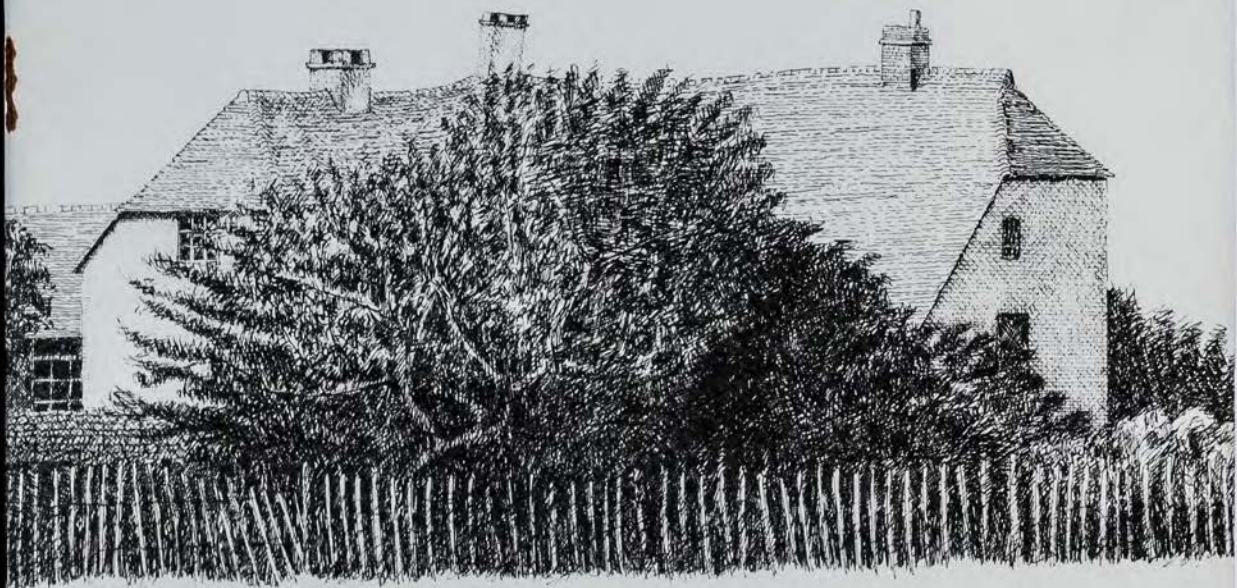




THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
Magazine



NO. 134. DECEMBER 2008

Contents

- 2 Constitution and Officers
- 3 Chairman's Notes
- 3 Book review : City Streets to Sussex Lanes
- 4 It takes Allsorts
- 5 To the land of the black canons
- 7 From Fox to Stag
- 8 David and Linda's last walk of the season
- 9 "Niniveh that great city" - the September Book Sale
- 11 Deborah's Crossword
- 12 Solution to 133
- 12 Editor's Postbag
- 17 The Chichester Elm
- 20 "None quite like this one"
- 22 The A.T.C. Fife and Drum Band
- 23 A Farm "Near Petworth"
- 24 Latin? Not in my time
- 26 "I'm the Uncle" or How did you hear about us?
- 28 What's in a flag? Or John Bull's other island
- 33 Tennis at Petworth from 1900 (1)
- 38 The Loyal Angel Lodge of Oddfellows, Petworth
- 43 A Village Slate Club
- 46 Were Surrey roads any better?
- 47 Of old St. Mary's
- 51 Mr. James Buchanan's Birthday Entertainment
- 52 New Members

Cover design by Jonathan Newdick. It incorporates Jonathan's study of Sparkes Farm, Ebernoe, drawn for *Not All Sunshine Here* - a history of Ebernoe. (Window Press 1996)
Printed by Midhurst and Petworth Printers, 11 Rothermead,
Petworth (tel. 342456)
Published by the Petworth Society which is a registered Charity

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

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,
Mrs Deborah Stevenson, Mrs Patricia Turland, Mrs Linda Wort

Magazine distributors

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

Society Scrapbook

Mrs Pearl Godsmark

Coultershaw Beam Pump representatives

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

For this Magazine on tape please contact Mr Thompson.

Society Town Crier

Mr Mike Hubbard 343249

Chairman's Notes

We have the usual resumé of the quarter's activities with the exception only of the Society dinner in September, always a most enjoyable occasion, and, as usual, over subscribed. The Allsorts gave the new season a flying start, while Robert Harris's talk on the fair, to come as I write, anticipates by a week the event itself.

Jumbo Taylor has left the committee after some thirty years. I think we can call this a "qualified" retirement : this Magazine provides some indication of his continuing contribution.

Luther Roberts' woodcuts (PSM 133) were much appreciated and I include another in this issue. Regarding Ralph Ellis, mentioned in the same article, there is an attractive WSCC brochure provided by Ellis's daughter and Mr Kim Leslie (no stranger to this Society!) to accompany the siting of a commemorative blue plaque in 1995. The brochure gives a list of Sussex inn signs painted by Ellis.

Lastly, a word on the continuing uncertainty regarding the Tuesday "tip" collection. I imagine that the Parish Council are making appropriate representation regarding an issue that will intrude more immediately than most on readers of this Magazine. I suspect the real problem may not be the now somewhat tiresome mantra of "health and safety" but the fact that the rubbish is at present taken away as a whole rather than sorted into different categories. No doubt we shall be hearing more.

Peter Trafalgar Day 2008

Book review : David Johnston : City Streets to Sussex Lanes

Reviewing books can be something of a chore; having a book you actually enjoy reading can be something of a bonus. "A minor Sussex classic" trumpets the back cover. I wouldn't argue with that except to wonder what constitutes a "major Sussex classic". David Johnston lives in Petworth and is perhaps better known as a photographer : "City Streets ..." is effectively an autobiography, the city streets of the title soon giving way to country lanes but not before a graphic account of a homeless family sleeping outside on Bognor seafront on a freezing December evening. A spell follows in what had once been the workhouse at East Preston.

A new era begins with David's widowed mother marrying a somewhat itchy-footed farm labourer, a marriage that leads to an odyssey of a kind, one tied cottage to another. Dial Post, Ringmer, Lowfold, Wisborough Green, Freehold at Northchapel, then David himself working at Westlands, Petworth and at Adversane. A farm-labourer's life could be desperately hard but a recurring theme in David's book is the return forty and more years on

to find no trace surviving of that earlier culture. My favourite chapter is perhaps the hilarious account of a desperate paddle across the lake at Shillinglee in a "borrowed" dinghy, chased round the circumference by an apoplectic farmer. Perhaps my most lasting impression is of the enigmatic figure of Harry Pateman, David's stepfather, at different times jovial, taciturn, sullen and completely unreasonable.

Three last points: (1) The book is extremely well written, honest, unassuming, never sentimental, never striking a false note.

(2) The short chapters keep the reader constantly on the move, rather like the footloose Harry Pateman.

(3) So much is local, sometimes very local. Take the account of working for Algie Moss at Westlands. Many readers of these notes will remember Algie well enough.

The book carries a perceptive preface by Kim Leslie and is available at local bookshops at £8.50. Excellent value. Buy it – it really is a great read.

P.

It takes Allsorts

Michael Clenshaw, a familiar face from the Petworth Edwardians' days, introduced the new local company with an intriguing conjuring trick which ended up with liquorice allsorts for the 'stalls'.

We then stood and SANG the National Anthem, dedicated to Queen Victoria, from whose reign the evening's programme was largely drawn – heart-rending, sentimental ballads, comic and romantic songs, with linking choreography and the occasional sketch by this well-balanced and talented team. The audience was soon responding with applause, cheers, whoops and whistles, as well as joining in with the 24 songs on the 'hymnsheet'.

Some of us were reminded of the Edwardians' Richard Cox ('Why am I always a bridesmaid' and 'Nobody wants a fairy when she's forty' and Maureen Purser ('I wish I'd looked after me teeth').

The costume changes were amazing, both in number and variety, about 50 in the show, demanding so many quick changes behind the screen on the stage. The decision to perform in front of the curtains brought the player into closer contact with the audience, as well as giving space for the dance routines.

Abiding memories are of Charles Wood's moving tenor solos and his expertise with the spoons, Michael's character studies and the whole company's rendition of 'If I were not upon the stage' with the complications of co-ordinated actions and split-second timing.

Many present, including the Society's committee, were in a variety of more-or-less appropriate dress, the Chairman, failing to convince us that he was not appearing as the village idiot. The most fetching hat was judged by Tony Hancock, the musician, to be on the head of Wendy Reynolds.



*Allsorts evening. Tony Hancock judges the ladies' hats.
Photograph by Ian Godsmark.*

Lena Hill is to be congratulated on giving us a thoroughly entertaining time, together with the ladies who provided sumptuous refreshments in the interval.

KCT

To the land of the black canons – Michelham Priory August

"No, it's not a priest's hole in any shape or form." A suggestion gently set aside. A lady has a serious interest in ghosts. Do gale force winds help the ambience? It seems so. "No, there isn't a cemetery at Michelham; at least one has never been found. Burial may well have been at Hastings, of which community Michelham was originally an offshoot." There's a map of monastic Sussex on the wall. Shulbrede to the far west is coloured, like Michelham, with the

jet black of the Austin canons. No sign of Upperton and its elusive abbot. "This is a monk's house", says a mother to two toddlers. Fair enough, if slightly less than accurate: the black canons, following a rule based ultimately on Saint Augustine, were ordained priests, leading a life of prayer and contemplation that did not preclude an element of service in the local community. Six certainly, ten or a dozen perhaps and a significant body of servants. Michelham, even now, is a considerable establishment. Founded in 1229, by the fifteenth century, the community like so many others, had lost its sense of vocation. There were investigations, scandal, and the priory was dissolved in 1537. Much reduced (Arlington village, it is said, was largely built of stone from Michelham), its subsequent history followed a tortuous path as farmhouse and manor house, until it was given in trust to the Sussex Archaeological Society in 1959.

Today there's a scattering of stalls and even a few amusements. It's not immediately obvious whether the stalls are a regular weekend attraction or connected with a display of vintage cars. A theme park element if you like, certainly not for the puritan, but twenty-first century attractions can't afford to be offhand. Michelham is a big place to keep up. A well-stocked DVD stall plays its wares - *Deep in the Heart of Texas*, *The Tennessee Waltz*. Perhaps one of the more intrepid canons might have approved. At the entrance a man with a model steam engine explains with endless patience and good humour the intricacies of the model. What would places like Michelham do without their enthusiasts? The wind blows the steam relentlessly into the path, rather like Jeremiah's cauldron but without the ancient foreboding.

Out into the physic garden. Herbs for depression and insomnia. Black canons, one supposes, were no more immune from such problems than common humanity. White dead nettle, *Labium album*, self-heal, feverfew, a rangy desiccated tansy in the corner, a clump of love-in-a-mist tied together is brown with seed-bearing.

There are archers on the Sunday lawn, some in medieval dress. The wind blows across the flight of the arrows. Clearly the archers have different levels of skill. Occasionally an arrow simply squirts from the bow to fall a foot or two away. After a while comes the instruction "Collect" and all set off to retrieve.

The "car boot" marquee is battling through a long slow day. Michelham has the longest water-filled medieval moat in England. The surface is green with algae, but the swans seem happy enough. The water, we are later told at the mill, is not as still as it looks. Removing the algae, it appears, would be very expensive and there are health and safety issues over its disposal.

The wind blows the ripening medlars in the orchard, there are globe courgettes in the kitchen garden. In all the gardens total some seven acres. The wind makes the timbers creak in the great barn. The wind tugs patiently at the fabric of the day; on a sunny day these gardens would attain another dimension. Back out by the gatehouse, the mill, restored in the 1990s, stands beside the car park. Again cheerful volunteers, so much depends on them. All in all, a visit at once enjoyable and thought-provoking. Thanks very much Andy for the organisation.

P.

Andy's flat walk, September

Only the second walk of the season and September already! A rather larger gathering than usual leaves a quiet Sunday car park. Perhaps it's the chance to get out after such a prolonged wet spell. Or possibly the subtitle "From Fox and Stag and back again," suggests a Society pub crawl. If that is what Andy has in mind, we're going to arrive at the Fox Inn a good century too late.

In fact we turn off the A272 as Fox Hill begins to rise, the unexpectedly smooth single track road is half-forgotten although I've been down here often enough over the years. We eventually park in a space apparently left for woodmen's vehicles. Away to the west will be Blackbrook, straight on down the road Crawfold and Balls Cross, while Bennyfold will be diagonally across the fields. I think of going there to see Jack Purser in 1981 (PSM 25). "I left school at 13½, just before the First War but I was already used to farm work then. I would milk at Bennyfold before I went to school" Twenty seven years ago: the world seemed younger and the old characters still undiminished.



Walkers at Crawfoldon September. Photograph by Ian Godsmark.

We come out of the trees into a completely flat landscape. A light breeze blows across the browning rape stems in the empty fields. Here and there on either side of the track are new fish ponds, there are blackberries in the roadside hedge and buzzards over the woods toward Balls Cross. First low over the trees, then high to disappear in the shining wind-blown cloud. David spots five altogether, but they're not easy to pick out. He knows their distinctive call. It's probably a family, the youngsters learning to fly rather than looking for food. Can they really spot a rabbit at that height? It appears so. Watching the buzzards it's almost Crawford before we catch up, we've long passed the track to Medhone away to the right.

From Crawford it's east along a rutted track. Even after a couple of days of sun it's still very wet. More artificial lakes, the netting suggests they're used for breeding. Then another right turn, crab apples littering the path. David says the heavy wood cover will not allow spring flowers, and it's dark in the early autumn woods. The pheasant feeders are empty, the birds, it would seem, still in pens. We wind our way back to the car. We've missed the Fox by a century and we never did see the Stag. Prosecute Andy under the Trade Descriptions Act? Seems a shade churlish.

Back in the car Ian turns on the radio to see what's happened in the Grand Prix. He's unlucky - it's the tail end of the news. We learn instead that the BBC have sold the TV series *The Vicar of Dibley* to Kazakhstan. It will be dubbed into Russian and Kazhak. The Vicar of Dibley, we note, hadn't been one of our party this afternoon. Perhaps Andy's pub theme had been too much for clerical sensibilities.

P.

David and Linda's last walk of the season

Pulborough Car Park. Down the steps into a sheltered lane, then into the face of the wind in the open water meadows. Saturday had been sunny but today the sun only occasionally surprises then as soon vanishes. White cattle away in the distance. The wind blows the second growth of tansy and yarrow but there are no flowers. As we walk and then look back Pulborough comes into perspective, elevated above the plain, white buildings on a grey day with the Church tower on the extreme left.

We bear left following the rough line of the main road, then sharp left, crossing another group of walkers in a narrow lane. Notices announce the Bird Sanctuary and before long we're at Wiggonholt Church, built we are told, in the early Norman period, "for the use of yeoman and tenant farmers and the shepherds and herdsmen of the brooks". The Church is "a single room with a shingled bell-turret". Two scratch dials set in the south-west corner wall once indicated time of service. A list of the forbidden degrees hangs on the wall and the lighting is by oil and candle. When home I remember that in his will of 1630 Richard Boley "minister of the word of God" had asked to be buried in the chancel (Petworth from the beginnings to 1660 (2002) page 182).

Back through some lush meadows, a lane, a brief return to the water meadows. That

same view of Pulborough but this time from a slightly skewed angle, the church lost among trees. After a while it reappears but we turn off in another lane, then across the fields to the main road. We've been to Wiggonholt, usually just a name seen from a passing car, but so rarely visited. And everyone thought we would be going to Stag Park!

Thanks very much David and Linda.

P.

"Niniveh that great city"- the September Book Sale

From one point of view a book sale is an exercise in logistics. Several thousand books, already sorted, brought to the Hall. Then an elite corps of volunteers to put them out. Taxing in an ordinary month - but add a French Market in the Square and that word logistics takes on a different aspect. Failure of communication perhaps, large white vans in the Sylvia Beaufoy, multi-coloured tilts in the Square. "Bouger" doesn't seem a French word any longer. Reversing the van in to unload becomes an exercise in diplomacy and Gallic reticence.

There's the usual ten o'clock queue, the usual scramble for a £1 table that, this month, is unusually light. One or two of our larger customers are on holiday - they'd told us in August. You do need to keep busy, not ponder the condition of modern publishing. Expensive, formulaic, hardback novels, read once and cast back on to an unreceptive world. The paper browns so quickly. Ghost-written autobiography from illiterate sportsmen or celebrities, front covers where even the surliest smile. Books to turn a quick pound and as soon disappear, seen for the dross they are. Our customers are a canny crew. Was it always so? Or has the redefinition of the word celebrity worked some magic of its own?

Something strikes a chord in the non-fiction, a non-scholarly account of the rediscovery of Assyria¹ - Isaiah's chastiser of an errant people, "The rod of my anger, the staff of my wrath ... I will punish the arrogant boasting of the King of Assyria and his haughty pride." The chastiser would indeed be chastised - with two and half millennia of oblivion. Layard's obsessive early Victorian prodding of the forgotten mounds of Iraq to find Jonah's Niniveh "that great city". Deciphering a lost language, unearthing the winged bulls, the human-headed lions and bird-headed humans of a vanished empire. Moving the huge statues with yokes of mules and oxen to float in great rafts down the river to Basra to be picked up by the British Navy. East India Company days, and juggling with Ottoman rule in the last stages of corruption. Even the local Arabs would not work in the savage heat of the day. Better to dig by candlelight from dusk to dawn. The Assyrians were remembered largely for their savagery, but like the Romans, they were tolerant enough with those who kept faith with them. And deportation of whole peoples? It wasn't exactly new with them

¹ Arnold C. Brackman: *The Luck of Niniveh* (1980)



*Don Quixote and Sancho at work in the garden. Another Luther Roberts woodart.
See PSM 133.*

The book sale is a pretty resilient animal. The French Market no doubt cost us a few pounds in lost revenue, but the effect was largely psychological, the feeling of being at a remove, of looking out through the stalls to a moody, not overly busy Square, bathed in a warm September sun. Failure of communication? Certainly not a collocation I'd be readily prepared to repeat.

P.

H.W.F Saggs: *The Might that was Assyria* (1984) is a balanced, scholarly, treatment.

Deborah's Crossword

The Petworth Society Year



Across

- 2 There's an exceptionally good one going "Round the Hills" (4)
 5 & 19 dn Leconfield's Pedigree herd (6,6)
 9 Cobbler's tool (3)
 10 Sleights of hand – all part of the entertainment supplied by 7 dn (5,6)
 12 Sylvia's first walk of the season was round here (6)
 13 Ian & Pearl's expertise with one provides a record of events (6)
 15 Society walks have led us through plenty of this (4)
 16 Fleece a sheep (5)

- 17 Feet might after a walk (4)
 19 Throw out a fishing line (4)
 20 Quench thirst ... (5)
 21 ... with this ... (4)
 25 ... or this would provide a more genteel drink (6)
 26 — House, school, once a private house, visited in the spring (6)
 28 Nature reserve at Wakehurst, subject of illustrated talk (5,6)
 30 November! (3)
 31 Having watery surroundings as at Michelham Priory (6)
 32 Good story, well spun (4)

Down

- 1 Chew over over the bacon at the historic dockyard (7)
 3 Resident of Petworth Gaol (6)
 4 Animal's home underneath a hairpiece! An interesting area for the last 2008 walk (10)
 5 A good wine in Santa's bag (4)
 6 So on and so forth in Gwenda's etching (3)
 7 A delicious entertainment which went down a treat in October (8)
 8 A large property (6)
 11 Go to the Book Sale to get a good one (4)
 14 A seat in his memory was presented at Coultershaw in July (4,6)
 18 Chris Howkins skilfully told the tale of this tree (8)
 19 see 5 ac
 22 Garden just over the border notable for its rhododendrons and carrot cake! (7)
 23 " — Cottages and Proud Palaces" (4)
 24 Timber worker (6)
 27 Their annual ride on the Gallopers seems to have become a "new tradition" (4)
 29 An entertaining pair in an arduous situation (3)

Solution to 133

Across

1 Agriculture, 6 Horse, 8 Poacher, 11 Eddy, 13 Dyke, 14 Joiner, 15 Carp, 17 Yoke, 18 Arable, 19 Tied, 21 Wall, 24 Lettuce, 25 Tenon, 26 Gamekeeping

Down

2 Ice, 3 Toad, 4 Sheep Cattle, 5 Tree Felling, 7 Rod, 9 Hay, 10 Floral, 12 Angler, 13 Dry, 16 Pad, 20 Eft, 22 Awn, 23 Lure, 25 Tup

Editor's Postbag

John Hurd writes:

Dear Peter:

The postcard enclosed is number 44979 by F. Firth and Co, Reigate. The number indicates that the photograph was taken in 1900. The card was posted from Petworth in August 1905 and is addressed to Miss N. Dummer, Bolton Hall, Leyburn, Yorks

It reads:

Dear Nellie,

I thought you would like to have this PCard. If you look into it you will see Fred. B. Arch Knight is in the Cart. I hope you are quite well. Mother will write in a day or so. Will you write P.C. and let Aunt Polly know if you got your dress alright. She is wondering whether you got it safe.

Goodbye love from all Flo

Editor's note

This is a particularly well-known postcard and there are many extant examples. I have always understood that the cart (originally on a Herefordshire postcard) has been super-imposed on a previously existing postcard with the boy on the right in an identical position. Apparently not!

For postcard see main pictures.

Christine Payne writes:

47 Greenfields Road,
Horsham
RH12 4JL
6 October 2008

Dear Peter

We are the couple who spoke to you the other day in the street about a fireman. You were most helpful and we here enclose the photos of said medal as promised. We went to the Museum as you suggested and there found the two pictures. Imagine our surprise one was wearing a medal. Could this have been our man? Is it wishful thinking, but they were as rare as hens teeth so it is possible.



Is this Alfred Howard with medal? Original photograph at Petworth Cottage Museum.

History as far as we can tell.

William Howard came from Southwark St George, met and married a local girl, Mary, and had several children, and lived in Pound Street, he was a chimney sweep.

Alfred born 1844 in Petworth, also became a chimney sweep, and at first, after marrying Frances, lived with his father in Pound Street. By 1881 he was living in Damers Bridge with his large family including a son Alfred. In 1891 son Alfred is living in Hastings with his wife Clara and son Alfred, he is a chimney sweep.

In 1901 both Alfred's are back together Alfred sen is in Cannon Place and Alfred's son in Damers Bridge. Alfred Jun is now a painter journeyman.

1914 and our Alfred dies.

We have been trying to find any article in the papers about the presentation or an obituary, but I think it must be the Chichester papers as we could not find anything in the other papers.

Alfred received his silver medal in 1910 for 20 years service to the Petworth fire brigade.

He must have joined sometime in 1890, he would have been 46 at this time and 66 when he received the medal they made them of strong stuff in those days.¹

¹ For the medal see main pictures.

I was most interested in the respect board for the *Loyal Angel Lodge 4038² Petworth* it was originally in the Chichester district until 1970 when it transferred to Brighton District. In 1975 it transferred into the *Pride of West Sx Lodge, Bro C F Linton* was the secretary in 1942 until the transfer to the *Pride of West Sussex*.

I would love to get a picture to add to my archive of the district and the names to add to the database. I would be most grateful if there was some means to facilitate this.

Yours sincerely

Christine Payne

[Christine has no family connection with the Howards; she found the medal in an auction in East Anglia. The two Petworth Fire Brigade pictures are in the Museum parlour. Cannon Place is an old name for Damer's Bridge see PSM 112 pages 25, 26. Ed.]

Janet Gourd writes: Lychgate Cottage, Tillington
6.10.2008

Peter, as you suggested, the following is the enquiry that I would like to go in the Petworth Society Magazine if there is room.

Italian Prisoners of War

Did you know of any in the Petworth area?

Isobel Wilson of the *Anglo-Italian Family History Society* would be very grateful for any information as she is researching for a book about Italian P.O.W.s. Her address is:

24 Sherwood Avenue, Parkstone, Poole, Dorset BH14 8DL.

Linda Ridgewell writes:

Information required for family history purposes on Florence Louise Miles, known to be cook at Petworth House 1940 – 1949.

Did you know her, or know someone that did?

Florence was born in Wiltshire and is believed to have been in service all her working life.

I would be grateful for any information/photographs however small.

Linda Ridgewell, 34 Lodge Road, BRAINTREE, Essex CM7 1JA.

linda.ridgewell@btinternet.com

[Jumbo Taylor tells me:

"Working for Billy Payne the butcher in the early years of the war, I used to deliver meat to Petworth House. My recollection is that the order was usually hand-rolled rib of beef, 12 or 14 lbs including liver and sausages. We were one of two suppliers, Speeds on High Street being especially concerned with the Chelsea Day Nursery. I never saw anyone but Mrs Miles and my impression is that she worked largely on her own. Sometimes she'd make me a cup of tea. She was a large cheerful lady, always known as Mrs Miles, although I never met a Mr Miles. I assume that she would have lived in the accommodation over the servants' quarters, also that she would have been the last live-in cook. When I was called up, obviously I saw no more of her."

Can anyone add to this? Ed.]

² See present Magazine.

Mrs G. Skeates writes: 6 Sompting Road, Broadwater, Worthing, BN14 9DP

Dear Mr Jerrome

We came to Petworth on a wild goose chase and met a lovely couple in the Church. They said you may be the man to help me. When I was a little girl I came to a house built into the inside wall of Petworth House to visit an old man with a blind wife. I think he was my Grandad's brother? We came to look for the grave and to see the house. My Dad's family were WARD. If he lived in that house he must have worked for the family in Petworth House.

I'm 51 now so I'm going back some 45 years I think. I can see the house in my mind. It was quite dark looking and I think I was frightened because the old lady was blind. I don't know where to look or how to trace this man. Can you advise me. Records of people who worked at Petworth House maybe. Anything would be good thanks.

Glennys

[Can anyone help Glennys with this? Quite a few clues here.] Ed.

Sutton Footballers c1937

There was a hesitant response to our photograph in the last Magazine.

We have back now left to right:

3 Dave Cramp 5 George Gardner

8 Clem Goodger 9 Bill King 10 Horace Heather

And of the footballers in the middle row

2 Ted Gardner

3 — Heather - brother of Horace

This photograph, of a very much earlier vintage, will no doubt be even more difficult.



Sutton F.C. ?1920.

Dr G.M.W. Mann writes:
geoff.mann@btinternet.com
01372 458746

Peter Jerrome
The Petworth Society
'Trowels' Pound St
Petworth GU28 0DX
Dear Mr Jerrome

Bay Trees, Burnhams Rd, Lt. Bookham,
Surrey KT23 3AU
10 October 2008

As chairman of the Petworth society, I wonder if you have come across a 17th century inhabitant of Petworth named William Wykes whose name I found while researching the Star Chamber records at the National Archives:

1603-1625 STAC 8/2961/1: plaintiff William Wykes of Clifford's Inn, gent, attorney in the Court of Common Pleas v. Richard Chamber DD, Wm. Frizell of Sutton, Margaret his wife etc; breaking into plaintiff's house at **Petworth**.

I looked briefly at the original and noted that William Wykes possessed for 5 years a messuage etc called Norman--- in Petworth Sussex. The defendants came from Sutton in said county and were accused of assaulting the plaintiff, his wife and five young children and infants who were in the house at the time. She was so terrified that she had a miscarriage. There was no date on the document that I could discover. The root cause of the commotion was connected in some way with rights to the land.

My particular interest is in the identity of William Wykes, and establishing whether or not he was the brother of Aquila Wykes, the keeper of the Gatehouse Prison in Westminster from 1613 to 1655. It seems likely, but I have no definitive evidence.

I have no wish to impose on your time, but thought that you might be interested in the record, and hopefully could refer me to someone who may have researched this period or incident, as at present I have no other knowledge of William Wykes of Petworth.

Yours sincerely
Geoffrey Mann

[Can anyone help? Ed.]

Miles Costello writes:
Peter,

Just a couple of short comments regarding the September magazine. Of particular interest to me was one of the Avent family photographs on page 22 as it was taken from the courtyard of my daughter's home in the High Street. The cottage is 347 High Street and is directly opposite the Cottage Museum. The photographer, whoever he may have been was looking out towards the old blacksmith's buildings and beyond towards the Parish Church. This aspect is no longer available as it is now obscured by the upper floor of the modern Forge Cottage. 347 High Street is itself of some interest as it was once home to Thomas Holt the celebrated pedestrian and teetotaler. Holt was, I believe, born in about 1752 and even at the age of 84 was still able to walk to London in one day and return the following, a distance of some fifty miles each way. It was reputed that Holt had never drunk anything other than tea, milk or water throughout his life and such was his celebrity that his portrait was commissioned

Michelham Priory

And

Gatehouse.

Circa 1960.



Photograph by Roger Newberry



The Loyal Angel Lodge board. By no means easy to photograph satisfactorily. See article by Miles Costello.

by the Earl of Egremont and dedicated to the Temperance Society. Incidentally Mrs Johnson of Seaford College is I believe a great-great-granddaughter of Thomas Holt though I am not sure that she has inherited either the inclination or necessity to walk such distances.

On another matter you show a photograph on page 21 of a publican whom your correspondent suggests may be Bob Whitcomb. I at first thought that it might in fact be Wally Thorne, Wally was the last landlord of The Wheatsheaf and took over the beerhouse from Ken and June Peacock in about 1954. However the date of the photograph suggests that it must be Bob Whitcomb, and if that is the case then it is indeed a rare photograph for while there are several taken of him around the time of The Great War I don't know of any that show him later in his tenancy. Incidentally Bob was landlord of the Wheatsheaf from 1900 to 1938. The interior does look like The Wheatsheaf but then most beerhouses had wood panelling so even the location cannot be certain. A 1940s photograph shows a dartboard in view but would it have been there some ten years earlier. Who knows? By the way, another suggestion has been that it may have been Fred Knight at The Tavern, though once again that is rather speculative.

Miles

“The Chichester Elm” (*Ulmus vegeta* Lindl)

Hybrid elms became an essential fashion item for estate owners during the early 1800s and some men boasted of up to 45 different selections, a habit which continued with the emergence of both public parks and private cemeteries. Until the advent of the mature conifers assembled by English collectors from throughout the world, elm trees were the tallest trees in the country and the “Chichester” clone, as the name “vegeta” infers, was the most vigorous of the taxon.

Elwes and Henry (1913) in their great review of British and Irish trees, cited the “Magdalen Elm” at Oxford, that toppled in 1911, as being “Huntingdon”-type elm, but were confused as to its origin as this hybrid was officially selected in about 1760 by John Wood Sr., and the great Oxford tree was older than this by far! Perhaps this tree was an early “Chichester” elm, from the south-eastern edge of Essex, since in 1711 specimens of a broad, smooth-leaf elm had been lodged at the Chelsea Physic Garden by another clerical botanist, Adam Buddle, which Professor Henry in the early 1900s had called a “Huntingdon” elm!

Tolerant in some situations to the Dutch Elm Disease the *Ulmus vegeta* clones survive in many parts of the south of England according to the Tree Register of the British Isles (TROBI). Limited knowledge of the grex, a hybrid from similar parentage to other clones, has led to a distinctive bias in this wonderful tree's distribution, a controversial opinion championed by J.C. Loudon in the 1830s.

In Petworth in a fine Georgian house garden to the south of the town a hybrid elm still survives. Probably little more than 100 years old and maybe from the distinguished Crawley nursery of Cheals. Such trees are rare in Sussex as the shallow chalk soils are not favoured by elm trees. However a mature Wych elm, the putative parent of the “Chichester” elm,

thrives in Elsted's Church Lane alongside contemporary ash and oak specimens - a rare example outside the Brighton Elm collection.

Two "Chichester" giants survive in Norwich's Chapelfield Gardens today, perhaps remnants of nurseryman Lindley's stock, while a pair at Queen's College in Cambridge approach the height of the famous Magdalen elm of 1911 (142ft). If these historic links to the past can be evaluated in both a more historical and scientific way, perhaps with DNA analysis, one of the elm family's identity problems will have been resolved.

R.I. Smith, Summersbury, Chichester Road, Midhurst, West Sussex, GU29 9PF.

Neville Green writes:

1st Petworth Boy Scouts.....1941-1946

I joined in about 1941, 12 years old at the time, and I suppose my mother thought it would be something useful for me to do.

Of course it was a great privilege to wear a Scout Hat and to put on a uniform, since the war was well under way by that time, uniforms were OK.

We met in General Burnett's old stable block on Hunger's Lane and it was ideal for a crowd of noisy young hooligans.

However, we were soon turned into well-brought up young men by our Scoutmistress, (men were in short supply during the war!) Akela, as we called her, although her real name was Miss Joyce Dabson, daughter of the Petworth Superintendent of Police.

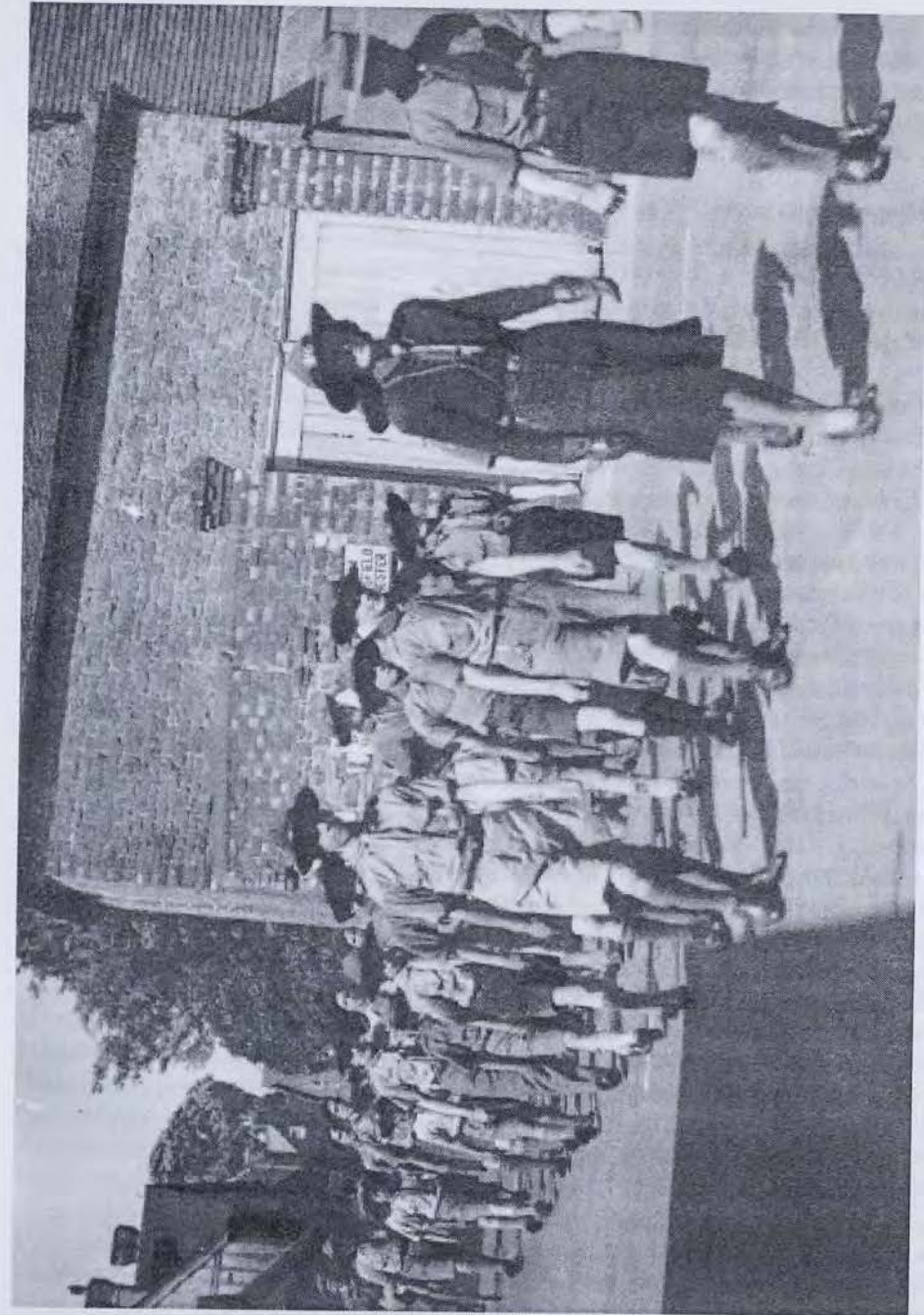
From time to time men who had been Scouters and were in the Forces stationed near Petworth came in to help. There were two that I remember, Skipper Farquhar from Whitley Bay and Skipper Richardson from Canada.

I remember well the wide games played on the Sheep Downs near the Scout Hut, and our fortnightly stint camping in the New Forest every year brashing for the war effort.

They were great days and when we, my old Second in the Bull Patrol, Bob Willis and I, meet up with Akela and her brother Jim, who was Troop Leader, and who both now live in Easebourne, we have some good laughs at the old games we indulged in. Akela was brilliant at organizing something different and interesting to fill the meetings each Friday night and particularly when I look back and realise that she was only 19 at the time, I marvel at her ability and ingenuity.

Although the war raged about us, including the devastating bombing of the Petworth Boy's School, which involved a number of our members, we were largely oblivious of the worst aspects and perhaps the danger that we were often in. Facets of Petworth that I remember of that time include the old blacksmith's, the waste paper site near the Regal Cinema (Pound Corner) and the de-bagging of Sir Oswald Mosley by some locally-based Commandos who went over the Kingdom House at River, kidnapped Sir Oswald and de-bagged him in Petworth Square at the end of the war. The following day this featured on the front page of one of the National newspapers. The first piece of national publicity that Petworth had had since the School bombing.

After the war the District Commissioner, Skipper Townsend (from Lurgashall) helped to recommend me for the Scout Jamboree in 1947 that was to be held in France and I remember



Church Parade about 1943. Photograph by G. G. Garland.

attending a show at which "Les compagnons des chansons" were singing and getting sun-stroke, which laid me low for three days. Mostly, we had a good time and the experience of going abroad in those days was overwhelming, especially to a place which had so recently hosted the German Army.

Neville Green (Now living in France)

[Can anyone expand on this? Ed.]

"None quite like this one"

Posters appeared soon after the outbreak of hostilities in 1939 inviting men of pre-military age interested in aircraft recognition, navigation, arms and physical training, to join the A.T.C. (Air Training Corps). As the name suggests, the emphasis was on the air and the R.A.F. In fact a number of our older members would become air crew themselves later. All of us would join up, not necessarily in the R.A.F., and the training would help us. Major Millburne from Burton was a moving spirit originally but he gave way to Gordon Gwillim at Coultershaw Mill. I, with a number of my friends, joined early in the war and we later had our own band. In latter years we'd often bicycle down to Tangmere to help, sometimes having a lift on a lorry, washing off the planes as they came back from fighter sweeps over France. Or a party of us, ten or a dozen, might push damaged aircraft down the old cart track from Tangmere then across the main road from Halnaker to Westhampnett where they would be looked at and, hopefully, repaired. Another venue for us was the Fleet Air Arm Station at Selham. Here we might have rifle and bren gun training on the Common, sit in the cockpit of a Hurricane, Spitfire or Douglas Boston or even have the opportunity to go up in an aircraft, two of us sitting in the observer's seat - or possibly if we had a de Havilland Rapide, as many as eight of us might make the trip. Older members would go up in a Swordfish. Part of the training would involve the plotting of courses and the calculation of things like wind drift, or navigating by the stars. Sometimes we would have a teacher or two from Tangmere. We were even passengers in an Air Sea Rescue Walrus flying-boat, sweeping over the Park towards Kirdford and Horsham, then following the line of the river back to Selham - telephone enquiry having first established that there was no enemy aircraft in the area.

We met twice a week with a church parade on some Sundays, marching to one or other of the local churches, led by our own fife and drum band. Our numbers would be some twenty or thirty drawn from all round the local area. Two evenings a week at Coultershaw Mill in the office or drilling in the open air. In the office at the Mill there were, hanging from every conceivable position, replicas of all types of aircraft, Lysanders, Stukas, some old, some new, swinging lazily in the warm office air, and giving us, as they spun round, all sorts of different views and angles. All round the walls were cuttings listing all the known capabilities for individual planes, engine range, bomb loads, fire power, blind spots. We had regular recognition tests, and, of course had plenty of chance to practice while at work during the day,

linking engine noise to particular planes. We soon learned to recognise the rhythmic throb of a ME 111 at ten thousand feet, or the slightly different sound of a Junkers or a Dornier. Our own engines had a distinctive sound: the crackle of an exhaust hinting at power to come, then receding to a perfectly tuned whine as the plane climbed.

One August Sunday at the beginning of the war we had a church parade in Sutton. We formed up in Petworth Square, leaving about a quarter to ten, band in front and main detachment following. Down Grove Street and on to Stroud crossroads. The sky was a beautiful blue lightly specked with scattered high cloud. The air was warm with the smell of ripening corn and blackberries colouring the hedgerows. By the time we had reached Sutton crossroads we were pretty warm and our thoughts were turning to the occasional vapour trail high in the sky above us. Still we were managing to keep in step but Sutton seemed an awfully long way off. The irony was that we had one or two from Sutton among us, Laurie Vile from the pub being one. Up the hill into Sutton we were beginning to struggle, until finally, sticky and a little breathless, we formed up in the street against the churchyard wall. The chattering sparrows and the rector welcoming us suggested that all was still as it had always been, nestling quietly beneath the Downs.

We marched briskly into church, took our places, and the service began. After a while, I, and no doubt many of my friends, felt we wanted to leave the cool dimness of the church and go back into the sun. The rector was well into his sermon and there were still the concluding prayers and the final hymn to come. Over the sermon could be heard the sound of engines, low at first, but increasing in volume, ten thousand feet and more above us. We could hear too, the clatter of machine guns and the thump of cannon. The noise had become continual. Waiting in church was almost unbearable and that last hymn and the prayers were still to come. We felt we would be safer outside; at least you could see what you were running away from, even given that flight was useless.

Once outside we could see that the sky was a twisting, spiralling mass of spent exhaust and vapour trails. As soon as it seemed a little quieter we formed up and set off for home, down through the dark shadowy hollow of Sutton Hill, the old oaks snaking their roots down into the soil as they had done for centuries. For some reason I thought of horses with loaded wagons toiling up and down that hill, or an early car struggling to the top, or an old Trojan van delivering bread or groceries.

We marched out of the shade of the hill and into the sun. Now we wanted to be back in Petworth as quickly as we could. Our fighters would be returning to Tangmere and the other local stations to refuel. A couple of Spitfires whipped over the trees at the top of the hill at High Hoes. Coming up Grove Lane we could see white smoke from a minor battle, thickening grey and then black as an aircraft plummeted to earth. It was too far away for us to do more than simply wonder. Back into the Market Square, a few brief words and dismiss. Then home for dinner. There would be other church parades, but none quite like this one.

From notes by Jumbo Taylor.

The A.T.C. Fife and Drum Band

Jumbo's identifications on the A.T.C. [1942 Rother Squadron] photograph seem accurate but the three missing ones are difficult. Perhaps someone reading these notes will know. Spectacles are slightly unusual in the context; in fact, while the Army and the R.A.F. at that time would accept recruits wearing spectacles, the Royal Navy would not. The boy standing centre back and the larger figure (back row extreme right) whom I take to be the bass drummer, may, with Len Creswick and the two Steer boys that make up the percussion section, be from Fittleworth school. They may have had less woodwind practise than boys like us who had been with Mr Stevenson at the North Street boys school with its emphasis on bamboo pipes, flutes and clarinets, some made and played by ourselves. It may be that it was this musical background that suggested an A.T.C. band in the first place.

I can remember earlier days, before the school was bombed in 1942, boys under Mr Stevenson going to make a film about making and playing the school's bamboo pipes. It may have been at Elstree Studios. There was also a visit to the Conway Hall in London and an exhibition at the Royal Agricultural Show at Windsor where we were supposed to have a visit from Queen Mary herself. In the event all we had was a glimpse of white coated shoulders and a white turban, eyes straight ahead – a vision seen through the rear window of a Rolls Royce.

Looking at the front row, first left, I wonder if that could be Ted West, an evacuee from Guernsey who was living with Frank Best's family. Larger boys fit to carry and bang the drum were not abundant in Petworth, I can think only of "Goggy" Green and Ted Harper, both from Byworth. Ted Harper was in the Home Guard and already bigger than many of the men. I simply can't be sure on the identification.

The flutes came with a well constructed canvas sleeve organised by Mr Gwillim at the Mill; he had overall charge of the A.T.C. Squadron. The sleeves were an awkward thing to march with, let alone when you had to play: with the flute, players arms stuck out like aeroplane wings to allow the finger movements. As you raised your arms to play there was a tendency to drop the canvas pouch, and it wasn't considered correct to tuck it into the belt of your tunic.

Gordon Gwillim left after the war and within three years A.T.C. 1452 Squadron were phased out, first becoming part of a Chichester group, then disappearing altogether. Like other wartime groups it was deemed to have served its purpose.

Jumbo and I both joined when the Squadron was first established. Before the official uniform was ready, our initial issue was some redundant R.A.F. gear of heavy light blue serge, fairly well cut with a belt buckle, tongue and slot with the motto in raised lettering on the outer ring of the buckle "The Air Defence Cadet Corps."

I recall several Church parades with the band, Sutton, Kirdford, Tillington but none at Petworth. Once in 1945 we went to Northchapel, lost our transport and had to march back to Petworth.

If the band is long gone, the memory remains. I wonder what happened to the flutes? They seem to have disappeared, along with all records of 1452 Squadron. Chichester and Brighton A.T.C.'s don't have anything. I've asked.

Jim Taylor

A Farm "Near Petworth"

Recently come onto the market is a house I first visited over twenty years ago, and looking through the photographs led me to revisit what I know of its immediately accessible history. Described as 'near Petworth', Palfrey Farm falls within the parish of Kirdford, one of the largest in the Weald, and that must be held in mind when trawling the archives. Also, in common with many Wealden parishes some ten or more estates or manors had interests in Kirdford, so parish apart, it is very much a matter of 'find your manor'.

A tried-and-tested first call is the volume of printed taxation returns for Sussex in 1296, 1327 and 1332, where those liable were listed by name. The name 'Palfrey' or 'Palfreyman' does appear and provides clues to the origins of the family and their movements. In 1296 Edmund the Palfreyman paid his tax under Suthertymges (South Harting) while Maurice Palfrey was living at Middleton in East Sussex. By the early 1300s one branch had settled at Albourne near Hurstpierpoint, but in 1327 and 1332 John the Palfreyman paid 3s and 2s respectively.....under Ebernoe. The family who may have built their reputation on horseflesh had arrived in the Weald.

If the manor is right, another invaluable source for this period is the printed volume of the surveys of FitzAlan property which included several of the manors relevant to Kirdford. Details from the early 1300s cover Pallingham manor, and there can be found Richard Palfreyman paying over 15s rent on four separate pieces of land. Other members of the family were also FitzAlan tenants: Adam in Storrington and William in Goring. The oldest part of the farm dates from this period, so for nearly seven hundred years the name of the family who first built and occupied it has been retained.

G.H. Kenyon devoted much time to local records in the 1950s and 60s, and in his article on Kirdford inventories he states that the Pencyods owned and farmed Palfrey from 1564, when many tenancies were changed to long leases. They may have been there earlier, as George paid £6 tax under Ebernoe in 1524/5, while Richard paid £3 under Treve. George, his wife Alice and Thomas Pencyod all made their wills between 19 and 26 December 1554.....not a happy Christmas for the family. Over the following centuries, probate inventories survive for Alice (1643), William (1700) and another William (1725), probably his son. A George was living at Palfreys when he paid tax under Cromwell's Commonwealth in 1645, and between 1564 and 1700 four Pencyods served as churchwardens.

In 1644 George Pencyod served on a quarter sessions jury that found John Sturt of Billingshurst not guilty of running a disorderly alehouse. In the record of 1725 it is clear that William Pencyod had been diversifying to improve his income. The quantity of malt listed in the 'malthouse' is enough to suggest that this was associated with a commercial venture; he must have been brewing for more than family consumption. The furnishings of the 'hall' could indicate that he was running an unlicensed beer house, so one hopes he had the benefit of his grandfather's experience.

In the land tax list of 1785, many of the farms in Kirdford are recorded by name, but at first sight Palfrey appears to be missing, which seems strange after so many centuries.

However, the researcher needs some imagination when looking at written records, bearing in mind varying levels of literacy and problems with local accents. The farm is there, but as POLPHERY, owned and occupied by Mr Richard Ayling at a rental of £45 2s 6d! This strange spelling is repeated in the stock lists of 1798 (made during the Napoleonic wars) when George Cobby was the tenant, but by 1895 the old name was back and Charles Holden was the tenant.

There are many gaps in this summary, some that can be filled in, some that can only be guessed at. In 1912 the Leconfield estate bought Ebernoe manor, which included Palfrey, from the Peachey heirs.

Annabel Hughes

Latin? Not in my time

I was born at Northchapel in August 1924 and went to the village school. The present Northchapel school was still "new" then and Miss Newman, certainly, had taught at the old one. The headmistress was Miss Legg and the other teacher a Miss Laker. I don't think she was there very long. The school was operated on the traditional "three form" principle like other schools at the time. In 1936 I passed a scholarship to go to Midhurst Grammar School, catching the local Aldershot and District bus at 7.40, then changing at Petworth to go to Midhurst. Looking back, I suppose I would have been a solitary but familiar figure in the school's distinctive brown and yellow. No one else from Northchapel made the journey, so much so that if I should happen not to be at the bus stop at the usual time the bus driver would stop and enquire where I was. I would arrive at Midhurst just in time for assembly. It was a long day; I would not get back to Northchapel until twenty to six in the evening.

I was always keen on sport, in later years playing cricket at different times for Northchapel, Kirdford and Wisborough Green, football for Kirdford and Northchapel and, in due course, bowls for Petworth, Verdley and Sutton, but it wasn't an interest my family shared. In earlier days my father worked for Messrs. Brown Durant at the Combination Stores in the village as a baker, before moving across the village to do a similar job at Howletts. As so often, bakehouse work also involved taking the bread out on the round. I particularly remember him going out to Ebernoe. My father kept a lot of chickens and it was my job to go up and feed them every morning before I went to school. We were a family of six, my father, mother, three boys and a girl.

Born in 1898, my father had served in the 1914-1918 war, although, given his age in 1914, obviously not from the outset. He spent some time in Egypt but as with many others it wasn't something on which he was particularly informative. My mother, Kate, always known as Kitty, came from Lurgashall. We lived for some time at the Narrow, on the left as you come into Northchapel from Petworth. I never knew that the house was actually owned by the Stores, but, looking back, I suppose it's perfectly possible. I never asked. Certainly it was rented.

I can't say that I had a lot of direct contact with the Dependants, or "Cokelers" at the Stores, even when my father was working for them. If you lived in Northchapel, the Dependants were simply an all-pervading presence. People like the two Miss Coles or Mr. Rugman at the cycle shop on the corner, were part of the fabric of the village. The Stores kept virtually everything anyone could possibly want so that you didn't need to go out of the village and, in those days when private cars were unusual, many rarely did. In the 1920s and 1930s when money could be very tight, the Stores were very good with credit. Many young couples were grateful to be able to buy their furniture to set up home and not have to find the money immediately. I sometimes wonder whether the Dependants had something to do with my going to the Grammar School at all. There was certainly no spare money at home and extras like uniform would be very difficult to finance. It wasn't unknown for someone who passed a scholarship simply not to take it up.

I belonged to the Scouts at Northchapel and sang in the choir. Mr. Standish, the rector, had a great love of cricket and for the choir outing would take us down to Hove to see the County side. Petworth Fair I went to in the 1930s, but, like many Northchapel people, I preferred Ebernoe Horn Fair. I remember the old Petworth cinema at the Pound before it became the Regal in 1937. It still had the old corrugated roof.

Some Grammar School masters I can think of. Mr. Jackson "Jacko" did a lot of sport in my time, Mr. Stuck, the chemistry master and "Bogey" Brown the history master with his distinctive accent and sprawling forward hand. I suppose my main memories are of sport: cricket, football and running. First the Colts XI, then, when war broke out, playing local men's teams. The arrival of Mr. Lucas meant that the Rev. Heald's long reign came to an end. There was a noticeable relaxation of the old strictness. An obvious difference, or course, was that Mr. Lucas was so much younger. His wife, Vera, taught French, another innovation; the school had been something of a male preserve up to that time. Latin? Not in my time. Mr. Lucas had hardly settled in when I left. I was still at school when war was declared. I remember walking up towards the pub when the announcement was made and thinking that it would be some time before I would be called up.

I left in 1940 to start work at Kirdford Growers, just getting under way then. It would be after the war before the buildings were extended. I was in the office. Mr. Fred Penney was managing director - the Penney farm was Scratchings, and Fred's brother Charles was very much involved too. I biked in to work from Northchapel, six miles there, six miles back. Bicycles were crucial then, and when I met my future wife, then living at Kirdford, we'd bike in to the cinema at Petworth, then back to Kirdford before I went on home to Northchapel. In the early days of the war, I remember a plane coming down (German I think) near Pipers between Northchapel and Balls Cross, when I was cycling to work. What did I do in the office at the Growers? In early days I did the wages and accounts and kept in touch with the market. I was called up in 1943, first in the RAF, but I then transferred to the Navy as a telegraphist, returning to Kirdford in 1946. I was marketing manager. The Growers employed local pickers in the season and Eldridges of Kirdford did most of the transport.

Eric Bryder was talking to the Editor.

“I’m the Uncle” or How did you hear about us?

Over the years the Cottage Museum has always had a Visitors’ Book. We still keep them all. Names, addresses and brief comments. “Time warp”, “trip down memory lane” and the dreaded reference to “nostalgia”. Officially we don’t “do” nostalgia. If we do, we’re falling short.

The very successful *West Sussex Gazette* free voucher offer closed at the end of April. It didn’t generate income, but it did liven up an April that was already shorn of Easter. Attractions in general find April heavy going, the typical “shoulder” month. It so happened this year that expiry of the voucher offer coincided with the demise of the old visitors’ book. Perhaps a new one might be made to work a little harder? How and why did people come to the Museum? In so far as we thought of it at all, we perhaps imagined some sun-drenched half-world, some far-flung post of Empire where people picked up a leaflet, abandoned whatever they were doing and tore off to sample the delights of 346. Perhaps the truth was a little more prosaic? We were about to find out. A new entry “How did you hear about us?” was about to make its debut. It might dispel a few cherished myths.

To keep assessment manageable, I took the four central summer months, May to August, running through into the beginning of September. Scientific accuracy was clearly out of the question: over three hundred entries reflected some eight hundred paying adult visitors, not to mention seventy two children (children like filling in visitors’ books too!) Not everyone signs the book, although it is fair to say that most visitors do. Sometimes they need a little encouragement from the stewards; to fill it in unasked can seem presumptuous to some. A majority of entries reflect at least two visitors, often couples, often whole families.

It was immediately apparent that Petworth visitors belong very much to those heady early days. The town has come to terms with the Museum, as an enduring institution rather than a novelty. We know that, we knew, too, that there is no obvious correlation between Petworth House closing days (Thursday and Friday) and Museum attendance. In fact this last was mentioned only once during our period.

What was new was the discovery that our catchment came mainly from visitors already in the town. Certainly the *WSG* voucher offer brought people to the town for the specific purpose of seeing the Museum but this was not replicated once the offer lapsed. There was a definite element of the casual, people coming to Petworth for whatever reason and seeing local advertising or quite simply strolling past 346. Surprising perhaps given the position of 346 a little out of the main shopping area. There’s the old joke too about “346” being several miles up the road. It was clear that once visitors have chanced on 346 they were at once surprised and enthusiastic. The living nature of the reconstruction but above all the reciprocal relationship with the stewards was a revelation. That dry and dusty word “museum” turned out to be a direct living entrée into a town that might otherwise be seen as keeping its own counsel.



This faded sepia wedding photograph is by F. Coze, Midhurst and Petworth. It was found, as often happens, behind another picture in an old frame. The period will be just before 1914. It is unlikely that anyone will be able to put a name to the wedding couple but does anyone recognise the house?



Petworth A.T.C. Band in October 1943. Back Row: Jumbo Taylor, Reg Wakeford, not known, Frankie Best, not known. Front row: Ted West(?), Len Creswick, Bob Standford, Edgar Steer, Des Steer. Photograph by G.G. Garland.



Petworth Scout Group c1943. Top row: -, M. Murray, N. Green, Tony Whitcomb, Ted Whitcomb, -, Clegg. 2nd Row: Russell, Harper, Dabson. 3rd Row: Green, Lucas, Willis, Akela, Townsend, Richardson, -, Godwin, Bourne. Front Row: Cubs - not identified. See Petworth Scouts ... Photograph by G.G. Garland.



Alfred Howards's long-service medal front and reverse. See Editor's Postbag. Photograph by Christine Payne.

Leaflets clearly played an important part - but where were they being picked up? Indications were that take-up was essentially local. If outside the town there seemed a tendency to give the exact location, Firle, Bentley and Stansted Park being the furthest removed. Recommendation by friends or relatives was a significant factor, as was Petworth House. The last was difficult to assess from the available evidence: the accepted wisdom is that a visit to the great house leaves little time (or energy) for much else. Certainly the notices in and outside the House and the finger post by St. Mary's are important as is the local TIC.

Less numerous but still important are entries reflecting local caravan and BB sites, not usually identified. Tiffins in the High Street receives special notice and there are five mentions of "on-line", and similar numbers for Petworth Library and "local press". Individual entries, can be interesting in themselves, sometimes maverick. "Birthday for Uncle," "I'm the Uncle", belong really in the "recommendation from relatives" category. "Man down the road" could well mean Max Bradley. "Max Bradley" certainly does. "Lady from Midhurst" must remain anonymous, in the same way as "couple in Middle Street." Simon Jenkins' book (*Thousand Best Houses*) brought one visitor, *West Sussex Places to Visit*, four.

What conclusions can be drawn? Our romantic image of people in faraway places picking up leaflets takes something of a knock. Our customers, it would seem, are here already, looking for something of interest and, judging from their comments, finding it at 346. The moral seems to be to concentrate advertising strongly in Petworth itself.

Another approach, more interesting perhaps than pragmatic, is the geographical. Obviously the visitors' book has always offered this information. Only a handful of visitors (six) are actually from Petworth, but Sussex offers 125, dividing into 102 for West and 23 from East. Nearer counties offer Hampshire 42, Surrey 34, Kent 25, Middlesex/London 31. 22 other English counties give a total of 54. Further afield Australia tops the list with 7 followed by Germany, the USA and New Zealand with three apiece, and individual or double entries for Russia, Holland, Northern Ireland, Canada, Gibraltar, France, Austria, Venezuela, Italy, Turkey, Japan and South Africa.

To some extent our purpose is to maximise numbers, but there is an important caveat. 346 is not simply about numbers. A visit to the Museum is, and must be, a reciprocal experience. Interaction with the stewards is crucial. Given different stewards, visits can offer quite different insights. The Museum isn't necessarily a one-visit phenomenon. People do come back, some on a regular basis. A good afternoon will see perhaps 15 visitors; edge towards 20, and, while this may please our Treasurer, the characteristic Museum experience becomes diffused, that leisured interaction between steward and visitor becomes problematic. I'd hesitate to say that 346 is unique, but clearly the informal atmosphere is refreshing. On a quiet afternoon people can stay and chat, literally for hours. Here are a few comments:

Stewards are much appreciated

Two lovely stewards - very helpful

Host gave a real insight and meaning to the cottage - very informed stewards

Our guides were informative, friendly and very enthusiastic. A lovely afternoon

Thank you specially to the two ladies. They explain me all with so much love and interest (an Austrian visitor)

Fascinating with most helpful and enthusiastic guides

Then there is the feeling of identifying with a particular interest:

A real home, not a museum ...

Takes me back to my grandmother's home and helping her as a child ...

Very reminiscent of visiting my great aunt as a child

Absolutely amazing - you have taken us all back 100 years

Or more generally:

Think I could live here if it was by the sea (from Worthing)

The good old times also delivered a lot of inconvenience - that's an important message of the Museum

A lovely little house - didn't expect it to be so fascinating

Lovely, even my children were interested

Or details:

Delightful. Good to see the rugs both hooked and prodded

How nice to see how our peers lived - now up to the big house

Not tarted up

Or the perceived link with Mrs. Cummings:

Fantastic. She still lives here!

Beautifully done, felt Mrs Cummings might arrive back any minute and offer us a cup of tea

P.

If you would like to join our stewards for 2009 please ring Peter on 01798 342562 or write - Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth, GU28 0DX.

What's in a flag? Or John Bull's other island

Additions to the Cottage Museum stock are unusual now and tend to be confined to smaller objects. Furniture and fittings are used to show a way of life, rather than simply being preserved as exhibits. The generous gift of a large Union Jack seemed, on the face of it, a fairly safe introduction: 1910 was after all the age of Empire and a patriotic touch very much appropriate to any typical English household. Typical? The word takes us back to 1996 and before, the very beginnings. The original idea for a museum at 346 High Street was, on the face of it, simple enough. A "typical" worker's cottage when the Leconfield Estate was at the very zenith of its power in 1910. But that word "typical" brings its own problems. Is "typical" indicative of a certain lack of individuality? If it is, typical almost becomes a synonym of bloodless, anonymous if you like. If this was really to be a problem, a few early enquiries would soon cut the Gordian Knot. The occupant of 346 in 1910 may have been quiet, self-effacing, even perhaps solitary, but she was certainly not typical. Manchester Irish in origin, Roman Catholic in religion, Mary Cummings would, as seamstress, achieve her own position

in the servants' hierarchy at Petworth. Looking back some seventy years in the late 1990s¹ Ivy Richardson recalled Mary's friendship with Mrs. Cownley the housekeeper, a sure sign of peer acceptance. Given that we may describe 346 as unusual, atypical even, how does this relate to the contemporary background? The question merits at least a tentative enquiry, even if the Leconfield Estate would in itself offer a certain insulation from the outside world. Certainly no one would dispute that the years leading up to 1914 were turbulent ones, appearing calm only in retrospect as a contrast to the horror that was to follow.² A hesitant, if well-intentioned Liberal administration was engaged in a life and death struggle with a Tory-controlled House of Lords, the suffragette movement was taking an almost daily more violent turn, while there was industrial unrest on a scale hitherto unimagined. A spirit of unrest was in the air.

And then there was Ireland and the unremitting question of Home Rule. Could a Liberal majority government dependent on the support of John Redmond and the moderate Irish Nationalists deliver Irish self-government against the violent opposition of Sir Edward Carson and his vociferous supporters in the deeply Protestant North? Government from Catholic Dublin? Never. Lord Randolph Churchill's famous dictum, "Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right", half-submerged for a quarter of a century was once more a rallying cry and who was to know if Carson and his followers, including Bonar Law, leader of His Majesty's Opposition, were really advocating civil disorder and worse, or simply bluffing. Certainly in the years and months immediately preceding the war, Ulster was awash with smuggled weaponry and the attitude of Army officials uncertain to say the very least. And Randolph Churchill's son, Winston, was now a prominent member of a Liberal administration committed, apparently, to Home Rule. Two elections in one year (1910) reflected earlier uncertainty. More perceptive than most, Florence Rapley, like the rest of her sex, remained voteless but this did not prevent her echoing the weariness of a jaded electorate. She writes,³ "Very big wind and pouring heavy rain like hail. Great General Election tearing up the county (sic). Johnny Redmond to the fore. Much damage has been done by the furious gale - immense weights lifted and wonderful sights seen with waves." For Florence, Ireland was a long way from Heath End, and the inclement weather of rather greater immediate relevance. The diminutive "Johnny" suggests a certain impatience with high politics in general and Ireland in particular, a feeling reciprocated no doubt countrywide. If Florence, perforce, took no part in the election, like so many other women of her time, she gave the suffragettes short shrift, "Creatures calling themselves ladies, smashing and destroying things."⁴ Of Mary Cummings' attitude to such matters we can have no idea: Florence Rapley, after all, was an unusually thoughtful and articulate person. We can at least say that Mary, working at the great house, would find a certain pragmatism in order ...

¹ PSM 80 page 18

² George Dangerfield: *The Strange Death of Liberal England* (1935) and frequently reprinted remains a classic study. I have sketched the background in *So Sweet As The Phlox Is - the Diary of Florence Rapley* (Window Press 1994)

³ 16th December 1910

⁴ 16th March 1912



Ronald McNeill speaks on Home Rule 1913.

Taking over as rector from John Penrose in 1919, Valentine Powell reflected on his predecessors, distinguished men all - in their own way. No rector of Petworth had been a non-entity. He ranged over a century,⁵ was it possible to discern a pattern? "Socckett was an advanced churchman of his day, Holland though an evangelical was branded as a Roman for introducing the use of a surplice! Jones was a moderate Catholic when Rector here while Penrose was a Protestant Orangeman."

John Penrose⁶ had been born and brought up in Ireland, of minor Protestant gentry in the South. Haileybury, Cambridge, two decades in rural Cheshire and a spell in the bracing Durham climate of Barnard Castle had in no way dimmed awareness of roots in "John Bull's Other Island". Ireland was in the Penrose blood and nothing pleased Petworth's rector better than to play the Irishman, accent and all. And John Penrose's brother-in-law was at the very epicentre of the Home Rule imbroglio, a Unionist M.P. at Westminster, a prominent supporter of Sir Edward Carson's opposition to Home Rule and a totally committed Ulster loyalist. McNeill it was who coined the name "sacramentum" for Carson's Ulster covenant and he was certainly no shrinking violet. He has his own place in political anecdote. "In the excitement of the adjournment Lord Cushendun (then Mr. Ronald McNeill) even seized the copy of the Standing Orders belonging to the Speaker and hurled it, with a remarkably accurate aim, at Winston Churchill's head, as a forcible reminder of his 'political apostasy' and 'filial impiety'."⁷ Lord Randolph Churchill's son had ridden roughshod over Ulster sympathies, but few men would be quite as adventurous as Ronald McNeill in voicing their disapproval.

McNeill, like other Irish parliamentarians on either side of the divide, would be accustomed to long periods of residence in England. John Redmond, the Nationalist leader in the Commons famously spent most of his time at Westminster, and the Unionist McNeill would be the same. McNeill and his brother-in-law the rector, were extremely close and McNeill was a regular visitor to Petworth where his widowed father lived permanently from 1909. As a well-known public figure Ronald McNeill seems to have been called upon for local events. Empire Day in 1907 saw an impressive ceremony in Petworth Market Square. In the morning the school children gathered with their bunting and flags. Mr. Pitfield gave a "stirring address" followed by Mr. Ernest Streeter reading Kipling's Recessional. A public holiday with sports and games in the Park were followed in the evening by a musical programme in the Iron Room, the rector presiding. St. Mary's Magazine reports:⁸ "A most effective speech was made by Mr. Ronald McNeill in which he said that Empire Day commemorated a great idea. It was a celebration which enabled them to realise the magnitude of Empire and the great responsibility that Empire entailed on them and the glorious destiny that was before them. It was the romance of the map that our Island should have sent out such powers of governing genius, and that in all parts of the globe there were people who had the same history, ideas,

⁵ See PSM 54 page 14

⁶ See *John Trevenen Penrose. A memoir by Fanny J. Skinner* (1927)

⁷ Denis Gwynn: *The Life of John Redmond* (1932) page 218. Compare Dangerfield page 113 and Hugh Whitcomb in PSM 47 page 17

⁸ PSM 97 page 17

RUDYARD KIPLING'S INDICTMENT OF THE GOVERNMENT.



R. A. Munn.

*The Famous Speech at Tunbridge Wells
on May 16th, 1914.*

PUBLISHED BY

The Daily Express,

25, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Rudyard Kipling attacks Home Rule May 1914.

thought and government, and the same marvellous burning loyalty to the British throne.”

The report concludes, “The townspeople generally decorated their houses with the national flag, and entered very heartily into the movement.”

In the midst of such stirring prose, the word “generally” strikes a curiously uncertain note. One can only say that the Petworth establishment would be solidly Unionist in sentiment and people in general would see little reason to question this. Hugh Whitcomb remembered Ronald McNeill and his sister, Mrs. Penrose, making a point of sitting in the unreserved seats at St. Mary’s to the right of the centre aisle.

To return to the Cottage Museum. Mary Cummings may well have had little interest in politics, and, as a servant to Lord Leconfield, no occasion to air such views as she had. We need however to remember that the Union flag had in 1910 a kind of dual personality. Certainly it was the flag of Empire but it was also the flag of loyalist Ulster. Ronald McNeill was explicit enough. He writes⁹ of Northern Ireland, “If there is a profuse display of the Union Jack, it is because it is in Ulster not merely ‘bunting’ for decorative purposes as in England, but the symbol of a cherished faith.” The Union flag was not simply the flag of Empire; it was also the flag of loyalist Ulster and the non-Catholic population of the six counties. In the circumstances we may say that, while Mary Cummings would have no desire to be polemical, as a Roman Catholic of southern origins she might have some misgiving about an open display of the Union flag.

P.

⁹ *Ulster’s Stand for Union* (1922) page 15

Tennis at Petworth from 1900 (1)

1) “The King of Games is still the Game of Kings”

Thus concludes a poem *Parker’s Piece* written by J.K. Stephen and published in the *Cambridge Review* in 1891. “Real” tennis has a long pedigree and sees no reason to apologise for an aristocratic past. Even in a new century it can hold different worlds together with a measure of confidence. At Petworth the game certainly goes back to the sixteenth century. Henry VIII’s interest may be arguable but Petworth House has household accounts from the reign of Elizabeth for plastering and paving the courts. Immured in the Tower from 1605, Henry, ninth Earl of Northumberland, turned his thoughts to tennis, planning a court at Syon, while there is mention of thatching the court in the time of Algernon, the tenth earl. Northumberland had charge of the King’s children for a period under the Commonwealth and extant accounts reflect tennis tuition for the Duke of York (later James II), not however for Petworth but for St. James’s Palace. A new court was built Petworth in 1700 roughly in the position of the present court, but this court was laboriously removed in 1797 to a site at the north end of the great house. Unique and tangible relics of this age are a handful of recently discovered antique rackets, some made at Petworth and kept now at the court. To judge from the notebook of Thomas Sockett, the rector of Petworth, the court was in regular use in the

first decades of the nineteenth century, Sockett on one occasion overcoming the Duc de Berry. Another visitor was the Comte d'Artois later to become Charles X of France. A final rebuilding came in 1872. There was a serious problem with rising damp and the noted designer Joseph Bickley was brought in to advise, first, briefly in 1903, then again in 1908. While he made a number of improvements the problem would not effectively be solved until later years.

Little or nothing is known of the use of the court in the latter part of the nineteenth century. The inference must be that it was, at best, underused. What is certain is that Charles, third Lord Leconfield, succeeding to the title at the century's beginning, took a keen interest in the game. His appointment of Arthur Smith to the new post of Professional in 1902 marks something of a watershed. Born in 1870, and universally known as "Tennis", Smith had entered the Rackets Court at Lord's in 1883. From there he transferred to the tennis court in 1890 under James Fennell, the newly appointed head professional. It was here that Smith learned the professional side of the game.

Early century tennis had a definite social cachet: after all, a tennis court is expensive to build and maintain, and tends to be very much the prerogative of its patron. Private ownership gives the right to limit public access, while entrenched attitudes can also inhibit the game's possible development as a spectator sport. The rules, too, while clear enough to the initiate, can seem arcane to the casual observer. In the last century and before there was a traditional dichotomy of aristocratic players and dynastic families of professionals.

Arthur Smith was unusual in his time in not coming from a family background in the sport. His father had simply been a friend of George Lambert the Lord's Professional, hence the introduction. While at Lord's Smith "marked"¹ all major public matches from 1893 until he left for Petworth in 1902.

If Smith's appointment was something new at Petworth, it was regular practice elsewhere. A professional's job involved coaching, playing matches with patrons and house guests, upkeep and maintenance of the court and making the distinctive balls.² Depending on the man himself, being a professional could be a somewhat solitary occupation; it could also, of course, be a gregarious one. Certainly what is known of Arthur Smith suggests a popular and convivial man. He was married, and had an Estate house in Egremont Row in Angel Street, Petworth. He left for South Africa in 1914, although it is possible that his wife did not go with him. Tradition has it that an arm injury lay behind his retirement. How the war would have affected his status at Petworth must remain hypothetical. There is no reason to suppose that Smith ever returned to England, although the fact that he left a number of articles with his friend, Arthur Allison, may suggest that he had some thoughts of returning.

It is clear that within the fairly rigid Leconfield Estate hierarchy of the time Smith had a well-defined place. A 1907 Club Day³ photograph shows him marching with Arthur Allison

¹ I.e. marked the chases on the floor and kept the score

² Still a laborious, skilled and crucial task

³ Club Day was the annual celebration of Lord Leconfield's private Friendly Society open only to Estate employees. For the photograph see *Petworth Time Out of Mind* (1982) photograph 136, page 115

and Lord Leconfield's land agent at the very head of the Leconfield Estate contingent. Another picture shows him standing in the at-ease position just within the Cricket Lodge entrance of Petworth Park, a distinctive smiling figure.⁴ Another photograph this time from 1914, shows him at Brighton with other Leconfield Estate heads of department. An indication of Smith's easy familiarity within the Estate hierarchy is his obvious friendship with "Mrs" Cownley, the redoubtable housekeeper at Petworth. Her scrapbook⁵ suggests that he was quite capable of breaching that lady's very superior reserve. No one who was not on the closest of terms with her would be so bold as to write the following:

I like you in yellow,

I like you in red,

But I like you best

When I see you at the theatre (Je ne pense pas)

The entry is dated December 7th 1913 and in retrospect seems something of a valediction. Our last contact with him is a desperately faded sepia snapshot of three men sitting on a garden seat, Smith in the centre, one in khaki with puttees, underneath, in Mrs. Cownley's own hand, is the legend "SA 1916". Clearly Smith kept in touch with Mrs. Cownley after he left Petworth as no doubt he did with Arthur Allison.⁶

Although no mean player, Smith seems to have been a little short of the highest class. A correspondent in *The Field* for 13th January 1912 mentions a couple of competitive matches in the mid-1890s but then no more until 1909. It is not surprising that Lord Leconfield's initiative in bringing Smith to Petworth should result in a local resurgence of the game. *The Field* observes: "Smith may not be a very strong player as professionals go, but his whole game shows it has been founded on the best and most correct principles in the game. He is an admirable teacher; an opponent for one his equal in skill with whom it is a pleasure to play, and of those at the present time who are a great credit to their profession."

Of Smith's contribution to tennis at Petworth *The Field* has this to say: "Tennis was practically a dead letter at Petworth when he went there, and the court rarely used. Smith has taught most of those who play now at Petworth regularly. Mr. Beachcroft has got into the final of the Brighton handicap in the last two years, and Dr. Kerr, another player at Petworth, was in the semi-final this year" Messrs. Beachcroft and Kerr were Petworth doctors and the presumption must be that other leading members of the local community came to Smith for tuition, possibly paying a coaching fee - or possibly such tuition was simply part of the professional's duties. Smith's salary of fifty shillings a week⁷ was a very respectable one at the time.

The war was no time for tennis, the building being used for a time as an army billet, and it would be late in 1918 when Henry Charles (Harry) Lambert was appointed to fill Smith's old position. Lambert came from one of the old tennis dynasties and a very distinguished one.

⁴ Ibid. page 115 photograph 137. Probably another Club Day picture

⁵ For this PSM 86

⁶ The scrapbook is now held by the National Trust at Petworth

⁷ So Brian Rich in PSM 79

4th March, 1922.

Dear Sir,

The telephone wires running from the L.C.&W. Bank to Lord Leconfield's Tennis Court have not yet been removed.

I shall be obliged if you will give this early attention - I understood when it was last spoken of that it would be done at once.

The wires were originally fixed in 1915 for the use of the military billeted here at that time.

Yours faithfully,

(WATSON)

Mr Gribble,
Postmaster,
Petworth.

*Letter from J.B. Watson, land agent to Lord Leconfield.
The tennis court was apparently used as billets for troops in 1915.
Petworth House Archives courtesy of Lord Egremont.*



Lombard Street 1900. The hands on the clock indicate that the cart picture was taken instantly after the first one. See John Hurd's letter in Editor's Postbag. Both postcards by Frith.



Petworth Druids Dinner April 1953. Has anyone a recollection of the Petworth Druids, Oddfellows, Buffaloes or other similar society? Photograph by G. G. Garland.

He had clearly, in the nature of things, visited the Petworth court on a number of occasions and it is reported that he was turned down for the position of professional in 1916. Why the situation had changed by 1918 is not clear. Unlike his predecessor Lambert seems to have left little mark on tradition, at least as far as this Magazine is concerned. Ethel Place⁸ recalled him living at Egremont Row, but mistakenly thought that he simply replaced Smith. Possibly the players Arthur Smith had so carefully nurtured returned after the war, possibly not. Whatever the situation, Lord Leconfield remained the crucial figure and Lambert's prime concern.

Certainly at Petworth in the early 1920s there was an emphasis on top class competitive matches, Lambert often figuring in these; he was much more the competitive player than Smith had been. The history of the court at this time remains very obscure and Lambert himself a shadowy figure. By 1927 he appears to be at Lord's and Petworth was left with another interregnum.⁹ This rare insight into tennis at Petworth will no doubt come from Lambert's time. Mark Wyndham¹⁰ recalled a conversation with the novelist Henry Green, a Wyndham relative. Green often stayed at Petworth as a house guest and was walking in the private gardens. It was after lunch, a time when the house guests were largely left to their own devices and Green met up with Lord Hugh Cecil, very much his senior. Eventually the pair of them strolled into the Tennis Court where Lord Leconfield was engaged in a match with the Professional. They took their places in the space provided for spectators. His lordship was playing less than well and becoming increasingly irritated. As he missed another easy ball he roared, "Get out, Henry!" Lord Hugh Cecil said, in a low voice, "We'll sit here for five minutes and then go quietly." Henry Green had been born in 1905 so the story will no doubt reflect the early 1920s. It is a reminder also that the Professional needed a certain tact, particularly with a somewhat volatile employer; he might well need to tailor his game to his opponent's abilities - not the easiest balance to obtain. A feature of Lambert's time at Petworth was an emphasis on competitive play and top class matches. On May 29th 1919 Lambert beat R.C.E. Dickinson 2/6 6/5 5/6 6/4 6/0, the match being marked by James Fennell from Lord's. The audience, one would suppose, was an invited one.

Frank "Emile" Latham was the son of a world class player at both Tennis and Rackets. Trained at Lord's, Latham had been Professional at Paris in the years immediately following the Great War. Very little indeed is known of his time at Petworth and he seems only to have been appointed in 1938. He was certainly in Petworth in 1939, but whether he remained in the town during the war years is obscure. Did he, like his two predecessors have a house in Egremont Row? Of the period between Lambert's departure and Latham's appointment there is no information at all. Significantly at the Browning Cup tournament in 1936, a handicap tournament for professional tennis players held at Prince's Club, Brighton, in that year, Lord Leconfield is present, but there is no Petworth representative.

⁸ PSM 45, page 15

⁹ It seems likely that local players simply collected the court keys from the Estate Office when they wished, with Lord Leconfield's permission, to make use of the courts

¹⁰ PSM 89

During the war the Court was used as a grain store and it would be 1960 before the Club was reformed.

P. with a great deal of help from Brian Rich. We would be grateful for any memories of the Court in the pre-war period, and particularly of any recollection of Messrs. Lambert or Latham. We would hope to conclude this article by continuing the story from 1960 to the present day.

The Loyal Angel Lodge of Oddfellows, Petworth

Much has been written in recent years about friendly societies in Petworth and all of the research has appeared in the pages of this magazine. Peter wrote at length on 'The Society of Good Fellowship' known also as the 'Angel Blue' or 'Old Blue', and I did a certain amount of research into Lord Leconfield's 'Petworth Park Friendly Society'. Both of these organisations were peculiar to Petworth and by their nature were really quite parochial, having a membership which broadly reflected the influence that Petworth wielded over a large part of north-west Sussex.

Beside the two societies mentioned there were several others which no doubt would be worthy of further research at some future date. These local mutual benefit societies were unsophisticated in their aims, they owed no allegiance to any national body and provided that they paid lip service to the assorted Acts of Parliament designed to regulate friendly societies they could pretty much do as they pleased. While no doubt these clubs provided effectively for their members, they were by their nature doomed to failure. As each new society – and there were many – was founded it would attract a younger membership who no doubt would be encouraged by improved benefits to leave the established societies. The older clubs would consequently be left with an ageing membership dependant upon an ever dwindling pool of fee paying members. Better off members would spread the risk by joining more than one society and so enjoy additional benefits at times of sickness or unemployment.

The fortunes of these small clubs ebbed and flowed for much of the first half of the nineteenth century. Their popularity depended as much upon the convivial aspects of a club day, or the monthly meetings at a public house, as upon any insurance offered to their members. By the middle of the nineteenth century a threat at least equal to the ageing membership was sweeping the central counties of England and threatening to overwhelm the local clubs. From the north of England came the affiliated societies. Monolithic organisations such as the Druids, the Ancient Order of Foresters, and the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows were rapidly changing the face of the mutual societies. With rules and ceremonies not dissimilar to the free Masons, they had achieved huge success in the industrial areas of the north and their overwhelming efficiency was spreading toward the poor agricultural counties of the south.

The development of the Oddfellow movement in Sussex had been sluggish compared with the success of the local clubs. Prior to 1825 there had been only two lodges in the county and during the decade 1835-45 only a further nine were added to the total. In neighbouring Surrey the total was 31 over the same period. While many factors were clearly involved to explain the relatively slow progress of the affiliated clubs in Sussex it may well have been a certain reluctance on the part of the land owners to encourage a movement that was perceived as organising the working classes on a much greater scale than had previously been experienced under the local clubs. After all it was within recent years that 'Captain Swing' and his rick burning rabble of disaffected farm workers had rampaged through the southern counties, and the mob had not passed Petworth untouched by their threats. It goes without saying that any mass organisation of workmen would for some years be met with suspicion. The years 1829-36 were particularly lean and according to returns submitted to Parliament not a single affiliated society, was established in the county. Clubs at Kirdford¹, Wisborough Green² and Northchapel³ were among the 36 local societies established during this same period.

The Oddfellows made their home at the Angel while the Foresters adopted The Swan in The Square. Ritualistic to the point of obsession the Oddfellows ceremonies followed a strict routine that was known only to the members. Frequently changed passwords were used to gain entry to lodge nights and heavy fines were levied against any member who broke the code of secrecy. Regular lectures were given to instruct candidates in the practices of the society, secret handshakes and signs were taught and memorised by new members. The leadership of each lodge was based on a universally adopted hierarchy. The pinnacle of lodge membership was the Grand Master (G.M) this was a semi-honorary role occupied by a respected officer of the order who may have served previously as a Noble Grand (N.G) or a Vice Grand (V.G). These latter positions were assisted in their duties by a Warder, Right and Left Supporters and Treasurers and Trustees⁴. The N.G. effectively presided over the management of the lodge with the aid of the V.G. The Warder was responsible for property belonging to the lodge while it was the duty of the Supporters to ensure good order during lodge meetings.

Both the Oddfellows and the Foresters enjoyed a degree of success at Petworth. However they appear to have left little in the way of records. It was therefore all the more surprising to find at auction in Midhurst a huge wooden cupboard roll detailing all of the past Grand Masters of the Petworth Angel Lodge of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows. The roll forms part of a great wooden carrying case that opens out in four large sections totalling about six feet in length, one of which contained the Oddfellows' arms cast in alabaster with a dispensation granting the establishment of the order at Petworth. The other three sections list the past Grand Masters from the inauguration of the Angel Lodge in 1849 to the last recorded G.M. in 1946. The whole case probably weighs in excess of 60 lbs and is designed to be

¹ The Half Moon, 1833

² The Three Crowns 1835

³ The Half Moon, 1834

⁴ Rules of The Loyal Rose of Sharon Lodge, 1878. (Manchester Unity of Oddfellows)

locked when not on display. It seems likely that following the closure of the Petworth lodge the roll and any other possessions were transferred to the White Swan Lodge at Midhurst where it would have remained until its closure a few years later.

The Angel Lodge of the Oddfellows may well have flourished more or less from the outset. The identities of the Grand Masters indicate that the order had a diverse membership and unlike the small parochial societies it was not governed by honorary members who tended to dominate the official positions. The Oddfellow Grand Masters seem to have been chosen mainly from local trades' people. The list is extensive and many held the office more than once. Certain names appear several times over a considerable number of years. Perhaps the lodge was going through a difficult period and a steadying hand was needed at the tiller. Horace White, the verger at the Parish Church, assumed what appears to have been the final office in 1946 but had previously held it in 1913, 1919, 1925, 1933, 1935 and 1943. It seems likely that he was chosen to wind up the affairs of the lodge and transfer the property to Midhurst. George Elmer was to be the inaugural Grand Master and no doubt played an important part in establishing the lodge at Petworth. Elmer was a tailor and outfitter operating from premises next door to the Red Lion in New Street. William Austin the builder holds the position in 1852, with the versatile 'watchmaker, jeweller and shirt-maker'⁵ Levi Marks in 1854. Public office was clearly no bar to attaining the lofty heights of Oddfellowship as in 1885 when Charles George Hill became G.M. he was employed at the time as Relieving Officer and Registrar of births, deaths and marriages and conveniently lived only 'a stone's throw' from The Angel at nearby Mount Pleasant. 1890 sees Frank Rogers begin the first of two terms as G.M. Mr Rogers ran his toy and fancy warehouse from premises at the very bottom of Lombard Street though he would later become better known for his chemist's shop in the Market Square. The roll appears to go on endlessly. Most surnames are familiar though occasionally the initials are difficult to reconcile with recorded persons; Alf Howard the chimney sweep in 1895, Henry Jesse Sutton assistant schoolmaster in 1905.

We are gradually moving towards a more recent time that is only just beyond our own recollection but from which the characters are quite familiar. Ernest Streeter, the well-known jeweller in Church Street served as G.M. in 1906, Mr Bowdidge, the Lombard Street grocer in 1915. Mr Crawley, the Leconfield Estate gunsmith and stalwart of the Petworth House fire brigade had in 1918 only recently returned from the trenches when he was elected G.M. and it seems likely that the Oddfellows were dominated by such men during this period. The names hurtle on during the inter-war years, they become almost repetitive, perhaps there is a shortage of candidates, or volunteers? J.G. Jeffrey and G. Jeffrey, one person perhaps, unknown to me they remain anonymous. Lady Shakerley recalls Mrs Jeffries (sic) as a prominent member of the 'Meat Pie Section' of the W.I. during World War Two⁶. No doubt someone will mock my ignorance. We of course end with Horace White our dedicated verger. Still remembered with fondness in the town Horace was the very backbone of the Oddfellows for at least 33 years and probably more.

⁵ Kelly's Post-Office Directory, 1852

⁶ Petworth Society Magazine 56

Local references to the Oddfellows at Petworth are scarce. While the local clubs were frowned upon by the church for their libatory lodge nights the Oddfellows do not seem to have been particularly noted. A simple search of the parish magazine reveals just a single reference and then only to record the death in January 1910 of J.W. Stedman who according to the obituary *was for many years a member of the Oddfellows, and captain of the Fire Brigade*. Later that year the death of King Edward VII was commemorated at Petworth by a march through the town by members of various organisations including the Foresters, and Hearts of Oak Friendly Societies. No mention of the presence of any Oddfellows is mentioned in the report. The demise of the Oddfellows is no surprise. The birth of the welfare state had heralded in a long period of decline in the fortunes of the mutual benefit clubs. They would limp on for some time dependant largely upon existing members and the social aspects of the club, but their days were clearly numbered.

Grand Masters of the Loyal Angel Lodge 4308 of Oddfellows, Petworth.

1849	G.D. Elmer	1870	W.H. Habbin
1850	S. Stedman	1871	J. Dummer
1851	G. Barttelot	"	G. Knight
1852	W. Austin	1872	H. Lucas
1853	G.D. Elmer	"	A. Summersell
1854	L. Marks	1873	W. Knight
1855	T. Stirling	1874	A. Summersell
1856	H. Hunt	"	W.H. Habbin
1857	H. Hunt	1875	H. Lucas
1858	H. Hunt	"	W.H. Lewis
1859	W. Greenfield	1876	G. Venns
1860	G. Knight	"	J.W. Stedman
1861	J. Vincent	1877	A. Rogers
1862	L.B. Henderson	"	C. Daughtrey
1863	H. Goble	1878	W. Bacon
1864	J. Vincent	"	F.A. Elliott
"	C. Potts	1880	W.H. Lewis
1865	H. Barttelot	1881	W. Bacon
"	T. Baker	1882	G. Venns
1866	G. Knight	1883	H. Cooper
"	J.W. Stedman	1884	H. Goldsmith
1867	W. Knight	1885	C.G. Hill
"	A. Summersell	1886	J.H. Southin
1868	H.W. Bicknell	1887	A. Cooper
"	W.H. Habbin	1888	W.T. Habbin
1869	G. Knight	1889	W. Stedham
"	G. Lucas	1890	F. Rogers

⁴ For this see PSM 127

1891	W.J. Cragg	1919	H. White
1892	C. Older	1920	W. Bartellot
1893	P. Austin	1921	J. Stoner
1894	W. Bartellot	1922	J. Stoner
1895	A. Howard	1923	D. Crawley
1896	F. Rogers	1924	F.G. Lanaway
1897	W.G. Stedman	1925	H. White
1898	G. Randall	1926	J. Stoner
1899	W.M. Small	1927	D. Crawley
1900	W. Booker	1928	L. Vincent
1901	F.C. Peacock	1929	W. Booker
1902	W.D. Morgan	1930	J.G. Humphrey
1903	F.G. Lanaway	1931	T. Burdock
1904	A. Knight	1932	D. Crawley
1905	H.J. Sutton	1933	H. White
1906	E. Streeter	1934	G. Jeffrey
1907	J.S. Stedman	1935	H. White
1908	C. Smith	1936	J.G. Jeffrey
1909	S. Vincent	1937	C.W.J. Reed
1910	W. Booker	1938	G. Jeffrey
1911	J.G. Humphrey	1939	W. Booker
1912	H.J. Sutton	1940	A.C. Stanmore
1913	H. White	1941	G. Jeffrey
1914	J. Stoner	1942	W. Booker
1915	A. Bowdidge	1943	H. White
1916	A. Gigg	1944	G. Jeffrey
1917	H.J. Sutton	1945	W. Booker
1918	D. Crawley	1946	H. White

Miles Costello

This account, written by Leslie Ernest Sprackling apparently in the 1960s reflects some quarter of a century from 1927 to the early 1950s with a few hints at a more distant past. It comes from Barns Green, very much on the border of our normal territory, but is of such interest as to more than justify a place in this Magazine.

A Slate Club fulfilled some of the functions of a Friendly Society but differed radically in some respects. Entirely self-governing, it did not hold funds from one year to another, the culmination of the year being the annual share out. It is apparent too that such clubs could be intensely conservative. To see the workings of such a club from the inside is at least unusual, it may even be unique. In the interests of clarity I have modified the use of capital letters and occasionally, the punctuation.

P.

A Village Slate Club

At the start of 1927 the Secretary of the above resigned after a period of 26 years' service. I was appointed to take over. This was a semi-sick club, its membership during the next 25 years I held office was about the 100 mark. During the reign of my predecessor he held strictly to the rules - which were made at the commencement of his service - possibly time changed, as I did, the petty rules but the contribution and benefits remained to the last. I must say when I took office I saw this was a "Publican's benefit club." Very early in January the publican would put up a notice to say "A meeting would be held in the Club Room. All interested attend." (All male customers would attend, an excuse to get together and away from home for the evening. The landlord would preside and ask for a show of hands to the questions "Should the Slate Club continue?" - all hands raised (in prospect of excuses "I must go out tonight it's club night"¹) then he would say, "I propose Mr. So and So as Secretary - carried without opposition." Immediately this was done, two plates would be fetched, and placing one over the other, the Secretary would require the services of four others to act as committee for a quarter. The method at this meeting of providing the four was: the Secretary had the roll of members who belonged to the Club the previous year, he would start at the beginning (not in alphabetic order) call out the name and if that person failed to respond he had to put 3^d in the top plate, the plate emptied in the lower one - and keep going until he had his four. I have witnessed the roll being read twice before the 4 had been obtained - the poor chap who had too few 3^ds was forced to serve - his name was omitted if called twice - this was repeated at each quarterly night, but then, the committee had a duty to perform i.e. the rules clearly stated that "during the hour the Club's business was conducted" no offensive or bad word was to be used - if so that member was made to put 3^d in top plate. This committee had to decide how many bad words, and, price to pay immediately; failing to comply, the offending member was totally expelled, dodges to increase funds was (sic) fully practised - a member on paying his dues, would be given wrong change, this gave rise to an argument, the member duped into saying something then fined for doing so - someone would, when his back was turned, move his pint or chair, the result would be the same. The meetings were fortnightly but only quarter nights the committee changed, thus every meeting the committee had this to do.² The real idea of the club was to help each other in sickness or at the death of a member or his wife. Each member paid 6^d each week and 1/- membership, benefit to commence one month after joining. Any new members joining after the first meeting had to be proposed and seconded by two serving members - therefore - objectionable³ ones were ruled out. The benefits were 10/- per week for 6 weeks then 5/- for a final 6 weeks. £4-10-0 only paid to a member in one year.

On the death of a member all other members paid 1/- death levy to be handed to deceased wife or next of kin, in the event of a member's wife death levy 6^d, curiously, (and strictly to

¹ The syntax is not clear. The meaning seems to be that if the Slate Club folded, the excuse of having to go to the pub for Club night would disappear with it

² ? i.e. this had to be done every quarterly meeting [Ed]

³ i.e. members open to objection on grounds of doubtful health [Ed]

the rules but not observed by myself) if the unfortunate ones passed away 2 weeks before Xmas and during January no benefit was paid. At the end of the year, generally 2 weeks before Xmas, all the cash collected - subscriptions - swearing etc was equally divided - during the 50 years I knew the Club the share out always exceeded £1. Can we now do a bit of thinking - my father's wage would have been about 14/- per week - shillings not pounds, therefore his weekly contribution of 6^d was 1/28 of his total earnings - if we take a corresponding wage for a man in his position today, would be £20 - 1/28 of that 14/3^d per week. So in those days they did try to help themselves in time of sickness and tragedy. I say these clubs were "publican's benefit"; each fortnight he had his customers - monthly meetings all had to attend - a charge made for the room and, previous to my reign, the annual share out all had to attend, he laid on a cold dinner, and to come away that evening under one's own power was considered an affront to his beverages which all had to be paid for.

When a member became sick he had to obtain a doctor's certificate, this had to be handed in to the Secretary before 12 a.m., failing to do this meant no sick pay for that day. Whilst sick the member had to be indoors at sunset and stay to sunrise, he must not do any work of any description - not even get the coals for his wife. If seen and reported no sick pay for that week - two members visited during the week reporting back to Secretary condition of member. On getting the signing off certificate this had to be handed in before 12 a.m. if not that day was lost. Upon the death of a member or his wife - (and in a village where no stranger came) a death certificate had to be produced at the next meeting before payment was made.

Referring back to the work whilst sick - after I had been Secretary for a few years, I was working in an adjoining village, a member of the Club - and on sick pay - was walking along the road carrying a clothes prop. Approaching me he said, "I hope you do not report me, I know I am not allowed to do this." I told him I had abolished that stupid rule, my attitude was that it was nice to see members doing something - then I knew they would soon be back to work. The members strangely were jealous of their number on the roll, each year this had to be strictly adhered to otherwise trouble for the Secretary and hard to put right.

This Club was extremely fortunate in the type of men who were members, they would only go on Club funds when necessity made them, only one saw to it that he had his share of sick pay together with share out - sometimes genuinely but always something to claim for - he had to be disposed of, much to my regret ending in sadness.⁴ His wife, a charming, hard working woman who each fortnight gave to me his contribution - we always had a chat. I had to put this man's record before the committee, they decided that his membership was not required, I was to inform him of this, in his last "share out envelope". I added a slip, informing him of the committee decision, the same day as his wife collected she met with an accident, and was instantly killed. One other - a cowman's wife also each fortnight did the same for her husband - she failed to come on one occasion, he came himself. I said, "What is the matter with the wife?" He said, "She is none too well, she has shingles in her hind leg."

On being asked to take on the secretarial duties I said I would on condition the rules

⁴The problem seems to be, not the conjunction of sick pay and share out but the man's persistent claiming on the Club

were amended and brought up to date, together with its being a less "publican's benefit". A room was not asked for, the duties each fortnight took place in the Public Bar. This abolished the swearing rule - but changes had taken place - this was no longer a male domain - ladies took to having a drink with their husbands - yes, everyone was known, no possibility of either bringing in a strange person, questions would be asked and answered - so the language was very restricted. The 12 a.m. rule abolished - death certificate not required, having to stay indoors, calling the roll all passed out. Even when the landlord had no beer the Club continued, a few came and paid but otherwise they paid at my residence. I was hoping to beat the last Secretary in years of service - but having served for 25 years came the final evening, the last Share Out - it was my duties that evening to receive the cash from the (then new landlord) put up each person's share in envelopes, then be in attendance to give to those who came their envelope - this particular night, feeling unwell I forsook my usual drink, and asked for a small bottle of Rum. This the landlord said he could not do - as, if he let me have this he would lose the profit he would make if he sold same in tots - for me the finish, after 25 years carrying out all Club affairs in an honorary capacity - and ultimately the finish of this landlord at that local.

My predecessor was paid 1/- for each member. A curious custom passed out, about the same time as himself - and in the interest of hygiene about time - i.e. treating a friend was not the rule, on the entrance of a pal he would not say, "What is yours?" but offer the pal his pint and say, "Take a sip of this," then when the pal had been served he would return the compliment - 2^d a pint was a big price to pay 1/84 of his wage - today by comparison 2/4^d a pint, so it is much cheaper today.



Fittleworth Club with their banner 1906.

Were Surrey roads any better?

Eighteenth century Sussex was famous (perhaps a better word would be notorious) for the atrocious condition of its roads. Not even the arrogant and affluent Charles Seymour, sixth Duke of Somerset, could procure himself a comfortable passage to and from Petworth House. The following testimonies illustrate some of the difficulties the Duke experienced. Lesser persons were perhaps fortunate in that they had no need to travel – particularly in winter. I have retained the erratic use of capital letters as in the original.

John Poynton Gent – Servant to His Grace the Duke of Somerset. John Foster¹ coachman, Saith – That in the Common Road or Highway leading from the Market Town of Petworth in the County of Sussex to the Market Town of Guildford in the County of Surrey there are several places in that part of the High Way or Road lying within the Parish of Chiddingfold in the sd. County of Sussex which are very Ruinous Founderous and very unsafe and dangerous for Coaches, Waggons or other Carriages and for horsemen² to pass.

Particularly that part of the Road leading down from the Top of a little hill on the south of the Town or Street of Chiddingfold all along by the lands Occupied by Farmer Yarrow and so on northwards to the Town or Street of Chiddingfold.

And another part of the sd. highway leading from the North part of the sd. Town or Street of Chiddingfold Northward to a Blacksmith's Shop and to a Green or place called or known by the Name of Mellish's Green. That he believes the Parish ought to Repair the same.

And also many other and dangerous bad holes and Founderous places in other parts of the sd. Road within the sd. parish of Chiddingfold.

That he being a Servant to His Grace the Duke of S. often Travells and Attends his Grace in Journeys. And that the Duke to avoid as much as possible the dangerous Places in the sd. Roads Hires and pays for going of his Coaches, Chariots and Waggons etc through several Farm Grounds.

That on Thursday 27th of March last he was attending the Duke and Duchess in their Journey from Petworth to Guildford and that His Grace's Six Coach wherein was the Lady Frances Seymour his Grace's Daughter with other persons was in one of the places aforementioned viz¹. leading from the North part of Chiddingfold Town or Street to Mellish's Green, stuck fast in a dangerous hole, and part of the Tackling or Harness belonging thereto broke, and was not without great difficulty and hazard and delay drawn out and lifted with the assistance of another horse and several persons.

Richard Harrison Servant to His Grace the Duke of Somerset - was travelling with his Grace's Waggon and six horses from Petworth to Guildford on Thursday 27th of March last. And in a part of the Common highway leading from the north part of the Town or Street of Chiddingfold towards a Blacksmith's Shop and a Green called or known by the name of Mellish's Green the sd. Waggon was stuck fast in a Founderous hole,

¹ Reading uncertain

² Replacing "Travellers" struck out

and in great danger of Overturning and could not be got out with hiring another Team of horses and assistance of several persons and the delay of several hours...

P.

Of old St. Mary's

The Tales of Old Petworth were published originally in serial form over a period of several months and appeared in the old *West Sussex County Times* and *Sussex Standard* in the early 1890s. John Osborn Greenfield's original recollections had been supplemented by another later hand prior to publication. When the series finished, *The Tales* were replaced by the somewhat discursive "*Petworth Calendar*", a mixed bag of observations with a pronounced academic and ecclesiastical slant, and contributed, it is likely, by Benjamin Arnold. On April 16th 1892 the writer looks to do exactly as I would attempt in 2002, that is to suggest a context for services at St. Mary's in those uncertain years before the Reformation. Arguing from general to particular is a dangerous procedure, but, with specific local material so scant, there is little alternative. In fact the two accounts have a good deal in common, given that the hint of Protestant irony in the earlier account strikes a discordant note in these ecumenical times It is likely however that Petworth offered a far less elaborate ritual than Arnold suggests.

P.

¹ *Petworth from the Beginnings to 1660* (2002) chapters 7 and 10

Easter

With regard to the old custom of giving entertainments in churches at Eastertide, Brand cites from the Churchwarden's accounts of Reading set forth in Coate's history of that time several items of different sums paid for nails for the sepulchre: "for rosyn¹ to the resurrection play:" for setting up four poles for the scaffold whereon the plays were performed: for making "a Judas" for the writing of the plays themselves" and for other expenses attending the "getting up" of the representations. The most splendid shows must have been in those churches which performed the resurrection at the sepulchre with a full dramatic persona of monks in dresses according to the character they assumed. In the celebration of this festival the Roman Church amused our forefathers by theatrical representations, and extraordinary dramatic worship, with appropriate scenery, machinery and decorations. The exhibition appears to have been conducted with great effect. There was a marvellous, lively and beautiful image of the picture of Our Lady, which picture was made to open with gimmes² (or link fastenings) from the breast downward and with the said image was wrought and pictured the image of Our Saviour, marvellously finely gilt, holding up his hands, and betwixt his hand was a large fair crucifix of Christ, all in gold, the which crucifix was ordained to be taken forth every Good Friday and

¹ The reading is clear but I cannot explain this word

² OED Gimmer or Gimmel - hinge

every man did creep unto³ it that was in the church at that time; and afterwards it was hung up again within the said image. Every principal day this image was opened that every man might see, pictured within her, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, most curiously and finely gilt; and both the sides within her were very finely varnished with green varnish, and flowers of gold, which was a goodly sight for all the beholders thereof. On Good Friday there was a marvellous solemn service, in which service-time, after the Passion was sung, two of the ancient monks took a goodly large crucifix, all of gold, and the picture of Our Saviour Christ nailed upon the cross, laying it upon a velvet cushion, embroidered with gold, bringing it betwixt them upon the cushion to the lowest steps in the choir, and there betwixt them did hold the said picture of Our Saviour, sitting on either side of it. And then one of the said monks did rise, and went a pretty pace from it and setting himself on his knees, with his shoes put off, very reverently he crept upon his knees unto the said cross, and most reverently did kiss it: and after him the other monk did so likewise: and then they sat down on either side of the said cross holding it betwixt them. Afterwards the friar came forth of his stall, and did sit him down upon his knees with his shoes off in like sort, and did creep also unto the said cross, and all the monks after him did creep also, one after another in the same manner and order; in the meantime the whole choir singing a hymn. The service having ended, the said two monks carried the cross to the sepulchre with great reverence. The sepulchre was erected in the church near the altar, to represent the tomb wherein the body of Christ was laid for burial. At this tomb was a grand performance on Easter-day. Such were the (shall we call them) vagaries of similar such priests.

³ Text "into" presumably a misprint


<i>Evening.</i>				
	No.	£	s.	d.
Cheques				
Notes	1	1	-	-
Sovereigns				
Half Sovereigns				
Crowns				
Double Florins				
Half Crowns				
Florins	2		4	-
Shillings	13		13	-
Sixpences	45	1	2	6
Threepennies	28		7	-
Pence	277	1	13	1
Halfpence	100		4	2
Farthings				
Stamps				
		4	13	9

Collection at evening service. St Mary's Petworth, apparently 22nd February 1920. Lord Leconfield in attendance.



Messrs Maybank Coachbuilders, East Street.

Miss Goulds August 10th 1893



To W. H. MAYBANK, 

Coach, Cart, Van Builder,

AND WHEELWRIGHT,

EAST & HIGH STREETS,

PETWORTH.

  Repairs of all kinds neatly executed.

New victoria body with
 second hand under carriage
 painted lined & varnished 30 " 9
 New patent break & fixing
 with indian rubber blocks 4 10 " 11
 New indian rubber mat 2 2 " 3

Bill delivered

£	43	12	6
---	----	----	---

Recd August 26th 1893
 Bank

Invoice from Messrs Maybank 1893.
 Figures on right are difficult to read on the copy. Total appears to be £43-12.6.

A second cutting from a scrap book at the June Book Sale see PSM 133 page 17. The newspaper is almost certainly the *West Sussex Gazette* and the date 1905.

MR. JAMES BUCHANAN'S BIRTHDAY ENTERTAINMENT.

Lavington Park, the delightful country home of Mr. and Mrs. James Buchanan, was the scene on Wednesday afternoon, the 13th inst., of a particularly pleasant gathering, in celebration of Mr. Buchanan's birthday. Invitations were issued to the employees upon the Lavington estate, to the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages of Graffham and Duncton, also to several tradesmen in Petworth, and all so readily responded that the number of guests exceeded a thousand. Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan invited the assistance of Mr. Frank Hales (the estate agent), the Rev. H. W. Grainge, Mr. Moffatt-Taylor, Mr. Arthur Drury, Mr. W. Holmes, Mr. Whittingham, and they formed an effective committee. So complete were the arrangements that the luncheon given to the Band of the 3rd Royal Sussex Regiment, the committee, and Mr. F. G. Otway's staff of assistants, was finished in time to permit the athletic sports to commence at 1.30 p.m. From that time until 9 o'clock p.m. there was no cessation of amusement. The ground on the north side of the Park from the mansion was used, and, viewed from the roadway, the effect was pretty in the extreme. The undulating beauty of the park, its command of scenery unequalled in West Sussex, and possibly in Southern England, made an ideal spot for such a group of well wishers. The weather, too, was on its best behaviour; the sun shone its brightest, and everyone looked happy and delighted. Here and there one saw employees who had spent their whole lives at Lavington, Graffham, or Duncton. One, a nonagenarian, honoured and respected, sat in a particularly easy chair, under the loving care of his children, and held quite a reception of young friends grown old, and old friends now infirm. We speak of Mr. Henry Smith. Near by, were Mr. and Mrs. George Mason, of Duncton, who but a week or so ago celebrated their golden wedding, both over eighty years of age.

The band, under Mr. C. Hartmann, gave 17 selections during the afternoon and evening, concluding with spirited dance music, which was taken advantage of by many. Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan moved freely among their guests, making many new acquaintances. The catering was carried out well by Mr. F. G. Otway, of Petworth, tea being served in a large building, with tents adjoining, so placed as to form a quadrangle. The tables were prettily decorated with flowers, and with the bright dresses and pleasant faces, of a number of young ladies from Petworth whom Mr. Otway had enlisted to assist him, the picture was a bright one. All the party could not be served at one sitting, and those who had to wait visited the swings, shooting galleries, and such like amusements freely provided. After tea, the sports were completed.

Many of the events were productive of fun, and keenly enjoyed.

Mrs. Buchanan distributed the prizes, and the ladies, old and young, were particularly applauded as they responded to Mr. Hales' call. There were aged, middle-aged, and young; but all appeared delighted in being among the successful.

Mr. Frank Hales proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Buchanan. Ringing cheers greeted this proposal, cheers that were re-echoed by the South Downs, part of which are included in the Lavington estate.

Mr. Buchanan, was also received with cheers. Mrs. Buchanan and himself were delighted to met those around them (cheers). It was a red letter day with them, and he hoped if he was spared to meet them again upon a similar occasion, but a little earlier in the year (cheers). They would get to know each other better, for it was the wish of his wife, and himself, to live among friends whom they knew, and liked (cheers). He hoped when the company returned to their homes they would be satisfied with the entertainment (cheers).

The Rev. H. W. Grainge asked the assemblage to join with him in wishing Mr. Buchanan "Many happy returns of the day." Cheer upon cheer greeted Mr. Grainge's proposal, and the rev. gentleman gallantly led the cheers; with an extra cheer for Mrs. and Miss Buchanan. Mr. Buchanan was again enthusiastically greeted in responding, incorporating in his speech thanks to all those who had carried out the arrangements.

The band struck up the dance music, and between the dances, a company of pierrots sang well, and light refreshments were served. To many a hardy "son of the soil," the announcement was most welcome, that, for each man who desired it, was awaiting a pint of beer, an ounce of tobacco or a cigar: Mr. Otway with his staff, had an exceedingly busy quarter of an hour in regulating the distribution. Anticipation had been busy, for the programme announced that Messrs. C. T. Brock and Co., would arrange a display of fireworks to conclude the entertainment, and anticipation was satisfied, for hardly any of those assembled expected to witness so beautiful a display 50 miles away from London. The last set piece "Good night," was the signal for "home," but not before a parting cheer had been given for the generous and thoughtful host and hostess.

Wednesday January 14th
The Petworth Society in conjunction with the Leconfield Hall.

The Garland Memorial Lecture:
Peter Jerrome : "Petworth from 1876 to 1960"

An introduction to the work of Walter Kevis and George Garland.

At this meeting framed photographs of Kevis and Garland will be placed in the rooms named after them at the Leconfield Hall.

7.30 Refreshments. Raffle. £3.

New Members

will appear in next Magazine.

