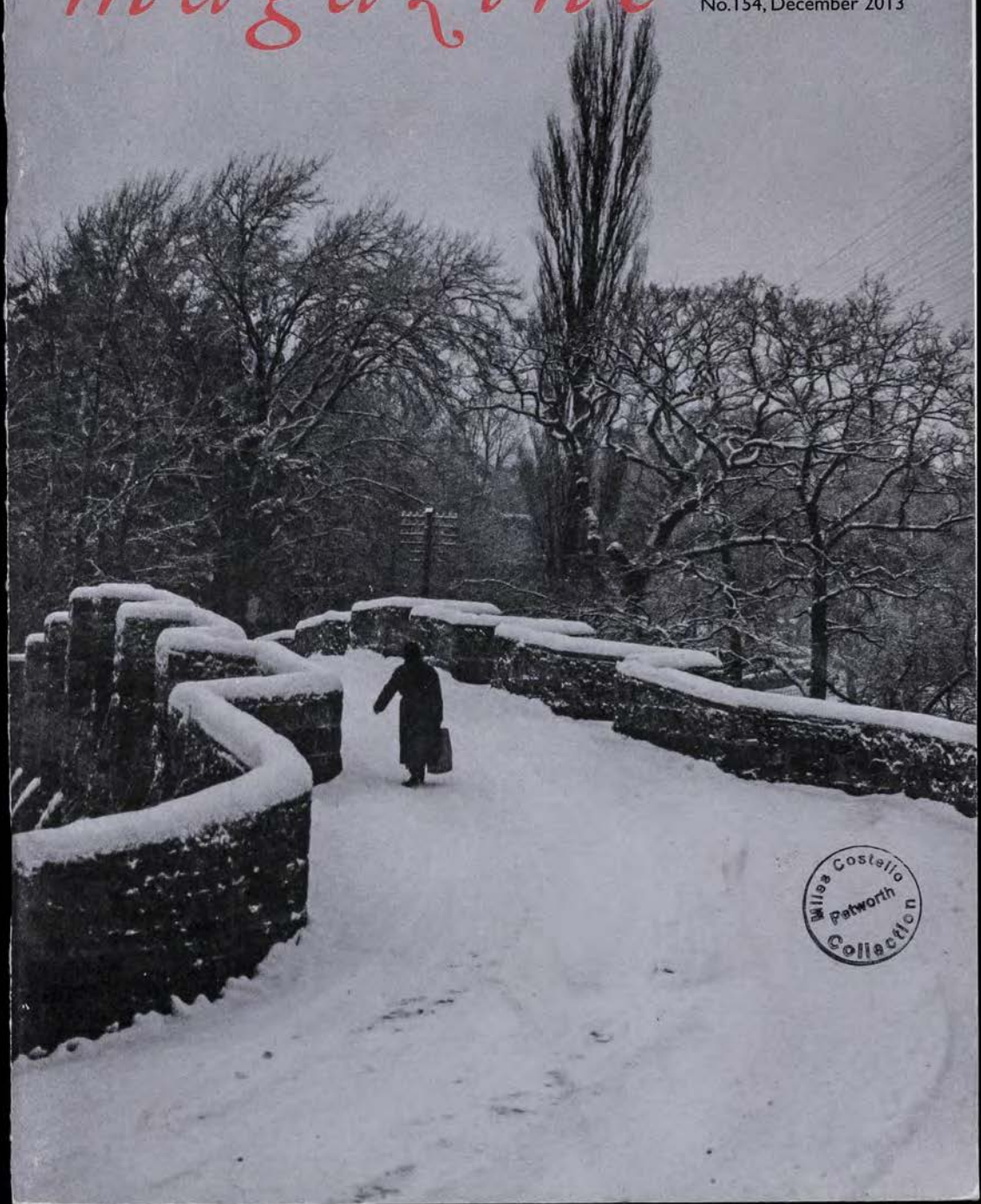


MILES

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
magazine

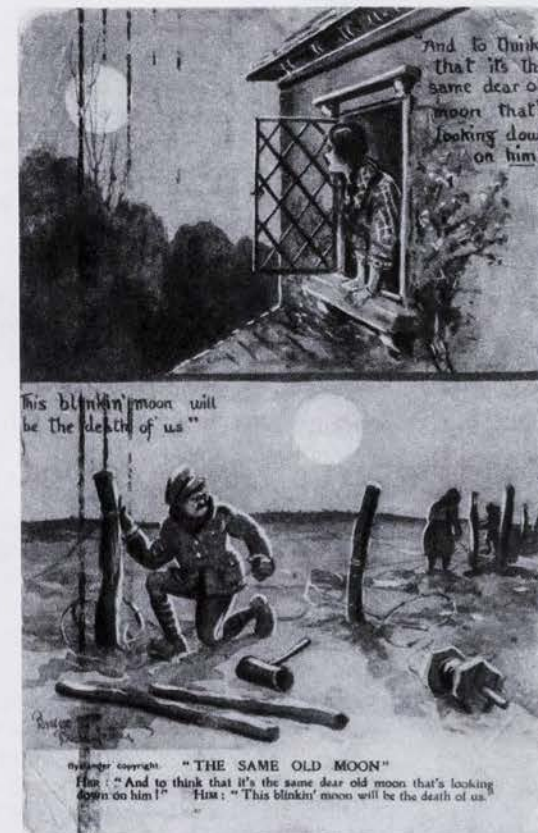
No.154, December 2013



Miles Costello
Petworth
Collection

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY *magazine*

No. 154, December 2013



The centenary of the outbreak of war in 1914 is impending and this cartoon by Bruce Bairnsfather who spent much of the second world war in Northchapel seems appropriate. It appeared in the weekly "Bystander"; in the 1920s an occasional outlet for George Garland's "Society" pictures. Courtesy of Mr C. Parker

On Bruce Bairnsfather see Tonie and Valmai Holt in PSM 17 (September 1979).

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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 £13.50 overseas £16.50. Further information may be obtained from any of the following.

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FRONT COVER designed by Jonathan Newdick. Old Stopham Bridge c. 1932.
Original photograph by George Garland.

Chairman's notes

As Editor of this Magazine I have to give some thought to content, context, and coherence. I am fortunate in having an excess of material which gives the potential for balancing different possibilities. It gives me also a constant backlog. A "bumper" issue would, at least partially, clear the decks but this would need an element of financial assistance; this Magazine is already heavily subsidised by the Book Sales. I have perhaps been around rather too long to look for help from outside. For the present Magazine I have held over the equivalent of the entire contents of this December issue. This does not mean that I am not interested in new material: on the contrary, we have to be, and we are. New material is the lifeblood of a Magazine like this, but it will have to fight for its place along with everything else.

A word about our first monthly meeting of the season. You will see Miles' account, Keith being on holiday. I found Pete Fijalkowski's selection of forgotten, unknown, photographs and memorabilia found in discarded books at once fascinating and evocative. Pete's extraordinary idea of taking preposterously unsaleable books from the Petworth Sale and uniting them with bemused new owners with no charge, the only condition being that the new owner be photographed with the re-homed book was as original as it was extraordinary. And a song too! Pete simply has to return.

Lastly, you will be aware that our extrovert and popular town crier has been in hospital for some time. Everyone will be hoping Mike makes a complete recovery.

Peter
17th October 2013

Philip Hounsham

1924–2013

I did not know Phil before he went to Africa where he worked with the railways. My first acquaintance with him would be at a remove, two short pieces sent from Malawi on working at Petworth Station in the early 1940s before being called up (PSM 20, 21 June/September 1980). I always felt, as Phil himself did, that these could have been expanded but a combination of Phil's natural diffidence and our mutual procrastination meant that this never happened.

It was only when Phil and Dilys returned to Petworth that I came to know him. The interest he had in the Petworth he had known before he went to Africa gave him a rapport with this Magazine and this Society that he never lost. By 1989 he was the Society's treasurer, a position he would hand over to Andy Henderson in 2000. He would remain a committee member almost to the end.

Quiet, but firm when he needed to be, Phil was Petworth through and through, something becoming unusual in a more mobile age. Despite a little later stiffness, Phil didn't really seem to age, keeping up his interest in railway and military matters. He loved the monthly Book Sales and would always come and help, apologising latterly for his inability to do more. Whatever the Petworth Society is, and it remains as much an enigma to me now as it was in 1979, Phil and Dilys (who survives him) embody its very spirit.

P.

Not Submitted Elsewhere

33 years on

It is 25 years since the Window Press published its last Garland book¹ and 33 since the first.² Looking back, 1980 seems as distant now as the 1920s seemed then. *Not Submitted Elsewhere* was a venture into the unknown; our two previous books were no real preparation and there was no initial suggestion of more than a single tribute volume. In retrospect my decision to concentrate on the 1920s seems, if not perverse, at least idiosyncratic, even perhaps selfish. I had always been attracted by the austere images of the 1920s, before Garland gained in confidence



"THE CRIB IN THE WOODS. Visitors to the home of Mr & Mrs E. O'Shaughnessy, in the woods at Coates Common, near Fittleworth, West Sussex, will see this delightful Christmas Crib as they approach the house. There is a model stable with the Bethlehem scene on the one side, and on the other the family's two donkeys, Mimoke & Mimosa. The sound of voices singing Christmas carols will also greet them, because hidden in the roof of the stable is a loudspeaker attached to a radiogram, which is operated from the house."

Original Garland caption. The photograph would seem to come from the late 1950s, early 1960s.

and cultivated a kind of press persona; here was a harsh, enclosed but in some ways enchanted world to which the photographs gave access.

In 2013 I sense a huge gulf not only from that imagined world of the 1920s but also from 1980. Two years after his death, the town's immemorial reserve permitting, Garland was still known to almost everyone, if only by name. Today there are many for whom the name will evoke no reaction. This is not a value judgement, simply a statement of fact.

There is, too, a great change. In 1980 it was possible to budget for a print run of two thousand, even three thousand, copies. Nowadays we look to a hundred copies, individually numbered. The corollary is inevitable: a smaller run means a higher price. There is no question of profit: it's a matter of recovering as much as possible for any further venture. Sales have to be direct: any bookseller's discount would involve selling at well under cost. I will introduce *George Garland 1922-1927* at the Garland memorial lecture in November and will give details on the December Activities Sheet. As with all Jonathan's books, the presentation is impeccable.

One final thought: for *Not Submitted Elsewhere* I had the benefit of sharing the captioning with those who had actually "lived" the 1920s. For this particular personal expedition into a lost world I have had to travel alone: those who so enjoyed helping me in 1980 can do so no longer. I remember them with the greatest affection.

P.

1. *Old and New, Teasing and True* (1988).

2. *Not Submitted Elsewhere* (1980). Reprinted in 1986 it is the only Garland book still in print.

The Society dinner – 4th September

Originally a "one-off" celebration of the Society's first thirty years, the Annual Dinner shows no sign of flagging. Ten tables instead of eleven gave a greater sense of space. Perhaps the golden sunlight flooding in to the west front of the House lifted everyone's spirits, perhaps it was Tom Dommert's informal talk on recent exploratory excavation in the Park. Tom reminded us that the Park has never been static, always developing, originally taking in perhaps a tenth of the present park and consisting only of the Conyger or rabbit warren situated roughly in the area of the present Pleasure Grounds and essentially functional as providing meat for the great House.

The Park would be gradually expanded under Henry VIII and particularly by the powerful Earls of Northumberland¹. Tom thought that possible traces of Henry VIII's banqueting house had been found on the far side of Lawn Hill, itself, not as some have thought, an artificial construction but a natural outcrop simply smoothed over by Capability Brown. A dagger and a cavalry spur possibly dating to the period 1450 to 1550 would seem suggestive in this connection.

Tillington village at this time extended well into the Park and the eastern section of the old settlement would be removed late in the eighteenth century further to extend the Park. Tentative excavation revealed field boundaries, garden plots, clay pipes and other remains. Tom made the interesting suggestion that the later eighteenth century development of Grove Street may reflect resettlement from Tillington. The Paddocks were much used last century in both wars and this again will be reflected in the ground.

Petworth House itself was originally L-shaped and limited excavation confirms this, with traces of medieval plumbing, bottle glass bearing the Percy half-moon symbol and late medieval yellow glazed brick. Charles Seymour, sixth Duke of Somerset would re-build the House much as it is today. His enclosed formal gardens in the French style would be swept away by Capability Brown, as no more than a passing fashion. Tom offered a tantalising picture of the Park at this time; effectively a self-sufficient industrial site, materials coming almost exclusively from within the Park boundaries.

Much to think about as the sun began to sink over the lake. Time to renew acquaintance over wine and elderflower. Then to the dinner and at the end Ian and Pearl's Petworth pictorial quiz – reproduced as centre-piece from this Magazine – at once familiar and elusive. Did I feel aggrieved at being relieved of quiz-master duties? Not a chance – the word we need is relief.

P.

1. See my *Cloakbag and Common Purse* (1979).

David and Ian's Lavington Common walk

18th August

The Car Park just beyond Herringbroom on the Graffham Road. The neighing of two horses about to leave, clumping up the ramps to the boxes, the doors clatter shut behind them. The drivers wave as they leave and the Car Park suddenly

seems larger. Straight up the grey sand path, picking a way over tree roots. There's August heather and bracken on either side. After a while we turn off into the rhododendron woods and smell the rain of early morning still on the rank late summer vegetation. Even in the dryness of late August there's still water and mud in the deeper ruts. We're now, David says, on Leconfield land.

Over the road to walk the ordered footpaths of Ridlington Farm, running parallel to the main road, which is clearly visible at a distance. Meadow, then a path through high corn, the cobs beginning to swell. It can be used for cattle as it is, Ian says, but most of it will be turned into silage. In the next field David and Ian had seen the ripening wheat a week or so earlier; now it's stubble with grain from the back of the combine littering the path and the dry surface of the field. We bear right, through the Sunday afternoon farm, the smell of hay coming sharp from the barns. The baled straw is stacked high but there is no sign of livestock. A light wind blows across the open fields.

Along a wooded footpath and we're at Westerlands, formerly operated, we're told, by Mrs Nagel, the pioneer woman racehorse trainer. Two black dogs come out to inspect the surprise visitors. Then into Lavington Plantation. National Trust, bracken and silver birch "the typical woodland weed." The weather, a little uncertain at the outset has been improving all the time. Over the road again and back to the Car Park. Thanks very much David and Ian.

P.

David (and Ian's) Lodsworth walk

22nd September

From Lodsworth Village Hall we turn left and after a while left again to begin a gradual upward incline. Three large nineteenth century tombstones commemorate members of the Farthing family but offer no explanation. We move on. Do rounded shoe laces untie more easily than the standard ones? It appears that they do. Right then left at Upper Vining and the view is open across the valley to the Downs. We stop at an animal statue executed by chainsaw. It carries the famous Hilaire Belloc quotation, "He does not die . . ." from Duncton Hill. The ploughed earth is a friable light brown: it's been dry for a while. Shaws farm lies beneath us and we can see Cocking chalkpit as a scar on the Downs high on the right. Hoof marks and tractor divots. On to Lower Vining farm, blackberries tumbling out of the hedgerow, seeding docks in a field are a sombre

September red. We follow the footpath down a narrow tarmac road into Easebourne Street. Here's the familiar stream at the side of the road and a mix of private houses and the yellow livery paint of Cowdray. The Holly Tree pub sign is still there but the pub has been closed these last ten years.

Left again and left through a yard and we're back in open country. An avenue of ancient sweet chestnut and we're climbing again. Is that Heyshott Down across the valley? It's a very still humid day. The footpath skirts the golf course, the high bracken's tired and leaning over. In this landscape it's almost reassuring to find a family of jovial golfers. The sound of club on ball is surprisingly metallic and the ball's trajectory over the grass curiously low.

Still we move on, the famous hollow oak away to our left. Tulip trees remind of walks in Pheasant Copse. Despite a warning notice the Sussex bull seems more concerned with his harem than with us. The herd reflect in the waters of a pond and their movements appear to ripple the surface. Through the Jubilee lime walk along a stubble field, up a lane and we're on a tarmac road, next stop the Village Hall. David and Ian had rehearsed the walk but Ian's been called away at the last minute. David says it's about four miles, a little longer than usual.

P.

Firle – 18th September

Firle was Debbie's second excursion for the year. We were on the crest of a wave after Saddlescombe and our hosts were prepared to take two groups of twenty. Fortunately we did not, as for Saddlescombe, have to disappoint anyone. Sheep in extensive parkland, Glyndebourne in the near distance, fig trees in a courtyard, cut back during renovation but returning now to healthy leaf. Firle place, we were told, had been closed to visitors for two and a half years up to 2012.

An older house had been completely rebuilt in the eighteenth century but, as I understand it, the large hall reflected the old house. It was traditionally used for villagers to sing carols and celebrate Christmas-tide. Sir John Gage had been a "fixer" for Henry VIII, a Roman Catholic at a court which could still countenance a Catholic presence and Catholic observance. Not agreeing with the King's plans to divorce Catherine of Aragon, Sir John withdrew for a while but returned to court. Clearly Henry valued him, even leaving him £200 in his will, a considerable sum at the time. The Gage family fortunes would fluctuate with different rulers but their staunch adherence to the old faith would cost them dearly. Fortunes revived only with a change to the official religion of the land.

We inspected a sedan chair complete with crest and coat of arms also Van Dyck's portrait of John of Nassau, forbear and soldier of fortune, then waited long enough in the billiard room to see part of the Oxford winning boat of 1878. Boats then were tailored to fit individual crew members and broken up into individual pieces when the race was over.

Soon our guide, Brenda, a real enthusiast, took us on a breathtaking tour of the rooms, one at least not normally open to view. Impossible even to hint at the extent of such a treasure trove – I might mention a first edition Gulliver's Travels, a Rembrandt and an elegant eighteenth century French tea-chest on legs complete with lock: the mistress kept the key – tea was an exceedingly expensive commodity.

Then a relaxed lunch and a stroll through the grounds to Firle village and church. A working farm and a marvellous village store and post office that might have come from between the wars. A pound of plums from a house with local produce outside the door and an honesty box – a visit to the church where Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant lie beneath plain individual stones. Then a leisurely stroll back to the coach. I think our genial hosts enjoyed meeting us as much as we enjoyed meeting them. And we didn't enquire as to whether the Sèvres porcelain was dishwasher proof! Thanks very much Debbie!

P.

Vanishing Judas. The September book sale

It's perhaps no secret that the Book Sale is rather more than a sudden spontaneous burst of activity in the Leconfield Hall every second Saturday in the month. It's the climax of a month's collecting, sorting, receiving, discarding and box-lifting. What, some fourteen years on, prevents a feeling of déjà vu? It's simply not knowing what's in the next carrier bag.

Here's the Gospel of Judas, found in an illicit dig in an Egyptian tomb in the 1970s. Written in Greek it now survives only in a Coptic translation made in the fourth century – the Greek original is lost. Hawked about secretly for some years with the fragile papyrus badly damaged through mishandling, it finally found a safe scholarly haven. The papyrus had lain in the dry climate of Egypt undisturbed for some 1700 years. Gospel of Judas? The archetypal traitor tells his own story. He knew so much that has not come down to us.¹ The Gospels say so

little of him, perhaps even when they were written he was fading into memory.

Not so fast! A cursory look at a difficult and fragmentary text causes the historical Judas to vanish once more into a Gospel mist. The Judas of the papyrus has a curious tale to tell, but it is not the historical Judas who speaks but someone writing in his name a century or more after the events he purports to describe. Here Judas, outcast, pariah and traitor no more, is the hero of the story. The betrayal is at Jesus' own request for how else could the crucifixion, Jesus' release from an evil world, and return whence he had come, have come to pass? Evil world? As Judas sees it, of course it is. Can it possibly be under the rule of an all-seeing beneficent God? No, that God has retired to a realm of his own and this world has been taken over by malevolent minor deities. Judas' betrayal enables Jesus to return to that higher ineffable world and take with him kindred spirits like Judas, the only disciple who understands him. "Judas" turns the Gospel tradition on its head.

This is a thumbnail sketch of an important, enigmatic and heretical work. It is clearly allied with the important codices discovered at Nag-hammadi in Egypt at much the same time as the Dead Sea Scrolls and considered by many to be of equal or even greater significance. Two of the Nag-hammadi texts were found in the Judas papyrus. All the texts from Nag-hammadi: like the Gospel of Judas, are later Coptic translations from much earlier Greek originals now lost.

The September sale? Busy – no sense of déjà vu among our clients, regular or casual.

P:

1. Edited by Rudolph Kasser, Marvin Meyer and Gregor Wurst. The notes are excellent and very lucid. (National Geographical 2006).

Antirrhinum to the rescue. Saturday afternoon at 346

That summer blaze of annuals was always going to bring its own particular nemesis: what happens when they finish? Cornflower, clary and the rest in contented drying seed-head. The side border, nicotiana, cosmos, marigold and scarlet nasturtium is holding up well. The annuals were certainly "cottagey" but you can see why bedding plants have largely taken over; annuals leave that awkward late summer gap. Mary Cummings could be fairly relaxed: she didn't have a succession of enquiring summer visitors. Economy would be the order of the day – a few vegetables perhaps close to hand to supplement the allotment, a herb or two. This year a late sowing of antirrhinum partially makes up. On this dull grey late September Saturday afternoon they're holding the fort even if the flowers are perhaps a little sparse. A quick turn with the hoe on the damp ground works wonders.

It's unusual to be the upstairs steward, although I have done it before if only rarely. Gordon's entertaining downstairs, the old Chairman and the new working in tandem. It's one of those comfortable jogging late summer afternoons, a succession of couples except for a lady with five young children who have come particularly to view the kitchen in connection with some school project. One couple from Norfolk staying for ten days at Bognor, another from Kent, another from Horsham, the lady with the five young children has to be more cursory than she would like, the youngest one's getting fidgety. Everyone takes photos, enthusing about their digital cameras. They seem surprised and pleased that the Museum's what it is rather than what they expected it to be. No one ever questions the experience. It's seventeen years since we first opened and that first pioneering burst of enthusiasm has given way to a set routine. The Museum's stood the test of time. On their way down our visitors stop at the Goss collection and the other make – Arcadia is it? – I can never remember, in the display case. My favourite is the improbable alligator with the Petworth crest emblazoned in scarlet on its back. Not quite Virgin Mary Spring. A brief lull but there are voices below. I look quickly at "Gardens shown to the Children." The sweet pea we are told is the most important annual flower but you do need to protect the young plants with soot from slugs and black cotton from sparrows. Footsteps coming up the stairs . . .

P:

Paperback Pete at Petworth

Pete somehow managed to transmit his passion for the flotsam that had washed up on his seafront bookstall to us the eager audience and in a light-hearted and deliciously risqué manner he delighted us with tales of some of the many items that he had found in books during the course of his career. Photographs, often dog-eared and out of focus, creased and generally anonymous. Perhaps a serial killer? A batch of faded passport photos. Paul Ross and child with a bored looking elephant in the background. Offered back to the subject – Paul Ross not the elephant – No response.

Postcards with cryptic messages, a list of 10 bizarre ways to die – “number 3, surrounded by waste paper bins”. Even for Brighton that is surely a little bizarre? An advertising card offering tongue massages. The mind can only boggle. Was it in a book bought at the society book sale, surely not at Petworth? No guilty faces in the audience. They appeared to be enjoying themselves.

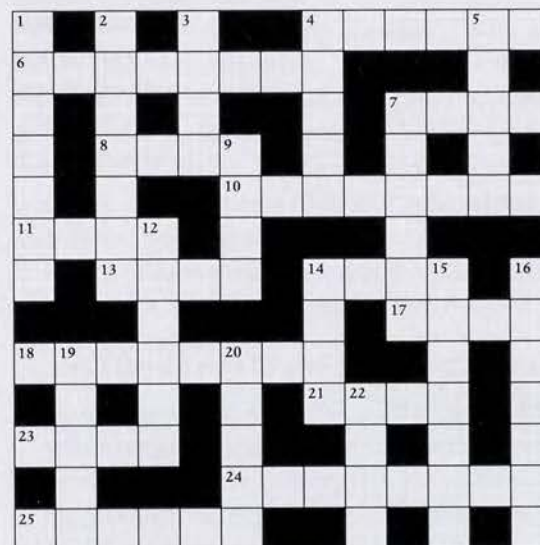
Part two of the evening was Pete recounting his experiences of trying to sell seemingly unsellable books that he had picked up at the Society sale. He very soon realised that they truly were unsellable and decided to give them away on the condition that the recipient agreed to have their photo taken with the book and to explain why they wanted it. Equally as amusing as the first half we were now able to put faces to the type of customer that Pete attracts to his Brighton book stall. From the chap who went off with the ‘History of Australian Outback Loos’, to the young lady who was attracted to the ‘Lada Workshop manual’. A peculiar clientele. This second journey with Pete told us almost as much about the people of Brighton as it did about the books. A strange lot indeed but then Pete is probably thinking the same thing about us right now and who could blame him. Talk about chalk and cheese.

Pete finished the evening on a high with a song accompanied by a glove puppet teddy bear named ‘Electricity Board’. Just don’t ask. In years to come it will be a badge of honour to be able to say that I saw ‘Electricity Board’ in concert at Petworth, and if you weren’t there then you missed a rollicking good evening.

Come back soon Pete.

Miles

PETWORTH SOCIETY 2013 CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 4** A blest place where Jesus was born (6)
6 One of the finds from the Petworth Park dig! (8)
7 "---- all ye faithful" (4)
8 Saddlescombe ----, Petworth Society's July visit (4)
10 They provided an entertaining mix of song and dance (8)
11 How the panto ends, happily ---- after (4)
13 Get ready for a game of cards (4)
14 Not the ideal gift for a child if you want a quiet Christmas (4)
17 It's a long story (4)
18 Christmas chorister (8)

DOWN

- 1** David and Ian have led some very good ones (7)
2 Got forceful with the Christmas bird (7)
3 21ac came from here (4)
4 "O little town of Bethlehem, How ---- we see thee lie" (5)
5 Drink within it if driving (5)
7 Join in with it if you feel like a sing-song (6)
21 Three of them in 15dn (4)
23 Family that owns Firle Place (4)
24 Vera ----, portrayed by Rohan McCullough in March (8)
25 Go trot round to Santa's cave (6)

- 9** Keeps the postman busy at this time of year (4)
12 A pleasant state to be in after your Christmas dinner (6)
14 Where boarding children sleep (4)
15 Enchanting – like an evening with Bertie Pearce (7)
16 Paper chains? Petworth photographer in Peter's November lecture (7)
19 Two turtle doves for example (1,4)
20 Bend over backwards to dance north of Petworth (5)
22 Star explodes into creativity (4)

SOLUTION DEBORAH'S SUSSEX MUSICAL CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 1 Clair de Lune, 8 Umbra,
 9 Rondeau, 12 Gyre, 13 Aeolian,
 14 Viol, 15 Abut, 16 Tippett,
 17 Onto, 21 Singing, 22 Elgar,
 23 Edward Heath

DOWN

- 2 Libra, 3 Ida, 4 Land, 5 Needy,
 6 Gustav Holst, 7 Hubert Parry,
 10 Groups, 11 Lively, 12 Gnat,
 13 Alto, 18 Tuned, 19 Night, 20 Diva,
 22 Eve

Does it matter? (3)

I Tanyard Cottage
Cylinders Lane
Fisher Street
Northchapel
GU28 9EL
01428 707128

30 September 2013

Dear Peter

Referring to Picture 3 on page 36 of Issue 153, with the help of two friends I can name most of those pictured as follows:

Left to right –

Back Row:

Janice Baigent, Maureen Baigent, Christine Tyler, Helen Cross,
Janet Budd, Lavender, don't know, Melvin Bridger.

Front Row:

Linda Rayner, Sheila Duncton, Kevin Saunders, don't know,
(?) Rowena Moss, Julie Pennels, Richard (?) Pennels.

I think the publication of unidentified photographs is very interesting and useful; this particular picture is dated around 1958 and immediately caught my eye as I instantly recognized Janet Bailey (nee Budd) who now lives in East Sussex and with her help and that of Mary Dixon (nee Puttick) have been able to name most of the children pictured. Please continue to publish such photographs as and when space allows.

Yours sincerely

Sarah Bound (nee Wardrop)

[This photograph aroused considerable interest but only Sarah put pen to paper. I have, with Sarah's approval, made one suggested change. Ed.]

Hammon, Hammond or Hangman?

In May 1974 the first issue of this magazine, known then as *The Petworth Society Bulletin*, posed the following question: "Why was the 17th century farmhouse in Grove Lane, now known as 'Soanes' [now The Grove Inn], once called 'Wicked Hamman's'? (The Hamman or Hammond family was at one time well known in Petworth)." No answers were forthcoming.

Now, after almost 40 years and 154 issues later the question remains unsolved but there are two pieces of lateral information which, while far from providing an answer do, rather tantalisingly, make the cloudy waters even muddier.

Firstly, in *Memoirs of the Life of John Constable Esq., R.A. Composed chiefly of his Letters by C.R. Leslie, R.A.* which was published in London in 1843, Leslie writes that in September 1834

"Lord Egremont, with that unceasing attention which he always paid to whatever he thought would be most agreeable to his guests, ordered one of his carriages to be ready every day, to enable Constable to see as much of the neighbourhood as possible . . . he was most delighted with the borders of the Arun, and the picturesque old mills, barns, and farm-houses that abound in the west of Sussex. I recollect spending a morning with him, he drawing the outside, while I was sketching the interior, of a lonely farm-house, which was the more picturesque from it being in a neglected state, and which a woman we found in it told us was called "Wicked Hammond's House"; a man of that name, strongly suspected of great crimes, having formerly been its occupant. She told us that in an old well in the garden some bones had not long ago been found, which the 'doctor said were the arm bones of a *Christian*' – [Leslie's italics]. While at Petworth, where Constable spent a fortnight, he filled a large book with sketches in pencil and water colours, some of which he finished very highly."

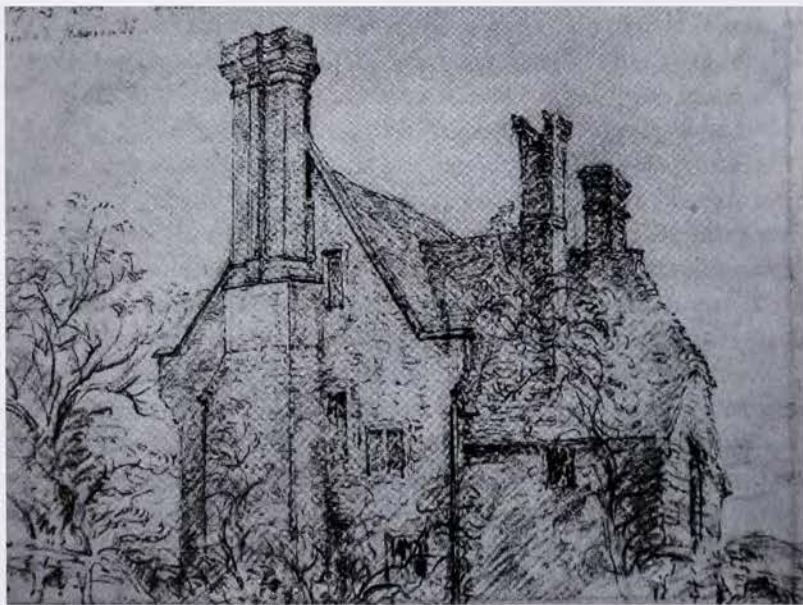
Secondly, from *The Midhurst and Petworth Observer* web-site in an article dated 11 July 2013 and headed "The Grove Inn in Petworth has new owners" we learn that the building was "Originally thought by some to be the home of Petworth's outcast hangman, [and was] a feared realm for visitors." No authority is cited for this information and it may well be a dubious legend or merely a myth invented by some local scamp. Or perhaps not.

Constable's drawing is inscribed in the top left hand corner; *Sep. 25 1834 Wicked Hamond's Wicked Hammond's* (although it is now usually known as *Wicked Hammond's Farm*). Constable was a notoriously bad speller and here seems

undecided as to the spelling of the surname. This, together with the probability that the woman in the house would have spoken in Sussex dialect, or at least with a strong local accent, either of which would have been alien to Constable, would render his inscription unreliable. It is entirely likely that he would have been unable to differentiate between "Hammon's", "Hammond's" or even "Hangman's".

There is one more question, irrelevant but intriguing: How incisive must a doctor be to identify arm bones found in a well as being those of a Christian?

Constable's drawing will be included in the exhibition *Constable at Petworth* at Petworth House from 11 January to 14 March 2014. Curated by Andrew Loukes, the exhibition promises to be as revealing and rewarding as his *Turner's Sussex* from early in 2013.



John Constable, *Wicked Hammond's Farm*. 1834. Pencil on paper, 20.8 x 27.4 cm. The Lady Lever Art Gallery, Port Sunlight.

The cinematograph. 17th February 1908

[This account of an early cinematograph show was written by Dorothy Parker then aged twelve. It comes from marginally outside our usual area, some miles this side of Horsham but seems of such interest that inclusion here is justified. Older members will recall the unique nuts-and-bolts account of the beginnings of Petworth cinema by Stanley Collins in this Magazine some thirty years ago.]

Some men from Brighton brought a machine called a cinematograph. The first picture was called "Orange Peel". This was a little boy who went into a shop to buy an orange and he dropped some of the peel in the shop and the man who came into the shop slipped and fell into a box of eggs. Then he went along the road and every one that came behind him slipped over the orange peel. At one corner a man was carrying a barrel on his shoulder and a nurse was coming the other way pushing a baby in a pramulator. But just as they met the man he slipped and the barrel fell on the baby's head. The next picture was called Her First Cake. This was where a woman made a cake and when they went to cut it they could not get the knife in. So the man got a mallet but could not break it with that. Then he got a saw but the woman would not let him saw it but she threw it out of the window. A man was passing at the time and he took it in again. Just after a tramp came to the door so she gave it to him and he couldn't eat it so he threw it over a wall.

[I have left Dorothy's spelling as it is but the piece has been lightly corrected in red, presumably by Dorothy's teacher. Our thanks to Mr Charlie Parker for loan of original. Ed.]

A Tillington mixture

[These memories come from the 'panel' at the very successful evening held at Tillington Village Hall in August in aid of the Church Restoration Fund. The panel was chaired by Jo Kent from BBC South. I have not thought it necessary to identify the "voices" individually; some will be instantly recognisable.]

Granny Page was cook at Tillington school over a long period. In early days it was a regular duty for two senior pupils to help with peeling the potatoes. Memories

stretch over decades, with three classes contracting to two, semolina pudding and woodwork classes at Easebourne and the coming of the County Secondary School at Midhurst. Evacuees, mainly from Portsmouth, swelled the numbers and there was an overflow class in the Club Room at the Horse Guards. A kind of silence, almost palpable descended on the village with the closure of the school.

Some evacuees with their parents were at the hostel, formerly 'Randells' at the foot of Tillington Hill, others, of course, without their parents, were with local families. Some were from Portsmouth, some from London. The hostel needed fifty gallons of water pumped to its tank every evening by a couple of local lads. In a less politically correct age than the present, nicknames were general and could be less than kind. "Gandhi" was one, 'Shanghai Lil' another.

Upperton had a shop, formerly Wadeys, with an off-licence. Retail business was until 2.30 in the afternoon and then from 6-9 in the evening. Tillington had most of the normal village clubs and societies. The cricket team won the West Sussex league cup in 1931. Open-topped bus? More likely an evening at the Horse Guards.

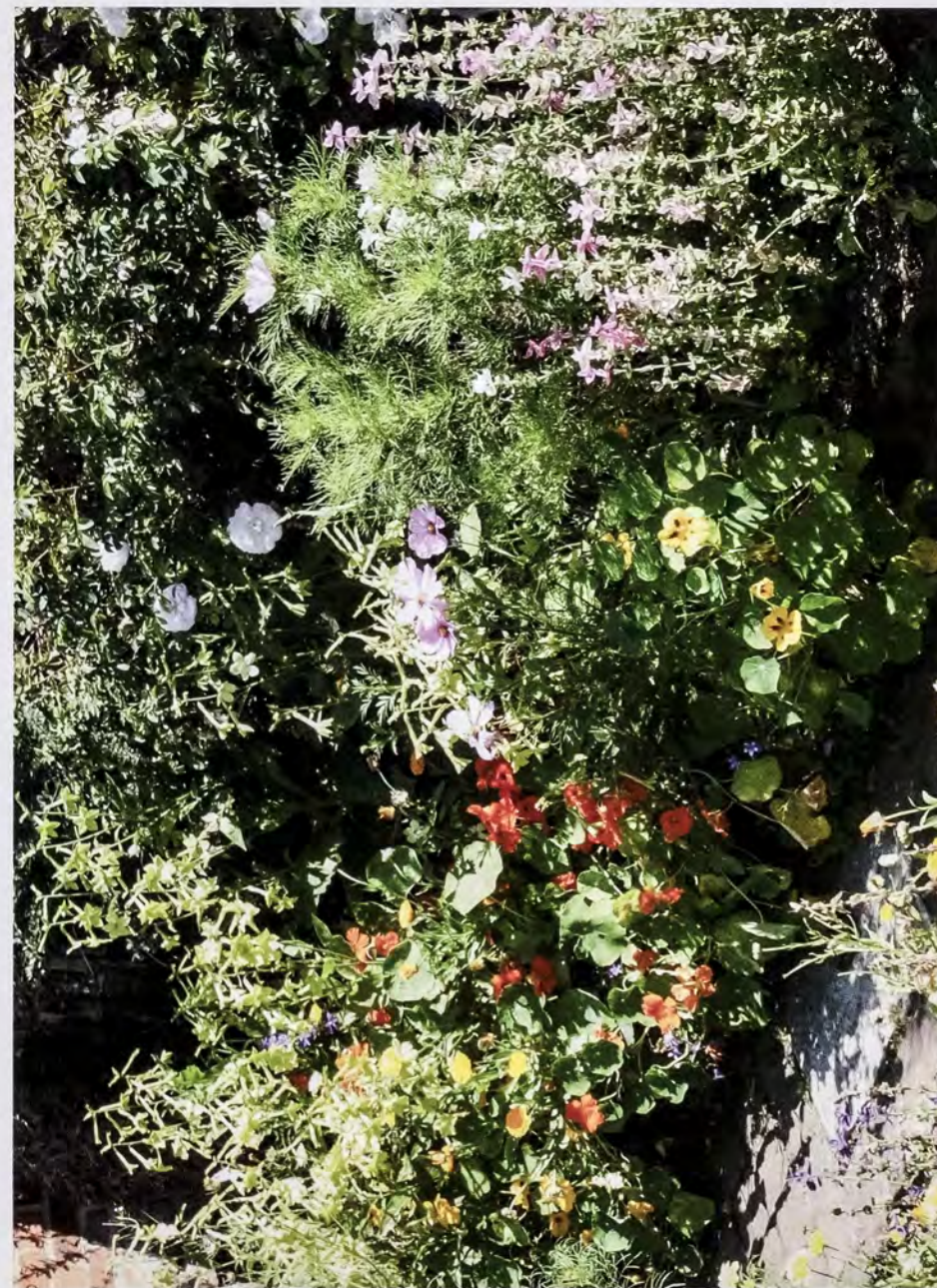
The Darby and Joan club met at the organiser's house. There was a Mothers' Union and a W.I. the latter meeting in the W.I. hut. Miss Sophie Mitford took charge of the Girl Guides and there was a Brownie Troop.

Messrs. Bryders were essentially builders, but, like most village builders of the time, were also undertakers. There was no designated chapel of rest and bodies would "lie in" at home prior to the funeral. Cremations were rare between the wars, one specific request meant a trip to Golders Green. Coffin making was a job for evenings. By special request "Granny" Bryder would allow a body to lie in on her sitting room table, the curtains being kept drawn.

Perce Townsend was scout master for years: annual camps usually being at Mill Farm, Lurgashall or occasionally at Cowdray. Pulling the heavy trek cart to Mill Farm was as much as anyone wanted. There was no desire to emulate the extraordinary feats of the Petworth scouts just after the 1914-1918 war (see George Peacock in PSM 58).

Wendy Clark's mother, moving into Upperton, found the Leconfield Estate's custom of annual rents disquieting so Wendy had to go once a month to the Petworth Estate Office, venture up the dark corridor and pay at a tall rather forbidding desk. The Clark wedding preparations were interrupted by Ianto Davies commandeering the best man to make up the numbers on the cricket team, fortunately a reserve best man was available.

P.



Late summer at Petworth Cottage Museum.
Photograph by Ian Godsmark.



Petworth Society Dinner – 4th September (1).
Photograph courtesy of Cathy Kidhener.



Petworth Society Dinner – 4th September (2).
Photograph courtesy of Cathy Kidhener.

Where are these in Petworth ?



1.



4.



2.



5.



3.



6.



7.



8.



9.

Tie Breaks



Dog's name ?



Where & what is this used for?



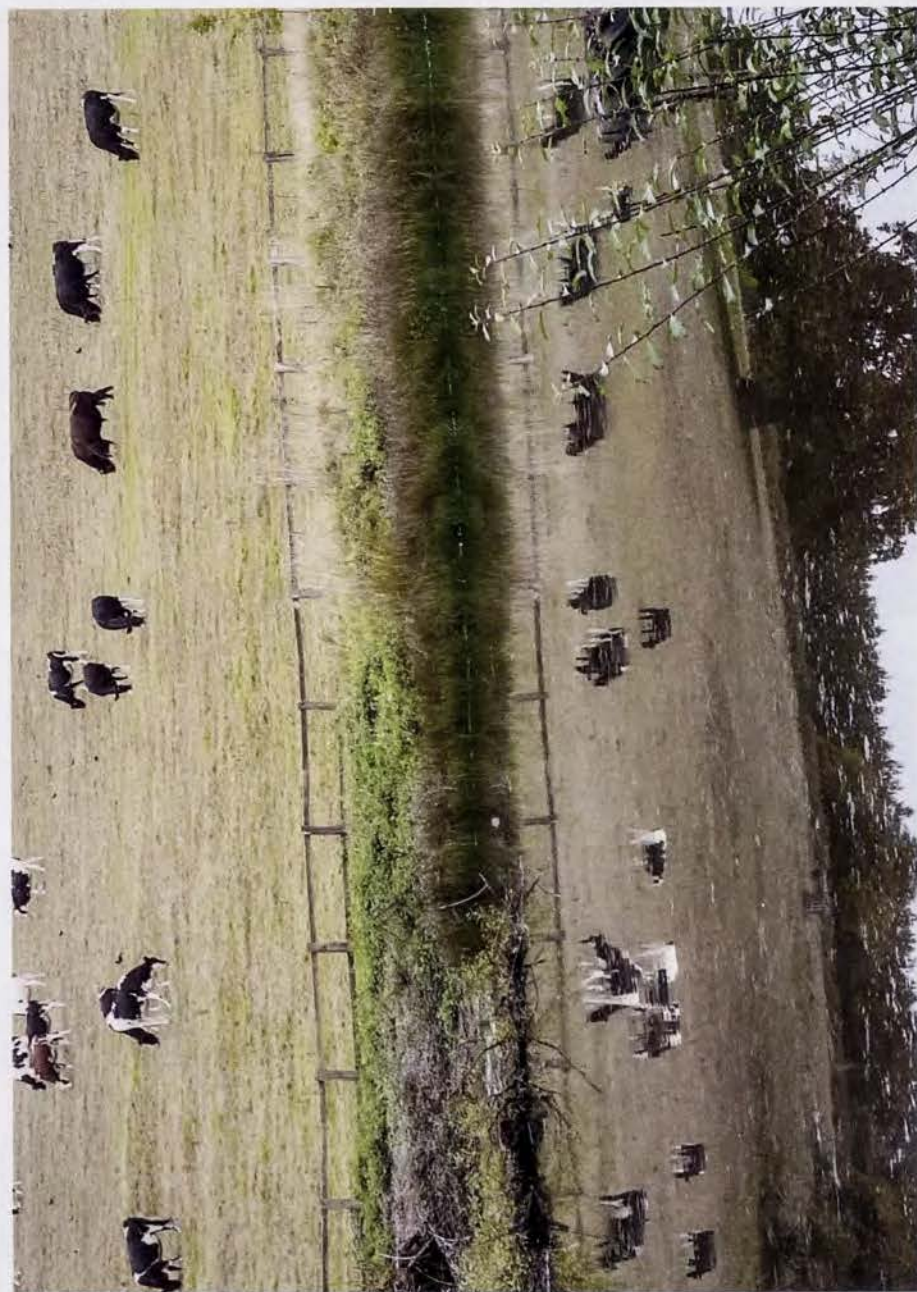
Where is this ?



With the Society in Firlie Village – 18th September.
Photograph by Ian Godsmark.



At Firlie Place.
Group 1 – Photograph by David Wort.
Group 2 – Photograph by Ian Godsmark.



Lodsworth walk – 22nd September.
Photograph by David Wort.

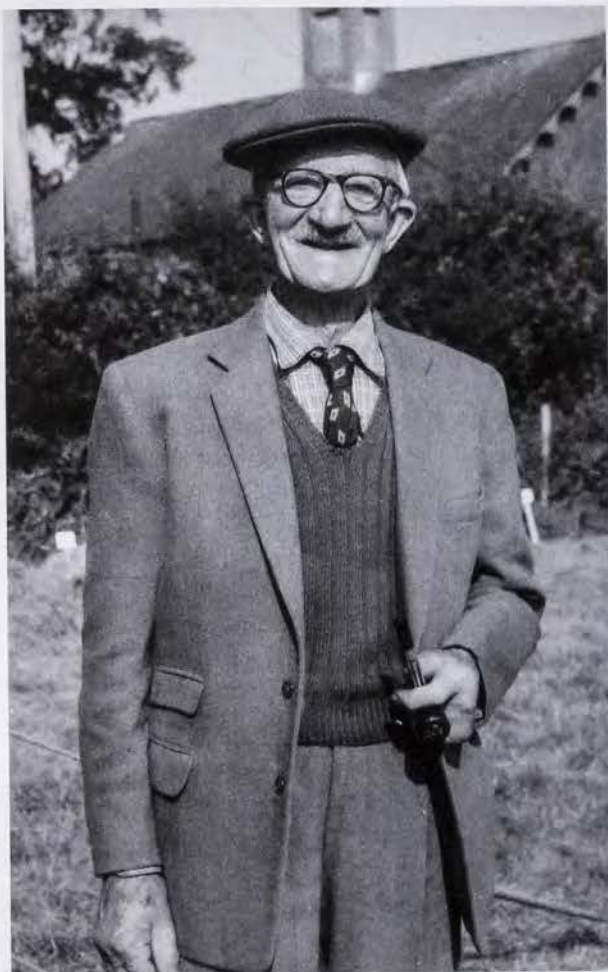
Selham days (3)

I had married a Scots girl in 1962 and we moved from Ayr to Manor Farm, Selham. My new wife not only grew splendid tomatoes but soon turned into a superb cook, housekeeper, gardener and mother to our two children.

Our herdsman at Selham left in 1966 and I decided to have a go at milking. I had very little experience, but with the help of Albert Longman, who was 78 at the time, we got by. Albert had moved to Selham from Earnley in 1908 and had worked for the Smith family since that time until Frank Smith died in 1943. My father took over the farm in 1944. My father's first milking machines were installed in 1953 soon after electricity came to Selham. At the time the cows were still being milked in the long byre where Frank Smith had begun milking in 1899 with 60 cows. This was a large herd in those days when cows were milked by hand. 12 cows per milker were the absolute maximum. A vacuum line was built above the cow yokes all the way around the byre and the milking system used three bucket plants with a pulsator on top of each bucket which would be plugged into the vacuum line. After milking each cow you would release the vacuum on the bucket and put the pulsator on to the next bucket. After being hand milked for years, the new milking machines would not fully milk out the cows. It was Albert's job to follow the bucket plant around the byre and strip the remaining milk out by hand. Sometimes he would get an extra pint and sometimes quite a bit more. This process carried on for years, even in the abreast parlour that my father had installed in 1958. The cowman would either stick a half brick on the cluster¹ or squat down by the side of the cow to put some weight on the cluster to milk the cows out. It was not until 1968 when I bought a set of Alpha-Laval hydropulsators that cows began to be properly milked out.

Albert Longman worked on the same farm for 62 years. Unfortunately one Saturday morning before lunch, he had been peering down the manhole to his cess pit over flow, lost his balance and fell in head first. Fortunately I drove down the lane a short time afterwards and spotted his boots sticking up above ground level. He was a big man but I managed to lift him out. He recovered, but never worked again. He was the sort of man who would do anything for you and I always tried to return the compliment. He died three years later, aged 85 and was sadly missed by all of us. We milked in our new, very badly designed abreast parlour built by the local builders, Bailey's of Lodsworth, from 1958. The entry door was in the middle of the yard instead of being at one end which in the event of new heifers joining the herd meant they had to be chased around the collecting yard in order to get them into the parlour.

My brother who was already farming at Dumpford Manor near Trotton in 1964



Albert Longman.
Photograph by George Garland.

with his wife, Cis, also took on Manor Farm, Heyshott in 1969. The same year I was granted the tenancy to Manor Farm, Selham. Since I arrived home from Scotland in 1958 my brother, father and I ran the family farming business. At Michaelmas in 1974, Richard and I decided to split the business and go our own ways. Richard farmed Dumpford and Heyshott as arable units, whilst I carried on with the cows at Selham. It was decided that I would buy myself out of the family business which meant buying the entire herd of cows on overdraft and leasing all the tractors and machinery required. By the end of the 1970s I had saddled myself

with a huge overdraft.

Whilst still farming in the family partnership in 1969, finding that our silage making was pretty disastrous, I managed to get Richard to agree on investment in a tower silo. Regrettably it was the biggest mistake of my life. There were no suitable rye grass varieties to grow and not enough power in the tractors at the time to properly drive the precision chop forage harvester. The results were that the crops were blown into the silo without being properly chopped. The resulting silage would not run out of the mechanical un-loader properly. It was an absolute disaster. After two years we stopped using it, making our silage at Manor Farm, Heyshott for two years while I negotiated with the Cowdray estate to build me a silage barn. The tower silo had cost £7000 but I was lucky to sell it after two years for £5000.

The Cowdray estate built us a cubicle building for the cows' winter housing in 1969. John and Ronnie Slade and I did all the interior building work; laid all the concrete, built concrete curbs in the cubicle passageways using sleepers for shuttering, fixing in 142 individual galvanised cubicle partitions for the cows and six water troughs. We used hundreds of sleepers from the closed Selham railway line, purchased at two shillings and six pence each, from which we erected the sides to the cubicle shed. The only work we needed the local builder for was to build two 150ft long x 3ft high by 6 inch block walls four foot apart as a manger; as well as two 5ft high by 6 inch block walls in between the cubicle frames. We even built a 70ft long by 10ft wide by 6ft deep into the ground slurry pit on a six inch concrete base ourselves.

We brought in contractors to build us an automatic belt feeder to feed the silage out of the tower silo. After the silo was sold, we still used the feed conveyor system as it was quicker than opening and shutting gates to get in and out of the cubicles with a tractor and self-unloading trailer. The system was built to last and it did, from September 1969 to summer 2010. We needed to replace the conveyor belts about 20 years ago at a cost of £1000 and the dump box about 15 years ago for £500 second hand from Chiddingfold.

Although the herd numbered 160 cows, 20% of the cows were dry (not being milked prior to calving). The dry cows were separated from the cows in milk, at grass in the summer or out wintered. Following the family business split in September 1974 my first priority was to purchase a new Herringbone milking parlour. We were able to fit in the new unit next to the previous one with only a 10ft extension on the flat roof required. Keeping the same collecting yard and with a radial gate to keep the cows pushed up providing excellent entry to the back of the Herringbone parlour. Then I engaged a new herdsman and we started in the new parlour in December 1975.

The following nine years were probably the most enjoyable of my career. Our children, Angus and Elizabeth born in 1964 and 1970, were just old enough to take on some nice holidays.

Roger Comber – to be continued.

I. The milking machine.

“A succession of fast-moving lights”

My memories of Midhurst Grammar School are dimming now, after all it will be some seventy years since I left. When I went, just before the war, it was a time of transition, with the new, progressive headmaster N. B. C. Lucas just having taken over the school and with it many of the long-serving staff, Mr Brown, Mr Williams and Charles Stuck. My best friend Eric Sadler and I had both won scholarships but we would leave when we were sixteen. Neither of us were great ones for the classroom, Eric perhaps rather less than I, but when it came to building a school pond near the science labs, Eric's attention was secured. We'd go in on the “Petworth bus” and I remember being a prefect and giving my younger brother lines for bad behaviour. I was in trouble with my parents when I arrived home.

We were in Midhurst when the bomb fell on the North Street Boys School in 1942 but, young as we were, we could only be very much aware of the loss of friends. My brother, still at the Boys School at the time, had a lucky escape. Dazed by the bomb which had blown down part of the Park wall, he had wandered into the Park and was reported missing. The Grammar School had an arrangement with a Mrs Barnes at the café across the road from the school to supply school dinners, looking back the menu seems to have been rather sameish, sausage meat made into a loaf, cooked and then sliced. There must have been other items but I only remember this. While still at school I was an A.R.P. messenger boy: this involved periodical night duty at Newlands in Pound Street. We were allowed to sleep, but had to get up when needed and cycle off to warn those who were required. I dreaded the call, “Air Raid Warning Red – Parsons.”

Being friendly with Eric I spent quite a bit of time at the Heath End sandpit, then run by Eric's father Fred. Sometimes we'd go out on Eric's motorcycle, sometimes with the sandpit lorry. I particularly remember going to some display which we watched from Portsdown Hill sitting in the lorry on chairs we had brought with us. At least once Fred took us to Petticoat Lane in London, or we might be asked to pick up coal for the gasworks at Petworth. Once or twice we

went to Kirdford Growers to pick up rotten apples. What did we do with them? I can't remember. More often we'd go out on Eric's motorbike – to Selsey perhaps for winkles or Goodwood for motor racing. In the fading dusk we were effectively watching a succession of fast-moving lights. Coming back from one such trip we came up the hill at Heath End where a trench had been recently dug across the road and only roughly filled in. We hit the depression and were thrown half-off the bike. We slid down the hill with the bike, Eric on top and me underneath. I was up the surgery every night for weeks, my leg being covered with lint, which needed constant (and painful) changing.

Doug Parsons was talking to the Editor

Daisy's baby book (1)

Some forty years ago the purchasers of a substantial house at Burpham near Arundel discovered that the outgoing owners had left a cache of old notebooks and diaries. On contacting the vendors the new owners were assured that the books were of no interest to them. Lying dormant for years, and surviving precariously, three at least have a very considerable Petworth interest: chronicling, as they do, the early years of Constance Madeline Emma Mure (later Peel), a regular visitor to Petworth both as a baby and, later, as a girl in her late teens and very much a part of the social scene. They offer an insight into life both at the House itself and in London society, rarely given to those outside the charmed circle. Constance's mother, herself Constance, was a daughter of the First Lord Leconfield who had succeeded after the death of the Third Earl of Egremont in 1837.¹

The oldest “diary”, running from 1872 to 1878 is a large black leather-bound gilt-edged book, now worn, with raspberry-marked end papers. It is somewhat specialised, a chronicle of the first six years in the life of Constance invariably known in her own circle as “Daisy”. It was written by Daisy's mother with contributions from Daisy's older sister. The “baby book” may have been a genre of the time, or it may have been a “one-off”, certainly I do not know of another one. It also contains material, loose or pasted in, such as child and nanny letters and even a tiny ecru-coloured Petworth House envelope with fine two-week old baby hair, photographs, and sketches by members of the family. Presumably the diary was passed to Constance Peel by her mother. Constance died in 1961 aged 89. The entries chronicle Daisy's young milestones and are written from the Mures' London town house, on visits to Petworth, to Caldwell² in Scotland, and

on visits to the South of France and other holiday destinations. Like other aristocrats of the time the Mures led a somewhat nomadic life. Daisy's father Lieut. Colonel William Mure, was MP for Renfrewshire from 1874 until his death in 1880.

From her baby-related milestones such as first teeth, crawl, walk, to first attempt to speak, the baby book with Daisy's later teenage diaries³, gives a picture of a Victorian debutante emerging into London's high society. Daisy was very much part of this leisured world, often bridesmaid at fashionable weddings and presented to Queen Victoria in 1891. Daisy herself would not marry until she was in her early thirties. Edward Lawrence Peel, a nephew of the former Prime Minister Sir Robert Peel, was a widower with his two young children. Some twelve years older than Daisy, he died in October 1936. At Daisy's marriage, the reception was given by her maternal aunt Blanche, dowager widow of Richard Bourke, sixth Earl of Mayo and Viceroy of India, who had been assassinated while visiting a penal settlement.

We have only Daisy's solemn, brown-eyed, baby chronicle face to tell whether she grew up attractive or plain, her sisters, in contrast, married soon after "coming out". Daisy's older sister to Sir Spencer Portal and her younger sister to the second Baron Biddulph.

1. The documents remain the possession of Mrs Mary Bessemer Stewart.

2. Caldwell, now dilapidated, lies close to the village of Uplawmoor and Lugton, a few miles north of Kilmarnock in Ayrshire.

3. To be discussed in a later issue.

A summary treatment of the chronicles follows. 1872 the year of Daisy's birth saw also the birth of Charles, later Third Lord Leconfield, the assassination of Daisy's uncle Lord Mayo and the final move of the Second Lord Leconfield to Petworth, a year or two after his accession to the title (in 1869).

Gillian Hookway Jones

Gillian, a Sunday volunteer at Petworth House, first brought the documents to the Society's notice.

Daisy's baby book (2)

Daisy was born in London at 47 Cadogan Place on July 10th 1872. It would be the height of the London season and within a month she would be at Petworth to be baptised by Charles Holland the rector, a familiar figure at the great house. "Baby cried only a little. She came down to luncheon in the Marble Hall and her health was proposed by Percy Wyndham¹. 'Constance Madeline Emma Mure' which the other children² repeated."

If Daisy had initially been fractious, Petworth seems to have had a calming effect. By October the family return to the ancestral seat in Ayrshire and Daisy is left with her nurses at the London residence. Her mother will not see her again for two months, when she does, she is surprised and a little concerned at Daisy's unusual size for her years. She screams 'frantically' when being dressed and walked and altogether "is not a good drawing-room baby." Understandably Daisy's initial bonding is with Bowler her nurse rather than her natural mother, a situation as predictable as, in such circles, it would be common. "She was just getting into the way of never leaving Bowler: we were only just in time." Daisy's temper has improved and vaccination comes in November. A fortnight later, she has a "fearful arm." She will lie on the drawing-room floor and gaze at the fire, particularly liking to see the gas being lighted. By December her arm is still not completely healed.



Daisy at five months old – December 1872.

On Boxing Day the family leave to winter in the South of France but Daisy remains in London. The family do not return until late in the night of March 16 and make straight for the nursery. Daisy is no longer a baby but "a child with hair . . . a most good-tempered ape but very large." In July Daisy's father makes a rare contribution to the chronicle in a letter to her two elder siblings: "Baby is getting very clever. She crawls about and stands alone with a chair and tries to walk, but she tumbles down and has to be watched. She is very funny."

Daisy is a year old in July. She has a cake and sits up to breakfast. She is still very much Bowler's property but that is about to change. The family leave for Scotland after the summer season in London but by October are preparing to leave for the winter in Cannes, with a quick visit to Petworth slotted in. Here Cole³ is astonished at her, "Why she is bigger than Master Charles⁴." Cole thinks an oil painting of her would be a good idea, while "Henry thinks her very handsome!" "Constance⁵ does not understand our thinking her plain. She cannot look upon her as a baby at all, but as a child of some age. She was delighted with Petworth and was always wanting to run out of the nursery into the galleries, to look at the pictures."

The family return briefly to London where Daisy resents not being able to run about in the small rooms. She clearly misses the Caldwell passages. She stands the steamer journey well enough even if she takes out her dislike of the motion of the ship on her nurse Piller. Indeed Piller finds Daisy more difficult than the older children had been. She is naughty and wilful, hits out and slaps Piller if she doesn't get her own way. Even Escott⁶ says she thought, "Miss Constance ought to be kept in more order, as she was very wilful."

By November 14th the family are settled at the Villa Augusta in Cannes and Daisy is flying to the window at every passing bus and train, particularly if the bus sounds its horn. She sits and turns the pages of her picture book. By December she has learned no words, simply turning the pages of her picture book. Soon she is enjoying Sunday trips out in her perambulator but is easily upset when her two siblings don't include her in their games or let her borrow their toys. If they do she simply throws them about. She spends a lot of time upstairs in the nursery. Uncle Percy comes over from Hyères and is delighted with her progress. By February she is playing Mulberry Bush. She likes to blow the fire, touches the fender and says, "Hot."

In mid-March the family are back in London and Daisy is talking constantly even if her words are a little jumbled. She has a great bond with her brother and while she obeys her mother, Piller the nurse has less success. An attack of croup brings her parents back in some haste from a Sunday visit to Margate but Daisy is recovered by the time they return.

On August 3rd the family make one of their sporadic visits to Petworth. Daisy loves the big house. As her mother carries her up the grand staircase she asks, "Do you like this house Daisy?" "Yes, please." "Do you like these stairs?" "Yes, please." As the weather is wet, Daisy romps with the other children in the North Gallery. "She patted a statue on the back and wondered, "What he had done with he coat?" Mrs Caulfield⁷ thinks Daisy will grow up very pretty. At tea in the nursery Daisy says, "I not Daisy I Constance." The family return to London on the 21st and go to Caldwell; on a September trip to the Highlands they leave the children behind. When they return her mother finds Daisy rather spoiled and puts this down to her constant absences and the affectionate attendance of the servants. A younger sister Marjorie has been left in London and her mother leaves Caldwell in November 4th to see her and returns to Scotland on the 27th. A mild attack of scarlatina in December confines Daisy to the top floor with Piller and one of the housemaids. Christmas is spent upstairs but Daisy's own miniature Christmas tree is sent up to her.



*Daisy's attitude in the North gallery.
August. 1874*

"I not Daisy, I Constance . . ."

By the spring of 1875 the family are back in London at Eaton Place. Daisy has been spoiled during her convalescence but is brought down by Piller every evening at six. In April after a visit to her grandmother in Tunbridge Wells she picks up whooping cough. She whoops all night and is very low but by June 23 she is

sufficiently well to travel with the other children to Petworth. Father and mother follow a little later. Piller and the children meet them near the House entrance. The children look more or less recovered but Daisy is "a changed child since the whooping cough." By the next day she goes in a donkey cart to the Pheasant Copse and sits on the wall pretending to fish. She remains very poorly during the night. The parents leave the children at Petworth on July 6th: by this time the children are back almost to normal the cough having largely disappeared. A rosy-cheeked Daisy plays at Tom Tiller's⁸ ground, outside the library window. On July 10th the family return to London, the children leaving for Caldwell on the night train.

The children stay at Caldwell but the parents are off again. When they return in September, Daisy's cough is quite gone. They find Daisy very fractious however, possibly a result of the summer's illness. In December they are all in Cannes at the Chalet Adelaide.

Back in London in July 1876, Miss Philip, apparently a new governess, arrives to teach Daisy French and some elementary German. Daisy's attachment to her brother becomes more pronounced and the family holiday at Wemyss Bay on the Ayrshire coast. Daisy "paddles in the sea with the other two and enjoys the place immensely." The family return to London from Wemyss. By February the two older children are at Petworth with Miss Philip and Daisy left in London at the nursery. She is so unhappy that she is sent down to Petworth with her Aunt Connie, they are soon joined by her parents. Another daughter Lilia has been born. Arriving at Petworth Daisy's mother goes up to find Daisy in the Cole nursery. "She seems grown and rather slighter. The united families are very noisy . . . She is a good deal to the front and a little spoilt. She was rather disagreeable to Charles⁹ one evening and would not do what he asked her, saying she wanted to play with the elder ones. Even his tears did not move her to remorse for some minutes."

In 1877 the family are at Hyeres as the summer ends, returning to London in October. In 1878 they let Eaton Place and come to Drove¹⁰ for the summer; they are at Petworth for Goodwood week, then return to Drove. The chronicle closes at the end of August.

This is a summary treatment of what is in fact a very substantial document. Perhaps, from a Petworth perspective, its main interest lies in Daisy's occasional visits to the great house. As one of the eight children of George Wyndham, Daisy's mother could not have a monopoly either on her brother's time, still less on the house itself. Clearly, however, there was a strong family bond and visits to Petworth were eagerly anticipated. Daisy's chronicle gives a particularly vivid picture of her parents' peripatetic life-style, the Leconfields in contrast, would

come up for the London season but be considerably less mobile: either way it was a manner of living that depended very much on servants. If to a modern mindset it may appear rootless, aimless almost, it was perhaps in its own way rooted, rooted in a narrowly defined and exclusive world of family and social relationship rather than a particular geography. Access was assumed rather than acquired. For Daisy's family Caldwell was inevitably more of a base than Petworth could ever be, but subject to long absence particularly in winter.

1. Daisy's uncle.
2. Daisy's cousins.
3. In charge of the nursery at Petworth.
4. Later third Lord Leconfield.
5. Constance, Lady Leconfield the baby's aunt. Henry is the second Lord Leconfield.
6. Housekeeper?
7. Presumably one of the House staff.
8. Not otherwise known.
9. See note 4.
10. At Singleton.



Two Petworth Murders (1)

The following notes form the outline of a Garland Lecture which was given in the Leconfield Hall in November 2012. The talk seemed to have been reasonably well received and Keith Thompson suggested it may be worth recording in print the substance of the lecture, and so I have.

I recorded details of the first murder in the *Petworth Society Magazine* of September 1999. Some fourteen years ago. I called it 'A Tale of Petworth Workhouse', and what a sorry tale it was. I included a somewhat truncated adaptation of that article in the talk and it is that version which I have incorporated below. The report of the second crime is completely original and apart from a few references in newspapers of the day no comprehensive account has ever been published.

Two Petworth Murders – part 1. Setting the Scene.

Both of the crimes that we are going to look at were pretty much open and shut cases. Virtually no defence was offered or indeed expected. What the crimes do give us however is an opportunity to look at a Petworth that we know very little about. A Petworth at the very dawn of photographic records. This is a town in 1859 – still very much dependant for its wealth upon an agricultural economy – where wages were very much lower than the national average of just seventeen shillings a week. These also are the earliest days of the Leconfield Estate as we know it today. Colonel Wyndham has just been raised to the peerage as the first Baron Leconfield. The Reverend Thomas Sockett has died and so ended his 43 years as spiritual shepherd in the town and Charles Holland the evangelical parson has just begun his four decades at Petworth.

This is clearly not the Petworth that the Reverend Arnold portrays in his history of the town and certainly not the Petworth so finely illustrated by the engravings in his book, – which incidentally when published in 1864 cost three shillings and sixpence to purchase, at the time more than a week's rent for an agricultural labourer. The pictures that Arnold portrays are sterile images of the town. No beggar or tramp or poor house doxy intrude upon the views, only the well fed and well clothed are to be seen.

This is the Petworth of 1859. The population at that time was about 3,500, compared to just 2,700 today; a significant number considering that the town was much smaller than now. After all there were no Hampers Green or Rothermead estates in 1859. The town finished abruptly at World's End in Grove Street, at

Donkey Row in North Street, and there were few properties either west or south of Pound Corner. All in all Petworth was a compact and very overcrowded little market town. The roads were unsurfaced and dirty. Public gas lighting was evident but barely having any effect upon the winter darkness and the smoke from countless stoves and open fires. This is a Petworth where the professional and landed classes thrived, where trades people eked out a difficult living and where the labouring classes, dependant upon the availability of work, either sank or swam, usually the former.

Petworth however, was not exceptional in any way. A small market town hardly changed in centuries. Divided by rigid social laws, lacking in regular employment, overcrowding, ill health, illiteracy and ignorance, all these factors and many others led to parts of the town becoming pockets of intense deprivation. One of these areas was Red Lion Yard in the High Street, situated behind what was then the Turks Head beerhouse. The yard was home to about a dozen semi-derelict cottages owned mainly by the Upton family and later by B.S. Austen the Market Square ironmonger. Synonymous with poverty and ill health, and like Bowling Green Cottages in Angel Street – another Upton property – the yard would some 70 years later be demolished as the result of slum clearance legislation bought in after the Great War.

On the other hand the following extract comes from Kelly's 1862 Post Office Directory in which Petworth is described as if from an estate agent's advertisement.

In the centre of the town is the Market House and court room, a stone building, having at the north side a bust of William III. This convenient structure was built at the expense of the late Earl of Egremont. In the court room are held the quarter sessions for West Sussex; also the petty sessions, the first and third Saturday in every month. The market is held on Saturday and there are three fairs annually, on the 1st of May, 4th of September, and 20th of November. The London and County Bank have a branch here, and a savings bank and a penny bank are held in the town hall. The Half Moon and the Swan are the principal hotels. The station is one and three quarter miles from the town. The new subscription room is in the town hall and is well supplied with daily and weekly newspapers. There is also a working man's institute in the Tillington Road. The lectures, the singing, discussion, reading and writing classes are held in the town hall. The town is lit with gas. The new cemetery is close to the town.

What does that description tell us of Petworth in the third decade of Victorian England? It would be quite reasonable to suppose that Petworth was a thriving place, the administrative centre for a large rural district, and as far as the judiciary

and law enforcement were concerned the town was punching well above its weight.

All in all it would seem that Petworth was a pretty good place to live just as long as you had money in your pocket and did not fall foul of the law. And who of the law breaking type would want to live in or visit Petworth when all the odds are stacked against you? After all the town had a healthy crime prevention team led by Captain Frederick Montgomerie, the Chief Constable of the fledgling Sussex Constabulary. Alongside the Captain and in charge of the Petworth Division was Superintendent John Kemmish and assisting him were five constables.

Step out of line and your collar would be quickly felt, justice for the guilty would be swift at one of the regular court sessions, and punishment for those unfortunate enough to be sent to the House of Correction would be challenging at the least. Such was the unforgiving nature of the regime in that establishment that many convicted felons would welcome a lengthier sentence elsewhere than doing their time at Petworth.

The Sussex constabulary had been formed in 1857 just two years before our first murder. The sight of uniformed policemen would have caused quite a stir in the town and a *West Sussex Gazette* correspondent reporting on the May Fair noted:

There was one spectacle at the fair which was quite a novelty, a number of policemen in uniform. The Chief Constable and Superintendent Kemmish were also upon the ground, and thanks to their vigilance, we believe that there was not a single case of robbery or the least disturbance whatever, which certainly says a good deal for Petworth Fair.

It is difficult to imagine the chief Constable making an appearance at Petworth Fair today. It would be a welcome surprise if a police officer of any rank would be seen. Today the only person in uniform is likely to be a member of the town band.

Petty crime and vandalism were as much if not more of a problem in the town during the nineteenth century than they are today. Petworth with its fairs and markets certainly attracted a motley collection of opportunists determined in one way or another to profit from the large numbers of businessmen, farmers and pleasure seekers who flocked to the town. Petty theft was a particular problem and the new police force had its work cut out keeping the situation under control.

On May 19th 1860 an ever vigilant Superintendent Kemmish reports that he had received information from Henry Hoar the landlord of the Star Inn, that a navy, who had lodged there the previous night and left that morning, had stolen a pair of galoshes. Kemmish went immediately in pursuit and overtook the suspect at Billingshurst with the stolen items in his possession. The guilty party was sentenced to a term of hard labour at the Petworth House of Correction.

Many of the offences would now seem ridiculously trivial but in a zero tolerance Petworth every crime was investigated with an almost religious zeal, and the punishment handed out by enthusiastic justices invariably resulted in a term of hard labour for the offender. On one occasion Kemmish received information from Mr. Dawtrey that peas had been stolen from his sheep troughs. PC 43 Peckham was dispatched to keep watch and after five days of surveillance three boys were caught red handed in the act of stealing peas. Hard labour for all three!

Distance was no object to Kemmish as witnessed by an incident that occurred in August 1858. The Superintendent received a report from PC 23 Henderson that George Padget, a tramp, had stolen apples from a garden at River. Kemmish went in pursuit of the suspect and finally apprehended him at Fisher Street in Northchapel parish. The round trip must have been all of 14 miles and taken quite some considerable time just to bring in a man for the offence of scrumping. Once again hard labour!

Vandalism was certainly an issue in the town. After dark it was open house for the youths of the day to more or less rule the streets of Petworth. The area around the parish church was particularly affected as witnessed by the sign above the Coach House in Bartons Lane which clearly sets out the penalty for those convicted. Once night fell the footpath through the churchyard became a meeting place for the lowest class of offenders, and being concealed from public gaze by the properties that then fronted Church Street the area was effectively out of bounds to respectable townspeople. It would not be until much later in the century when the enclosing houses were demolished that the situation began to improve, at least at that location.

Miles Costello

To the lighthouse (1)

It stood in front of Syers the tailor at the north-east of an empty Square. All shiny, black and green, black hood opened back. It sat there like some big painted crow just waiting to pick us up and fly off with us. My brother and I, my parents and grandparents were going to Littlehampton. My memories of this first trip in the late summer of 1929 are so vivid that memories of other trips simply fit in with these to form a coherent whole.

Slowly the passengers' names were called out and they boarded the bus. All present. By now the sun was lighting up the stone of the Town Hall. The man next to the driver jumped down and went round the front with the starting handle.

Three times the charabanc shook and jumped as he wound the engine over, then with a spit and a bang she started up and roared into life, sending the Town Hall pigeons flying in panic from their ledges up by the fire bells. Into gear, off with the big handbrake, down across the Square heading apparently for the butcher's shop (now Barringtons), then sharp left by the chemists and up New Street. We were off to Littlehampton for the day, leaving Petworth to the last of the morning mist. Down Shimmings, over the brook and up the long hill to the Welldiggers, under the canopy of trees to a wooden fingerpost saying Fittleworth, Arundel, Littlehampton. Down through dusty Fittleworth past the wooden beam over the road at the Swan. Then the mill bridge and over the railway line to the Station. A few houses then out into the country again, like Fittleworth itself dusty in the dry summer weather. Fields with scattered shocks of corn, some with the corn not yet cut and ablaze with poppies. Horses and calves grazing and resting in dry fields. Even with an open top it was hot as we toiled up the hill with the view northward over open country.

Through the wooded slopes to Arundel, an enchanted place. We were further now than I'd ever been before. Over the river and the railway with its smell of steam and coal smoke and people waiting at the station. One last fingerpost for Littlehampton and a blast on the horn as we turned off.

Not long now we thought, but still the road wound on past houses and fields. How much further? Perhaps the sea had gone or everyone had changed his or her minds. No, but here it was, along by the winding river and the old wooden stilted bridge and lots and lots of boats big and small. Some had smoke spiralling out of long funnels painted black. And there were lots of others in white, red, rust-brown and blue, sailing or gliding down the river and others moored. Perhaps they were waiting to go to sea. Big tall cranes were quiet in the Sunday sunshine; tomorrow they'd be hard at work, lifting the coal, timber, sand and gravel that lay in heaps by the road. Further down the river was wider and shining in the sun with many more boats, in white, red, rust and blue. It was a completely new world.

Hundreds of people, the warm salty smell of the sea and the chugging engine of the charabanc. We drove down towards the old lighthouse, then turned left and along the shore, then into a grassy place where lots of other charabancs like ours had come and parked along with cars, motor-bikes and sidecars and push-bikes. There were even some horses and wagons that had, no doubt, brought people down from nearby farms. People talking, drinking tea and lemonade, sitting and lying on the dusty grass, kids like us a bit overawed and excited by it all, but it was just nice to be there – our first sea-side trip.

Soon it was our turn to get out, lifted out by Mum and Dad to join all the others. Hand in hand with them we walked through the crush of cars, buses,

bikes and people. Soon we could smell the salty air and hear the swish and rush of the sea over the road and a low bank and there it was the one thing we'd been longing to see for days. The endless, tireless sea, blue sky, hot sun, sparkling, shimmering, dancing blue water as far away as we could see, swishing in quietly over the clean smooth sand and rippling gently back to meet the next wave coming in, a salt slap, a spurt of spray and they were both one again.

We all made our way down the beach over patches of pebbles and sea-weed and found a nice spot to sit down. Dad laid out an old blanket to sit down on while we quickly put on our costumes. Mum had passed us both a cup of tea from the flask. Then with our buckets and spades and accompanied by Gran and Grandad we made our way down to the water just to stand on the edge with the warm sea swirling in and round our feet and to feel it sucking the sand from between our toes as it went out.

Little bits of seaweed clung between those toes as each little wave went out and so we ventured out a little bit at a time, joined now by Dad with his trousers rolled up, to keep an eye on us. Up to our chests now, the water warmed by the sun and running over the hot sand, a mouthful of salty water and stinging eyes as a bigger wave splashed us. We retreated to seek the nearest pool to spot lots of little crabs that scurried to hide in the sand. There were little black winkles from the old wooden break-water, pebbles, dead crabs, odd claws, a different type of seaweed and pieces of glass rubbed smooth by sea and sand. The hot sun on our back, the warm water all around us, it all made us feel good to be there.

Then suddenly, there was the first silent silky slurp as the sea caught us up and started to invade our pool. Up came the crabs and out to sea as fast as they could, away from us and our interfering hands. Time to move up the beach with Mum and Dad. This time with their help we dug out a nice sandy hole and filled our little buckets to turn out into pies and then build what we thought was the best castle on the beach. We really had done a lot and ringed it all round with pebbles and seaweed, with us sitting in the middle in the sun. All round us were the shouts of others, the laughter and the fun. Some were playing cricket on the sand with an old bit of wood for a bat, two spades for wickets, others playing football with beachballs and two spades, this time as goalposts. Others were out in the sunlit sea throwing balls to each other, some just swimming silently round. There were a few screams from would-be swimmers who weren't quite and sank when the teacher let go. Blue, brown, red and white sails, bobbing about further out.

But the sea caught up, nibbled its way into the sides of our castle walls, seeped up from the bottom of our hole, gnawed its way right through our pies and so slowly our wonderful castle melted away and was gone, all levelled out under the water. We retreated further up the beach. Dad again laid out the blanket and put

up an old umbrella and we sat down as the salmon sandwiches came out, then paste, then egg and lettuce and Pinks lemonade, a little warm but nice, some small homemade cakes, chocolate wafers, more lemonade. Then completely satisfied and happy, we did what Granny, Grandad and lots of others did, lay down and almost went to sleep. Not quite, the shouts, the laughter, the noise of the sea and the fact that we did not want to miss anything, just kept us on the edge, comfortably just about awake.

It must have been around two when we stirred and were ready to start again. But what to do? The sea had come right in and was now not all that far way. A lot more people were bathing, some diving off the old diving board on wheels, which had now been pushed out. Dad said we'd go for a walk along the beach for a while so, leaving Mum, Gran and Grandad we set off over the hot pebbles toward the lighthouse.

From notes by J.T. – to be continued.

David and Ian's Ebernoe walk – 20th October

Time to watch the rain and wind ripping the light brown puddles in the car park at Ebernoe. Torrential. Too heavy even to allow us to regain the safety of the cars. The rain filters down on us through the sweet chestnuts. The prickly fruits litter the ground and the wind sends more down through the tired autumn foliage. "A shorter walk than usual . . ." So we'd said, but it looks as if even this will have to be modified. Thoughts turn to atrocious weather over the years. Who now remembers that snowstorm in the Gog woods. 1982 was it?

Clearly we can't go down the slippery steps to Furnace Pond so we take the track to the left of the church, watching a torrent gouge its way down the slope. Is it easing off a little? Perhaps. To the gate and right, taking the track toward Siblans. Memories of school holidays staying at Shotterland now demolished and of the common as a working environment. David points to a bat box high up a tree trunk. We turn off into a field to the right, rough grazing, dock and knapweed in desiccated red black fruition, blackthorn encroaching from the hedgerow. Then back into the woods, a fallen beech, fungus issuing from the trunk, then sun on green leaf. Small unattractive apples thick on the ground, a little too large for crabs, perhaps a reminder of some forgotten cottage. Through the woods to emerge at Streels Gate. We walk past Streels to the cricket ground, past the old lime kiln, then Willand, to the cars. Then we drive the short distance to Osiers, Janet and Chris, scones, sponges and tea. Apples for those who'd like them. Could you have a better end to the season? P.

Does it matter?



Petworth Girl Guides off to Switzerland – August 1957.
Mrs Sylvia Beaufoy extreme left. Who is the hooded figure seated?
Garland negative no. 48744.

Petworth Dinner 2013 - Quiz Answers

1. St.Mary's Church ceiling
2. New Street
3. Top of Rosemary Lane
4. The Leads/Stringers Hall, East Street
5. Newlands garden
6. Cow Yard
7. Petworth House Roof
8. Near corner of Park Road/Church Street
9. Petworth Park

Tie Break Answers

Dogs name - Zeke

Petworth House - Ice House

Where ? The Leconfield Restaurant



PETWORTH SOCIETY ACTIVITIES SHEET

Winter Programme – please keep for reference

WALKS:

Begin again March/April.

MONTHLY MEETINGS – LECONFIELD HALL – 7.30PM – REFRESHMENTS – RAFFLE

Monday 9th December – Christmas Meeting:

Bertie Pearce entertains

Bertie is a member of the Inner Magic Circle with gold star.

He has performed at the Magic Castle in Hollywood, the Kulm Hotel in St Moritz and widely elsewhere.

Miss this if you dare! **£8**. See www.bertiepearce.com



Wednesday 29th January:

Paul Stevens from the Wildlife and Wetlands Trust talks on Sussex Wildlife. **£4**.

Coming Tuesday 4th March:

Alison Neil: The Fossil Lady of Lyme.

NEW BOOK:

George Garland Press Photographer 1922-1927.

The first George Garland book from the Window Press since 1988 was launched at the November meeting. 100 copies only, individually signed and numbered. Writing in mid-November I do not know what the stock position will be at Magazine time, please check (01798 342562) before ordering. £30.00 with postage at £2.00. Below is Jenny Mouland's review courtesy of the Observer newspaper.

CHAIRMAN of Petworth Society and historian Peter Jerrome had already visited the pictures of photographer George Garland in five volumes.

But he could not resist returning for one last time after discovering a series of pictures not included in the official George Garland collection which covered a period between 1922 and 1927 which holds particular fascination for him.

Mr Jerrome's meticulous research together with a set of entrancing pictures have added up to yet another masterpiece from Mr Jerrome and book designer Jonathan Newdick whose latest work is now available through Window Press.

Names from local history come to life with pictures of the Rev Tatchell, Lord Leconfield hunting in 1924 and a host of celebrities of the day at social

gatherings in the Petworth area.

At the other end of the scale, they tell of the toil of working men in the fields, from haymaking at Duncton in 1927, ploughing for spring oats in 1923 to the art of hedge-making captured in 1927 and largely unchanged today.

Mr Jerrome, who said he found it difficult to understand why Garland insisted on being a press photographer, has followed his camera back and forth across the Sussex landscape, discovering how he made his living.

Garland's pictures found their way into a host of national newspapers, capturing every aspect of life between the wars.

There are political campaigns, the disaster of the paint lorry which left the road at Coultershaw in 1922, the floods around Pulborough, the hunting season and agricultural life.

The book is also a marvel of painstaking research which paints another picture – the picture of George Garland's life.

There are the most minute of details about each picture printed, from where it was reproduced to how it was cropped and why Garland decided to place them with particular editors.

The captions themselves were no mean feat. Mr Jerrome had a 'panel of experts' in the 1980s.

But those with memories stretching that far back were no longer here to help, and he said the captioning task had been far from easy.

There are 100 numbered copies of the book available at £30.00 from Mr Jerrome on 01798 342562 or by writing to him at Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The Petworth Society Book Sale

NEXT SALE

Saturday 14th December

LECONFIELD HALL – 10am–3pm

NO SALE

**in January or February
2014**

From tentative beginnings in 2000 the Petworth Society Book Sale has grown into a widely respected event drawing book-lovers to Petworth from over a wide area. Our monthly change of stock and low prices make the sale unrivalled in the South of England, or so our customers tell us. In January and February we are taking the opportunity to review the stocks that we hold without the pressure of preparing for a monthly sale, while considering also a few minor changes to what is clearly a very successful formula, and, for many, something of a social event. We will be back in March for what will be our 150th sale. We still need books during this period and are happy to collect – just call Miles on 01798 343227 or Peter on 01798 342562.

The Society is a registered charity and all profits from the sale go toward the production of the quarterly Petworth Society Magazine.

FIRST SALE OF 2014

Saturday 8th March

