements. The ineffectual "neutralist" policy of the British and French governments offered the Axis powers freedom of action in Spain while virtually forcing the Republic to rely on supplies from the Soviet Union and, to a lesser extent, Mexico. The Spanish Civil War was never what it seemed. At worst it was an opportunity for the Axis powers and Soviet Russia to flex their military muscle while England, France and, to an extent, the United States, looked on. If heroism there certainly was, overall it was a murderous, vicious and unpleasant business.

George Garland? Quite likely he was too busy making a precarious living to think much beyond that, but as a "press photographer," the war was to give him perhaps his biggest "scoop."

King Alfonso XIII had left Spain in 1931. He would not return. A series of governments of different complexions had failed to address a widening polarisation between

¹ For a good example of this kind of reportage see H.G. Cardozo: *March of a Nation* (1937). Cardozo was war correspondent for the *Daily Mail*

² Peter Stansky and William Abrahams: *Journey to the Frontier* (1966) is an interesting study of two young left-wing intellectuals and the reasons for their going to Spain

rich and poor. Spain was dividing into two uneasy camps, not a new situation but a particularly volatile one. By 1936 a leftist Republican government was making very heavy weather indeed. Aware of General Franco's possible appeal to a discontented upper class and a restive military, but unable to find evidence of his disaffection, the authorities had been careful to appoint the still relatively youthful veteran of the wars in Morocco to the post of military governor of the Canary Islands. The thinking was that with the army in Morocco, Franco's movements could be carefully monitored and, if necessary, stifled. Franco himself kept ostentatiously aloof. So cautious was he that macho colleagues referred to him as "Miss Canary Islands 1936."

To what extent Franco was set on rebellion by July 1936 is not clear.³ It seems likely that he was still vacillating and that wealthy backers and the military were beginning to wonder if he really was their man. In fact dramatic events in the summer heat of Madrid were about to banish indecision, if indecision there was. A prominent member of the Republican Civil Guard had been murdered by a Fascist hit squad. His infuriated colleagues then carried out a reprisal that would effectively signal the beginning of the war. Early on the morning of the 13th, Calvo Sotelo, eloquent monarchist politician and leader of the Opposition in the Spanish Parliament, was collected from his house by members of the Civil Guard, allegedly for "questioning." He was brutally shot and his body dumped at a local cemetery.

Plans were already afoot in England to transport Franco to the army in Africa, on the assumption, of course, that he would be prepared to act. This was now no longer in doubt. A plane had been hired and wealthy expatriates found to underwrite the considerable expense. Luís Bolín, London correspondent of the prestigious Monarchist newspaper A.B.C., had been instructed to hire an aircraft and a pilot. Initial enquiries about the availability of a sea-plane had come to nothing. Quite simply sea-planes were not used in private aviation. Advised by the Monarchist aeronautical pioneer and inventor Juan de la Cierva, himself now based in London, Bolín had hired an eight-seater de Havilland *Dragón Rapide* at Croydon airport.

Exotic as the adventure might seem, it had its problematic side. Quite apart from the question of Franco's cautious stance, what possible reason could there be for someone to hire a private aircraft to fly over mainland Spain to the Canaries? At the very least it was eccentric. But perhaps that was just the whole point. The English after all were a peculiar race. No behaviour was too strange for them. The party must appear as harmless eccentrics. Douglas Jerrold,⁴ a friend of Bolín and right wing editor of the *English Review*, recommended that Bolín consult Hugh Pollard, a retired Army major, now living at Fernhurst in the depths of rural Sussex. Pollard was a firearms expert with an adventurous career behind him, he had worked as a journalist in London, been in Mexico before the 1914-1918 war and in Ireland with the Black and Tans during the early 1920s. He also had a good command of Spanish. Pollard had a reputation for being imperturbable and his sympathies would certainly lie with Franco's insurgents. Jerrold had suggested the subterfuge of a holiday trip, something made

³ Hugh Thomas: *The Spanish Civil War* (1961 and later) thinks that Franco had already decided to act. Paul Preston: *Franco* (1993) thinks that events in Madrid finally impelled him to act. I have tended here to follow Preston

⁴ Jerrold's own account appears in his autobiography *Georgian Adventure* (1937) pages 369-374.

more credible if the party included three blondes. Jerrold and Bolín⁵ both offer racy accounts of their initial discussions with Pollard and of the search for a second blonde, Pollard's daughter, Diana, having volunteered straight away. If the accounts differ in detail they share the same exuberant style. While Pollard jibbed at supplying a trio of blondes he could come up with two. The second was Dorothy Watson, a hunting friend of Diana's and a few years her senior. Diana was nineteen, Dorothy was believed to be delivering chickens for a farmer in the lanes around Fernhurst, but would eventually be traced to a local hostelry. If, in retrospect, Jerrold perhaps allows himself a little licence, his report of the initial conversation carries the distinctive flavour of a period and a segment of contemporary society. He writes: "Dorothy, come here - you're going to Africa tomorrow," Hugh shouted cheerfully. "Africa, where's that? Who does it belong to?" "Oh, you know, it used to belong to Cecil Rhodes, but now it belongs to Mussolini." Dorothy, I had noticed, kept her cigarettes in her knickers. She couldn't, she explained, afford a handbag. Obviously she was the type that went to Africa."⁶

The game was on. By early morning on July 11th, Pollard, Bolín and the two girls had left Croydon bound for the Canary Islands, Captain William Henry Bebb (late of the R.A.F.) at the controls. Bolín sat beside him, Pollard opposite with the two girls behind. A mechanic and a radio operator occupied the two remaining seats. Driving rain met the Dragón over France but the party landed at Bordeaux without incident. There was a cautious meeting with Bolín's A.B.C. boss and others. Circumspection was very necessary; if the plane's cover were blown, it would be impounded and the party arrested. A first attempt to overfly Republican Spain was foiled by the weather and navigation problems and the Dragón returned to Biarritz. A second nervy trip across Spain was to follow. With the fuel desperately low the party finally made an unauthorised landing on a military airfield at Espinho in northern Portugal. Extricating themselves from the clutches of officialdom with equal portions of luck and bravado they made contact in Lisbon with General Sanjurjo, a leading figure in the plot. From Portugal they flew on to Casablanca in French Morocco. The next step would be the Canary Islands. Bolín would need to stay in Casablanca: everything now depended on Spanish acceptance of English eccentricity.

The Dragón's next stop was Gondo near Las Palmas on Gran Canaria, at that time the only safe airfield on the islands. The runway at Tenerife was very subject to fog. In any case landing on Tenerife itself could have compromised the plan. Crucially, too, Gondo was nearer to North Africa. The great problem, of course, was that Franco was still on Tenerife, his every movement closely watched. Nothing daunted, leaving the Dragón at Gondo in the care of the pilot, Pollard made his way to Tenerife with the two girls to make contact with a local doctor, himself quite uninvolved with either national politics or anti-government plots. He simply passed on to a third party the occasional message brought in by complete strangers and each apparently even more impenetrable than the last. The doctor's great merit was that he was completely above suspicion and in any case had no idea of the purpose of the messages. Not perhaps for the first time the conspiracy teetered on the brink of farce. Pollard appeared at

⁵ Luís Bolín: *Spain The Vital Years* (1967)

⁶ *Georgian Adventure* page 373

daybreak to deliver another piece of obscure nonsense. The doctor, clearly not one to suffer fools gladly, received an apparently imbecilic Englishman carrying what appeared a wilfully asinine message with impatience. The rebuff left even Pollard a little chastened.

Pollard needed not only to keep his wits about him but also to have a generous share of luck. Certainly Calvo Sotelo's murder had done much to clarify Franco's thoughts, but how to unite Franco with the Dragón? Chance intervened, or so it seemed. General Balmes, military governor of Las Palmas, and like Pollard, a firearms expert, improbably contrived to shoot himself while cleaning a pistol. The wound proved fatal. It was, however, a turning-point. Franco applied to Madrid for permission to travel to Gran Canaria for the funeral and crossed on the overnight ferry. Still the authorities seem to have made no connection between Franco and the eccentric English holiday makers. Once in Las Palmas, Franco spent the morning at the funeral, had an apparently routine lunch, surreptitiously arranged for his wife and daughter to leave for France, and disappeared. Unable to risk travelling across the island because of checkpoints, he arrived at Gondo by fishery gunboat, being rowed ashore. Meanwhile the garrison in Morocco had already risen. It was a day early - the 17th. The revolt had been set for the 18th. Franco's first stop would be Casablanca, then on to Tetuán in Spanish Morocco.

Details of the flight are the stuff of legend⁷. Pollard's own account is curiously silent. Did Franco, travelling on a false diplomatic passport wear a dark grey suit or a white summer one? Some say that he wore Arab dress but this seems unlikely as he was travelling on a Spanish passport. He certainly seems to have shaved his trademark moustache. On the plane? Or at Casablanca? Franco's colleague and bitter rival General Queipo de Llano would later joke that the moustache was the only thing Franco had ever sacrificed for Spain. Of such small matters is history made. When the Civil War was over Bebb and Pollard were both given the Falangist decoration of the Knight's Cross of the Imperial Order of the Yoke and Arrows. Diana Pollard and Dorothy Watson were given medals of the same order.

By November Hugh Pollard, who writes now from Horsebridge House at Wisborough Green, had had time to collect his thoughts and give Garland his own version, written in his own hand. Garland had taken publicity pictures of Pollard, Diana Pollard and Dorothy Watson and clearly the escapade was the talk of the local hunting fraternity. It also made the national press.⁸ Garland's edited version of Pollard's narrative appeared in the *Southern Weekly News* at the end of November 1936. Clearly the Major was pleased with the success of his project, as he had every reason to be; the consequences of failure for himself, the pilot and the two girls would have been grave. Certainly, too, the effect of the adventure on the future course of the war would be determinative. Garland's SWN article keeps fairly closely to Pollard's original text although Garland permits himself the occasional liberty. The following paragraph seems to be Garland's own and is, in the context, a nonsense. Franco had official permission from the War Office in Madrid to travel to Gran Canaria for Balmes' funeral: "The journey was a memorable one! Every deck was crowded with picturesque but sinister looking gentlemen in raincoats, their pockets bulging with revolvers. The setting was like a "tough" scene from some American gangster film!"

⁷ See for instance Preston page 142

⁸ Bebb's own account appeared in the *News Chronicle* for 7th November 1936. See Thomas page 168

Via España

Well our Ireland you want the story?

"Here goes. A nice morning afternoon. Telephone goes and Douglas tended editor of the English Review speaks. "Hello they will you be in for an hour or so very important I am coming down at once". He was best man at my wedding and as he had been down the weekend before I had he had been dinner with His Domestic Majesty Alfonso XIII and the Duke of Alba.

Douglas arrived accompanied by two other exiled Spaniards one was de la Cierva the auto gyro man, the other Don Antonio Martin correspondent of the A.P.C., the Times of Spain. I was familiar with what was happening in Spain. A Red terror had been burning churches, killing decent people and things were pretty desperate.

They asked me if I would fly to Spain and hence to the Canaries off Africa and rescue a very important man. It would be a dangerous affair as we could not come down in Spanish territory. It would be best if we went as tourists could I find two girls to come with me? It had to be done in twenty four hours.

I pointed out that so far as I was concerned I would take a hand but girls were rather a problem and here

First page of Major Pollard's handwritten account of his adventure with Franco.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO -



MISS DOROTHY WATSON.



MISS DIANA POLLARD.

Last July General Franco was a political exile on Tenerife, and no Spaniard could help him to leave the island. A leading Spanish monarchist, struck with the parallel between Douglas Jerrold's "Storm Over Europe" (now dramatised and at the "Q") and the history of Spain since the monarchy, asked the author if he could produce an adventurous man and two blondes. So MAJOR HUGH POLLARD, the famous firearms expert (seen right), with his daughter, DIANA, and her friend, MISS WATSON, volunteered. Camouflaged as a party of tourists bent on pleasure, they flew from Croydon via Biarritz, and, after many adventures, to French Morocco and Las Palmas. There Major Pollard got in touch with Franco, who was hidden in an armed fishery gunboat; after delay he was hustled into the aeroplane and landed at Casablanca, where he organised the anti-Red revolution.



THE GIRLS WHO FLEW FRANCO FROM EXILE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GARLAND.

Full page feature from "The Sketch" November 18th 1936.

Clearly too, Garland's acquaintance with contemporary Spanish history was cursory to say the least and this, combined with Pollard's somewhat spidery handwriting could wreak havoc, thus the murder of Calvo Sotelo becomes the "murder of Gotos."

Whether, in later years, Pollard and the girls had any afterthoughts on their place in history is uncertain. It is fair perhaps to leave the last word with Hugh Pollard himself:⁹ "It is an adventure, but there is a rather more serious side to it than that. At a time when so many boys are afraid of being soldiers, two girls show that pluck is not extinct in England, and that the younger generation can still rise to a Cause."

I think that Mr. Negley Farson's opinion is worth recording. He is a first-class American pressman: 'It is the finest thing since Charles Stuart's time. I take my hat off to the English. You are always so damn right.'

It was, and is, a good cause - so that's that."

⁹ SWN as before

Books

Literature on the Civil War is voluminous in English let alone in Spanish. Hugh Thomas: *The Spanish Civil War* (1961) is fairly old now but still worth reading. Other works are Raymond Carr: *The Civil War in Spain* (1986) and Antony Beevor: *The Spanish Civil War* (1982). I have already mentioned Paul Preston's massive biography of Franco (1993). It is a truism that literature written from the Republican side is more readable than that coming out of the "alzamiento" (rising). Cardozo and Bolín (notes 1 and 5) are good examples of the latter. From the left Arturo Barea's autobiographical *The Clash* (E.T. 1946) is a classic. Like so many Spanish intellectuals Barea lived in exile from the late 1930s - in his case in England. Very readable but quite different is Constanca de la Mora's *In Place of Splendour* (published in the U.S. in 1939, in England in 1940). Constanca de la Mora had some dealings with Luis Bolín and had a hearty dislike for him. Another hostile portrait of Bolín is to be found in Arthur Koestler's *Spanish Testament* (1937). Other classics are George Orwell: *Homage to Catalonia* (1938), Gerald Brenan: *The Spanish Labyrinth* (1943) and Franz Borkenau: *The Spanish Cockpit* (1937), all frequently reprinted.

P.

'Copied by Eliza Green 1859'

There has recently come to light a rather interesting manuscript book which has been in the possession of the Boakes family of Petworth for many years. The volume is made up of 188 ruled pages much of which is covered in an elegant mid-Victorian handwriting. The principal contents are a transcription of a catalogue of the pictures at Petworth House, the original list of which this is a copy was published anonymously in 1856.

The original owner of the book was one Eliza Green a member of the family of grocers

and dealers in crockery who for the best part of a century operated their business from the property that stands at the very top of Lombard Street opposite the Church gate and which was known as Tudor House. The book appears to have come into the possession of its present owners through an aunt named Harriett Gray who once worked for the Green family.



Petworth 22 Nov 1888
P. Kellick Esq
Bo. of W. H. Green.
Family Grocers, Tea Dealers,
& PROVISION MERCHANTS.

CHINA, GLASS AND STAFFORDSHIRE WAREHOUSE.
DEALERS IN BRITISH WINES. WAX, SPERM AND COMPOSITE CANDLES.

6 Tea	2/6	15.0
and some time		
A Mitchell		

While the catalogue is a fascinating example of Victorian handwriting it is the group of additional notes that make up the latter part of the book which are of greater interest. Written in a similar but less elegant hand the notes comprise an irregular jumble of observations on Petworth church life during the nineteenth century. Some of the remarks appear to have been reproduced from anonymous sources and others are clearly original comments by Eliza.

The first part (1) was probably written to commemorate the death of Sir Charles Barry in 1860 and as it harks back to a period long before Eliza Green was born it seems likely that it was copied from another source at present unknown. It is however of sufficient quality to be worthy of record as it gives us scarce details of the substantial restoration work undertaken at the time much of which survived until the church was once again renovated in 1903. Such was the extent of the rebuilding of the church that unlike the later restoration it is difficult now to imagine how the church may have looked before the work was carried out. We can however get a hazy picture of a rather dilapidated structure without the ancient leaden spire that had been removed for the safety of worshippers in 1800. Prior to 1827 the church was much smaller than we know it today, cruciform in shape and without the huge extension that makes up the south aisle and present entrance to the building.

The second part (2) is composed of a series of comments or reflections relating to the third quarter of the nineteenth century, these notes are set out in the form of a diary albeit with considerable gaps between entries. The records are more personal than part one (1) and are clearly the original words of Eliza Green.

(1) Works done at the Church at Petworth at the Cost of George O'Brien Earl of Egremont

In the month of March 1827 the works were commenced for erecting a new spire on the top of the old tower which from its apparent thickness and strength of its walls was considered strong enough to bear it, and the vane was fixed Oct. 15th 1827.

The tower having cracked above the arch in the Church and on examination being reported unsafe, the Earl of Egremont gave orders to have it effectually strengthened for which purpose it was deemed necessary to close the Church after Dec. 30th 1827 from which time divine service was performed at the Town Hall until Oct. 4th 1829 under a license from the Bishop. During this period, the foundation of the tower was secured by introducing large blocks of Yorkshire stone and courses of hard brickwork bedded in cement. A very powerful arch formed by solid blocks of Portland stone and supported by a counter arch was introduced forming the opening to the south transept which contains an aisle below, and gallery above; the old and decayed south wall was replaced by a range of Gothic arches in Portland stone on piers of the same material which connect the new South Aisle with the nave. The old low arch leading to the chancel, and old decayed wall at the east end of the nave were replaced by a new wall and Portland stone arch over which a circular stained glass window was introduced. The foundations and piers, up to the springing of the arches on the north side of the nave, being considered unsafe were taken out and rebuilt.¹ The western wall was rebuilt, introducing a Gothic entrance with stone window over it, and the children's seats on each side thereof were rebuilt, and completely fitted up on an entirely new plan. The roof was built entirely new, the ceiling divided into compartments and highly finished in plaster and painted in imitation of grained oak. The whole which was new floored and a new pulpit, reading desk and clerk's desk were erected. The church was enlarged by the addition of a new south aisle 46 feet in length by 21 feet in breadth (inside measure) substantially built with stone, the windows Gothic, and

¹ 'Springing'. The use of this term (see OED) would suggest that the writer had some knowledge of architecture.

the whole suited to the other parts of the church; a gallery was built over the whole of this south aisle with a good staircase leading thereto, both aisle and gallery were fitted with new pews and handsomely finished.²

The repairs were sufficiently forward to admit of divine service being performed in the church on the 4th [Oct?] 1829 but the nave was not then finished or the reading desk and pulpit erected. It was afterwards completed and a new Gothic stone window with stained glass was erected at the east end of the chancel instead of the wooden framed one formerly there, and the three smaller windows at the south aisle of it were also glazed with stained glass;³ a new stone tablet containing the ten commandments, the Lord's Prayer and the belief,⁴ was also erected under the east window and a stone table (now a wooden one) for the administration of the Holy Communion was placed there, and the space before the table enclosed by a new Gothic railing. The tower was provided with a costly clock having four sets of hands.⁴ The whole of the alterations were designed and superintended by Mr. Barry and the expense was entirely defrayed by the Earl of Egremont at a cost more than £16,000.

The six old bells were recast into eight by a subscription of £242-19-6d raised by the inhabitants, but the expense of hanging, with a new oak frame was defrayed by the Earl of Egremont, and an apparatus for warming the whole building by means of hot water was also fixed, at his Lordship's expense.

The approaches were improved and the churchyard walls made good at the expense of the Parish, the iron gates at the east and south end were paid for from the burial fee fund. The design for those gates was given by Mr. Barry, as was also that for the porch at the chancel door, and for the gas standard in the street near the churchyard.⁵ Mr. Barry is the same gentleman who designed the new church at the north entrance to Brighton and subsequently designed and superintended the building of the Houses of Parliament.

(2)

April 13th 1871. Closed Mrs Bryants library which is pulled down – also the lodge at the entrance to Ld Leconfields – to make a new one.⁶

Easter Day 1875. A new cased oak lectern was given to the church with an eagle on it by Mrs. B.S. Austen. A large bible for the same by the Rev. Erskine Birrell.⁷

² Only this staircase and the west and Leconfield galleries would survive the 1903 restoration.

³ The Apostles' Creed

⁴ Legend has it that the incumbent rector Thomas Sockett declined to contribute towards the cost of the clock and as a tribute to his apparent meanness the face viewed from the Rectory bore no hands.

⁵ The Obelisk at the junction of North, East And Church Streets.

⁶ Mrs Bryants shop was in Church Street in what is now effectively part of the Churchyard. The property stood hard up against the wall of the Audit Room and along with the old lodge had to be demolished to make way for the New Church Lodge entrance to Petworth House. By the turn of the century all of the properties on the north side of the street would be demolished and the south facing aspect of the Church completely opened up. Bryants stationery and printing shop would eventually relocate to East Street where it remained well into the twentieth century.

⁷ The Reverend Birrell would eventually serve as Rector at Kirdford for some three decades, however his position in 1875 is uncertain.



A Stanford Killick drawing of Petworth church prior to 1865

April 14th 1877. A small new stone font presented by the Rev. C. Holland for the christening of his G. Daughter, Evelyn Ada Wilmot after service⁸

Aug. 14th 1878. The last Sunday of Mr. Wise as organist. Peace thanksgiving for the discontinuation of the Turkish Russian war.

⁸ This may well be the font discovered in the garden of Tillington Rectory and used for baptisms in the nave at Petworth.



Impressed with the legend "SEWARD PETWORTH" this three-bladed instrument has been identified by Max Bradley as a 'flem'. Used by veterinary surgeons to bleed horses the tool must date from the third quarter of the nineteenth century when Sarah Seward ran an ironmongery on the site of the present Austen & Co in the Market Square. It seems likely that the 'flem' was made elsewhere and supplied in quantities with the name of the retailer impressed upon it, rather like the well-known 'Austen & Co.' mangles of which several examples still survive. It would be interesting to know if the names of any other local retailers survive in this fashion.



Bodiam Castle about 1925. Photograph by George Garland. Compare the Harold Roberts drawing in this Magazine.

March 29 1879. The Pulpit placed under Lord Leconfields gallery.⁹

July 1879. The Church pews turned and all the poppy heads of the free sittings cut off. Alas!¹⁰

Easter Day April 13th 1884. The choir had surplices & came in & did their duties well. Mr. Spring Organist.¹¹

Feb. 1889. The Drew monument removed in the south entrance to the Church.¹²

Jan. 1st 1897. Our much respected Rector left Petworth today (his wedding day 45 years ago) with his family, and all are very sorry to say adieu to them. A kind, painstaking, energetic, accomplished family; who will live in hearts they leave behind for many years to come. The Rev.d Charles Holland was 80 in Aug. 1896 and is now residing in Kensington.¹³

Jan. 1898 or Dec. 1897. The Chancel restored & painted cream & brown – by Mr. Jones our new Rector.¹⁴

⁹ The pews had prior to 1879 faced south towards the old pulpit that was situated under the memorial to Mr. Klanert. With the erection of the pulpit at the east end of the nave the pews had to be turned to face the new position. Constance Leconfield writing in the Petworth Parish Magazine for May 1931 recalls the parish church some 60 years earlier and describes the old pulpit as "... a three-decker, Mattins and Litany being said at a desk in the centre whilst at the foot sat the Clerk who led the responses."

¹⁰ Poppy-heads. A corruption of the French *poupee* meaning puppet or perhaps a figurehead. The *poupee-heads* would have been intricately carved wooden decorations that adorned the tops of the pew or bench-ends. Most parish churches had been stripped of such ornamental carvings following the Reformation. The chancel choir stalls replaced during the massive restoration of 1903 are decorated with modern imitations of *poupee-heads*.

¹¹ The wearing of surplices or over-gowns by members of the choir was a quite recent introduction and would have been considered to be radical by some congregations. In fact Mrs. Holland the wife of the Rector had organised a weekly gathering of ladies at the Rectory in order to make the surplices. Mrs. Holland had provided the necessary materials and Lady Leconfield donated the accompanying stand upon which the gowns could be hung when not in use. The parish magazine records Eliza Green as one of the volunteer ladies.

¹² I have been unable to identify this monument.

¹³ At a public meeting held in the Town Hall the Rev. Holland was presented with a selection of silver plate that had been purchased with the £80 raised by 282 persons who had subscribed to a fund for that purpose. The principle article was a large silver tray, which had been inscribed with a motto to commemorate his 37 years as rector at Petworth. The Reverend Charles Holland had been incumbent at Petworth since 1859 and would continue for a total of 39 years having enjoyed the patronage of both the first and second Lord Leconfield. This period of pastoral stability would have meant that any changes in the fabric or functions of church life at Petworth would not have gone unnoticed or without comment and to that purpose Eliza was far better placed as an interested observer than most in the town. Besides her unwavering loyalty to the Reverend Holland little is known of the life of Eliza Green, clearly well educated she probably led a rather privileged life as a member of such a well-established family but really we cannot even speculate on her circumstances. We do know that Eliza never married for in 1909 at the age of seventy five she took her family name to the grave in the Bartons just around the corner from her home.

¹⁴ Herbert E. Jones officially took up his position as rector in May 1897.

April 24 1898. Mr. Pitfield's 1st Sunday as Peoples Churchwarden. Elected at Easter in the room of my beloved brother Henry, who resigned from failing health after many years of most loving and faithful service. A handsome service in silver presented to him in the Girls' School.¹⁵

April 1900. Mr. Eager & Mr. Pitfield appointed Churchwardens. Chancel re-roofed and much improved by Lord Leconfield in 1899.

¹⁵ Eliza's "beloved brother" Henry Green had been a churchwarden for over 30 years.

Miles Costello with thanks to Mr S. Boakes for the loan of the manuscript and Mrs Alison McCann for identifying the original publication.

PUBLIC MEETING

A Public Meeting is to be held at the Leconfield Hall, Petworth, at 7.30 p.m. on Monday the 10th December to discuss the possibility of setting up a Petworth Society.

In a letter published in a recent edition of the *Midhurst & Petworth Observer*, Colonel Alan Maude suggested that the main objects of such a Society would be to protect the character, environment, interests and amenities of our ancient town and parish, including Byworth and Egdean; to promote a community spirit; and to act as a link between the various activities and generations represented in the district. The Society would be strictly non-political, non-sectarian and non-profit-making.

The purpose of the Meeting, at which the Chair will be taken by Colonel Maude, is to elicit opinions on the proposal to form a Petworth Society and to establish whether adequate public support for it would be forthcoming.

It is hoped that everyone interested in the well-being of this district will be so good as to attend the Meeting.

Leconfield Hall

7.30 p.m.

Monday the 10th December 1973.

Public meeting to discuss the possibility of setting up a Petworth Society.



THE MOTHERS' UNION.
(Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1926.)

A MEETING

will be held

On Wednesday, March 9th 1932

AT 3 O'CLOCK

in

The Rectory
Petworth

An ADDRESS will be given by

Mrs Hockey

You are earnestly invited to be present.

A Petworth notice from the 1930s.

All in a Property Manager's Day?

Well, I suppose it was – hosting a meeting of the Society, alongside Petworth Tourism Partnership, in the Audit Room (now the National Trust restaurant) of Petworth House.

We sat at the tables to hear first from Chichester District Council's Richard Cole about the PTP, its origins, what it has already achieved and the hopes for the future. He paid tribute to Ann Bradley, who had initiated the idea to involve traders, the National Trust, the Parish and District Councils, etc., and to Peter the Partnership's Chairman.

Apparently – and these figures can be neither proved nor disproved – the 292,000 visitors to Petworth in 2003 brought in £6.4million to the area.

Grant-aided, PTP has upgraded the Town Guide and funded two more 'Welcome to Petworth' signs on the approaches to the Town and an exhibition board at the entrance to Petworth House, encouraging visitors to venture further and discover the delights of Petworth itself. As more projects are put in hand, it is hoped that more substantial funds would become available. Mr Cole invited active participation and ideas from everyone.

Dai Evans, the Property Manager at Petworth House, followed with a quickfire account of the National Trust's beginnings and now wide-ranging responsibilities, well illustrated with slides.

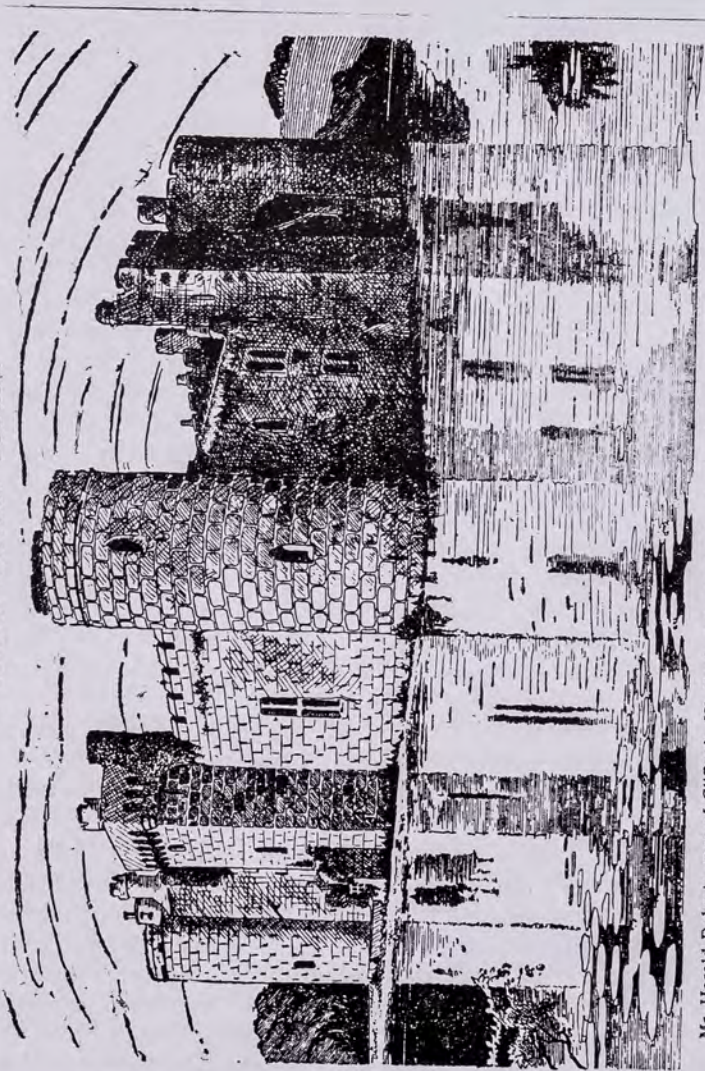
Started in the Lake District in the 1890s, the first property acquired was, in fact, a hillside in Wales, in order to protect it from threatened development and to preserve its natural beauty for generations to come. The first in Sussex was the Alfriston Clergy House, shown in its dilapidated state at the time of its purchase.

Today, the Neptune Coastline Campaign protects 600 miles of coast in England, Wales and Northern Ireland. In addition to the care of grand houses and estates, the Trust preserves and restores common land, nature reserves, gardens and even a lighthouse. Many skills are needed, both from professionals and volunteers and in the case of the restoration of Uppark following the disastrous fire, old skills had to be re-discovered. There are the concerts, school visits, activity holidays, 'behind the scenes' tours, cleaning during the closed season, as well as stewarding, all relying heavily on volunteers.

It was, perhaps, a little disappointing that there was no opportunity for questions, but it was a pleasant evening, an interesting and successful experiment, rounded off with wine and elderflower pressé and time to chat.

KCT

A SUSSEX CASTLE: BODIAM.



Mr. Harold Roberts, care of Cliffords, Kirdford, near Horsham, who has frequently exhibited in this Gallery (Royal Academy, critics kindly notice), writes as to the above: "It is understood that the late Marquis Curzon of Kedleston has left the historic ruin, what remains of Bodiam Castle, to the nation. Bodiam Castle is considered one of the most interesting and beautiful ruins in the country. Built in 1386, the ruins now form a parallelogram with round towers at the angles and five square towers between these. The great gateway is flanked by two square towers and around the castle runs a broad moat covered with water plants. It was bought by Lord Curzon in 1917. Here are walls, water, and plants the latter far older, far more permanent, and far fresher than the built up architecture that is reared above them."

Harold Roberts draws Bodiam in the 1920s – Compare the photograph by George Garland.

A Petworth childhood (2)

In January 1936 King George V died and I remember learning the hymn 'Abide with me' at school in readiness for a big church service we school children were to attend. After all the trauma of the abdication of Edward VII, which didn't mean much to a child, there was the excitement of the coronation of King George VI. A big fancy dress parade was planned and Aunt Chris made me a deep red robe trimmed with white fur and, with a tiara on my head, I was meant to be a 'peeress'. I have a photograph taken in our garden, which is just as well because on the day, in May 1937, we had torrential rain and it was a very sorry-looking band of revellers that arrived out in the park. I have a photo of myself, Rosie, Peggy and Jean looking like drowned rats in all our finery and can't remember a thing about any celebrations that may or may not have taken place.

When I was eight I started piano lessons with Miss Brenda Knight in East Street. Mum confessed to her that I 'played by ear' and Miss Knight said, "Oh well, I don't suppose that will be a problem," and she never mentioned it again. Years later when I heard about the *Suzuki Method* and how children are encouraged to develop their natural talent, I was quite angry that it had been so different in my day. Miss Knight was a very kind and patient teacher and I enjoyed the piano lessons, apart from the theory. My 'hit and miss' approach meant that I would never play as well by music as I would have liked to, but I am very grateful to my Mum and Dad for paying for me to learn. I would have missed out on so much if I hadn't been able to read music and play 'properly'. My piano lessons cost nine pence for half an hour, and Mum would give me ten pence and I would spend the other penny on a delicious ice cream from the Dairy, to eat on the way home. (Many years later, the Miss Warehams opened up the upstairs rooms of the Dairy as a gift shop and Mum was able to show me the room where I had been born.) For the first few months of my piano lessons we didn't have a piano at home and so I would go and practise at Hill Top as often as possible.

Pitshill, where Aunt Chris worked for many years before her marriage, was a large stately home in beautiful grounds north of Upperton: it belonged to the Mitford family. One summer when the family was away, I went up there to stay with Aunt Chris for a few days. I was a bit overwhelmed by it all and was afraid of getting lost, although I spent most of the time in the servant's quarters. There was one notable exception though, when I had a bath in the same bath that King George V had used when he had stayed there. I couldn't wait to get home and tell the family, but I always added "But *not* at the same time!" The lawns there really DID go on forever and we used to sit outside in the evening while Aunt Chris worked on her embroidery. The only part I didn't like was the owls hooting at night. They sounded really scary.

My memories of our years in Angel Street are quite vivid. I particularly remember the 'passers-by'. The Town Band always played carols on Christmas morning by the Cherry Orchard gate right opposite us. On Sundays, the ice-cream man would come round on a three-wheeled bicycle with an insulated container on the front. He would sell what we now call 'iced lollies' or 'icy poles'. They were three cornered, had black and white cardboard around them and cost one penny.

We would also have the 'Onion Man' coming along the street ringing the bell on is bicycle. He would be dressed as we imagined a Frenchman would be, in black trousers, a black or blue top with horizontal white stripes and a black beret. His bicycle would be laden with strings of onions, which were possibly imported from France. Housewives would hear his bell and dash out to stock up on onions.

Gypsies would come around quite often selling clothes pegs. Mum was always a bit wary of them because they could be very persistent. Whenever they saw children at a house they would almost demand to have any of their cast-off clothing. Once Mum gave a lady a bundle of baby clothes closed the door and went upstairs and looked out of the bedroom window. The Gypsy lady sorted through the bundle and called out to Mum, "What, no little petticoat ma'am?" They would give out bunches of heather for luck.

Other callers that Mum didn't like to see on her doorstep were the Indian gentlemen, complete with turbans, who would bring round large suitcases of exotic Indian wares. There would be wall hangings, tablecloths, small rugs, scarves and ornaments. Mum never had any money to spare but they wouldn't take 'No' for an answer. They would put a foot in the door so that it couldn't be closed and Mum usually ended up buying something she didn't want just so that they would go away. We had several encounters with these salesmen over the years.

Mum was anaemic for some years and the doctor prescribed a small Guinness a day: that was *her* story anyway. She used to order a week's supply from Findlaters, the local wine merchants. The man that did the deliveries wouldn't always collect the empty bottles, even though Mum used to put them outside the back door for him. One Saturday, when I was about ten, Mum was busy making pastry and I was told to keep listening for Findlater's man to come and to make sure he took back the empties. Mum also said that it would be somebody new as the previous man had left. When there was a knock on the door Mum said, "That will be him." I opened the door to an Indian and I expect he had a suitcase of goods to sell but I assumed he was the new Findlaters man and tried to force the crate of empty Guinness bottles on to him. He wouldn't take them and kept saying "Is-your-Mummy-in?" and "Is-your-Daddy-in?" and I kept saying, "They said you have to take the empty bottles." The poor man beat a hasty retreat and probably went on his way thinking the English were crazy. If *he* didn't, I'm sure the next one did.

One day, Mum and I were coming home from the town when we saw an Indian salesman knocking on a door not far from us. Mum said, "I can't face answering the door to him, so when he knocks we'll keep very quiet until he goes away." We were sitting at the table eating our lunch when there was a knock on the door and Mum suddenly shouted "Indians" and flung herself under the table. I got under there with her and the pair of us were rolling about laughing when the salesman looked through the front window and saw us. He didn't stay around to try and sell us anything either!

Gus Wakeford was a milkman in Petworth for many years. He would collect the milk early in the morning and cart it in big milk churns with his horse and cart. Apparently, every time he stopped at one of the pubs to deliver milk, which he ladled out into the customers' jugs, he would have a break to have a game of darts, crib, shove-ha-penny, billiards or whatever was being played there. He would not arrive in Angel Street until the afternoon and Mum would be

waiting with a bucket of water and disinfectant because his horse always waited until he got to our gate before it relieved itself. It wasn't very pleasant on a hot afternoon, as there seemed to be gallons of it running down past our houses. Mum used to dash out there and swill it all down. I am now wondering if the horse continued this practice after our houses were pulled down and the lovely new house was built.

I left the Infants School when I was eight and moved up to St. Mary's Girls School in East Street. Miss Bevis was my first teacher there and she was very nice. She taught us to knit and I could *not* get the hang of this to start with. I was trying to make a fiddly little doll's jumper, and got in such a mess with it that in the end to my great relief, she burnt it in the potbelly stove. I made a better job of the bright orange doll's dress, which was the next project and the following year, under the guidance of Aunt Chris, I made my brother a pullover. After that, I became quite a good knitter. Most women and girls knitted in those days, and I spent a lot of my free time knitting and reading, both at the same time.

On the way home from school I would have to pass Olders' grocery shop. It was a wonderful experience as the smell of coffee was very strong. The two Miss Olders ran the shop: they were sweet ladies. Watching them serving customers was fascinating as everything came in bulk and they would measure out the sugar and tea etc. into blue paper packets and fold the tops over and finish the corners meticulously. Cheese was cut, placed on greaseproof paper and wrapped up with as much care as one would wrap a gift. Customers weren't in such a hurry in those days and shopping was more of a leisurely occupation with time to chat.

Miss Polly Whitcomb's shop was opposite Olders. I don't think the window dressing had been changed for years. It seemed to consist of a large china elephant and some faded artificial flowers. Miss Whitcomb sold ladies clothing and haberdashery. She always looked elegant in a long skirt and a high-necked long-sleeved blouse that had been the fashion of the early 1900s. During the Second World War, when knicker-elastic was in very short supply, we heard, via the grapevine, that Miss Whitcomb had some in stock. Mum and I went in there and very politely asked if she could sell us some. She reached under the counter for the elastic and very grudgingly sold us one card. She also gave us some advice on how to make it last longer. She said, "Do you know, I really believe that the young girls of today don't always remove the elastic from their knickers before they wash them." Mum and I had a good laugh once we were out of earshot.

Another significant place I passed was the Angel Hotel. Mrs Daisy Whitcomb ran a small dancing class that I joined when I was about eight years old. The classes were held in an upstairs room in the hotel. We would start in September, after the summer holidays and about six months later we would put on a Pantomime in the Iron Room, which was a community hall made out of galvanised iron where dances, whist drives, and concerts were held. Looking back I can see how cleverly Mrs Whitcomb worked out our shows. We would start by learning steps in our dancing pumps, tap shoes, or ballet shoes and gradually learn little routines. We would also learn the latest songs and dances like 'The Lambeth Walk' and 'Under The Spreading Chestnut Tree' and these would all become part of the show. The pianist was Mrs Glad Morley and she played beautifully. Mrs Whitcomb had a band of willing helpers to make the costumes and there would be great excitement when it came to trying them on.

There were usually two performances, one on a Saturday afternoon and the other on the following Monday evening. I still remember the thrill of being in the dressing room, putting on make-up, getting dressed up and going on stage. I was only ever in the chorus but there were some very good soloists. Michael Murray was one and I believe he went on to have a career on the stage. These annual shows were very popular and the Iron Room would be full for both performances. Mum would always bring Bill on the Saturday afternoon and one year I had a very big thrill when they drew the raffle at the Monday night performance when Bill's number was drawn and he won a big Easter egg. One year we did an extra show at a hall in one of the villages near Petworth. What a thrill that was. We felt like real professionals having to travel by bus to the venue. We received a great reception and I'm sure we were all ready to tour the country after that experience.

During my eighth year our houses in Angel Street were condemned and we all had to find other accommodation. We moved to 4 Grove Lane on Boxing Day, 1937. Rosie and her family moved to Hampers Green and the Smith family joined us down Grove Lane. Mum and Mrs Smith were good friends and later on when Mrs Smith was quite old and frail and nervous about being at home on her own, she would spend all day with us just dozing in her chair until her family came home from work.

We were all really happy with our new house, which had cold water *inside* the house, electric light in every room and a large garden outside. As well as three bedrooms and a large living room we had a bathroom next to the kitchen. There was no hot water service, however, so we heated our water by boiling it in a kettle or, on washing and bath days, in a copper, which was in a corner of the kitchen. There was a kitchener stove in the living room with an oven but Mum did most of her cooking on an electric stove. And there were no cockroaches or mice.

This reminds me of an incident that happened a few years after we moved in. We had a spell of very wet weather and Mum was desperate to get some washing dry. One afternoon when she was home on her own she put up some lines across the living room and hung up all the washing, including Dad's 'long johns'. She then stoked up the kitchener and hoped for the best. There was a knock at the door and it was Sister Mary Magdalene. She was an Anglican Sister attached to St. Mary's church and had called for a pastoral visit. Mum invited her in and apologized for the state of the living room. She wouldn't hear of Mum removing the washing and so they sat and drank tea and chatted surrounded by wet underclothes. Suddenly, Mum became aware of the smell of smoke and then saw that it was coming from the oven. Dad had chopped some firewood and put it in the oven to dry off. Mum had stoked the fire so well that the wood had caught alight. Poor Sister Mary sat their coughing and with tears running down her cheeks whilst Mum tried to rectify matters. Sister Mary certainly saw 'how the other half lived' that afternoon.

There were twelve houses in a row, all semi-detached, with another row on the opposite side of Grove Lane. Between us were large front gardens and hedgerows and the road so we were quite a distance from each other. Apart from these we were completely surrounded by fields where we could roam at will so long as we didn't walk across fields of corn or leave gates open. We were right under the South Downs and the view from the top of the garden was, and still is, most beautiful. The back garden was all lawn and flowers, the front was

covered in lavender bushes and the piece at the side was like a road because the previous tenants had garaged their car there. Dad had an enormous task ahead of him, but eventually we had a wonderful vegetable garden and also kept hens so we had plenty of eggs. The piece of lawn he left us to play on was larger than the one we'd had in Angel Street so we were happy.

Dad was a very good gardener and a pretty good general handyman around the house but he was no carpenter. He 'knocked up' a chicken run and hen house for our first hen, Gladys. He made a ramp for her to walk down and put in a little handrail because, he said, "I think she's getting on a bit." When it was all completed he took Grandad Knight up there to show off his handiwork. I believe Grandad, who was a perfectionist where carpentry was concerned, had one of the best laughs of his life. Gladys didn't mind that her new abode was less than perfect and she settled down and was soon sitting on a clutch of eggs. There was great excitement when the chicks were due to hatch out. I hated having to go to school and was afraid I would miss something. Dad told a colleague he was calling in on the district nurses on his way home because we were expecting a 'happy event', but thankfully he did explain the nature of it before the rumours circulated around town! I brought some friends home from school with me and we were all watching when the first little chick hatched out. It was an unforgettable moment. Dad couldn't stand by and leave it all to Gladys and actually picked some of the shell off the egg. Gladys didn't seem to mind and most of the chicks hatched out successfully. After that though, Dad let his mother hens to manage on their own.

We had several good and bad experiences over the years associated with keeping chicken. The bad one was when we returned home one Christmas Eve and discovered that a neighbour's ferret had got out and killed all the pullets (young hens) that Dad had just bought. The neighbour reimbursed him but it was still very upsetting for all concerned.

The following experience could best be described as 'different and interesting'. One evening I came home from dancing class and sat in front of the fire with Mum and Dad whilst I had a hot drink. Every now and again I could hear a funny scrabbling noise and Dad said, "We must have a rat somewhere." I leapt to my feet and was just about to rush upstairs when they both laughed and explained what the noise was. The Red Lion public house was right next to Hazelman's bakehouse and Dad always went round there for a drink when he had made the dough for the next day's bread. This particular evening there had been a man in the pub selling boxes of twenty-five one-day-old chicks. Dad couldn't resist this 'bargain' and had arrived home with one. They were all under the kitchener stove, which was a few inches off the ground. We still had the large fireguard with the brass rail around the top, so they couldn't get out. I must say Mum seemed to have taken it very well, or maybe she had 'cooled down' by the time I had arrived home. Also, she wouldn't have realised how much work Dad's new venture was going to involve.

It was very cold weather so the chicks couldn't go outside because they had no mother hen to keep them warm. For several weeks we went through the following routine twice a day. We would spread newspaper all over the living room floor and then scatter grain on it. We then took away the fireguard and the little chicks would come out and peck up the grain and have a good run around until we gathered them up in a basket and put them back under the stove in the warm. Other children would join Bill and me to watch the afternoon feeding routine.

We all thought it was great fun. All the chicks survived and every one was a rooster! The sound of twenty-five roosters greeting the dawn was pretty bad, but earlier when they were all 'teenagers' and their 'voices were breaking' it was even worse. To try and prevent the poor long-suffering neighbours from getting up a petition and having our 'dawn chorus' and us evicted Dad promised them all a rooster (for dinner) when they were fully-grown. I don't think Dad made much of a profit out of that venture.

Another of Dad's adventures in carpentry was when he decided, one Sunday, to 'knock up' a lean-to against a wall in the back yard, so that his bicycle was under cover. It was so unusual to see him banging about with wood, hammer and nails that the neighbours on either side came out and asked him what he was making. He told them it was going to be a 'lean-three' because it would be one better than anyone else's. They all had a good laugh but unfortunately, they had an even bigger laugh next morning when it had disappeared! There had been gale-force winds during the night and the 'lean-three' was scattered all over the garden. Dad said, "Bother it," or words to that effect, and continued to cover up his bicycle with an old raincoat.

He wasn't an expert painter and decorator either, but he did paint the living room ceiling once. There were two wooden beams, which divided the room into three sections. Dad painted one section and was quite pleased with the result and Mum cleaned up after him. Then he did the second and third sections and when Mum had finished cleaning up they couldn't believe how stress-free the whole operation had been. Unfortunately, when the paint dried a bit, Dad spotted a few imperfections and kept going back to touch them up and of course he messed up where Mum had just cleaned. By the end of the day the atmosphere was rather strained, to say the least and I don't remember Dad ever painting another ceiling.

After our move to Grove Lane it seemed a very long way to the Girls School but we still went home for dinner every day: school dinners weren't introduced into British schools until many years later. I believe the school was locked during the dinner hour. My new friends down Grove Lane were Joan Willis (Winks), Rita Callingham, and Daphne (Dat) Smith. We walked to and from school together and also played together after school. By today's standards our school playground would be considered unacceptable as it consisted entirely of an area of asphalt surrounded by a high wall but it was ideal for the games we played. I have always wondered about the different seasons for children's games and who decides which season it is. We would all bring our skipping ropes to school and get into small groups and play all the skipping games. Then suddenly skipping would be 'out' and it would be hopscotch, with the numbers chalked on the asphalt, then everyone would bring a ball to school and we would play games by throwing a ball up against the wall and working through a series of tricks. Then it would be yo-yos, which I never really mastered, but the season I really disliked was when everyone spent every playtime doing handstands. I may have been the only girl in the school never to do a handstand so was always glad when that craze wore off and we moved on to something else. We would continue playing whichever game was popular during the long summer evenings and I can remember playing skipping games and hopscotch out in the road. There wasn't so much traffic up and down Grove Lane in those

days. Life wasn't all games though, because now that we had a large living room Aunt Chris very generously let us have her piano, so now I had to do my practice, with no excuses.

Written by Joan Dench and edited for the Magazine by Miles Costello – to be continued.

New Members

- | | |
|-----------------------|--|
| Dr. M. Andrews | Lantern Cottage, Byworth, GU29 0HL. |
| Mr. J. Awdry | Overend, Sheepdown Close, Petworth, GU28 0BP. |
| Dr. J. Batty | 1 Rookes Mews, Petersfield, GU31 4BF. |
| Mr. & Mrs. C. Boxall | 12 Headley Drive, Poplars Park, Bognor Regis, PO22 9SW. |
| Mr. D. Brand | 21 Hampers Green, Petworth. |
| Mrs. C. Bullard | Hawkhurst House, Wisborough Green, Billingshurst, RH14 0HS. |
| Mr. A. Clarke | 5 Chelveston Crescent, Solihull, West Midlands, B91 3JB. |
| Mr. & Mrs. N. Foulger | Hightown, Bartons Lane, Petworth, GU28 0ED. |
| Mr. J. Grove | Grays, Angel Street, Petworth, GU28 0BG. |
| Mr. & Mrs. T. Harris | Shelan Cottage, Kirdford Road, Wisborough Green, Billingshurst,
RH14 0DB. |
| Mr. B. Kitchener | 9 South Grove, Petworth, GU28 0ED. |
| Mrs. Y. Kitchener | 2 Glebe Villas, North Street, Petworth, GU28 0DH. |
| Sue Liddell | 3 Somerset Hospital, North Street, Petworth. |
| Mrs. P. Medley | Tillington Hill Court, Tillington, GU28 9AD. |
| Mr. T. Mitman-Kearey | Stable Cottage, The Mews, High Street, Petworth, GU28 0AU. |
| Mr. L. Paine | Ladywell Cottage, Graffham, Petworth, GU28 0NL. |
| Mrs. D. Saunders | 6 Somerset Hospital, North Street, Petworth, GU28 0DG. |
| Mr. N. Symes | Stane House, Bignor, Pulborough, RH20 1PQ. |
| Mrs. J. Wickham | Thornhill Cottage, Colhook Common, Nr. Petworth, GU28 9LE. |

