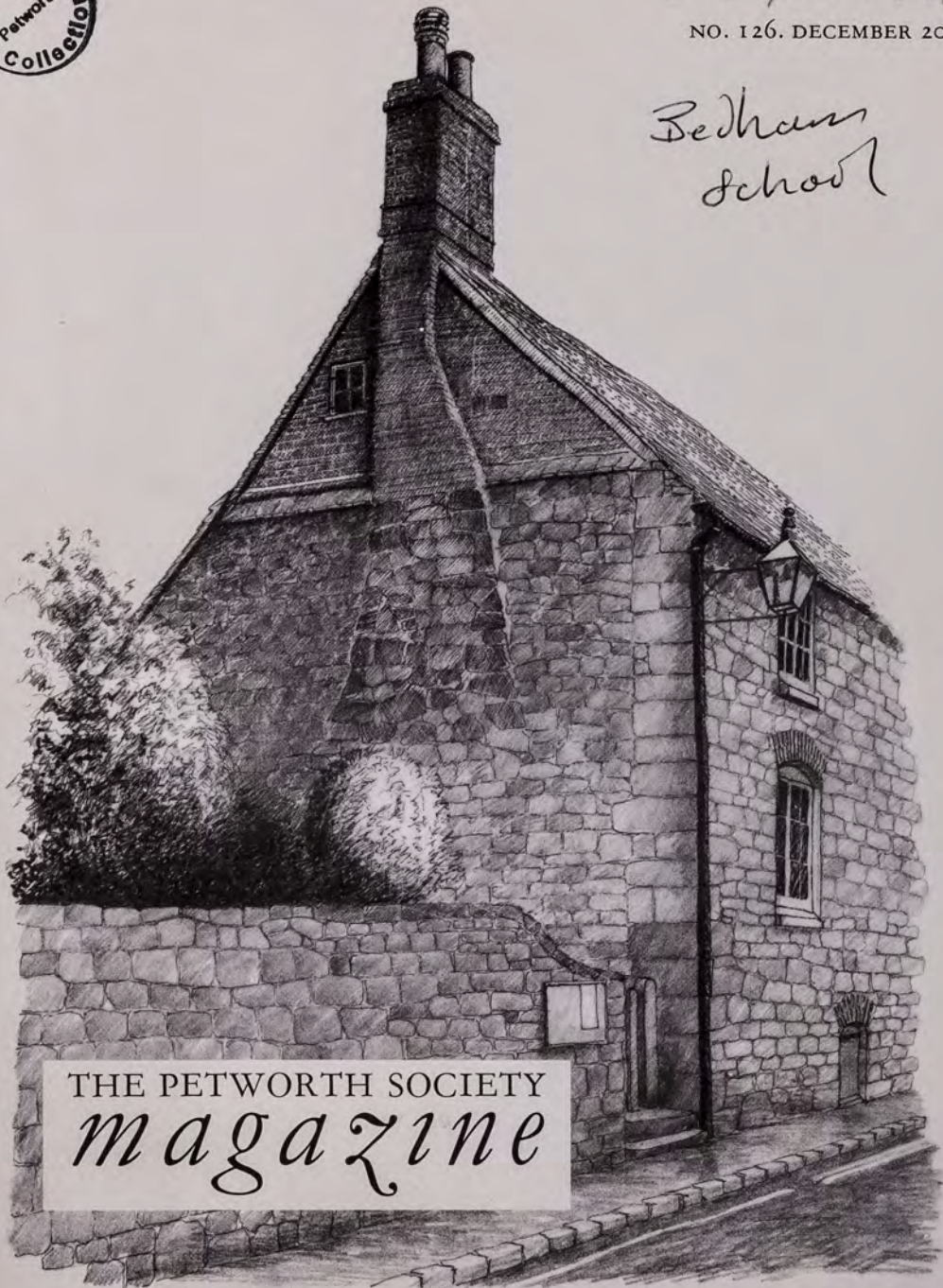


Villas Costello
Petworth
Collection

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NO. 126. DECEMBER 2006

Bedham
School



THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
Magazine

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

Constitution and Officers

The Petworth Society was founded in 1974 "to preserve the character and amenities of the town and parish of Petworth including Byworth; to encourage interest in the history of the district and to foster a community spirit". It is non-political, non-sectarian and non-profit making.

Membership is open to anyone, irrespective of place of residence who is interested in furthering the object of the society.

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

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For this Magazine on tape please contact Mr Thompson.

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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

Andy tells me that the renewal rate for subscriptions this year is something like 98%. Very high for a Society of our size. We would seem to be doing something right. What worries me is – what is it?

The new book Petworth from 1660 was officially published yesterday (21st). It's very Window Press, very attractive. That's down to Jonathan: I only write 'em. A number of members took advantage of the pre-publication price of £50. The price is now £59.95 to allow for bookseller's discount. 300 is a short run and it's 142 years since Arnold's History. Will there be any left by the time you read this? I hope not, but, on the assumption that there may be, I'll put an order clip on the Activities Sheet. Postage is £8.14 (!). While I'd like to think I've made the book readable, it's certainly not lightweight.

By early December we'll have heard Lynn Hulse, Patrick Garland and Andrew Thompson. Time of Your Lives Musical Theatre make a welcome return in December. I always enjoy a performance from them. Then there's the January Temperance Evening, Alison Neil with her latest production, Tim Wardle with "From Edison to I-Pod" while in April the genial Nick Sturt makes one of his all-too-rare visits. Perhaps it's not for me to say, but I will. This is a really cracking programme.

Pip Calvert kindly informs me that the Grove Tennis Club posters in the last Magazine will almost certainly come from 1926.

A Merry Christmas to all our readers!

Peter 22nd October.

The Wyndhams, The Cottage Museum, Mrs. Cummings and the Royal School of Needlework

Having to admit that he is no ploughman (he had put on an exhibition of photographs for the centenary of the annual Ploughing Match two days earlier) and no embroiderer either, Peter introduced Dr. Lynn Hulse, archivist of the Royal School of Needlework to speak about Percy and Madeline Wyndham and their involvement with the School, founded in 1872.

Lynn is an historian, interested principally in the 17th century, but a chance meeting led to her being asked to write the history of the School and appointed archivist. She has 30,000 designs to catalogue as well as hundreds of books and photographs.

Her evening talk to the Society was part of a 'mini-Petworth Festival', marking 10 years of the Cottage Museum's operation. Its success, said Peter, was due to the loyalty of

the stewards and the prodigious efforts and enthusiasm of the late Jacqueline Golden, sadly missed. On the previous Friday, Lars Tharp (Antiques Roadshow) had spoken about the art of ceramics over 5,000 years and the RSN had mounted an exhibition of embroidery in Petworth House. So the link between needlework, the Wyndhams and the Museum was clear. Mrs. Cummings, the Petworth House seamstress, had lived in 346, High Street, now the Museum.

Percy Wyndham was a son of the 1st Baron Leconfield, himself the great-great uncle of the current Lord Egremont.

Inspired by the work of William Morris, the School of Art Needlework was founded to provide work for 20 'young ladies of the impoverished genteel class'. From the outset, the Wyndhams' connections with personalities in the Arts and Crafts Movement such as G.F. Watts (of Watts Gallery fame), Edward Burne Jones and Morris himself as well as other influential people, were instrumental in the School's success.

The needleworkers originally underwent 45 hours of intensive training, later extended to 3 years, executing commissions, copying, conserving and repairing old work. One of their greatest challenges and accomplishments was the production of Queen Victoria's funeral pall in 23 hours non-stop. Their number grew to 120. Queen Victoria had become Patron and her daughter, Princess Helena, President. Present-day workers have now fallen to 20 again.

Although the talk was illustrated with fine slides, it became clear that the detail, subtle colours and tiny stitches could only be fully appreciated by seeing the actual articles. For this reason, following a fascinating presentation, the audience was left wanting more.

KCT

Among the hundred best books on the history of Petworth

With the publication of the second volume of Peter's history of Petworth, the monumental task is complete – as far as 2004. Dealing with the period from 1660 to the present day, it is a big book and there are only 300 numbered copies.

At the launch meeting, Peter outlined the major influences on Petworth's history, illustrated with slides, including 12 images which appear in the book.

Until the 18th century, there is little material concerning the lives of ordinary people. There is more from the Elizabethan period.

There are three groups of letters relating to the Duke of Somerset's running of the Estate which reveal something of the character of the 'Proud Duke'. Later, under the 2nd Earl of Egremont, the Park was landscaped by 'Capability' Brown.

Other chapters dealt with the 3rd Earl and the Petworth Emigration, organised with the Revd. Thomas Sockett, the Victorian era, Petworth Gaol – the House of Correction, the two

World Wars and the changing face of the town today. There is a special chapter about the bombing of the Boys' School in 1942 and a feature is the use of oral tradition as recorded in the Petworth Society magazine.

There was no lack of humour, either, as George Garland's legacy, not only of photographs, but of his 'yokel' jokes in the character of 'Eli Enticknap', some of which Peter was persuaded to recount to bring the evening to a happy conclusion. He was not being boastful in saying that he was sure that his work would count among the hundred best books on the history of Petworth, there being but a handful so far and we are privileged to have an historian of his calibre and down-to-earth approach to both subject and audience.

KCT

Some very nice people

Patrick Garland, Artistic Director of Chichester Festival Theatre in the four years from 1981, spoke about his life in the theatre. Now enjoying an active semi-retirement in West Chiltington, surrounded by the hills he loves, he remains active in the theatre, looking backward rather than forward and happy to make way for the rising generation to take the art forward. He is also writing a book.

He admits his affection for the older generation of artistes and comes over as perspective and respectful of his acquaintances, with none of the cattiness which so often characterises 'investigations' into the lives of celebrities today. Nevertheless, as Charles Dickens said to his favourite daughter, Katie, when she expressed an ambition to be an actress, "There are some very nice people in the theatre, but some who would make your hair stand on end".

So came the anecdotes about Harry Secombe – naturally funny, Lewis Casson and Sybil Thorndike, Edith Evans – the greatest actress, Laurence Olivier – 'big sir' with a prodigious life force and physically strong as well, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench – following Edith Evans, an amazing talent, John Gielgud, Kenneth Williams, Rex Harrison and Noel Coward. A hilarious story about Trooper Tommy Cooper, serving in the Guards on sentry duty, brought the talk to a close.

Both during and after the coffee interval, Patrick answered questions about his own writing, the definition of a 'star' and, in particular, the Festival Theatre, its stage, the Minerva and the future for both. He gave his assessment of Laurence Olivier's approach to his term as the first Director and paid tribute to the current holder of the position, Jonathan Church and the theatre's founder, Leslie Evershed-Martin.

Altogether a most congenial evening.

KCT

“Ian and Pearl’s” Minsted walk.

1st October

October’s a strange month. Holidays that stretch the Cottage Museum’s stewards’ rota and drain the numbers for walks. Even Ian and Pearl aren’t here but David and Linda have been thoroughly “groomed”. We’ve been to Iping before but when? It seems a long time ago. Ten years? A search of the Magazines throws up No. 85. It was mid-June 1996. Even then we were looking back to a hazily remembered Iping walk with the late lamented Doris Ashby. In the Society’s primeval youth we didn’t write up walks, starting this in 1989.

Into a surprisingly full car park, right off the A272, then right again off the Harting road, the latter busier than I might have expected. A warm September has given way to cool, blustery weather with sharp stinging bursts of rain. David and Linda have reconnoitred thoroughly with Ian and Pearl the previous weekend. Sweet chestnuts litter the path, a tribute to the high wind. Despite the cars in the car park it all seems pretty deserted. Fitzhall, guarded by impressive wooden gates, stands aloof on an eminence. There’s a lane cut in the rock which could almost be a portion of Hungers. Fresh autumn growth of nettles and a horse in a field with a blue coat. A huge puffball by the gate looks like an off-white marrow, brown skeletal maize stalks in a field. The previous Saturday our scouts had seen the maize in full yellow. On the Sunday it was gone. In a week the stalks are a darkened brown. Some of it is half-remembered from ten years ago. The sandpit, high cliffs and a giant lake, its waters turned a troubled brown. It’s the recent rain I imagine. A narrow path through conifers leads to a farm way on the right and another road, a dead end to the right but we turn back on to the heath. The heather’s still bright pink, but orange where the flowers have died. A lone scabious surprises among the red-topped fungi under the trees, fir here, but mainly the usual silver birch. Benjamin Challen of the Golden Square Independents had been converted at Minsted nearly two hundred years ago. But where? The landscape keeps its own counsel. I think that’s what attracts. Fitzhall so near but yet so distant. Even the three grazing Hereford cattle remain aloof. We came, we walked, but we never saw them.

P.

“One for his nob” - The Cottage Museum in September

The Cottage Museum’s tenth anniversary year began in sombre, perhaps reflective, perhaps almost apprehensive mode, trying to come to terms with the loss of Jacqueline Golden’s driving force. A sullen early summer, followed by a heatwave did little to lift spirits. It would be August before we would begin to take up the slack. Very hot weather doesn’t suit the

Museum: the parlour fire is its very lifeblood and it is a very dedicated steward who will light the fire when the temperature outside is in the 90s. Perhaps Mrs. Cummings herself was reduced to operating without cooking and hot water in that broiling summer of 1911 when all England was tinder dry and Lords and Commons in open conflict. There’s a curious contradiction at the very heart of the Museum concept: 346 is at its most atmospheric during those long winter months when it’s closed. Darkness closing in, the coal range becoming a haven of warmth, the upstairs dimly lit and cold. The supplementary weekend opening¹ in November and December pays lip service to this contradiction but hard facts cannot be gainsaid. The Museum is open for casual visitors and you don’t get them in winter.

Given that Jacqueline is effectively irreplaceable we’ve done well. As a very practical person Jacqueline would choose continuance above all as her memorial. And the cadre of stewards have been marvellously supportive. I’d half expected all sorts of afternoon calls during Museum time. They haven’t materialised. And that dreaded phoning up to arrange the rota. Not quite the task I thought. It was almost as if stewards were pleased to hear from me. Stewarding at the Museum may be rewarding but it’s hands on and it’s hard work. Once a month is probably about right.

For the rest the season is recovering well, at least from a vantage point in early September. It may be that interest generated by the Royal School of Needlework exhibition will translate into visitors and make up for the slow early summer. Marian and I were stewarding on a typical mellow early September Sunday. As Sunday often is, it turned out to be the quietest day of a very respectable week. A family of five, right on opening time, always a little difficult if you’re not quite sure the fire’s caught. Then a couple of friends, followed by a lady who’d been in a group visit, liked what she saw and had returned with her husband and sister. As Roman Catholics they identified strongly with Mary Cummings. The holy water stoop in the bedroom is one of the rare additions to the inventory this year, the Museum isn’t a repository for objects, it is, after all, a functionary building. Just about cool enough for us to appreciate the focal point of the fire. Cribbage. The sticks are in the marker board but you do need a pack of cards. Would Mrs. C. have played Cribbage? I’ve no idea. You do need someone else; it’s not a solitary game like Patience. Making multiples of fifteen, a picture card a two and a three for instance. Oh and the Jack, “one for his nob”. It’s comfortable sitting talking in the parlour. That’s what people like about 346 - its studied informality.

P.

¹ This year as in 2004

Book sale thoughts - September

The September Book Sale is our 60th. A Diamond Jubilee of a kind. This will be the first one Miles has missed but hopefully we’ll manage. It was his idea initially. Andy, myself, Bill

Eldridge and Bill Marmion on, with some extra help setting up and putting away. We've cut the afternoon to three o'clock now - it gives us more time to clear up. The first sale was in January 2001. Disconfident beginnings? Would we have another one? We decided to try again on April 7th some ten weeks or more later. No thought then of the event being monthly. In those days we perked things up with a talk in the evening and we had just one downstairs room in the Hall. 20p was the base price. We even had a couple of Sunday morning openings. By June the base price was 25p and there was pressure to operate monthly. We still reserved the option of not opening on a particular month, "if new stock did not justify it." Innocent days! Fiction had two categories, 25p and 50p but in later years, the mornings became so hectic as to make the system unworkable. A flat 40p was brought in.

Five years and more on we have an institution, but we still haven't lost that tingle of the unexpected. Yes, the sale has a harder edge to it, the opening half hour has to be experienced to be believed. No money is taken: complete silence, or at least, no voice but the sound of shuffling books. Some locals now avoid that opening scrum and wait until the first fury has spent itself. The old social, village, nuance has gone. And there is a functional aspect: a subsidised 52 page magazine with the option of colour, and the occasional speaker who might otherwise be beyond our range. The Book Sale means that the Petworth Society can punch its weight, punch above its weight if you like. It can compete.

And there's the satisfaction of saving books from an uncertain future. Books that might otherwise be lost - refugees from fête, sale or clearance. We don't find new homes for all of them but we do give them a fighting chance. That's one thing. But it's more the unexpected. You never know what will be in the next lot. Something you'd never thought of. You may have no wish to read it. *Tibet in the nineteenth century*, the *Guatemalan Highlands in the 1950s*. Yes, there are the same old books too, wearisomely familiar and reflecting the fickleness of popular taste, but there's always something out there. In January 2001 I noted three books I'd be interested to see. I don't particularly want them and I might well not read them if I had them. Penguin Classics - *The Psalms* and Montesquieu's *Persian Letters*, and a novel, Willa Cather's *The Professor's House*. The last I probably would reread. And do you know - out of the thousand upon thousand of books we've had, I've never seen hide nor hair of any of them. Easy enough to buy them but that's not the point. It's more a matter of jousting with the unknown.

Oh, I was saying - the September sale. September tends to be a middling Book Sale month, but this was the busiest September we've had. And Miles? Well, I suppose we can fit him in somewhere come October!

P.

Mist on a Fitzleroi morning

Familiar enough from Garland photographs of between the wars and later, but not from personal experience, ploughing matches aren't perhaps as plentiful as they were. Petworth

and West Grinstead still flourish, but others Garland attended, like Chiddingfold and Horsham seem to have gone. This however was the Petworth centenary and a Society exhibition had been requested. We certainly weren't short of material and Miles and Maria had put in a lot of work on the Friday afternoon, not leaving too much to be done on the Saturday morning. Friday had seen some heavy showers, but Saturday offered a clear sky and just a hint of mist. We had the original minute book from 1906: H.E. Watson, the Leconfield Estate agent, presiding at the inaugural meeting. But where had that first match been held? In Petworth, certainly, but minute books are written for those near enough to the events not to need reminding.

No one remembers that first match but there are certainly those who recall the fiftieth in 1956. Held at Frog Farm, it was followed by an evening dinner at Petworth House. Pamela, Lady Egremont, hoisted the flag aloft to begin proceedings, something the hostess will usually do.

Nine o'clock and time for the tractors. Judging is intricate, ongoing and, to the outsider, arcane. Eight separate disciplines. A vintage tractor goes by, pumping a defiant puff of smoke into the air. A dragon pawing the ground. The air is alive with the subdued hum of engines. Fordson Major Diesel, Massey Ferguson 35, International Standard. The vintage tractors seem small compared with their modern counterparts.

The horses start at ten: they need more preparation. Five pairs are scheduled; the ploughmen are enthusiasts, often from some distance. Some are learning a new and threatened discipline; others like Charlie Coffin from Hampshire have a wealth of experience. Dick Carter's judging the horse competition. He shows me the intricate rules. Clearly Dick knows what he's doing if I don't.

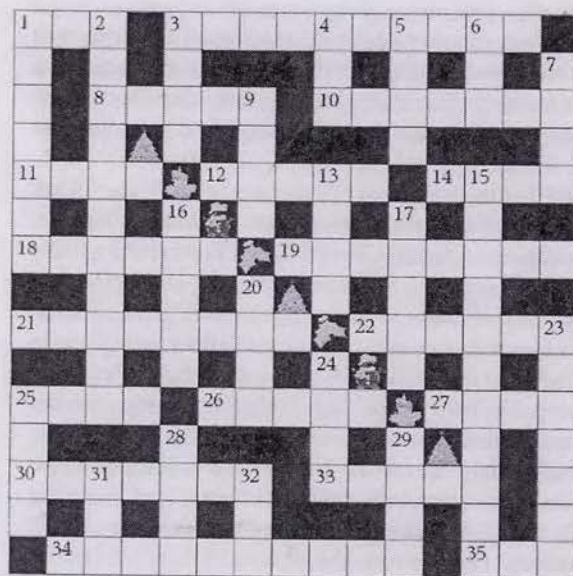
Odd scraps of conversation in the sunshine. Australian Brussels sprouts in the shops. In August? And what's happening to the climate? "Get the Green fair gone (Wisborough September 25th) and three wet days and you can shut the barn down." That is, you can forget the harvest. But does that apply now? Or tithes. They were still being collected in the 1970s, but it was the Inland Revenue rather than the church. £23, a fair sum in those days. Then they said, "Pay two years at once and we'll scrap it." It simply wasn't worth collecting. Dim traditions stir: of an older generation paying in kind, of family pews in church or milling at Rowners a hundred and fifty years ago. A horse objects to a new discipline. Dick looks on with a sympathetic eye.

From the farmyard you can see the ploughing as a panorama, even the steam ploughing far away to the right. Petworth Town Band strike up, the sun glints on a cornet. Always a comforting presence. We'd met them last, Miles and I, when we were collecting books at Bury fête.

The game is on and there's a fair time to go to lunch.

P.

Christmas Crossword



Across

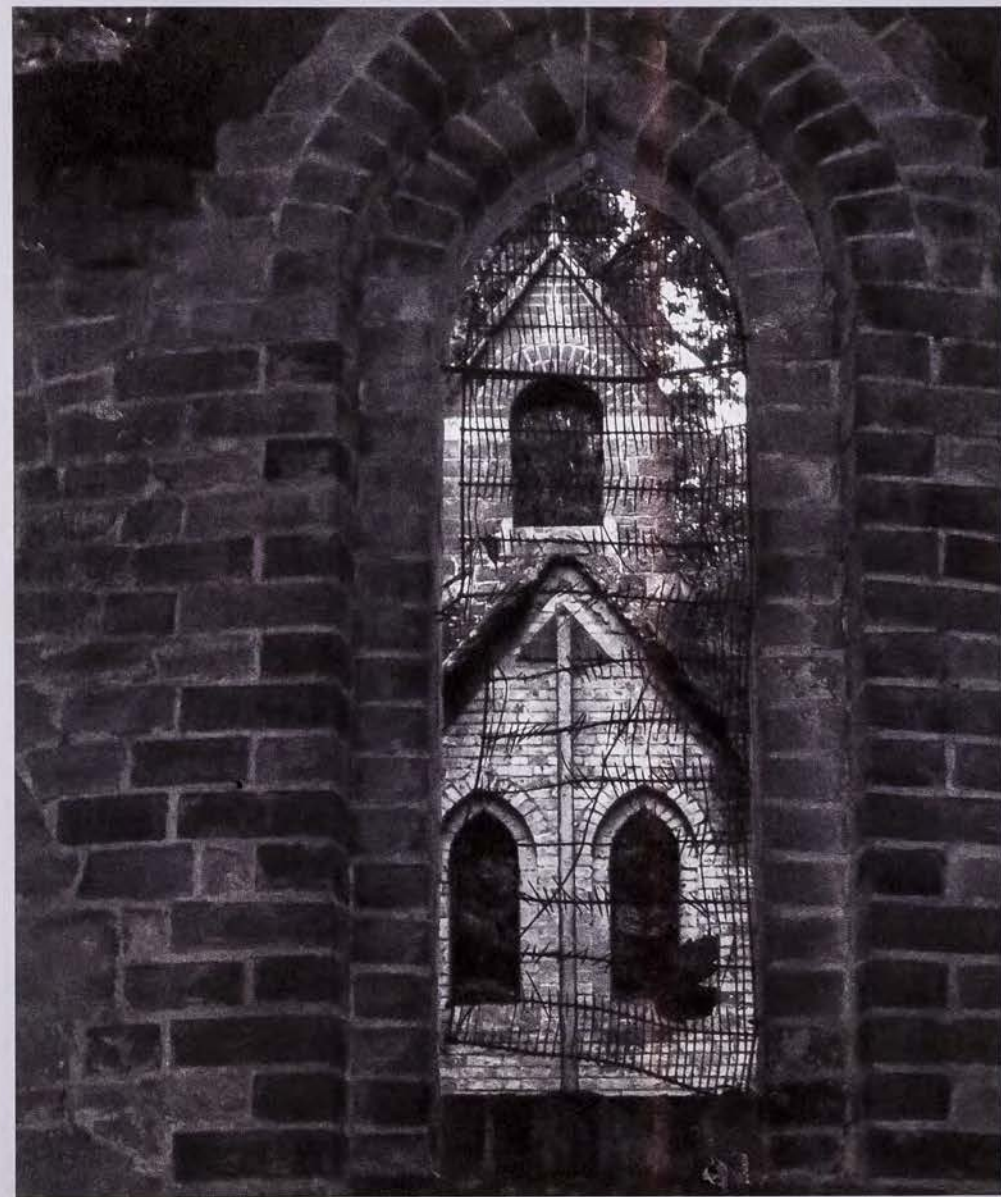
- 1 Animal associated with the Nativity (3)
 3 Popular Christmas ballet (10)
 8 "Alpha and Omega He, Let the ---- thunder" (5)
 10 Drink and bless the apple trees at Christmas (7)
 11 Quantity you'd receive in a small dram (4)
 12 Christmas dinner could be described as this ... (5)
 14 ... and how one feels after it (4)
 18 Hear it read at 21 ac. & 24 dn. (6)
 19 & 22 Send baker a list to get the essentials of 12

ac. (8,6)

- 21 & 24 dn. First service of Christmas Day (8,4)
 22 see 19 ac.
 25 Pronounces (4)
 26 Stately C16th dance (5)
 27 Dutch alternative to the Christmas stocking (4)
 30 Popular Christmas game - pure pretence! (7)
 33 How to cook the pudding (5)
 34 Raymond Briggs' popular Christmas story (3,7)
 35 It's not up for long on 2 dn. (3)

Down

- 1 "And there were shepherds ----- in the fields" (Luke) (7)
 2 December 22nd (8,3)
 3 Close by in 21 ac. (4)
 4 "When icicles hang by the wall, And Dick the shepherd blows his nail, ... And Marian's nose looks red and ----" (3)
 5 Snug (4)
 6 Seventh letter of Greek alphabet (3)
 7 Part song (4)
 9 Christmas in e.g. Ranville (4)
 13 "Useful" present (4)
 15 Writer of "A Child's Christmas in Wales" (5,6)
 16 He makes a surprise appearance in Aladdin (5)
 17 Another panto character - good or bad (5)
 20 Said to stop the reindeer (4)
 23 Boxing Day Saint (7)
 24 see 21 ac.
 28 Twelve of them at Christmas (4)
 29 Like Scrooge (4)
 31 Bowl for 10 ac. traditionally made from this wood (3)
 32 Individual character found in nutmeg or spice (3)



*View of the derelict interior of Bedham School September 2006.
 Photograph by Miles Costello.*



Ray Baker at Upper Diddlesfold 2006. Photograph by Mike Oakland.

**From
Hadfoldshern ...
... to
Adversane**



From Hadfoldshern to
Adversane

Deborah Evershed

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Driving through Adversane today you might think little of it – a staggered crossroads, pub and scattering of houses, but this hamlet has a history that enfolds the author's family history. Deborah Evershed was born here and her mother lived here for nearly fifty years. But the family roots in this place are older and still deeper than this. Using her own memories, the stories handed down in her family and careful research, Deborah has sought to capture a hundred years in and around Adversane. Start reading though and you will see she has done more than capture the stories – she has brought them vividly alive.

www.southgrovebooks.co.uk

Deborah Evershed is the pen-name for our committee member, Debbie Stevenson.

Solution to September's puzzle

Across

1 Planetarium, 6 Weald, 8 Birdmen, 11 Lido, 13 Hood, 14 Fiesta, 15 Onus, 17 Show, 18 Palace, 19 tuba, 21 Bewl, 24 Indoors, 25 Roman, 26 Parham House.

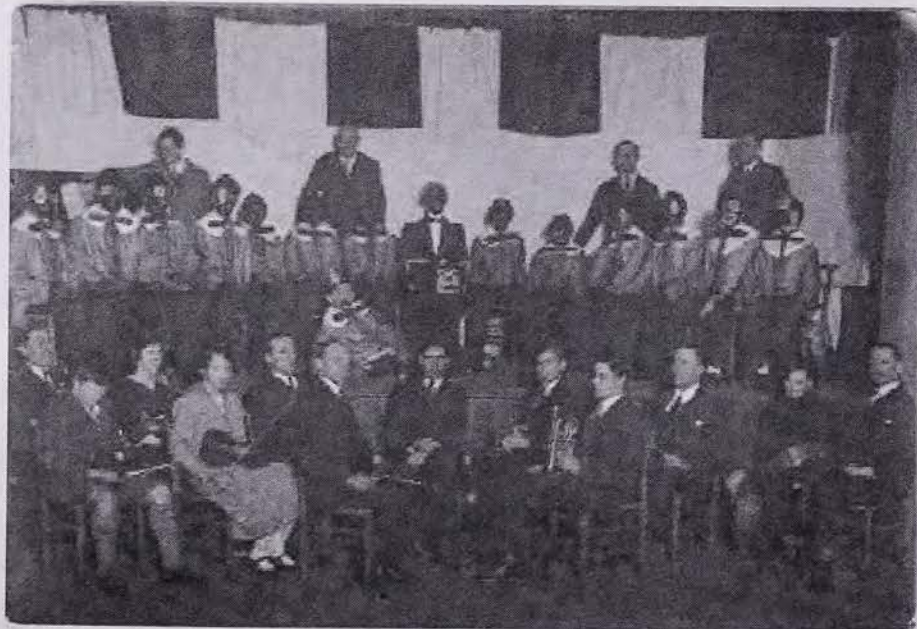
Down

2 Ned, 3 Rare, 4 Swallowtail, 5 And Downland, 7 Aid, 9 Moo, 10 Chilli, 12 Psyche, 13 Has, 16 Spa, 20 Bed, 22 Elm, 23 Pooh, 25 Roo.

Mr Tony Penfold : a letter

Dear Peter

Enclosed is the Garland photograph I spoke about, featuring the Petworth Black and White Minstrels clearly taken in the Iron Room.



Petworth Minstrels about 1930. The original is fairly dark.

Mrs Dorothy Wright says they faded out in the early 30's and I always understood uncles Jack and Frank Penfold were members.

Anyone would be hard-pressed to recognize a face in the group picture and it's a great pity it's of such poor quality.

Even so George Baxter is clearly visible fifth from the right in the front row. I would bet that his brother sits next to him with the cornet and the boy second right is also a Baxter. Far right front row is Bert Dean who kept the Red Lion.

Mrs Wright says that Dr Kerr was a supporter and thinks the figure standing at the back second left has his "stance".

The conductor holding the baton in the centre is probably "Old Steve" who was killed in the School, but when I started there in 1938 he had a much more ferocious waxed moustache. I recall the shock we received one morning when he appeared at assembly clean-shaven. The we found out that he had married his house-keeper (? Mrs Barber ?) and this was the reason.

Years after the bombing I used to see Mrs Stevenson in Chichester and have a chat until she died I would guess in the 70's.

That aside I wonder if there is anyone still around who can identify any of the other musicians, especially the ladies? What, if any, is the significance of the black cat mascot?

Also enclosed is a Charles White photograph of what I believe must have been a Petworth F.C. 2nd eleven from the 1950's. I'm having difficulty in persuading people that the goal-keeper is none other than your good self!

Apart from Roy Randall I think all the others are still in the land of the living.
Regards, Tony P.



Left to right:

Back: R. Randall, B. Hill, M. West P. Jerrome, V. Beesly, R. Withers, J. Hoddinott.

Front: C. Baigent, J. Staker, D. Scammell, K. Temple, A. Penfold.

Photograph by Charles White.

Re The White Hart and other matters

Originally the Todman family came from Hampshire and kept a pub at Harting before they came to Petworth in 1904 to take over what in later years would be Hazelmans at the junction of High Street and Middle Street. The shop was already a going concern – a baker and pork butcher.

When the first war came Grandfather was not called up as he had valvular heart disease.

He had to give up the bakery about 1915 because he simply couldn't lift the weights. He took over the White Hart pub over the road and died there in 1922. My grandmother Anna May Todman ran it with her son Bill until 1938 but they found it difficult to make a living there. Anna May left in 1938 and went to live with my mother's aunt in Reading, someone else took it for a year and it closed just before the war. Ironically had they continued during the war it would have made money.

My father Frank Carver was the son of Dickie Carver, the Petworth lamp lighter. We lived at the Main Lodge at Petworth House, Dad also working as night watchman. One duty was to let the public into the Park through the Main Lodge on Sundays and make sure they had no picnics, cameras or dogs going in and no antlers or chestnuts coming out. They were also not to walk on the grass until they were through the farther gate into the Park. Sometimes the cows got into the private

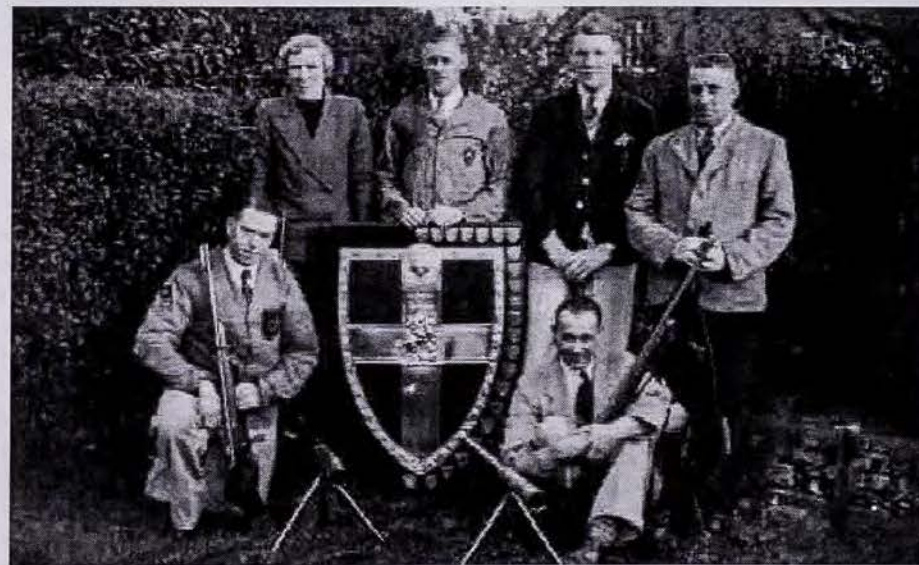


Bill Todman outside the White Hart pub in High Street 1936.
Courtesy of Vera James.

grounds if a gate had been left open and my mother Hilda had to go out with a whip and drive them back into the main park.

Dad had been a gunnery instructor in the Navy so shooting was a hobby of his and most weeks he'd go to Rifle Club at the Armoury in Tillington Road.

Vera James



Petworth Rifle Club trophy winners 1930's.

L-R: Back: Miss Podmore, Sir Cyril Shakerley, Mr Dallyn (?), Frank Carver.

Front: Arch Standing, Mr Bowyer the chemist.

Courtesy of Vera James.

Mr Jeremy Godwin - a letter

In PSM 116, June 2004, appeared a "mysterious tablecloth", which I elucidated in PSM 119, March 2005, as a record of some attenders of the Friends' (Quakers') Yearly Meeting, August 1905.

And now a similar tablecloth has been published in the *Whitehaven News*, 5th October 2006, of 13 pale-blue squares round a large central pale-blue panel, each panel linked by a narrow band of lace. It records the 273 people who entered the tombola at the Lamplugh Church Bazaar, 1913, and was made by that parish's Girls' Friendly Society branch, in one of whose stalwarts' houses it has been ever since. It is now to be given to the Lamplugh Local

History Society. It measures 3 feet square, and has a lace outer edge. Lamplugh is a scattered ancient rural parish, formerly with mines as well, in West Cumberland, east of the seaport town of Whitehaven.

It seems that making such tablecloths as social record was popular a century or so ago all over England.

Mr Mike Hubbard - a letter

Regarding The Heydon Family See Magazine 123

11th October 2006

Dear Peter

We moved into our present house on the 4th December 1969 the day of my son Andrew's fifth birthday and the two flats next door both had members of the Heydon family in. The downstairs flat was Florrie who was a cripple and her sister Gertie who worked for a shop called Greenfields of Storrington, and in the top flat was Reg Heydon and his wife Joan. They were all nice friendly people and very good to our two children Sally and Andrew who were five and seven at the time. Reg worked for the "Southdown" as a bus inspector.

After about a year Florrie Heydon died but Gertie lived several years, a very smart lady who used to go to the Congregational Chapel every Sunday, and was very friendly with Edie Mills whose brother was Mark Mills, the old Petworth road sweeper. Our cat Missy was very artful and would go round to Gertie Heydon's door every night at half past seven, the time that Edie came down to Gerties to watch television with her and they would spoil her and give her chicken. Who says animals have got no sense? At half past ten when Edie went home our cat Missy would come back through out cat flap. Reg Heydon and his wife Joan, after about eight years, moved to Bognor. Reg was still working for Southdown.

Tillington's link with Nelson and Prinny

Tillington's rector from 1816-1834 was the Rev. James Stanier Clarke, LL.D. (Cantab.), a former Naval chaplain and friend of Prinny (the Prince Regent), who that year made him a Royal Chaplain, Deputy Clerk of the Closet, and LL.D. (he became LL.B. there in 1805). He came of a well-travelled scholarly family. William, his grandfather (1696-1771), a Shropshire farmer's son, went up to St. John's College, Cambridge, and was elected a Fellow there in 1716/7. An antiquary of note, he was Rector of Buxted (Sussex) from 1724-1768, Chancellor of Chichester Diocese 1770-71, and died of gout in 1771, leaving two children surviving, and his widow Anne, who died aged 83 in 1783. His son Edward (1730-86) went up to his father's college (Fellow 1753), but became chaplain to Lord Bristol in Madrid 1760-62 and to the Governor of Minorca in 1763-68. Married in 1763, he went to Minorca with his wife soon

after. Rev. James Stanier, their eldest son was born c. 1765. Ordained Rector of Preston (Sussex) in 1790, he joined the Navy as chaplain in 1795, and served on *HMS Impetueux* under Prinny's friend and fellow-rake, Captain J.W. Payne, a valiant reckless man whose exploits ashore included a child by the future Emma Hamilton. Payne was Prinny's private secretary and household manager when not at sea, and introduced Clarke to him. Prinny took to him, and made him his Domestic Chaplain and Librarian, whereupon Clarke went ashore and took up his duties. In 1799 he and John McArthur, a senior purser and Prize Agent of the Fleet, and from 1791 Lord Hood's private secretary, co-founded and co-edited the *Naval Chronicle*, a monthly journal of current Naval doings and people that ran for 20 years, of very high standard. The pair knew their officers well, including Nelson, and did a two volume *Life of Nelson* in 1809. Clarke also published several works on Navy matters, e.g. *Shipwrecks* (1805) and also edited others' works. He became F.R.S. On arriving in Tillington, he built the vast, austere Rectory (now Old Rectory). In that year, his *Life of James II* came out, using James II's memoirs. He died in 1834, a bachelor. His monument, in Tillington chancel (north side) is by J.C.F. Rossi, famous London sculptor, whose clients included Prinny, William IV and Lord Egremont, all of whom Clarke had known.

Clarke's father died Rector of Buxted, his brother Edward Daniel became a traveller, geologist and Cambridge don. Their brother, George, R.N., drowned in the Thames in 1805. Their sister, Anne, became a Captain's wife Capt. Parkinson, present at Trafalgar.

Jeremy Godwin.

London to Land Army

Photograph summer 1943 in the Women's Land Army.

When war broke out September 3rd 1939 I was sixteen and lived in London at 16 Sturdy Road Peckham SE15. I was one of four children with an older sister and a younger sister and brother. I had trained to be an embroideress at Barrett Street Trade School behind Oxford St W1. When the bombing in London became more intense my younger brother and sister were evacuated through Peckham Rye School to West Sussex, where they were billeted in different homes which was very distressing for them having to leave their mother, father and two sisters. We carried on in London as my older sister and myself were in employment. The bombing became worse and we had some very narrow escapes. One night we were in the Anderson



Shelter in our back garden, when some bombs dropped quite close. We were trapped in our shelter by bricks and rubble, which had blocked the entrance. We were stuck there until an Air Raid Warden came calling to see if anyone was in the shelter. He said, "Don't strike any matches as there is a burst gas main and we could all be blown up". It was dark and he cleared away the debris and by torchlight led us to a local communal Air Raid Shelter.

My father (through health reasons unable to serve in WWI) and my older sister joined the other two members of the family in West Sussex leaving my mother and me to stay in what was left of our house. On another occasion when we were out the siren went warning of an air raid, so we started for a shelter, once inside a land mine was dropped and we were blasted from one end of the shelter to the other, the experience was awful, it felt as if your whole body was twice the size through the impact of the blast. Eventually my mother and I joined the rest of the family in West Sussex.

We didn't have a home to start with until I joined the Women's Land Army on 14th January 1942. No: 62929, and the farmer offered us a cottage to live in so my mother, father, brother and myself were together. My eldest sister also joined the Women's Land Army and worked on a poultry farm at Henfield. I worked on a fruit farm at Kirdford such a contrast from my trade which was needlework. I found it hard at first climbing ladders to pick apples, pears and plums and back aching picking strawberries, blackberries, black and red currants. We also had fields of hay, which had to be cut, put into stooks and finally collected and made into hayricks.

In the autumn and winter we would spray the trees with a sulphur solution to prevent scab and aphids on the apples, the smell was quite unpleasant and often made us look a bit yellow if it got on our faces. We wore protective clothing and wearing the pipes about was pretty tough. I remember my first summer on the farm I got very sunburnt and had huge blisters on my arms as my skin was so sensitive being a 'towny'.

I enjoyed my time in the Women's Land Army especially during the summer as the farmer used to go to Petworth (West Sussex) to collect about ten women who would help pick the fruit for market; this was a happy time in the fruit fields with plenty of laughs. I like many other Women's Land Army conscripts felt we were the forgotten army when it came to getting a gratuity.

I never returned to London and have lived in West Sussex ever since.

Winifred Matthews

The Red Lion Yard

The following short article appeared in the *West Sussex Gazette* of December 19th 1890.

Christmas is Coming

A correspondent writes: "It was remarked the other day that there are no very poor people in the town of Petworth. I admit there are but few outcast poor, but

of the industrious, respectable poor there are a very large percentage. The fact is, the chief characteristic of Petworth people is to make the best of indigent circumstances, and to make their humble homes as attractive as their slender means will permit. To do this, however, their meagre wages are strained to the utmost, and many having to pay their annual rent but a few weeks before Christmas render it all but impossible for them to make any preparation for a little extra enjoyment during the festive season. Well knowing that the wealthy residents in the neighbourhood are anything but niggardly in their offerings towards charities, yet there is a tendency to leave far too many of the poor in this town and district to provide their own Christmas beef, or go without it, or obtain it on credit of the good-natured butchers. One gentleman entertains in a princely manner. All honour to him! Would that others would imitate his liberal example. There are many pale-faced bairns in Petworth, as elsewhere, who would rejoice with their toil-worn parents at the sight of Christmas ticket for beef."

The anonymous author was probably Walter Buckman the Petworth correspondent for the *Gazette*. The piece is short but sobering, especially at this time of year when we ourselves are preparing for Christmas. It is no longer possible to realize the levels of poverty in Victorian Petworth and we can only occasionally gain some idea through contemporary views such as those expressed by Buckman. Official records such as census returns are useful in obtaining figures but they need to be interpreted with caution when gauging poverty. Census returns tell us if a property is uninhabited at a given time, but they don't tell us if it is uninhabitable or derelict. This added information would be useful in building up a picture of the prosperity of an area but would of course be subjective and open to interpretation by the census enumerator. Figures extracted from the 1881 census would indicate a certain degree of decay in Petworth and we know that several of the uninhabited properties in North Street were indeed derelict and the present Glebe Villas would shortly replace them. Damers Bridge was another area of less than adequate housing as was Bowling Green in Angel Street along with properties on the west side of Pound Street.

All of these were areas of some deprivation but none of them equalled the conditions experienced by the inhabitants of Red Lion Yard in High Street. The yard took in the area behind the Queen's Head public house on the south side of the street. Formerly the site of the long demolished Red Lion Inn, it has now become gentrified and no hint remains of the hovels that once occupied the space. Owned at one time by members of the Brydone family the yard seems to have taken on the character of the neighbouring public house. The Queen's Head had long had a reputation for being the worst kind of hostelry. Little better than a doss-house, it attracted the meanest elements from Petworth and the surrounding district. As a boarding house, the lowest type of labourer and passing commercial travellers frequented it. Local newspapers from the nineteenth century regularly carried reports of unlawful and unruly behaviour at the public house and it certainly appears to have been an altogether unsavoury sort of establishment.

While conditions for boarders at the pub were no doubt basic, they can have been nothing compared to that endured by the residents of the nearby hovels. Outbreaks of T.B.,

influenza, cholera and smallpox were common occurrences in the yard. Chronic overcrowding together with a rudimentary sewage system ensured that once one disease had run its course there would be another to take its place. It should be added that while the residents of Red Lion Yard were particularly susceptible to these diseases no one in Petworth at that time could guarantee immunity and even Walter Buckman would die from influenza during the great outbreak of 1892.

The 1881 census tells us that there were 78 inhabitants of the yard. Of these 39 were under the age of 18 and that there were 14 separate families living there. Rather surprisingly there was not a single pauper amongst them. This may be explained by the depths of poverty prevalent in the yard, for any family without means would be speedily removed to the workhouse, as there was little hope of relief for them at home. Such removals may explain the three uninhabited properties that appear on the census, or perhaps the condition of the dwellings was that they could offer no shelter to even the desperately poor of Petworth. Another statistic is that out of the 14 families recorded by the enumerator 5 show the mother as head of the family. Such a circumstance would of course deepen the poverty of the family and go some way to explaining their choice of accommodation.

Bunty Musson has rather indistinct recollections of Red Lion Yard but recalls the rather run down appearance of the area. Perhaps her father Dr. Kerr had tended to the needs of the inhabitants in the difficult years leading up to the Great War. Of course, by that time the conditions experienced by the poor of Petworth, while still quite unacceptable by modern standards, were hardly comparable to those endured by their nineteenth century counterparts.

Florence Pugh records in *PSM 36* that her parents moved from Red Lion Yard sometime before 1914 and that there were eight cottages all owned by B.S. Austen at that time. She believed that he was an excellent landlord and would give each of his tenants a gift of coal at Christmas. Clearly things were looking up by that time. It is however indicative of the conditions in the yard that Florence's parents were the initial tenants of the very first council house in Petworth No.1 Station Road.

In *PSM 55* Dollie Mant recalls the Red Lion Yard as being "a very populous area". Her mother had been allotted the area as part of her charitable duties and she would visit the yard once a week. One Christmas her father had bought blankets to be distributed to the residents of the yard but insisted that they be give out early, as it was so cold.

It is generally supposed that by the mid 1920s most of the inhabitants of the yard had been relocated and the area had been bought by Charles Leazell the builder who used it as a yard for many years.

Buckman in his article praises the generosity of the people of Petworth in offering charity to the poor. This can be verified by a quick glance through nineteenth century parish magazines. Nearly every page contains a list of subscribers to one charity or another. There were 'blanket clubs' where blankets were donated and issued to the poor in the winter, these would be recovered in the spring and cleaned ready for the next winter. There was the 'Children's Soup Kitchen' which provided one hot drink a day to the very poorest families. The kitchen would be manned by well-to-do women and the soup provided by local donors. Red Lion Yard was a regular location for the kitchen along with frequent visits to Byworth.

'The Adult Clothing Club' and 'The Children's Clothing Club' ensured that cast-off clothes were passed on to the deserving poor. There were district visitors who would attend on the elderly and the poor families and offer them both spiritual and practical advice.

Besides those areas of poverty mentioned above there was, of course, the workhouse. In 1881 there were 42 inmates of whom the vast majority were local and young to middle-aged. Historians would have us believe that by 1881 such institutions were mainly homes to passing tramps, and an infirmary for the elderly and expectant poor girls. This was not the case at Petworth, these people were poor and clearly could not even afford the hovels in Red Lion Yard. Their presence in the workhouse may partly explain the uninhabited properties in the town.

Miles Costello

The Angel

Whether the *Angel* was ever an inn in the traditional sense is unclear, certainly in modern times it has been a hotel offering accommodation and refreshments to travellers and visitors to the town. However local attempts to claim that the *Angel* was a coaching inn have little or no foundation. A deed of 1721 describes the property simply as a 'publik house', which was probably an eighteenth century attempt to elevate the hostelry above a common alehouse.

The *Angel*, like the nearby *George Inn* in East Street was formerly part of the ancient Rectory Manor, which was purchased from Eton College by the Duke of Somerset and incorporated into the neighbouring Manor of Petworth on the death of the Reverend Edward Pelling in 1718. Sadly most records prior to the integration have been lost.

The *Angel* as a named business simply did not exist in 1721 and we have to wait until a land tax assessment of 1753 to find the first mention of the *Angel* proper. Thomas Hampton is recorded as the owner in 1753 and the property is assessed at a paltry £4. This appraisal is useful; in that we are able to grade the Petworth inns and alehouses by the value set by the appraiser *The George* is assessed at £8 and the *Half Moon* in the Market Place at £15. The *Trowel* in Pound Street is a paltry £2. Clearly the *Angel* in 1753 was some way down the pecking order but not quite at the bottom.

From the late eighteenth century until the middle of the nineteenth the *Angel* remained largely in the tenure of the Osborn and Greenfield families, moving from the former to the latter through successive marriages and bequests. More often than not let to tenants the *Angel* finally fell into the clutches of the large breweries and remained a tied house until the freehold was sold in 1980.

A certain amount of respectability along with a degree of financial stability came to the *Angel* during the first quarter of the nineteenth century in the form of the Old Blue Friendly Society. Traditionally associated with the Half Moon Inn in the Market Square the society or *Angel Blue*, as it would become known was considered an important source of revenue to the fortunate innkeeper who succeeded in having their inn adopted as the society headquarters.

Serious tipping was part and parcel of membership of most friendly societies and the Angel Blue was certainly no exception. In fact it was considered quite as important to have held a successful annual dinner, as it was to offer attractive sickness and funeral benefits to its membership. Club day was Whit-Monday and the members would assemble at the inn by ten in the morning and march to the parish church for a service which would be followed by the annual dinner at the inn. These dinners were by their nature somewhat boisterous affairs, which involved a great deal of heavy drinking, encouraged no doubt by the landlord of the inn. This state of affairs, which seemed to afflict all of the local friendly societies, of which there were a number, did not seem to be taken lightly by one minister of the parish church and he put a ban on all drunken behaviour both before and after the church service. The response of the membership of the Old Blue was unequivocal and rather than give up their drinking they chose instead to give up the church service.

Eric Bligh in his book *Two Half Moons* describes a visit to Petworth in the 1920s. "It was dark when we got to Petworth and we made our way past the end of Lombard Street to an ancient inn, the Angel, with smiling bow windows. Across the road it possessed a friendly annexe, which bore a notice directing us 'To the Shades'. How often elsewhere have we seen such a notice, usually, however, beguiling us to dusty Edwardian palms and penny-in-the-slot race games? We had sometimes wondered about the origin of a name that really explains itself: a shady secluded place in which to drink wine, and we seldom see it but we are reminded of the first line of a poem attributed to Charles the Second, 'I pass all my hours in a shady old grove', although when he wrote that it was not wine which was the cause of his wish for seclusion'.

Information regarding the property still known as the *Angel Shades* is even harder to find than for the *Angel* proper. We only very occasionally uncover passing references to the business, though we can be sure that it went with the Angel as it doesn't appear to have ever had a separate licence. Initially the Shades would have operated as a tap, and no doubt the change of name to Shades would have been a twentieth century attempt at gentrification of the business. When the Steyning Brewery was broken up in 1897 the *Angel Hotel* and the *Angel Tap* were offered for auction as separate lots even though the two properties were rented as one by Harry Paris for the sum of £35 a year. With an absence of nineteenth century inventories for the *Angel* it is worth reprinting the following sales particulars:

Lot 12. The "Angel Hotel," Public-House, Petworth. An important brick built and stuccoed house with tiled roof, containing spacious entrance, bagatelle room, bar, smoke room, and spirit store, commercial room, market room, with side entrance, kitchen, fuel store &c. On the upper floor are eight bed and sitting rooms, and there are good cellars in the basement. A paved outlet in the rear contains corrugated shed, bottle store, pantry, and wash-house, and pleasure garden in the rear.

Lot 13. The "Angel Tap," Beer-house. Containing bar and tap-room, two rooms over, and beer store behind, w.c. and cellar. There is a coach-house in front of the house, and a coopers' shop behind. Also a yard in which is a detached weather-boarded and tiled 4-stall stable and loosebox, long corrugated shed and workshop, piggeries &c. On the other side of the passage approach to yard is a 4-roomed cottage.

Owners or occupiers of the properties now known as the *Angel Inn* and the *Angel Shades* 1721-1980

Steyning Brewery	James George Milton, c.1882
Portsmouth and Brighton United Breweries	Henry Smith, 1883
Brickwoods	George Bridger, 1885
Whitbreads	Mrs. George Bridger, 1890
Thomas Hampton, 1721-1779	Daniel Wakeford, 1890 (Angel-tap)
John Osborn I, c. 1780-c.1791	Harry Paris, c.1897-1909
John Osborn II, 1791	Miss Esther Paris, 1913
William Wild, 1792-1802	Captain Edwards, c.1920
John Greenfield, - 1825 (leaseholder)	Albert Wells, 1924
John Osborn Greenfield, c.1825-1863	William Berry, 1938
John Luttmann Ellis (leaseholder)	Arthur Duckett, 1945
William Wright, 1845	George Henley, (date unknown)
William Jones, c.1849-1862 (tenant or manager)	George Tunks, c.1950s
James Bronham, 1872-1875	Quinten Gilpin, 1969-1980

Miles Costello

To ambush the rising moon

Having photography as a profession I need to be ready to travel wherever an assignment demands. Anywhere in the world, exotic or otherwise. However, living as I do at Treyford, I have a particular interest in the area of the South Downs. This is a relatively large area and, a friend, Jonathan Newdick suggested I might look closely at a more confined space. He'd done this for his "Within Walls" exhibition, featuring Stag Park. A different medium, of course, but the idea was the same. He also suggested I was missing some of the potential of the digital camera. Oh, I'd worked with digital, of course I had, modern reproduction technique demands that, but I still felt the old-fashioned large-format "plate" camera would give me the results I wanted. Jonathan reckoned the digital revolution might offer a flexibility that would be difficult with the large camera, that the digital could capture a mood, an essence, a moment. Why not experiment in Petworth Park? Had not Turner himself experimented with light and mood?

As well as concentrating the vision, Petworth Park was convenient. Near enough to home to allow me to come at will, compact enough for me to become familiar with its distinctive features. Ideally a digital camera would enable me to play with the light and mood, select the inspirational and jettison the rest. To echo another spirit from the past, here was a "capability". Where the plate camera would involve careful and deliberate setting up and waiting for the right colour tone or light, now I could capture an essence in an instant. That, at least, was the theory.

Summer was not the ideal season for what I was proposing, but hard facts ruled out the ideal. The Exhibition Room at Petworth House is in great demand: the only vacancy being for a few days in September. I had to take what was offered and sacrifice my preferences. High summer doesn't favour the atmospheric. I'd much rather have the light, clear air of March, April or May or the opaque feeling of September and October. Working in mid-summer I'd lost the easier photographic options, would have to look harder and perhaps take on board something I wasn't consciously looking for. From 21st June to 10th September - the last few days before the Exhibition, I went in some ten mornings and perhaps four evenings. To an extent I'd be guided by the weather forecasts. I wanted reasonably clear mornings with some cloud and that clear light that comes with a north or northwest wind.

Going in, the National Trust having agreed with my suggestions, at 4.30 in the morning and wearing a headlamp to light the gloom, I'd be confronted by the stags congregated by the Double Lodges on the Tillington Road. They'd take cautious stock of me but already be on the move. I had only two misty days and had to make the best use of them. From the Double Lodges I'd take the left hand track at a 45° angle from the main path. I'd often work in this part of the Park, going past Snow Hill towards Upperton and looking down on the valley, in the half light a mysterious world of misty tree tops. It was all too easy to become lost once I ventured off the path; the familiar would become the unfamiliar. This perhaps was part of the transmutation I was seeking. The whole Park was my catchment: the Lower Lake, the occasional hot air balloon passing over, or the vapour trails in the sky above.

And the House? Of course the House. The difficulty was, and is, that in a clear light the picture is bland. It's too familiar. Early September, however, promised a full moon and a partial lunar eclipse. I was looking for a combination of the moon rising behind the House and the setting sun in the west reflecting on the banks of windows. I waited for the moon to appear behind the House. Eventually a white blur, the partial eclipse, then the full moon. And there was a final twist. The ground floor lights were not reflecting but in the darkness the ground floor lights came on in the two rooms on the extreme right. Two windows joining their fellows above but lit artificially. It was 8.10pm on the 7th of September.

I suppose the exhibition offered a blending of themes rather than a simple dominant one. I wasn't unhappy with this. There was moonlight - some of the pictures are lit only by the luminous moon - there were the mists of early dawn, and some classic photographs in black and white. Two examples appear among the main pictures in this magazine.

Duncan McNicol was talking to the Editor.

Front line Upperton

It was clear by the end of 1938 that war with Germany was, at the very least, highly probable. By the spring and summer of 1939 there was a definite feeling that preparation for hostilities was both imperative and urgent. Running parallel with this was the suspicion that what was

actually being done was hardly adequate given the prospect of major conflict. Far more than in 1914, this would be a war in which civilians were not safe in their own land: aircraft were capable of carrying the war far beyond the confines of normal military combat.

A small cache of papers, recently discovered, throws a sharp light on this distinctive pre-war period and also on the early years of the war. Obviously connected with Jesse Daniels, the Upperton ARP (Air Raid Precautions) warden, they conjure the spirit of the time, even if, as is so often the case the personality of their owner very largely eludes us. The condition of the papers, perhaps some thirty in all, is hardly pristine, but, despite some discolouration and damp staining, most remain intact and all are legible.

Only one is actually mutilated. It comes from August 1940 and announces that Lord Leconfield is spearheading a public fund of £200 to aid the Petworth, Tillington and Pulborough branch company of the Local Defence Volunteers¹ (LDVs). The fund would be used to provide equipment and "items necessary for training," this to include shelters to protect the men in bad weather. The fund would also help in transporting men to the local ranges for rifle practice. Other desiderata are waterproof gas mask holders, belts and bayonet frogs, steel helmets, mackintoshes, and stoves. Applications had been made for this equipment, a little has even been promised, "but there is no sign of it turning up. Some has not even been promised." If anything does arrive, fund surplus will be used to provide warm winter comforts for the men. Amounts, from a penny upwards, will be welcomed by Mrs. Sutton at Tillington House.

We hear no more of the LDVs. The documents chiefly concern Jesse Daniels' duties as ARP warden for Upperton. Like adjoining River, Upperton was a subdivision of Tillington with Sir Charles Walker, land agent to the Mitford Estate, as district warden. Tillington itself formed part of the Graffham ARP division, of the five² into which the Midhurst area was divided. Unlike most wardens, Jesse Daniels does not seem to have had a telephone and, except for the help of Mr. Arch. Newman, will have played something of a lone hand at Upperton.

Some idea of Upperton's remoteness comes from an exchange of notes between Jesse Daniels and Sir Charles Walker concerning an extensive South-Eastern regional exercise to be held on the night of July 8th and 9th 1939. The exercise was part of a general blackout of the whole South-Eastern Region between the hours of 2200 and 0200. All ARP members would be on parade and "each enrolled member actively involved in one function or another."

An Upperton presence seems however a little problematical. A draft reply from Daniels indicates a somewhat bemused warden: "I have read the enclosed and have let Mr. Newman read them and as far as I can make out it will not affect us in Upperton but if it should would you be so kind as to give me more details when we are to meet and if I am to sit from 10 to 2 in case a police man (sic) brings a bomb round."

Two notes in Sir Charles Walker's handwriting give an idea of current preoccupations. Writing to Tillington wardens on the 5th September 1939, two days into the war, Sir Charles,

¹ Later to become the Home Guard

² The others were Fernhurst, Harting, Midhurst Town and Rogate

no doubt relaying instructions from central government, notes that, in places where there is no syren (sic), wardens are not to send messengers to outlying districts on the outbreak of firing or bombing. It will already be too late. Gas masks (for those still without them) can be obtained from local wardens, but gas masks for infants remain generally unavailable. Sand for dealing with incendiary bombs is available from local wardens. "There is sufficient to fill one bucket for each house and householders are advised to obtain it now." A second memo instructs wardens that the preliminary warning "Air Raid Yellow" is not to be communicated to the public, but on receiving the warning "Air Raid Red" wardens, as far as they are able, are to warn people to take cover. "All traffic should be halted and vehicles drawn up by the side of, or off, the roads, leaving free passage for emergency vehicles. Headlights must be extinguished: horses must be unharnessed, and, if possible taken to an open place and not halted to lamp posts or railings. If necessary they may be tied by halter (not reins) to the back of the vehicle behind the hub of the wheel: the wheel must be securely anchored by brake or chain. Bicycles must not be propped against the kerbs."

SANDBAGS FOR INCENDIARY BOMBS.

The sandbag must be not more than half full and tied at the top so that it is loose and flabby and will easily settle over and around the bomb.

Any soil or earth can be used in the bag provided that it is loose and free from stones.

All Incendiary Bombs may explode two minutes after they catch fire. The explosion is not dangerous to life and merely causes molten metal and sparks to fly about. Sandbags could, therefore, be used as a shield to the eyes and face when approaching the bomb and then dropped right over it. The bag should not be emptied on to the bomb but dropped as a whole.

Sandbags should be used in this manner only when the bomb is in the open where it does not matter if the bomb, although smothered, continues to burn for a time under the bag.

Instructions for Sandbags

By November 1940 the Midhurst H.Q. is issuing fairly regular ARP bulletins, several of which survive (1,2,3 and 5). By No. 9 (20th April 1942) the organ is renamed "Civil Defence Bulletin." Issues 9 and 10 survive; whether there were later issues now no longer extant is unclear. Earlier random notes probably owe less to central government and have more local interest. One deals with telephoning reports: the warden is to speak slowly and distinctly, giving the telephonist time to write the message down. It will then be repeated clause by clause. Possibly Jesse Daniels would go down to the central telephone point at Tillington Old Rectory to do this. Questions are to be left to the end of the message. "Patience is required at both ends of the phone." No doubt patience was sometimes at a premium.

Kitchener's Boys.

A. B. Gosney.
Petworth

Dr, red, Dr, red, Dr, red, Dr, red, ^{Nov 6th}
Kitchener's Army on the march. 1914
Through Marylebone and Marble Arch.
Men in motley so to speak.
Been in training about a week.
Swinging easy toe & heel.
Game & gay, and keen as steel.
Dr, red, Dr, red, Dr, red Dr, red,
Norfolk jackets & city suits
Some in shoes and some in boots:
Clerk & sportsman lough & nut
Reach me down & Bond street cut.
Typical hit of every kind
Go show the life they've left behind.
Dr, red Dr, red, Dr, red Dr, red,
Marching by at an easy pace.
The great adventure on every face
Raw if you like but full of grit
Snatching the chance to do their bit
Gh & want to cheer & I want to cry.
When Kitchener's Boys go marching by

From a commonplace book of the time. Mr Gosney is not known. It is no doubt a popular poem of the time rather than Mr Gosney's own composition. Or am I wrong? [Ed.]

WARDEN'S REPORT FORM.

Form of Report to Report Centres.

AIR RAID DAMAGE (Commence report with these words)

Designation of Reporting Agent
(e.g., Warden's Post No. *J Daniels Upton*)Position of occurrence
*10 yards north of Upton Street*Type of bombs :—HE/Incendiary/Poison Gas *Mustar Gas Bomb*Approx. No. of Casualties :—
(If any trapped under wreckage, say so)

If fire, say so :—

Damage to mains :—Water/Coal Gas/Overhead electric cables/Sewers

Names of Roads blocked
*Road Contaminated for
10 yards by gas spots sent out down
Squad*Time of occurrence (approx.) *9 30 PM.*

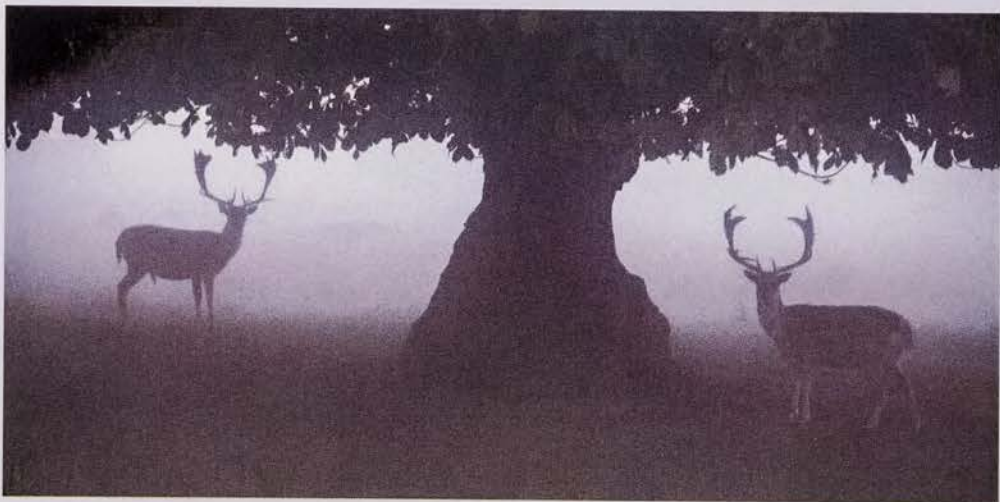
Services already on the spot or coming :—

Remarks :—

*Public have been warned and
area mark off am waiting for
Decontamination Squad.*ORIGINAL } These words are for use with a report sent by messenger.
DUPLICATE } Delete whichever does not apply.*Warden's Report form undated**Skywards through Pines. Photograph by Duncan McNicol.*



Coot through mist on Lower Pond. Photograph by Duncan McNicol.



Stags under Chestnut. Photograph by Duncan McNicol.



*Sunset, with partially eclipsed full moon over Petworth House.
Photograph by Duncan McNicol.*



*Dawn breaking over Petworth House and Upper Pond.
Photograph by Duncan McNicol.*



Beech on Arbor Hill. Photograph by Duncan McNicol.

A lecture on unexploded bombs is to be given at Midhurst Cinema at 1400 hours on Sunday, November 10th 1940, Lieut. Gray, who is in charge of the local bomb disposal section is to be the speaker. The circular carries a handwritten annotation. "Control have left me one short - will you let Archie Newman read this in due course." The writer can take Messrs Daniels and Newman to Midhurst by car if they are available, otherwise he will offer the seats to other wardens. With the nights drawing in and the dark mornings the circular advises, "Wardens should, as far as they are able, see that blinds, curtains, etc. are not removed too early. There is a great temptation to forget all about the need of blacking out just because it is time to get up, whereas efficient blacking out is just as important in the morning as in the evening." Other items concern wardens mistaking fallen plywood auxiliary petrol tanks for bombs, unexploded magnetic parachute mines, damage to property and incendiary bombs.

It is impossible for these bare bones to give an account of what might be called Jesses Daniels' war. The documentation is simply too laconic. There is also no means of telling whether at one time there were other documents and to what extent what we have is only a part. It is something of a miracle that what we have is extant at all.

Did bombs actually fall in Upperton? A number of blank Warden's Report Forms survive. In the nature of things they would, if filled, have been sent to Midhurst. Possibly however Daniels noted down the facts and reported by telephone. Certainly one report remains concerning a mustard gas bomb "10 yards north of Upperton Street" but whether this is a fair copy, or written for telephone dictation, is now impossible to say.

In concluding it may be of interest to note an instruction issued from the Council Offices at Midhurst on the 9th July 1940, relaying from central government compulsory measures to forestall possible enemy landings. Among the provisions: fields of 12 acres or more need to be rendered unusable, as too lakes and stretches of water with a clear run of 300 yards "Old logs and branches of trees piled in open fields are as good as anything. Old farm implements, old carts and old derelict cars filled with earth should be collected and placed in open fields." Failing that, instructions are given for digging out trenches and making improvised ramparts with the excavated earth. Farmers are asked to graze their cows in as many different fields as possible at the same time.

P.

Dora takes a hand

Also connected with a wartime situation but reflecting a rather different world from the previous article on Upperton is a dispute at Lodsworth during that last fraught, exhausted year of the 1914-1918 war. Personalities may be little more than cyphers but the problems and tensions are clear enough.

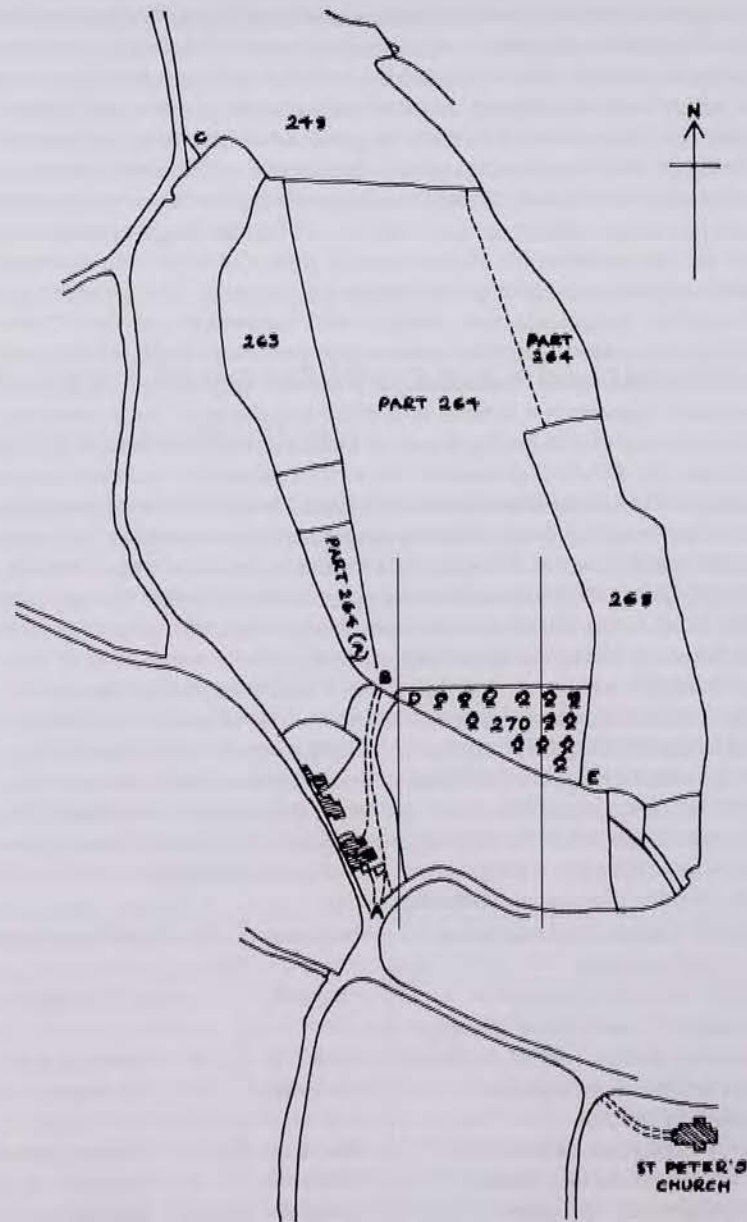
Two local brothers, Frederick William and Robert George Tooth had taken some ten acres of arable land in Lodsworth to create a market garden. Their lease was to run for fourteen years from Michaelmas 1914, although the tenancy in practical terms began from 25th January

1915, rent paid from Michaelmas apparently being retained as a kind of credit, or possibly security, as was also some reimbursement for work done in this preliminary period. A yearly rent of £30-12-6 was payable by twice yearly instalments. An already mature orchard [OS270 on the map] was included in the lease but much of a large arable field [OS264] was to be used for a market garden, together with a small annex [OS264(A)] to the west. The Well Field formed an extensive enclave in a block of arable land some distance to the north of the parish church and owned by Mrs. Dennett, the landlady. The lease allowed for access over Mrs. Dennett's land to the south and also access to certain buildings, piggeries, a mealhouse and a roothouse, "Adjoining or near the east side of the main street of Lodsworth" and marked on the accompanying map. Clearly the previous usage of the land had been agricultural. Permission was also given to erect a greenhouse on 264(A). Of this there is no further mention. The usual clauses cover the tenants' duty to keep the boundary fences and ditches in repair, the existing orchard trees pruned and nurtured and the land demised in good heart and condition. All this was standard and would have been taken as read in January 1915. No one perhaps anticipated that these clauses would be invoked a bare three and a half years later.

Of the progress of the holding over the years from 1915-1917 there is no direct evidence, only what can be inferred from documents relating to the dispute in 1918. There is certainly nothing to suggest that over these years the Tooth brothers were at all dilatory. Planting of additional fruit trees and bushes was extensive and would clearly have involved a significant capital outlay in the purchase of stock to say nothing of preparation and planting. Apples, pears, plums and cherries are mentioned in 1918 as also raspberries, gooseberries, strawberries and currants - all in some quantity. Clearly the existing orchard, mainly apples and filberts, was to be supplemented. It is not clear how the produce was sold; presumably it went either to market or was sent away by train.

The cause of the difficulties in 1918 seems to have been the decision, probably late in 1917, of one of the brothers to enlist, leaving the remaining brother to continue at Lodsworth. Of this crucial moment we learn nothing, we can only deduce that intensive cultivation of a plot of this size was almost certainly too much for one man. Labour would be difficult to find at this stage of the war and it may be that it could not be afforded. Certainly there is no mention anywhere of hired help. The remaining brother, never distinguished by name, seems for the time to have battled on through the winter and spring. As spring gave way to early summer in 1918 it was obvious to Mrs. Dennett that the battle was being lost. Mrs. Dennett was not alone; other eyes were on the Lodsworth holding. The unequal struggle had come to the notice of the Agricultural Commissioners at Chichester, one of the octopus-like tentacles of the draconian Defence of the Realm Act (D.O.R.A.). Under Regulation 2M of the Act, Master Tooth's lease was compulsorily terminated in June. In fact it seems that he had already given up work on May 31st. There was provision under the Act for the tenant to be compensated as also for the landlady to claim compensation.

It was time for the professionals to move in. Mr. Newland Tompkins at Pulborough, acting as agent for Mrs. Dennett, Mr. John Pitfield, the Petworth solicitor, acting for Mrs. Dennett and Mr. Haines, a local postman and prospective tenant, and Mr. George Knight of Midhurst, acting for the Tooth brothers. Time was on no one's side. It was now high summer and every day meant the plot was more submerged under a profusion of undergrowth.



Lodsworth in 1915 showing the Tooth brothers' holding Redrawn by Jonathan Newdick.

The County Agricultural Executive made a token effort, sending in 31 prisoners of war from the Midhurst Camp with three horses to effect some clearance. To little avail. Mr. Haines also tried, with limited success, to take off some kind of crop. Clearly the Tooth brothers had put in a great deal of effort and capital into the holding and any settlement needed to take cognisance of this. On the other hand the holding was now virtually beyond control. Given the accelerating growth of weed and the general deterioration of the Tooths' planting, of what practical value might the Tooths' assets be to the landlady or to an incoming tenant? The situation was becoming worse by the day. On July 12th George Knight produced a figure of £186-15-10 for compensation but did not specify particular items. As representing the Tooths' original input this was perhaps feasible but was it realistic? Mrs. Dennett's agent, Mr. Newland Tompkins, thought otherwise. Being in the Lodsworth area on the 29th June he had made an (admittedly) cursory inspection in the company of George Duck, the Petworth farmer. Another fortnight's growth had intervened. He writes to George Knight, "I cannot possibly arrive at any such figure as you show in your claim and although I have leaned with some sympathy towards your clients, having in view all the circumstances of the case, I cannot make my figures more than £86-9-10 and against this sum I must put in a counter claim under the lease amounting to £42-16-8 for dilapidation and foul land." In another letter he is even more forthright, "The amount you claim I might remark appears somewhat enormous." In response to a request from Newland Tompkins, George Knight drew up a schedule of crops, but again without indicating specific prices. With matters deteriorating by the day, it was time to resort to arbitration.

Under D.O.R.A. regulations an umpire agreeable to both parties could give a decision and Mr. O.N. Wyatt of Chichester was appointed as agreeable to both parties. Writing to Mr. Wyatt on July 26th Newland Tompkins confirms that August 1st will be agreeable to him for Mr. Wyatt's adjudication. "I shall arrive at the holding at about 12 p.m. You will probably find that Mr. Knight will be motoring and will most likely carry you." Mr. Wyatt was to arrive at Midhurst station at 11.28. It was now two months since Mr. Tooth had abandoned work on the holding and, by general consent little had since been done. A rough memo book survives obviously filled in by Newland Tompkins himself in the light of George Knight's initial estimate. It is annotated without financial comment in a completely different hand, presumably Wyatt's. I have left out some of the minor items and summarised others.

Mr. Newland Tompkin's description and comment	Valuation £	Mr. Wyatt's annotation(?)
Arable field. Various vegetables	10-17-10	All rubbish
600 fruit trees 2, 3, and 4 years' planting		
Far too crowded and covered with rubbish	30-00-00	Too crowded
400 currant and gooseberry plants	5-00-00	All rubbish
All smothered by rubbish		
137 apples, plums, pears, cherries	13-14-00	Stunted growth
1000 currant and gooseberry bushes	5-00-00	Rubbish
500 stools raspberries with stakes	4-03-04	Rubbish
In orchard standing grass	1-00-00	
As the crop in the mature orchard was not to hand this was left out of account		

It was left to Mr. Wyatt to work out the details. Clearly the lush growth of summer had seriously damaged the Tooth brothers' case. Looking back, Mr. Newland Tompkins felt, rightly, that he had done well for his client, Mr. Pitfield felt that the Chichester intervention had needlessly complicated an already complex case. Completely ignoring the war, nature had, if briefly, taken back her own. Mr. Haines, the postman was considering his options. The professionals had done their job and taken their expenses. Kelly's 1918 Directory for Lodsworth lists Frederick Tooth, market gardener. The Directory would have been prepared, no doubt, the previous year.

A Brief Note on Proposals to Build a School at Bedham

Most readers will know the story of Bedham School, the derelict church-like building which stands below the road that wends its way through the tiny rural hamlet. Never really viable the school led a fragile existence for many years before finally succumbing to the demands of a modernising educational system and an apparently irreversible fall in the pupil roll. What perhaps isn't quite so well known is why this isolated location was chosen for the site of a new school in the first place. Never a foregone conclusion, Bedham seems to have been selected as much to placate local landed interests as for any logical reason. Certainly the existing schools in the district would see the new establishment as a threat to their own pupil rolls and consequently their all-important government grants. Hugely influential landowners and rate-payers, who no doubt would eventually pick up much of the bill for the new school, rightly demanded their say in the matter, and the local clergy would see it as an opportunity to extend their sphere of influence in the face of a seemingly unstoppable advance of a secular education system.

By chance a file of papers has survived which record the communications between the main participants involved in the decision to establish a new school in the district. As is so often the case much of the correspondence is made up of almost illegible copy letters, however there are a considerable number of original letters from which it is possible to form an understanding of the issues. The principle parties involved locally were Lord Leconfield at Petworth, W.H. Ingram Lord Leconfield's agent, Sir Walter Barttelot at Stopham and the Reverend A.B. Simpson Rector of Fittleworth. Acting for the Education Department at Whitehall was Mr. P. Cumin. Interested parties on the margin of the debate included the Reverend Holland at Petworth and the members of the Wisborough Green School Board.

To understand the need for a new school it is first necessary to consider the location of the existing schools in 1876. Schools at Kirdford, Wisborough Green, Stopham, Fittleworth, Byworth and Petworth formed a large ring around one of the most sparsely populated and inaccessible areas in West Sussex. These small villages had well-established schools and in the case of Wisborough Green an influential school board. It was in parishes such as

Wisborough Green where there was no apparent support for voluntary schools that school boards were established. Many members of the clergy as well as the large rural landowners viewed these schools boards with suspicion. Supposed to be hotbeds of nonconformists and liberals, they were resisted strongly in areas where the landowners and clergy could influence the establishment of voluntary schools controlled by the ratepayers rather than school boards. The Education Department had set a time limit for the building of a school to serve the area. If this limit was not met then a school board would be established with the power to raise the necessary funds from local taxation. This threat should have been enough to concentrate the minds of the local worthies but such was the apathy or failure to agree on seemingly trivial matters that the patience of the E.D. would be stretched to breaking point.

Bedham was, as it is today, a dispersed community and those children who attended school would probably walk to Fittleworth or Wisborough Green. Perhaps a few would have gone to Stopham and those nearer Flexham Park would have found the walk into Petworth the easiest. Stories of Victorian children walking barefoot to school dressed in little more than rags abound in contemporary literature. West Sussex school records frequently tell us of children being sent home or suspended for being inadequately attired. Legislation was looming which would shortly make it compulsory for children up to the age of 12 years to attend school and crucially each district would be bound to provide a school place for every child.

Clearly there had been some debate prior to 1876 over the need for a school in the triangle formed by Wisborough Green, Fittleworth and Petworth, but for whatever the reason it was Sir Walter Barttelot of Stopham who chose to have an informal meeting with Lord Sandon at the Education Department sometime in 1876 to discuss the possibility of a new school. Sandon, a keen promoter of voluntary schools, agreed in principle that there was indeed a need, however he wanted the local landowners to become involved and to suggest suitable locations. The matter seems to have gone quiet for at least a year for it is not until 1 August 1878 that a letter from Cumin to Lord Leconfield's agent W.H. Ingram announces: *'Sir, I am directed to state that the attention of this Department has been called to the need of a school at or near a place called "The Fox" in the parish of Petworth to supply the outlying population of the parishes of Petworth, Fittleworth, Kirdford, Egdean, and Wisborough Green. H.M. Inspector reports that he believes there is an urgent want of an efficient school in the neighbourhood above described, both on account of the distance from other schools and the impassable condition of the roads in winter. My Lords understand that there has been some communication on the subject between lord Leconfield and Sir W. Barttelot and that it is contemplated to provide the required school accommodation by voluntary effort.'*

Ingram was only too aware that a school at "The Fox" would seriously encroach on the catchment area of the existing schools at Petworth and he was quite sure that Lord Leconfield would never accept another school so near to the town. Ingram immediately set about planning the demolition of the Department's proposals and instructed his clerk of works Robert Downing to gather information that disproved a need for a school at "The Fox". Ingram's principle argument would be that as "The Fox" was so close to Petworth, children had no difficulty making the walk. The following note from Downing to Ingram is worthy of reproduction just to illustrate the details in their investigation. *'The distance from 'The Fox'*

inn to the national school in North Street is 1 miles 5 furlongs and 154 yards. That is a mile and three quarters all but 66 yards. In chains the length is 137 and there are 80 chains in a mile'.

Ingram in his response to the Education Department repeated Downing's figures and consolidated his argument by pointing out that the road between "The Fox" and the school in North street was *'a good hard road as the Ordnance map will shew you'*. He went on to state that *'It was never contemplated to build the school at or near the Fox.'* How the parties had come to such a misunderstanding is hard to imagine though it would be fair to say that the Inspector of Schools had probably little local knowledge, or as was more likely the case, the E.D. had, in order not to affect pupil rolls, tried to site the new school as far as possible from the existing schools at Wisborough Green and Fittleworth and had not taken into account the consequence this may have had on the Petworth schools.

Ingram suggests that any new site should be in the neighbourhood of Hawkhurst in Wisborough Green parish and that if the E.D. felt inclined to send down an inspector he would be happy to meet him and provide any assistance he could.

Ten days later the E.D. replied with a simple statement announcing to Ingram that they will communicate with the School Board for Wisborough Green on the subject of his letter. It is at this point that the Reverend Simpson of Fittleworth enters the debate. He can well see the problems that a new school in the vicinity of Hawkhurst could pose for his schools at Fittleworth and Stopham. However, he would also be aware that as some of the pupils attending the new school would be from the Fittleworth area it would be an opportunity for him to gain a place on the Wisborough Green School Board and of course the influence that went with that position.

Naturally all attention was now focused on the Bedham and Hawkhurst areas and the search for the site began in earnest. Sir Walter Barttelot had already made plain his preference for a site to the east of Hawkhurst and near 'Burdocks' on Brick Kiln Common. Ingram on behalf of Lord Leconfield had recommended a site west of Hawkhurst near to Bignor Farm on the road from Petworth to Stroud Green. Neither party give any reasons for promoting their site and there was no indication as to whether land was actually available at these locations. What was certain was an offer from W. Mitford of land at Bedham, this offer was being actively promoted from Fittleworth by the Reverend Simpson. Mitford was Lord of the Manor of Bedham and despite a cool reception from Ingram and Sir Walter it did appear to be the obvious answer to the problem. Furthermore the E.D. had swiftly given their sanction to Mitford's offer. Having narrowed the location down to Bedham it was now going to require an extra effort to agree on the actual site. One of the parties had proposed 'Badlands' as being the very centre of the proposed school district and so as good a place as any for the new school. Mitford rejected this suggestion as not being part of Bedham Manor of which he was Lord and besides it was held as a life copyhold and would be impossible to acquire. Mitford meanwhile had made it clear in a letter to the Reverend Simpson that his preference was for a site below Bedham known locally as 'Hill Foot'.

It was obvious to the Rev. Simpson that the three landowners were going to find it impossible to agree on a site and with the time limit imposed by the E.D. coming to an end he knew that if the whole scheme was to be saved he would have to wring concessions out of the E.D. and if even then the landowners would still not agree on a site he would concede

defeat having satisfied himself that he had tried his best. As expected the E.D. came up with the concessions required by Simpson and the Reverend passed the news on to Ingram.

Since I saw you I have received an answer to my letter to the Education Department about the Bedham School, making very considerable concessions if the school is built by voluntary effort.

- a) *They will be satisfied with a 'certified efficient school.' Which does not require a certified teacher.*
- b) *We need not find accommodation for boys over nine years of age.*
- c) *They will give their best consideration to any definite proposal for a site.*

With the boys' age reduced to nine years, a much smaller school could be built at a greatly reduced cost to the landowners, and with the need for an expensive certified teacher removed from the requirements the landowners could have little further objection to the establishment of a voluntary school at Bedham. All that was required was for Leconfield, Bartelot and Mitford to finally agree on a site.

How the final location for the new school was eventually chosen is not recorded. A compromise of some sort may have been made, or it is just possible that the disagreement over the site had been a clever charade all along, orchestrated perhaps by Ingram in order to squeeze the concessions out of the E.D. Who knows? Certainly the three landowners must have been satisfied that they had got the best possible deal out of the E.D. and there would have been nothing to gain by delaying things any further.

Almost as an afterthought a site near Arundel Holt was suggested though this was swiftly rejected and the little school finally opened its doors in 1880.

The forty-five years of the school were difficult to say the least. There was rarely a consistent school roll and without regular attendances it was not easy to get the essential government grants. The poverty of the surrounding area meant that many of the pupils could not afford the small fee which was required and though this was usually ignored by the authorities it was often felt better to keep a child from school than to suffer the ignominy of being singled out as a non-payer. The decision to only educate boys up to nine years must have at some age been abandoned for Jack Purser, recalling a period prior to 1914, gave the following short account of Bedham School in the *Petworth Society Magazine* No. 25.

I left school at thirteen and a half just before the First War but I was already used to farm-work then. I would milk at Bennyfold before I went to school. I didn't go to school at Petworth but at Bedham where my family had been before they came to Bennyfold, and two of my sisters taught there. The school, an hour's walk from Bennyfold, had three teachers and numbers varied. Sometimes there were nearly fifty pupils, sometimes much less, they came from Pallingham and all round. People had large families in those days, eights and tens, and it didn't take many such families to bring up the numbers. I didn't actually start school until I was seven and I was no scholar. Many a thrashing I had from Miss Day, the head-teacher, because I wouldn't or couldn't read and I never did learn. We used to do needlework and I was very good at that but now I can't hold a needle because of arthritis.

Miles Costello

Meteorites

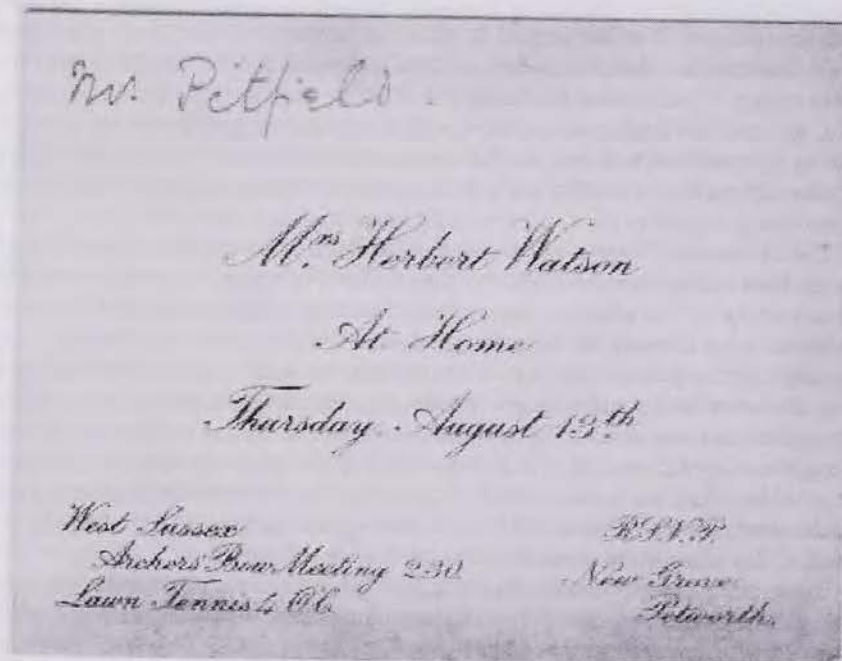
Florence Rapley began her diary¹ for 1911 with some reflections on the famous "Siege of Sydney Street." On the 8th, feeling far from well, she toils the couple of miles to St. Mary's Church for evensong. Familiar as it all is, she notes "a scantily filled church where no one knows a farm-hand's wife although many of them are soaked in debt." By Thursday 12th she has been cutting fern as bedding for the pig and reflecting further. "The neighbourhood reeks of balls, why not draw down curtains, light up - feed, flirt and jump about from 4 to 10 instead of making night hideous with their hateful motors and hired horses. In what way does a ball tend to the glory of God. How?" Clearly the noise of late night revellers returning had added insult to injury.

The situation of Florence's house, right on the road at Heath End, might well lead to her being disturbed by those returning either from Burton Park or Lavington Park, but the time element is surely only an additional provocation: Florence's condemnation is a blanket one. Florence's critique is harsh, but as is usual with her, notable for being so articulate. Many others might dimly question the ways of Providence, but without putting that feeling into words. For many the simultaneous existence of mutually exclusive social worlds was something as natural as the coming of darkness in the evening and of dawn the following morning. Certainly Florence may, even in her own day, be a minority voice looking back to supposed older values and a more certain religious outlook, but what of that glittering social round she so vehemently condemns? Her voice, through her diary, may still be heard by those that seek it, that other world seems to have crumbled totally to dust.

Not quite. Like meteorites from some unknown planet there survive among the private papers of John Pitfield, partner at Brydone and Pitfield, the Market Square Solicitors, a number of invitations for just the kind of event that Mrs. Rapley castigates. If Florence, articulate and intelligent as she may have been, correctly saw herself as an outsider, John Pitfield was the archetypal insider. Conservative party local activist and speaker, bon viveur and tennis player, churchwarden, horticulturist, vice-president of more or less everything and, in 1908, soon to have his own car. John Pitfield was, at least on the face of it, the supremely eligible bachelor. He was at the very centre of a glittering social world. However exalted the occasion, leaving Petworth House perhaps out of the reckoning, John Pitfield would be first, or among the first, on the guest list of any local society hostess. Whether Pitfield, who seems to have been somewhat dilatory in his correspondence, attended any or all of the functions for which invitation cards survive is no longer possible to say, but it is unlikely that he attended none of them. Business etiquette, if nothing else, would see to that. Most surviving invitations appear to come from the year 1908, although the year is almost invariably omitted, a sign of the essentially ephemeral nature of this material. The earliest card perhaps comes from July 1906, an invitation to join the Jones family at Petworth Rectory for tennis. The Rev. Herbert Jones had left the Rectory by 1908. No cards appear to survive from after 1910. It may be that the Edwardian was the great age for being "At Home". In days

¹ *So Sweet As The Phlox Is* (Window Press 1994)

when mass entertainment was still to take hold, such social gatherings were eagerly awaited and discussed, and in a very insular world, individual standing within a closed social circle was crucial.

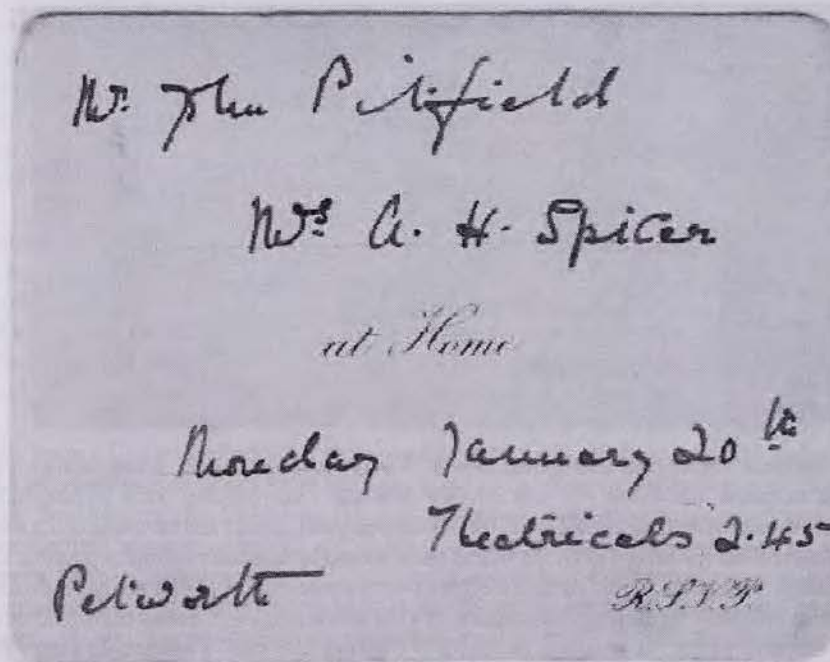


"Mr. Pitfield and friends" will be most welcome at Mrs. Watson's At Home at New Grove, Petworth on 12th August 1908. H.E. Watson, land agent to Lord Leconfield, would die almost a year later. Another August, another invitation, this time Mrs. Watson is suggesting archery at 2.30 and lawn tennis at 4 o'clock. Lady Bird at Eartham House will simply be At Home on Monday, August 3rd 1908, or from 4 to 7 p.m. on a June Saturday with the prospect of tennis - or perhaps Mr. Pitfield might like to take in the village flower show and sports? Did a busy John Pitfield actually go? And if he did how would he make the journey? The famous Pitfield motor car lay still in the future. The invitation to "Mr. Pitfield and party" for the Flower Show might suggest a hired carriage, but of the composition of such a putative party we can have no idea.

Probably, almost certainly, there were graduations. We may suppose that Mrs. James Buchanan's At Home at Lavington Park was an annual event and an invitation was something of a social cachet. Cards survive for Thursday January 9th 1908 and Wednesday 6th January 1909. Dancing commences at 10 o'clock. It is probably significant that Mrs. Rapley's strictures in 1911 come from that same week in January. Mrs. Douglas Hall's Burton Park At Home on Thursday 14th January 1908 falls within the same period. This time dancing

commences at nine o'clock. Whether there was any rivalry between the two hostesses, friendly or otherwise we have no means of knowing.

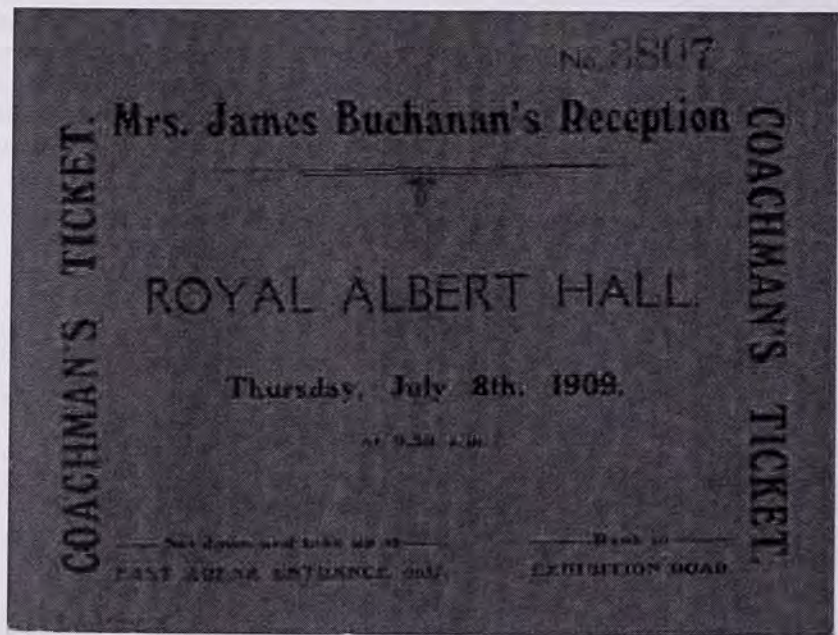
At Homes tend to cluster either round the Christmas and New Year period or during the summer when some outdoor activity like tennis or croquet could be offered. Other At Homes might be equally prestigious socially but a little more sedate both as regards timing and entertainment. A week before Christmas Mrs Lacaite at Selham House offers music at nine o'clock in the evening. Mrs. Johnson will just have caught the end of the summer season for the string band of the 2nd Battalion of the Bedfordshire Regiment in September 1906. Mrs. Wyatt at Harsfold Manor, Wisborough Green, offers the Magdalen Glee Singers from 4 to 7 on August 15th 1908. Most invitations come from within striking distance of Petworth but Mrs. E. Powell King's evening party just a day or two after Christmas, with dancing commencing at 9 o'clock, carries a note on the back, "If you come I can put you up." We may perhaps feel that John Pitfield did not attend, but we cannot know.



The more imposing cards are specially printed for the occasion but others are handwritten on general At Home cards. So for Monday 20th January 1908 Mrs. Spicer, wife of the North Street doctor, has theatricals at 2.45. Could a busy solicitor make such a time? Again we cannot know. Less common are plain visiting cards; individual examples survive from Mr. and Mrs. de Fonblanque at Duncton. Mrs. de Fonblanque was a determined and well-known suffragist. George Garland told me once of how, as a boy of ten or so, he and a friend took

it upon themselves to make derogatory remarks about Mrs. de Fonblanque as she passed the Railway Inn (now Badgers). The elation subsided the next day when Mrs. de Fonblanque arrived at the Inn to complain to Henry Streeter, George's stepfather.

A card of a quite different order is one for Mrs. James Buchanan's reception at the Albert Hall in support of the Tariff Reform League. Mr. Pitfield, as so often, seems to have left the reply form unattended in his drawer. We may assume that he did not make the long trip to London.



Florence Rapley was also invited to Mrs. Watson's at New Grove. It was January 1912 and the occasion, not tennis - it was January after all! - nor dancing but a lecture on the disestablishment of the Church of Wales. We may suspect that Florence and her unassuming friend Miss Singer from the school at Byworth had been invited as insurance against a possible lack of numbers. Florence's acerbic comment echoes over the years and almost, if not quite, evokes a countering sympathy for the forgotten denizens of a lost, and in retrospect, almost enchanted world.

Florence writes, "A complete clearance of fog after hard rain - a bright cold wintry day. Was greatly honoured by being received at Mrs. Watson's At Home to hear a lecture of Disestablishment and Disendowment. Miss Singer was there to bear me company and together as wallflowers we managed to ward off the cold looks of the elite. During tea a great noise was made by tongues which reminded me of hounds awaiting a meal.

The clergy were all kind to us and if we can go without fear into the House of God why should we fear to go into the house of a woman?"

P.

Upper Diddlesfold once more

I went to Northchapel school just before the war, and was at school during the war. My grandfather was still alive and working Upper Diddlesfold farm with my father and my Uncle Jack. Talking to you in 1983¹ my father recalled the family moving to Diddlesfold in 1902 from Colhook. Dad recalled hearing of the family laundry at Ebernoe, and also of Uncle Jack being called up for the 1914-1918 war. Grandfather had called Dad back from walking to school and told him to get a pair of horses and set to work. "I never went to school again." All this was no more than the dimmest tradition in my young days. Certainly the farm was still run on very traditional lines with horses; it would be some time before we finally acquired a Standard Fordson tractor. I do have a few memories of life at school during the war, particularly of planes coming over Northchapel towing gliders in preparation for D.Day. I remember, too, a house at Northchapel demolished by a direct hit from a doodlebug and a sports day on the Green when a doodlebug engine cut out, apparently directly above us. Everyone ran into the school for cover. In fact it landed in the middle of a nearby wood. And evacuees. I remember them coming to the village and a few staying on with their new "parents" long after the war. The school? Strict in today's terms. Several teachers under Miss New, the head, and a liberal use of the cane, certainly by later standards. No year forms as such, simply the traditional Infants, Junior and Senior sections, moving up according to age.

There wasn't really any great question as to what I would do when I left school. Dad wanted me on the farm and I was happy enough with this - after all it was what I had grown up with. I went on until I was nineteen. I might perhaps have been exempted from National Service but Dad and Uncle Jack didn't make a strong enough case. Basically, I suppose, you had to lay it on a "bit thick" and they were honest in an old-fashioned way. The same attitudes perhaps prevented them from making some of the money that was there to be made at that time. Honest, over-cautious, straightforward, the three merge into one perhaps.

I went into the Army in 1953. Something of a culture shock for someone who'd only really known Upper Diddlesfold. I had played football for Northchapel and also cornet in the band, and both proved useful: more crucially I also had a liking for motor-bicycles. I became Army Trial Motor Cycle Champion. The last meant that I would not be posted abroad. I was always within range of Aldershot and as often as not came home for weekends. As a lance corporal I also got to supervising drill. I remember one weekend in camp when a man confined to barracks was set to clean out some water tanks. By agreement it was a foul job and he simply refused. He was marched back to the guardroom and told to put on full scale marching order. The R.S.M. then doubled him round the barrack square. When the R.S.M. had had enough I had to take over. The idea was to work him till he dropped and break his spirit. It did. I'm sure you'd never get away with it fifty years and more on. I sometimes think I'd like to meet the man again, or, on second thoughts - perhaps not! National Service showed me something of a wider world, but I would go back to the farm without regret. That was the way it was.

¹ Reg Baker: Farming at Upper Diddlesfold, PSM 32 June 1983

The farm continued in the fifties much as it had always done. Like other similar farms it had evolved into a milk farm. Forty cows, although not all in milk at the same time. A critical moment came in the 1960s when, quite out of the blue, Dad decided to give in his notice. I learned of it, one evening at Northchapel Club. Where would that leave me? Originally Shillinglee Estate, it was now part of Colonel Baker's estate. I went to Dick Allden, the agent, and managed to retain some seventy acres out of an original 138, with the house and buildings, but was what I had a viable holding? Over the years I've managed to rent back a little of the original acreage, but by no means all. In the short term I had to supplement the farm by doing outside jobs, and of course I had to buy in. A cow cost £40 at a sale, a fair sum in difficult times and I also, for a time, had to buy in feed.

Looking back a little before this, my Uncle Jack was thinking of retiring, and both he and my father were naturally conservative. Farmers of their generation tended to be. It was a time of change. I certainly wouldn't claim to be either modernising or adventurous; it was just that I could see that new ideas like milking machines and tractors were inevitable. Even after the war Dad and Uncle Jack were still buying horses from dealers who came round. We couldn't afford to buy trained horses, we had to break them in ourselves and often the horses had never even been in shafts. I'd see the dealers but only at a distance; it was never my business to deal with them. We could only buy the cheapest and assessing horse flesh was very much "a man's job." We had six working horses in the stables. Dad and Uncle Jack never went out to buy horses, the dealers always came to Diddlesfold. Gypsies? I don't know, but I suspect you'd have to be pretty sharp to keep upsides with them. I'd certainly work the horses and could be all day horse-hoeing or horse-ploughing. There was a certain satisfaction in keeping the right line, even tractor ploughing I still take great pride in the correct line.

Hand milking was very laborious. It was also time consuming in an age when time was beginning, not only to matter, but to mean money. Dad and Uncle Jack were very sceptical about laying out money for a milking machine so I had to go out myself for one. It was finally agreed not only to have been an improvement but necessary. Electricity was rather similar. I wanted to replace the old Calor gas; again the sceptical reaction. I bought a generator. Dad now lived in the farmhouse where Grandfather had been and I was living in one of the two farm cottages, Uncle Jack in the other - he would later move to the Old School House in Haslemere. Dad took charge of the electricity and particularly turning it off at a set time at night, regardless of what might be happening. No arguments, that was that for the night. The farmhouse, of course, was very old, but the cottages had been built soon after the family moved to Diddlesfold. It was said that Dad had laid the first brick - as a boy of three!

As I have said, by this time, the economy of the farm, as of so many similar farms, was dependent on milk and in particular the monthly "milk cheque". It meant a six o'clock start with cows, seven days a week, with a hint of latitude on Sunday. Dad would be knocking on the window if we were too slow. Ten gallon metal churns. After a while aluminium churns came in. They were certainly lighter. At least we didn't have to take the milk to a central collecting point; it was picked up from the farm. We had a kind of stand on to which we could roll the churns and from which the driver could roll them on to the lorry. Only one man with the lorry and the churns were heavy enough empty let alone full. Milking done, you'd turn

the cows out and it would then be time to clean the stalls. Then breakfast. By this time it would be getting on for ten o'clock. Many of the other farm tasks were simply supportive of the milk production and much of what we grew was used to feed the cows. Ploughing, haymaking, hedgcutting and harvesting all needed to be fitted in between breakfast and second milking at four o'clock in the afternoon - or, of course, when possible in the evening.

We might sell some corn to local people, threshing and grinding it for them, or they might bring their own corn for us to grind for horses or other stock. We'd charge so much a bag. I had a Lister-Blackall stationary engine which ran on paraffin. There was a handle and you'd get it going with a blow lamp. Once the fly wheel was in motion it could run for hours. Roots? We grew mangolds for the cows and a little kale. For four o'clock milking you'd get the cows in from the field; they'd be out during the day unless the weather was very bad. Once they were in the byre you'd fasten them with a neck chain. The food was ready for them in the mangers and they'd go to the same place every time. Cows do. Young heifers being milked for the first time could be difficult though.

Threshing I can remember during the war and after. Mr. Higgins did the local farms. At one time he was based at Diddlesfold and lived in one of the cottages. He had the usual steam engine and drum and a big square baler. He'd take the steam engine out to the local farms. Land Girls helped during the war then after the war Dad would phone up somewhere and get Polish day workers from the camp in Petworth Park. Another job for me in early days was to "pull straw" for Dad when he was thatching a rick. Thatching was something I learned to do although I wasn't called on that often. The sheaves used were wheat and some three feet long, laid all the same way in blocks several feet long and rather less deep. The block would be kept watered so that the sheaves remained firm and straight. I'd pull a handful at a time and arrange them in a "strood" - a v-shaped stick with a little hook and chain on the end, but big enough to take ten picked handfuls of straw. When Dad called for more "muck" as he called the straw, I'd go up the ladder carrying the straw in the "strood". The water made the straw pretty heavy but the thatch certainly kept the weather out. We had separate ricks for wheat, oats and barley.

Working horses needed a blacksmith from time to time and we'd either go to Teddy Enticknap at Roundhurst or he'd come here. He had a habit of whistling silently to himself and saying, "Won't be long now boy." If he came to us he'd bring his bag of tools slung over his shoulder. He also made miniature horseshoes to sell as ornaments. Henry Sharp would take on the forge in latter days. With farm horses giving way to tractors, the business tended to be shoeing hunters for local people.

Talking to you in 1983 my father stressed how important it was to catch the clay ground at Diddlesfold right. You might plough in dry weather and be all ready to go when the rain came. There was nothing to be done but to keep off the ground. If you went against that basic rule you'd be in for trouble: the crop just wouldn't flourish.

The Cokelers. Oh yes, I remember them well. Anyone of an age in Northchapel will remember them. In my younger days they were still very much of a force. Sam Rugman kept the bicycle department right on the corner where the garage is now and, of course, there were other departments, greengrocery, drapery, ironmongery and the rest. We had a weekly order

delivered to the farm, Mr. Farnes from Northchapel coming out with it. The order came in a trailer drawn by a Rolls Royce car! The Hyde family at Roundhurst were Cokelers and still came down every Sunday to chapel, the women with their distinctive blade bonnets. They'd pass by the farm. Mollie Hyde became the English ladies' cricket captain in the 1950s but the family eventually moved away.

I played cornet for the Northchapel band, now defunct, also with the Petworth band for a while. I was never taught, just played by ear. In pre-National Service days I'd pushbike into Petworth with friends to the Hampers Green Youth Club. If we were going to the cinema at Petworth we'd catch the 6.30 Aldershot and District bus out of Northchapel and come back on the last bus at 9.15. For dances in the Iron Room we'd have to bike in - no cars then - but there'd be perhaps half a dozen of us. Bicycle clips to avoid getting oil on our trousers!

Ray Baker was talking to Mike Oakland and the Editor.

“Always in work”

I was born in Petworth parish but only just! Bigenor Farm at Shopham Bridge lay on the boundary of three parishes. Petworth this side of the river, Sutton the other side, while the Egdean parish boundary ran through the kitchen of our cottage. I would have been about two when the 1914-1918 war broke out and I have no memory of it at all except for my father hearing an aircraft go over and saying, “That’s a German Zeppelin.” This memory is quite clear. Dad worked for the Gaydon family at Bigenor for some twenty one years, but they eventually left Bigenor and returned to Devon from where they'd come originally. A lot of local farmers came up from the West Country in the early century, probably to be within reach of the London markets.

It was Byworth school for me, but it only took pupils to the age of eleven. Quite a way in all weathers, up by Strood and on into Byworth. From eleven it was Fittleworth, up to the crossroads at Strood, but then up by Frog Hole and on into the village. Byworth school doubled as a church and had a screen protecting the altar. This would be pulled up for Sunday services. Miss Singer and Miss Small ran the school, Miss Small living in a cottage at Low Heath. Some idea of the trek to Fittleworth can be gained from this story. My brother, who was five years younger than me, had done something at school and the master said he'd come home with him to complain to my father. By the time they'd reached Strood, the master was asking however much longer there was to go. In the end he abandoned the idea and set off back to Fittleworth! When the Gaydons left, Mr. Smallridge took over but after a few years Dad left to work on the Council. We had a council house at South Grove. I would live there until I married and went to live at Hampers Green.

Of course I knew Petworth from very earliest days. Shopham Bridge might have been remote but we would walk into Petworth for shopping. Not everything, of course, Hazelmans, the grocers, delivered to Shopham Bridge, the parcel coming covered with brown paper and

tied with string. Mr. Hersey, the Byworth baker, delivered bread twice a week, and we'd go to the International Stores in Petworth, then in New Street, to get more shopping. Then, of course, it was a matter of walking out to Shopham with it.

As farming folk, the Gaydons, a brother and two sisters, had a pony and trap but as farm workers we walked everywhere and thought nothing of it. Dad's father, my grandfather, was cowman and general worker on the farm, he and my grandmother having the cottage next to us. There were only the two cows and the Gaydons made butter and cheese for their own use rather than for sale. My maternal grandmother, however, lived at Coldwaltham and my mother thought nothing of setting off with us children to go and visit her. We'd start quite early in the morning and this time we'd go up to Sutton crossroads, left for Coates, out at Tripp Hill and then through Waltham Park. It would take about an hour and a half, I suppose, and, of course, the same back. We had other relatives at Bignor whom we'd visit a little less often - this seemed relatively nearby!

When I left Fittleworth school, I started, as so many boys of my age did at the time, as an errand boy. I worked for the International Stores in New Street. Ten shillings a week. I can't say I liked it very much. I'd walk in from Shopham Bridge but deliveries were on a bicycle owned by the Stores. It had a big pannier basket in front. Byworth and all round Petworth. Half a hundredweight of chicken feed in the basket could be tricky and if I'd got a soaking walking in from Shopham Bridge, I might get another soaking on the bike. It wasn't that long before I left and went to work on Mr. Dallyn's farm just across the road at Shopham. Ten shillings a week again. When I left there I went on for the Leconfield Estate in the forestry department. I stayed ten years. I might be working at Kirdford but I still had to be there at seven o'clock, biking out from Shopham. Mr. Wilcox, the head forester, was quite capable of being out there with his horse and trap to check. In winter, with the leaves off, I might be copse cutting - for hazel and chestnut paling. When the sap began to rise in spring it was time to bark the oak trees, taking the bark off to be used in tanning. Once the sap has properly risen you can't get the bark off. The bark would be laid out to dry over the summer before being taken down to Chichester by lorry. The tannery was next to Henty and Constables brewery which supplied, I think, the Welldiggers and the Star at that time.

Mr. Wilcox was a severe man; all the estate foremen were, Mr. Allison, who was in charge of the water, or Mr. Godsalve, the building foreman, but Mr. Wilcox was perhaps the sternest. While very straight, Mr. Allison might unbend a little, Mr. Wilcox never, and it was Mr. Wilcox who was my boss.

One of my jobs was to take the tops out of trees. Not only in the woods; I topped the trees that line the Grand Entrance to Petworth House. For this we had the long ladders that were used to go onto the roof of the House. There were a hundred or more rungs and the ladder bent alarmingly in the middle. “Climbing” it was called. I had to go into hospital for an appendix operation and when I came back to work, Mr. Wilcox wanted me “climbing” again. I declined. He simply said, “Then you'd better go.” “I'll leave this week,” I said. “No, you won't,” he said, “You're paid fortnightly.” “We'll see about that,” I replied. Well, as it happened Chapman, Lowry and Puttick were about to build the new rectory at Tillington, but not quite ready to start. I went on for them but I did work my last week. Some time later when

I was in Market Square, Lord Leconfield caught sight of me and beckoned me over. As one of the regular beaters I had some acquaintance with him and he made a point of getting to know the people who worked for him. "I understand you've left the Estate," he said. I explained my difference with Mr. Wilcox, and that I'd got another job. "You shouldn't take any notice of that bloody man." his lordship replied imperturbably. "If you want a job at any time just come and see me." As it happened I never did but it's something I always remember. It may sound as if he was criticising Mr. Wilcox, who'd worked on the Estate for years and years, but I don't really think he was. It was simply his way of saying that he'd take me back any time - in a different department.

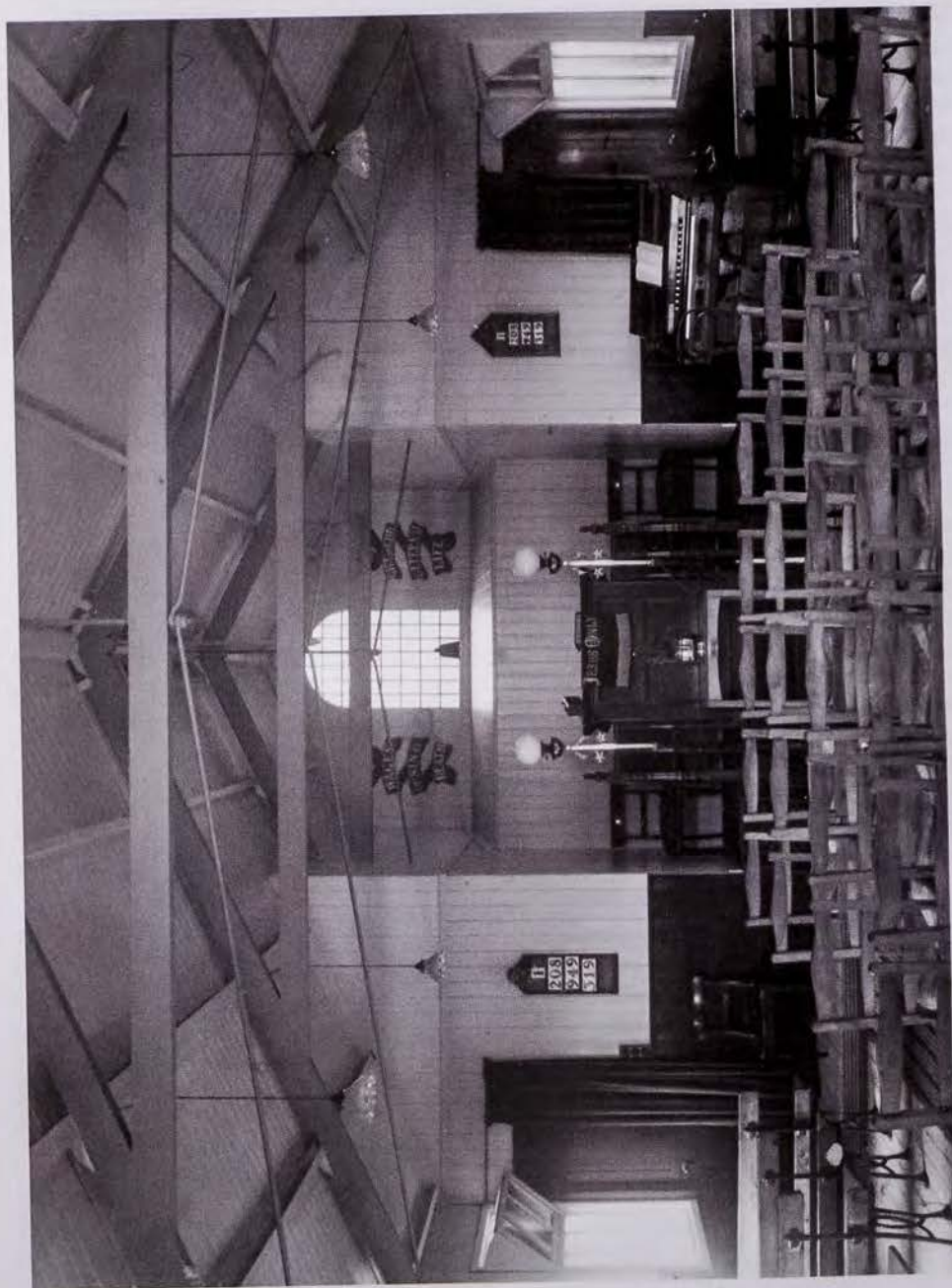
Chapman, Lowry and Puttick had a depot at Milford and I stayed at Tillington until the job was finished. Even in the 1930s I was always in work and when I left building I went on laying pipes. When the war started I had the offer of a job pipelaying at Fishguard but while I was thinking this over my call-up papers arrived. I elected to join the Navy, my brother having been in the Navy for a while. Soon I was a stoker on the Russian convoy, Archangel to America, but based at Skapa Flow, fortnightly tours of duty operating some seven hundred miles north of Iceland. I was on the battleship, attended by a flotilla of cruisers, destroyers and other ships. It was bitterly cold and there was thick fog. One afternoon we collided with the destroyer Punjabi and cut the latter ship in half. Most of the crew were pulled from the icy waters but unfortunately not all of them. We had to set to and close up a hole in our ship the size of a double-decker bus. I ended up back in Liverpool for treatment on a boil. The doctor wouldn't hear of my leaving hospital for a fortnight by which time the ship had sailed. I was sent back to Portsmouth, then to North Africa, the Sicily landings, back to Falmouth, then, on the point of being discharged, on standby for Japan. By the time I had reached India, the war was over.

Back in Petworth I was looking for a job and went on as general labourer at the Station Road gasworks, effectively doing whatever needed doing, clearing up outside, helping the fitter. It wasn't long before Bert Johnson, one of the stokers, left and I joined a team of three. There were ten retorts of which we usually had just the one set of five in operation, the other set in reserve. Each set of five had two on a bottom layer, two on a middle layer and a single retort at the top. The retorts were eight feet deep and had to be filled right up against the back wall and filled from back to front. The products were gas, coke and tar. The morning shift was six o'clock until two, the coke removed from the bottom retort and the whole refilled with coal. At ten o'clock you'd do the same with the middle retort and at twelve o'clock the single one at the top. The incoming shift at two o'clock would repeat the process, working two till ten, and the night shift ten until six, again repeating the process. Harold Kitchener, Ted Bojanowski and myself operated alternately. For holiday and sickness a relief would come in. There were similar works at Storrington and Billingshurst. The gas went through the meter house into the gasometer, the tar into a big well from which it would periodically be drawn off into a lorry that came to collect it. In latter years if gas became low in the gasometer we could open a valve and draw in gas from Brighton. In fact there was a period when the old system was no longer operating but the building still in use. When the gasworks closed in the early sixties, I went back on the building and finally ended up as a plasterer's mate.

Ern. Andrews was talking to the Editor.



The centenary ploughing match at Fitzleroi 2006. Photograph by Miles Costello.



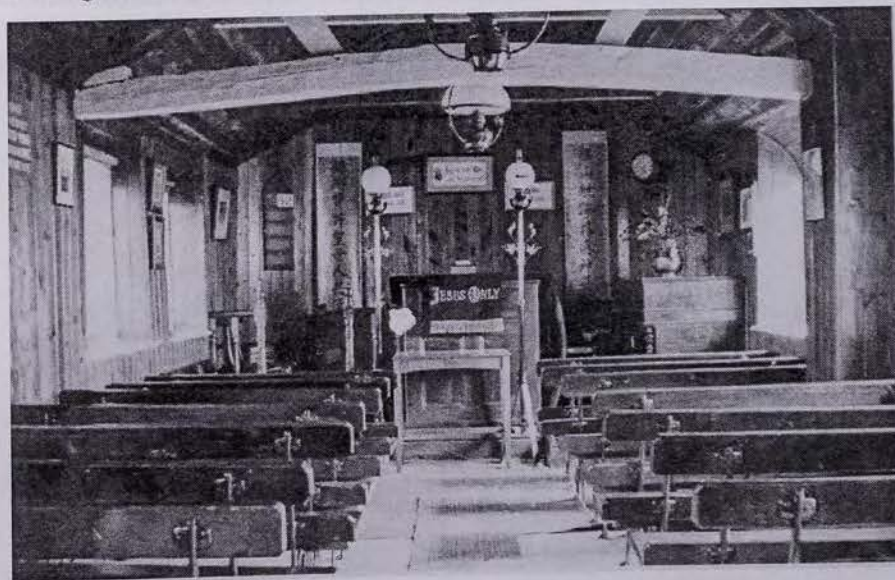
The present Fittleworth Chapel before alterations. See Forty-five years at Fittleworth Chapel.

The "Chapel on the hill"

The beginnings of the Evangelical church at Fittleworth go back a few years before I was born. Not too many perhaps, but enough for me to have to rely on what I have been told. Tradition is that meetings were held under the old chestnut tree at the Bedham turning, still known as Hallelujah Corner. I've even heard it said that long before our time John Wesley had once preached there. I can't vouch for that, but certainly, at the turn of the last century, the Worthing Tabernacle were evangelising at Fittleworth using their horse-drawn "Little Wonder" Gospel van. Such beginnings were always precarious but my father and mother, James and Annie Whittington, and Mr. and Mrs. George Pottington, were converted. They were baptised by



The "chapel on the hill." Exterior.



Fittleworth. Interior of the "chapel on the hill."

total public immersion in Crowsole Pond at Little Bognor. Converts may have been thin on the ground in those days but that was always the case. John Sirgood, leader of the Dependants or "Cokelers" had found the same with his mission at Loxwood. Once there was a nucleus of believers, however, the mission could move forward with some purpose. While, in latter years, the church has worked very amicably with the parish church, the early missionaries tapped into a feeling that services in the parish church lacked the kind of evangelical witness some felt they needed. Early meetings, as in the early church, were held in believers' houses. This quickly became inadequate.

On Hesworth Common there was a disused smithy and James Whittington had a dream which suggested the smithy might offer a home for the fledgling congregation. He went to see the landowner, who agreed to let the building for a modest rent. What the congregation did have to do, of course, was clear the forge out and turn it into a place of worship. The prospective congregation had to set to. By February 1905 Pastor Karl Schmidt had visited Fittleworth, previous Worthing missionaries having been Mr. Archer and Mr. Rickman. Six more baptised members were added to the church. By March 1906 the little chapel was opened and Pastor and Mrs. Schmidt took up residence at 3, Norwood Cottages, continuing until February 1911, when they left, Pastor Schmidt taking up another post at Brighton. The tenancy of the chapel then passed to James Whittington, with Mrs. Whittington as church secretary and Mr. George Pottington as treasurer.

My father moved about quite a bit at this time living in various tied cottages. He did contract work for local farmers. I was born at Neville's Wood, Stopham, but I have no



Mr Bentall preaching to an outdoor meeting at Fittleworth, probably 1920's.

remembrance at all of living there. At one time my parents were living at Churchwood, Fittleworth and then moved to Coates Manor - just another farm tenancy to us. In early days I would have come to chapel in a pram but that I don't remember either, nor can I remember Pastor Schmidt. Brother Arthur Bentall was prominent in early days just before the 1914-1918 war. He was a member of the Bentall family, noted for their department stores. Brother Bentall took over the work as lay pastor when personal circumstances caused the Rev. W. Powell to relinquish the position. I always thought of the old smithy as "the chapel on the hill", but perhaps that's only my personal name for it. There was an organ, a "rostrum", as we call it and bench seating and after a while the chapel was licensed for marriages. Hymns at that time were from the Old Sankey hymn book and the service consisted of address, prayer, reading, sermon and blessing, interspersed with hymns. I can certainly remember walking to chapel from Coates. Services were held in the morning. We'd then go home for lunch and return for Sunday School for the children in the afternoon. Again we would return home for tea before going back to the "Open Air" services at Hallelujah Corner and at the Sandy Lane/Lower Street junction followed by evening service back at the Chapel. The evening walk home would be the culmination of a very full Lord's day. Arthur Bentall had a sister who was a missionary in China and she would send Mother letters to be read out to the congregation. Communion was on the first and third Sunday of the month, in the morning on the first Sunday and in the evening on the third.

When I left Fittleworth School I went into service at Amberley. I couldn't get to Fittleworth on Sundays so my connection with the Fittleworth Chapel continued through my parents. I certainly didn't lose touch with the little chapel. I attended the Congregational Church at Amberley and was one of a rota of four to play the organ, about once a month as it turned out. This was just as well as my employer would certainly not have appreciated my taking time off every Sunday - after all I had a half day during the week! I was house parlourmaid, cleaning the bedrooms in the morning and everywhere else in the afternoon and waiting at tables for the midday and evening meals. Just the two of us, the cook in the kitchen and me.

The annual convention was a great chapel event at Fittleworth and I'd cycle over from Amberley for it. A charabanc came up from the Worthing Tabernacle. It was the highlight of the chapel year, and the service was held in the open. There was no way the chapel could hold that



Mr Stone from Littlehampton - a visiting preacher at Fittleworth. 1930's.

number of people. Its capacity was forty at the very most. The convention would end with a communal tea. Unfortunately these annual services terminated in the early 1970s.

I married in 1934 and left service. My husband came from Rotherfield in East Sussex and worked for Mr. Ruff, an Amberley farmer. I still attended the Congregational Church at Amberley. By the mid-1930s, however, things were on the move at Fittleworth: the congregation had outgrown its chapel. A lady in the village offered a central site for a very modest sum. The land was bought and a building fund established. It so happened that the Lancing Tabernacle were in the process of building a new church and they offered their redundant wooden hut to their Fittleworth brethren. Oliver Cross, the farmer at Soanes, Petworth, was a member of the congregation and instrumental in moving the chapel which had been dismantled and left on site. It came up piecemeal to Fittleworth by horse and cart. The new chapel opened its door in September 1937. Of course, living in Amberley, I was still attending the Congregational Chapel there but I now attend the Storrington Chapel. The Amberley chapel found its numbers dwindling and eventually closed its doors: it is now a pottery. I still have a link with Fittleworth which celebrated a happy centenary in April this year. I still think of the old "chapel on the hill", and when I am in Petworth, as I am frequently, with my daughter and son-in-law, I go over to Fittleworth with them.

Elsie Marten was talking to the Editor.

Forty-five years at Fittleworth Chapel

My wife, Angela, our first child, Wendy, and myself moved to Hampers Green, Petworth from Haywards Heath in September 1960 when I was appointed as assistant to the Clerk of the Petworth Rural District Council, Mr. Frank Speed. We had been worshipping at the Haywards Heath Evangelical Free Church and were immediately looking for a church to attend here. Initially, we went to the Petworth Congregational Church, later the United Reformed Church, for a brief period before linking up with Mr. Bob Riddell and his family who took us to Plaistow Brethren. I knew Mr. Riddell from my boyhood days when his family farm surrounded our home at Rackham. However, we felt that the distance to Plaistow and the morning services there, were both a bit too long for us, particularly Wendy, and, when I passed my driving test early in 1961, we started attending the Fittleworth Mission and have been ever since. Angela's grandparents, James and Annie Whittington, were joint founders of the non-conformist church at Fittleworth with Mr. and Mrs. George Pottington. When we first attended the little chapel in School Lane, Mr. Albert Dugan, a widower and self-employed painter and decorator, who lived at Ivy House adjacent to Hallelujah Corner, was responsible for the oversight of the work and was assisted in the administration of the church by one of the original founders, Mrs. Pottington, her daughter, Mrs. Edie Myall, who was also the organist, and Edie's husband, Cam. Edie and my mother-in-law, Elsie Marten, both 94 years of age, are the only survivors of the issues of the two founding couples and Edie still

lives in Lower Street, Fittleworth. Also worshipping at the Church at that time were Margaret Wadey and her three children, Elizabeth, Bridget and John. Apart from about two years when Margaret and her husband, Bill, lived in East Sussex, Margaret has, for the whole 76 years of her life, been coming to our Church, making her the person in our current congregation who has attended the Church for the longest time.

As there was no permanent pastor, we relied upon itinerant preachers, ordained and lay, which was effectively a supply ministry by persons chosen from those willing and available to conduct and preach at our services in return for which they received their travelling expenses and hospitality if they were preaching at both morning and evening services.

The first major change after our arrival at Fittleworth Mission came when, in 1964, Mr. Edward Midmer, a self-employed builder and a carpenter by trade, who had built non-conformist churches at Goring, Littlehampton and Worthing, moved from Freshwater, Isle of Wight into Hale Hill House, Westburton, with his wife. His daughter, Beulah Baker, her husband, Jim, and a family friend, Miss Daphne Keys (still living there, all the others having died while living there), had moved into the property in August 1963. The four members of the family had been attending the Fittleworth Mission regularly for some time before the Midmers moved in. Mr. Midmer then adapted and improved the house and cottage for three families to live there, the Midmers in the first floor and Miss Keys in the ground floor flats and Jim and Beulah in the adjoining cottage. The flats were renamed "Kymber House" and the cottage "Kymber Cottage".

Mr. Midmer was converted at Worthing Tabernacle when he was well into his fifties and was zealous in his intent to make up for all the years he had lost in the Lord's service. This made him impetuous to get on with the job and cut across red tape, if possible, where it got in the way. Having attended the Mission for several months he asked the, then, Secretary (Mr. Dugan) if he and his wife could be taken into church membership. At that time there was no formal membership. Anyone who attended the Church could attend church meetings, which were convened as necessary, and have their say in the decisions that were taken. However, a Sunday service was arranged when the couple were made members and, later, Mr. Dugan asked Mr. Midmer if he would take over from him as Church Secretary, also, effectively, conveying with it the leadership of the Church. Mr. Dugan and the Myalls were great friends of ours and when they left, subsequently, and attended another church, it was a big loss to us.

Gradually, with the assistance of others, Mr. Midmer introduced a structure to the Church with a membership and deacons. He was later adopted as the Church Elder and remained in that office until his death on 22 February 1989 at the age of 91.

The first Pastor appointed in our time at the Church was Mr. Paul Brant. He was part of an outreach team of London Bible College students who came and stayed in the Church for a week and did visitation and other Christian work in the village and took our Sunday services. We particularly liked Paul's preaching and personality and, having heard from him that he had not been able to get into the Baptist ministry, I can remember clearly Mr. Midmer and myself asking him to be our Pastor when, on a later occasion, he came to preach and, by that time, was living at West Chiltington with his wife, Sylvia, and working for a pharmaceutical company. He agreed and, in 1966, he was ordained and inducted as our part-time Pastor on a voluntary basis. He was a good footballer and, for several years, captained the Fittleworth Football Club.

During his stay at the Church, he and Mr. Midmer were responsible for significant alterations to the premises, with the latter putting his building and carpentry skills to good use. The additions included a new hall on the back of the existing building, a baptistry (for total immersion) under the floor of the main hall, where our middle two youngsters, Hilary and Stephanie were baptised (the latter by Mr. Midmer) and which Mr. Midmer records in his book, "*My Life Story*" was used thirteen times for Believers' Baptism during the years 1972-1981 (at most of these there would have been multiple baptisms), and new toilets. Improvements were also made to the vestry, front entrance doors and vestibule area, and the building was connected to the public sewerage system. Later, after Paul had left, the parking area was properly surfaced and a ramp built at the front entrance for wheelchair access, etc. Paul and Mr. Midmer worked very well together and the two of them were instrumental in writing the Church's first formal Constitution, having it printed (by us, of course!!) and circulated as appropriate.

Paul and Sylvia were tireless workers in the Church, Paul in his ministry – preaching twice on most Sundays – and activities planning for the future, and Sylvia as a teacher in the Sunday School. This was supplemented by their and our transportation of children from their homes in West Chilington, Petworth and other outlying places into the Church for Sunday School. By this time, we and the Brants had four children apiece and, with the others, about forty in all, there was hardly room to accommodate them all and the new hall was a big help, being screened off into sections for the various age groups but nothing to segregate the noise. In the latter part of Paul's service with us, another capable couple, Rev. Glynne Hampson and his wife, Audrey, with their two (later three) children joined the Church. Glynne had been a Pastor, so was used to church leadership and ministry, and Audrey was a very good Sunday School teacher. Both became members and Glynne later became a deacon and worked very closely alongside Mr. Midmer. There was much spiritual blessing in the time that the Brants were with us and we were, indeed, very sorry when, in 1975, Paul felt the Church would benefit from having a full-time Pastor but, before leaving, he introduced us to Rev. Albert Mosedale who, after preaching at the Church several times, accepted our invitation to become Pastor late in that year. Paul and family then moved to Horsham.

Rev. Mosedale retired from the insurance business to devote himself to full-time ministry and he and wife, June, had a grown up family of five children, only the two youngest daughters, Janice and Jackie, remaining at home. They moved into Fittleworth and Albert was paid a reasonable salary for that time which was not an easy commitment for a church of our size. After about four years of successful ministry, the family moved to Littlehampton and we were back on supply. Some time after Albert's departure, Glynne was appointed as the Pastor of Tollgate Evangelical Church near Redhill so we lost his invaluable help and the family of five from our Church.

Our situation without a pastor continued for a while, then we had another clutch of London Bible College students down but never did we expect that history, in the manner of Paul Brant's appointment, was about to repeat itself. One of these students lived at Bognor and was entering the final year of his degree course. Eric Harmer had been partly funded at the theological college by St. Pancras Anglican Church at Chichester. We liked him immediately and asked him if he would consider becoming our pastor. He had two

reservations: he felt he was being called to go to Turkey as a missionary, and he would rather be called "Evangelist" than "Pastor". We couldn't do much about the first one, but had no problem with the second. He still had a year to go before graduating and also had a commitment to St. Pancras so the matter could not be taken further at that time. He helped us out with the preaching during his holidays. When all the details had been ironed out with St. Pancras Church, Eric had obtained his degree and started officially as Evangelist at our Church on 30 July 1989, with an initial commitment of approximately one year, Mr. Midmer, sadly, was not alive. Eric was seconded to us by St. Pancras in return for contributions to his National Insurance and payment of travelling expenses. After a while, he married and went to live in Chichester itself, but he would come up a couple of days in the week to work in the village and to take the services on Sundays. As an evangelist he was particularly good with younger adults, teenagers and those in their twenties, never an easy group to involve. He also had a great understanding of sects like the Jehovah's Witnesses. Under him the congregation grew, bringing in all sorts of people we had never seen before. His fiancée, Sarah, whom he married at St. Pancras Church while he was our Evangelist, was very supportive in the work and used her singing, musical and artistic talents to good effect.

In the event, circumstances made it possible for Eric to be associated with our Church for a further one and a half years. He may only have been with us for two and a half years but, in that time, he certainly made his mark. Our first great refurbishment came under his direction. We had the pulpit and the steps up to it on both sides removed and replaced with a platform, new windows put in along the sides of the sanctuary, a suspended ceiling, with concealed lighting and insulated with polystyrene tiles, and general repairs and improvements, including fitted carpet, in the same area, and the entrance area simplified. The idea was to make everything more open, approachable and friendly. At the re-opening and re-dedication of the Church, after refurbishment, on 14 July 1991, Eric, helped by the assistant Pastor at Worthing Tabernacle, Rev. Tim Saunders, baptised his wife, Sarah, and Nicky Irvine, a teenager and stalwart in the Church, who is still a member.

Eric wished to broaden his experience in a larger church and was given an opportunity by the Worthing Tabernacle, who seconded him back to us for two days a week and for preaching on most Sundays. However, the Tabernacle then asked him to take responsibility for the Maybridge Evangelical Church they had established on a housing estate in west Worthing of that name and, this being a full-time involvement, he and his wife terminated their commitment to us. They moved on from there to work for the Fellowship of Independent Evangelical Churches and have now planted three churches in neighbourhoods of Brighton.

Our next pastor came from within our congregation itself. Tony Swanson had graduated as an agricultural economist at Aberystwyth University where, I believe, he met his wife, Cath, who was reading English there. While Tony could not find work in Wales in his specialist field, Cath went into nursing and obtained a job in a local hospital down here. This brought them to rent a cottage at Dog Kennels on the Upwaltham Road. They had joined us at Fittleworth and Tony had preached at our Church several times. He found temporary computer work at Surrey University and had the option to extend his employment on a permanent basis but the Lord had other things for him. The Church adopted Eric's suggestion

that Tony should take over the pastorate and that he should be helped in his development in this and paid the major part of his salary by Worthing Tabernacle. Tony was inducted as our Pastor on 3 January 1992. Under this arrangement, Tony was to be at our Church to preach on Sunday mornings but at Worthing on one or two days a week and on alternate Sunday evenings. In addition, Tony was an excellent guitarist and Cath had the gifts of personality and communication to relate to people of all ages and was particularly enthusiastic in her work with young people. While with us, Tony and Cath also led the secular village youth club. There was a good number of talented people, who had come into the Church while Eric and Sarah and Tony and Cath were there and a Crusaders Group was formed, in partnership with St. Mary's Anglican Church, during Tony's pastorate and still exists. At one point, the number of children in the Sunday School, together with those in the various age groups of Crusaders, totalled around ninety per week. In their eight years at Fittleworth, the Church made a number of amendments to the Constitution and formulated a Child Protection Policy. It was not long before Tony and Cath purchased a house in Greatpin Croft, Fittleworth and moved into the village where midweek group meetings were held. The Swansons had always made clear that they had a strong calling to missionary work and, after about eight years, in all, that calling came to fruition when they left us for Tanzania, Africa, as missionaries with the Africa Inland Mission where they have been for about the last eight years.

Just before the Swansons left for Tanzania, some elders and deacons went to hear and see Rev. Robin Merrifield, who was speaking at a meeting at Midhurst and liked him. He was recommended to and appointed by the Church as their Pastor and he, his wife, Susanna, and two of their three sons moved into the Swansons house at Greatpin Croft which they had let to the Church and Robin started his ministry with us on 1 May, 1999. Robin was a very good preacher and enthusiastic and there was a number of converts and baptisms under his ministry, particularly through several Alpha courses. While he was our Pastor he completed his degree as an external student and then ended his employment with us at the end of October 2004 to move to Chelmsford as Pastor of a much larger church, where he still is. Since then we have had only one Elder, Gerry Ford, and have reverted to supply preachers, but we also have several members of the congregation who are able to preach, including ladies. We're really looking now for a teaching elder to help Gerry Ford with running the Chapel and we have the invitation on our website. Well you never know. Gerry lives handily in Fittleworth and, as if history is repeating itself yet again, is a self-employed builder and a carpenter by trade.

It was under Rev. Robin Merrifield that Gerry carried out our second major refurbishment. The meeting hall was increased in size, to provide space for approximately forty additional seats, by taking in a part of the accommodation between the two halls, and the platform at the front of the meeting area was drastically reduced, effectively reducing it to a dais for the speaker, music group and various apparatus for the enhancement of worship. New toilets were built along the inside of a wall in the back hall and a quiet room, kitchen and wheelchair ramp were provided in the area between the two halls and other internal and external maintenance, repairs and improvements were made at this time.

The Church remains relatively strong, drawing from the surrounding villages. Similar churches are a few miles away – at Storrington, East Dean, Wisborough Green and Loxwood.

We have a regular congregation of between forty and sixty. Many churches with the same fundamental beliefs as ours are community churches, meeting in schools or village halls but we, of course, have the advantage of our own building which is solemnized for the conduct of weddings. We are happy as we are – we've no debt and no huge bills for repair. The original building was a second-hand, temporary structure when it was transported by horse and cart to, and erected and modified on, its present site in School Lane, and opened in 1937. Since then a brick-built hall has been added and the temporary wooden structure subjected to many other works. I hope that, if necessary, the building will now last another 50-100 years!!

The land for the Church was sold to us by a Mrs. Amy Pope of "Little Poynes", adjoining the back of our site, for £100 subject to the covenant that, inter alia, "The Mission Hall erected on the said land shall be interdenominational and where the fundamental truths of Scripture shall be preached as set forth in the Reformation ...". The original Trustees were the four people to whom the legal title to the land was conveyed, on behalf of the Fittleworth Mission. I was appointed as a Trustee on 9 August 1967 and hold the title to the foundation land with two other Trustees. It is also our duty to ensure, as far as possible that the Church acts within the covenants contained in the Conveyance, practical or spiritual. There is no power of appointment of Trustees conferred by the Conveyance of 1934, so new appointments are made by the existing trustees, including those wishing to retire and desiring replacements, legally known as "novation". There has never been more than four trustees of the Church and, currently, there are three, of which I am the Chairman. The name of the Church was changed in 1967 to "Fittleworth Evangelical Free Church" and, later, instead of our doctrinal basis being pegged to "Keswick Convention teaching and the Children's Special Service Mission with its Scripture Union", we changed it in 1994 to the Basis of Faith of the Fellowship of Independent Evangelical Free Churches, both changes made to reflect our affiliation to this organisation.

Ian Jupp was talking to the Editor.



This photograph appears to have Balls Cross/Ebernoe connections. Can anyone throw any light on it? It would certainly be at least a hundred years old.

Fittleworth Evangelical Free Church

are celebrating their centenary this year. You will see that this Magazine carries two articles of the history of the church. As this takes the Magazine well over its normal size the extra pages have been kindly funded by a donation from F.E.F.C.

We congratulate the Church on their centenary and will return to standard size in March!

Peter

New Members and rejoining

Mrs. S. Lee	The Spinney, Dragons Green, Coolham, Horsham.
Mr. J. Secomb	Waltham Park Farm, Waltham Park Road, Coldwaltham, Pulborough, RH20 1LY.
Dr. R. Smith	60, High Street, Duncton, Petworth, GU28 0LT.
Lady Young	Fair Acres, Graffham, Petworth, GU28 0NZ.
Mrs. C. Butcher	64, Butts Meadow, Wisborough Green, Billingshurst, RH14 0BU.
Mr. R. Taylor	Benges Cottage, Upwaltham, Petworth, GU28 0LZ.
Mr. W. Calvert	1, Chestnut Cottages, Byworth, GU28 0HP.
Mr. & Mrs. M. Foley	Lania, PO Box 53700, CY-331, Limassol, Cyprus.
Mrs. G. Heywood	Corner Cottage, 2, The Mews, High Street, Petworth, GU28 0AU.
Mr. B. Hornsey	58A, Hampers Green, Petworth, GU28 9NP.
Mrs. M. Newman-Aitchison	71, Hawthorn Road, Bognor Regis, PO21 2BS.
Mrs. M. Pottington	2, Cremorne Place, King George Avenue, Petersfield, GU32 3EP.
Mrs. J. Terry	13, Plaistow Road, Kirdford, Billingshurst, RH14 0JJ.
Mrs. Nancy Pilmoor	1423 Mississauga Valley Blvd. Apt 1416, Mississauga, Ontario, Canada L5A 4A5.
Mrs. B. Calder	Hawkhill House, 234, North Deeside Road, Milltimber, Aberdeenshire, AB13 0DQ.
Miss J. Gumbrell	The Old Bakery, Byworth, Petworth, GU28 0HL.
Mrs. S. Lawrence	Piglets, High Street, Petworth, GU28 0AU.
Ms. V. Lewis/Ms. L. Ash	Alfreton House, Middle Street, Petworth.
Mr. I. Plenderleith	Goldneys, River, Petworth, GU28 9AU.
Mrs. E. Stephenson	52, Poplar Way, Midhurst, GU29 9TA.
Mrs. J. McFarlane	3, The Harrows, Tillington GU28 9AN.
Mr. D. Sledge	22, Rothermead, Petworth.
Mrs. S. Thomas	4, Sandrock Cottages, Northchapel, GU28 9HL.
Mrs. S. Devlin	5, Sandrock Cottages, Northchapel, GU28 9HL.

