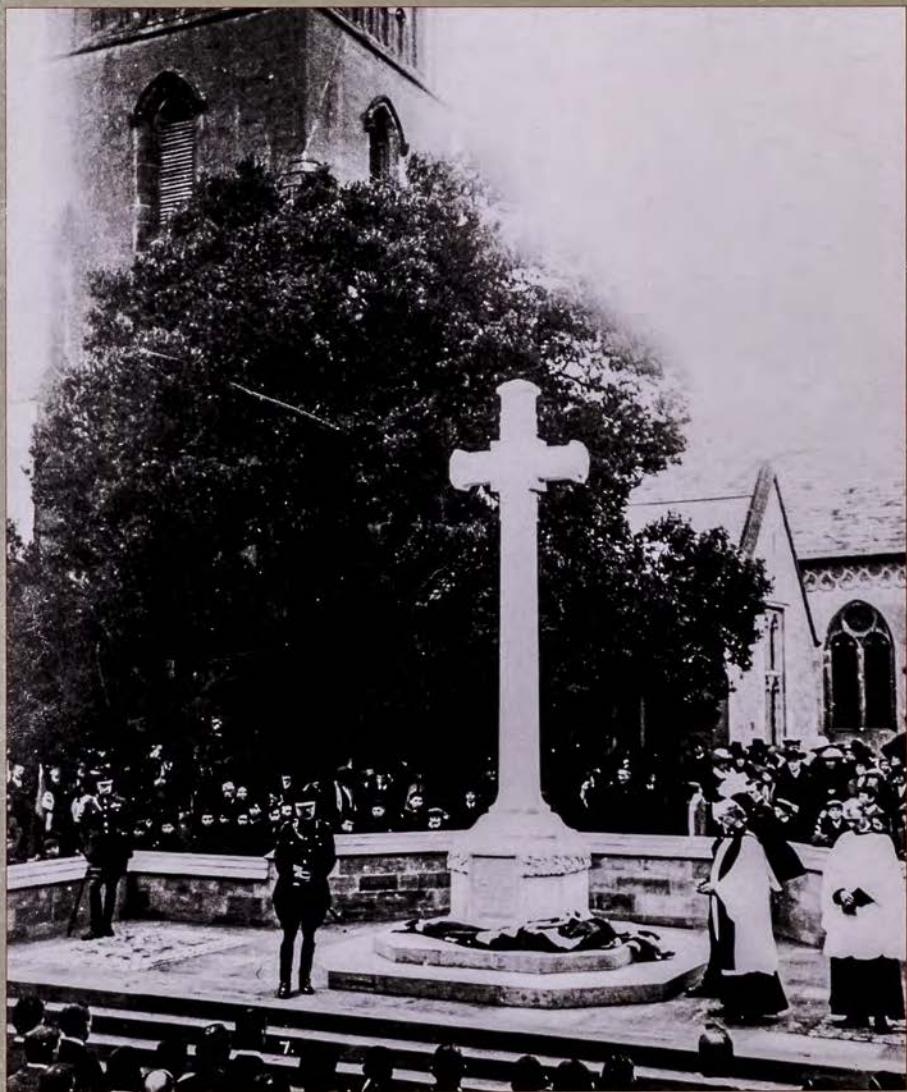


THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
Magazine

No. 174. December 2018



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On 22 September members of the Petworth Society walked in Leconfield Estate woodland with Neil Humphris, Estate head forester. Here, recently felled oak on the left and assorted cordwood on the right await removal. Photograph by Ian Godsmark.

FRONT COVER

Lord Leconfield unveils the Petworth War Memorial in 1921. The figures on the right will almost certainly be the Revd J.T. Penrose, Rector during the 1914-18 war and the Revd Valentine Powell, the incumbent in 1921. See '1914-18. A miscellany' on pages 43 to 48.

BACK COVER

A very early illustration by Gwenda Morgan. The whereabouts of the original are unknown and this copy was photographed from the *West Sussex Gazette* where it was featured in the issue of 26 February 1931. It is unclear if it is a wood engraving, a wood-cut or an ink drawing.

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

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 £14.00, single or double, one magazine delivered. Postal £18.00, overseas nominal £25.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following.

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CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

In *PSM* 130 (March 2008) I remarked that, in terms of this magazine, Petworth is as much a realm of the spirit as it is a geographical entity. This can be, and in practice is, taken as a licence to be adventurous: the only proviso being that the magazine does not lose contact with a perceived Petworth, present, past and a necessarily limited future perspective. An editor needs to have an eye to the demands and expectations of a very diverse membership and look to offer something for everyone, while accepting that no single article can appeal to every taste. Without such variety, occasional disharmony even, any periodical must, over time, become stale.

A distinguished French editor¹ once observed that a review can only survive if each issue annoys at least a fifth of its subscribers, provided only that it is not always the same fifth. I would judge that the task of the editor of this magazine is less to annoy than to interest, but other things being equal, I think he has a point.

I do not include an account of our very enjoyable and informative woodland walk with Neil Humphris, the Leconfield Estate head forester, only an impression from the camera of Ian Godsmark reproduced on page one.

This issue devotes some space to remembrance of the end of the Great War. We should not forget, however, that that anniversary coincides also with the centenary of the outbreak of the Great Influenza, the most virulent pestilence in recorded history, which took many more lives than the war and which few of us will have had families unaffected by its severity. Perhaps when we see the silhouettes of weary soldiers along the roadsides and pavements around Petworth we might widen our 'lest we forget' horizons.

1. Charles Péguy, killed in action on 5 September 1914.

Opposite.

The garden of Petworth Cottage Museum on September 1st.

Photograph by Ian Godsmark.

Nothing particularly unusual

Peter Jerrome

There's nothing particularly unusual about the garden at Petworth Cottage Museum and no reason why there should be. Mary Cummings' views on gardening were probably pragmatic. As seamstress at Petworth House, a modicum of private work and an allotment, Mary probably had her hands full, while there was a somewhat contentious right of way through the garden from Middle Street to High Street. Tradition has it also that Lord Leconfield did not appreciate the cultivation of lawns by his workforce: space could be more profitably employed. As to the truth of this and whether flowers fell under his jurisdiction history is silent.

What would Mary Cummings make of the early September garden captured here by Ian Godsmark's lens? After the long dry summer there is an almost tangible



sense of relief, the salvias in particular appreciating the moisture, almost, but not quite, managing to defy the voracious appetite of the resident snail population. The gazanias seem immune to drought and snails, their exotic appearance belying a resistance to everything except an absence of sunlight.

If the lone red dahlia looks a trifle askew, the yellow daisy heads of rudbeckia are in full flower. The clary in contrast are almost over, while the recent moisture and the cool nights of late summer have turned the bergamot leaves to a dull grey. We still have the bumble-bee flowers of helenium but the Michaelmas daisies herald a dying season. Mary might raise a 1910 eyebrow at the glorious orange flowers of tithonia (Mexican sunflower) or the erysimum Bowles mauve but no doubt wave them through, while white milfoil, ice plant and maidenhair fern, like the white rose with the savage brown spines, provide a sometimes unruly supporting cast. Might Mary, in a rare moment of leisure, give a brief nod of approval? We can never know.

FROM THE NATIONAL NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

Miles Costello

Baptism of converted Jew, *Brighton Gazette*, 28 September 1854

A Polish Jew, named Grabowski, who had been incarcerated in the House of Correction [in Petworth], for 18 months for robbing a church, has, under the spiritual supervision of the Chaplain, Mr. Brown, become a convert to the Christian religion; and on the termination of his sentence, was baptized by the name of Joseph, according to the ritual of the established church. The interesting ceremony was performed in Barlavington church, by the Rev. Mr. Brown, the gaol chaplain.

An unusual but by no means unique event. While any list of converted Jews may be quite short, there are some well-known names among them, including Benjamin Disraeli, Robert Allen Zimmerman (Bob Dylan), Gustav Mahler and Boris Pasternak. Why Grabowski chose to convert we will probably never know, in fact we know absolutely nothing about him. We do know that the Revd Thomas Brown lived in Petworth in what was then known as Back Street and is now the High Street, probably at the very top near the House of Correction where he was Chaplain from 1849 to 1865. At some point Brown was given the living of Barlavington Church which no doubt is why Grabowski was baptised there. The Revd Brown died at Petworth in March 1870.

The repetition and inconsistency of spelling of chaplain in the article are faithful to the original.

Baker Street or Westbourne Terrace?

The September book sale. Peter Jerrome

The loan page has been ripped out leaving a scar of gum and once or twice there is a hint of date-stamp ink. A pencilled price of a shilling may reflect the end of the book's library life. Strong white adhesive tape has kept spine and contents together. It's been done by a competent hand. Someone cared – once. John Rhode: *The Robthorne Mystery*. Collins Crime Club – distinctive black and red livery. Hardback. 4th edition, January 1935. First impression January 1934. A relic from the Golden Age of crime fiction. John Rhode was a pseudonym for John Street (1884-1964). Street had worked in military intelligence during the 1914-18 war then handled propaganda at Dublin Castle in the years before partition.

From writing general books John Street would move in the mid-1920s to the increasingly popular (and profitable) genre of detective fiction, becoming one of its most prolific exponents. Half a century from his death 'while he is not as highly regarded by critics as, say, Christie, Carr, or Sayers, he remains one of the most popular writers of the Golden Age.'¹

The book raises some interesting Book Sale questions. It's not without a certain limited value, but put it out on the £2 table at ten o'clock and chances are it will still be there at three. This despite the fact that while other popular fiction from between the wars has dated, detective stories have tended to hold their value. A dust cover, of course, would change everything but it's long lost. Our copy is, frankly, tatty and there is a nasty black stain at the top corner. A 'reading copy' in the jargon, almost as if in a book this was something for which to apologise.

John Rhode was noted particularly for his tortuous plots and fiendishly contrived murders. His resident detective, amateur of course, is Dr Lancelot Priestley, above all a logician and on improbably familiar terms with Superintendent Hanslet of the Yard, blunt, not overly perceptive, but never a caricature. Modern forensic techniques tend to bow to the whims of Dr Priestley.

The village of Milton Kirdmore, two hours by steam out of Paddington is very much a 1930s time warp with a gaggle of stock village characters acting as a kind of Greek chorus. John Rhode was better perhaps on ingenuity than character. A complex plot takes in drugs (dope), a Mills bomb (echoes of 1914-18) and the risky device of identical twins. Two millennia before, Plautus had more licence but John Rhode skilfully ties up the loose ends.

1. Tony Medawar: introduction to the 2018 reprint of John Rhode's *The Paddington Mystery*, Collins, 1925.

Petworth and the Leconfield Hall in the 1980s and '90s

Rosemary Harris

We arrived in Petworth house-hunting early in the summer of 1987. We were directed to Somerset Lodge, which was built in 1653, as fulfilling our needs by Joan Chatwood, and having seen it, were encouraged, so we looked round the town, liking what we saw. We bought a copy of Pevsner's *Sussex*¹ in the bookshop in Bakery Square, and seeing that it had an enthusiastic entry ('nicest house in Petworth', as well as a full page illustration) decided to buy it on the spot.

It had been lived in only intermittently by the Esquellant family for eight years, during which time they did structural works to improve the views which had caused damage, and cracks were appearing in the back elevation. Although it was liveable in, it was frail. Both being architects (I was experienced in old buildings), we redesigned the back elevation to realign the windows on the lowest floor with those above, needing temporary support and a reinforced concrete beam to support the upper floors. We were fortunate in having a sympathetic Planning Authority, who were relieved that the building was now in professional hands, and a good builder (Lucking Bros).

We were still living in London, but spending every weekend and holiday in Petworth for two years, contributing to the building works with our own hands, whilst also creating the garden from a derelict orchard, with help from family members, and a builder expert in brick and stone to lay paths and terraces. The cottage on the site, sold as habitable, became Raymond's workshop for beautiful work in oak (bought from West & Co. in Selham). Raymond, being born in Cambridge, and loving the college buildings, designed every detail of the structure and embellishment authentically, both indoors and in the garden. This continued for two years, with townspeople fascinated at the developments in house and garden, to which all were welcome.

During the weekends (staying in Easebourne where my parents lived), we met organist David Owen Norris at the church, and joined in the revived Petworth Festival weekend which he had taken over from founder Robert Walker. This consisted of Vivaldi's 'Gloria' from scratch, using local amateur singers supported by Royal Academy of Music orchestral players enjoying a weekend in the country on the Saturday, and an enhanced service in the church on Sunday morning. (The Petworth Festival has come far since then)

We finally moved in, early in September 1989, having sold our house in London. Raymond, not quite retired, spent weekdays in London with the family

who often joined us here for weekends, including the next generation beginning to appear. Not until 1991 was the main garden completed, when the glasshouse built off a walled barbecue terrace was completed with staging for a collection of cacti and succulents (1990), and the gazebo, the design based on the fountain in the courtyard of Trinity College, Cambridge, the focal point of the garden.

The work then started on the kitchen garden, an adjunct to the main garden on a steep slope caused by the garden of Somerset Hospital next door having fallen into ours over the collapsed retaining wall. It started with rebuilding the retaining wall and shovelling back the lost garden material to make our garden more level. We then laid it out around the semi-circular end of the glasshouse with both radiating and semi-circular lines, reversed on the upper level, by which time the radials were too far apart. Originally these had herb surrounds to the beds, but gradually acquired box hedging as cuttings were collected from the main garden. We were persuaded to open the garden for the National Gardens Scheme, which we did tentatively, but finding it popular, enthusiastically, with teas in aid of local charities who supplied help. It came to the notice of *House and Garden*, after which it was featured in many magazines, photographed by distinguished garden photographers, one of whom stayed here to photograph at five a.m. It has been much enjoyed and still is so.

We rapidly got drawn into the active life of the town and the lives of many people here. We found a pleasantly integrated society with people of every sort working together, and a town with a vibrant centre supplying all our needs, which we enjoyed. Inevitably we got drawn in to the activities, and found ourselves delivering up and down North Street for both church and political groups, helping the expanding Petworth Festival, joining the Petworth Society and singing in the church choir. We were also providing accommodation for artists appearing in the Festival, (of which Raymond later spent seven years a chairman). It was not long before I became secretary of Petworth Area Churches Together which then built up a busy programme of activities during the church year: January saw a busy Christian Unity Week with daily prayer in the United Reform Church (URC), then Lent Courses in each of the churches in town and villages, Palm Sunday procession with donkey, and for two years a costumed Passion Play by the Kirdford Players, Petworth Festival Service in July, Alpha Courses in September and Christmas cards in December, besides 'Petworth Visitors', exhibitions, and parties for special celebrations.

As soon as Raymond became fully retired he, too, was called upon. He was soon in demand by the dramatic society for plays in the old cinema in Midhurst Road and also performed in Petworth Festival events. In addition he was in demand for wise advice, as he was universally trusted. Raymond died here on November 13, 2015 and his funeral was a town event as well as a family one.

With shops gathered round the Market Square and the area close around it, the life of the town was vibrant, and especially on Fridays when most people did their weekly shopping and queues quickly formed outside the Leconfield Hall, one for the Women's Institute Market, the other for the fish van which parked nearby (no large scale parking then). The through-traffic ran between the Hall and the main grocery shop (now the Co-op), so only deliveries and collections drove into the Square, which was a meeting place for everyone.

The WI Market sold home-made cakes and a few prepared meals, plants and craft items, all very popular, and the fish van sold very fresh fish, plus mussels and samphire in season, and had frequently sold out before the end of the morning.

At the top of the east side of the Square was a large, busy draper and haberdasher run by David Sneller who also sold and mended sewing machines; then came Anderson, Longmore & Higham, the long-established solicitors, in their wisteria-clad house; next to them the even longer established Austens; then a pet shop with a hairdresser above, accessible only via the pet shop, and lastly the chemist. At the top of the square was a gentlemen's outfitters, with dentist above, and next to it the fine National Westminster bank. The west side of the square had estate agents, a Chinese restaurant and a pub. That part of the south side of the Square which was not taken up by the Leconfield Hall, had a pub and, I think, another pet shop.

Lombard Street had a busy café run by the Petworth Christian Fellowship, with a stationery and newspaper shop opposite at the lower end near the Square. The antique shop shed was tucked between houses as were a few small shops opposite. At the top was an off-licence, much patronised by regulars, and the shop opposite was Streeter's clock and jewellery shop, run by Anne Simmons (see *PSM* 172, page 18). I think the shop next door on the corner was already an antique shop.

Golden Square, to the south of Market Square, had a butcher, one of the only two remaining, and an Aladdin's cave of a shop selling toys and sportswear. Between them was a smart Bistro called Socketts, named after the notable eighteenth-century rector who arranged emigration for out-of-work families in Canada. (The Canadian connection continued with the Toronto Scottish regiment for many years afterwards). Hennings, the superior off-licence was at right angles, as it still is.

The Bakery Square beyond had a bread shop, the main builders' suppliers, Luckings, whose shop ran right through to the car park entrance, (the car park was much smaller in those days), Allen Christensen, the jeweller who is still there and a valuable bookshop run by Linda Tudor, which has now become The Petworth Bookshop and, I think, the charity shop we still have. Opposite was a very busy greengrocer's, a good dress shop and a smaller delicatessen than we have now.

High Street (upgraded from Back Street) running out of Golden Square included two florists: Spriggs crammed into the tiny shop which is now a tea-room near the top, next to a large grocer and freezer shop turning around the corner into Middle Street. There were useful shops running down the hill on the other side for electrical goods (much missed) and interior furnishers selling draperies and wallpaper. Opposite in Fairfield House was a modest antique shop. Further down on that side was Ann Bradley's flower shop. The others I don't remember.

In the narrow Saddlers Row running west out of the Square was a clock shop with a hairdresser behind, and another butcher, a furniture shop at the corner, with a boot and shoe shop opposite, a very busy shopping street taking all the through traffic. Just beyond in Pound Street, were the Chinese restaurant and a fish and chip shop leading up to another grocery store with freezer cabinet run by Peter Jerrome's mother, with hairdresser Cynthia beyond, plus, I think a junk shop.

Opposite St Mary's church, an oriental carpet shop had taken over Blackbirds well-known tea room, in the window of which repair work on carpets could often be seen. Across the road at the top of North Street was a very good oak antique shop run by John Humphry, husband of TV star Marion, and next door, Bill Boss's antique shop (the first in Petworth), with a curtain-making shop beyond.

Back in East Street there was a curry restaurant, an antique market ('up the antique' to my cleaner, who also cleaned there), selling antiques of modest worth, books, linen and lace on many separate stalls. Opposite was an art gallery run by Heseltine and Masco selling their own work. Further down was The Covert supplying field sports, and another antique market with stalls, and two small shops. Next door, the main Post Office was always busy with a queue spilling on to the pavement, and further down was Paddington's tea-room, celebrating that popular bear. Opposite that was a dress shop in part of Stringers, a once splendid house.

At the bottom, round in Angel Street, was a two-storey furniture shop verging on antique, and opposite, on the corner, a very useful stationery and gift shop. Running down to the Square was New Street with the Red Lion pub providing excellent meals, always full during opening times, and next door an art gallery showing some local artists' work. Opposite was a tiny shop selling, I think, second-hand clothes, and farther down on that side, up some steps was Petworth's barber, Salvatore. Opposite Salvatore were two shops whose use I forget, then the important Allan's menswear run by two more Sneller brothers, Bob and Dick. This shop had been carved out of the grand house, Avenings, in Golden Square owned by the Sneller parents who had made a huge contribution to Petworth life, having seven children and who were members of the Petworth Christian Fellowship, although by this time the house was now in other hands. Opposite, the URC church was lively and hospitable with its large hall with servery.

THE LECONFIELD HALL

Raymond had retired from his London architectural practice in 1991, and was soon drawn into the cashflow problems of the Leconfield Hall by solicitor Andrew Brooke. The hall had been given to the town by Lord Leconfield (predecessor to Max Egremont) with a valuable bust of William III by Honoré Pelle, but without an endowment for its upkeep. It was in a parlous state, stone falling dangerously off the outside. The then chairman of the Leconfield Hall committee was demanding the return of the bust from Petworth House where it had been taken for safekeeping, to sell for repair work, but being a work of art, it was entailed in the estate and could not be sold. Raymond was persuaded to stand as chairman, but when he discovered a crowded meeting hostile to him, and that he was standing against Peter Jerrome, he withdrew and offered his services as vice chairman to Peter. This was accepted with relief, and a splendid partnership ensued.

Raymond knew a sculptor who specialised in reproduction, and Max Egremont offered to pay for a copy to be mounted where the old one had been, plus twelve smaller versions for sale in aid of the work.

Raymond then set to work on the hall immediately, surveying the stonework with a practising architect experienced in such work, and a specification and drawings were produced, and prices sought. The contract was secured by Leconfield Estate's own workforce, and work began on the hall, and on the paving and replacement of the red telephone box on the west side. Raymond and Peter worked closely together, and both went to the Isle of Portland to choose paving stone and a contractor to lay it. When Raymond asked if the quarry owner was experienced as a contractor, he drew himself up and said, 'My ancestors built Corfe Castle'!

The work on the outside was completed satisfactorily, but the interior no longer complied with the current legislation concerning public places and had to be changed urgently. Raymond drew up plans for replacing the proscenium arch high stage with a low platform at the opposite end accessible from the main stairs. This brought Peter's diplomatic gifts into the matter, as Petworth Players and others who had been using the old stage, which was accessible for use only by two narrow circular staircases now deemed unfit, for years, complained. In addition, the upper hall was a Masonic Lodge, and their needs also had to be met. However, the low stage provided ideal housing for all their paraphernalia, and they were happy. Retractable raised seating was required, adding to the cost of the work.

Raymond contacted every available source for funding, including the recently established National Lottery, and got near enough for the work to start. No work on an old building goes entirely smoothly, and a problem was encountered when making a pit below the lift for its mechanism. On excavating, the top of a vault was found to be the roof of the huge cistern under the Market Square supplied

by water from the Park and containing thousands of litres of water. Negotiations revealed that in order to carry out work below the lift, the cistern would have to be drained, and as the quantity of water was too great for the town drains, it had to be released on Leconfield land. The complicated negotiations complete, this was done, and the pit built into the cistern, which then had to be refilled. Another problem was that the beautiful flooring in the upper Hall had to be replaced soon after installation, as the result of flooding during a cloudburst with a pigeon blocking the outlet of the roof gutter. (Thank you, insurance!).

Fitting out the lovely new hall then had to be funded separately, and public funds had been exhausted. By several happy encounters, funds were found with very great generosity from private donors, all acknowledged on the board inside the entrance. This funding continued for many years, as problems such as traffic noise, new technology for sound and lighting for new uses, and new furniture were needed. The new piano was funded by West Sussex County Council, whose members came to the inaugural recital.

This valuable facility in the centre of the town has encouraged many new uses, and contributes to the social life of the town in a way that could not previously have been imagined.

J. Nicolaus Pevsner, *The Buildings of England, Sussex (West)*, Yale University Press 2003, page 301.



Raymond Harris and Peter Jerrome with one of the reproductions of the bust of William III in 1991.

Culvercroft: a makeshift school

Miles Costello

Culvercroft was essentially a makeshift school, unplanned and unsophisticated, a hurried response to a wartime crisis when normal rules and procedures had largely been suspended. September 1942 and the North Street Boys' School had been destroyed and with it the loss of half a generation of Petworth lads. Thoughts of replacing the school hardly featured in the immediate aftermath of the tragedy and pre-war plans, first proposed in 1939, for a new secondary school had more or less been shelved at the outbreak of hostilities. Resources, limited though they were in a town still reeling from the disaster were concentrated on finding an interim replacement for the Boys' School, and in an attempt to restore a semblance of normality the surviving pupils joined an existing school for evacuee children at The Iron Room in the Market Square. The school was under the leadership of headmaster Mr Frederick Mickleburgh, known affectionately as Mr. Mick to his pupils, who had arrived at Petworth with a party of evacuees from Oliver Goldsmith's School at Peckham in 1939. The conditions in The Iron Room were hardly conducive to teaching; the large building with only a minimal division of the classes, was sweltering hot in the summer and bitterly cold in the winter and with the sudden influx of boys from the bombed school it soon became apparent that a solution, albeit temporary, to the predicament should be sought and official eyes eventually turned to the large and conveniently empty Culvercroft.

A grand nineteenth century villa recently vacated by Dr Arthur Kerr; Culvercroft had been a family home for many years and would quite probably have remained so had circumstances not conspired to alter the building's future in a way that no one could have predicted. Now largely forgotten the house has once again reverted to its former anonymity, effectively shielded from passing eyes, the family home stands in a prominent position overlooking Pound Street and is approached by a short drive which enters the grounds opposite the junction with Saddler's Row. To the north are the Leconfield Estate offices while to the rear the grounds press hard against the wall which surrounds the private gardens of Petworth House.

Culvercroft opened on the first of April 1944 with a roll of 80 boys in three classes. By the end of the first month the school canteen was serving hot meals to all three Petworth schools, some 183 helpings a day. For quite some time the new school relied heavily on supply teachers with Mr Mick firmly in charge. In 1950 the headmaster retired and was replaced by Arthur Hill who would see the school

through to its closure little over a decade later. By the autumn of his first year at Culvercroft there were four classes with Mr Hall, Mr Salisbury, Mr Archer and the headmaster each taking a class. Mr Salisbury would leave in the November and take over as head at Duncton while Mr Rivett would join the staff having previously taught at Harting. Then came the amalgamation of all the Petworth schools under the leadership of the new headmaster. Mr Hill was not entirely comfortable with this unexpected situation having recorded in the school log his concern that it would be extremely difficult to manage the other schools which were in different parts of the town. Discipline was also clearly an issue at the school and not helped by a constant turnover of teachers. In 1951 Mr Hill reports that he had discovered discrepancies in the register of class 3. Making enquiries he was informed by Mr Grimes the teacher that pandemonium was permanent in the classroom. Despite the obvious difficulties of managing three schools in clearly unsuitable buildings Arthur Hill would remain at Culvercroft until its closure in 1963 when he would become head of the newly built Petworth Primary School.

My own recollections of the school are limited though I do remember the free milk that we were given each day being so cold that when frozen it would expand and force the tops off the little third of a pint bottles. Fortunately the classroom had a large stove – or was it an open fire – where the crate would be kept until the milk thawed. I have very few memories of Culvercroft as I had come straight from the Infants' and then after only a term or two I went on to the newly built primary school. I seem to recall Miss Slade at Culvercroft – or was it later at the new school? Larger than life, or so she seemed to a small child, for some reason or another I have always associated Miss Slade with the actress Hattie Jacques albeit with somewhat less humour. If I had to write an epitaph for the old school it would be short and simply say 'it always seemed cold'.

The following are just a few random recollections of life at the school which hopefully will go some way in restoring Culvercroft to its rightful place in the recent history of Petworth. If anyone else would like to share their recollections of the school please do get in touch.

'I returned to school in January 1943 some three months after the bombing and joined my class in The Iron Room. There were three classes but with no divisions it must have been difficult to control us and there were frequent canings. Of course our headmaster Mr Stevenson had died in the bombing and we had a temporary master whose name I can't recall until Mr Mickleburgh the evacuee's headmaster took over and he would then move over to Culvercroft with us. I have only distant memories of the school but I believe that our classroom was upstairs and the dining room was downstairs though that must have come later as I don't recall any school meals being served when I was there. There was an air raid shelter in

Dawtreys Yard in the Golden Square. I wouldn't go down into the shelter so I would stay upstairs and let everybody know when it was all clear. There was no siren then but the red street lights warned of a raid.

The playground at Culvercroft was on the south side and was a large lawn which would later be covered over with tarmac. I only recall one teacher other than Mr Mickelburgh and that was a Mr Allen who I believe came from Portsmouth and lodged at The Star in Petworth. I also remember Kath Hill's older sister May laying tables in the dining room but that may have been later as my mother was cook at the school for many years. May had probably just left school herself and this would have been her first job.'

JOHN WAKEFORD

'Memories of Culvercroft are little more than a blur. From the point of view of a six year old some of the boys were certainly robust, some of course, young adults on the point of leaving school altogether. The official evacuees were still taught separately, although, as some filtered back to London, the two streams would later merge. Mr Mickelburgh, who had come down with the evacuees replaced Mr Stevenson, killed when the North Street School was bombed.

Mr Mickelburgh appeared impossibly remote. Once I was standing in line at assembly and holding a conker on a string. Being so junior I was right at the front and Mr Mickelburgh leaned forward, seized conker and string and, without a word, swept both into the empty fireplace behind him. I remember no other direct contact with him. There was a school game in the grounds which involved everyone, masters included. It began with a single boy holding a length of rope catching another boy, then the two catching another until the initial position was completely reversed and the whole process started again.'

PETER JEROME

'We moved to Culvercroft in 1950 my father becoming headmaster of all three Petworth schools boys, girls and infant. My parents had met while training to be teachers and set up home at Petworth where my mother's family came from and where she had grown up. I assume that he may have taken over from Mr Mickleburgh but I am not sure. It would not have been easy as memories of the Boys' School bombing would have still been very raw in the town.

We lived in a flat at Culvercroft and had to walk through part of the school to get to our bathroom. I have an abiding memory of the place being so cold and like most houses in those days there was no central heating, just open fires and stoves. I would often go round with a Mr Knight who would among other tasks get the fires laid up. We would carry bundles of firewood, or 'pimpsies' as he called them in the true Sussex fashion, from room to room ensuring that the fires were ready

for the following day. The kitchen at Culvercroft was large as they were cooking not only for the Petworth schools but also Tillington and Duncton and probably others. I was very fond of the kitchen ladies. Above the kitchen was a room that we called the Billiard Room the name had evidently stuck from when it was a private house.

There were only two classes at Culvercroft, the main one being downstairs with another upstairs at the back. Strangely I cannot remember any of the teachers but then I would have been at the infants and then I would go on to the girls' school. I cannot recall a dining room however the children obviously ate somewhere. It may have been at the back of the house as you went out to the playground which evidently was once a garden but it had been covered with tarmac by the time we arrived.

Father spent a lot of time trying to keep the three schools going which was extremely difficult as they were in very old buildings hardly suited to teaching and in very separate locations in the town. None of the schools had any grass areas which could be used for recreation. Dad did all of the administrative work for the three schools.

Life at Culvercroft was wonderful and I was really fortunate growing up there. Amazingly I got on really well with the boys and would often join in their games, though most of them were older than me. Of course during the school holidays and at weekends Culvercroft would become really quiet and I would be free to roam the house and gardens. The junction outside Culvercroft was very busy and I often wonder how the children who would come down from the other schools for their lunch could cross the road safely. At Goodwood time Special Constable Clifford would be on point duty outside ensuring that the traffic did not snarl up the town.

We left Culvercroft as the new primary school was about to open. Dad knew that the school would close and we would have to find a new home. The Estate had nothing available and so we moved to Easebourne and he would commute to Petworth as head of the new primary school.

Dad died in 1977. He was about to retire at Easter but sadly passed away in the January, he was not quite 60.'

ELIZABETH NEVE

'My first memory of Culvercroft was going to have our school lunch there, each boy had to hold hands with a girl pupil and walk down the Back Alley from the Infants' School. I was very fond of the dinner ladies and one in particular who if we said please and thank you would give us an extra dollop of powdered chocolate on top of the regulation semolina pudding.

There were only two classes when I was at Culvercroft. The juniors were taught by Mr Rivett who came from near Petersfield and drove in each day in a Morris Minor van. Like all teachers Mr Rivett was prepared to give the slipper to

any lad who misbehaved and I remember one boy who would put his head on the table and begin crying before the slipper hit the target. I guess that the anticipation was almost as bad as the actual punishment.

Playtime was in the yard on the south side of the school parts of which in the winter would be covered in ice. An improvised ice rink would be created until one day a boy fell and broke his wrist which put an end to the skating.

Sports day was usually held on the front lawn, any other times it was strictly out of bounds. There were other occasions that seem to have stuck in my mind such as a sixteenth century pageant that was held at Culvercroft. The girls from the East Street School also took part and our parents were invited to watch the proceedings. We had plays and carols at the Iron Room or the Girls' School.

Football was played in the Park with Mr Rivett in charge. We had no PE kit or boots and there were no rules to the game. We simply ran about kicking whatever and then at the end we put our jackets back on and marched back to the school, no showers in those days. One of my school jobs was to go to the East Street Girls' School and collect the dinner money for Mr Hill the headmaster. I would have to knock on the classroom door and wait for Miss Slade to say "enter". I would then be met with a "Yes, well what do you want"? I felt like saying "the dinner money the same as last week" but considered it prudent to ask politely for Miss Slade was rather large and not to be messed with.

Mrs Hill the headmaster's wife was our teacher for arts and crafts. The class took place in one of the upper rooms and usually consisted of painting various subjects or making something out of raffia, both of which skills I have long since forgotten. When my time at Culvercroft came to an end Mrs Hill gave me a book on British butterflies for being the most mischievous lad she had ever taught.

GRAHAM BERRY

My earliest memory of Culvercroft is walking from the Infants' School each day for lunch. Mrs May Stoner would shepherd us down Rosemary Lane, along Damers Bridge and Saddlers Row and across Pound Street to the school. I don't have strong recollections of the meals other than chocolate pudding and custard being one of my favourites. Mrs Wakeford was in charge of the kitchens and the meals would be served through a hatch. I would guess I was seven or eight when I started at Culvercroft and would stay there until I was eleven. There would be an assembly each morning which was held in the classroom on the left at the front of the school, we would sing hymns which I am told could be heard by passers-by in Pound Street. Our classroom was above the kitchen in what is now The Wall House and Mr Rivett, who I believe came from Harting, was our teacher for quite a lot of the time. We also had Mrs Hill, wife of the headmaster for art. She would get us to make potato patterns and fill scrapbooks. I can still hear her saying 'look

after the edges and the middle will look after itself. Of course she was referring to the application of the paste on the back of the scraps. Another teacher was Mr Hall, who lived at Tillington, he was very strict and if he caught you slacking or misbehaving would hit you with a book.'

JOHN TOWNSEND

'I remember walking along the corridor towards the headmaster's office and one of the classroom doors was slightly ajar and from within I could hear Miss Slade loudly reprimanding a boy for not knowing his thirteen times table. I felt sorry for the child as like him I didn't know the thirteen times table and still don't.'

ROSEMARY THOMPSON

'The only teacher that I had was Miss Slade and we were taught in the big downstairs classroom while the younger boys were upstairs at the back of the school. The dining room was at the rear of the building looking out on to the playground.

The great freeze of 1963 saw me and Richard Pennells having to clear the snow off the footpath around the school, we would often have to fill the coal scuttle to keep the big stove going in the classroom. Mr Playfoot was the gardener at Culvercroft and he lived near to us in North Street. Little things that I remember, we weren't ever allowed to use the front door; Mr Hill the headmaster would take us to the Park to play football; we went to the Girls' School in East Street to do country dancing.'

NEIL COSTELLO

'As you went in the front door Mr Hill's office was on the right and our classroom was on the left. On the wall facing down the drive was a fireplace and it was our job to keep it topped up with coal. Milk came in third of a pint bottles and as a prank we would fill a drinking straw with milk and place one end in the fire. The milk in the straw would turn to steam and shoot out of the end like a rocket; we thought it was great fun though it was greatly disapproved of by our teacher. Every so often the crates in which the milk came in would also contain a few bottles of orange squash though I don't know why. The milk came in a third of a pint bottles and just occasionally there would be orange juice as well though I cannot recall any of the boys having orange. The milk would come up from the dairy at Flathurst and was stacked in crates outside and to the right of the front door. There were two classes, the younger boys being taught in an upstairs room at the back of the school. I learnt my times tables by rote in that room, we would chant endlessly in unison until eventually the numbers sunk in. I remember the school meals quite clearly, I was always hungry. The dinner ladies had a rule that if you didn't eat your 'firsts' then you couldn't have a pudding. Not a problem that I experienced as I used to eat everything put in front of me.

The lawn at the front of the building was strictly out of bounds. Miss Slade, silver white hair, a stout lady with a blue cardigan and tweed skirt, she had a habit of slapping our legs for what seemed like very little reason, I can visualise her now. School dinners were by no means cheap, five shillings a week, paid on a Monday. I seem to recall that a Mrs Stoner was a dinner lady as was Mrs Stansmore from Hampers Green. I remember chocolate cake covered by bright pink custard and of course the ubiquitous semolina and tapioca puddings served with a dollop of jam.

In Mr Hill's study there was a wireless from which BBC schools programmes were piped around the building. Each class had a point where a speaker box could be connected; these were very similar to an electricity power socket. I remember Tony Stansmore being sent to collect the speaker ready for a programme, he dutifully returned and setting the speaker down decided to see what happened if he inserted the speaker plug into the electric rather than the radio socket. Needless to say the result was immediate and the speaker was more or less destroyed. I don't recall the consequences of his action but no doubt it would have been severe.'

ROD TYLER

Culvercroft as it appeared in the sale particulars for 'A Fine Georgian Farmhouse, Two Town Houses and Eight Country Cottages and Houses Being Parts of the Leconfield Estate' in 1974.



Charles Whitcombe, chemist and druggist

No. 27 in the continuing series of old Petworth traders. Miles Costello

Imagine the present Austens shop divided in two down the centre. Not so difficult really and in 1870 that is how it would have appeared, the right-hand side occupied as today by Austens with the left-hand half being the premises of Charles Whitcombe, Chemist & Druggist. The division of the building is still apparent with the entrance to the chemists being where the present shop door is while immediately to the right would have been the door which served the part occupied by the ironmonger.

The Market Square business appears to have continued successfully for many years with Whitcombe becoming a Parish Councillor and a familiar face in the town. Clearly he had become a man of some standing in the community and in 1897 he purchased a similar business in Chapel Street at Petersfield. The expansion may not have gone quite as planned for little more than a year later he stood before the Petersfield magistrates accused of selling adulterated milk of sulphur. The case was brought by the County Analyst and hinged on whether Whitcombe should have been aware of new regulations that banned the presence of sulphate of calcium

A wooden pill box for Whitcombe's Tonic & Digestive Pills from the late nineteenth century.



in milk of sulphur. Following expert evidence, the magistrates dismissed the case but advised the chemist that he should be aware of changes in the regulations. While exonerated, his reputation would have been somewhat tarnished and it may have influenced his decision to take on a partner at Petworth, for in the following year Frank Rogers joined him in the Market Square business. The partnership was short-lived and may well have been planned, for just two years later, having served the town for three decades, Whitcombe would retire to his Petersfield shop leaving his former partner to continue at Petworth.

Petworth Polish Camp (1)

Ziggi Janiec (formerly Zigmunt Krawczyk) in conversation with Miles Costello

This may be the first in a series of short recollections of life in the Polish Camp at Petworth Park during the late 1940s and through to the very early 1960s. The camp which was situated immediately north of the Lower Pond in the Park was a former military holding base that had become vacant following D-Day, and which after a certain amount of refurbishment eventually became officially 'The Polish Housing Estate'. Home to a large number of displaced Polish families the camp had a surprisingly static population with most families leaving only when permanent homes were found, consequently a substantial number of residents remained in the camp for many years and indeed considered it very much as home. What became apparent from hearing the memories of those bought up in the camp was the sense of community that developed and which survives among former residents to this day. Relationships formed in the camp have stood the test of time and stories of friendships with children from the wider Petworth community are still fondly recalled. While there appear to be conflicting opinions on the exact size of the camp there can be little doubt that it was substantial as a surviving Rural District Council rental register lists the tenants of some 104 huts.

With no previous connection to the camp I was fortunate enough to be invited to a reunion picnic of former camp 'children' in August this year that was planned to be held in Petworth Park. The weather on the day was foul but the now quite elderly 'children' were determined to visit the site of the camp. Unfortunately nothing obvious remains though it is still possible to roughly determine the location of individual huts, no mean feat when considering that some of the 'children' had not been back for sixty years. The huge oak upon which the children once swung survives as do the deep grooves in a branch created by the rope upon which a swing was attached. The picnic, which due to the weather was held at The Hampers Green Community Centre, was a great success with former camp residents coming from as far afield as Essex and further reunions were planned.

The following recollection is the result of a recent conversation that I had with Ziggi Janiec along with extracts from an account of his time at the camp that he wrote for a web site created by Ryszard Starzec which can be found at www.petworthpolishcamp.com. At the end of the memoir is a list of names of some former residents of the camp many of which will be familiar to locals.

'My mother was just sixteen when war broke out and she was taken by the German Army from Poland to Austria where she spent the duration of the war working on a farm. Meanwhile my father was in the Polish army which retreated into Russia and he eventually ended up in the Middle East and North Africa before becoming involved in the battle for Monte Casino. At the end of the war there were of course a huge number of displaced people and one of the first places where camps were set up was newly liberated Italy and that is where my parents met. Like so many refugees they were given a choice as to where they preferred to go. They could of course be repatriated back to Poland but that would have meant living under the Russians, the other options were France, Britain or America. France was thought too close to possible future troubles in Europe while America seemed too far, Britain however was far enough away but not so far if things improved in Poland and they were able to return home. Having settled on Britain to make their home my parents first went to a resettlement camp at Diddington in Cambridgeshire where I was born at No.6 Polish General Hospital in June 1947. Later that year we transferred to a camp at Slinfold before finally arriving at Petworth Park Camp No.3 in June 1948.

Petworth Camp Number 3 was located on the northern banks of the Lower Pond, within the Park; the number three was a military reference as the camp had been used during the war in preparation for D-Day. Camp numbers one and two were evidently further along the London Road in what is now The Pheasant Copse. Our camp contained Nissen huts for about 60 families though you suggest that there may have been many more. There was a chapel and a priest's house, a shop, a small school and a large community hall. There was a main gate and the road ran round the perimeter of the camp in a large circle. A second gate had been closed off but one could see where it had been, as the rebuilt wall was quite new. There was a bus stop and a muddy layby opposite the camp gate. Just inside the main gate was a small roundabout then the road carried straight on running parallel with the north shore of the lake or lower pond as you now call it before eventually turning and returning back to the roundabout. At the top of the camp there was a short spur off the road with three or four huts, but generally most of the homes were on the main camp road.

The camp's perimeter was a six feet high fence constructed to keep out the park deer and protect our crops. We were able to grow our own potatoes, cabbages, peas, broad beans, beetroot, carrots, cucumbers, radishes and many herbs. We also kept a large number of chickens, rabbits and pigeons for the table. This self-sufficiency was quite necessary as the population of Britain was still on ration books and each family was limited as to how much food they were allowed to purchase. Most families would also preserve cabbage and cucumbers in a large wooden beer barrel. In many ways we were extremely fortunate as each hut, or barrak as we called them, was allocated a large plot of land, in fact much more than most of the locals had.

I lived with my parents and younger brother in hut 67, a Nissen hut approximately 6 metres wide by 12 metres long. The hut was split into two bedrooms and a large living area. The corrugated metal roof and sides were covered in black pitch for waterproofing. There was no insulation and when it rained it was very noisy indeed. At one end of the living area was a kitchen sink with just a cold tap. A small porch attached to the front of the hut protected us from the worst of the elements. There were two small windows in the brick built front and back walls and one large dormer type window cut into the curved side of the hut. A short walk from each family hut was a W.C. block with individual lockable toilet cubicles and cold showers. Most children tried everything to avoid showering and



Six residents of the camp. From left to right: Mrs H. Krawczuk, her son Tadeusz, Krystof Krawczyk, Rosalia Krawczyk, Zygmunt Krawczyk and Lydia Stefanska.

the fortunate among us were able to bathe in hot water, heated in the hut and poured into a small tin bath.

No I don't recall any sort of hierarchy in the camp, though there may have been. After all we were really just council tenants and so everything would have been administered from Newlands at Petworth. Of course Father Busiuk the priest was very important and would have had considerable standing in the community as I suppose would Mr Cisek the teacher who I knew very well as he was our neighbour and lived in the barrak next door. He was a very pleasant man who after school would teach us Polish history and language.

Yes I remember Petworth Fair; it was a wonderful sight with the bright lights and noise. I remember the chairplanes so vividly as though it were yesterday, in fact I have been back to the fair and I must say that very little has changed, perhaps a little smaller but the atmosphere is still there. I went to the infants' school in the town when I was five though I knew no English at all, however like many of the other Polish children I soon picked it up. We children would walk in to Petworth two abreast with perhaps two adults marshalling us, yes it was quite a long way for small children but not unusual in those days. I seem to remember walking to the girls' school for lunch but you suggest it would have been the boys' school at Culvercroft by Bacons shoe shop. It is sad to see the shop has gone, in fact the town is not quite the same without it. Petworth traders would come to camp to deliver goods. I can certainly remember the baker's van and I believe that we even had a milk delivery each morning.

Occasionally my family and I would walk out on a Sunday afternoon to the Pheasant Cope where there had been other military camps though by then they were derelict and covered with rhododendrons and other shrubs. Yes I remember the large concrete water tower and the ponds though they were very overgrown in those days.

My mother often went apple picking at Kirdford as did many Polish women and she also worked in the kitchens at Seaford College at Duncton. She had several good friends in Petworth and sometimes my younger brother and I would go and stay with Mr and Mrs Whittington, who lived in a cottage in Damer's Bridge which was later demolished to make the entrance to the present carpark, until my mother finished work. They were a lovely elderly couple and as a young child I was most impressed that they had a television which was quite unusual in those days.

As most of the residents of the camp were Catholic the church played an important role in the social life of the community. I recall that on the feast of Corpus Christi the people would build and adorn with flowers and foliage four altars and the congregation would process singing and reciting prayers, from the chapel to the first altar, and then each altar in turn, with flower petals being strewn on the ground by the children who had just received their first Holy Communion.

Christmas was always very exciting for a small child. We would have a large Christmas tree adorned with home baked biscuits, crepe paper twists and small red candles and with a Polish version of the crib beneath. On the feast of St. Nicholas, which was celebrated on the sixth of December all the families would gather in the community hall and eagerly await the arrival of our Father Christmas (St. Nicholas) who would enter the hall in procession dressed similar to a Bishop, wearing a mitre and carrying a crozier. He would have many attendants who were dressed as angels and elves. Father Christmas would make his way up onto the stage where he sat down on a large throne to preside over the ceremony of present giving. In front of him was a huge pile of wrapped gifts destined for every child present. As your name was read out by an attending angel you had to leave your seat, walk up the central aisle and onto the stage. Handed a present and asked if you had been good he presented you with a birch twig which he neatly tucked under the ribbon of your present, saying "This is for your parents when you are naughty". Gripping your present tightly you would run in fear back to your seat and the safety of your family. I could not say if the twig was ever used, but I have been good ever since.

Eventually my family circumstances changed and in late 1955 having found improved accommodation we left the camp. Most of the remaining families were eventually housed in council houses in Petworth or within the local villages of Plaistow, Kirdford, Northchapel, and Bury. All around the Petworth area, where they were in groups of two or three families, integrated into the local village life. On reflection, I think this was very forward thinking in 1956. I am pleased to say that a few of us still keep in touch and meet from time to time.

Here are just some of the families that I remember, who lived on the camp. Of course there were many more but it was after all a long time ago.'

SOME FORMER RESIDENTS OF THE CAMP

Mr and Mrs Krawczuk with their children, Lila, Tadek and Krystyna, Mr and Mrs Starzec with their children, Stasha, Krystyna, Ryszard and Tadeusz, Mr and Mrs Dulas with their daughters Zosia and Marysia, Mr and Mrs Krawczyk and their sons Zygmunt and Krzysztof, Mr and Mrs Stempien with their children George, Joseph and ?, Mr and Mrs Pisarek with their children, George, Maria and ?, Mr and Mrs Kusy with their children, Mrs Bandrowska with her daughter Krystina and her mother, Mr Czesław Ogrodnik and their sons Olek and Edward, Mr Franczisek Cisiek, the schoolteacher, Mr and Mrs Zajac, Mr and Mrs Saganowski, Mr and Mrs Turek, Mr Wenglasz, Mr and Mrs Wisniewski, Mr and Mrs Szcotka with their daughters Elizabeth and Krystina, Mr and Mrs Krol with their children Anna and Henrick, Mr Swienton with children Andzej, Micheal and Joe, Mrs Kopiec and her grown up son Mr Jozef Kopiec, Mr and Mrs Czarnopolski and their son Janek and daughter Janka, Mr and Mrs Wasielenko and their children, Mr and Mrs Konarski, Mr and Mrs Hubert and Mr and Mrs Rutkowska.

Could we have made it work?

Angus Heron in conversation with Caroline Egremont and the editor

I came to Petworth early in 1966, answering a jobs vacant either in a national newspaper or perhaps in the Commercial Grower magazine which I took at the time. I was to take charge of part of the famous gardens at Petworth House. It was something of a new departure: the gardens were to be divided into separate private and commercial sections – the latter with an accent on lettuce and celery grown in Ganwick glass frames, effectively large cloches, and produced out of season. An immediate apparent difficulty was that the glass was heavy to manoeuvre and hence very labour intensive. It was before the advent of plastic tunnels. There were, of course, the old greenhouses but they didn't really lend themselves to commercial growing and they had benches too. They could be utilised to some extent: tomatoes might be grown with carnations or lettuce with peaches but this was doubtfully viable in a commercial sense.

Fred Streeter was already effectively retired and being cared for by his housekeeper Florie Hamilton. Mrs Streeter I never knew; she had died before I came. Fred was in no way involved with the commercial side and indeed seemed largely to have withdrawn from the private side. Here Mr Spencer was in charge, helped by the long-serving and experienced Harold Cobby. Mr Spencer died very suddenly; I remember him leaving us to go home when we finished work one evening. The next day he was dead.

Fred Streeter always seemed engaging enough to me given the rare occasions on which I encountered him. He was surprisingly sprightly for a man of ninety or more. I remember we were taking out some old apple trees and I was about to move some cut branches out of the way for him. 'Don't bother' he said and simply skipped over them. If Mr Spencer and Harold Cobby had charge of the private garden, we had Reg Withers, Don Exall, Michael Wort and several others, a reasonable workforce at the time.

Some of our produce went to wholesalers like Salbstein of Worthing and we were now producing courgettes in quantity. We soon found that growing small pot plants, especially chrysants for the Christmas market, was something we could develop. We'd buy them in as cuttings in September. There was a spray which kept them dwarfed and a particular time to do it. This had to be just right. I remember Percy Thrower featuring one of our potted chrysants at Fred Streeter's house in one particular television programme. The days of exhibiting were, of course, long gone.

We were living at Culvercroft in Pound Street in what had been the headmaster's flat. Culvercroft had at one time been the home of a local doctor and we were once visited by some relatives of his from America, but Culvercroft was not what it had been in its Georgian heyday and it was a somewhat sombre occasion.

We'd send up to Covent Garden but also supplied the local greengrocers. The lorry that collected for market did not come down into the gardens themselves but picked up from the Estate Yard. We'd already have stacked the produce ready for them. We worked eight till five – others I can remember were Michael Moore and Steve Bradford, there are some I'm sure I've forgotten. In season we might cut dahlias and chrysants to sell on. Peaches demanded a particular speciality and Reg Withers had a great affinity with them. We charged the House for produce grown in the commercial section.

Mr Luard, the agent, perhaps unsurprisingly looked on our activities with an accountant's eye. I remember him saying to me that it was ridiculous to spend so much time and money growing something you could pick up for half the price at the International Stores. I wonder if he had ever tasted a Petworth House peach or nectarine. I always thought he found it difficult to adjust to the idea

of the once famous Petworth Gardens acquiring the image of a market garden. The fact was that we were struggling to balance the books although I felt that further diversification might have made the difference. I envisaged expanding into bedding plants and developing the pot-plant side. Of course, income remained very seasonal; there was no point in growing lettuce in the height of summer. What we did try were beefsteak tomatoes, something of an innovation then.

One significant outlet for our produce was selling with the National Trust at Petworth House. We'd bring the produce up through the stable arch. Mrs Wragg, Mrs Barnes, Mrs Greest and others all had long Estate backgrounds and were only too keen to help.

Mr Luard took our accounts to the agents Strutt & Parker and the gardens reverted to private use. It was suggested that I remained on as a butler. I remember Pamela Lady Egremont asking if it was something I really wanted to do. I had to say that the prospect didn't appeal to me. I'd always been in the open air. I worked on locally as a self-employed gardener, then as a milkman, finally at the age of 72 returning to Carnoustie in Angus where I was born. If my former milk-round customers remember me may I, at the age of 86, wish them all the very best.

'... a pillar box by a farm'

Linda and Ian's Gumber walk. 19 August 2018. Peter Jerrome

How long since we were last at Gumber? *PSM* 158 says 21 September 2014. It's a longer walk than usual, with one or two reasonably gentle gradients. Right for Madehurst, just off the Whiteways roundabout. As in 2014 'a narrow road, a half cluster of houses, a pillar box by a farm'. Kelly's 1907 Directory says, 'wall letterbox cleared at 10.30 a.m. and 4.30 p.m. ... Population in 1901: 192. Colonel Fletcher of Dale Park House the sole landowner.'

Ian picks up the sound of a Merlin engine, unseen. It's overcast but there's no sign of rain. It'll be a Spitfire. Flints and the fragrance of wild mint in deep ruts, hardened by the dry summer but now slowly filling again with water. Uphill through a wood to come out in a flinty field where the off-purple heads of hemp agrimony have taken over, toadflax and the occasional ragwort banished to the edge. Whatever anonymous crop had been there no doubt dried up. Holly still in small bright green berry. Are the blackberries smaller than usual this year?

We meet a cheerful party of three with two dogs but otherwise there is no one in the woods. Suddenly Gumber lies before us at the foot of a grassy slope. Bill Mouland had come here as a boy of thirteen just before the war. 350 sheep.

Just Bill and his father but no hired help. Welsh mountain sheep, not Southdown (*PSM* 147). Gumber, now National Trust, has excellent facilities for campers but all's Sunday afternoon quiet, even the rangers' vehicles at rest. 'Lift up your hearts in Gumber' says a plaque, but it remains a solitary place, as I observed in 2014 a little understated for Belloc's flights of rhetoric. Down the path past a restored Sussex barn, then left, a long slow incline with a vast field to the right. It brings us back to the field with the hemp agrimony. Perhaps we won't leave Gumber so long again.

Right. A row of traditional downland brick and flint cottages (National Trust) at Gumber. Photograph by Dave Spicer (Wikimedia Commons).



Wojtek – the bear who joined the Polish Army

The Petworth Society September meeting, Keith Thompson

Yes, really – not just as a mascot, but actually enlisted as a soldier in the 22nd Artillery Brigade of the Polish Army in World War II.

But how, where and why?

There is a long history of animals in warfare. Horses immediately come to mind; dogs, carrying messages, finding missing people; camels carrying casualties; elephants pulling aircraft on airfields and clearing debris; dolphins detecting mines and underwater swimmers, sea lions too; pigeons, some on bombers with messages to be released in the event of being grounded to inform of position; monkeys, goats, even a fox.

Wojtek ('Happy Soldier') appeared as a tiny bear cub in the company of a little girl on a railway station in Iran, where the remnants of the Polish Army had paused on their escape from Siberia, whither they had been deported following the invasion of Poland in 1939, when all officers had been executed.

Wojtek immediately formed a bond with the soldiers who took him on to Egypt with them. He behaved like a human child, learning to shower himself, particularly liking water, and enjoying cuddles. But he grew, massively, six feet tall and weighing eighteen stone, strong, boisterous, but always gentle as he wrestled and danced. He grew to like a glass of beer which he held skilfully in his front paws and would even take a lit cigarette, put it into his mouth, but then spit it out.

Once trained, the 22nd Artillery Brigade moved to fight in Italy, serving with distinction at Monte Casino, where it was credited with breaking the five-month siege. Wojtek was involved, picking up logs and carrying bombs.

It had become necessary to travel to Italy by ship, but the British and American authorities would not allow 'livestock' on board. Wojtek's army comrades overcame this problem by enlisting him as a soldier, complete with all the paperwork and ration provisions. After all, he did need twice the usual amount! So, he had permission to stay with the army.

The war over, many Poles – refugees as well as soldiers – were reluctant to return to Poland, where Stalin had 'plans' for them. Many came to England as well as other countries, first housed in resettlement camps on redundant military bases – there were three around Petworth, the last closing in 1959, by which time there had been successful integration with the local community. Many Polish names are still to be found here, three or four generations on.

Wojtek went to a site in Scotland, where he spent two happy years, going to

dances and the local swimming pool, but when the Brigade was disbanded in 1947 Wojtek went into Edinburgh Zoo, still visited by his handler. He enjoyed having many Polish visitors and even appeared on the BBC children's television programme 'Blue Peter'.

He died at the age of 21 – typical for a bear like him – in 1963. Since then, there have been several books written about him and statues erected here and abroad.

We haven't mentioned the evening's speaker. Pete Fijalkowski, whose father served in the Polish Army and whose mother was in the audience with us. Both parents had survived the ordeal of deportation to Siberia. Pete is a great friend and supporter of the Society, especially of the Book Sales, so there was a special rapport on this his second talk, so interesting.

Great to have you back and thank you, Pete.



Wojtek and a colleague. Neither the location nor the identity of the soldier are known.

On 24 September the *Independent* reported that 'The creators behind *The Snowman* are working on a new film about Wojtek, a brown bear recruited into the Polish army during World War II.' A *Bear Named Wojtek* will be a 30-minute hand-drawn animation developed by Ian Harvey, the executive producer of the 1982 adaptation of Raymond Briggs' *The Snowman*. Its release will coincide with the 75th anniversary of VE Day on 8 May 2020.

In Petworth Square at twelve o'clock!

Peter Marston in conversation with Caroline Egremont and the editor

I was born near Lancaster, my wife is a Cumbrian, her family lived in Cockermouth but with no connection to the castle. By the time I was twelve I was living with my parents on the outskirts of Manchester. I left school on 5 November 1955 and the very next day I was working for the Forestry Commission some eighty miles away. I would spend six years with them mainly in Staffordshire. Often we would spend time in north Wales. I would then manage several acres for Bradford Corporation water works. In 1963 I decided the time was right to move on and began to look around. Two vacancies in the quarterly journal of the Royal Forestry Society caught my attention. One at Battle Abbey and one at Petworth. I applied for both. Battle never replied but there was interest from Petworth and an interview was arranged. My father-in-law was a stationmaster with a vast knowledge of railway networks so he came down with me from Bradford to Pulborough where we were met by Mr Jemmett the estate forester. He dropped us off in Petworth Square at twelve o'clock saying 'I'm off to lunch, I'll see you in an hour.' He showed us some of the woods and some possible family houses and then confided that he was not really to say so, but if I were still interested the job was mine. We were to live initially at 152 Whites Green, next door to Mr Aplin the gamekeeper at 153. Mr Jemmett told me that I would be doing the same work as I had been doing 'up north'. I gathered that Mr Jemmett himself was fairly new, replacing Stewart Robertson who had been forester from the early 1940s.

The Forestry Commission, and private landowners in general, were still in the throes of replenishing what had been sacrificed to the war effort twenty years and more before. So much had been felled and not replaced. Those were days when anything would do. 'Chestnut' palings could be chestnut – they might also have been ash or alder or even birch, anything to keep the tanks moving in the desert.

I soon found that beating was part of my new job. It was not something that I enjoyed and when, two years later, it became voluntary I gave up. The estate only provided us with waterproof trousers. When you were walking through tall kale you could be soaked with water or ice so I improvised with a fertiliser bag into which I cut holes for my head and arms. I wore this over my normal work clothes. Tall kale would collect water and shower you with it as you passed. Shooting for partridges began in September, for pheasants in October. The pheasants would be so tame that I have known one take the cheese out of my sandwiches. For a day's beating we would receive fifteen shillings and a half a day off in the week.

Below.

Morning sun filtering through autumn mist in Pheasant Copse in October 2018.

A scene unchanged from the years when Peter Marston was working here.



In the normal run of things I didn't see much of Mr Aplin but I did differ with him over his determination to cut the beaters' lunch time from an hour to thirty minutes. I couldn't see the point. It simply meant we would go out to our starting points and wait an extra half an hour for the guns to come out. There were three drives in a morning and normally two in the afternoon sessions, finishing about four o'clock when darkness was falling. I remember that Gerald Webb would drive to collect the hot pies for our lunch. We would wash this down with a bottle of cold beer, Mr Aplin making sure it was only one bottle per man. Sometimes we had soup. My children assure me that it was always oxtail, the favourite of a certain head keeper! I remember Harold Macmillan was a particularly good shot, and that the Spanish Ambassador was a frequent visitor on shoot days. If I found a pheasant's nest in the woods, I would mark it with a stick so that the keepers could collect some of the eggs for the incubators. In return we would find a nice plump rabbit hanging by our coats. Hares? We didn't often see them, sometimes along the A272 at Tillington when we were on a partridge shoot.

Work began at seven in the morning, stopping for a cup of tea at 8.55 for about ten minutes. Sometimes we would be close enough to go home at twelve for lunch. More usually we would take a large Thermos and not go home until 5 p.m. In the winter we started at ten minutes past seven. For bad weather we had a tarpaulin for shelter.

Gerald Webb was our foreman and had only just come to the estate before I did. Others I remember were John Webb (no relation), Owen Glue, Mick Carver, George Ede, George Baigent, George Puttick, Peter Johnson, Arthur Hill, Cyril Banting (winch tractor driver), Frank Ridgewell who lived in his own cottage way up on Bexley Hill, Bill Meachen the carpenter at the Gog lodges, Bill Standing, carpenter for the north beat and lastly but by no means least Jesse Howard, the former foreman on the north beat who delayed his retirement until Gerald settled in.

Gerald had tightened things up on the northern beat. We woodmen normally worked in pairs which meant that we could be spread all over the north beat, but Gerald would visit most days, sometimes accompanied by Mt Jemmett. Chainsaws were becoming more commonly used making much of our work easier. The saws were kept in locked boxes, each the responsibility of a particular pair of operators. When not in use the boxes were kept at the Estate Yard. I remember that, at the time, there had been a rash of chainsaw thefts locally. As with any edged tool, the chains would go blunt. They would then be taken by Gerald and brought back to the correct profile on a special machine. I once had a scary moment cutting an old birch tree in Pheasant Copse. Embedded in it was a large piece of metal, part of the telephone system installed by the Canadians encamped there during the war. The contact ripped the teeth right off. Gerald simply put an new chain on. The correct kit was a visor, helmet and calf-length

boots. A chain saw needed to be treated with respect.

An unusual job, left to contractors, was to cut alder. It was sent to Eley Kynoch in Glasgow to be used in the manufacture of gunpowder, saltpetre being extracted from the wood. Alders had to be cut back in the nature of things because their root systems ruined our ditches. It was a white wood when cut but turned bright orange after a short time and the sap would quickly ruin clothing.

During my first year doing the gates Bill Standing, the north beat carpenter taught me very well the art of gate maintenance. That year we replaced about seventy posts. Many of these were made of Estate wood on the Estate. Later on they would be brought in as it became cheaper. The gates were of course all oak except for the hinges, even the ingenious catches, to allow easy access for the horsemen and women. Very early on I saw a lady on horseback approaching a gate that was lying across the track with the two posts lying in the bushes. I cleared a way through for her and said 'What a mess. You would think that on an estate like this they'd do something about it.' The gate and posts were replaced in a few days. I later learned that Pamela, Lady Egremont had been the lady and that some 'Irishman' she'd met had told her about the gate. My accent is as much Yorkshire as anything but certainly not Irish!

The regular time to repair gates was September, just in advance of the cubbing season. It would normally take about a month. There were some eighty field gates and half as many hunting gates. Many of the gates were a good fifty years old and constructed in the old way with mortice and tenon joints. Sometimes I was told of the old Lord Leconfield who died in 1952. He had been a stickler for the hunting gates opening and closing at a touch. I was also told that he had a habit of making snap visits to local village churches on Sunday and noting if his employees were in the congregation. Perhaps this was just a story.

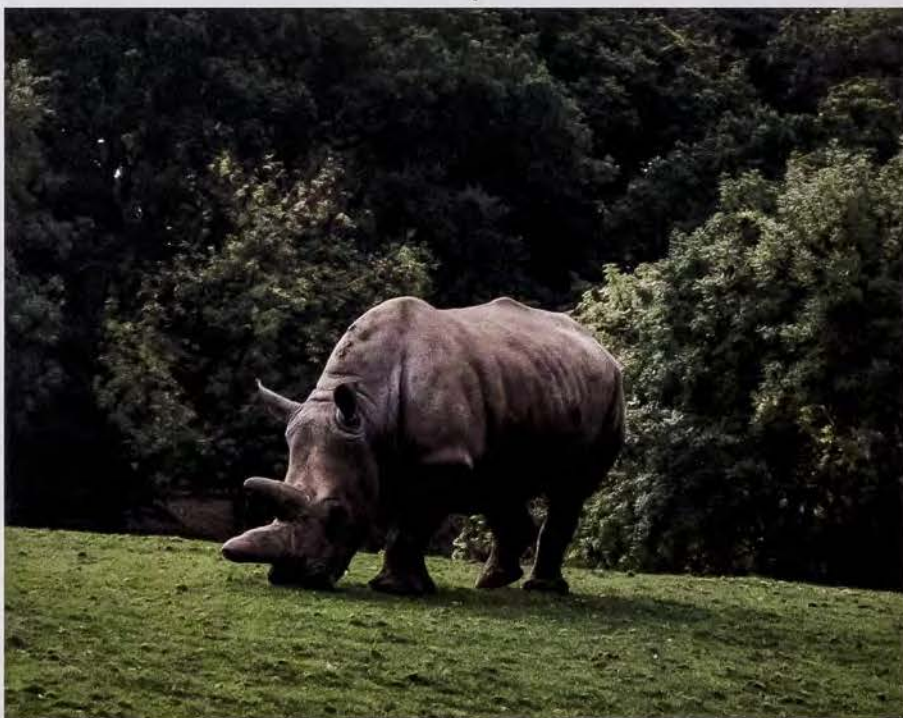
We moved to 163 Bishops Cottages in Lurgashall in 1970. This was the last tied cottage in the village.

Forestry was, still is, hard physical work. Clearing the ground, fencing it in to keep out rabbits, deer and any other pests and digging the ditches to drain the wet places. Finally, of course, planting the trees. In tune with most private estates, Leconfield tried to plant more hardwoods than softwoods. English oak and beech as main crop with European larch and Corsican pine as nurse crops to be removed in stages as they pushed up the hardwoods over a period of twenty years or so. We also planted spruce, Douglas fir and western red cedar. The earliest thinnings produced stakes for chicken wire and bean rods, later on as the thinnings became larger we made faggots to lay across the wet places in rides with Duncton sandstone over the top to make a firm place for tractors to travel. As tractors became larger, larger space had to be left to accommodate them. It's all a matter of proportion: compare the narrow, specially-made tractors used in

vineyards with the huge machines used in the woods today.

During my time at Petworth we had two tree nurseries. The first at Tillington on the south facing slope of a paddock between the church and the A272. This was full of spruce left over from previous planting in the woods. The new nursery was the garden of the old house at Snow Hill in the park. The ground was very fertile, we grew some trees there whose seed we had gathered on the estate. Usually the trees that were left over from a season's planting would be lined out for the next year.

Living on the Petworth Estate was not all about work. I remember playing cricket for the estate team with, amongst others Gerald Webb, Reg Withers and Jumbo Taylor. My wife and children remember Lady Egremont's Christmas parties. I myself remember being allowed days off to go to Royal Forestry Society events with Mr Jemmett and Cyril Banting who was also a member. I thought it quite apt as it was the advert in the Society journal that led me to be in Petworth Square at twelve o'clock.



Six middle-aged gentleman meerkats

Marwell Zoo, 2 October 2018. Peter Jerrome

'If it works don't change it' is usually sound advice, so a visit to Marwell Zoo might have been a little adventurous given the successful visits to Standen and Penshurst. We need not have worried: full coach and the usual sense of expectation. Familiar enough run to Petersfield then west past autumn spent fields and through the Meons to Marwell. I took notes, decided after a while that there was too much to describe, then left them in the coach by mistake.

Perhaps stray impressions are best. Children everywhere – that's the essence of zoos after all. Parents with pre-school toddlers, and school parties with teachers in high-vis yellow. Zoos traditionally pose a problem: is it right to keep animals in captivity? What do they think? We can never know. I think of the sloth in the newly opened Tropical House. A notice asks for a modicum of quiet. The sloth didn't get it when I was there, but there he was, tucked round a tree trunk motionless.

What the zoo does, above all, is to draw attention to the threat of extinction facing so many species, a range covering a field from 'extinct' to 'extinct in the wild' through various degrees of 'endangered' right through to 'least concern'.

Giraffes have dark blue tongues, the 'dragon' looked like a plastic toy until its eye twitched, the wild ass paddock seemed to have no one at home, as did the okapi's. Part of zoo life I suppose. Don't give human food to the meerkats, it raises their cholesterol levels. Six middle-aged meerkat gentlemen, sentinels and matriarchs in the wild. We watch them fed with crickets. A predatory bird will cause them to scamper into their holes at the call of the sentinel, a snake will suffer a myriad bites, even be killed by the whole colony acting as one.

Two different aspects, captivity and preservation – the threatened Grevy's zebra's numbers are up from 2,500 to 2,800; without help they could be declining with extinction looming. Above all, an emphasis on tending a world that man has misshaped. Rhinos, pygmy hippos, Dorcas gazelle, Przewalski's, the only truly wild horse. What's the point of taking notes? Another Debby and Gordon triumph.

Opposite. One of Marwell Zoo's white rhinos, *Ceratotherium simum*, incongruously yet contentedly grazing in the English landscape – a landscape quite unlike that of the animal's native southern Africa. These are the most sociable and the largest of the rhino family with adults weighing in the region of two tonnes. Photograph by Ian Godsmark.

'Eleanor Boniface' – the true history of Ethel Caine

Shaun Cooper

In 'The lost country of Eleanor Boniface' in *PSM* March 2016, I wrote that the book *Some People of Hogg's Hollow* is about Milland in West Sussex, and I said the author had been born there in 1880. However, a few months ago I made a startling discovery: 'Eleanor Boniface' had actually been the pen-name of Miss Ethel H. Caine, who had lived in Milland, and also in Mayfield in East Sussex. I had spent years researching the wrong person – led on a wild-goose chase by the large number of red-herrings the author had left in her wake.

Ethel Hansen Caine was born in Liverpool, on 27 September 1873, into a very wealthy family. Her great-grandfather, Lorentz Hansen, had been a ship broker and, although he died long before Ethel's birth, a steam ship built at Liverpool in 1874 was named *Ethel Caine*. She does not seem to have known many of the other male members of her family either, as both of her grandfathers died before she was born.

She grew up in her maternal grandmother's house where her parents also lived. Her mother, Emily Lucy, had been an only child, but her father, Arthur Francis Caine, came from a large Liverpool family. He was a merchant – however, he died young, when Ethel was just eight. Her mother's father, John Ellis, had been a tailor, born at Rhuddlan in Denbighshire, and the Ellis/Caine household seem to have mainly hired servants who came from that part of north Wales. Certainly, at the time of the 1881 Census, they had a servant called Mary, who had been born at St. Asaph; and the one they had at the Census of 1891 was called Marie, also from Denbighshire. And when Ethel later lived in the seaside town of Abergele, near Rhuddlan, she had a servant called Mary who had also been born in Denbighshire. Indeed, the central character of Ethel's second book, *S'Nellie's Welsh Fairy Tales* (as by Eleanor Boniface) is a servant called Mary, who was born in Denbighshire.

Ethel had a friend called Emily living with her at Abergele who was also from Liverpool, and the same age as she. Ethel's childhood friend Anne Mary Wolstenholme and her father were living in Abergele at that time (1901 Census) – and so were Jane Winifred Frances Arrowsmith and her parents. Miss Wolstenholme, who Ethel called 'Nannie', was twelve years older than she, and someone who she would stay in touch with for the rest of her life.

When Ethel was in her mid-thirties, she came to Sussex and in 1909 bought a house called Tuxlythe, in Milland. Miss Jane W. F. Arrowsmith, who was eight

years younger than Ethel, also moved in and she was still there at the time of the 1911 Census, but she left Milland at some point before 1918 and became a children's nurse and lived in London.

Sometime after 1911 but before 1918, Kitty Riddell moved in with Ethel. At the time of the census of 1911, she and her older sister Eliza had been living in nearby Haslemere. Eliza got married in 1914, so maybe it was then that Kitty moved to Milland. They came from a wealthy family in Athelstaneford, close to Edinburgh, and their father was a solicitor. Born in 1879, Kitty was six years younger than Ethel and, like her, she had a private income. Her full real name was Catherine Home Riddell – but it is clear that she was known mainly as Kitty from the fact that this is how she gave her name on the 1901 Scots Census; and because in the *Kelly's Directory* of 1918 she is listed as Miss K. H. Riddell of Tuxlythe; and because *S'Nellie's Welsh Fairy Tales* is dedicated: 'To K.H.R.' and that was published in 1929.

There are mentions of both women in *Milland: Living Memories* (2003), although their surnames are sometimes spelt differently. One contributor to the book says: 'When we were at school there was Miss Riddle and Miss Kane, living up at Tuxlythe in Milland Lane. One was the dainty one, the other dressed more like a man.'

In that book there are also fond references to the folk dancing classes that the two of them ran at Tuxlythe and in Bordon school, in the mid-1920s – and they also provided the children with hot cocoa and buns. They even led a folk dance group called the Tuxlythe Players, who had their own special costumes and performed at local events. There is a photograph of them with Kitty, in the book. The *Bognor Regis Observer*, 3 August 1921, refers to them as 'the popular Tuxlythe Players' – and this comment seems to suggest they were probably formed before that year.

Another report, in the *West Sussex Gazette*, 12 June 1924, about a fête held at Lynch on Whit-Monday, noted that: 'From an entertainment point of view, the prettiest item was the performance of Morris dances by the Tuxlythe Players – village lasses admirably trained by Miss Riddell and Miss Caine.'

Ethel was just over fifty when her first book *Some People of Hogg's Hollow* as by Eleanor Boniface was published, in 1924. It is entirely about Milland – or rather, it is mostly about that part of Milland which was formerly in Chithurst. And Eleanor Boniface was a real person, who had also lived in Milland. She had been born in what was then the northern part of the parish of Chithurst, in a cottage by Milland marsh; and later the family had moved to No. 4 Milland Lane, also in that part of the parish of Chithurst. But at the time of the 1911 Census, her parents were living at the northern end of Milland Lane, which is actually in the Hampshire parish of Liphook, and this is also where Tuxlythe is. At that time,

Eleanor, known as Nellie, was working as a servant at a house in Linchmere, and it is likely that she walked back to Milland on her days-off to see her parents and friends. In 1918 she married a Welshman, at Iping Church, and so the wedding party was probably held at her home in Milland Lane, Liphook. Perhaps Ethel was there, when Eleanor Boniface became Mrs. Edward Jones. Ethel must have known her and admired her – considering she took on the name ‘Eleanor Boniface’ as her pen-name.

It is clear that she was interested in names and that in her writing she liked to create authentic-looking place names that were like those they were based on. For example, she coined ‘Hogg’s Hollow’ by combining the names of Hogg’s Lane with Trotton Hollow. A pub name mentioned in that book, ‘The Jolly Woodcutters’ is a combination of the pub names of The Jolly Sailor that was nearby, on the Portsmouth Road, and The Woodcutters which was in Milland Lane, and it is also the name of an old folk song. Furthermore, many of the surnames mentioned in her writing of Milland were real local ones, such as Stacey, Petter, Jetton, Lintott, Marriner, and Trimmer – which are all recorded in the Milland book. And also worth noting here is that in *S’Nellie’s Welsh Fairy Tales* the servant is named Mary Edwards, and her father is given as Edward Edwards; and in real life Ethel’s family had a servant called Mary Evans (at the census of 1881) and her father’s name was Evan Evans.

It also seems that Ethel was very interested in language, particularly local dialects. This is something that comes across clearly when reading her Sussex work, and also in her English renditions of old Welsh tales. *Some People of Hogg’s Hollow* is almost entirely narrated in the dialect of north western Sussex, and some of the old words are so obscure that Ethel writes in brackets what they mean, and this is also something she did in a few of her Welsh tales.

S’Nellie’s Welsh Fairy Tales is a collection of her traditional folk tales that had been published, in English, in *Welsh Outlook* magazine 1927-8. She wrote some more tales and a few poems for the magazine in the early 1930s, but it ceased publication at the end of 1933. From 1932-4, she also had three articles published in *Sussex County Magazine* (one per year) which were titled ‘Reminiscences of a Country Woman’ and a similar shorter piece in *The Countryman* magazine in January 1933 – which are narrated by characters from *Some People of Hogg’s Hollow*. She also had two slim volumes of poetry published: *Welsh Ways and Days* (1935) and *Old Holy Things of Wales* (1936). Throughout the 1930s some of her Welsh tales were broadcast – in English – on the radio; and while at first these were those that had previously been published in *Welsh Outlook*, those that were broadcast towards the end of the decade included some new tales. The last two were broadcast in early 1939, and one of them, titled ‘Jenny’, is described in a newspaper as: ‘Two stories about a little girl who invented her own games.’



The front endpaper of *S’Nellie’s Welsh Fairy Tales* with two photographs of Ethel Hansen Caine and inscribed by Ethel ‘To Nannie with best Xmas wishes from “Eleanor”, December 1929. In other words: To Anne Mary Wolstenholme from Ethel Hansen Caine’. The indistinct newspaper cutting records: ‘CAINE – On Feb. 3, 1942, at a nursing home in Edinburgh, very suddenly, HANSEN CAINE, late of Tuxlythe, Milland, Liphook.’

It is not currently known when Ethel and Kitty left Milland. A report in the *West Sussex Gazette*, 30 June 1927, talks about a display by the Tuxlythe Country Dancers from Milland, led by Miss Heath; and so as the group had a different name now and were led by someone else, this seems to suggest that Ethel and Kitty were no longer involved with it. A date mentioned in the first of the 'Reminiscences of a Country Woman', 15 July 1926, is given as the day the piece was written – but it is very unlikely that this was the case (although it would take up too much space here to explain why) and so it could well be that July 1926 was actually when Ethel left Milland. And Tuxlythe was sold to the politician Hugh Gaitskell in the mid-1930s, so she and Kitty must have moved out by then. They settled in Old Court Cottage at Mayfield, East Sussex – which is where they were living at the time of the 1939 Register.

In the summer of 1941, on a postcard Ethel sent to Nannie, from Bowness-on-Windermere, in Cumbria, she wrote that she was now walking without any support – which seems to suggest that she had been ill or had had a fall.

She died 'very suddenly' (according to one newspaper) on 3 February 1942 in a nursing home in Edinburgh. The newspaper is not known, and anyway, the report is only three lines long (see page 41). There was no mention of her having been a writer – yet she had had her tales and poems of Sussex and of Wales published throughout the 1920s and '30s, and, in her writing about Milland, she had recorded much of the dialect of north western Sussex and written a lot about southern village life and the folklore there.

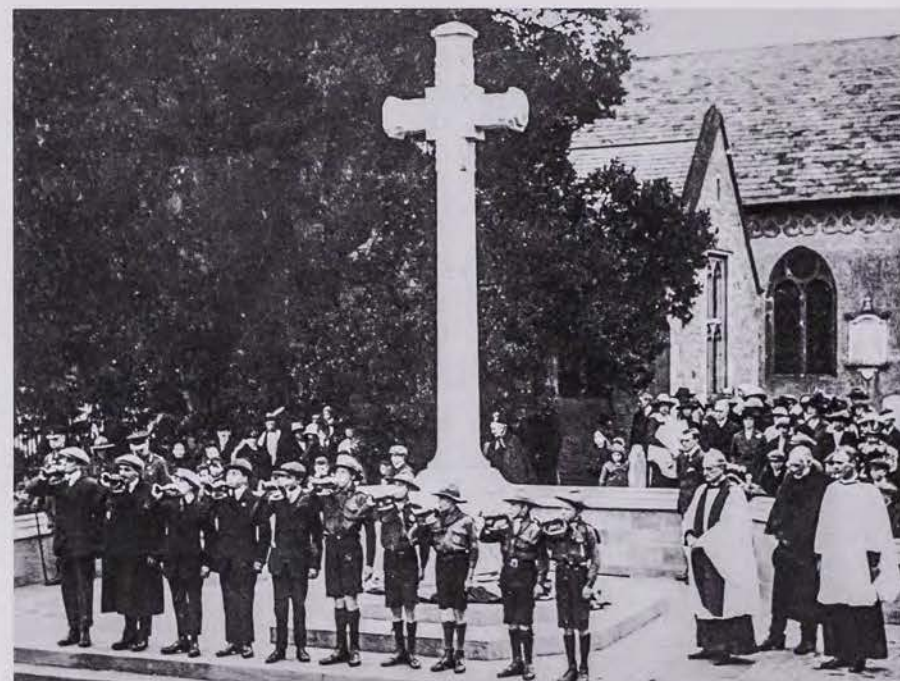
After Ethel's death, Kitty left Mayfield and returned to her homeland. She died in Edinburgh in 1958.

None of this story would have come to light if Ethel hadn't signed a copy of *S'Nellie's Welsh Fairy Tales* for Nannie as being to Nannie from 'Eleanor' and if Nannie hadn't written underneath the inscription: 'In other words: To Anne Mary Wolstenholme from Ethel Hansen Caine' And if the book hadn't come up for sale on Abebooks as it did in August this year, and if I hadn't seen it then... The book also includes two photographs of Ethel pasted on to the front endpaper, and some postcards from her to Nannie – and finding it brought me to the end of a quest that I set out on seven years ago: to know who Eleanor Boniface was and find out where she had lived. To my mind, then as now, she is one of the finest writers who ever wrote of Sussex.

This, from her Sussex poem 'House-proud' as by Eleanor Boniface:

Sometimes, on a stormy night,
Old house shakes, I get a fright.
Gawd! I says and prays to He,
Let 'un last as long as me.

1914-18. A miscellany



The dedication of Petworth War Memorial in 1921. Young buglers pay their own tribute, probably 'The Last Post'. An unattributed photograph.

On the following pages are some pieces of printed ephemera from the period, unlikely survivors from a time of unprecedented upheaval.

GROVE LAWN TENNIS CLUB,

e **PETWORTH.** *o*

THE ANNUAL INVITATION TOURNAMENT
will be held during the Second Week in September. The
events will be as follows :

Monday, Sep. 7. { Ladies' Doubles Handicap.
Ladies' Singles Open. } *Knock-out.*

Tuesday, Sept. 8* Mixed Doubles Handicap.
and Thursday, Sept. 10. (American.)

*The winners of this event will be entitled to hold the
Brydone Challenge Cup for one year.

Wednesday, Sept. 9. { Men's Doubles Handicap.
Men's Singles Open. } *Knock-out.*

FINALS on Friday or Saturday according to arrangements.

Play will commence at 11 a.m. each day, except Wednesday,
when it will be at 2 p.m.

Players under 17 years of age may not compete.

Entries, with Entrance Fee, must be sent on the accompanying
Form, on or before Monday, August 31st, to the

**HON. SEC.,
NEW GROVE,
PETWORTH,**

who will also be glad to hear of anyone willing to give a
Prize for the Tournament.

A little more than a month after the outbreak of war Grove Lawn Tennis Club plan their Annual Invitation Tournament. Over a hundred years later we can only wonder whether the tournament at the elite Grove Club actually took place.

Petworth War Memorial.

DEAR SIR (or MADAM),

At a **Public Meeting** on January 7th, Lord
Leconfield in the Chair, the proposals of the Petworth
War Memorial Committee were unanimously adopted.

These proposals embodied :—

(a) A handsome **Stone Cross**, 18ft. high, with suitable
inscription, to be erected at the corner of Church Street.

(b) A **stained Glass Window** in the South Aisle of
St. Mary's Church, and,

(c) A **Vellum Book**, to be placed in a stone casket
under the window, in which will be inscribed the names of
those men of Petworth who gave their lives for their
Country in the Great War.

It is believed that these plans, when carried out, will
constitute a worthy and appropriate War Memorial for Petworth
and it is hoped that the liberality and public spirit of the
inhabitants will enable them to be carried out in full.

The total cost of the Memorial, as above, will be, we
believe, at least **£650** and we trust that this sum will be
arrived at by generous contributions, commensurate with their
means, from all the people of Petworth.

Donations may be sent to **Mr. J. W. Stubbs**, Hon.
Treasurer, or paid in at either of the local Banks. They will
also be received by the Committee-ladies of the Nursing Associ-
ation or by the District Visitors.

(Signed) on behalf of the Committee,
LECONFIELD,
Chairman.

The appeal for funds for a memorial to honour those who died in the 1914-18 war.
Mr. Stubbs was manager at the Westminster Bank in Market Square.

Dear Sir or Madam,

In presenting the Report and Balance Sheet for the past year we beg to thank all those who have kindly given us their support in our endeavours to place the Branch on a firm basis.

Numerically, extraordinary progress has been made the membership increasing from 21 in January, 1919, to 343 in January, 1920.

The Committee feel that the movement does not overlap any existing organization, and though of mushroom growth has undoubtedly come to stay, and bearing in mind its origin and objects, they consider it unnecessary to apologize for appealing for funds to carry out the programme they have in hand.

They can report that the main object of the Association—"To preserve the Comradeship among the members and to press their claims, and also the claims of the Widows and Orphans of their fellow comrades"—has been strongly pursued with gratifying results.

This sphere of activities causes a vast amount of work and a large clerical expense with a consequent drain on the resources.

A Club has been opened and is being fairly well patronized, but at present the accommodation is somewhat limited, and schemes are in hand to raise funds for its extension.

The desire is to maintain a comfortable Club where the members may be able to spend their leisure in clean surroundings and with the provision of enjoyable recreation, whatever their taste or inclination.

A Cricket Club has been formed and promises to be a success, thanks to the efforts of Mr. E. Boyce Podmore in obtaining a mutual arrangement with the P.P.C.C.

Other spheres of recreation will be promoted for the older members if finances will allow.

A fund opened at Christmas among the members to give a gift to the Widows and Orphans raised a sum of over £10 which was distributed in varying amounts and greatly appreciated.

We think it necessary to mention, however, that the members themselves are contributing to the best of their ability and do not desire to rely entirely on donations for the advantages they may receive from the association.

To carry out the programme the committee have in view entails rather a large expense and your continued support will be welcomed and greatly appreciated.

Yours faithfully,

W. DAWTREY, Chairman.

FREDK. G. FOX, Hon. Sec.

COMRADES OF THE GREAT WAR.

Registered under War Charities Act, 1916.

(PETWORTH BRANCH).

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS. 1919.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURE.	
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Balance in hand Jan. 1919 ...	8 7 7	12½ per cent. of Subscription Payable to Divisional Council	2 0 6
Members Subscriptions:—		General Expenses:—	
335 at 1/- ...	16 15 0	G. Whitcomb, printing and fixing	
5 at 1/6 ...	7 6 17 2 6	Notice Boards ...	1 6 6
Donations:—		I.T.C. Cake (Church Parade) ...	12 0
E. Boyce Podmore, Esq. ...	5 5 0	Football Club: Advt. Fixture List	5 0
Dr. A. E. Kerr ...	5 0 0	West Sussex Gazette: Advt. ...	10 0
Major Milbourne ...	1 10 0	C. Meacham, Hire of Motor Car for Cricket Match	6 0
Gen. Ivor Maxse ...	1 1 0	A. Weaver, Printing	3 4 6
J. Gwillim, Esq. ...	1 1 0	Receipt Books ...	5 6
J. Taylor, Esq. ...	1 1 0	Branch Charter ...	1 0
Friary Brewery Company ...	1 1 0	Fetty Cash for Bar Committee	5 0
W. Dawtre, Esq. ...	15 0	Stationery, Books, etc	3 15 4
Rev. W. H. B. Mainprice ...	10 0	Postage ...	4 13 7 15 4 5
Capt. Wilkinson, M.R.C.S. ...	5 0	Club Expenses:—	
Mrs. Evans ...	2 6	Headquarters, Photos, 15/-; Bar Licence, 5/-	1 0 0
M. Mills ...	2 6	C. Denman, Furniture ...	9 1 6
A. E. Older ...	2 0	R. Kensett, rugs, table covers, etc	1 8 8
I. T. Madgewick ...	1 0 17 17 0	Bar Committee, Mugs ...	2 0 0
Comrades Club Subscriptions...	13 6 0	Half Years Rent ...	7 10 0
Sale of Badges ...	1 2 10	Loan to Caretaker ...	1 0 0
Proceeds of Billiard Table ...	1 2 10	Fixing, Membership Roll, 2/6; Playing Cards, 10/-	12 6
	£68 3 11	Johnson, tips to cues, 4/8; Tate, Frame, etc. 4/6...	9 2
		Knight, Mat, 6/-; Pellett, Games 7/9	13 9
		Weaver, papers, £1 3s. 11d.	
		Arnold, papers, 15/10 ...	1 19 9
		Cragg, Gas Fittings, 11/6; Thajre, Repairs, 1/6	13 0 26 8 4
		Headquarters, Badges ...	9 8 0
		Balance in hand ...	14 14 4
		Cheque Books ...	8 4
			£68 3 11

Audited and found correct.

E. Baldwin & Son, Chartered Accountants, Brighton.

Pages two and three of the Report and Balance Sheet of the recently formed Comrades of the Great War (Petworth Branch) leaflet, 1920.

Page two sets out the aims of the organisation, which would later become the Royal British Legion.

Page three itemises subscriptions, donations and outgoings for the organisation in 1919.

COMRADES OF THE GREAT WAR
 (PETWORTH BRANCH)
 REPORT OF THE ANNUAL MEETING
 HELD AT THE COMMUNITY HALL
 ON THE 12TH FEBRUARY 1926

Comrades,

In presenting this Report and Projects we are relying on your continued Membership and support.

Remember the movement is a vast union with the noblest personnel that any union can boast of.

If you do not require any practical assistance personally, do not forget that your subscription helps to give it to a comrade who does require it.

Yours faithfully,
 W. DAWTREY,
 Chairman and Captain.

COMRADES OF THE GREAT WAR
 (PETWORTH BRANCH).

Report & Balance Sheet, 1926

Trustees:
 GEN. C. LEWIS. E. BOYCE PODMORE, ESQ. DR. A. E. KERR.

Commandant:
 THE RT. HON. THE LORD LECONFIELD.

Captain:
 W. DAWTREY, ESQ.

Treasurer:
 A. SCRAGG, ESQ.

Committee:

A. VINCENT.	J. G. HUMPHREY.
W. TATE.	A. E. OLDER.
S. VINCENT.	C. HERBERT.
H. HILL.	J. REMNANT.
A. PURSER.	L. EAGER.
W. FORD.	H. TOWNSEND.
F. BAIGENT.	F. GILL.
W. WILLIAMS, M.M.	B. T. BARNETT.

Bar Secretary: A. H. PULLER.
General Secretary: F. G. FOX,
 Middle Street, Petworth.

R. J. Arford, Printer, Midhurst.

Pages 1 and 4 of the *Report and Balance Sheet of the Comrades of the Great War (Petworth Branch)* leaflet. The small type reads:
Trustees: Gen C. Lewis, E. Boyce Podmore, Esq., Dr. A. E. Kerr.
Commandant:
 The Rt. Hon. The Lord Leconfield.
Captain: W. DawtreY, Esq.
Treasurer: A. Scragg, Esq.
Committee:
 A. Vincent, W. Tate, S. Vincent, H. Hill, A. Purser, W. Ford, F. Baigent, W. Williams, MM, J. G. Humphrey, A. E. Older, C. Herbert, J. Remnant, L. Eager, H. Townsend, F. Gill, B. T. Barnett.
Bar Secretary: A. H. Pullen.
General Secretary:
 F. G. Fox, Middle Street, Petworth.

