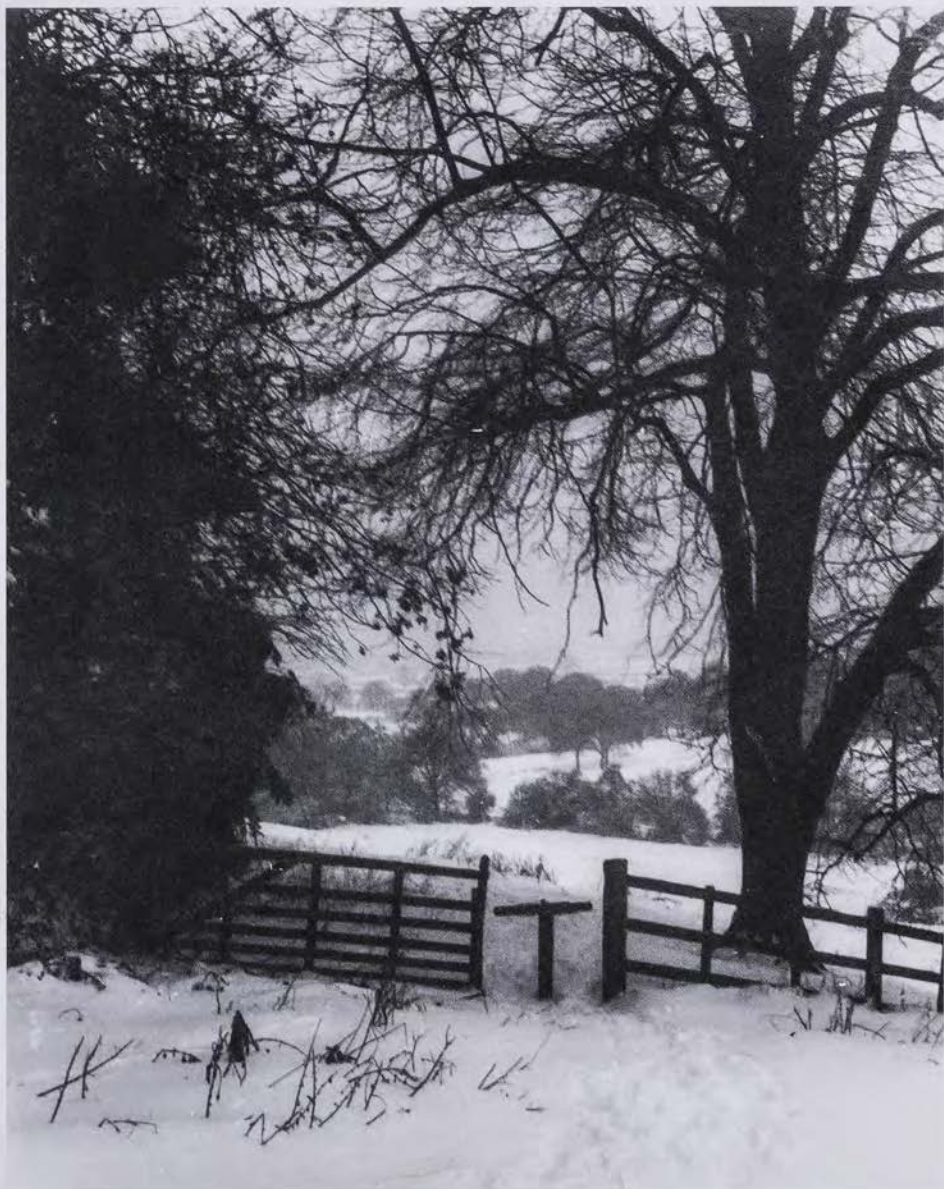


299 North St

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

*magazine*

No.142, December 2010



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*Rectory Meadows, Petworth.*

Postcard by Walter Kevis who left Petworth in 1908.

## CONTENTS

- 2 Contents – new members
- 3 Constitution and officers
- 4 Chairman's notes/ Chairman's pipedream
- 5 A view of Edwardian Lurgashall
- 6 As others might see us
- 7 "No trains today"
- 9 The Society dinner
- 9 Peter's tour of the town September 19th
- 12 Debby's Sussex Quiz
- 13 A positive view of the missing negatives
- 14 A tale of two hornets
- 16 The house of the white dahlias
- 16 "In my spare time"
- 17 The September book sale
- 18 Warlocks – a note
- 20 Petworth Royal Observer Corps
- 21 "Pluperfect"
- 22 A Petworth House Christmas party
- 31 A shepherdess in the 1940s
- 32 Flathurst was a bit out of the way
- 38 "Wiremen 1/3d an hour"
- 42 A long day, you might say
- 46 On not seeing the Zeppelin
- 48 "For God's sake shut the windows"
- 51 Debby's quiz – answers

### NEW MEMBERS

Mr and Mrs P. Avern, Old Walls Cottage, Angel Street, Petworth GU28 0BG  
Mr and Mrs R. Brookes, Apartment 5, Millburgh Hall, Grafham GU28 0PT  
Mr P. Wakefield, 18 Burnham Road, Worthing BN13 2NN  
Ms J. Crew, 6 North Street, Petworth GU28 0DJ  
Ms N. Jones, 6 North Street, Petworth GU28 0DJ  
Mr P. Fryer, Quoinstones, High Street, Petworth GU28 0BX  
Lady Wright, Angel Shades, Angel Street, Petworth GU28 0BG

### 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 objects of the society.

The annual subscription is £10.00, single or double, one magazine delivered. Postal £12, overseas £15. Further information may be obtained from any of the following.

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Mr Philip Hounsham, Mrs Celia Lilly,  
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Mrs Deborah Stevenson, Mrs Patricia Turland,  
Mrs Linda Wort.

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Mrs Pearl Godsmark.

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Hall, Petworth Cottage Museum and The  
Coultershaw Beam Pump.

Cover designed by Jonathan Newdick using a Garland photograph from January 1940.

## Chairman's notes

A seasonal cover and a colour centrepiece for this issue, Pearl managing to catch the garden at 346 High Street before the heavy rains of early October.

Debby's quiz takes the place of her usual crossword while the solution to 141 will appear in the March issue. Otherwise I can be brief, everything should be self-explanatory.

Peter  
21st October 2010

NB: Old Petworth traders (5) has had to be held over owing to shortage of space.

## A Chairman's pipedream

The Leconfield Hall between 10 and roughly 10.40 on the second Saturday of the month is something, that in my experience, is quite unprecedented in a Petworth context. Book sale morning is not like any other Petworth morning. Many, I know, wait until things have quietened down, but that early melee needs to be physically experienced if just the once. And yes, the Book Sale makes a profit, and yes, without it, pressure on Magazine and subscriptions would become intolerable.

Profit certainly. But there are demands on that profit. Hall hire, storage rent but, above all, the famous van. How many small charities like ours run a van? An extravagance perhaps? In practical terms the Sale would be unthinkable without the van. But it's expensive. Insurance, fuel, road fund, but, above all maintenance; the van is not in the first flush of youth. A sponsor? We might be thinking no more than "mentioned in dispatches," possibly Magazine cover publicity, livery on a newer vehicle ... dream on ...

P.

## A View of Edwardian Lurgashall

It is almost 10 years since The Window Press first published *A View of Edwardian Lurgashall* by H.S. Roots and copies of the book have become increasingly difficult to obtain. With the growing interest in local and family history there has been a clear demand for the book both within the current community at Lurgashall but also from the diaspora who through family connections have a keen interest in the history of the village.

It is to cater for this demand that a reprint of *A View of Edwardian Lurgashall* has been undertaken. Prefaced by Peter Jerrome the book contains the recollections of Harold Roots, who having left the village in his youth looks back many years later to a period before The Great War when Lurgashall was still very much a self-contained community, enjoying a pace of life suited to the relative isolation of the village. Roots has a remarkable power of recall which enables him to transport the reader on a virtual tour of the village that he left many decades earlier. While the characters that Roots knew as a child have long gone these recollections are witness not as one would expect to how much has changed in the village during the twentieth century but rather how little the outside world has encroached upon it.

### A VIEW OF EDWARDIAN LURGASHALL

H.S. ROOTS



Copies of *A View of Edwardian Lurgashall* can be obtained post free for £12.99 from:

Miles Costello  
38 Hampers Green  
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GU28 9NW

milescostello@hampersgreen.fsnet.co.uk  
Tel: 01798 343227

## As others might see us – The Petworth Society

The Petworth Society was formed 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 a rubric at once ambitious and, in theory, challenging. A wider remit perhaps than that of some societies.

Annual membership is £10, a little more for postal and overseas members. In recent years membership has remained fairly constant at around six hundred and fifty, a significant proportion being postal. Six hundred and fifty reflects single subscriptions and takes no account of husband and wife membership and the wide dissemination of the Society Magazine among non-members. Taking husband and wife subscriptions into account, membership will be well over a thousand, large for a town of Petworths' size.

The quarterly magazine, now in its one hundred and fortieth issue, averages some forty four pages, never less, sometimes more, plus eight pages of illustrative pictures either in colour or black and white. It monopolises subscription income and is subsidised by the Society's monthly Book Sale held in the Leconfield Hall in Petworth's Market Square on the second Saturday. The sale attracts buyers from a very wide area, even outside the County, and stock is renewed every month.

While the distinguished Petworth photographer George Garland took little part in the Society's foundation (he died in 1978) he remains like the Society's founder Colonel Maude (who died in 1979), a presiding spirit. The Magazine has taken up Garland's pioneering attempts in the 1930s to recover the oral memory of Petworth and its rural hinterland. To date, the Magazine contains well over five hundred interviews spanning a period of thirty years and more, as well as significant articles on historical and contemporary issues.

Meetings are held once a month (not in summer), featuring talks and live performances. There is an informal annual dinner at Petworth House and a summer programme of walks and outings. The Society works closely with two other independent local charities – the very successful Cottage Museum at 346 High Street, a living recreation of the home of Mary Cummings, a seamstress to Lord Leconfield at Petworth House, in 1910, and the Coultershaw Beam Pump Trust. The Society has excellent relations with the National Trust at Petworth House.

The Society, under the same Chairmanship since 1978, is not known for being particularly militant. Its response to the contentious issue of a western bypass route was to offer a forum for discussion, given the divergent views of the membership. It will no doubt attempt a similar consensus on projected long term

development in Petworth Town, striking a balance between protecting Petworth's distinctive character and providing affordable housing to give a younger generation the opportunity, if they so wish, to remain in their home town.

This article appeared in the Newsletter of the Federation of Sussex Amenity Societies in July.

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## No trains today – visit to Frensham Rural Life Centre

Three miles south of Farnham, the Frensham Rural Life Centre is clearly signed off the A287. I've passed the turning many times, wondered, and left it at that. Debby and Gordon have gone further however, taken the turning, and then suggested the Centre as our second visit of the season. Unusually for us, a Saturday, intermittent light drizzle and little sun.

It is, perhaps, a measure of the Centre that the indifferent weather doesn't dampen spirits, although a sunny day would have helped. So much to see and take in that the chronicler is forced back on to the impressionistic. The “Arcon” prefab, the first exhibit, received predictable early attention and certainly struck a chord. A tiny flower plot with single white phlox and love-lies-bleeding, and a corresponding vegetable plot with a row of beetroot and some token runners. Originally from Bristol: as with some other exhibits, the prefab had survived the dangerous years, in this case as a farm outhouse, before being rescued. Without the second use, it would no doubt have disappeared, with so much else, down the plughole of history. And the television, at once a classic museum piece and a talking-point. It revived George Garland's old term “goggle-box.” Radio was in its heyday when the prefab was new and Charlie Chester's jingle was thoughtfully recalled:

“Down in the jungle, living in a tent  
Better than a prefab – no rent.”

I think of Chester's legendary Arab “Mustapha Fagg:” Tastes in humour were as so much else, simpler then, and political correctness unheard of.

Impressionistic? There's so much that even “impressionistic” isn't going to make an “impression.” We've hardly got started yet. Virtually everyone visits the prefab but paths diverge after that. The museum's bursting with material. Where the Cottage Museum integrates its inventory into a coherent context, that's



Eashing Chapel Bell Tower.  
Photograph by David Wort.

impossible here. Coherent context there certainly is, but there's a heavy deposit of material finding a home: elaborate ironmonger's façade from Hartlepool, the Singer car (prices from £120), the thunderbox with twin seats at a judicious distance. The Anderson Shelter – we talk to a jovial volunteer who remembers the old metal table shelter with everyone clambering under the table and half waiting for the ceiling to come down. Weavers at work and some shelves of second-hand books. An empty supermarket flat "This box to remain in the hall for spare books." Familiar territory for one visitor at least.

"Pinks – finest on the South Coast," "Pratts Curried Prawns" presumably canned. The Eashing Congregational Chapel with its freestanding wooden bell tower, its lecterns and WWI memorial tablet – sacrifice too soon forgotten. The 1902 schoolroom, perhaps after the initial prefab, attracting most attention. A lone hop plant signifies the area's hop-growing part. "Hops are related to the nettle family and are used for flavouring beer." A metal divider to keep adult sheep and lambs apart at feeding time. Oatlands station on the centre boundary, no trains are running today. Actually I've hardly started . . . perhaps you should pay a visit yourself.

P.

## The Society Dinner

Certainly a full house but not really a waiting list. In a way it's a relief not to have to disappoint. I suspect that this year some members being a little late looking at the application form have decided it's pointless to apply. In fact it's probably always worth a try. Curious to think that the original dinner was a one-off Jubilee event in 2002 and this is the ninth. June has never really challenged the mellow sunlight of September and we've kept to the later date for some years now. Turner sunsets from the west front and we've been pretty lucky with the weather.

Variations on a theme. This time it's Andy (National Trust version) offering some thoughts on the chapel and a chance to look down from the family balcony. There is the ambience of an Italian theatre, with the great carved curtains of John Seldon, a local man. Parts of the chapel go back to the fourteenth century and survive from an older house built in a different alignment to the present. Not surprisingly, Charles Seymour, sixth Duke of Somerset, wanted his own family connections incorporated with the Percy family monuments and the trompe l'oeil "stained glass" on the north side reflects this. Other stained glass in the chapel is very ancient. Looking down, the chapel seems like an arena in which the officiant would be conscious indeed of the Proud Duke raised high above him. A more modern note is the standard of the Life Guards placed in the chapel in the 1950s to celebrate Wyndham connection with the regiment over the years.

All too soon we're off for drinks, time to savour the view of the Park from the west front. Then into a beautifully set out restaurant – is the food better than ever this year? Debby's quiz. I suppose if this Magazine in some ways encapsulates the Society, the dinner is the quintessential Society event. Nine years on, and it seems, stronger with every year.

P.

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## Peter's tour of the Town – September 19th

It is openly said that those of us on Petworth Society walks often wonder if we have been on the same walk as Peter recounts so evocatively here in the Magazine. This time the boot will be on the other foot. He won't realise that this was the tour he led one Sunday afternoon in September 2010. However future local historians will love to have this first-hand account of Petworth on a particular day with "local historian Peter Jerrome, catch him if you can" (quote from the book

A272 Ode to a Road by Pieter Boogaart.)

The walk was billed as the tour of the town that Peter had given for the festival. It was a sunny and blustery day and about twenty or so members of the Petworth Society gathered in the carpark for Peter who arrived with an armful of books. There were at least two of my fellow stewards from Petworth House, the town crier in mufti (shorts and walking boots), a couple of Midhurst members, a number of members I had not met before, and finally David and Linda Wort.

We began our walk in the shopping arcade, once part of the granary. Have you ever noticed this slab with carved writing set into the walkway, says our leader. "What is it?" someone asks, "Dunno" was the reply! We then proceeded into Golden Square, once called the Beast Market and stand outside the bank. This was once a private house and then one of the first antique shops in the town. It is the one of the few large buildings of which no early photograph exists. If Peter doesn't know of one, then there isn't one!

On then to our next stop which was inside the Leconfield Hall. Although it is a Sunday afternoon, there is a sale on the ground floor. The passage leading to the stairs upstairs, is spread out with carpets, which our twenty pairs of feet crossed (observed by the genial vendors) to reach the Gwenda Morgan Room upstairs. Here Peter, putting his books down on the stage, explains the background to the town; a town which has always been under benign influence of the Big House. His own grandfather the water bailiff who came down as a young man from Leconfield worked for the estate all his life. When Grandfather got to the age of 85, Lord Leconfield said "It is about time you retired Allison." "Oh no, my Lord, I couldn't do that," says Grandfather, and so they compromised and Peter's grandfather worked part time until he died at 88.

Gwenda Morgan, after whom the upstairs hall is named, was a well known wood engraver (who had left a sizeable donation to the hall in her will). She was a very retiring lady, the daughter of the manager of Austens the ironmongers and lived all her life in Petworth. The Hall is adorned by many of Gwenda's engravings published by the Golden Cockerel Press. She once gave Peter a copy of one of her books of engravings. He asked her if she would like him to review it for the magazine "No," she had replied, I don't want anyone to know about it."

Peter, having set the tone of the tour led us out of the hall and across the road. Here he read from the book he was carrying, acting out the part of the 9th Earl of Northumberland's steward then an ancient copyholder. As he pointed in two directions, our eyes swivelled from one imaginary dwelling to another. None of the passers by turned a hair at the antics of our little group. Then as we looked back at the Leconfield Hall with its statue of William 3rd in its niche, Mike the town crier came out with a lovely anecdote about one of his Irish visitors who exclaimed what was Petworth doing, letting the pigeons have their way with King

Billy. (Mike's original was a little more colourful).

We next went up to the top of Lombard Street, once called the Causey, for another of Peter's readings. The last reading had been about copyhold. This one was to be about defamation, except he had to remember it, because he had left his books in the Leconfield Hall. Next stop was in the quiet of the disused burial ground in Barton's Lane. A breach of promise case was mentioned – and the wool trade. But most of us, were more interested in it as a graveyard. Which was the 3rd Earl of Egremont's grave? There was a large flat area to the east of a rather large broken tombstone marked by a very low wall. "No," said David, the tombstone is nothing to do with it. There is a big vault underneath the ground with steps leading down. Then Peter remembered his wife telling of when she was at school, the vault was opened and the children asked the workmen if they could go down. It will cost you 6d, they were told. When they got back the next day with their 6d, of course they were given a flea in their ear!

After leaving Bartons Lane we went round the hills, to the Catholic Church, an extremely large church built at the close of the 19th century, when there were not many Catholics in the area. Then I missed the beginning of the next anecdote because I was busy watching someone manoeuvring his car in the private car park opposite the Church. I know he was called Peter, because our Peter called out Hallo Peter, and the reply was Hallo Peter. The gist of the anecdote I was missing, was that if there weren't many Catholics, why build such a large church? "Well they will have to get some more then," was an old man's response at the time.

Our next move was to the wall built from the bricks of the old gaol. The wall has a small area between it and what was the old magistrates court, soon to be redeveloped into housing. There is room for two cars in the space, and blow me down if there wasn't somebody repairing his car there. Then as Peter was talking, another car hooted us aside and parked in the alternate space. But Peter and David knew both parties, so that was all right, except that we were unable to search for all the prisoner's names, carved in the wall.

As Peter was telling us, when we were so abruptly moved, there is one picture of the old gaol in existence. This was owned by someone who had half a dozen or so very old Petworth photographs but was very reluctant to lend them because they might not be returned. Peter managed to get George Garland who was a chess playing friend of the man to put on pressure. The pictures were lent and duly returned. When later the man died, and all his photographs disappeared.

At this point, which was the official ending of the tour, some of us, made our way back down Rosemary Lane to the car park, while the rest went on to the Cottage Museum for Peter, I imagine, to do the hard sell for more volunteers!

So Peter I accepted your challenge in the last magazine – perhaps we ought to have my version and your version side by side! You do have the right to reply. I

should have brought my camera with me to have got a picture of you as the irate 9th Earl of Northumberland's steward, standing in the square.

Janet Austin

[Thanks Janet but I think one version will satisfy most tastes! Ed.]

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## Debby's Sussex Quiz for the Society Dinner, September 8th 2010

1. What is the highest point in Sussex?
2. What 'mad' man built his own tomb in Brightling churchyard and is buried seated in it?
3. What was the occupation of John Olliver, who built his own tomb on Hightown Hill?
4. Which TV series featured Shipley Windmill?
5. Where was the main Roman port for Chichester?
6. What is the heraldic bird of Sussex?
7. What kind of cake was traditionally baked in Horsham?
8. Where is the Shepherds' Church?
9. Which famous poet was tried for treason in Chichester in 1804?
10. Which famous poet is commemorated in Horsham by the sculpture 'Rising Universe'?
11. Which king gave the title of 'Regis' to Bognor?
12. What local tourist attraction celebrated its fortieth anniversary this summer?
13. And which popular tourist attraction its fiftieth?
14. In which Sussex hamlet is there a memorial to an albino boy in the pub garden?
15. What date is Ebernoe Horn Fair day?
16. Which saint is said to have taught Sussex folk to finish?
17. On what day each year are the Tinsley Green marble championships held?
18. Where would you find Zachariah Keppel and Josias Jessop?
19. Where would you find Veronica's Maze?
20. Which two Sussex seaside resorts hold annual 'Birdman' contests?
21. Which Sussex seaside resort boasts the longest bench in the country?
22. Which popular Sussex garden closed its gates to the public at the end of June?
23. Which famous Sally would you find at Halnaker?
24. Which 19/20th century novelist and dramatist lived in Bury?
25. What seasonal delicacy brings crowds of shoppers into Slindon each October?

## AND A FEW ANAGRAMS

26. Born in a ramshackle bay near the Witterings (11)
27. Ten rams herd together near the University of Sussex (7)
28. I chart doctor's progress to Sussex holy man (2, 7)
29. Man and beast make a mansion fit for a writer to live in (8)
30. Super cult demonstrates artistic achievements in a Goodwood park (9).

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## A positive view of the missing negatives

There was an almost full house for the 17th Garland Memorial Lecture and it was appropriate that our Chairman should give it, as he was George Garland's friend and executor on his death in 1978. Twenty years ago, most Petworth people remembered George Garland and many would say that he took their wedding photos. "He took mine," called out Mike, but now, few in the audience knew him. Garland was born in Brighton in 1900. He had no memory of his father, who died before he moved with his mother to the Railway Inn (now The Badger) at Coultershaw around 1906. Mrs Garland went as housekeeper to the landlord, Henry Streeter and eventually married him.

George went to 'Miss Fanny's' private school at Boxgrove in Pound Street until moving to the then fee-paying Midhurst Grammar School.

In his teenage years, he became friendly with Father Lawrence, a lay Franciscan living at Duncton, from whom he developed his interest in photography. One of his earliest shots is of Lombard Street in 1917. He became expert at chess, playing with the Reverend Tatchell of Midhurst and for Sussex and the South of England. Between 1917 and 1922 it appears that he worked in a bank at Fleet.

The main subject of the lecture was 'The Missing Negatives.' Garland bequeathed his collection of negatives, 70,000 listed, to the West Sussex County Records Office for safe keeping. But a number of negatives on the list from the early 1920s are missing and Peter has been tracking them down through Garland's press cuttings scrapbook and a few prints that have come along through local people, including the late Ethel Goatcher.

Moving around the area by bicycle, one of Garland's earliest successes came at Coultershaw Bridge when a lorry carrying paint failed to negotiate the bend and fell down the bank towards the river. The resulting photograph was bought by the Evening Standard, but a subsequent negative of the lorry being transported up Station Road is one of those missing. It exists as a postcard. Another print, from Miss Goatcher, features Lancashire clog makers preparing alder wood at Burton.



Hare coursing was popular across the social classes, largely due to the betting that went on and so photographs of the hounds and participants, but not, significantly, the kill, were popular for a time.

In the '20s, the press wanted pictures of the nobility and gentry, but as time went on and public and press ideas changed, Garland went for 'personalities', characters of a passing age. Here he had to tread the fine line between condescension and affection and this he managed to do in a way which lives on in this remarkable photographic treasury and in the articles which he wrote about them.

Peter's own characteristic style, which could appear to be of bumbling incompetence to a newcomer to his lectures, is deceptive, even if he may manage to deliver but half of his intended programme. Without notes apart from the succession of the slides, first-hand memories of his subjects revealing the philosophy behind their passions and his, laced with humorous anecdotes, all that is what gave us another fascinating evening.

KCT

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## A tale of two hornets ...

Down the London Road, then right and into the car park at Osiers. We then move back towards the road, walking parallel with it, hearing the traffic through the autumn foliage and seeing the occasional glint of sun on metal. There's sight and sound of long-tailed tits in the high trees, I'm told. Then across the main road and into Stag Park via Hoads Common Lodge; there are calves outlined against the near horizon as we negotiate the cattle grid.

Stay left and we're walking inside the low wall. How often, driving along the London Road, one glimpses the sheep in the green fields within the wall and presses on. Holly in vivid berry, it's surprising to see it's already on one side of the road, and the sound of the traffic becomes a little softer. David carefully directs us away from the sheep (there are rams with the ewes) and the calves and we make our way up the slight incline. It's the season of fungi and there are some giants about. Apparently if all the billions of spores in one puffball head came to fruition, puffballs would cover the surface of the earth. An apocalyptic prospect if true – as true it may well be. In any case that large fungus is a parasol rather than a puffball.

David is making for Great and Little Spring, trout ponds new to many of the large turnout, familiar enough to Stag Park veterans. They're fed by rain water,

not as the name suggests, springs. Historically used for coarse fish, but long overgrown and densely wooded, they were reinstated in the 1970s<sup>1</sup> and have recently been deepened. David thinks the series of interrelated ponds once facilitated the hunting of ducks with falcons.<sup>2</sup> The mown grass beside the ponds has a light carpet of browning oak sprigs, casualties of this autumn or survivors from last year? Almost certainly the former.

We soon cross from Stag Park into the wooded Pheasant Copse, another stage in a progress toward the Deer Park. Luffs Pond, as opposed to the two Springs did not need reinstatement but it did need attention. We're on the only public footpath within the wall; it leads from Limbo Lodge to Raghm out on the Lurgashall road. There is a large hornet struggling in the water a couple of feet or so out from the bank. We move on towards Limbo. The tulip trees are turning from green to yellow. Planted by Fred Streeter at the instigation of Violet, Lady Leconfield – they must predate the war in 1939. David says some have been replaced but most in fact survive. We inspect the hard, pointed fruit.

Approaching Limbo there's the last surviving Army hut, prefabricated concrete blocks and a business-like padlock showing the hut is still functional. A very large hornet guards the hut's air space. The suffering inscription over the door appears to say "Salop Group" and possibly "Commandant" in two languages. It might be a good idea to rescue the inscription before it's too late. Then onto the late afternoon road before plunging down another wooded path to approach Osiers from the south. Deer tracks in a field of new sown brassica, Raffling Wood, then the refuge of Osiers. Jan and Chris with a marvellous and unexpected spread. Scones, quince jelly, plum jam, cream, sponges, cheese and biscuits, a chance to sit in the garden, cooking apples if anyone wants them.

All in all a season with as many excursions as walks ends on a really high note and I suspect that David and Linda have landed themselves with a bluebell/lake walk in spring – assuming permission of course. We've hardly deviated from private land all afternoon.

P.

<sup>1</sup>See the important articles by Jumbo Taylor in PSM 16 and 17 (June and September 1979).

<sup>2</sup>Mr Purser gardener at Newlands in Pound Street talking to Lady Maxse in 1935, recalled how old Tom Carn, formerly of Medhone Farm, used to say that he had heard that before pheasant shooting came in, they would breed ducks in the chain of ponds in Stag Park, behind Sladelands and elsewhere. The noblemen and gentry would then hawk them ... (Not all sunshine hear – a history of Ebernoe. Window Press 1996 page 83.)

## The house of the white dahlias

Quiet September drizzle at 346 High Street. A season receding. We're on course to equal or even exceed last year's outstanding figures. No letters in the post box except the periodical enquiry about Mrs Cumming's television licence. Some distant computer struggling with the unthinkable. Television might have shortened long dark Edwardian evenings, but whatever the computer may think, authenticity must take precedence at 346. No television in 1910. "We may confirm with a short visit."

Perhaps Sherlock Holmes would be a more productive visitor. He'd certainly appreciate the gas lights and not share the computer's unease about the television. Museum admission tickets come in books of 100. Separate colours for children and adults. In appearance they're hardly distinguishable from books of raffle tickets. But are they disappearing from the unlocked chiffonier? Or have I meant to put the spares in the chiffonier and not done so? Perhaps there is more in all this than meets the eye. Some 21st century Moriarty masterminding an international conspiracy with 346 High Street as its centre? Some sinister Lascar dreaming his days away in opium-soaked anticipation of an endless round of free afternoons at 346? Holmes' advice, no doubt, would be for me to take more careful note of what I'm doing.

Heavy late August rain has dismayed the taller dahlias, the cosmos need endless de-heading while the calendulas are becoming smaller-flowered with the advancing season. From a Pound Street perspective 346 seems another country – the house of the white dahlias. They've a curious history at the Museum, originally surplus at Trowels, they now seem to embody the very spirit of the late summer cottage. Squat habit with huge white heads, they stand the weather better than the taller varieties. Dahlias in all shapes and sizes were integral to Edwardian gardens and by judicious division Mrs C. might have multiplied a single tuber given to her by a friend. But then again, she might not. Reliving 1910 is at once difficult to resist and completely inconsequential.

P.

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## In my spare time ...

Whatever Petworth people make of their crier, he certainly intrigues visitors to the town. I was "crying" in Golden Square on a sunny September morning this

year, advertising Pam Masco's art exhibition and giving a shout for Peter's Town Walk on the Sunday. It's not at all unusual for visitors to approach me for a chat. A gentleman asked me what I was crying about and I explained. A lady who was with him expressed a concern that criers, like tigers, were a threatened species.

Would we become extinct in an age of electronic communication? "There are only three thousand left in the world" – tigers not criers.

"Surely it's very unusual for a small town like this to have a crier." I didn't know. Others joined us. "I do hope you won't be axed as part of the coalition cuts." "Madam," I replied "I have nothing to do with coalitions or, for that matter, councils." "How much do you get paid?" "I'm not paid, and the uniform does not come out of public funds. I'm the Petworth Society crier – see the sash – and I've no connection at all with Petworth Council or with public finances. I will "cry" for public bodies by prior agreement with the Society but that's as far as it goes. The Society bought the uniform and my loyalty is entirely to them. There has been no question of axing." "What do you do besides crying?" "Actually I'm a folk singer and a retired postman – in my spare time!"

Simply one conversation amongst many but in this case, the visitors, from Byfleet went further, sending a letter and a magnificent photograph. June's having the photograph framed.

Mike Hubbard

[The photograph appears in the present Magazine. Ed.]

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## "Mr Collett saves the day . . ." the September book sale

The September book sale can be a quiet one but we had some excellent stock and good reason to be sanguine. We were right: a new high for September and having nine previous Septembers to compare with, that's something of an achievement. The battered remnants of an exceptional £1 table arrive back at Trowels, like the exhausted survivors of a defeated army. One or two might resurface on the October £1 table but most will sink into the anonymity of the 50p assortment.

One of the returnees strikes a chord if a rather distant one. It probably should not have made the £1 table in the first place. Volume I only of a three volume 1793 edition of the poetic works of Charles Churchill. Churchill had died young in France in 1764. A clergyman with a less than overmastering vocation and a life

style perhaps most kindly described as “relaxed,” Churchill was a prolific and successful writer of satire. As happens with satirists, his work is too embedded in the culture of his time to make easy reading for the layman today. The book has no covers and in this condition, despite its age, effectively valueless. It will never repay the considerable cost of rebinding.

“Strikes a chord?” Yes, of a kind. Two of Lord Egremont’s London footmen, one French, one German, are returning to his lordship’s Piccadilly mansion in June 1774 from a bibulous evening in a Chelsea pub. They are beaten up and robbed by three ruffians. Thirsting for revenge they seize on a passer-by, James Matcham, and accuse him of being one of the robbers. Matcham has an alibi and Lord Egremont is far from convinced of Matcham’s involvement. In any case the accused claims to have been nowhere near the scene: he had been walking in Kensington Gardens at the time and conversing with a cultured gentleman, probably a clergyman of some kind, on the poems of Churchill. But where was the gentleman now? A newspaper appeal produced the Rev. Mr Collett who corroborated Matcham’s story, and his lordship’s misgivings about the identification. The “case” such as it was collapsed. I retold the story in *Petworth* from 1660 (2006) see also *Petworth House Archives* 6355.

P.

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## Warlocks— a note

**Warlock:** *One in league with the Devil and so possessing occult and evil powers; a magician, a cunning man, a sorcerer, wizard, the male equivalent of a witch.* [OED]

In *The Petworth Society Magazine* no. 140, June 2010, KCT kindly reviewed *Witches, Warlocks and Wellingtons*, the talk I gave about the ritual protection of the home to the March meeting. The first time I presented this talk, to the Beeding and Bramber Local History Society in 2000, I was asked to the committee to change my title of *The Ritual Protection of the Home* to something ‘that sounds a bit more exciting’ so *WWW* was born. At that time I only had reference to one wellington inserted in a chimney as a protective device, though since May this year I have discovered two more, ‘guarding’ a bread oven near Battle. I could, on reflection, have called my *Witches, Wizards and Wellington*, but somehow *Warlocks* fitted in better and turning one *Wellington* into several was easier on the ear.

So – to warlocks – according to KCT I didn’t mention them, though I am sure I

would have said on several occasions during talk ‘witches and warlocks’, indication that the male variety were active, though perhaps not as much as the female. Here are some examples from Sussex and elsewhere:-

Men, particularly clergyman, were often suspected of witchcraft in earlier times. The Reformation is justly commemorated for having robbed the priest of most of his magical functions, taking away his powers of exorcism for example. His mystique was diminished within his parish. However, in 1606 the Royal College of Physicians had to step in to prevent one such gentleman from continuing to treat fevers by writing words on a piece of paper – some sort of charm. The vicar of Fleckney in Leicestershire was charged in 1637 with making charms to cure toothache. Closer to home, the curate of Capel, Surrey, John Allen, whose living was sequestrated in 1645, was said to have written a charm for toothache, remarking sensibly enough that if the sufferer would believe in it, it could help him.

There was often a village wizard or ‘wise man’, the term being taken from the Three Wise Men or Magi from the East. These popular magicians went under a variety of names, cunning men, charmers, conjurers, sorcerers or (male) witches. Written prayers were seen to be very efficacious, particularly Catholic prayers in Latin. In 1590 one man confessed he cured horses by writing prayers on paper and hanging these in the animals’ manes.

Edmund Curteis, vicar of Cuckfield and brother of the Bishop of Chichester, was deprived of his living in 1579 as a ‘seeker to witches.’ In 1623 John Walter of Felpham, near Bognor, visited a Sussex charmer (or warlock by any other name), one Sowton, at Sompting, on behalf of a female neighbour. He gave Walter a bottle of water for his neighbour to take, and a paper with crosses and various characters on it for her to wear. When old Mother Rogers was accused of bewitching a child, the cunning man at Hastings, Zacharias, advised putting a knife in her buttock. It is not revealed whether this was helpful . . .

Janet Pennington

Many more examples of these beliefs can be found in K. Thomas, *Religion and the Decline of Magic: Studies in Popular Beliefs in Sixteenth- and Seventeenth-Century England*, (Penguin, 1991 reprint), and in R. Merrifield, *The Archaeology of Ritual and Magic*, (Batsford, 1987).

## Petworth Royal Observer Corps

Paul Wakefield's enquiry about the Petworth Royal Observer Corps (PSM 141) elicited some interest but proved surprisingly difficult. The special constable picture on page 22 was more puzzling than might have been expected.

We now have:

Back Row L-R – Ted Saunders, Reg Whitcomb, N/K, N/K

Front Row L-R – Les Eager, Mr Lanaway, N/K, N/K

Paul writes further:

"In the large group (page 21) we have:

Back Row: 5th from left Jack Underhill

Front Row: 1st left Arch Gibson, 7th Stan Collins, 8th B.G. Peel, the Head Observer.

F. S. Glover, a local bank manager may also be in the group.

Lt. Col. B. G. Peel CBE, DSO, was a retired World War 1 Officer, Jack Underhill was chauffeur to Dr Kerr at Petworth. Ted Saunders worked as a bricklayer on the Leconfield Estate, while Arch Gibson was chauffeur to Lord Leconfield. Stan Collins managed the Regal Cinema at Petworth.

Ron Thatcher joined the ROC after the war, and told me that they met for training meetings in a room over the Petworth Dairy in East Street. At his home in Fittleworth, was a large oak table with large round legs, and this was taken to the dairy, for them to use as an instruction table. The wartime post had been removed, and there was not a proper post site for a few years, until the underground post at Duncton was built.

Paul sends also this poem from the Journal of the Royal Observer Corps from September 1942. Ed.

## "PLUPERFECT" – by C.C.P. 2/Q3 Petworth

Observer Bolitho Montgomery Gadd

Is really a rather remarkable lad.

By studying closely at book and at plan,

The planes in the air became plain to this man.

He knows the Koolhoven, the Storsch, the Defiant,

The Caudron, the Breda, the Stinson Reliant.

Be they British, or German, or Russian, or Dutch,

He always reports them correctly as such.

In that break in the clouds, be it ever so narrow,

He never confounds a Bombay with a Harrow;

When a Junkers eight eight, and a Blenheim he sees,

He says they're as different as chalk is from cheese.

He never provokes the next post to "see red"

By plotting a plane directly over their head;

To Centre he makes his reports short and sweet,

And he can estimate heights to a couple of feet.

He has never reported the "hum" of the wire,

Or the moon as it rose as "a hell of a fire",

Or that motor bikes "sounded like several fights on",

Or the stars in their courses as "bombers with lights on".

He is never excited when watching a fight,

Or frightened by things that go bump in the night;

No plane which he's passed on as "friendly by sound",

Does the dirty on him as its bombs hit the ground.

He "signs" when he comes, and he "signs" when he goes,

He never takes ill, or gets cold in de dose.

His A.O.G.O. doesn't suffer from strain,

By his nagging for fur-coats, cigars and champagne.

He uses the "glasses" for studying planes,

Not back-bedroom windows, or "birds" in the lanes;

He never calls H.Q. a "perishing blighter",

Or guides in the Hun with the light of his lighter.

When winter has come and snow covers the ground,

Asleep in the shelter he never is found,

But always alert in the open he stands,  
Although icicles hang from his nose and his hands.

He doesn't leave empty beer-bottles about,  
Or dribble his tea down the telephone spout;  
As well as this, I record, that, to boot, he  
Is always as punctual as can be on duty.

So Observer Bolitho Montgomery Gadd,  
Is really a very remarkable lad.  
But listen, dear reader, between me and you,  
Can it be that Bolitho's too good to be true?

Reprinted from *The Journal of the Royal Observer Corps Club*, September 1942

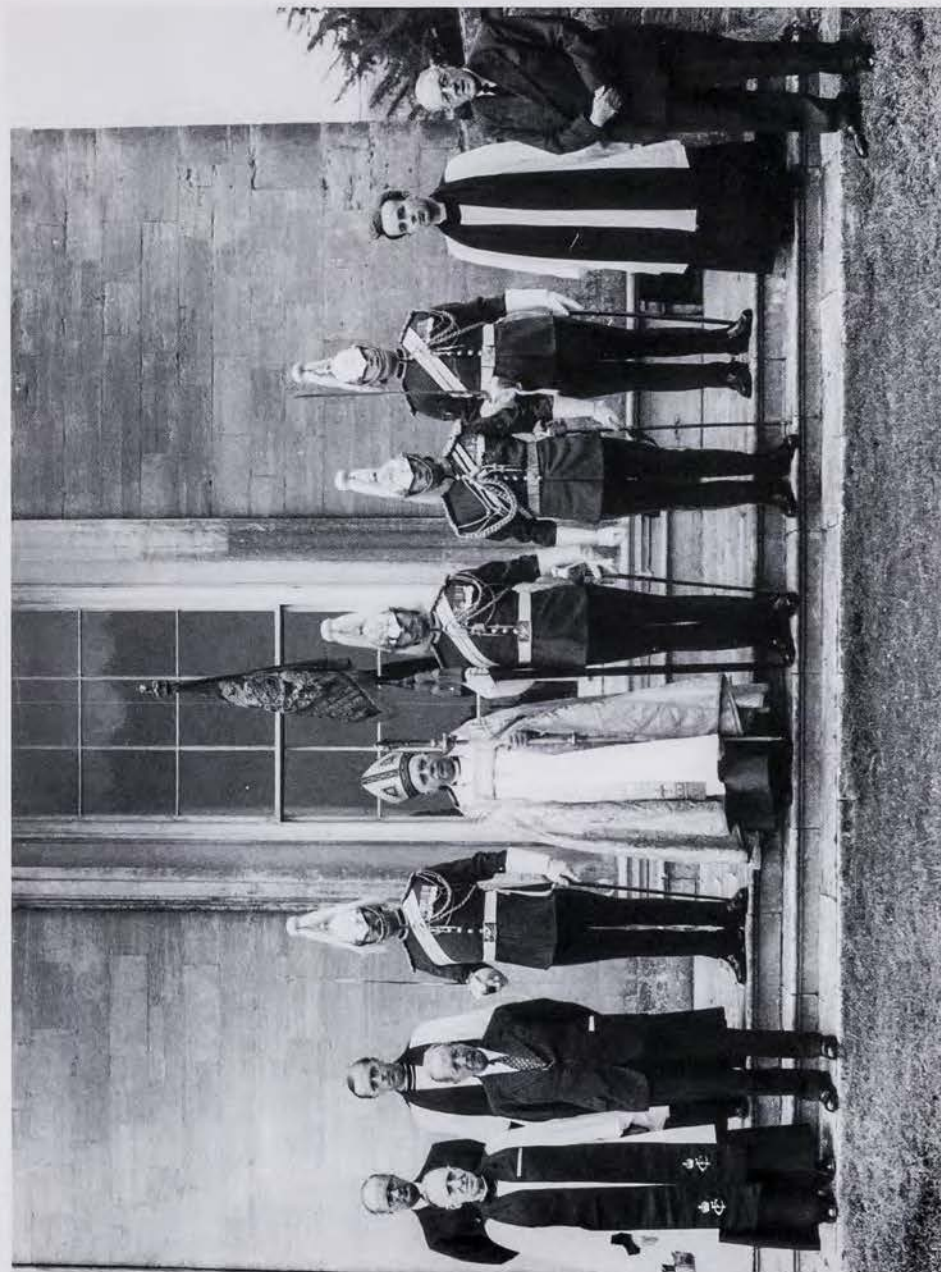
## A Petworth House Christmas children's party in the 1970s

Gerald Webb from the woods department on the Leconfield estate would pick Mum and me up from Lurgashall. We hadn't then moved into Petworth itself. When we arrived we would take off our coats and go into a room with trestle tables loaded with sandwiches, iced Christmas cakes, crackers and a big Christmas tree. We were never far away from one of the cakes and Lady Egremont would give us the decorations from the cakes to take home. Mum also brought a doggie bag to bring back some sandwiches, a piece of cake and a cracker for Uncle Sid who worked in the woods. Then we'd go over to the house itself where a conjurer was waiting for us and the house staff were standing in front of a great fire. After the performance we returned to the room where we had had our tea for ice cream.

Now the Petworth Town Band came in and played carols and other Christmas music. They were followed in by Father Christmas with a sack of presents. Santa would sit by the big Christmas tree and call out our names and the presents would be given out by Lord and Lady Egremont.

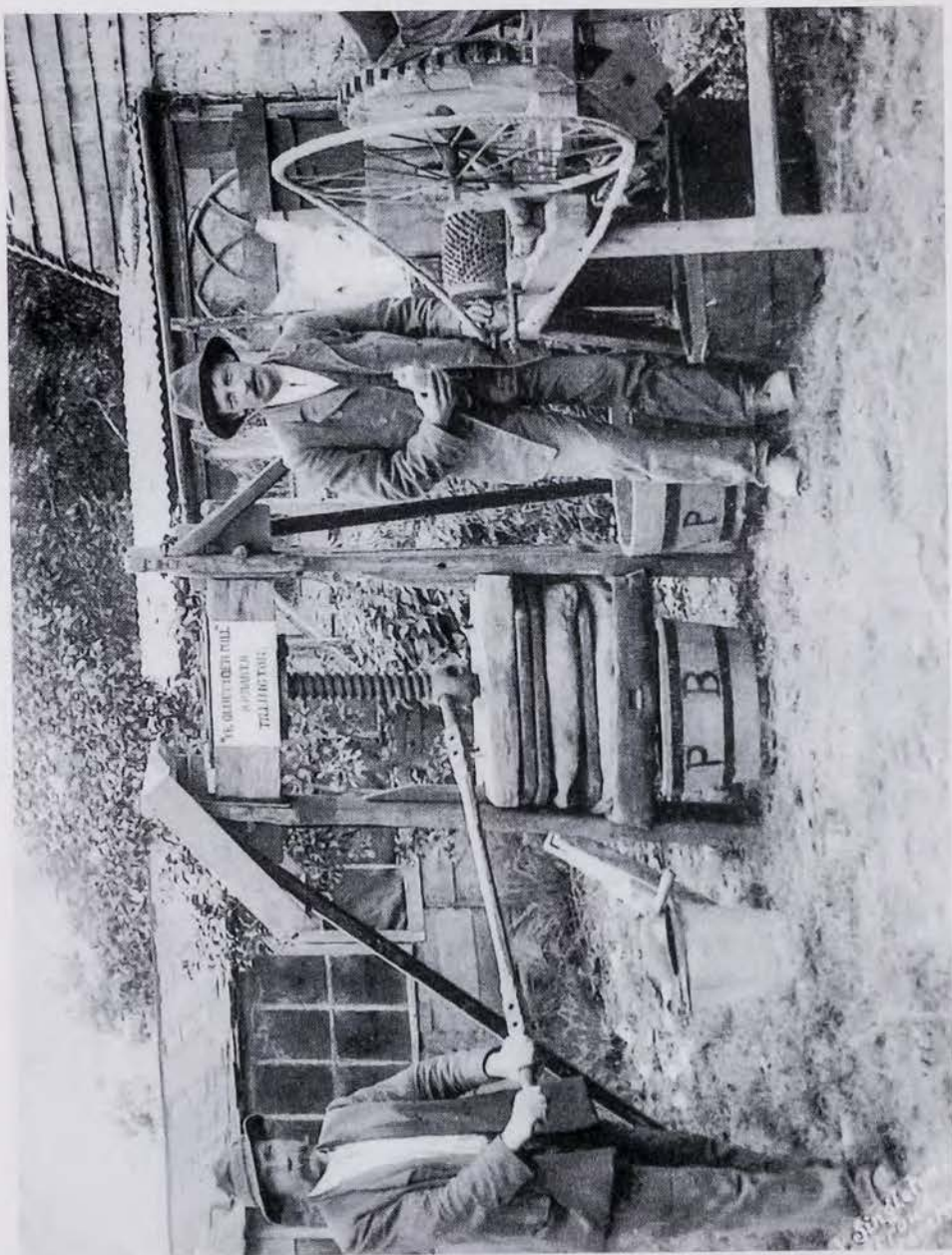
All too soon it was time for Mr Webb to take us back to Lurgashall. The Christmas party was the beginning of Christmas for us; that or the day before was always when we'd put up our decorations for Christmas. It went on until I was sixteen and too old for the party.

Jackie Carver was talking to the Editor.



Laying up the Regimental Sovereign's Standard of the Life Guards in the Percy Chapel at Petworth House 24th July 1955. See "The Society Dinner."

Dr Bell, Bishop of Chichester (centre) the Rev. L. H. Yorke, rector of Petworth, second from left back row.  
Photograph by G. G. Garland.



David Wort copied this photograph on our visit to the Rural Life Centre in August. The notice pinned to the press: "Ye Olde Cyder Mill A. E. Baker-Tillington" seems completely at variance with the picture here. The photographer (bottom left corner) appears to be W. Singleton from Stroud near Petworth but is otherwise unknown. Has anyone any idea?



"In full cry." See "In my spare time."  
 Photograph by Mr Peter Millroy.



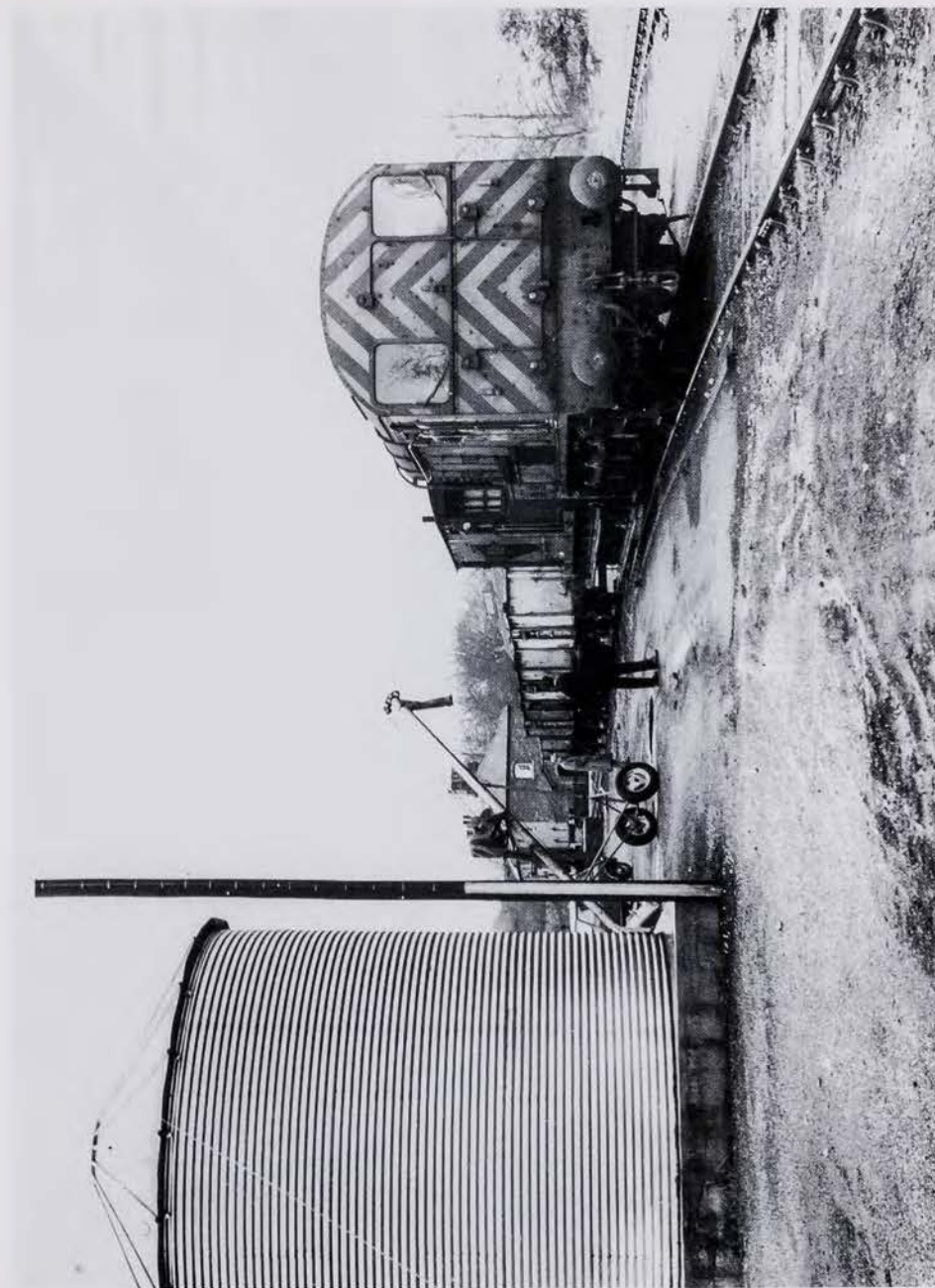
Pearl captured these pictures of the garden at 346 High Street at the end of September.



The Museum entrance.



This view from High Street gives a deceptive impression of space.



The Goods Yard at Petworth Station January 26<sup>th</sup> 1966. Compare the earlier account of the station in "For God's sake shut the windows."





January 26<sup>th</sup> 1966.

Photograph by George Garland.

## A shepherdess in the 1940s

I have lived in the area since the early 1950s but I was born near Bexhill on the other side of the county. We were a farm-working family and I was soon at work helping my brother with the milking. It wasn't long before I became increasingly involved with the farm sheep. Young as I was, I was soon introduced to all aspects. Yes, a shepherdess – by no means unusual at the time. Shearing, trimming feet, spraying, and, of course, lambing. The last might well be an all night job. Fortunately we lived right by where the sheep were kept and I was soon responsible for everything that concerned the sheep.

In some ways work with the sheep fluctuated with the season, and I was also expected to help with the cows, milk, rear the calves and even have a go in the farm garden.

Oh, certainly we'd put the skin of the dead lamb over an orphan when the ewe had lost her own lamb. Recognising the skin the ewe would usually take to the newcomer. I'd turn the sheep on their back to look at their feet or trim them – no light job for a woman. Feet would be trimmed with secateurs and foot rot dealt with – cutting off the infected part and applying the blue cleaning solution. Foot rot doesn't kill but it does impede movement. Hobbling is a sure indicator.

We had a dog of course, but the farmer always kept the shepherd's crook. Times were rough but I loved sheep and had a particular attachment for the lambs. We were at Ninfield just outside Bexhill. I can clearly remember walking up the road by the church and being told: "war has broken out." It was September 1939 and I was already working on the farm. War or not, life on the farm would go on much as it had before.

One big difference was the Canadian presence, billeted nearby. I was the youngest of a family of thirteen, and Mum used to do washing for the troops. When the weather was wet, there would be washing hanging up to dry all over the house. In turn the troops, particularly the cook, would smuggle things like pies out to us. The Canadians were based in a large house nearby with high walls, turned for the duration of the war into a barracks. Later on, Scots Highlanders replaced the Canadians.

If the sheep were not out to grass we'd feed them hay cake or mangel, the latter pulled out of the ground and put through the crusher. Turning the wheel was really hard work, something to think about even for the strongest man. I'd give anyone a packet of fags if they'd do it for me. The Canadians were always free with cigarettes and they became a kind of currency. Pigs I never liked but newborn lambs, messy as they might be, and coming often in the middle of the night, I never tired of. I much preferred lambs or, come to that, calves to piglets and,

with calves, I had an extra ten shillings for a heifer, nothing for a bull calf which would go straight to slaughter.

Eventually we moved from Bexhill, spending a couple of years in Devon in more general work before moving back to Sussex, to River Park Farm, back with the sheep and other farming duties.

Emily Ransom was talking to the Editor.

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## Flathurst was a bit out of the Way

Dad was a stud groom by trade – if such a job is considered a trade – and as was the habit in the old days he would move quite frequently from one employer to another, usually with the intention of bettering himself. Experience was all important with stud grooms and with each new position he would expect better wages and if that was not forthcoming then it was usually a sign that it was time to move on.

Jean is a few years younger than me and was born at Melton Mowbray in Leicestershire and I was born at Billericay in Essex. Dad was Sidney Hayton but was always known as 'Pop' by his equals or simply 'Hayton' by the likes of Lord Leconfield. I don't know how he got the nickname 'Pop' but it stuck and I couldn't imagine him being called anything else.

We were very young when we arrived at Flathurst and had travelled down from Melton Mowbray which was a long journey. I don't know if Mum or Dad had been to Petworth before but somehow I doubt it. Dad had taken the position of stud groom in charge of the hunt stables at Flathurst and we had the cottage that went with the job. I should explain that Flathurst is the little community on the right hand side of the Horsham Road as you leave Petworth towards Wisborough Green. I say community but I don't think that there were more than four families living there at any one time although that would increase if you included the stable lads who lived in the mess-room.

Like most Leconfield cottages ours was really quite basic, outside toilet as you would expect, though there was electricity, which was really not that common then, and we had three bedrooms. The sitting room was only ever used at Christmas, or if special guests were visiting and woe betide anyone who used it on any other day. There was no bath in the cottage; however there was one over in the mess-room at the stables and we would use that once a week. Jean and I would often be sitting in the bath on a Saturday when the hunt grooms wandered in to fetch water for their horses, nobody took any notice. Years later I would

occasionally bump into Wally Franklin in the town and seeing him would always remind me that he had seen me in the bath, and I could never help but blush. Our near neighbours at Flathurst were the Barnes family out on the main road, while further up the lane were the Stillwells and the Aylings. Later the Stillwells would move out and Mrs Lillywhite took over the cottage. There was accommodation at Flathurst for the stable lads who lived in what we called the mess-room. The horses were all hunters and Dad was expected to keep them in tip-top condition. You see it was not unusual for Lord Leconfield to ride out several times a week during the season and he would likely need several mounts on each occasion for as one horse tired it would be replaced by a fresh horse. Of course Dad would also be required to provide horses for house guests who might wish to hunt.



Mr Knowles, Bert Warner, stable lads, 'Pop' Hayton at Flathurst c.1936.

Mr Best and Mr Chaffer were the Leconfield blacksmiths and they would come out to shoe the hunters for Dad. We used to love watching the blacksmiths at work and as they pared the horse's hooves the young foxhounds that we reared would dive in and snatch up the fallen pieces of hoof and eat them. They really loved it. I can still recall the wonderful smell of the burning hooves as the new shoes were burnt in place.

Dad had to exercise the horses and it was a common sight to see him riding one horse and leading another along the Horsham Road from the bottom of Cemetery Hill right out to Hilliers Lodge. After hunting Father would collect the horses from the kennels at Hampers Common and if we were lucky and we timed things just right we would occasionally be able to get a ride home to Flathurst

after school.

Memories of our mother are very distant. I believe that she came from Cove in Hampshire but I am not certain that she was born there. Sadly Mum died about a year after we got to Petworth and Jean was not quite two years old at the time and I was about five. Mum was very friendly with Mrs Barnes who lived in the lodge at Flathurst and one day they went to Guildford on the bus where she caught a chill which turned to pneumonia. The only thing I remember about Mum is visiting her in the Cottage Hospital and her passing an orange out to me through an open window. You see in those days children weren't allowed in the wards.

So at a very young age Jean and I were left motherless, however we were extremely fortunate in that Mrs Barnes had promised Mum that if anything happened to her she would see that we were well cared for. She was as good as her word for when Mum died Mrs Barnes would come in each day to feed us and do any housework that was needed. Of course there were three of us then for we had a brother Jackson who everybody called Johnny. Johnny died at the age of twelve from rheumatic fever about four years after our Mum.

Mrs Barnes had two children of her own and after sometime she moved in with us which meant that now there were Dad, Mrs Barnes and five children all sharing the house. It was a bit of a squeeze but it seemed to suit everybody. Mrs Barnes was to all intents and purposes the housekeeper but she became a surrogate Mum to us and eventually we began calling her Mum, though of course we never forgot our real Mum. Mrs Barnes was a wonderful lady and she really didn't have to take us on but she had promised that she would and so she did. As well as looking after all of us Mrs Barnes would also work for Lady Shakerley up at Hilliers so she very rarely got any time to herself.

Mrs Barnes's children were Bill and Ted and they became like brothers to Jean and I. Long after we left home Dad and Mrs Barnes became engaged but he died before they could get married, mind you he was in his seventies then.

Mr Warner worked for Dad and lodged with us at Flathurst. He used to collect his loose change in a dish in his room and one day Jean and I sneaked in and took a coin each. We knew that we were doing wrong and hid the coins under the carpet in the sitting room. Of course Mr Warner soon realised that money was missing and the boys got accused of stealing. There was a fair old ruction and in the end we had to admit to taking the money. Of course it was me that got dragged over to the saddle room and given a good hiding in front of the men. I believe that Jean got away with it because she was so young but I wasn't really that much older.

We were never short of company at Flathurst. It seemed to be a magnet for local children. If we weren't playing in the stables then we would be up at The Gog or in the woods above Hilliers. Of course in those days children had much more freedom to roam pretty much as they pleased and in the school holidays we

would go out in the morning and not return until teatime. Despite losing our Mum and brother when we were very young we had a lovely childhood. When the winters were really cold we would walk over to Moor Farm and meet Eve and Billy Perry and play on the frozen pond.

In the summer we enjoyed nothing more than damming up the brook at the Shimmings and then playing in the mud and water. Once Mrs Barnes had been watching us from the cottage and she asked if we had been undressing in front of the boys, of course we had but hadn't really thought much about it. Anyway she only had one swimming costume that she could let us have and so she gave us an apron to wear which she thought would cover up our modesty. I can't recall which one of us got the costume and which one had the apron. Still we really didn't care at all for we just wanted to have fun. There were quite a few evacuees around the town and we made friends with the two girls who I believe were staying with Mr and Mrs Lanaway in North Street. They were Norah and Joan Faulkner and we became very close friends with them.

At the Girls' School in East Street we had Miss Wootton, Miss Bevis and Miss Smith as teachers. When the evacuees came we had to spend half the day at the Town hall alternating morning and afternoon lessons so that the school could be shared. At lunchtime we would walk home to Flathurst and then walk back to school for afternoon lessons, we were certainly not short of exercise. Once a week Dad would collect his men's wages from the bank in the Square and if we had lessons in the Town Hall that day and I saw him coming I would ask to be excused to spend a penny, but instead of going to the toilet I would sneak out to see Dad and invariably he would give me a penny or a halfpenny to spend on sweets at Mrs Tyrell's little shop in North Street on the way home.

Dad never retired as stud groom and was still doing the job when he died. The only break he got was during the war when he had to go and work in a munitions factory at Uxbridge. You see hunting had more or less been suspended for the duration and I guess that the horses had gone too. The stables had been taken over by an English regiment and later they moved out and Canadians moved in. When Dad first went away we remained in the cottage with Mrs Barnes and her boys. We were really quite fortunate as the Canadians soldiers spoilt us rotten. Apart from taking over the stables and the mess-room the soldiers put up several large Nissan huts in one of which they would have film shows which if suitable we were allowed to go to. When in 1942 the Boys' School was bombed the soldiers at Flathurst were among the first to respond. One of them came and asked Mrs Barnes if any of her children were at the school but the boys had left by that time and Jean was of course at the Girls' School in East Street then. I was sent up to get Jean from school and told to bring her home across the fields so as not to walk past the bombed school.



'Pop' Hayton at Flathurst in the 1950s.

Eventually the military decided that they also needed our house and so we had to pack up and move into the cottage that Mrs Barnes had lived in at the end of the drive. Mrs Bushell kindly took us all in and with her three children there were nine in all squeezed into that little cottage. Eventually we were told that a cottage was available at Common Piece at Ebernoe.

Common Piece was two cottages then with old Mrs Cooper living next door. We went over in the summer and it was a great shock to us. We had been used to electric lights and running water but life at Ebernoe was still very basic. Besides having only candle lighting the well was dry so Jean and I had to walk up to Last Lodges on the main road to fetch water, it was a hard life and not at all what we had become used to at Flathurst. Just to cap it all the common was full of adders and you had to be so careful where you stood for fear of treading on one and getting bitten.

I was fourteen and had left school when we left Flathurst and moved to Common Piece. Jean and I would cycle into Petworth every morning, her to school and me to work. We never got used to living at Common Piece and were delighted when the war ended and we were able to move back to Flathurst. Ironically Jean would eventually marry an Ebernoe farmer and has lived most of her life there and I have lived for donkey's years just down the road at Hoads Common.

Dad came home after the war and we all moved back to Flathurst, the cottage was in a terrible state after the military had moved out but we were still all glad to be back home. At the time Jean was working in service for Mrs Hubbard at Slindon and she got one day a week off and would come home on the bus. Dad didn't really like her working away and on one of her days off he said that she ought to give up the job and come back home and we could be one big family again. Jean didn't need telling twice and soon handed in her notice. I was also in service but at Petworth with Captain Briggs the Leconfield agent who lived at Littlecote, later he moved to Tillington and I used to cycle to and fro each day. I think that was at South Dean.

Flathurst was a bit out of the way but as we got older it certainly didn't stop us enjoying ourselves. We all loved the cinema and sometimes we would go several times a week. There were three different films a week, Monday to Wednesday, Thursday to Saturday and then Sunday a different programme altogether. The cinema was so popular that on a Sunday evening the queue would be all around the outside of the building waiting for it to open. Of course in those days there were a lot of soldiers in the town and they would come to the pictures and so it was often quite difficult to get in especially if a really popular film was showing. There were dances in the Iron Room. Of course we had a radio at home but Dad only liked to have it on to listen to the news much to our disgust.

The weekly shopping was no problem at Flathurst as Mrs Barnes would just walk into town, place her orders with the various shopkeepers and it would be delivered by the roundsmen. We would walk into Petworth from Flathurst and if the fields were muddy then we would walk up Cemetery Hill to the junction by the Boys' School. Of course there weren't that many cars around then but you wouldn't walk along that bit of road now for fear of being knocked down.

North and East Streets were the route to both the Girls' and the Infants' Schools and needless to say we were very familiar with those streets. Having passed Thompsons Almshouses on the way to school there was the Wheatsheaf pub and then just opposite the entrance to the Cow Yard was Mrs Tyrell's little sweetshop where almost everyday we would pop in to buy sweets. Further up Church Hill was Mr Fox's shoe shop then next door was Mrs Thayre who like Mrs Tyrell sold sweets and suchlike. This was a large double fronted shop and Mrs Thayre shared it with her husband who was an engineer and mended pumps and other pieces of machinery.

After Thayres came Fox's main shop at the corner of Rectory Gate where old Mr Fox was in charge. When we were young we didn't go into the shop and by the time we had grown up it was Colin Fox who was the owner. Diagonally across the road from Fox's at the junction of Church and East Street was Meachen's provisions shop. I seem to recall them being mainly grocers but like most small

shops in the town they probably sold lots of other things. Around the corner in East Street was the Girls' School and opposite was Petworth Engineering and then Streeters radio shop managed by Tommy Tucker. Denman's furniture shop was on the same side before you came to the Post Office. Opposite the Post Office by the drive to Stringers Hall and The Hermitage was Wilson Hill the chemist. Back across the road and right on the corner of Trump Alley was the little Dairy run by Bill Wareham's sisters. We used to come out of the pictures on a Saturday and a whole crowd of us would go up to East Street and have a meal at The Dairy. That came to an end when Mr Collins the manager at the cinema realised what was going on and began providing food himself which of course was much easier for us kids – our loyalty was cheaply bought!

Nell Smith and Jean Wadee nee Hayton were talking to Miles Costello

Note.

Two separate Barnes families worked with the Leconfield horses. See "A Long Day You Might Say" in the present magazine.

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## “Wiremen 1/3d an hour . . .”

The faded sepia photograph of 27 men with its pencil annotation on the reverse “Petworth House electricians 1906,” reproduced in PSM 133 (opposite page 15) elicited no response in 2008. It would, perhaps, have been rather surprising if it had, it being virtually certain that the men would have been brought in by the contractor during the installation work. Even Lord Leconfield would not have an establishment for 27 electricians!

Alison McCann's recent discovery of material relating to the installation confirms a date of 1906. While Janet Austin's researches relating to “an unusual Petworth House” guided tour for the National Trust confirm what was always more than a mere hypothesis: the photograph reflects the transformation of the former brewery house premises to an electricity plant. The new material is copious and often far too detailed and technical for adequate discussion here, but it is certainly possible to offer an impressionistic background.

Two key documents relate to the 1906 installation; both are bound folios, one a tender for supplying electric light to Petworth House and other related buildings, mainly, but not exclusively, within the wall. The other is a specification of work needed to transform the old brewery house for its new role. It details work to be done by excavators, masons, tilers and slaters, plumbers, glaziers and painters.



Two views of the cowyard prior to the alterations.



Whether these particular tradesmen are included in the group photograph is uncertain. While the tender for providing supply is £2780.14.9, foremen to be paid 1/6d an hour, wiremen 1/3d and labourers 1/-, this does not take in alterations to the building which were very extensive. Possibly some of the work would be carried out by Lord Leconfield's own men. The formal supply tender is typewritten but the specification for alterations handwritten. There is a penalty clause allowing £25 a week for failure to complete in time, but a time allowance for necessary extra work. The engineer is Mr. T. Ekin, who will make a site visit to meet contractors at the Estate Office at 11.30am on Tuesday December 19th 1905. "The train leaves Victoria LB and SC Railways at 8am arriving at Petworth Station at 10.57am. An omnibus meets the train at Petworth and conveys passengers to the Estate Office which is 2 miles from the station."

There were to be four circuits:

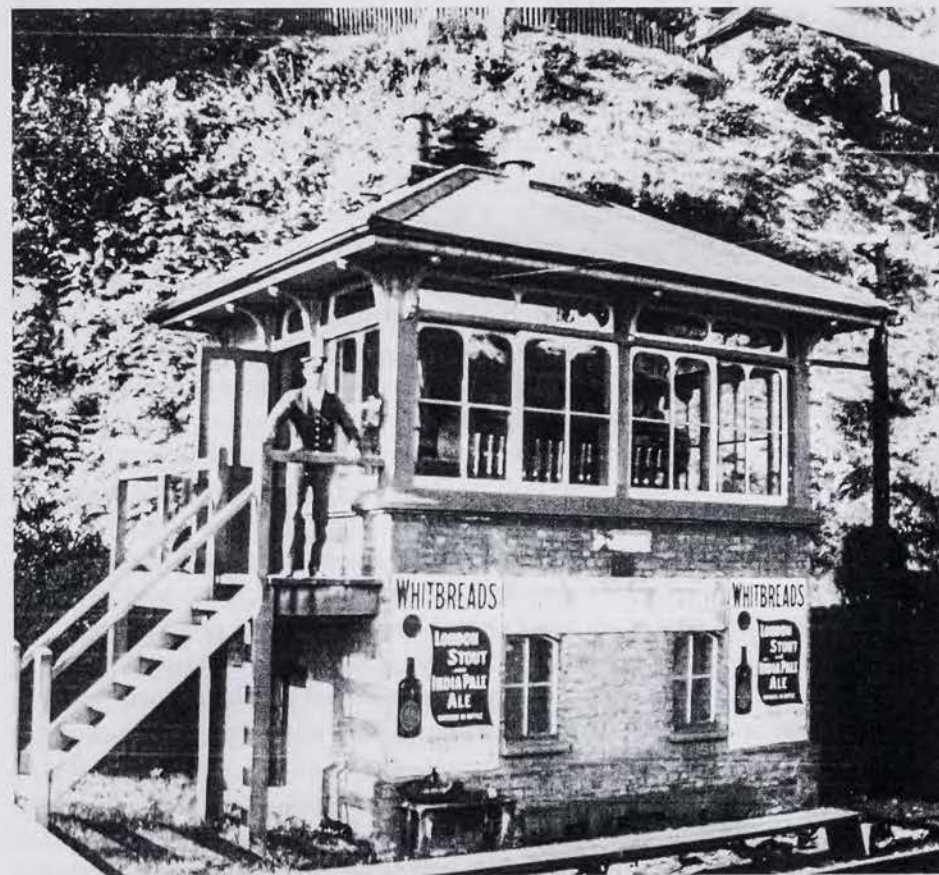
1. Petworth House itself
2. The Gardens
3. The Kennels
4. New Grove – the residence of H. E. Watson, Lord Leconfield's land agent.

Presumably the supply would run underground. There would be an over-riding distributing switchboard and main switchboard in Petworth House itself, controlling the servant quarters, stables, huntsman's house/kennels, laundry, Mr Sutton's house, Mr Whitcomb's house and Mr Pull's. Mr Sutton was clerk of the works and I would guess the house to be the present Estate Office complex. Mr Whitcomb the office secretary's house was in Pound Street, Mr Pull was the gardener. Provision is made for picture lighting: "A large number of pictures will be lighted individually by means of wall sockets placed as close as possible to top or bottom of the frames." Lighting of the North Gallery will be held over for the now. A total of 2057 lamps are detailed of which the Petworth House circuit has 1692.

Mr T. H. Ballard is retained as electrician: the typewritten letter of engagement survives and is reproduced here. A lengthy accompanying document gives the technical specifications for his duties: George Ford's article "A couple of two pound jam-jars" (PSM 95, March 1999 pages 29-33) preserves a boy's hazy recollection of earliest days. George's father seems to have acted as Mr Ballard's assistant, not as George suggests, as his predecessor.

I am grateful to Alison McCann, Janet Austin and, of course to Lord Egremont for his permission to make use of uncatalogued Petworth House material.

P.



This photograph by E. Wallis appeared in the West Sussex Gazette in November 1980. The signalman is identified as G. (George) Soal. The tool bag and oil can (under the Whitbread advertisement) reflect a maintenance visit from the Signal Department at Horsham and the photograph would later appear in Keith Smith and Vic Mitchell's *Branch Lines to Midhurst* (1981). Mr Soal's granddaughter is anxious to trace anyone with recollections of Mr Soal.

## A long day, you might say

My mother, Lillian, came from the north, as far as I know to work at the great house, her brother being Ron Thomas who worked as a postman in Petworth. My first memories will be of the beginning of the war but they are hazy and reflect a period when time-honoured certainties at the great house were coming under increasing strain. In my time my mother wasn't employed on a regular basis but came in to do whatever was needed, effectively on call, but more and more as the war went on and labour became scarcer. She helped Lady Leconfield as lady's maid, but also worked generally in the house; jobs were doubled up in a way that would have been unthinkable before the war. Mrs Dobell (I never knew how the name was spelled) was housekeeper, a formidable presence, made more so by her dark blue dress and wide leather belt with its huge bunch of jangling keys. As a small child I was terrified of her and I think my mother was too. I didn't know that the term "Mrs" was probably a courtesy title. Then there was Mrs Miles, the chef, ample and cheery in the kitchens and Den Rayner filling in as butler. One quite clear memory is of two footmen in full livery, blue coat, white breeches and socks, I can see them now in my mind's eye. I don't think livery was normally worn at this time, it would perhaps be a special occasion of some kind. I spent a lot of time in the stillroom with Irma who was Swiss and very kind to me: when my mother was called over to work in the house, Irma would keep an eye on me in the stillroom.

My father was, I think, originally from Ebernoe. It's not something I (or probably he) ever thought much about: he was a busy man when working for Leconfield, while during the war I saw him only twice. In peace-time he worked in the stables as a "nagsman", one step up from a groom. He trained young horses either as hunters or, less exalted, as "hacks" for day-to-day riding. Before the war there had been ten or a dozen horses in the stables, just a fraction of what there had once been. Mr Webber was stud groom. The great stables even in the late 1930s had an unwonted quiet. My father had taught the Leconfield's adopted children, Peter and Elizabeth, to ride and working in the stables was a family tradition. Dad's father had been in charge of the stable feed in the great days. My grandmother was living in Somerset Hospital during the war and I would go down into the cellar to bring up her coal.

Uncle Reg, (I can't remember his surname), lived with Aunt Lizzie in a cottage at Upperton just left down the lane from the "crossroads" at the top of the hill. He drove two horses for ploughing; remember petrol was short in the war years, and worked for Mr Whitney at Upperton farm. The cottage had no electricity and an outside garden thunderbox and was very dark even on the brightest day. How

did we go to visit them? We walked, and a mighty long way it seemed to a small boy. My father, horseman that he was, never drove a car. Uncle Reg would be asked to plough on the other Leconfield farms. Mr Whitney, of course, was a Leconfield tenant farmer.

As I say, I hardly knew my father until the war was over; he was in India with the Royal Artillery but returned for the Normandy landings. He was batman to an R. S. M. Bennett from Bishops Stortford. They became great friends and kept up with each other in later life. I remember going to R. S. M. Bennett's funeral years afterward.

Evacuees? I saw very little of them. In my time they were away to the rear of the servants' block. My mother had a "thing" about evacuees and fleas and was convinced that if I had any contact with them I would become infested with fleas. Nothing would alter this fixed idea although I'm sure she was quite mistaken. I was never allowed further down the corridor than the stillroom and the kitchens. By 1946, when my father came back, the stables were simply going through the motions. There were two hunters and a donkey and my father was helping out in the house. Sometimes for functions Den Rayner would get him to act as footman. I think he was given a little pocket money for this.

Lord Leconfield liked to keep a set routine. Sunday after Church he'd invariably appear in the stables to have a look round. Only the first set of horses boxes were in use and the tack room. The remainder of the complex had been used as storage by Canadian troops. I particularly remember the "Duck" vehicles, a kind of boat on wheels. They were invasion vehicles essentially, whether this reflects D. Day preparations I'm not sure. What is most vivid in my mind is a Christmas party, 1942 perhaps, given by the Canadians. It was in the Pheasant Copse. I would be five or so and it was the first time I had ever tasted chocolate. We were given a red knitted Christmas stocking with an orange and a banana and half a slab of chocolate – not a whole one – I imagine the Canadians didn't have enough to go round. The party was held in one of the huts and children from Tillington, Upperton and Petworth were picked up in army lorries. As I say, I'd never tasted chocolate before and never even seen a banana. I was given a toy – two flat sticks with a piece of string across the top and a wooden figure attached – in my case it was a clown but other children had different figures. When you put the string under tension the clown would spin round. I was at the Infants' School (on the site of the present Public Library) with Miss Wootton and Miss Johnson and was supposed to be transferring to the North Street boys school. I can't think why; I was well under age and had no great reputation as a scholar. Anyway I was in bed with mumps when the school was bombed.

Lady Leconfield was never really part of my childhood world, more a tall distant presence. Lord Leconfield, however, would often talk to me in the

stillroom; I was there a lot with Irma while my mother was working and there were no child minders in those days. Or his lordship might see me on his Sunday visit to the stables. Everything still needed to be well turned out: the collars, the white head bands, the brass, everything. Lord Leconfield kept his pet retriever in the stables and he'd want to see the dog. And always the white gaiters: I have a photograph of Dad unusually sporting a pair of white canvas gaiters – an old pair of his lordship's I shouldn't be surprised.

Under Mrs Miles the kitchen was a friendly place, she didn't mind me wandering in and hanging about. I'd see them putting the food out to take over to the dining room. The plates were hot, the food was hot and there were metal covers to contain the heat. Down the corridor on trolleys with nightlights underneath the trays, but the trolleys wouldn't go down the steps to the tunnel so the food had to be decanted then reloaded for the trip across, then put into a dumb waiter to come up to the dining room, where it might stand any time until the dining room was ready for it. It didn't have a chance.

When the North Street School was bombed, the boys were moved to Culvercroft in Pound Street under Mr Mickelburgh, the new headmaster. And it was cold in winter. After morning prayers Mr Mickelburgh would get us to shake our hands in the air for a few minutes just to get our circulation going.

Being so close to the great house had its advantages: I was allowed to fish the lake in Petworth Park and it was rare indeed that I failed to catch something. I remember my first big pike, 10 lbs; I was so pleased I took it home. We didn't actually cook it, pike has a lot of bones. Roach were a regular catch, in fact the lake was rich in fish of various kinds. I also fished at Coultershaw and was very pleased with a 3½ lb sea trout, we did eat that.

After Culvercroft I went to the then new County Secondary School at Midhurst, one of the original intake. Mr Buckle being headmaster. I was there for a year. Quite long enough, I never liked school. Lord Leconfield had recently died and Richard Barlow was Master of what was now the Chiddingfold/Leconfield Hunt. Given my association with horses, it was almost inevitable that I would go in that direction. I didn't have a formal interview; it was just understood that this was what I would do.

I took the view that I would be paid to do what so many others paid handsomely to do. Not quite accurate, when it came to practice; as second whip I would be landed with any job that no one else was prepared to do. Being, as it appeared, the youngest second whip in the country doesn't count for much when you're mucking out. I'd been with horses from early school days, riding young horses almost as soon as I could walk. I had no fear and my original ambition until I grew too heavy was to be a jockey. My mother was doubtful about an equestrian career, she thought a job in the Post Office like Uncle Ron was a better

bet.

Mr Barlow was the Master and under him was the huntsman, Ted Vickers, then the first whip, I can't remember his name, then myself, the second whip. One of the first whip's responsibilities was to keep the hounds together when the hunt was in progress while one of the second whip's tasks was to collect stragglers, dogs or bitches that had detached themselves from the pack during the hunt and had no pressing desire to be found. After a long day, hanging about in the dark to try to pick them up was a dismal business. I had the huntsman's horn and would blow it, trying to attract the attention of the truants. There were about half a dozen particular calls but I just blew it to let the hounds know where I was.

Another job was getting the food ready. Porage was a staple of the kennels diet, made with oatmeal, and thick enough to be almost solid. Meat was "anything that died in the parish", well almost, horses, calves, pigs, sheep. The last, particularly, were often left too long by the farmers and not pleasant to handle. The kennelmen and I would go round in the hunt lorry to pick up carcasses – the farmers were pleased enough to see us for obvious reasons. It wouldn't be legal nowadays.

There were alternate packs: the dog pack and the bitch pack – for obvious reasons dogs and bitches had to be kept apart and they'd go out alternate days. The dog pack went out with Mr Barlow while the bitch pack went out with Ted Vickers. The bitches were mercurial, much more exciting but more difficult to control. We kept two stud dogs, but, as often as not, would bring in studs from another pack to import fresh blood.

My time with Mr Barlow came to an abrupt end but not of my choosing – or his. I was called up for National Service and spent three years in the Royal Horse Artillery. As I was an ex-second whip it didn't take the Army long to decide where I would be of most use: the RHA had all sorts of people with an equestrian background, jockeys, whippers-in, all sorts. I was soon breaking in horses for the King's Troop. I'd spend the winters at Melton Mowbray breaking in and the summers in London on parades and events like the Royal Tournament. Smart turnout? Of course.

A year or two followed with the Hampshire Hunt based at Ropley, again as second whip. My parents were by this time living at Church Lodge and my mother was on ticket duty at the House. While at Ropley I had a nasty fall and when I recovered, I decided it was time to think about a change. I'd had enough of being second whip, out in all weathers and constantly getting wet through. I was at home while recovering when Commander Robert de Pass, knowing my background, suggested I take on breaking in polo ponies. I protested that I had no experience but I soon took to it and spent twelve years doing this. I'd school them to be ridden, and not to be alarmed by clattering sticks and balls being hit.



I was married by this time and my wife, who also worked with polo ponies, and I, went out with the first international polo team to fly to Argentina. There was to be a three-sided tournament – Great Britain, the USA and Argentina. The ponies for the British team were to be flown out on a venerable Constellation (propeller and all) from Aerolineas Argentinas: when it arrived at Gatwick we loaded the ponies, going up a steep ramp – if it wasn't 90 degrees it certainly looked like it. The only way to load was to take a long run; if a pony stopped on the ramp, it was virtually impossible to get it either up or down. Then the plane was found to need urgent repairs and, having got the ponies aboard, we had to get them off again, load them on the lorry, arrive back at Midhurst and perform the whole process of unloading. It was two o'clock in the morning and there was no one to help us. A long day you might say.

When we eventually left we stopped at the Azores, the Cape Verde islands, Recife in Brazil and finally Buenos Aires, 56 hours in the air. Hurlingham, our eventual destination, was a hour and a half out of Buenos Aires and we were there for four months ...

Mervyn Barnes was talking to the Editor.

Mervyn and his wife Bob were visiting Petworth from Barbados where they now live.

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## On not seeing the Zeppelin

I may have known Petworth from the mid-1930s but my earliest memories are of London and go back much further. I was born at Forest Gate in East London just before the outbreak of war in 1914. I remember sitting in my pram in the safest corner of our kitchen waiting for a Zeppelin to go away. "Blackout" was a square of cardboard hung up to shield the gaslight from the window. A year or two later I remember being wheeled in my pushchair, with the warning going, and being taken for shelter into the basement of a baker's shop, where floury men walked about lugging heavy sacks. In fact I never actually saw a Zeppelin.

I think I was eight when the first wireless sets came in with crystal and cats whiskers. What a thrill to hear those disembodied voices coming from so far away! My father erected a kind of telegraph pole at the end of the garden for an aerial, while the earth wire was buried in a little patch of soil just outside the window and had to be kept watered. If it became dry, the reception faded.

By the 1930s I was working in the offices of a motor agent who had the East London franchise for diesel vehicles. Diesel oil was four-pence a gallon and, we were told, almost crude. Previous to that I had worked for a firm selling office

equipment.

I can still hear the voice of Neville Chamberlain telling the country that we were at war with Germany. The barrage balloons like great grey elephants in the sky were tethered on Wanstead Flats at the end of the road. And there was the nauseating, rubbery smell of gas masks. I was convinced that if I ever had to put one on I would simply suffocate.

Living where we were in London, we felt very vulnerable and thought of Petworth where my mother's first cousin Katie and her husband were publicans. They had the Angel Inn. Petworth wasn't altogether unknown to us; we had come down for weekends before the war. In fact the Angel was something of a family affair, because the Angel Shades opposite was run by Kate's daughter Ivy with her husband Dick Sanders. It was a beer house with no licence for spirits. I think I'd describe the Angel Shades at that time as "countrified" but it was quite busy and very much part of Petworth life. It would be here that I'd meet my future husband. Not originally a Petworth man, he'd become friendly with my Aunt Kate while at sea; she had been a stewardess on the ships and Gerald, who'd had experience as a ship steward helped out part-time at table in the Angel.

On moving to Petworth it very soon became apparent that office jobs in the town in the early years of the war were effectively non-existent. My mother had let the house in Forest Gate through an agent and myself, my widowed mother and my maternal grandparents were in Petworth. There was nothing for us but to move to Bognor where I had found a clerical job with the local council. I'd already met my future husband but there was now serious talk of a possible invasion, was Bognor the right place to be?

Gerald was in a reserved occupation as a farm-worker and found a cottage for us halfway along the Kirdford Road from Balls Cross. It went with Beale House farm and we were married from there. Ebernoe was our parish church, but with the war on and the family dispersed all over the place, we felt Petworth would be much easier to find. I left a suitcase with someone in Petworth as an accommodation address. At least at Petworth church everyone would be able to find us!

We had one or two moves in the Balls Cross area and I can distinctly remember someone breaking the news of the North Street school being bombed. A stick of bombs fell across the Kirdford Road while on the night my second daughter was born, a bomb came down in one of the fields at Butcherland.

Living at Balls Cross, I had no bus service at all. There was the shop and the Post Office run by Mrs Ansell and her daughter, while another daughter of Mrs Ansell had the shop at Kirdford with her husband. When old Mrs Ansell died, her daughter kept on with the Balls Cross shop, but when she too died, it closed. Cooking in early days at Balls Cross was on an open fire to begin with. Then on a

“Petworth” range. I also had a Ripplingale paraffin stove with burners on the top and even an oven. I can’t remember quite how the oven worked, but it was certainly efficient. Electricity didn’t come to Balls Cross until the 1950s.

We had a few moves in the Balls Cross area but wherever we went there was a big garden and my husband grew plenty of vegetables. I’d come into Petworth in the bus, once the service started, or walk in with my daughter in the pram. My mother had a room in the town. Sometimes too I’d walk or cycle into Kirdford. Eventually I learned to drive. My husband never did, he rode a motor-cycle on a provisional licence but when the authorities insisted he take a test, he didn’t, so he had to give up. I had a succession of six “bangers” all carefully looked after by Ken Scammell, who would sometimes make the part I needed if it were unobtainable. The garage, of course, as it still does, effectively adjoined the shop. Before I learned to drive, Jean Scammell would sometimes bring me into Petworth by taxi.

We moved eventually to Upfold Cottages on the Ebernoe turning. My husband by this time was working for a brick-makers at Hambledon, over beyond Chiddingfold. It was a twelve hour shift and I’d be up at 4.45 to be on the road at 5.30. Then I’d go over to fetch him in the evening. I remember one particularly icy day coming to a hill with cars stranded by the road unable to take the incline. My little front wheel drive Mini simply sailed up the hill. I stopped at Upfold for a couple of years after my husband died but it was rather lonely and I then moved into Petworth.

Margaret Bird was talking to the Editor.

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## “For God’s sake shut the windows”

Mr Stevenson, headmaster of the North Street boys’ school was a remarkable man, not least in his running of Petworth Scouts in conjunction with the school. Early in the summer holidays those going with the school party would be told about the annual Scout camp, how to behave while away, tenting skills, whatever we might need. The trip had to pay for itself and for weeks before, those who were to go had been paying in a little money a week toward the expenses.

It was the summer of 1936, I was coming nine and we were going to St Martins on the Isle of Wight for a fortnight. I wasn’t formally a scout but would be going with the school.

Six o’clock on a sunny Thursday evening and initial briefing and check of kit, all set up for an early start the following morning. A quick goodbye to parents and off – if some of us younger boys were a little apprehensive, we were also

conscious of beginning a great adventure: many of us had at most seen a train at Petworth station, few of us had ever travelled on one. By 8.30 we were waiting at New Grove, the stables being the Scouts’ Petworth base.

Vic Roberts had his coach (see PSM 141), while the tents and kit bags were loaded on to Fred Sadler’s lorry. We were a party of some thirty or more, with five adults. The main body of Scouts would be aged from eleven to sixteen.

Petworth station. Everything was unloaded from the lorry and stacked on the platform to await the train. Even waiting for the train was an adventure for us younger ones. Soon there was a low rumble away down the line towards Fittleworth, the signalman moved across his box, pulled a lever and down went the green arm of the signal up near the water tower to the east of the goods yard. He pulled another lever and a signal up the line towards Midhurst cracked down, while down the line there was a distant puff of smoke and a half-hearted whistle as the train came up the line, slowing down as it approached. There was the screech of steel on steel as the train rolled to a halt, a quick burst of steam and smoke, and hissing from the valves.

Passengers were getting on and off, goods and baggage loaded and unloaded, and the clank and clatter of churns. Mr Stevenson supervised the loading, making sure that nothing was left behind. Finally we clambered aboard, bagged our seats, then opened the window to hang out and savour the smell of steam, smoke and hot grease. Once experienced, that country station smell remains with you always.

The wait seemed endless, the carriage doors an eternity opening and shutting. Soon, however, Mr Stevenson was shouting, “For God’s sake shut the windows and get your heads in” and we were off, the platform sliding away under the bridge in a swirl of smoke. Through the cutting and away up the track in the morning sunlight, making for Selham and passing banks, bushes, rolling grass fields with cows grazing, as unconcerned as we were excited.

The fields were either green and full of cattle and sheep, or high with standing ripe corn, moving gently in the breeze and awaiting the binder. Long hot days and thistles in the fields. By the end of the day we would be across the water and trying to sleep under canvas. A brief stop at Selham, passengers alighting, the sound of luggage then on to Midhurst. Here there were more people, wagons shunting, coal, bricks, farm machinery, cattle and sheep.

At last we were off again, heading for Petersfield where we’d change for the main line and a much bigger engine. Ten coaches pulled by steam. This time the kit had to be put on the new train and we were off again, telegraph poles festooned with white insulators and wires like outstretched arms rushing up and flashing past as we thundered south. Impossible now to distinguish the poles, rattling over points, leaving trees, fences, gates and hedges behind us.

And so we came to Portsmouth Harbour, the sea and the ships. So many ships in the harbour, masts and funnels like ever-widening spiders' webs, and a huge floating crane. Soon we were each loading our kit aboard the ferry, and its paddles were threshing the water, out across Spithead and toward the distant island. It was a trip I'd remember always. If only we could keep going like this for ever . . . All too soon we were tied up on the jetty at Ryde and loading all kit on to a waiting lorry. It was four o'clock when we arrived at the camp site, a quarry field reminiscent of home. Tents and equipment were unloaded while the more experienced set up the tents, lit a fire and got water on the boil. In no time the tents were up and our bedding laid out on waterproof sheets. We would be four to a tent, with two bell tents and a miniature marquee. Tea that night was more of a picnic. A game of rounders then off to bed with all the strangeness of camping out on grass. As we lay and watched it gradually become dark we could hear the quiet murmur of many voices contrasting with the silence of a summer night, broken only by the occasional curse as someone tripped over a rope on their way to the latrine. Quiet soon took over and with it the happenings of the day passed before us.

Early morning was a time to savour, boiling water and helping with breakfast. I've never lost the taste or smell of porridge cooked in a large billycan over an open fire or on a primus. It took a lot of Quaker oats for thirty or more hungry children and adults. It would be boiled until thick, then sweetened with golden syrup and brown sugar. We were always back for more. Then followed bacon, eggs and baked beans on blue enamel plates followed by mugs of hot sweet tea.

After washing up, the days were spent visiting places or points of interest on the island. Carisbrook Castle, Freshwater, the Tennyson memorial, the Needles or Alum Bay, or simply walking the spongy sweet-smelling downland turf. Alternatively, we might split into two groups and track one another, the first group leaving a track of red wool tied to bushes and removed by those following, then we'd track back. Treasure trails were somewhat similar, following clues buried in the turf or in bushes. And, of course, rounders, cricket, football and swimming. A torpedo factory was pointed out to us, an indication, if we had realised it, of what was to come.

All too soon came the day to break camp, we'd had a memorable fortnight and were about to make the magical journey in reverse. Back through Midhurst and Selham, following the line of the river, South Farm, Rotherbridge, George Duck and Mr Whitney had cut their corn, as too Mr Carn at Cathanger. Now it stood neatly stacked in stooks in curving rows, golden yellow in the afternoon sun and ready to be picked up by horse and wagon and taken to the nearest rickyard or dry field corner. The blackberries were ripening now and the next week I'd be up the Clutter Pit hunting for jam jars, a halfpenny for 1lb and a penny for 2lbs. And

those sheep and cows hadn't moved in a fortnight.

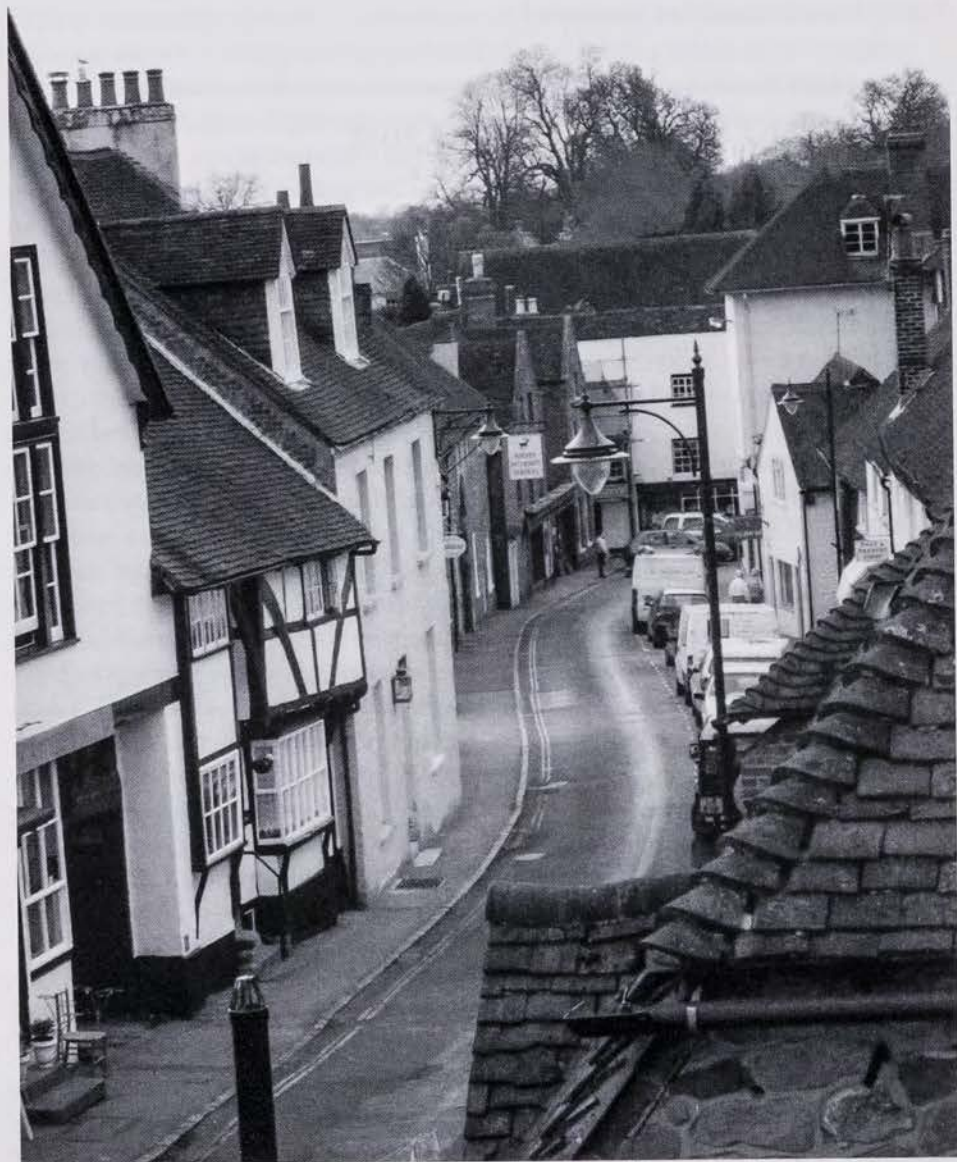
And did I join the Scouts? I'd really enjoyed the fortnight, but it didn't offer anything my friends and I weren't doing already. Or so we felt. I never did join.

From written recollections by Jumbo Taylor.

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## Answers to Debby's Sussex Quiz

1. Blackdown
2. Jack Fuller
3. Miller
4. Jonathan Creek
5. Dell Quay
6. Martlet
7. Gingerbread
8. Didling
9. William Blake
10. Percy Bysshe Shelley
11. George V
12. Weald & Downland Museum
13. Bluebell Railway
14. Dragons Green
15. 25th July
16. St. Wilfred
17. Good Friday
18. Loxwood OR Wey & Arun Canal
19. Parham House (garden)
20. Bognor Regis and Worthing
21. Littlehampton
22. Leonardslee
23. Windmill
24. John Galsworthy
25. Pumpkins
26. Bracklesham Bay
27. Stanmer
28. St. Richard
29. Batemans
30. Sculpture



High Street viewed from the attic window at the Cottage Museum.  
An unattributed photograph from the Museum collection.

