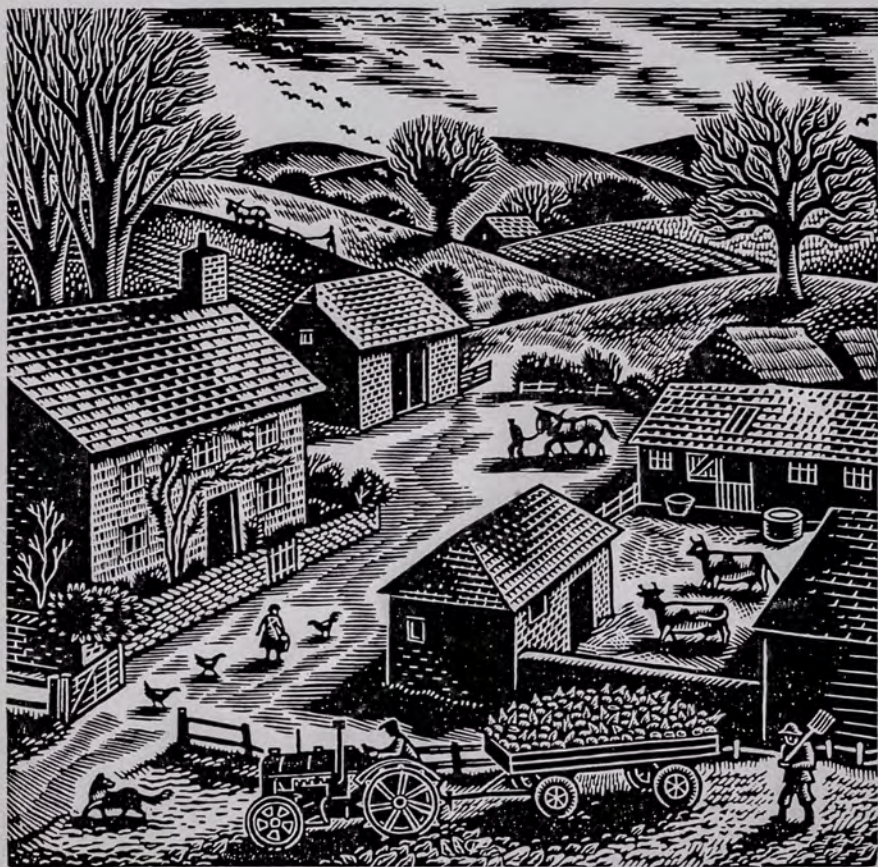


Lock Stock & Barrel

4 Eyremont

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
Magazine



NO. 130. DECEMBER 2007



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



PETWORTH SOCIETY ACTIVITIES SHEET

Winter programme. Please keep for reference.

Walks, visits will begin again in Spring.

BOOK SALES: Second Saturday : Leconfield Hall 10-3. Admission free.

January 12th, February 9th, March 8th, April 12th

Books to donate? Ring Peter 342562 or Miles 343227

MONTHLY MEETINGS £3 except where otherwise indicated.
Leconfield Hall 7.30.

Wednesday 19th December:

Time of Our Lives Musical Theatre presents

"Cool Britannia" – an irreverent celebration of British Life and Culture
from wartime onwards. £5.

Wednesday 16th January:

"A Petworth Society mix"

Includes film of Toronto Scottish visit in 1985, and Pearl's 1993 film with commentary 'Petworth and its People'. The changes since 1993 are simply bewildering.

Tuesday 26th February:

Chris Howkins : A walk in the park

The story of the sweet chestnut with especial reference to Cowdray and, above all, Petworth, parks.

Tuesday 18th March:

David Lang : Chile – A long thin journey

From Santiago to Cape Horn, with a special accent on orchids.

Tuesday 22nd April:

Arthur Hoare : A Woodland Nature Reserve

A trip to the Loder Valley

Don't miss:

Petworth Town Band Concert

Sunday 9th December at 2.30 in St Mary's Church

Tickets £5 Children free

In aid of "Dreams Come True"

Usual refreshments / Raffle

Peter

PTO

Christmas at the Window Press

A majority of our titles are now out of print – we have been publishing local books since 1976 – but we do have some books remaining. They can be purchased from Methvens, the National Trust Shop at Petworth or, of course, directly from us. We would draw your attention to:

Tales of Old Petworth : hardback £7.50

Cloakbag and Common Purse – Petworth Park in the sixteenth century : softback £4.95

Not submitted elsewhere (Garland photographs from the 1920s) : hardback £7.50

Tread Lightly Here (Petworth's ancient streets) : hardback £9.50

In the feast of St Edmund the King (Petworth fair from 1189) : hardback £12.50

A view of Edwardian Lurgashall : paperback £7.50

To: The Window Press, Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth, GU28 0DX Tel. 01798 342562

Please supply the following titles:

Price

I enclose cheque for

Please add £2 postage for each book as appropriate.

Three books or more post free.

Limited edition books:

We have produced four such books : *So Sweet as the Phlox Is* (1993), *Not All Sunshine Hear* (1996), *John Sirgood's Way* (1998) and *Petworth from 1660* (2006) the concluding volume of Peter Jerrome's history of Petworth. The three earlier books are now out of print and scarce but we do have a few copies remaining of the last. Available from Methvens or the National Trust or direct from the Window Press.

Order form for *Petworth from 1660 to the Present Day*

To: The Window Press, Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth, GU28 0DX Tel. 01798 342562

Please supply copy(ies) of *Petworth from 1660* at £59.95 per copy

Postage & packing please add £8 per copy

I enclose cheque, payable to The Window Press for £59.95 (inc p&p £67.95) per copy

Please indicate if you intend to collect directly from Trowels.

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NB: Volume I *Petworth. From the beginnings to 1660* is also available at the special price of £25 (postage £5). Purchase Volumes I and II together at a discounted price of only £80, part postage £5.

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 £15.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:

Chairman

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

Vice Chairman

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

Hon. Treasurer

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

Committee

Mr Stephen Boakes, Lord Egremont, Mrs Carol Finch, Mr Ian Godsmark,
Mrs Audrey Grimwood, Mr Philip Hounsham, Mrs Anne Simmons, Mrs Ros Staker,
Mr J. Taylor, Mrs Deborah Stevenson, Mrs Patricia Turland, Mrs Linda Wort

Magazine distributors

Mr Henderson, Mr Costello, Mr Thompson, Mrs Simmons, Mrs Grimwood,
Mrs Aziz, Mr Turland, Mr Boakes (Petworth), Ray and Valerie Hunt (Byworth),
Miss Biggs, Mrs Dallyn (Sutton and Duncton), Mr Bellis (Graffham), Mr Derek Gourd,
(Tillington and River), Mrs Goodyer, Mrs Williams (Fittleworth)

Society Scrapbook

Mrs Pearl Godsmark

Coultershaw Beam Pump representatives

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

For this Magazine on tape please contact Mr Thompson.

Society Town Crier

See Chairman's notes.

Chairman's Notes

I hope you find something of interest. You will see that I reprint the Parish Council submission on the complex Western Weald discussion, also some thoughts occasioned by a meeting at the Leconfield Hall in September, a meeting attended by Keith and myself.

I am talking to Mike Hubbard about the position of town crier and am hopeful that he will take over, matters are still at the discussion stage but will, perhaps, be settled by the time you read this.

Some interest in the Pied Piper photograph (PSM 29) but only scattered identifications. Does it matter? Possibly not, but if this Society is about anything (and I am not convinced that it is), it must be continuity. In a fractured age such as this, it may be that continuity is no longer a valid or even admissible concept. Maybe. Paradoxically we print as a main picture Tillington Choir in 1912 with names, Jack Holloway working with older traditions. Once again does it matter? I think we have to maintain that it does.

Diana Owen is leaving the district to take up a position outside the National Trust. Anyone who has known Petworth over the last few years will recognise her bold and vital contribution to improving relations between town and Trust. We wish her every success in her new appointment.

We don't "do" obituaries, a service provided over the years by St Mary's Parish Magazine but two recent losses perhaps deserve a special mention. I never interviewed Mildred Duncton for this Magazine; her early background being on the other side of the Downs but it was always pleasant to talk to her and she took a great interest in the Society. A thoughtful, humorous lady with a quiet concern for country matters. And Owen Bridger. Very much a community man, and involved in so many Petworth things. As Chairman of the Hall for a dozen years or more I worked closely with Owen as caretaker. He'd seen the Hall in difficult times and he'd seen it in more than difficult times. In fact Owen had seen just about everything. As caretaker he did things his own way. I always admired him and enjoyed his company. Loyalty was the keyword at his funeral service. Loyalty – I would echo that.

Peter 21st October 2007

Book Notice

"Poor Cottages and Proud Palaces" – the life and work of the Reverend Thomas Sockett of Petworth 1777-1859 by Sheila Haines and Leigh Lawson is now available at £14.99. It is published by the Hastings Press, 294 A5 pages ISBN 978-1-904109-16-7.

It can be purchased at Methvens or as a special offer to Society members post free from Sheila Haines at 23 Friar Road, Brighton BN1 6NG.

I will review the book in the next Magazine, my copy arriving too late for me to review in the current Magazine.

Peter

Petworth Cottage Nursing Home

Patron: Lady Egremont

Petworth Cottage Nursing Home
Fittleworth Road, Byworth, Petworth, GU28 0HQ
Tel: 01798 342785 : Email pcnh@petworthnh.fsnet.co.uk



4th July 2007

Dear Mr Henderson

On behalf of the residents, trustees and the Petworth Cottage Nursing Home I should like to thank you and the members of the Petworth Society for the donation cheque in the sum of £200.00. As discussed in our recent telephone conversation the money will be used to purchase a nebuliser and a chair for visitors.

As I am sure you will know maintaining a good quality environment and a high standard of care is extremely expensive and we really appreciate any support which enables us to make caring for our residents more effective.

Please thank all those who were involved in the decision to assist with our "wish list".

Yours sincerely

Chris Saunders

PA Paula Whybrow
Director/Treasurer

Mr A Henderson
62 Sheepdown Drive
PETWORTH
West Sussex GU28 0BX

Petworth Cottage Nursing Home, Fittleworth Road, Petworth, West Sussex GU28 0HQ
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The Western Weald

We reprint The Petworth Parish Council submission for your consideration. It is important to note that this was submitted only on the Chairman's casting vote, Petworth Parish Council, alone I think among local councils, was not unanimous in rejecting the Inspector's report. The submission does not represent the opinion of Chichester District Council or West Sussex County Council. Clearly there are different views, particularly about future powers of decision-making. While a closing date for submissions was September 24th, informed opinion suggests that the Report may be the subject of a public enquiry when further representation may be made.

One or two points from a meeting at the Leconfield Hall on September 19th with some distinguished speakers including Peter Brandon, an old friend and ally of this Society. The meeting, while fairly full, was not well-attended by local residents. Neither AONB nor National Park status confer exemption from further development although they may restrict it. The Inspector's insistence that the Rother Valley (I cannot speak for the A3 corridor) has been degraded seems obtuse. Up to date farming techniques, on a temporary land use, and geared to modern marketing requirements are simply a legitimate extension of historic farming practice. The Rother Valley has always been adaptable without in any way compromising its natural integrity. The proposal to sever the Downs from their hinterland is a historical nonsense. Should Harting be divorced from its traditional outlier the Combe? Or Stedham from Chithurst? Or the three backbone market towns, Midhurst, Petworth and Petersfield from their immemorial hinterland? The South Downs landscape has never been homogeneous any more than the Lake District or the Derbyshire Peaks.

An important and controverted point is the so-called "island of tranquillity" argument. At first sight this seems like special pleading. The whole of the south-east lies in the shadow of the imposition of thousands of new houses. Why exempt the Western Weald from the constant development that besets the whole region? But in whose interest would be the creeping suburbanisation of the Western Weald? Hardly in that of the South-East generally, deprived, as it would be, of its last major leisure space.

Given the complexity of the issues and their controverted nature, I can do no more than point, as I have done, to some issues that seem relevant to me. Members must follow the arguments as best they can and make their views known. Personally I would consider the Parish Council submission reasonable and responsible.

P.

Parish Council Submission

17th September 2007

Jonathan Shaw

Minister for National Parks and the South East

Department for the Environment Food and Rural Affairs
Dear Minister

At its meeting held on 6th September 2007 Petworth Parish Council voted to resist exclusion from the proposed National Park designation. It held that the Inspector's reasoning behind "being minded" to leave Petworth and its surrounding countryside outside of the area to be designated as the South Downs National Park was defective on various counts. I detail these below.

- **General deterioration of the landscape**

This is simply rejected out of hand. The vistas in all directions as seen by anyone traversing them are every bit as wonderful as ever they were.

- **Intensive horticulture, its associated irrigation and plastic coverings**

The plastic coverings are seasonal, and the irrigation is weather dependent, as it is in any farmed landscape. The active farming of the landscape is to be valued highly. Hedges have been maintained in good order, and field tracks remain entirely natural. Try driving any distance and you may well see former pasture that has become derelict. This has not happened in the Petworth area.

- **The generally flat landscape of the Rother Valley**

Just what has changed since the original recommendation for inclusion was prepared? All river valleys and their associated flood plains tend to be flat – and green, and well vegetated.

- **The urbanising influences of Petworth and Tillington, *inter alia***

Again, what has changed? Petworth is an absolute little gem of a town, and forms the social and economic focus that any largely rural area needs to exist. In no way whatever does it "urbanise" its surroundings. Tillington is a delightful and very small village, that just hangs on to its one pub and a small shop. Hardly an urbanising influence!

- **The imposition of Petworth on the landscape as seen from the south**

Yet again, what has changed? Petworth sits exactly where it has done for some 1,000 years, on higher ground than the surrounding area. Long-established settlements were frequently established on higher ground. The east side is the wonderful and unspoilt Shimmings Valley, and the west side is the world-renowned Petworth Park.

- **Views across intensively cultivated, quite ordinary countryside**

The countryside is far from ordinary. Hedges flourish everywhere; the incidence of long-established oak trees in those hedgerows is commonplace. There are plentiful areas of woodland, both in small and large patches.

- **Paths are difficult to follow**

In this area, as in all the land covered by West Sussex County Council, footpaths are well signposted using a standard format wooden post. In the area around Petworth many footpaths go across land owned by the Leconfield Estate, and farmed by tenant farmers. There are long-established communications between Petworth Parish Council and the Estate, and access difficulties are reported if they occur, and remedial action instigated. It is always possible that weather and growing conditions can bring on a spurt of bramble or nettle growth. This is hardly justification for excluding Petworth and its environs from the benefits of National Park status.

I hope very much that the points I have made above, on behalf of fellow parish councillors, who themselves represent some 3,000 electors and their families, have helped you to reject the suggested exclusion of the Petworth area of the Rother Valley from area that may be designated as the South Downs National Park. I shall be pleased to clarify or enlarge any of the points I have made, if it would be helpful.

Yours truly,
Andrew Howard
Chairman

The Landscape of the Western Weald

Rich. Howorth, of the Sussex Wildlife Trust, is the manager of the West Weald Landscape Project, involving many organisations and authorities. The Western Weald is an area stretching northwards from Petworth to just beyond the Surrey border and from Petersfield in the west to Pulborough in the east. It thus includes the internationally important Special Areas of Conservation: Ebernoe Common and The Mens as well as many Sites of Special Scientific Interest and other County-designated sites.

The Weald is at the centre of the current debate over whether it should be in the proposed South Downs National Park or not. Rich's concern was not to present a personal view, but to awaken us to the facts and figures relating to our special environment which make it essential to conserve, enhance and manage it for the future benefit of nature and people.

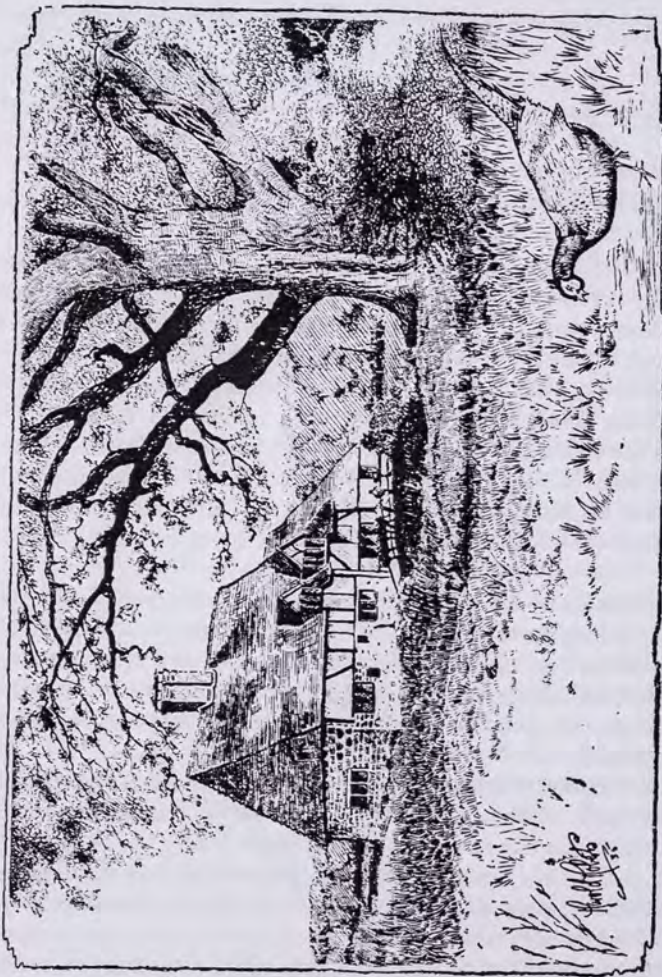
It would be impossible to set out here all the lists, charts, maps and graphs, let alone copy them down (in the dark!) during the talk. They related to a wide-ranging assessment (2006) of the situation and the raising of public awareness. The task was huge and, to some degree, continues. It covers soils, water, air, light (including light pollution), climate, biodiversity and the linkages between habitats so essential for the survival of rare species, and people, whose needs include peace and quiet.

Locally, Ebernoe Common is being reinstated by grazing and has been extended by purchasing Butcherland Fields, which will be allowed to revert to woodland over the next 50-100 years. There is a policy of non-intervention at The Mens.

Perhaps the talk would have benefited from the inclusion of more photographs of scenery, plants and animals, but it was a full programme as it stood and the questions which followed indicated the concern and interest aroused. In case we take our surroundings for granted, it is good to be reminded of our 'rich' environment and its importance nationally and internationally.

And we had a laugh when the raffle was drawn as well!

KCT



STANDING in the Sussex Weald neath the shadow of Bedham Hill, is this quaint old-fashioned farm house, where colour and line are mellowed by time. It lays slightly hidden off the main high road from Wisborough Green to Petworth by several guardian oaks that must have been its constant companions for very many years. The old house could tell many a domestic romance with its low doorways and quaint old rooms; one of the bedroom doorways is only four feet high.—From H. Roberts, Romany Rye, Wisborough Green, Billingshurst.

This Harold Roberts drawing appeared in the West Sussex Gazette – probably between the wars.

Charleston Manor, August 12th

Charleston was isolated when Vanessa Bell first came. To an extent it still is, but isolated is a relative word in an age of motoring. Not so in 1917. Candles, oil lamps and pumped water that needed boiling. And were we told that the old roasting spit was still there? Perhaps it was gone by 1917. A certain remoteness was not unwelcome. Vanessa, her friends and household had been sojourning in Suffolk. Agricultural work. Not very congenial to the artistic mind, but then conscientious objection was not popular during a patriotic war. And unorthodox domestic arrangements as well? All in all, isolation had its points. Come 1918 and Charleston would develop a routine, summer holidays, Christmas. But it could be desperately cold and damp.

Stewards travel in from Brighton, Eastbourne, and elsewhere. Few, indeed, I would imagine, come in on foot. And Charleston needs a steward in each room, for Charleston's a Bloomsbury treasure trove. Paintings and artefacts, but the ephemera can be just as eloquent. The *Burlington Magazine* for April 1925, notice of a Duncan Grant exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. Books in French. Some books, the steward says, are original to the house, some have been brought in. The only extant portrait of Maynard Keynes. It was here that he wrote his critique of the Versailles conditions. Or Julian Bell in 1928, killed less than a decade later driving an ambulance in the Spanish war. Moments and lives held in time. Foreign languages overheard in these same rooms in 2007. Charleston itself could never be static, be still long enough to be observed. Instead there was all the chaos of an artistic household, a confusion of individualistic individuals if you like. Never an earthly paradise. Lydia Lopokova, the Russian ballerina who married Maynard Keynes. "He never knew what she was going to come out with," says the steward. It's a long stint for them. 2-5 then closing. Comparisons with 346 are as inevitable as they are unsustainable, keeping visitors off the historic carpets, or protecting fragile surfaces. And with Charleston numbers you can't give individual attention.

The lake and the famous garden. Purple loosestrife at the water's edge. Then borders with acanthus, echinops, monbrietia, lemon balm, hollyhock. Globe artichoke with stems like miniature tree trunks. A group of pink cosmos. A mosaic of broken tile with Vanessa Bell's trademark circular patterns. In latter years the Charleston people made much use of the garden. The "Charleston people", in some ways a race apart. You were part of the set or you were not. What would they make of the present freemasonry of visitors?

Along the A27 to Berwick church. The murals are in some ways more accessible than Charleston. The guide reminds us of Bishop Bell's passion for brightening church life, not simply with decoration, but with pageant and play. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* for instance. And the church is ancient: our guide mentions furrows in the stone where archers honed their arrows during service time, the king being Edward III. Rector Ellmann's nineteenth century restoration was so extensive that the church is classed as Victorian. Had it not been so, the famous murals (mounted on board) would never have been granted a faculty. As it was, there were misgivings. One lady protested vigorously on the ground that the decoration would bring a flood of sightseers to the church. Quite.

P

“Walking on water?” Ian and Pearl’s Lavington Common Walk. September 17th

September’s not a good time - certainly for walks. Too many people on holiday. And this is the first walk since that famous cancellation in July. All in all somewhat subdued. Still, at least it was dry - extremely dry as it turned out - but with a generous portion of thick, grey cloud. Had we been to Lavington Common before? No one could remember, but it seems an obvious enough place so near our home base. Left of the A272 at the Ambersham turning, on a narrow road that will come out eventually at Heyshott crossroads. Logical enough if you think about it but you don’t always. Cones in the car park give a feeling of autumn; up a steep slope then a sea of browning heather. You could quite see why Ian and Pearl were disappointed that we hadn’t gone in July - in bloom the heather must have been an extraordinary sight. The few remnants of pink flowers that remained said as much. Otherwise just the occasional gorse, like the heather showing remnants of earlier days, but this time, of course, gold. The occasional conifer and needles in the sandy path. It was the sand that defined the walk; the paths were bone dry and to struggle along them was to walk on water



With the Petworth Society on Lavington Common. Photograph by Pearl Godsmark.

- no that has different associations - to walk perhaps in treacle. You simply can’t hurry on a surface like that. Ian seemed familiar with the paths, all looking much the same, and we crossed the road further up to enter Heyshott Common. Hardly a bird, the odd jay perhaps, few trees, no sign of wild life, but when the heather was in bloom the common must have been alive with insects. The odd stand of trees where the bracken stands high, like an oasis, the occasional clump of blue scabious, a colony of large ants crawling across the path. A cottage with the sound of traffic out of sight at the end of a lane, Ian says it will be the Midhurst-Singleton road. Finally back to the car park and left to come home via Heyshott crossroads. And had we been here before? I can’t help thinking we have, starting, perhaps, from another point. “J” wrote up suggested walks in very early issues but there was a whole tradition of walks long before we started recording them regularly in 1989. Audrey’s circular Whiteways walk on September 3rd was perhaps the first (PSM 58). There were more walks in those days, we didn’t have the summer outings which have become so popular now. Oh and I note that à propos Riley’s Northchapel walk, “The Petworth Society never bothers overmuch about the weather.” Some things at least don’t change.

P.

“The sort of place where you find skeletons ...” Andy’s Autumn Walk.

A select company. Perhaps putting the walk on the same poster as the Western Weald talk the following Tuesday was a mistake. But do people take any notice of posters? Perhaps the broken sequence of walks, interspersed with excursions during the summer, has taken its toll. Or perhaps we’re all getting old. Perhaps.

To Northchapel Village Hall, then up the familiar slope towards the Frith woods, travelling north. Winter wheat in the field and some luxuriant second growth to the side by the hedge, nettles notably. Into the woods, next summer’s foxgloves in dark green leaf. Holly, scarlet already. How to keep it for Christmas? One suggestion is to lay the cut stems under a hedge and cover them with sacking.

High ground, looking out from the wood’s edge. Kirdford in the distance? We can’t be sure. It’s warm, almost close, in the woods, long fallen leaves of sweet chestnut. The road to Frith Hill is familiar enough but it’s some years since we’ve been here. At one time we visited the gardens. This time we skirt the two houses, travelling steadily north. Some magnificent wax-white fungi on a fallen branch and, diagonally opposite, wedged into a split in the trunk there’s a monstrous fungus. It seems covered in cocoa powder. Touch the surface and it’s not powder at all, and quite unyielding. Bricks under a gate to deter the rabbits. I remember this from earlier visits, and a ha-ha to keep out cattle from the adjacent fields. Not enough, one suspects, to protect from deer. An uprooted tree to our left. The roots and their earth are vertical now, a sun-dried wall. Behind, the tree has sent up shoots, quite straight,

out of the horizontal trunk. It's a lime, and it would seem, a survivor and a victim of the hurricane. Twenty years ago, almost to the day. Still travelling north. Andy seems determined to cross the Surrey border. A shorn hedgerow black with sloes – or are they bullaces? I don't know. A huge field, down to hay earlier in the year, no doubt. Perhaps winter grazing. It's a quiet, empty landscape. Time was when we'd come here with Riley Shotter but not of late years, like so many walks, and we must have been walking thirty years, this one's a palimpsest written on older half-forgotten Sunday afternoons.

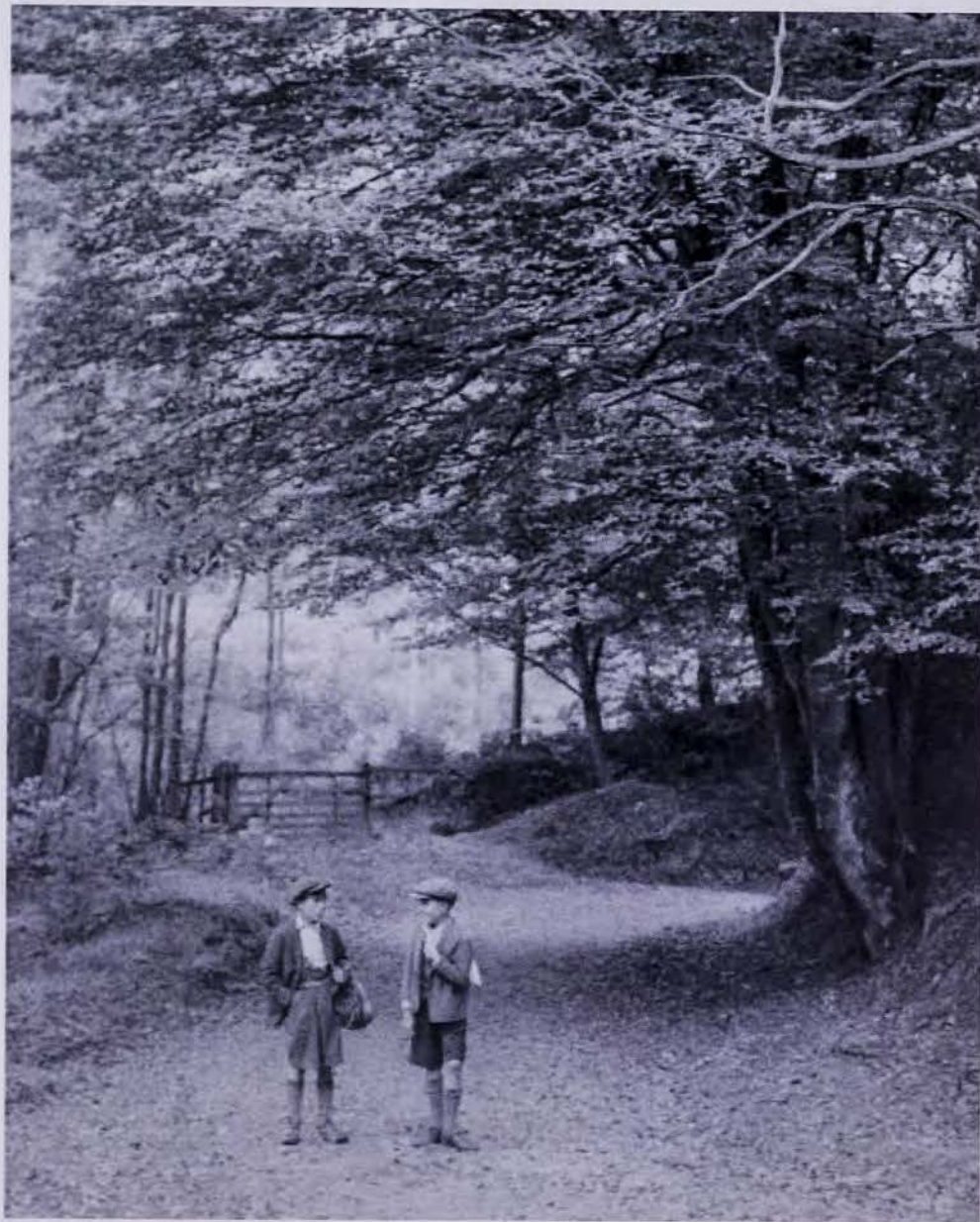
Andy, map in hand, bears left into a narrow, muddy, overgrown lane. Not very frequented it appears. "The sort of place where you find skeletons". We're lucky – nothing more than several patches of really deep Wealden mud.

We're making for the lake at Shillinglee. Something like Virginia Wooff's lighthouse. We're on the far side now of two large fields. Buildings, a tarmac lane, a stable cum hayloft. It's all very quiet in the sunshine. Suddenly the lake shimmering in the sun, mill buildings, anglers far away to the right. The sort of remote place Biggles might come across on one of his adventures. It's a longer walk than usual, but we're travelling more directly this time. Back to Frith Hill, scuffing leaves in the autumn lane. Down the long hill and back to the Car Park. A very successful ending to another season.

P.

"Would that all the Lord's people" The September Book Sale

We're set up and ready to go. It's 9.58 and we're about to open the doors. The lower hall is crammed with books - no light task in itself - while flat boxes of reserve stock stand ready to reinforce as the lines of books sag in the first onslaught. There's the usual queue outside. We should be satisfied, but we never are: it's a feeling that's part and parcel of the sale. It's not the great bulk of 40p books that disquiet, they look after themselves, it's the loosely titled "£1 table". Actually it's not a single table at all, but three pushed together and covered with the famous Rupert Bear tablecloths, and, in the mind's eye at least, creaking with the weight placed on them. The point is that, however many £1 books you have, you always feel you need more. In a Utopian world all the books would justify a place on the £1 table and there would be no 40p books. It's the old, old, cry, "Would that all the Lord's people were prophets." They're not. What you can never do is compromise standards in pursuit of an unattainable Utopia. A £1 book (yellow label) or £2 (yellow label red dot) must justify its place. Our clientele are amiable enough but they're not gullible. Every month we construct a great mountain of books on these three tables; every month it takes ten minutes to reduce that mountain to a plain. In a sense the Book Sale is a football match conceived in terms of Alice in Wonderland, the first half ten minutes, the second, two hundred and ninety. As it happens our seventh September is our busiest ever.



Autumn at Bedham c1938. Photograph by George Garland.



ANYONE · EVERYONE · ANYWHERE · EVERYWHERE

Ron Pidgley's idea of Vic. Roberts' replacement coach (1945). Drawn in 1944. See Editor's postbag.

It seems to have become something of a custom for me to pick out something from our quarterly maelstrom for a brief mention. Self-indulgence on the Editor's part? Why his choice rather than someone else's? Brazen space filling perhaps would be a more pragmatic view. Or, quite simply perhaps, the Editor's finally lost it completely. I like however to think it's an example of the Book Sale playing its part, however insignificant, in broadening horizons. After all, no circulating library could possibly emulate our monthly turnover. The Book Sale's constant forte is the unexpected.

Erskine Childers' *The Riddle of the Sands* is a fairly regular visitor to our Leconfield Hall shores. First published in 1904 its status seems to hover between forgotten best-seller and minor classic. Childers used his extensive sailing knowledge of the German Frisian islands to portray in novel form the threat to Britain's east coast from Germany's rising naval power. His later career in the 1914-1918 war and his increasingly fervid involvement with Irish republicanism in the troubled Ireland of the Black and Tans is chronicled by Jim Ring in his *Erskine Childers* (John Murray 1996). Isolated by his own rigid views and the faction-fighting of the early twenties, Childers was captured by his opponents, ironically carrying a pistol given him by Michael Collins, and shot by firing squad. It was November 1922. A strange story and a sad one.

P.

Never on a Sunday at 346?

Are the calendulas in the Museum garden fading a little in the September sunshine? That orange losing its glow? Even if they are, Mary Cummings would have been well pleased with them: self-sown and then transplanted, they are a model of economy. Cottage gardening in 1910 will have been very much a matter of beg, lend, borrow and, above all, improvise. No need for vegetables as the allotment would take care of these - a few herbs perhaps, hardy annuals from seed. Or for someone like Mrs. Cummings working at the great house, the gardeners might have a plant or two to spare. Perhaps ... Chive stems pale and showing some anaemic flowers and suddenly it's 2007. A yellowing cucumber on the mangle, beetroot withering in the kitchen handbowl. Have we the right to jettison the discordant? 1910 would have its discords too and gardening more than now would mirror social inequalities. Thomas Rogers' turn of the century catalogue from Fernbank at Lodsworth gives an idea of what was available but a humble seamstress would hardly be ordering plants. Money would be one barrier, but social attitudes another. People kept to what was expected of them. Master Rogers offers bedding geraniums, dahlias - show, fancy, pompom, single and cactus - gazania, heliotrope, petunia, salvia, marigold and zinnia, to name just a few. And what was a cuphea?

Social diversity would fade with regard to fairly uniform Sunday observance. Sunday in 1910 would be a church day. Even in the 1940s I can remember an unwritten taboo on working allotments on Sunday or even on Saturday evenings. And Mary Cummings was a devout Catholic: in deference to her we never put clothes on the Sunday washing line. Sunday

in 2007 still remains in some ways a day apart. No Sabbath rest perhaps, but traffic trailing endlessly, and, to the observer, aimlessly, through the town. Strangers in the Square, looking for they know not what. Perhaps there's something in the Hall, perhaps there isn't. But 346 means a long trudge up a quiet sloping street. Sunday at the Museum consistently underperforms. Next year we'll open Tuesdays and close Sundays.

P.

Editor's Postbag

Joy Gumbrell writes:

Dear Peter,

I was interested in A.C. Caplin's price list (PSM 128 page 32). Charles Caplin's mother was a cousin of my grandfather Thomas Courtney. Charles lived at Shimmings with his mother in one of the three further cottages, the smaller south facing one with a large garden. With hindsight not a good place for a plant nursery, as it was near the brook in a frost hollow. When Charles first left school, my grandfather found him a job as house boy for the Daintrey family in East Street, now Daintrey House. The house boy's job on starting work each morning was to clean the family shoes and bring in fuel for the kitchen stove and the winter house fires. After morning milking on Bailliewick farm, my grandfather would deliver the milk to the mansion in East Street and then set Charles his work in the garden for the morning. In the afternoon he joined my grandfather on the farm and, after such tasks as cleaning out the pigs and chicken houses, he would work alongside my grandfather in one or other of the three gardens on the farm. It was from my grandfather that Charles learned his gardening skills and, when he started his nursery after the first world war his initial stock of chrysanthemums came from my grandfather who, as well as being a farmer, was an expert gardener. I remember that Edith Cavell, then a noted chrysanthemum variety, was a great favourite of my father. It appears in Charles Caplin's catalogue. When the nursery failed, Fred Hill, a postman, found Charles a job as a postman. Fred was married to Charles' sister Lizzie and they lived at South Grove in Petworth, when the houses were first built. After Charles married Annie Pullen he moved to the Gog to live. His mother went up to Wallasey in Cheshire to live with her other daughter who ran a boarding house there. After she retired she returned to Petworth and married Percy Harper of Byworth. Charles' mother died at Wallasey.

The Old Bakery, Byworth.

Ron Pidgley writes:

Dear Peter,

In a recent Magazine Don Simpson writes of a coach owned by Mr V. Roberts at the Pound in 1937-8. The bus, a 20-seater, was destroyed by a Canadian tank that ran out of control down the Tillington road, across Pound Corner and into the forecourt of the garage. This would be early in 1943. Tillington held an Arts and Crafts Exhibition in April 1944 where my entry, "Shape of things to come" illustrated my notion of how the new Roberts bus would

appear **AFTER** the war. The A3 original has a caption on the reverse saying that I gained 1st Prize and an added note showing dates of ending "Pool" petrol and returning to trade pumps.

18, the Cedars, Hailsham, BN27 1TU.

[For Ron's illustration see main pictures. Ed.]

Pam Bruce writes:

Dear Peter,

Re the Beagent family at Northchapel in the last Magazine (pp 21-23): a Michael Baygent, is listed in parish records as parish overseer for Lurgashall in 1752 and as at Lurgashall Mill. Michael Baygent, possibly the son, appears as Churchwarden in 1755, 1756, 1760, 1761, 1763, 1764, 1770 and 1771, while a Joseph Baigent is member of the vestry in 1795. James Crowe's map and survey of 1779 (PHA 3606) gives Michael Baigent as freeholder of Swiles "by the lane in Lurgashall" and the Lurgashall Rate Book has widow Bagent for the Mill and part of River Park at £5.2.8., and "Swails" at seven shillings. The 1785 Land Tax gives a Mill rental at £37.0.0., while Swiles Crofts and "her two houses" have a figure of £2 and £3 respectively.

The Baygents appear to have been relatively well-to-do and based rather at Lurgashall than Northchapel. The name seems to die out at Lurgashall in the new century.

Tillington Church Choir 1912-1913.

See main pictures.

Front Row L to R

A.Howard. T. Bryder. ?. Howard. ?/. Howard. B. Goggs. B. Moody.
F. Randell. I. Yeatman.

Second Row L to R.

???. W.Boxall ?. Stringer. Col. Mitford. Rev. Goggs. ?. Barrington Kennett
?.BarringtonKennett F. Whitcombe. W. Bryder.

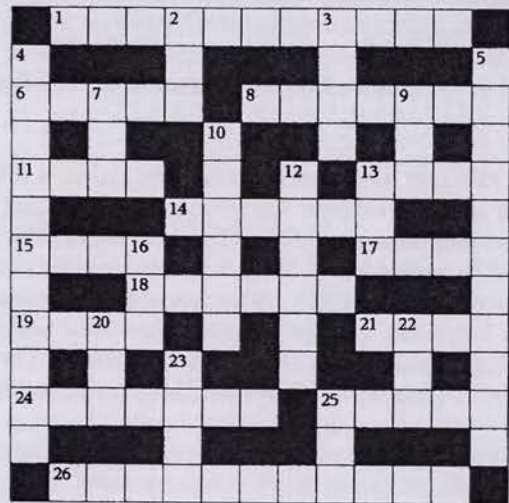
Third Row L to R.

J.Wadey. G.Knight. P.Boxall. ?.BarringtonKennett. J.Daniels. ?.Street.
J.Boxall. H.Staker. J.Pullen.

Back Row L to R.

C.Bryder. N.Dummer D.Dummer. B.Pullen. W.Bryder. P.Pullen.
T.Daniels.

Deborah's Petworth Society Year Crossword



Across

- 1 A warming beverage on offer at January's Temperance Evening (1,3,2,5)
 6 He tends to bob along at this time of year (5)
 8 She lived in 4 dn - wife of Clive Bell (7)
 11 Put the finishing touches to the Christmas cake (4)
 13 Choose from it at the Society's Dinner (4)
 14 ----- Street, once a continuation of East Street (6)

Down

- 15 see 25 dn
 17 see 10 dn
 18 On the night before Christmas not even he was stirring (1,5)
 19 Frost on grass (4)
 21 Bamboo instrument played by Petworth Boys' Band in the 1930s (4)
 24 Well known family who built Pitshill at Tillington (7)
 25 The way to dress for a party (5)
 26 We spin words into our favourite Petworth publisher (6,5)

Down

- 2 Mother's ruin - could be a trap (3)
 3 Confesses (4)
 4 Describes Charleston - a mother sits in some confusion (7,4)
 5 Famous diarist encountered on the Society's trip to Greenwich (6,5)
 7 May be as busy as this in run up to Christmas (3)
 9 Diocese (3)
 10 & 17 ac She has been Mrs. Beeton, Charlotte Bronte and Richmal Crompton - and now the founder of The Shakespeare Ladies (6,4)
 12 The pioneer of recorded sound - his voice one of many heard during Tim Wardle's entertainment (6)
 13 Three wise ones (3)
 16 It listens in the midnight clear! (3)
 20 10 dn/17 ac is a hard -- to follow (3)
 22 No vacancies here at this time! (3)
 23 Melchior's gift (4)
 25 & 15 ac Hans Christian Anderson wrote a seasonal tale about a little one! (3,4)

Solution to 129

Across

- 6 Littlehampton, 7 Arundel, 9 Lengthy, 10 Rowner, 12 Jerome, 15 Tarrant, 18 Hardham, 21 Stopham Bridge

Down

- 1 Pier, 2 Glad, 3 Ghyll, 4 Sprig, 5 Horsham, 7 Adur, 8 Noon, 11 Opacity, 13 Reed, 14 Eyam, 16 Ralph, 17 Thyme, 19 Rare, 20 Alga

A Shakespearian Caravan

We have always taken an interest in itinerant visitors to Petworth. Clunn Lewis or Walter Wilkinson with their contrasting styles of puppetry come to mind as do Petworth's November fair people.

Here's an unusual visitor captured by George Garland in 1924 This caption reads, "F.R. Growcott with Shakespeare caravan". Tradition has it that the picture was taken at Hilliers. Frank R. Growcott collaborated with J.B. McDowell in making a film about Shakespeare's life (1914) but other than this I have no information.

Ed



Six Feet and More, in Petworth - Part II

I had established that six of my ancestors had been baptised in Petworth Church around 1780: all children to Solomon and Mary Foot(e). John, William, Charlotte, Ann, Mary and Sarah: Charlotte had married William Bourne at Petworth Church in 1799, and their eldest child Elizabeth was baptised there. Did they live in the town? If so, then it was evident that many of the buildings I could see, even among the humbler ones, would have been known by them also. Such connections are rare: and exciting!

One place to find a list of residents would be in a Trade Directory, but the end of the 18th Century is very early for such publications and the listings would be strictly traders or professionals only. I was exceptionally lucky. At what I will call the St Richard's Record Office of West Sussex in Chichester, I found re-printed and bound copies of the Universal Directory dated 1793-98: included is Petworth Town. Only one name was of interest to me: William Foote was included as a 'Shopkeeper'. Maybe he was Solomon's brother: maybe I will some day find more about his shop!

Another source of resident's names is the Land Tax Assessments Register: much more enlightening. Year 1785 (also re-printed and bound) lists William, but also Solomon himself. In addition there is a Mrs Foot, a widow, owning a house and the Red Lion Inn. How confidence can deceive! I knew the Red Lion: it stands on a prominent street corner and still carries the name, though now as an antique shop. I took several photographs for my distant Bourne relative in Australia, and by kind consent of the owner looked out on the town from the very windows that Charlotte probably loved. Dipping later into a book about Petworth Inns and Alehouses, I was rather astounded and somewhat chastened, to find that the Red Lion the Foot's owned had long ago been demolished. One of the Petworth Society members had kindly advised that the inn of the period had occupied a totally different site in the town.

Solomon had been living in Petworth, but no sign that he had been born there, or even married there. I referred to the I.G.I. listings on the computer at the Record Centre (familysearch.com). The I.G.I. is the International Genealogical Index compiled by the Church of Latter Day Saints. The trouble from a family-historian's point of view is that it is a very leaky sieve. It fairly accurately records the Christenings and Marriages from original Parish Registers up to about 1837, but there are a great many of the Registers that have not been transcribed. You may be lucky and find a christening of a Solomon Foot, which I did for Wiltshire, but what is to say that there are not more such christenings in the lists not included?

Time to write to the Sussex Family History Society for any further progress. I received a warm and friendly response, with a thorough reply to my query about a possible marriage. Clearly I must search elsewhere: and I did!

The Land-Tax Register indicated that Solomon's house belonged to the Earl of Egremont: the famous 3rd one who employed the artist J. M. W. Turner among countless other "celebs" of the time. With some trepidation I approached the Petworth House archivist explaining my quest and asking for some appropriate documents to be made available at the St Richard's Record Office. I need not have been concerned: the lady proved kind and helpful, bringing books showing that Solomon had been directly employed by the Earl (as game-keeper). He had also resided at Shopham Bridge, keeping part of his house as the Swan Alehouse for some time: I wonder how closely his late 18th Century dwelling compared to the 1910 Petworth Cottage Museum.

My quests will continue. William Bourne's association with Petworth appears to have been brief (he was in Arundel by 1803), but he must have met Charlotte during his visits; maybe he stayed at the Red Lion with James Foot, or at the old Swan Inn run by Rose Foot's husband Thomas Redman.

Keith B. Newman

Summersell's Apple Tree

There was an apple tree by the Recreation Field in Upperton and every year its branches were hung low with the weight of small, dark red apples.

These apples, hard, sweet and shiny, were a constant temptation to the children of the village.

They grew in the garden of Mr Summersell, a plump, perspiring man whom I always remember as breathing heavily, although in retrospect I realise that this was probably the result of his efforts to catch us!

When the apples became ripe, he would hover along his side of the tall, thick privet hedge, listening to our subdued giggles and ever ready to pounce.

This game was part of our yearly round and far outdid the suspense of 'What's the time, Mr Wolf?'

We didn't need the apples, we all had trees in our own gardens but to have a pocket full of Mr S's tiny fruit was worth an accolade from one's peers. Those apples were proof that we had braved the terrors of Mr Summersell in full pursuit.

When he wasn't guarding his tree, he worked as a 'bus conductor, often on the 'bus that we caught to get to school.

In this guise, he was our ally, holding the 'bus at the bottom of our hill if one of us was missing, thus giving time for the tardy one to make a frantic rush to the main road, climb the steps to the top deck and collapse into a seat.

Many a day I had cause to bless his watching eye.

In fact, at any time of the year except autumn he was our friend, but that one small apple tree was his battle ground, and I suspect that he enjoyed the forays as much as we did!

Now, in the next century, both Mr S and his apple tree have gone and so are my days of scrumping but whenever I see those hard little red apples on a fruit stall I am back in memory.

Mary Newman (Aitchison)

Tillington Nomads

Early in World War 2 my father, Arch Newman, of Upperton, started up the Tillington Social Club. Locals paid a very small annual sub. to join and then were admitted to social events like dances, socials and concerts at a reduced price.

In time a Concert Party was formed and of course, my friends and I became an active part. In fact I think that I and Maude Wade were the two youngest performers.

Our group was known as "The Nomads" and ages ranged from fourteen to sixty or more. We wore a gypsy type costume that we made ourselves. Short cotton skirts with a braid border; black bolero, (possibly made from black-out material) over "Hungarian" blouses. These had been all the fashion so were easily begged or borrowed and were made of thin

muslin, low necked and embroidered with embroidered flowers or motifs.

On our feet we wore ribbon sandals and these were homemade, thus avoiding the need of clothing coupons. To make them we bought two pairs of cork insoles and glued them together inserting lengths of wide ribbon to form the foot-straps, and a second ribbon, threaded through, tied around the ankle. The men wore dark trousers, white shirts and a bolero.

The new Headmistress of Tillington School, Mrs Ward, was enrolled as producer and Dad made and painted the scenery and he and friends created the stage at the end of the hall.

Mrs Ward, a lively lady, already had a collection of sketches, songs and operettas. We also had our own quartette, consisting of Jesse Daniels, Archie Gibson, Mrs Wilson and Miss Collins. The last was a teacher who later married a local farmer. The quartette were really talented and later went on to the heights of performing on the B.B.C. in a programme 'Down Your Way' (presented by Freddie Grisewood). Their song that stays in my mind is 'Oh who will o'er the Downs with me?'

Mrs Ward brought us the scripts of little operettas, usually silly stories sung to extracts from classical music. The best remembered is "Antonio", starting: "We are a crowd from the Sunny South, Outlaws and living from hand to mouth", the story following the hero as he bargains with the local Friar who was about to marry him to a reluctant bride. Every so often, one of the characters was stabbed (in those days seen as a joke) and then the victim rose again singing, "He has stabbed me so keep dancing, to the music entrancing, keep singing Rule Britannia, drink sarsparella and eat more fruit!" At the end the whole cast is stabbed and rise again!

We called this item "Yantonio" because the lead was played by Ianto Davies, Arch Gibson was the portly Friar and Ethel Wadey the reluctant bride. One quite daring turn was when a group of female members walked on stage, clad in voluminous nightgowns. Between verses of the song we walked upstage removing our top garment in full view of the audience. Under layer one we wore long dark dresses. Verse three revealed long summer dresses. One verse was: "In the days gone by, we wore flannelette made as plain as could be, For men never hear of georgette lingerie, but it made no odds because they couldn't see! In the days gone by."

We used to perform in the School and then take the performance to surrounding villages, like Pulborough, Lodsworth, Fittleworth, where our host paid for our travel coach and a bottle of wine to be shared around. Once we were invited to the Army Camp at Pheasant Copse. Thinking of all those Canadian soldiers concerned our mothers but our dear vicar, Mr Frederick Campion, offered to chaperone us so that was alright!

I remember "It's a hah-hap-happy-day" and also "Tell me pretty maiden" from Floridora. In the latter during the duets with our stage partners we were supposed to sink gracefully down on to the man's knee. In my case it was Mr Gibson who was a bit on the stout side and this provided very little knee to lodge on and I was scared I would fall off but he was a kind man and managed to keep his balance to my great relief.

Mr Gibson provided another memory when, as Friar in Antonio, he "died" very enthusiastically and threw his weight back on the temporary stage, pushing a loose nailed board down, whereupon causing the other end where Rita Gash and I were standing, to rise a little! Very disconcerting.

Looking back these were hilarious days when we made our own entertainemnt and fun. I wonder if there are any other Nomads still around who remember them?

Mary Newman (Aaitchison)

"Lawn mowings in the grotto"

My grandparents lived at Kitchen Court just off Golden Square. The Rev. Howard Beech had been for many years rector of Great Bealings in Suffolk. He loved his parish but in the second decade of the last century was looking to retire. It is not clear what brought him to Petworth, but Louis Newman, the long-serving rector of Sutton was married to my grandmother's sister. Not wishing to be idle, Howard Beech took on the cure of Burton, Barlavington and Coates in his retirement, although I have no idea how he travelled to services. There were few cars then. I have heard that, towards the end of his time, Major Courtauld at Burton Park sent out a taxi for him. This may be true.

My own family had been in India but my father had been invalided home from the Army relatively young and we settled in mid-Sussex where we had other relations living locally. We'd come over to Petworth and sometimes stay with my grandparents, but I would be very young then: my grandfather died when I was just five. I loved Kitchen Court even if my memories of it in the early mid-1920s are the vague ones of a small child. One thing I particularly remember - the disused ice-house (or so I suppose it to have been) at the bottom of the garden, next to Rosemary Lane. It took the form of a large mound with a kind of grotto at the bottom. The grotto at once fascinated and frightened me. It was where the grass-cuttings were kept. Standing on the mound I could look over the wall and see, as it seemed, for miles, a view impossible now. When Grandfather died, Grandmother moved away to live with our family, but she did not survive him long. We always said that she died of a broken heart. As a child of five I can distinctly remember walking out of Kitchen Court with my mother, as it were for the last time and my mother saying, "We won't be coming back here any more." It was her way of saying that the house would be sold and that nothing would ever be the same again.

In fact the family link with Kitchen Court was not to be so easily broken. My uncle Guy bought the house. He was a clergyman with a parish well north of London and the house was bought with a somewhat distant retirement in mind. He would indeed retire to Kitchen Court, but not until the 1950s when he helped out with parish duties at St. Mary's. Between the wars the house was often let out for short periods. Uncle Guy had four daughters, of whom one, Ruth, would eventually share the property with Guy's widow, Judith, herself from the Upton family at Westways. I remember once coming to Petworth and seeing Lillian who had been cook at Kitchen Court in my grandparents' time. A stalwart of Guy Beech's household was Mabel, who had joined the household as a young girl, acted as nurse for the children, and continued with the family for many years. I am fairly certain that the lady pictured at the

station is in fact Mabel.¹ Her surname was Wadsworth but the children all knew her as "Babu".

Louis Newman at Sutton had married my grandmother's sister, so there was a family connection of a kind. Howard's son Mervyn was a district commissioner in East Africa and home on leave when he met Stella, daughter of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, one of the great actresses of her day. Stella was a distinguished actress in her own right and appeared in West End productions of plays such as *The Importance of being Ernest* and *The Prisoner of Zenda*. She was appearing in a play with my Aunt Winifred who was also an actress. Mervyn and Stella met through my aunt. Mervyn and Stella fell in love, and, much against her mother's wishes, Stella gave up her stage career, married Mervyn and went to Africa. It's a romantic story; but I have to say that it didn't really work out, Stella finding it very difficult to adjust to such an extraordinarily different life. In the circumstances it is more than likely that Mrs. Patrick Campbell might have visited Sutton.² As my sister can testify from experience, staying at Sutton rectory in those days was not something for the faint-hearted. Main services were spartan at best and it was desperately cold in winter. When Mervyn died, his father had a memorial tablet put up in Great Bealings church - the words written by Sir John Fortescue, historian of the British Army:

A strong man and a gentle

He learned the tongues of many strange tribes

That so he might learn their hearts and govern them with righteousness.

This work being ended he laid him down to sleep

In the land of the people he loved.

Sir John Fortescue was married to my Aunt Winifred whom I adored. She really was a lovely lady. Both Aunt Winifred and Sir John were celebrated writers in their day and their books are still popular today. Sir John, formerly librarian at Windsor Castle, was famous as the historian of the British Army. He was twenty-five years older than Winifred, but the marriage was a particularly happy one. Sir John also wrote the now classic *Story of a Red Deer*. His nephew asked him to write a book specially for him. "I'll try", he said and this was the result. It helped that Sir John had been brought up on Exmoor. *The Story of a Red Deer* is a beautifully written, sometimes sad, book which can be read by adults as well as children - often the mark of the very best children's fiction. It was so successful that Sir John would often observe with a rueful smile that he was better known for his "Red Deer" than for his major works of scholarship. I have one of a special limited edition signed by my Aunt Winifred. Sir John retired from his position at Windsor Castle and the couple lived in England for a while. Eventually they went to France to live. When Sir John died my mother I went over to stay with my aunt. I would be about twelve. Her autobiographical *There's Rosemary*. *There's Rue* is still very widely read as are her series of books about life in Provence.

One of Howard Beech's granddaughters was talking to the Editor.

¹ See main pictures

² See Diana Knight's letter in PSM 128 and the photograph on page 17



Petworth church steeple about 1900.

Tradition has it that the man at the pinnacle is Mr Sutton, Leconfield Estate clerk of works.



Lombard Street 1898. Messrs Death had premises out of view immediately to the right. Mr Knight the baker and Messrs Death seem to have been on good terms! Photograph by Walter Kevis.



It is most unusual to be able to identify figures in a photograph of this age but Jack Holloway has relied on older traditions. For identifications see main Magazine. Tillington Church Choir pre-1914.

Lock, Stock and Barrel

Father had migrated to Canada from Partridge Green sometime before 1914 and when the war began he volunteered into a Canadian infantry regiment. I don't suppose he realised what he was letting himself in for as there was a great sense of loyalty in the Dominions especially among the ex-patriot community who still had strong ties to Britain. Anyway Father found himself in France and while he survived the horrors of the Somme and Passchendale he suffered terribly from the effects of poisonous gas. Having been commissioned in the field and awarded the Military Medal he was sent back to England for treatment at Kings College Hospital. My mother was at that time doing VAD work there and as they say, the rest was fate. Sadly the effects of the gassing would have repercussions which would follow Father throughout his life.

The war ended and Father learned of a scheme in which the Canadian government had retained a small amount of each soldier's wages and for this they would be entitled to a plot of land to farm. Father seized the opportunity and he and Mother – whom he had married in 1918 – were soon in Canada where they built up a sizable holding of 480 acres. The farm was in a remote area of Manitoba called Salt Lake and the nearest settlement of any size was Strathclair. I have only vague recollections of the farm though my sister who is seven years older than I can recall it quite clearly. She would travel to school by pony and trap to be there for seven o'clock in the morning and as she got older she would drive the trap herself. The school was at Green Bluff and was just as you see them in the 'westerns' at the cinema, a one-roomed wooden building with a big pot-bellied stove in the middle to keep the pupils warm. The stove was very necessary as winters were harsh and it was not uncommon to have more than a foot of snow on the ground. Needless to say the trap was of little use during the winter and so it was put away in favour of cabooses which to all intents and purposes were miniature sheds on runners. They may not have been much to look at but they were comfortable and even had small stoves to keep their occupants warm.

Moving to rural Manitoba had been a shock to Mother and I really don't know how she coped with the isolation and the lack of even the very basic luxuries. Mother hadn't even learnt to cook before she left England as her parents had always had people in service to keep their house and to wait upon them. Mother once told me that her first attempt at bread making was so bad that even the pigs turned their noses up at it.

When my sister was born in 1919 Mother's sister Winnie came out from England to help. This was no doubt a great help and made Mother very happy after being away from her family for so long. Winnie settled in remarkably well and eventually ended up marrying a bank manager and never returned to England.

As I said, Father was badly gassed during the war in France and he never quite regained his fitness. He would go through periods of really poor health and the harsh winters in Manitoba affected his chest badly. Mother would nurse him as best she could for the nearest doctor was always many miles away. Fortunately we had a help on the farm and he would stand in for Father during these bouts of ill health. 1931 was a bad year for Father and he

became so ill that one of his lungs collapsed. He was taken to hospital in Winnipeg and we were told that he may very well die. I think that this was the final straw and he was told that he ought to give up the farm. So in 1932 Father left a manager in charge and we moved to a bungalow in Strathclair. I began school there, a proper school, not like the one on the prairie that my sister had attended.

By 1935 Father's health had deteriorated once again and we were told that he needed to live in a more temperate climate. Basically the choice was Vancouver or England and my parents chose the latter. The train from Strathclair to Montreal took four days. I remember it quite clearly being a very long journey cooped up in the carriage but I loved every minute of it as we passed through such wonderful scenery. I had never realised that Canada was such a beautiful country until then and now we were leaving it behind.

The sea voyage to England was traumatic for both Mother and I, we suffered terribly from sea sickness all of the way until we docked at Southampton. Such was the impact that I have since been unable to take even the shortest trip by boat without suffering from sickness.

After spending two years in London Father made it plain that he yearned to return to his native Sussex and he began looking around for employment there. After a while he saw a job advertised in the *Daily Telegraph* requiring a manager for the estate of Lady Murray-Anderson at Wyncombe Hill, Fittleworth. Father was interviewed and got the position and before we knew it we were heading to Sussex. I can remember the journey down quite clearly, it was 1937 and the south of England was stuck in a real pea-souper, like you only seemed to get in those days. The fog was so thick that we had no idea where we were going and when we finally arrived at Wyncombe Hill there was literally nothing to see for the visibility was down to little than half a dozen paces in front of us. We were really quite disappointed for we had been told what a lovely place it was and it would be several days later that the fog lifted and the spectacular views opened up before us. Wyncombe Hill really was as beautiful as we had been told and as if life couldn't get any better it turned out that Lady Murray-Anderson was a really nice lady and so very kind to us.

Father enjoyed his job and we all soon settled into country living. As part of his job Father was expected to tend the huge vegetable garden and even when the war started and rationing came in we never went short of food, and what with his Canadian army pension there was no pressure on him. Even meat was readily available for Father kept ferrets and as part of the common belonged to Lady Murray-Anderson he could always find a rabbit for the pot.

For a short while I went to school at Fittleworth and later on to the convent at Midhurst. I would cycle down to the railway station and leave my bike at the Harding Brothers shop as the stationmaster would not allow them to be left at the station.

Life at Fittleworth was peaceful compared with London. I attended Sunday school at the parish church where the vicar was Mr Foster-Palmer, a nice quiet gentleman. Guides were flourishing in the village and when I joined Miss Cardew was in charge. However, she was soon enlisted into the Wrens and the Lockhart sisters from Tripp Hill took over.

My sister had been sixteen when we returned to England. There had been floods of tears on leaving Canada and a boyfriend behind. However she soon settled in England and worked as a cashier at Sainsbury's in Golders Green before moving on to Barclays in Regent Street.

She didn't move down to Fittleworth with us though. When war broke out the staff at Barclays were evacuated to Brighton where they were told that the risk was less, though with the ever present threat of invasion and a huge cannon poking out of the front window of the bank Brighton did not seem any safer than London. With the move to Brighton came the opportunity for her to come to stay at Fittleworth at weekends, the trip being a simple ride on the 22 Southdown bus from Brighton to Petworth.

Miss Chaundler the children's writer lived below us at Wyncombe Hill. When I cycled into the village I would occasionally see her in her garden. She was always friendly but lived almost like a hermit having very little to do with other people.

My sister married in January 1942 and my new brother-in-law was Leslie Gadd. Father had got to know Leslie through the Homeguard and it was at one of their Fittleworth dances that Leslie and my sister met. The newly weds lived first at Fitzleroi and then in 1944 they were offered Ridlington Farm at Duncton. A Leconfield Estate farm, Ridlington has remained in the family and is now farmed by their son.

I met my future husband Peter in 1946 at a dance. I say met, but really our families already knew one another quite well. The Dallyns were one of the 'lock, stock and barrel' families who had come up from the West Country during the depression. The family had literally loaded everything onto a train – livestock and all – and moved to Sussex. They had come not just because things were difficult in Devon but because farms were much easier to get in West Sussex. You see nobody could make any money at farming and many were standing empty. If you were young, prepared to break your back, then you just might make a living, and with the landowners so desperate for tenants they were often prepared to let the farms rent free for the first year.

Peter's father had been a farrier in the Devonshire Yeomanry during WWI and he had met and married a farmer's daughter from Essex. He had come up to Petworth to visit an old friend who at the time farmed Bigenor at Shopham. John Smallridge had himself moved up from Devon and he suggested to Peter's father that he should apply for the tenancy of Shopham Bridge Farm which at the time was standing empty just across the lane from Bigenor. He applied to the Leconfield Estate and as nobody else wanted it he was given the tenancy. Peter's father was a very good sheep farmer and also an expert at breaking horses, I suppose his years as a farrier in the army had well equipped him to deal with horses. I know that he used to break riding horses for the Podmore family at Tillington and no doubt for other people as well.

When his father died Peter was still living at home along with his brothers Bob, John and David. Mother decided to keep the tenancy of Shopham Bridge and as we were married Peter took on a farm manager's job in East Sussex and we went to live there. One weekend we returned for a dance and Peter was told by Jack Knight who worked for the Leconfield Estate that Duncton Common Farm was shortly becoming vacant. We applied for it and got it. The farm was about 100 acres stretching from the Roman Catholic Church in the village to Heath End, together with a parcel of water meadow down by the Rother near Kilsham. The soil was mostly black sand and it was very hard work to grow anything other than corn on it and even then a hot summer would dry out the sand resulting in very poor crops. There was

no house with the farm and so the Leconfield Estate converted a pair of cottages in the village and they became Duncton Common Farmhouse. The farmyard was opposite the Graffham turning on the Petworth Road and the barn has now been converted into a house. The House brothers had farmed Duncton Common before we took it and if I remember rightly old Mr House was still living up at Heath End when we moved in to Duncton. He was a kind gentleman as was Mr Woolley who kept Burton Park Farm and was our nearest farming neighbour.

We were at Duncton Common for twelve years when Peter's brother John, who had Duncton Mill Farm, decided that he needed somewhere larger. You see Duncton Mill was only about 40 acres with fruit trees and really wasn't large enough to provide a decent living. The two brothers decided to go into partnership and having looked around they applied for the tenancy of Strood which is of course just up the road from Shopham Bridge where Peter had formerly lived.

We remained at Strood for many happy years until Peter's health forced him to retire. I was never a farmer's wife in the old fashioned sense. I often recall Peter's mother advising me never to learn how to milk a cow and I didn't. It was good advice for while it suited some women to become one of the farm hands it didn't suit me. My role was to do the books, sort out the wages and generally be the 'gopher'. If a piece of machinery broke I would fetch the new part from Arundel or Pulborough and of course at harvest time I would be expected to pitch in.

Nancy Dallyn was talking to Miles Costello

“This may interest you” The Window Press from 1990

Tread Lightly Here was reasonably successful but it was hardback, a long run, and had stretched our finances. It would be a while before the Press was in action again. To an extent our hands were forced. Jack Rapley came into the shop with some two hundred foolscap pages of photostat. “This may interest you,” he said and promptly disappeared. It was a day or two before I came round to seeing what he had produced. “This may interest you,” was something of an understatement. Hidden in these photostats was a character, in her own way as distinctive as William James of Upperton in the 1590s¹ and a vision as self-contained as that of the world on whose edges George Garland had lurked in the 1920s. Florence Rapley, at variance with her time, unusual in her time, unusual perhaps in any time, had committed her malaise to paper. Her diary was a kind of dialogue with herself. Nearly a hundred years on, her distinctive voice still echoed while others strident, superficial, or both, were long silent. The diary ran from the early summer of 1909 to the end of 1912 with a curious appendix from 1914. Here was the ultimate Petworth book. Finance or no finance it had to be done and done

¹ See P. Jerome: *Cloakbag and Common Purse* (1979)

properly. Fortunately Jonathan felt as I did. Obviously local but with universal appeal, this was a book for the connoisseur. No mere fancy this; when I talked about the diary way beyond our normal confines I could do so with perfect ease. Hitherto the Press had skirted the popular without compromising Jonathan's exacting standards of production. Now for the first time we would offer a limited edition (250 copies individually numbered) and relatively expensive at £34.95. *So Sweet as the Phlox is* (1993) has been out of print for years. In some ways it remains my favourite Window Press book.

In the mid-1980s the Petworth Society had devoted considerable energy to saving Petworth's historic fair, by this time in apparently terminal decline. We had been so far successful that by the early 1990s the fair was attracting a measure of attention outside Petworth itself. It was at once a survival, a revival, and arguably the oldest extant street fair in the South of England. Its reputation was further enhanced by the difficult, enclosed, almost claustrophobic nature of the venue. Barry Norman², a freelance photographer, was eager to produce a book concentrating on the 1993 fair, with such archival material, documentary and pictorial as would illustrate the fair's immemorial history. I knew that we would struggle for the first part. Walter Kevis, keen non-conformist as he was, had religiously abstained from photographing the fair in his time, while George Garland's output was erratic: a handful of classic shots from the 1920s, nothing whatsoever from the 1930s other than a lone newspaper article, and a number of post-war pictures, most almost indistinguishable one from another. And the history of the fair? Virtually impossible. I could offer only a ragged pageant of scraps. There was, however, one point which was of more than local importance: Petworth was not, contrary to received opinion, a charter fair: it was a fair by prescription. When Edward I demanded that Eleanor de Perci purchase a charter, she refused. The fair had no need of a charter for no one could remember the fair's beginnings. There was no charter, the fair was by prescription and from time immemorial. There was nothing the king could do. It was an important point, relevant not simply in its immediate context.

In the feast of St. Edmund the King (1994) was aimed at a larger market. It was widely reviewed and it was extremely well received. But the expected surge of orders did not come; a few aficionados followed up the reviews but no more than a few. The book sold reasonably well on its home base. Fair people don't buy books. Did we ever really think they did? We still have some left and St. Edmund certainly didn't do anything for our creaking finances.

Katherine Walters had long had in mind a history of Ebernoe. In a rapidly changing world it might still be possible to pick up the last dying remnants of a genuine oral tradition. Katherine's insight was right. I don't say that, a decade and more on, a history of Ebernoe would be impossible but it would certainly be more difficult and *Not all Sunshine Hear* would inevitably be a rather different book. In itself the history of Ebernoe was obscure: no one had sought to penetrate it before. And there was no obvious single source. Petworth House Archives were at best laconic; Ebernoe did not pass to Leconfield until just before 1914. The history of Ebernoe was an assault on the unknown and on the historical reticence of the Peachey family, lords of Ebernoe for some three centuries. Here the Oglethorpe and

² Not the film critic

Anderson material at the Chichester Record Office was a great help; even so there were gaps, huge gaps. The family had died out: solicitors' offices at Eastbourne and the Isle of Wight proved a dead end. The story incomplete as it was, and perhaps the more fascinating for its being so, was an extraordinary one. A lord of the manor declared insane (at an official enquiry at the Angel Inn) but ruling Ebernoe for decades, one or more bigamous marriages, a decaying estate in the Cotswolds. We prised out what we could, the Peachey family remaining as elusive as ever. Jonathan drew the historic buildings of Ebernoe and we reproduced the famous 1829 maps in colour. 150 numbered copies at £40. It seemed a lot of money at the time. Not now. The print was exhausted in a week. It's the holy grail of Window Press books. Absolutely unobtainable.

My first acquaintance with the Loxwood Dependants³ had come in the early 1980s. An article in the Society Magazine,⁴ while superficial, broke new ground as being approved by members of this private, indeed somewhat reclusive, sect. It would be another decade before my growing friendship with Alfred Goodwin, last elder of the sect, would lead to a series of more detailed articles in the Society Magazine. Alfred Goodwin was ailing in the mid-1990s and as a final gesture gave me what documentation he had to add to what I already had from other sources. Some of this new material was very early. In 1998 the Press produced *John Sirgood's Way*, a first full-length study of the sect. 150 numbered copies again, and again all sold - if not as quickly as *Not all Sunshine*. Occasionally some despairing researcher contacts me; I can only refer them to the public library service or the British Library.

Less ambitious in scale and perhaps more befitting the rather stretched resources of the Press was *A View of Edwardian Lurgashall* (2000). My first contact with the typescript is shrouded now in myth. Did someone really pass it over to a complete stranger on a bus excursion in the West Country? At this distance in time, it probably doesn't matter very much. The author, H.S. Roots, had died in the 1970s but he had produced a minor classic. Brought up in turn of the century Lurgashall, and son of the village schoolmaster, Roots was an educated man with an eye for detail. Crucially he had left Lurgashall a few years before 1914 and had never returned, save for one trip to look at the war memorial and ponder on the fate of so many of his schoolmates. Roots himself, something of an invalid as a boy, went through the war and returned. In later years he worked as an education officer in the West Country. This book appeared as a paperback and in a relatively simple format. It sold well and needed a reprint. I have about a dozen copies left.

Over the years I'd continued with the evening classes. With this material and the recollection of so many Petworth people recorded in the Society Magazine, it was surely time to set this down. No claim to be definitive; at best a benchmark for future efforts. The history of Petworth can never be "done and dusted": it's something living and changing. I thought of Mr. McLachlan between the wars. So much material, apparently, and not a shred has come down to us. I didn't, of course, start from scratch but there's a lot of difference between having the material and setting it out coherently. The first volume (to 1660) appeared in 2002, part

³ Popularly known as "Cokelers", a nickname the Dependants did not themselves favour

⁴ PSM 29

2 in 2006. This latter was a limited, numbered edition of 300. Like the other limited editions (all sold out) this one will take a little while to sell, then be effectively unobtainable.

Whither the Window Press? There are ideas; some may mature, others fall by the wayside. A view of what it's like to run a small shop and concurrently lecture in biblical studies at a university a hundred and fifty miles away? Physical and spiritual commuting. I wouldn't recommend it in practice or, perhaps, for reading. A very short run*. Are we looking at a Petworth rarity whose only merit is its scarcity? The Window Press has come a long way since 1976. Hopefully its journey is not yet quite over.

P.

* *Cucumbers are finite* will be available early in the New Year.

"I have some very nice seedling coreopsis ..."

To an extent local history is a matter of resurrecting forgotten details, an attempt to re-imagine "the day of small things."¹ What remains of the correspondence of John Pitfield is a case in point.² Pitfield was a busy professional, principal at the Market Square solicitors. He was also an active and senior worker for the local Conservative Association and a leading light socially. Among much else he was churchwarden and a noted horticulturalist. It is, then, no surprise to find that he was bombarded with a constant volley of incoming mail, catalogues, brochures, pleas for charitable aid, invoices and accounts, to say nothing of a steady stream of letters from family and acquaintances. Clearly a proportion of all this received his undivided attention: equally clearly a significant segment did not. Much, briefly opened (or in some cases not) was set aside for another day, a day that never came. A hundred years on, even an occasional cheque in Pitfield's favour remains uncashed. Dilatory? Perhaps, or in sheer self-defence, did John Pitfield simply have, in modern terms, to prioritise? We cannot know. What we can say is that what still remains for that putative "another day" is precisely that forgotten detail that is so vulnerable, so invariably jettisoned and, once jettisoned, irretrievable.

In 1911 St. Mary's still boasted its famous spire.³ That spire had a lightning conductor



John Pitfield

¹ Zechariah iv 10

² See also *Meteorites* (PSM 126)

³ Removed in 1947 - see main pictures

fitted by Richard Anderson of London "a considerable number of years" before. Anderson now writes to the churchwardens: "we ... strongly advise that same be tested and examined to determine whether it is still in efficient order, and if you so desire, we should be glad to send our representative to do this and give you a report thereon." Richard Anderson is not the only contractor with an eye on the conductor, but we may suppose that, as he had fitted the original, he would be given the work. His impressive credentials, Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, Kensington Palace and the Tower of London would be difficult to rival but he may not perhaps have been the cheapest contractor.

If a conductor might insulate against material damage, a good churchwarden might act for the rector in a roughly analogous way in less purely physical matters. Is eight o'clock really the right time for a vestry meeting? So H.E. Watson, Lord Leconfield's aristocratic land agent, asks somewhat querulously in 1907: "I have been in Petworth 20 years and never remember a vestry meeting at 8.00pm - usually I think 6 or 6.30 Parish Councils are fixed for 6.30 by the legislators at an hour suited to the working men. You and I are not working men so I suppose we must bow to those who are." What does "H.E." mean by working men? Hardly those labouring men so tantalisingly recalled by Edwin Sanders⁴ as going in spring time to a local common to hear the nightingale, taking some strong beer with them and staying a few hours. A vestry meeting would be no place for them. H.E. no doubt is thinking of local tradespeople. Shop hours were longer then and Messrs. Watson and Pitfield a conscious class apart.

The church had been altered in 1904 and the Iron Room⁵ off the Market Square built to house the displaced congregation. In January 1905, with the church back in action, Messrs. Brindley and Foster report that water has entered certain portions of the great organ but that it is not possible to ascertain the damage until the pipes are removed and the soundboard taken out. By December there has clearly been some disagreement and John Pitfield is about to remove the organ from the care of Messrs. Brindley and Foster. Mr. Foster has his own view of the matter. "As a pecuniary transaction the smallness of the amt. involved makes it hardly worth troubling you about, but there is another and much more important side to this question, which I feel should be laid before you. Your present organ is built upon our patented tubular pneumatic system, with which the ordinary organ builder is entirely unacquainted, and in case of any regulation or repair being required, any one ignorant of the system may do endless damage" Check mate? Quite possibly.

The church alterations obviously involved a certain reordering of seats, apparently dealt with by John Pitfield. So Mrs. Pull, wife of the head gardener at Petworth House, writes in July 1904, "I am writing to ask you if you would allot 4 sittings to us in the church. If possible we should prefer the west gallery as we were accustomed to sit there prior to the alterations." Dr. Spicer from North Street, very much a part of John Pitfield's social circle, has a variation on this theme: "Would you mind bringing up before the meeting of churchwardens the question of the keeping of seats. On the last three occasions I have been to church the seats allotted to us have been filled up, although on each occasion I have been in time and on two out of three occasions in ample time."

⁴ P. Jerrome: *Tread Lightly Here* (1990) page 104

⁵ Photograph *ibid.* page 199. As is so often the fate of temporary buildings, the Iron Room would survive a further sixty years

POSTPONED SALE.

MESSRS.

DEATH & SON

Beg to announce that the Auction Sale of

SHRUBS & ROSES,

Postpoued from last Monday,

Will take place at their

ROOMS IN LOMBARD STREET, PETWORTH,

ON TUESDAY NEXT, December 6th, 1898,

The Plants having arrived, and they may be viewed at any time.

Catalogues and further particulars of the AUCTIONEERS.

- West Sussex Gazette Office, 19, Carfax, Horsham.

No garden centres in 1898! Messrs Death hold a plant auction in Lombard Street.
Poster much reduced.

A year or two earlier Mr. Alfred Capper had proffered his coloured brochure for Mr. Pitfield's consideration. He is currently booking engagements throughout England for his mind-reading entertainment, a performance of some two hours, featuring "mysterious phenomena interspersed with musical and dramatic interludes." Capper has already appeared before all the members of the Royal Family, the Empress Eugenie, Sarah Bernhardt and Ellen Terry, to mention just a few. A testimonial from a "country rector" speaks of Mr. Capper as "an exposé of spiritualistic phenomena, of his ability 'to show up these "cranks"' and his "exposures of sham spiritualistic humbugs," so it would seem that Mr. Capper's act was a conscious counterblast to the contemporary vogue for psychic phenomena. We do not hear that this act was engaged. Mr. Pitfield and the hierarchy at St. Mary's no doubt judging that Petworth was not particularly susceptible to such strange doctrine and did not need Mr. Capper's refutation of them.

Petworth was frequently visited by missionaries, often on leave from some far corner of the globe, or their representatives in this country. The Parish Magazine sometimes testifies to the difficulty of providing a respectable audience. Well-to-do families often had their own particular mission to which they devoted their fund-raising energies. If John Pitfield often consigned yet another plea for funds to "another day" he may perhaps be forgiven: there were so many. Not all envelopes, however, carried demands. Very much to the point is a note on Petworth House headed notepaper. "For the collection tonight L" Presumably his lordship would be missing the service.

Sometimes church and horticulture meet. Miss Sutton seeks a contribution in kind for her "I wish" stall at the 1909 Rectory Fête, or Mrs. Beachcroft, the doctor's wife, requests produce for her stall at the Japanese Bazaar in 1901 - put on to help with the debt on the church schools. Horticulture was a kind of freemasonry within a select group. So writing on May 27th⁶ Mrs Spicer, the doctor's wife. "I hope you remember that you once rashly told me to ask you for any plants I wanted at this season of the year. I have not got a single chrysanthemum in the garden and if you have a few to spare I should be very grateful, also have you any heliotropes to spare? I have some very nice seedling coreopsis Suttons special sort to spare if you would care for them. They are just ready for planting out."

The Edwardian age was a great one for gardening and no nursery worth its salt lacked the exotic. John Pitfield was deluged with horticultural catalogues from all over Britain. Thomas Rogers at Fernbank, Ludsworth "within 20 minutes walk of Selham Station" could stand comparison with anyone. Fern, fruit trees, perennials, he had everything. "He also wishes to draw notice that Goods can be delivered by his own carts with 8 or 10 miles of the Nursery, if a sufficient quantity is ordered...." It seems surprising that "Tommy" Rogers should ever find the time for chess!⁷

Mr. Davies, the manager at the London and County Bank in Market Square was, like the doctors, a member of the charmed circle. He writes, "Dear Pitfield, Thanks so much for the delicious pears you have so kindly sent us. This is the time of day that I most enjoy fruit

⁶ No year given, an indication of the ephemeral nature of this kind of material

⁷ See *George Garland and the Ludsworth Chess Club* in this magazine



I am not sure about the rainbow but this colourful study of the Old Mill at Coultershaw is dated 24.6.19 and initialled J.R.H.



Mabel Wadsworth apparently at Petworth Station between the wars.
See "Lawn mowings in the grotto".

and I have been indulging in them with great pleasure. Kind regards from us both." Did Mr. Davies, soon to leave for Australia⁸ really have a particular time to enjoy fruit or did the thought help to fill out a brief note? At an interval of a century it is as impossible to say as it would have been at the time.

At a distance of years remarks that would have seemed anodyne at the time, now reflect a world that has utterly changed. Here is part of John Penrose's Christmas message to his parishioners: "Parents, do not let home celebrations prevent you from coming to Church with your children. Masters and Mistresses, please give every facility you can to your servants to share in the Christian observance of the day. 'For unto you was born this day, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.'" We may recall just months before Florence Rapley noting in her diary (9th April 1911)⁹: "went to Duncton in morning Mr. Carruthers spoke on the breaking of the spikenard box and the advantage of being contemplative - one wonders why all rectory servants are not allowed to contemplate at each service instead of being expected to slave away at housework"

With an interregnum at the Rectory in 1906, D. Nicholson, the gardener, applies to Suttons of Reading for a 21 shilling collection of vegetable seeds. As churchwarden John Pitfield is asked to authorise this. The original letter and return envelope remain inviolate. Dilatory? We may have to think so.

From 1914 the material diminishes in quantity and finally peters out altogether. Messrs. Suttons' seed catalogue for 1915 has a patriotic cover with crossed Union Jacks and a definite accent on growing vegetables. Mr. Pitfield's new speedometer costs a princely £3.10.0, and the Bishop is seeking parish funds to heat the special churches newly built for the troops at Seaford and Shoreham. These were each capable of holding a thousand men and hosting five parade services each Sunday. The chaplains, however, have reported that, "their work is seriously hampered by the impossibility of holding other services in the early morning or in the evening owing to there being no means of lighting or warming the Churches." Owing to calls for greater economy, the War Office is unable to help. While the return from and envelope remain intact, a note on the incoming envelope reads "? Collection on Jan: 2nd/16."

While the correspondence reveals virtually nothing of John Pitfield's personality; as we have seen it often casts a sharp light on contemporary attitudes. "The day of small things" - the prophet may have urged his hearers to disdain it, but he had a particular project in mind, he was not enunciating a general principle. Local history must be a re-imagining of "the day of small things" or, if you like, a leisurely stroll along forgotten byways. Dilatory John Pitfield may or may not have been, but he and his correspondence can be a stimulating guide along those byways.

P.

⁸ PSM 63

⁹ *So Sweet as the Phlox Is* (Window Press 1993), page 107

Thistle dodging and lamb's tail pie. Early days at Crawfold

My parents weren't local people, they had moved down from Oxfordshire in 1928, part of a general movement of farmers into this area between the wars, and, in fact, before 1914. Mother and Father both came from farming families. Crawfold, I'm told is a corruption of Crabbefold and the old Sussex people sometimes pronounced it Cravell or even Craffle. My father did this occasionally himself. By Wealden standards Crawfold was a sizeable farm, well over three hundred acres and part of the Leconfield Estate. Our immediate predecessors had been the Childs family, but for three centuries and more the farm had been in the Ede family who had at one time farmed Medhone and Battlehurst, possibly others. They had left in 1900. Someone else had taken over from them but I couldn't give them a name. As children we weren't greatly aware of the past. Crawfold was a mixed farm in the early days, as most local farms were. There were cows to be milked, sheep and pigs, and of course arable crops. A bit of everything.

Balls Cross was the centre of our little world. There was the village local, the Stag, the garage and the shop. It was all about a mile from the farmhouse. We children went to Ebernoe school, something I remember with affection although at the time Kirdford, which was slightly nearer, seemed the more obvious choice.

Virtually every field had its own name, something that has largely gone now, particularly with ten acre fields turned into forty or fifty acre expanses with the uprooting of hedges. An early task for us children was "thistle dodging," cutting off the heads of thistles with a kind of hoe. The thistles were often at least as tall as we were. "Dodging" might have prevented thistles from seeding but it didn't do a lot else. Sheaves of wheat or barley would still be full of thistles and painful to pick up. Flax was widely grown in the 1930s and 1940s both for fibre and for oil. It would be collected by lorry and taken to the Sussex Flax Mills at Buxted. For fibre the crop needed to be cut with a long stem - it would then be made up into sheaves rather like wheat. It would be roughly ricked before being taken to Buxted.

Another job for us children was to feed the sheep on turnips of which we grew a lot. It could be a dual crop: in the season workers would come from Chichester to take off the green top while the sheep had the roots. We'd bathe in the river Kird, which we were told formed the boundary between Kirdford and Balls Cross. It was full of dead tree trunks and what to modern eyes might appear all manner of hazards, but as children we never gave this a thought. As we looked out of the kitchen window at the farmhouse, we could see a ditch and a bank and, this, we were told was the Ebernoe - Petworth boundary.

Crawfold was the first farm in the area to have a combine harvester and tradition had it that it had been the last farm in the area to use oxen. This would have been during the Ede family's tenure. In 1947 my brother Jack, who was very good mechanically, and I, used the new combine to get in all the harvest. It was an imported Moline from Minneapolis and was a marvellous machine - except on the rare occasions when it broke down and then Dad had to go over to Wokingham for spare parts.

The house at Crawfold was age old. Apparently it's a hall house from the thirteenth century. Part of it was taken down in the 1960s as redundant - the dairy with its coppers and sinks and the cider house. There was also a "ploughboys'" room upstairs. It seemed enormous to us children, possibly less so to us as adults. Certainly it was never used for ploughboys in our time but on larger farms like Crawfold we were told that at one time, every autumn and spring, itinerant ploughboys would come to work, dossing down in the large room, then going away again. We used it as a lumber room.

One field was called Town Path - it led through to Medhone and was allegedly one of the old roads through to Petworth. Denchers was another field name, I have no idea what the origin of this was. Crawfold was heavy Wealden clay and ploughing would, if at all possible, be done in autumn to give the weather a chance to break down the clay. A farm needed labour and there were two farm cottages down the lane and another on the main road, one of a pair of which the other went with Allfields. That's three men, while old Mr. Stillwell came in from a little further out.

We were aware of flora and fauna, even if we found nothing spectacular. I particularly remember seeing an otter in the Kird. I was standing on the bridge and watched it swimming up towards me. The most unusual plant I found was a red helleborine orchid. As children we always knew where to find the first oxslips or the white (blue) bells - nothing very unusual of course - or the wild daffodils in the woods, or a snipe on a piece of marshy land. During the war we had German and Italian prisoners and they built a strut bridge over the river to link Crawfold with neighbouring Idolsfold. It wouldn't carry a tractor but otherwise was solid enough. At one time my father farmed Crawfold, Idolsfold and Medhone. He reckoned you'd never see a hare north of Petworth but I did see one once at Medhone.

As Leconfield land this was very much hunting territory. There were even brick-built foxes' lairs. As children we were always keen to open the gates for the riders as we might be given sixpence. I certainly remember receiving one from Lord Leconfield himself. Sid Scriven the farmer, was a friend of ours, and his housekeeper was an expert maker of lambs' tail pie, a delicacy of which Lord Leconfield was particularly fond. From time to time she'd present his lordship with one of these pies.

Father took us to school in the car but we had to make our own way back. By today's standards it seems an inordinate distance but we thought nothing of it, finding such short cuts through the fields as we could, or racing each other to Balls Cross from one telegraph pole to another. Miss Joles was at Ebernoe school when we first went there. She seemed very severe to us younger girls, but found the older boys quite difficult to control. Mrs Brown was the infants' teacher. Miss Joles left, to be replaced by Mrs Bateson who had been teaching at Lodsworth. Like any teacher, the new head had her own ideas: on May 24th, Empire Day, the Union flag was hung from an oak tree and we children saluted it. Or there were the school plays. My brother was Jack-in-the-Green once, hidden in a kind of cage of hazel greenery.

Ebernoe was, in truth, very isolated and never more so than during the war. When the teachers anticipated an air raid there was a cry of "scramble" and we all ran out into the woods. The thinking was that if a bomb fell we wouldn't all be huddled together in one place. How did they know an air-raid was imminent? I never found out. There was no telephone. Possibly they were listening for the faint wail of the Petworth siren.

A great school event was Admiral Heath's Christmas party at Ebernoe House. There was a Christmas tree with a present for every child and tea and sandwiches - it was wartime after all and the Admiral and his wife must have found it all quite difficult. Then there was the annual visit from the school dentist, parking his caravan along the drive. We dreaded this. There was no running water and we all spat out into a little metal bowl which soon became filled with bloodied water. Come to that the school itself had only earth closets.

The Ebernoe Young Farmers Club started about this time. I was secretary and my brother chairman. It still survives of course. Horn Fair was a red letter day but I don't remember going as a small child.

An unusual feature at Crawfold was a rick basin, a large permanent round red brick structure. You'd put some hazel twigs in the middle as a base then build up the rick from the base. When the rick was to be threshed, there would still be rats and mice, if perhaps a few less, and all the neighbourhood dogs were summoned to take them as they leapt from the rick.

At Crawfold we had one tap for the whole house and no electricity until the 1950s. There was a three-seater "thunderbox" at the end of the garden. I remember some land girls, who were doing day work, finishing in the evening and saying to my mother, "Please could we use your bathroom?" Rather embarrassed she could only direct them down to the bottom of the garden.

One of our German prisoners-of-war had a sister in Manchester and my father somehow arranged for her to come down to see him. I'm sure this was highly irregular but it worked. I can still remember the two of them rushing down a field and into one another's arms. Irregular it may have been but it's something I've never forgotten.

When we first came to Crawfold, horses were still being used and tractors had the old spade lugs and were started with a handle. The farm was a popular venue for ploughing matches, vision was excellent and there was one ninety acre field and another of sixty. I remember an old man giving me a huge pear. It seemed almost as large as I was and the juice spurted all over me.

It seems, looking back, in some ways a sheltered life. Petworth? A distant metropolis. Mother would cycle in and Dad had a butcher's shop in the High Street (now Déja Vu). There was another shop on the green at Kirdford and two more at Godalming and Alfold. I never really understood the butchery dimension. I do know however that if he took me into Petworth in the car he'd park in High Street, disappear into the shop, get chatting and it seemed hours before he re-emerged!

Jill Biggs (with help from her sister Joan) was talking to the Editor.

Malham and Lee Place Farms, Wisborough Green

Early in the last century several farmers moved from Devon to Sussex, looking probably to be nearer the London markets. A number of farms in the area were vacant at this time. My

grandfather moved his farm - lock, stock and barrel, hiring a special train to bring it all up. I don't know whether he came to Pulborough or Billingshurst, but everything came - cattle, carts, sheep, even the chickens, although he did lose some of the last. He took Pallingham Farm which was then part of the Leconfield Estate and it would be perhaps the early 1900s, my father was of school age and went to Midhurst Grammar School. My grandfather found Lord Leconfield very fair with his tenants; he took a great interest and made a point of walking his farms himself. There were fourteen children in the family and they had all travelled up from Devonshire in addition to the animals, carts, ploughs and all equipment. Getting it all from the station to Pallingham must have taken days if not weeks.

Some time afterward my grandfather had a fall from his horse; he became hooked up in the stirrup and was dragged through a field of mangels, hitting his head against the roots. While he recovered to some extent, he was never really the same and my uncle helped him to run the farm. I don't know what the exact arrangement was.

My own father took Malham Farm at Wisborough Green. Malham had a nice house and my father was there some years. I was born there in 1916 and hence my earliest memories are of Malham which was a tenant farm belonging to Sir Charles Fielding who lived at Oakhurst. Sir Charles was somewhat portly and I remember he had a piece cut out of his table to accommodate him.

There were six of us children, four girls and two boys. My first school was Wisborough Green - I can remember walking there from Malham. We subsequently moved from Malham to Lee Place Farm on the south side of Wisborough Green and I went on to Horsham High School and my two brothers to Collyers. Looking back, the journey from Lee Place seems horrendous - up in the dark and away on our bicycles to Billingshurst to catch the train to Horsham. Once arrived at Horsham we'd still have a fair walk to Horsham High School or to Collyers. Several of our cousins from Harsfold at Wisborough Green would join us to go to Billingshurst and we'd all cycle together.

Mr. and Mrs. Voice had a general shop near the station at Billingshurst. I don't think I ever went in there, but I can still see hardware items like buckets hanging outside. They had an old Ford tin-lizzie which was used for taxi work. Often I'd see them jacking up a wheel, with Mr. Voice peering through the rails of the bridge over the track, then signalling to the person below that someone had got off the train and wanted a taxi. The Voices had a horse-drawn hansom cab in the shed where we kept our bicycles, and also a horse-drawn hearse. The hearse horses had big black plumes and blackened hooves. They tended to move rather stiffly through lack of exercise. I don't know why they jacked up the tin-lizzie; I always thought it was something to do with the starting handle. Money was fairly tight and eventually I left Horsham High School so that my younger sister could go there. Miss Marchant was headmistress then.

Life was certainly quieter than now; cart horses, wonderful animals, were still in regular use. Dad bought one to use in a trap but found it was an excellent animal to ride in point-to-points. Dad would almost inevitably win the farmers' class and there were always silver cups in the house to prove it. Certainly the horse wasn't great to look at but it turned out to be a marvellous hunter. Such horses were often crosses - mother a cart horse and father a thoroughbred - that's where the turn of speed came from.

Sometime about this period, the late 1920s perhaps, Dad bought a car, an Overland. It looked very much like a Ford tin-lizzie. I can remember Dad saying "whoa" to the car to try to make it slow down, temporarily forgetting he was not in control of his horse. We six children would pile into it, two sitting on stools in the back. At least once in the summer Dad would take us all in the car to the sea at Worthing. Very much a day to look forward to. He wouldn't allow us to swim, understandable I suppose, with six children to keep an eye on, but we could build sandcastles or paddle. It was always Worthing. Dad had a special garage where he could leave his car - they seemed to know him very well even though he only came once a year. He wouldn't teach us girls to drive, it wasn't necessary for girls to drive, he said, only boys.

Motoring was certainly an adventure in those days. The tyres, I understood, were held in by rivets and these could come adrift, and if one did then it was a fair old job to get the car back on the road. Dad never took the Overland up Bury Hill if he could avoid it, taking the more gradual Houghton Hill. A.A. men were about saluting members, and of course members had keys to the fairly numerous A.A. telephone boxes.

I would have liked to train as a nurse: I really felt I had the vocation but Dad wouldn't have it. He liked, as far as possible to keep the family around him. I helped my mother when I left school. It wasn't exactly that she needed "looking after", more that with a fairly large family there was usually plenty to do. I didn't work on the farm. My sister Nancy did have a job away from home: she was teaching at Kirdford school.

I married from Lee Place. My husband was a vet and we lived at Midhurst. Unfortunately he became ill with T.B. and died quite young. At the end he went to his parents at Capel who had a nurse for him. Eventually I and our young daughter Sheila, left Midhurst, stored our furniture and went back to live with my parents.

After five years back with my parents I married again. Jimmy and I lived out at Redhill Farm off the London Road a tenant farm owned by Mr Luttman-Johnson. We were there for twelve years during which time we had three daughters. It would be interesting now to go back and see how it has changed. Redhill was comparatively small and Jimmy farmed it in conjunction with his father's farm at nearby Osiers. When Moor Farm fell vacant, Jimmy asked if he could take it. We had many happy years at Moor, with all four of the girls getting married from there, until retirement in 1980. Sadly Jimmy did not enjoy good health and he died in 1986 at the age of 70. The four girls, Sheila, Craig, Sarah and Lyn have been a source of great comfort and help to me and continue to keep me on the straight and narrow.

Excerpted from the tape of a conversation between Florence Wardrop and Jean Gilhooly

"And varied are their occupations" George Garland and the Lodsworth Chess Club

Chess was an integral part of George Garland's early life, and his association with the famous Lodsworth Chess Club an enduring one. As a young man Garland was a very considerable player, certainly of County standard. The origins of the Lodsworth club lay in the decade before Garland's birth in 1900 and by the early 1930s two varying traditions were current of its origins, best seen, perhaps, as complementing one another. Writing in the *West Sussex Gazette* for 31st December 1931 Percy Johnson writes a propos a recent match between the Lodsworth Club and Guildford: "I think I may say that I am the father of the Lodsworth Club, for about 45 years ago Northchapel was, thanks to the then Rector, the Rev. James Knight, noted for its chess players and I had the pleasure of teaching dozens of village lads to play the game. Among them was one who went to Lodsworth to work and he got in touch with two young men there and taught them the moves. These young men, I am glad to see, won their games at the top boards at Guildford. I refer, of course, to those well-known players Messrs W, and J. Bridger. This is, I think, the origin of the Lodsworth Chess Club." Percy George Lloyd Johnson appears in Kelly's 1907 Director for Northchapel as a grocer and baker. In the years before 1914 he makes occasional appearances in Northchapel or Petworth teams against Lodsworth. In the early 1920s he occasionally appears for Lodsworth.

An article in the *Gazette* for the following year, not obviously a reply to Percy Johnson, offers a variant tradition. According to this, in the late 1880s, the Rev. G.S. Chilver, then vicar of Lodsworth, interested a local nurseryman, Tommy Rogers in the game, the two frequently matching their wits at the vicarage. Master Rogers would be Honorary Treasurer in the early days. It would, however, be the dramatic arrival on the scene of the two teenage sons of a local farmer, William and James Bridger which would lead to the formation of the club and ultimately give this tiny outpost in the far north west of the county a reputation far beyond its immediate vicinity. As pupils of Mr Chilver, the two boys showed "such chess aptitude that they soon became two of the strongest players in Sussex - they were both destined to become chess champions of the county."

Tradition would have it that the Bridger boys were wont to play chess without sight of board or men when ploughing on their father's farm, calling out their moves as they came within hailing distance one of another. By 1893 one of the brothers was chess champion of Sussex. The club's status grew accordingly and the prestigious McArthur Cup was won in the early 1890s. In 1906 the club found an enthusiastic new supporter in Charles Simms, the artist, who had come to live in the village.

In an age when travel was by train, Lodsworth's geography was frustrating. The nearest stations were Petworth, Midhurst, Haslemere or, perhaps, Selham. Competitive matches were relatively infrequent. Usually five or six a year, half of these, of course, being at home. In 1902 train fares for a match at Horsham came to 5/10^d with a further five shillings expenses for tea - serious finance for a club with a restricted membership and an annual subscription

of a shilling. Leisure too was hard-won and might fall differently for different people. Clubs like Hastings or Christ Church (Brighton) might wish to play Saturdays, a virtual impossibility for Lodsworth's farmers, nurserymen and small retailers, while Wednesday was equally difficult in larger towns. Never strong numerically, the Lodsworth Chess Club survived some lean years before 1914. With the outbreak of war is disbanded.

By the close of 1919 the club remained dormant but a new era was about to dawn. George Garland, still not yet twenty, had established a considerable local reputation as a chess player and came over to Lodsworth to give several successful exhibitions of simultaneous play. The club was revived. Clearly Garland looked upon Lodsworth, remote as its location was, as the spiritual home of chess in the western party of the county. It was the beginning of an association that would endure for more than three decades and cease only with the club's demise in the 1950s. On the face of it, Garland's initiative might appear a little precocious, Lodsworth after all had two county class players, but it had the desired effect. He had taken up chess during a period of enforced idleness due to a serious eye condition, cycling regularly to Midhurst to play the Rev Tatchell. Competitive matches in the early 1920s were played at the Railway Hotel, adjoining Petworth Station, Garland still living at the Railway with his mother and Henry Streeter, his stepfather. The Railway would benefit perhaps from the extra business, but, more important, in an age of train travel, visitors would be spared the awkward further return trip to Lodsworth. The home team, equally, could make the reciprocal gesture of travelling to Petworth. Trains remained crucial; the club's rather sporadic competitive forays were often disrupted through individual matches forfeited by missed trains or changing timetables. The Bridger brothers remain central figures but now the backbone of the team would not necessarily be Lodsworth-based. A full strength team from this period might consist of the Bridger brothers, George Garland, F.H.E. Bowyer from Midhurst, the Petworth chemist, the long serving John Randall and perhaps Percy Johnson. The McArthur Cup was again won by Lodsworth but after 1924 comes another hiatus, the club being effectively defunct.

October 1930 saw another resuscitation, some eight members meeting, Messrs. J. Bridger, Randall and Rogers, George Garland, the Tooth¹ brothers from Lodsworth, C. Lucas², another founder member, and F.G. Chandler, a veteran of the old Petworth club. While it may have been pleasing to see some of the old members, too many were survivors from the 1890s, while Chandler was the same vintage. Resuscitation perhaps, but hardly renewal. The old problems persisted: Lodsworth was remote, it had always been remote. A McArthur Cup excursion ended in stalemate. After two successful sorties to play Horsham and Christ Church II, Hastings II³ were the opponents in the final. Hastings could field their best team only on a Saturday, Lodsworth only on a Wednesday. Hastings, in default of an agreement, were the previous year's winners and they retained the trophy. It was the beginning of a long split between Lodsworth and the Sussex Chess Association.

¹ For the Tooth brothers during the 1914-1918 war see PSM 126 "Dora takes a hand"

² Charles Lucas was a nurseryman

³ Only second teams from the larger chess centres were eligible for the McArthur Cup. The Cup was intended to foster chess playing in the smaller centres

Lodsworth was 'different' and saw itself as different. It prided itself on its social mix. In 1930 the annual subscription had been retained at a shilling. Writing in the *Midhurst Times* for 21st October 1932, 'A correspondent', possibly Garland himself, pointed up this 'difference'. "Many of the members of the Lodsworth club are working men, and varied are their occupations. The village sexton may be seen crossing pawns in friendly rivalry with the local grocer, while a solicitor member may be seen studiously immersed in the intricate combination of his gardener opponent!" While the social mix might remain, the old shilling subscription was quite unsustainable: in 1933 it was raised to six shillings.

A Jubilee dinner was scheduled for October 1939, but 'owing to the war, with its consequent petrol rationing and lighting restrictions on vehicles,' it was not held. It seems it was never held. By February 1940 members are still travelling to Lodsworth despite difficulties with petrol. 'Everyone with a car and petrol gives a lift.' Of Lodsworth residents only John Randall and James Rogers remained. Eventually petrol rationing prevailed completely.

After the war, the club, having but the one Lodsworth member remaining, moved to Petworth, free accommodation being offered by the Lombard Street Club,⁴ the only condition being that the chess players become members of the Petworth Club. Tuesday night between seven and ten o'clock would be the regular chess night. This respite appears to have been short lived. Final entries are for wreaths, the last for John Randall in 1954. Lodsworth Chess Club was no more.

P.

I have used a rough notebook running from 1895 through to 1954 but having several considerable lacunae. Even at its most informative it is little more than a collection of casual notes. For the period from 1920 to 1939 there is a 'report' book containing newspaper cuttings and some rather selective accounts of meetings.

⁴ Still existing, a social club not a chess club

A tribute from Uncle Mac.

Frank Tatchell, the Midhurst incumbent, was a great character and confidant of the young George Garland. This tribute from 'Uncle Mac' of Children's Hour fame appeared in the *Radio Times* in 1932.

MAC says—

Hullo Children!

I MUST ask your indulgence in allowing me to make reference to the Reverend Frank Tatchell, of Midhurst, Sussex, of whose death I have only just heard. His was a great personality, and I can only remember him as being one of the most remarkable men I have ever met.

I first met him at sea more than ten years ago when we were about ten days out of Rio de Janeiro, and homeward bound. He died at sea last February, and I can only believe that he would have wished that, because he loved ships, and loved travelling. Indeed, his book, *The Happy Traveller*, is one of my most cherished possessions.

When I entered the smoking-lounge on the upper deck one morning, I noticed a clergyman sitting at a small table poring over a chess board. I am fond of chess, so I stood beside him watching the development of a problem. He looked up and smiled, and said: 'Good morning, my name is Tatchell—do you also play chess?' Afterwards he explained to me that when he is alone at sea in similar circumstances, and feels he would like to strike up acquaintance with someone, he just sits down and sets up the chessmen on a board. 'It nearly always comes off', he continued, 'and I find that if people like chess, then, frequently, they and I will have much in common!'

To be quite accurate, I had noticed Frank Tatchell on the first day out, and I had taken particular stock of him as I observed his action at the time. This was to cut a little slit in the lining of his coat, extract a bank note, and then with the aid of a small 'housewife' set to work to repair the damage.

He was a real traveller, who travelled simply and roughly, because, as he himself said: 'If you travel first-class you miss all the fun, and meet nearly all the wrong people!' I liked him immensely, and he was the poor man's friend who had the reputation of 'never turning away anyone who might ask for help at his door'. Another example of his generosity was shown by a notice which he once hung in his vicarage window. It said: 'Tramps whose boots are done for can obtain a new pair here', and I remember that he was wearing stout, nailed boots when first I met him. He knew the value of a good, strong pair of boots for travelling in rough places, and his travels took him all over the world.

That's all for now— Mac.



Lodsworth Village.

Lodsworth before 1914 – a Frith postcard.

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NOTE—The Head Quarters are open for Country (subscription 1/- per annum) and fully privileged Local (subscription 10/6 per annum) Members every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday from 6 p.m. to 11 p.m., and on Wednesday from 2.15 to 11 p.m., in addition to this (which are times when the whole suite of rooms are open) there is a comfortable room on the second floor, open daily from 11 a.m., likewise for the use of Country and fully privileged Local Members.

The official organ of the Association is the "SUSSEX CHESS JOURNAL," which is published monthly, Post Free 1/6 per annum, and contains records of events, official notices, games, problems, &c. &c.

Re Simultaneous Exhibition *September 21st 1890*

Sir I have arranged for Mr H. W. Butler & Mr G. J. Humphrey of Brighton to give an exhibition of simultaneous play here - in connection with above - on Wednesday October 8th.

Would you kindly grant us permission to use the Town Hall on this as on a previous similar occasion?

Thanking you in advance, I remain

Yours respectfully
Percy Arnold
Local Hon. Sec.

H. E. Watson Esq.

Chess at Petworth in 1890. Percy Arnold seeks permission from Lord Leconfield to use the Town Hall for an exhibition of simultaneous play by Mr H. W. Butler and Mr G. J. Humphrey, both from Brighton.

A Fittleworth enquiry



George Garland had a number of pictures by the Fittleworth artist P. H. Padwick. He thought a great deal of them although they always seemed to me a little sombre. I think that George made a specific bequest of them in his will, I can't now remember. Has anyone any recollection of Padwick?

P

New Members

Mr. J. Alleston	328b, Percy Terrace, Grove Street, Petworth, GU28 0BB.
Mrs. J. Bottone	Arun Lodge, 5, Mason's Way, Pulborough, RH20 1DZ.
Mr. and Mrs. A. Francis	4, Bramfield Road, Felpham, Bognor Regis, PO22 7LX.
Mr. and Mrs. M. Oakland	Mill Farm Cottage, Lurgashall, GU28 9ER.
Mr. E. Pawsey	Windmill House, High Street, Petworth, GU28 0AU.
Mr. and Mrs. L. Pocock	Squires Holt, Lombard Street, Petworth, GU28 0AG.
Mr. and Mrs. T. Redman	North End House, North Street, Petworth, GU28 9NL.
Mr. N. Talman	9, Carnavon Place, Andover Road, Newbury, Berks., RG14 6LP.

