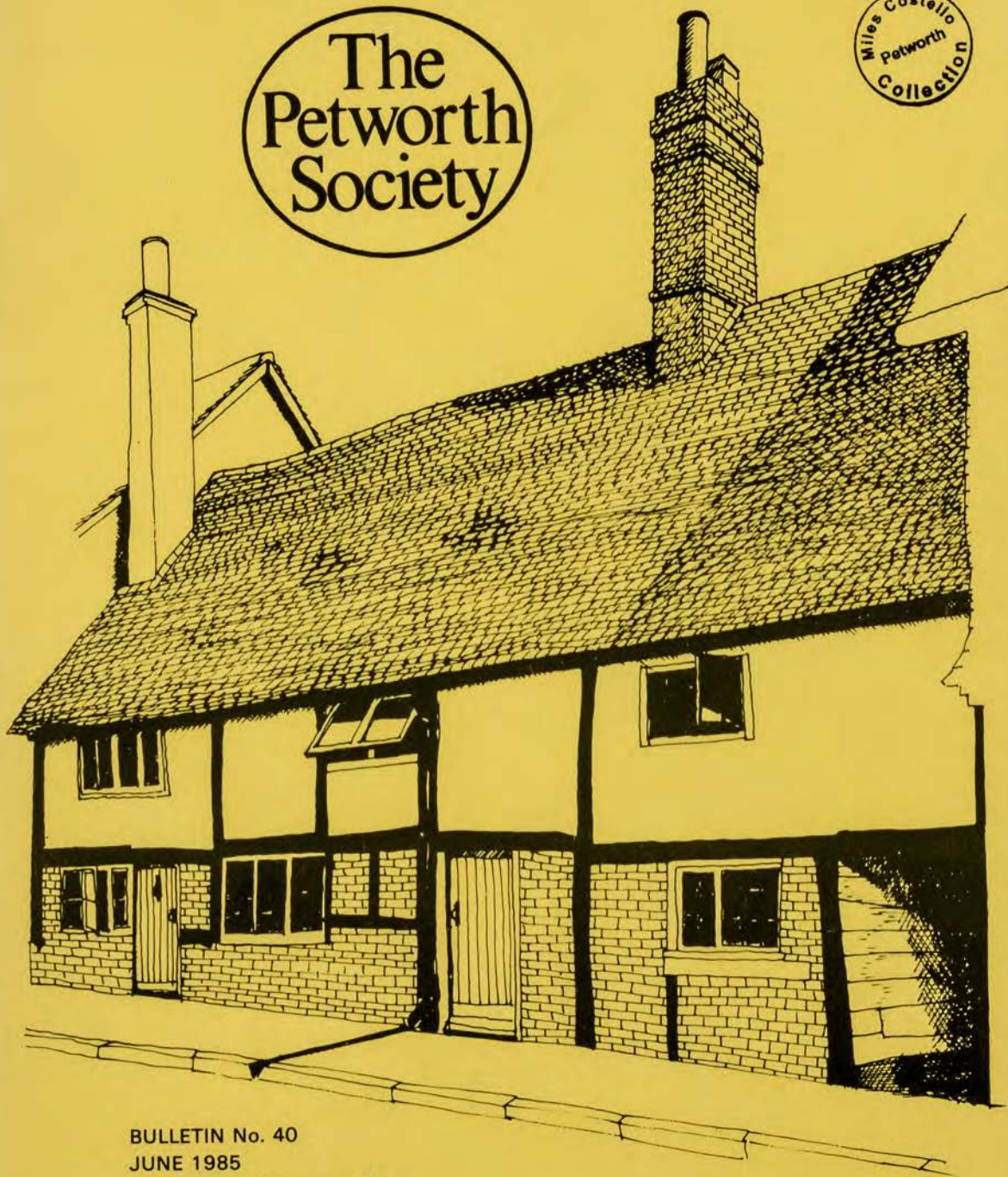


The Petworth Society

Miles Costello
Petworth
Collection



BULLETIN No. 40
JUNE 1985
Price for non-Members 75p

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Cover design by Jonathan Newdick drawn from a photograph by George Garland. It shows Old cottages in North Street in 1952.

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Published by:- The Petworth Society

PETWORTH SOCIETY

Summer programme : please keep for reference.

WALKS and VISITS Cars leave Square at 2.15 p.m.
(all except Anne's Garden Walk).

SUNDAY 30th JUNE. Visit to Cooke's House, West Burton by kind permission of Miss Courtauld.

SUNDAY 7th JULY. Visit to Coates Manor House by kind permission of Mrs. Thorp.

SUNDAY 21st JULY. Anne's Garden walk. No Cars.
Leave Petworth Square at 2.30. Some new gardens, some old favourites.

SUNDAY 4th AUGUST. Visit to Manor of Dean by kind permission of Miss Mitford.

SUNDAY 18th AUGUST. J's Graffham Walk. Grade A/B

Please note video of the Canadian visit available from

TYLER T.V. 26 Littlecote, Petworth at £10.

Enquiries Petworth 42210.

Prints of Ron Pidgley's map on excellent stiff paper and suitable for framing available from me at 25p.

Profits to Society funds.

The map is reproduced overleaf.

Peter.

The Park of 2,000 Acres

THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. MARY

The Chiddingfold & Leconfield
NORTH ST for
Horsham Guild's d
& London

PETWORTH HOUSE

Many Gamekeepers Here

Gog & Magog

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

The Hills are here

The Gardens are Here

Iron Room

Tudor House

DOCTORS

GIRLS SCHOOL

NORMAN PLACE

G.P.O.

Daintrey House

Angel HOTEL

PULBOROUGH Rd
for WORTING
& BRIGHTON

Grove St.

INFANTS SCHOOL

ABC

POLICE COURT HOUSE

The Smithy

The BOYS SCHOOL

CULVERCROFT

Damers Bridge

Golden St

HIGH STREET

The Registrar comes here

Mr. Fred Streeter

BBC Gardening Expert

SADLERS ROW

Butchers

Bakers

and Inns

Telephone Exch.

PICTORIAL MAP
by Ron Pidgley
of 1950 redrawn
for the PETWORTH
SOCIETY
APRIL 1985
RP.

THE REGAL CINEMA

Tillington Rd
for MIDHURST

Rifle range

Historic Buildings

Pound Corner

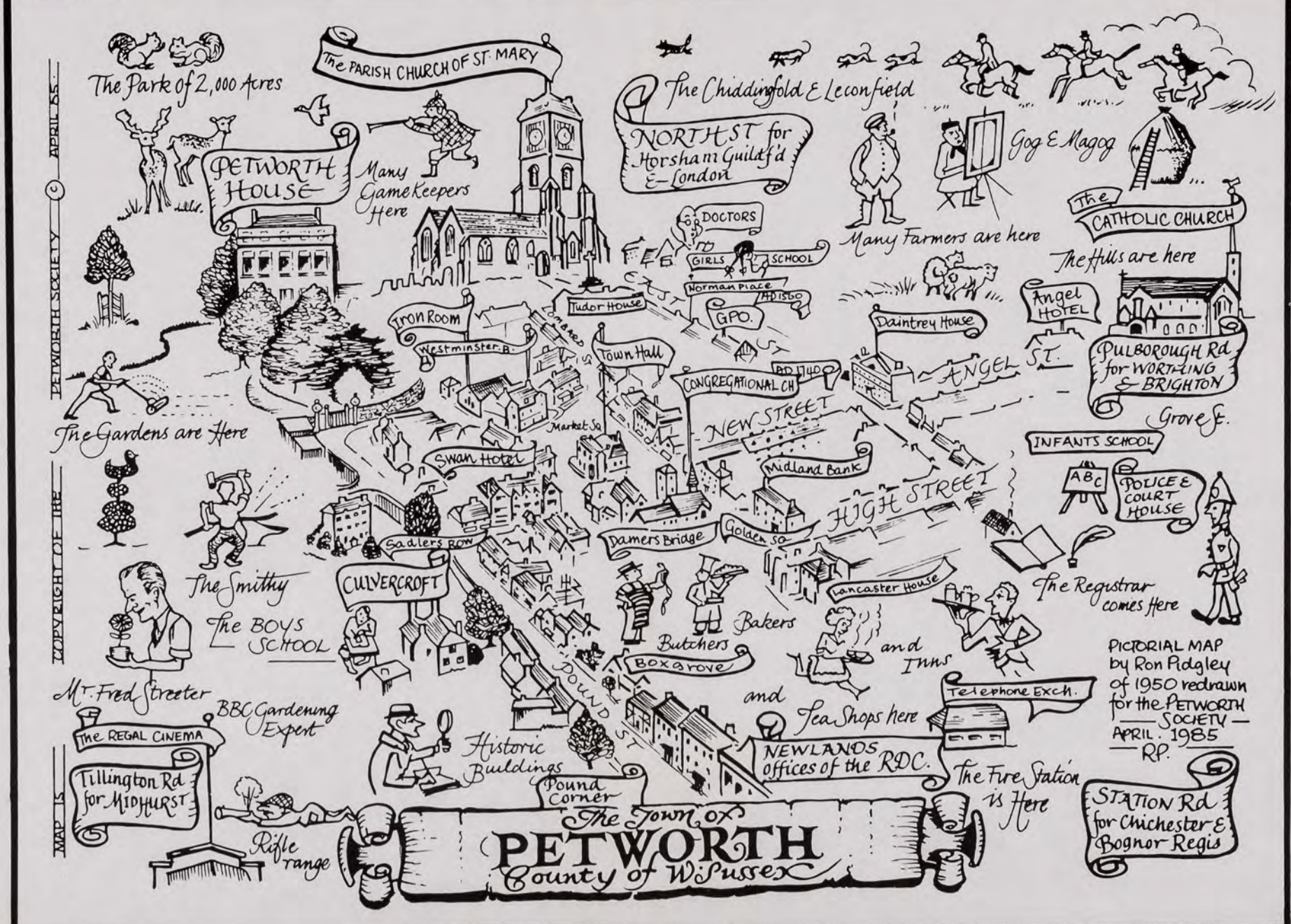
Sea Shops here

NEWLANDS
offices of the RDC.

The Fire Station
is Here

STATION Rd
for Chichester &
Bognor Regis

The Town of PETWORTH County of W. Sussex



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 or residence, who is interested in furthering the objects of the society.

The annual subscription is £3.00. Single or Double one Bulletin delivered. Postal £4.00. Overseas £5.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:-

Chairman - Mr. P.A. Jerrome, Trowels, Pound Street,
Petworth, (Tel. 42562)

Vice-Chairman - Mr. K.C. Thompson, 18 Rothermead, Petworth.

Hon. Bulletin Sec. - Mrs. V. Sadler, 52 Wyndham Road, Petworth.
assisted by Mrs. J.M. Hamilton and Mrs. D.
Franklin

Hon. Treasurer - Mr. R.A. Sneller, 16 Littlecote,
Petworth. (Tel. 42507)

Hon. Membership Sec. - Mrs. R. Staker, 2 Grove Lane, Petworth,
assisted by
Mrs. J. Boss, North Street, Petworth.

Committee - Mrs. Julia Edwards, Lord Egremont,
Mrs. Audrey Grimwood, Mrs. Betty Hodson,
Mr. R. Pottington, Mrs. Sonia Rix,
Mrs. Anne Simmons, Mr. D.S. Sneller,
Mr. H.W. Speed, Mr. J. Taylor,
Mr. E. Vincent.

Hon. Press Officer - Miss D.S. Gundry, Woodmans, St. Mary's,
Drive, Fittleworth.

Membership enquiries to Mrs. Staker please, Bulletin circulation enquiries to Mrs. Sadler.

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Once again I think you have rather full value with this edition: three double pages of photographs for a second quarter. You will see that the visit of the Toronto Scottish Regimental Association on April 28th receives a great deal of attention and makes this virtually a souvenir edition. A number of features intended for this Bulletin have in fact been held over for September and I have retained only one serial. The Toronto Scottish visit has rightly absorbed much of our attention this quarter but the event fully justified the considerable effort put into it. It was a marvellous day and the better for the high degree of co-operation received from other Petworth organisations. I would make especial mention of the generosity of the Royal British Legion who defrayed the full cost of the buffet.

Monthly meetings restart in October. In view of the impending Toronto Scottish visit we had no meeting in April but Eva Alexander's return came right at the end of March. I don't know whether the Leconfield Hall has aisles but whatever it has our visitor wasted little time in having her audience rolling in them. Well we did know what to expect! The A.G.M. on May 15th saw the present committee returned en bloc. Alison McCann gave a most entertaining talk on the Rev. Mr. Ferryman, an eighteenth century clergyman with decided Petworth connections and some very unclerical interests. We gave too the first public showing of Rod Tyler's video of the Toronto Scottish visit. It wasn't commissioned but made initially simply out of interest. It is V.H.F./Betamax, has a sound-track, runs for some twenty minutes and gives the flavour of a unique day as perhaps nothing else ever could. Rod isn't looking to make a profit and is prepared to run off copies for anyone who would like them at a cost of £10. You can contact him at Tyler T.V. 26 Littlecote, Petworth or telephone him on 42210. I've little doubt we shall be seeing Rod's video again: I've seen it four or five times and see it again whenever I can. Rod's seen it twenty or more times and still finds something different each time.

J''s Keyzaston walk at the end of February had one of those rare winter days of cloudless sunshine. It was very well-attended and very popular. I missed this walk but was on parade for Jumb's Bennyfold walk on a lovely crisp April afternoon. It was quite a walk; Jumb himself said he hadn't seen some of the places for twenty years and I wasn't sure whether he was joking or not. Jumbo's Stag Park walk was timed for the bluebells and this time we had it

absolutely right. Jumb himself said he'd never seen the bluebells quite as they are this year and the woods seemed ablaze with blue. As this Bulletin is likely to be a little late in appearing the earliest walks and visits will be towards the end of June and most Sundays in July or August may have a walk or a visit. Just pick what you fancy: most of the visits are tried, tested and very popular - well worth a second time round too!

Reverting finally to the Toronto Scottish visit; we have some excellent sets of photographs, and a few are of course reproduced in this issue. However we're always pleased to see other pictures and perhaps order prints from negatives loaned to us. There were a lot of cameras in action on April 28th. Please let me know if you have anything you think we might like. The coverage is particularly lacking on events at the Primary School towards the end of the day. I fancy most people had simply used up their films by then!

Peter. 23rd May, 1985.

LETTERS



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Mr. Peter Jerrome,
Chairman,
The Petworth Society,
Trowels,
Pound Street,
Petworth,
WEST SUSSEX GU28 0DX

29th April, 1985

Dear Peter,

I was very pleased to be present at yesterday's service and parade in Petworth, and I congratulate you and the Petworth Society on the co-ordination and organisation of the day's activities.

It was a pleasure to meet you, and I hope that we may perhaps meet again.

Yours sincerely,

Tom Wells.

Thomas L. Wells
Agent General for Ontario

188, St. Johns Way,
Thetford, Norfolk. IP24 3NU.

The Petworth Society Secretary

Dear Sir or Madam,

I cannot begin to put into words - the gratitude to yourself, members and friends of the Petworth Society for the excuse to return to my "Old Home Town" - after too many years. But on Sunday (28th April) it was as if I had never been away - most of all was the reunion of old friends (even from Canada).

It was incredible how little of the town has changed (I know there are small changes) which is inevitable with time.

It was rather emotional for myself (I should think I was not the only one) to see so many things - the cottages and pathways that I remember of the time at Petworth are still there.... But the realisation of just how many of the family and dear friends are no longer with us.

It was incredible, although with time and distance between us all - the bond is still there - all I can say is "Thank you" to me seems so inadequate, for making that "a day of a life time", one, that my sister, my wife and I will always remember.

There is one suggestion that I would like to make and I know it would make a lot of work for someone, if the town band could make a tape recording of the music that they played, it would, I am sure, help those in "foreign parts" know that only one place could have done, what was done - bring the ties even closer together.

I have found that in travels - when one finds another from the better part of the country - there is a bond of friendship - and a link, but one could never replace the atmosphere of that wonderful day - Perhaps for members of Society a list could be made of members also this may help learn "Where are they now" - who knows make yet another link of old friends.

We lived at Grittenham Farm and Pheasant Copse - I went to Tillington School!! During the time at Pheasant Copse, we never had any trouble, my late mother was rather apprehensive before moving there, from the stories of trouble that may be, with the camps so close - this was a

great delight to her to prove they were unfounded. It is with great pride and admiration, that I too can remember - the gentlemen of Canada. It was relived on Sunday, although difficult in many ways - they were happy times - I thank you again.

Should you have any back numbers of the journal - even just on loan, they will be taken great care of and returned, also if there is the "List of Service" I was unable to get one on the day, or any other items, please would you advise me of cost etc.

Please find enclosed, very small as it may be, and very many thanks.

Yours sincerely and fraternally,

Ron Barber.

CANTEEN DAYS

The visit of the Toronto Scottish Veterans on April 28th brought back many memories of the days when we had the Y.M.C.A. Canteen at Daintry House in East Street. Started by Captain Corah from Horsham and where I helped for several years.

So many troops visited there to drink coffee, eat and chat, and we had so many volunteers to help look after them.

I remember Mrs. Manisty, Mrs. Bradbrook and Mrs. Hollingdale being Manageresses and the large bowls of coleslaw Mrs. Hollingdale used to make and the mountains of pea-nut butter sandwiches, the queues reaching right along the street, and dear Mrs. Webster who looked after the house and was a great favourite with the boys.

I did the cooking once for a fortnight and was told the sick parade was much longer than usual due to indigestion!! but seeing so many of the Veterans looking so well and happy don't think my cooking could have been that bad.

There were happy and sad times and a great debt of gratitude is owed to the troops who were in the area at the time of the Boys School bombing and did so much to help.

I enjoyed all the time I worked at the Canteen and liked to think that someone somewhere was doing the same for my husband when he was in the Forces.

D.M. Franklin

With thanks to Mrs. H. Hollingdale from Burgess Hill for her help.

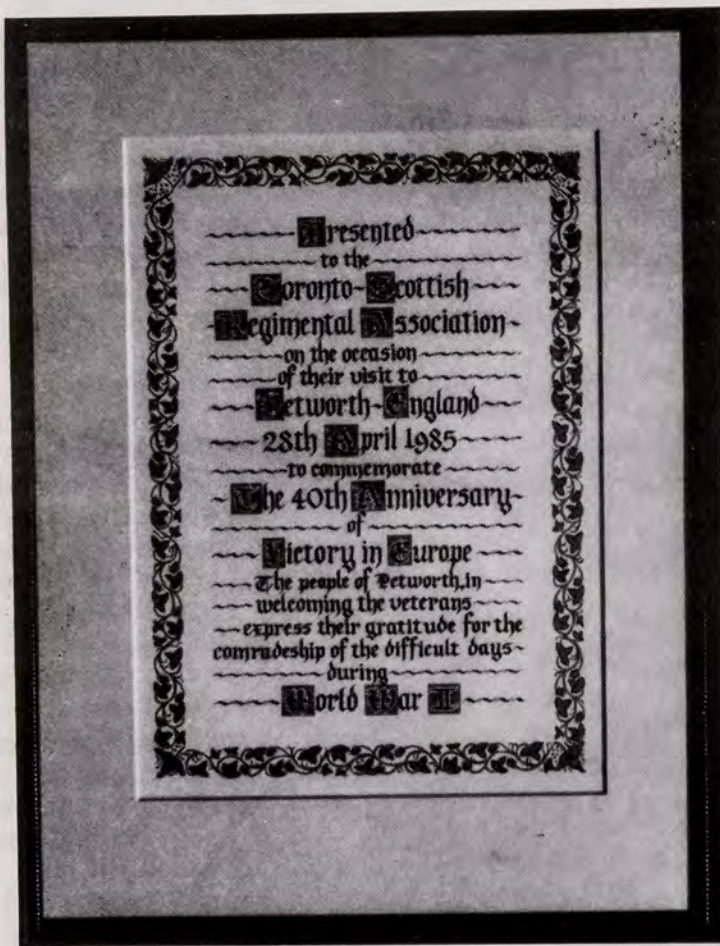
THE SPIRIT OF V.E. DAY LIVES ON IN PETWORTH

For all of us who were privileged to be in Petworth on Sunday, April 28th, the day we shared with our Canadian friends was a truly unforgettable occasion unprecedented in the recent history of the town, but for those of an age to remember V.E. day itself, the spirit of comradeship and goodwill must have been reminiscent of the joy and thanksgiving felt at that time. Each of us will doubtless have special personal memories to cherish, of friendships renewed or begun, of sorrow at the remembrance of losses suffered, of indebtedness for sacrifices made, or, simply, of admiration for the pageantry of the day, but, certainly, none of us could have failed to recognise the tremendous community spirit which was the hallmark of the entire day, and which will stay with us when all other details are long forgotten.

The tone of the day was set from the beginning, with the early arrival of the coaches, when the rather tentative smiles of stranger greeting stranger, became instantly transformed to warm exchanges between friends, as the Square quickly filled with people. From then on, the day was a true partnership, perhaps symbolised by the more mellow strains of our local Town Band in "Sussex by the Sea" in one corner of the Square, mingling with the skirl of the pipes in "Bonnie Dundee" in another.

What a proud sight the parade was too combining those who had served their country in the past with those who serve our community today, in the Police Force, the Fire Service and the Red Cross, their route lined by the young people of our town to whom we shall look for leadership in the future. The parade, of course, was only a prelude to the Service of Thanksgiving in our Parish Church, and which of us there could fail to have been moved by the sight and sound of that vast congregation, hearts, voices and instruments united in praise, or by the ringing assertion of the Royal British Legion's "We WILL remember them!" The Rector too voiced our unspoken thoughts in his sermon, with its three-fold message of Remembrance, Thanksgiving and Hope, which seemed to set just the right atmosphere for the brief but poignant Act of Remembrance by the War Memorial itself, concluding not only with the usual bugle call but also with the haunting sound of a solo bagpipe lament.

After the parade returned to the Square, again packed with people, formal presentations were exchanged, all under the ever-watchful



Illuminated address presented by Lady Egremont to the Toronto Scottish Regimental Association on behalf of the Petworth Society. It was written by Miss Jenny Matthews a member of the Society.

The Canadian plaque will be on show in Petworth Public Library.

to join conducted tours of Petworth itself and yet more to go off on

eye of Colour Sergeant Gill of the Queen's Regiment and announced by one of the most colourful characters of the day, Philip Holliday the Town Crier. Then the more informal celebrations could begin, centred initially on the Leconfield Hall, where Mrs. Bradley's magnificent floral arrangements made a fitting background for tables which fairly groaned under the weight of food, provided and prepared by a veritable army of people who almost created a traffic jam of their own as they arrived with their contributions early on Sunday morning.

The afternoon was equally varied as some of the veterans chose to visit their old campsite at Pheasant Copse, (who better to act as a guide than Jumbo?) some to visit the graves of the boys who were lost in the tragic bombing of the school, others

their own in a vain search for the Queen's Head, The Tavern or The Wheatsheaf! They did, however, seem to find suitable substitutes in The Red Lion, the New Star, and, especially, in the British Legion Headquarters where not a few stories were swapped over suitable refreshments!

The Regimental Pipe Band carved out its own special place in our hearts, as they entertained us throughout the day. Having played in the Square almost from the moment of their arrival, and proudly led the formal parade, they began the afternoon's entertainment on the lawns of Petworth House, before another huge crowd, with a fine display of marching and musicianship, culminating in the traditional rousing march-off, "Black Bear". As they left, through the Grand Entrance of Petworth House which had been specially opened for the day, the Knockhundred Clog-Dancers and the children who performed the traditional English Maypole dance continued the celebrations in a setting which must have been their most picturesque-ever background. Meanwhile, the Band progressed through the town to perform for the residents of Courtlea, Edmonds House and Lund House, and what a welcome awaited them there! In spite of the cold wind, the old people were outside to applaud and cheer them to the echo, and while they were no doubt re-calling personal memories of the War and its aftermath, they too made abundantly clear their joy and pride at being included in this special day.

Eventually, most of the veterans, and, it seemed, most of the people of Petworth too, crammed into the Primary School to make their farewells, in typically British fashion, over a cup of tea! Again we looked back through an exhibition of World War II memorabilia, dominated by "Albert", resplendent in the Royal Sussex Regimental Uniform - truly an Officer and a gentleman! -; looked forward with hope, through the eyes of the children whose work was everywhere on display, and whose representatives proudly showed our visitors around their school and recorded their impressions on computer; and remembered with thanksgiving the experiences we had shared. This was symbolised in a very moving presentation in which a beautiful Canadian flag was handed over to five of the "boys" who had been pupils at the boys' school in 1942, to be passed on to the pupils of today, to fly over their school as a lasting reminder of the unbreakable ties which bind our two communities.

It seemed all too soon that we were lining the pavements of Dawtrey Road to bid a warm farewell to our friends, old and new, but to cherish for ever in our hearts all the bonds which had been forged in our community on this most memorable day in the life of Petworth.

A VIEW FROM THE KITCHEN

Sitting down at last! - my thoughts go back over the day's events - what a day - what a long, fantastic, loud, uplifting, exhausting and thoroughly enjoyable day: it began early, the G's called at 8.15 a.m. We bundled 150 rolls and umpteen french bread sticks into the car, along with several trifles and bowls of potato salad and away we went: unloaded at the hall and set off for the butchers, leaving people clutching bread and salad, pie and trifle - no matter - we must see to the meat.

There it all is in the refrigerator, tray upon tray - beef, roast rib and salted brisket, tongue, ham, venison from Petworth Park, turkeys and two gorgeous raised game pies - enough to feed 300? - we shall see. All hands now - to the fray:- here come the salad ladies bearing large bulging plastic bags of lettuce - there are a dozen cucumbers to be cut and a whole box of tomatoes; there are pickles, chutneys and mayonaisse to be put out, bread to be cut, turkeys to be carved, plates to be stacked, cutlery laid, and all the time the hands of the clock are ticking steadily towards the deadline, thank goodness we were able to have the hall the evening before to bring the china and set out the tables.

All is just about ready - when in the middle of transporting trifles from the butchers (where they have been resting in the cool) to the hall, word goes round 'Oh Gosh, they're here already' - Flutterings of panic arise but then suddenly the Town Band strikes up a welcoming march. We see crowds have gathered in the square where the dais and flags are all ready in position and as the sounds of welcome echo around the square - the first of the five coaches turns slowly in. From then on, we realise the sun is shining, the band is playing and there are masses of people, all smiling and talking and the return visit of the Toronto Scottish Regiment has begun!

One minute there are people everywhere, shaking hands, exchanging badges, laughing and joking - soon, as if by magic, though really it's colour Sergeant Gill - there are lines of men, in blazers and glengarry's, formed up through the entire square - ahead the pipers - behind the local Petworth organisations. At the command the Pipe Band swing into action and the parade moves off (bang on time too!) with all the pomp and majesty anyone could wish for. As the procession winds its way around the square and up to the church people throng up Lombard Street to view again the pipers, drummers and veterans, with their standard born by a colour party in World War Two

uniforms, they watch them pass through the gates of St. Mary's - past the guard of honour formed from our own youth organisations - symbolic because it's the youth they have come back to remember.

The church is packed to capacity: we experience a service to remember: the singing of the Canadian National Anthem, the hymns and prayers, the words of John Bunyan spoken with such feeling - the Rector's sermon with its three pointers for a pilgrimage - remembrance, thanksgiving and hope, the dipping of the standards to our own 'God Save the Queen' and finally outside again into the sunshine for the wreath laying ceremony. The Canadian Padre speaks gently of the losses and grief: and we remember why they have returned as the bugler sounds the Last Post and a lone piper plays a lament.

The solemn moments dying away the pipes and drums lead the march back to the square where the Town Crier presents Lord and Lady Egremont and guests to the packed square. Lord Egremont welcomes the Toronto Scottish Regiment back to Petworth with a stirring speech, rapturously received by the crowd - locals and visitors alike. The mood is infectious, everybody is enjoying themselves - but - for the 'catering crowd' the moment of truth is fast approaching - .

Inside the hall, all is in readiness, tables are resplendent with cloths and flowers, the buffet tables are laden, almost groaning - there are flowers on the stairs and in the windows, and a huge Canadian Flag draped across the stage curtains, all the ladies stand at the tables - serving spoons at the ready, when - here they come. First the Pipe Band - with all their exercise they are hungry - we learn that nobody had much time for breakfast! Will we have enough? There is quite a queue - upstairs and downstairs rooms are full almost immediately. Along the tables they go - there is much interest in the venison, and the beetroots - we definitely do NOT have enough beetroot!! Never mind, the plates keep going, then back they come for the puddings. The gentlemen are all fascinated by the trifles! One particular - large - Canadian gentleman needed four helpings to convince himself he really did like it!

Gradually the guests filter through, the ladies are doing a marvellous job serving and still managing to make the tables look 'new and untouched' for those yet to come. The food looks to be holding out well and our guests continually express their gratitude. The atmosphere which was so prevalent outside earlier in the day has extended to the Leconfield Hall and there is a real party feeling. The noise and chatter is unbelievable, this was originally intended as a sit down and rest for our visitors - but not a bit of it - two gentlemen

are doing what appears to be a jig! and they tell us they are 77!!

By 2 o'clock the rush is over, the Town Band are enjoying a well earned break with their meal and one can hear stories of the day so far being exchanged. The serving ladies enjoy a lull - but spare many thoughts for the gallant band downstairs washing up literally hundreds of plates, knives and forks etc. will it ever end - the trail of crockery? it does - on a high and ultimately successful note. The food lasted - everybody had plenty - and we have all worked very hard and very well together and enjoyed ourselves into the bargain. Many, many thanks to all those who helped it was a really combined effort and a special thankyou to all those men-folk who were seconded! we could not have succeeded without your invaluable help. The spirit of all working together has brought a rich reward indeed.

HELPERS WITH REFRESHMENTS

Mrs. Grimwood	Mrs. V. Sadler
Mrs. Parvin	Mrs. Gane
Mrs. Clifford	Mrs. Carter
Mrs. Atkins	Mrs. Harvey
Mrs. Wakeford	Mrs. Kingsley
Mrs. L. Saunders	Mrs. Pepper
Mrs. P. Sadler	Mrs. St. John
Mrs. Simpson	Mrs. Hunt
Mrs. Exall	Mrs. Hill
Mrs. Jarvis	Mrs. Wright
Mrs. Boakes	Lady Shakerley
Mrs. Etherington	Mrs. Godsmark
Mrs. McColl	Mrs. E. Oakley
Mrs. Page	Mrs. Franklin
Mrs. Lowman	Mrs. Pottington
Mrs. E. Saunders	Mrs. Mitchell
Mrs. Hiron	Mrs. Thorpe
Mrs. Robinson	Mrs. Longmore
Mrs. Blunden	Mrs. Wheeler
Mrs. Gaut	Mrs. Rix
Mrs. Stanton	Mrs. Simmons
Mrs. Staker	Mrs. Stansmore
Mrs. Hodson	and Mr. Wheeler

with the carving

S. Rix

LUNCH

20 lb. Rolled rib of Beef
20 lb. Salted Brisket of Beef
30 lb. Whole Gammon
3 Turkeys
12 lb. Tongue
6 Haunches Venison
13 lb. Venison Sausages
3½ dozen lettuces
12 cucumbers
1 box tomatoes
1 Gallon Ploughmans pickle
Miscellaneous half gallon jars of
Salad Cream
Mustard Pickle
Sweetcorn relish
Pickled onions
Beetroot
Gherkins
150 small rolls
15 French Bread
Butter - several boxes catering pats
18 Fruit pies
16 Trifles
12 Stilton Cheese
2 x 12 lb. Cheddar Cheese
Cheese biscuits in quantity
Coffee
1½ gallon Double cream
½ gallon single cream
26 pints of milk

A.G.

"OUR COMPLIMENTS TO THE CHEF!"

Standing at the buffet table in my white jacket, I was approached by one of our Canadian guests with his wife -- the following conversation ensued:- "Well Chef - that was a most marvellous meal indeed, it must have kept you busy for days"

Feeling rather proud at being elevated to this high office I had to tell them the truth, saying, I was only the carver of the turkeys and that all the credit should go to all the lady 'chefs' dashing around! Since then I have returned to normal but that remark made an old man (?) very happy with himself.

S.A.W.

CARRYING THE STANDARD

My first job on April 28th had nothing to do with being Royal British Legion standard-bearer: it was to take my wife's contribution to the buffet up to the Leconfield Hall. At this early hour the Market Square was still virtually empty but it had already been coned off by the police. Then I went up to the Church to have a quick word with the Rector about the brief service of remembrance the Canadians would have outside the war memorial after the main church service was over.

All my equipment for the day was already at home, cleaned and ready. Dark suit laid out, brasses cleaned, standard just needing to be fixed to its pole. It didn't take me long to get back up to the Square, and it was no time before the first coaches came into the Square. If anything they were early. The Town Band were playing, the weather was perfect, bright but not too hot. After the inevitable brief discussions colour Sergeant Gill had the parade under orders and we were off on our way to the Church via Park Road. Just one minor problem - I had cut my hand quite badly on a buckle as I was shaking hands. Luckily I had some sticking plaster handy - cut hands and white gloves don't go together very well!

Once up at the Church I expected as representing the hosts to let the Canadian colour party go first. In fact, contrary to expectation, the Canadians wanted me to lead the way. "It's your day", their standard-bearer insisted. Well in the end he effectively ordered me to proceed so I was proud to have led the standards in. It was a mark of courtesy on the part of the Canadians: I had really expected to bring in the rear. With my escorts on either side, Dick Taylor and Bert Andrews, I slow-marched up the aisle, being careful not to hit the chancel woodwork as I sloped the standard to mount the chancel steps. Once there I could bring the standard back again to upright.

After the service I asked my Canadian counterpart how he had become a standard-bearer. "Because they pick young people", he said rather surprisingly. "They pick young people if they can and I'm only 61." He had been a dispatch rider during the war and unlike most of the

party had been back once, some nine years ago, stopping off at Petworth for a day as part of a longer visit. When the bomb had fallen in 1942, they were working alternative twelve hour shifts and he'd been resting.

How does one become a Royal British Legion standard-bearer? I don't really know because in my case it all came about very largely by chance. The previous R.B.L. standard-bearer resigned shortly before a Remembrance Sunday and the Legion had to find someone else quickly - if only for the one day. No one seemed prepared to accept the responsibility so to keep things going I was finally persuaded rather reluctantly to carry the standard "just the once". As usually happens with "just the once" I found myself doing it again next year and then just carried on. No one had ever really told me what to do. I just picked it up as best I could as I went on. It wasn't until a friend at Plaistow insisted I enter a standard-bearers competition that I began to realize what standard-bearing really involved. I didn't want to enter the competition at all and it was only my friend's determination that made me enter. I knew very little and at that time still wore the light suit I had been married in! The competition was at the lowest level and only involved me and the friend who had made me enter! It was no contest: my friend and opponent had a dark suit, immaculate gear and some knowledge of standard-bearing routines. I didn't even have a dark suit let alone anything else. There were only the two of us in the competition and as my opponent and friend was quickly telling me the drill I noticed two men looking over the wall (it was outdoors) obviously much amused by the proceedings. To make matters worse I drew No.1. As you may imagine I didn't win. It turned out that the men looking over the wall were the judges! However I've made my friend work harder in later competitions and honours are about even.

Competitions have two basic parts and are judged on points. First comes the inspection with points being deducted for faults. Suit, gloves, hat, shoes and sling all come under scrutiny, the leather is all carefully shined up with cotton wool, spit and best polish. I now have two sets of gear, one entirely for competition. Competitions go from Group (local) to County (Sussex) to Area (South East) to National and rivalry gets stiffer with each step up. When there are a reasonable number of competitors, the venue is usually a hall. Two judges go down the line for the inspection, each starting at a different end and crossing over in the middle. When they arrive at a competitor he springs to attention. They then take note of posture and equipment, checking everything that can be checked, the back of the badge for traces of metal polish or a lack of shine, the socket

of the sling, the slightest hint of tobacco ash anywhere, the tiniest speck of dust on the beret. They will even turn back your gauntlets to find some speck of dust.

The second part of the competition is parade movements. You know the routine, it's a question of the smartness of your movements now, not of your equipment. Timing is vital in all movements, the time taken for a "dip" must be thirty seconds precisely, that is thirty seconds from the time the standard comes out of its socket to its being in front of you and you count away the seconds to yourself to get it right. "Wet weather dips", when the standard comes only half-way down to prevent it trailing on the wet ground, take fifteen seconds only. The standard must always be held straight. Movements also include slow and quick marching: the judges look at the pace, whether too long or too short, and whether the line of march is straight or not.

Competition at a higher level is taken very seriously. There is no bringing in of your suit in a Tesco carrier as my friend did once when he was beginning in competition. The suit is carefully laid out flat so that not a single crease can mar its perfect lines. Changing may take place anywhere, in a class-room, a changing-room or sometimes even a school kitchen. You keep an eye out for grease, chalk, dust, the cigarette of the man next to you - in fact you keep an eye out for everything. Do I get nervous before a competition? I think everyone does. A useful tip is when you dip the standard for the act of homage to take three deep breaths - with your head bowed the judges can't see you. I've tried this and it works.

The standard-bearer's great occasion is the Festival of Remembrance at the Albert Hall, only a hundred and fifty are needed for any one year's ceremony, the Hall isn't as big in reality as it seems on television. You just keep applying till your name comes out of the draw. It's said when you've been once you must wait 21 years for another chance. I'm not sure about this though. When I went it was an occasion I'll never forget, we had to be there before 8.30 a.m. and we rehearsed all morning. There are two separate performances, one in the afternoon for the general public, one in the presence of the Royal Family and R.B.L. Members in the evening. Royal British Legion night at the Royal Tournament is another great evening for a standard-bearer although it does not quite have the prestige of the Festival of Remembrance. I had a ticket for that quite recently but couldn't go. What a time to get a flat battery!

In spite of the many "ups and downs" in Competitions, in 1984 I did manage to become runner up in the Sussex County Competition.

F.W.

Frank Wright was talking to the Editor.

MY VIEW OF THINGS BY ALBERT

Firstly I think I had better introduce myself, I am in fact a genuine Petworth veteran, with more than half a century of working experience as a model in a local gentlemen's outfitters, although, in more recent years, I have enjoyed a quiet, dignified retirement, still attired in the Van Heusen shirt and smart grey flannels of my heyday, in a store-room to the rear of Messrs. H.E. Wakeford, Gentlemen's outfitter and tailor in Market Square. In the past, I have enjoyed some very strange experiences there, even being dusted down by some young whipper-snapper of a schoolboy, known to bulletin readers of today as "J", but nothing had prepared me for the treatment I received during the recent celebrations in the town.

It all began when some strange lady thought up a hair-brained scheme to lay on an exhibition in the Primary School on April 28th, initially quite a simple idea, but one which, like Topsy, just "grewed and grewed". Among many other items relating to the war years, she acquired two uniforms of our Royal Sussex Regiment, and that was where I came in, the perfect model on which to display an officer's uniform. No sooner had I heard mention of it than I was being dismantled, carried out to the square and unceremoniously squeezed into a tiny car to be transported to school as a headless wonder with even less sense of dignity, I was humped into the library, inspected from head to toe and described somewhat scathingly as "worm-eaten and rather disreputable". Then, horror of horrors, I found myself being daubed with ladies' make-up to cover up the odd spot or two on my face where paint had flaked off in my later years, although I had to admit that after a thorough brush down with newly polished black shoes and a face which was more or less the same colour all over, I did look more like my old pristine self. However, the worst was yet to come.

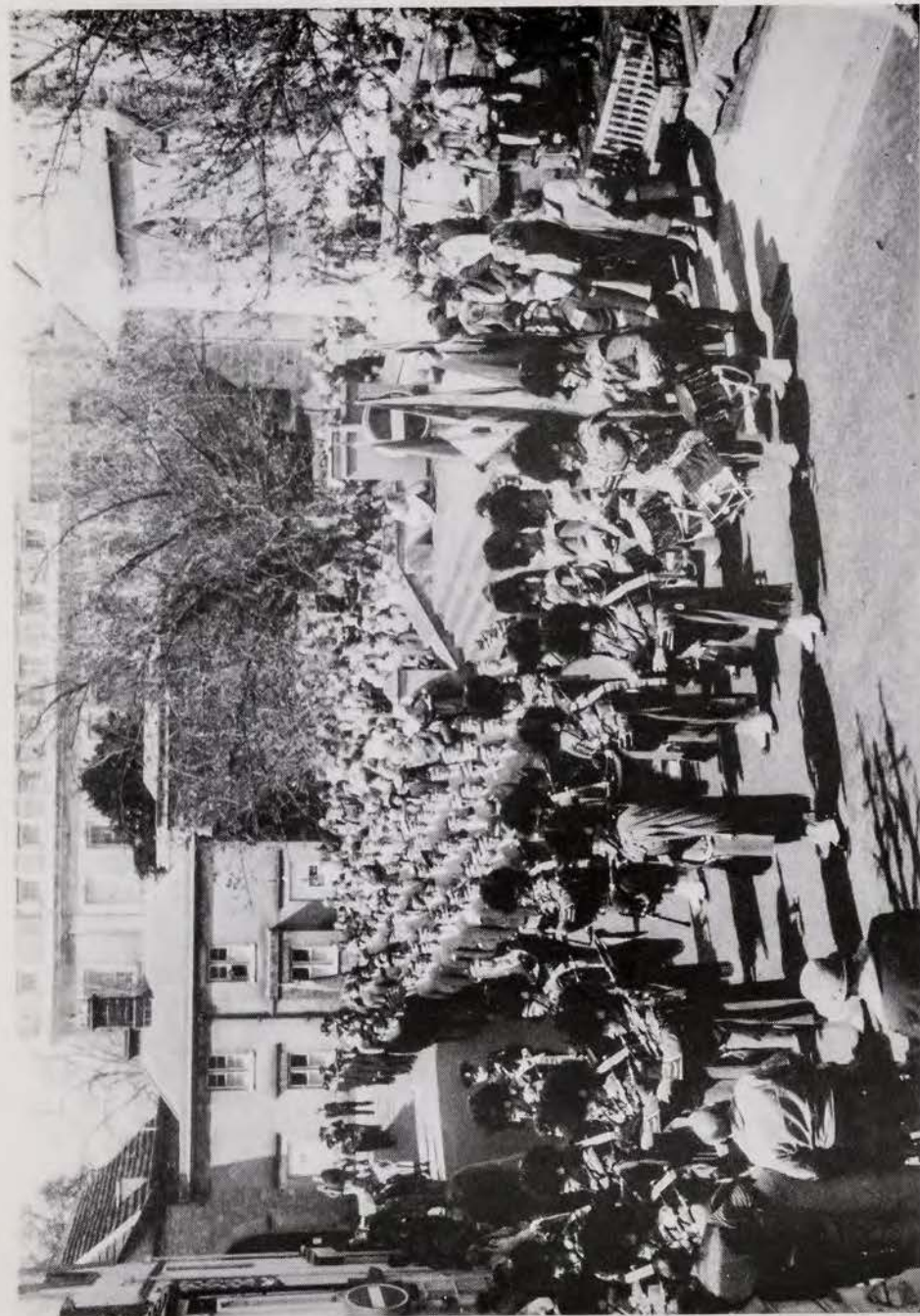
Two apparently quite ordinary ladies, having decided to transform me into a 1st Lieutenant, Royal Sussex Regt., became themselves transformed into something approaching raving lunatics. Certainly neither

of them was Sussex born or they would have known long ago that

"You can push or you can shuv
But I'm hanged if I'll be druv!"

Having eventually realised that I had to be taken off my iron base and have my flannels removed before I could don military trousers, they began to push and shove in real earnest, in order to get my tunic in place, but I was hanged if I was giving in that easily, so, the more they struggled, the more I let them think they had caused me terrible injuries! First my arm became detached at the shoulder, then at the elbow and finally my head rolled across the floor, all to the accompaniment of hysterical laughter and some very odd behaviour from these ladies! Why they didn't send for a decent batman I'll never know - after all, that young "J" knew all about that job in the "Orange Lilies"! However those two fools couldn't even decide where to put my belt, to say nothing of my "Sam Brown" - Was it over the right or left shoulder, under or over the epaulettes and where did that stick go? It was just like a music-hall turn. At long last, after more than an hour of their performance, they thought I was reasonably presentable only to realise, too late, that they should have given me a decent collar and tie, but I'd already given them so many problems that they flatly refused to do any more for me, so I was glad to be rescued by that sensible Mr. Plummer who came to my aid with a tie of his own. Then, even though I say it myself, I did look rather smart, my brass buttons shining, and that lovely silver cap badge gleaming in the sunlight.

At any rate, I was given the very responsible job of presiding over the exhibition in the school library, where I paid close attention to the journals, letters and medals of the gentlemen of the Royal Sussex Regiment especially those of Petworth men, while at the same time keeping an eye on the belongings of the men of other regiments. I also entertained many interesting visitors, from both Sussex and Canada, including a Mr. Pidgley, the scribe of the memorial to the boys which was on display in the foyer; another couple of gentlemen who found photographs of themselves in our Regimental Gazette; yet others who were more interested in some modern contraption in the corner, a computer I think it's called, and even one who claimed to be Chairman of the Petworth Society! All of them however seemed very intrigued by me, particularly when they tried to engage me in conversation, only to be met by a wall of silence, and I heard more than one very colourful description of myself when I was discovered to be just a ----- tailor's dummy!



Toronto Scottish visit (1)
This photograph by Tony Whitcomb.



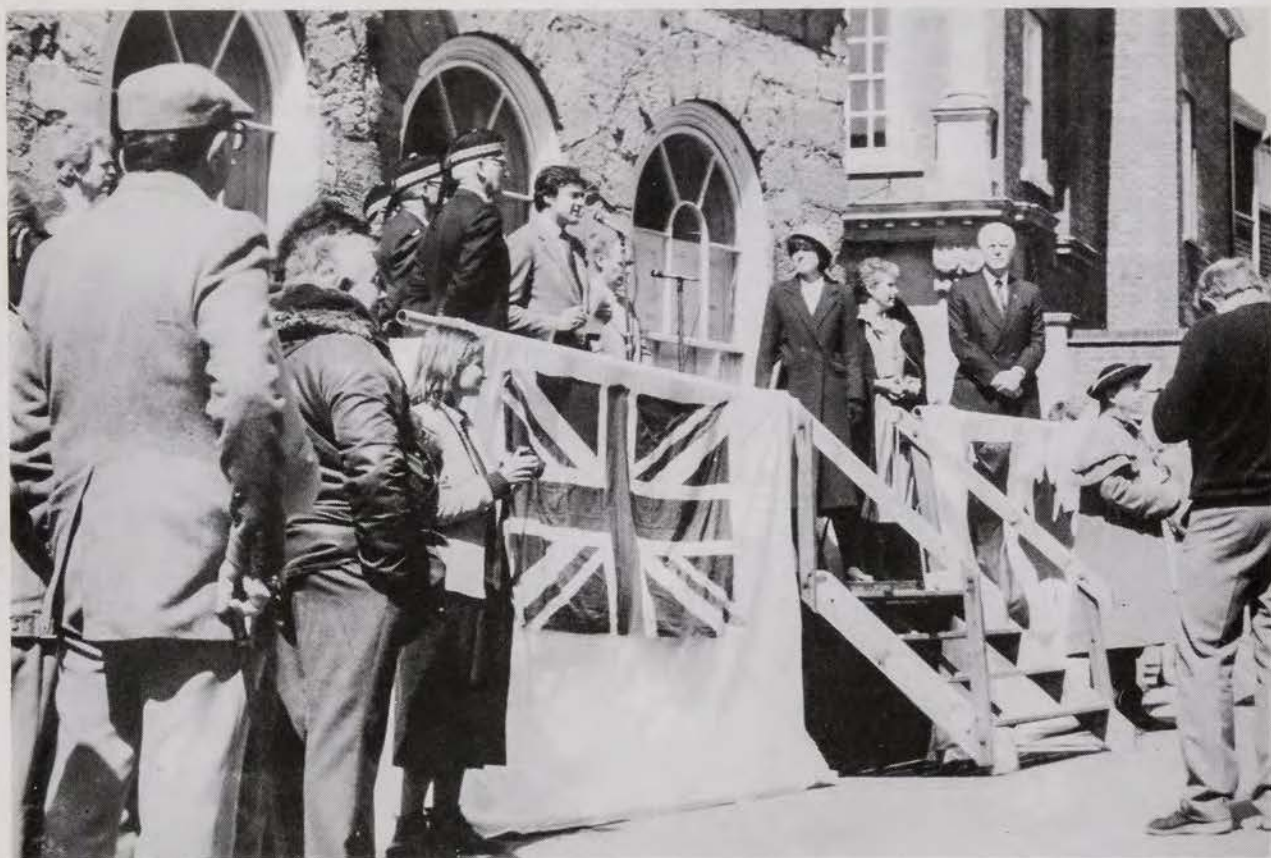
Toronto Scottish visit (2)
Photograph: Tony Whitcomb.



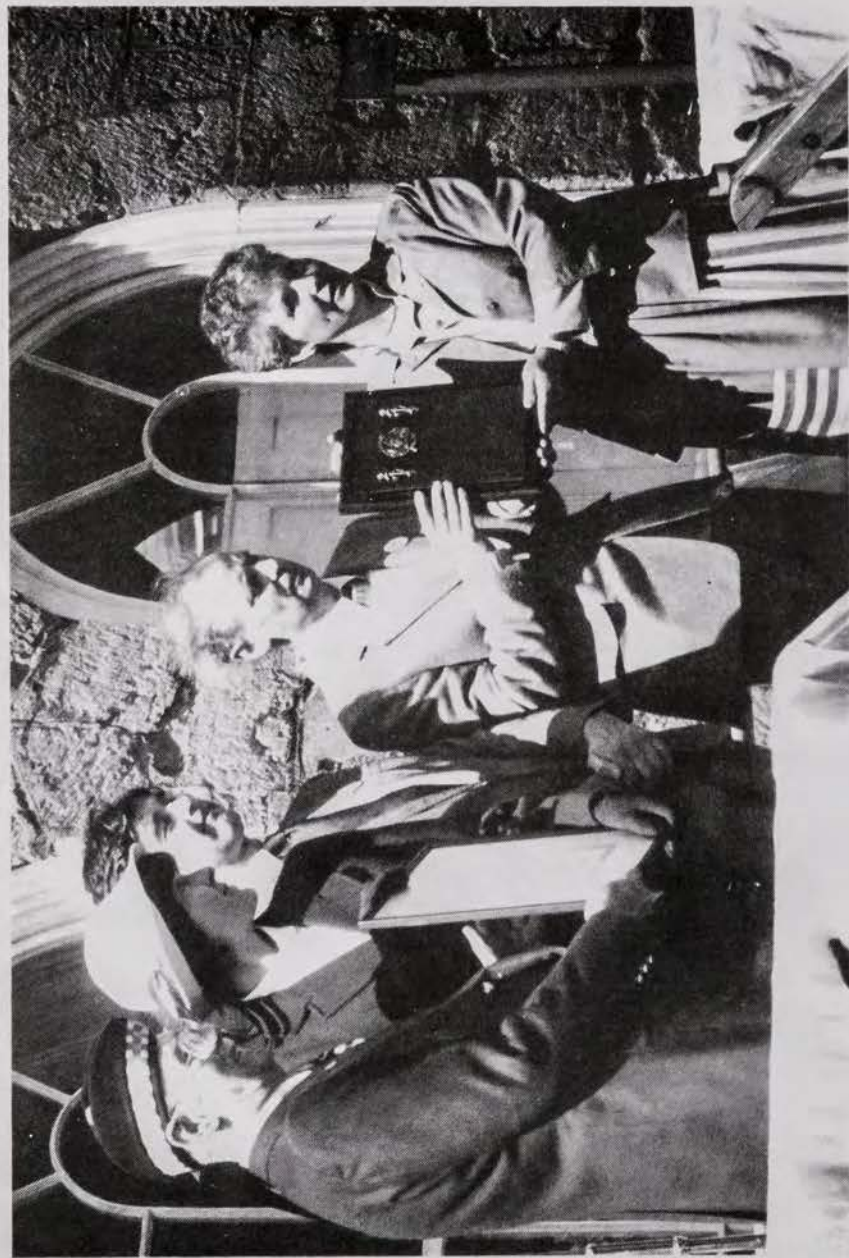
Toronto Scottish visit (3)
Photograph: John Mason.



Toronto Scottish visit (4)
Pipers in Petworth Park. Photograph: John Mason.



Toronto Scottish visit (5)
Lord Egremont's welcoming speech. Photograph: John Mason.



Toronto Scottish visit (6)
Exchange of gifts.

L-R. Mr. Al Pettit, Chairman Toronto Scottish Regimental Association, Lady Egremont, Lord Egremont, Mr. Peter Jerrrome, Mrs. Janet Duncton Chairman Petworth Parish Council.
Photograph: John Mason.



Toronto Scottish visit (7)

Courtlea staff, residents and friends watch the pipers.
Photograph: John Rosser.



Toronto Scottish visit (8)
The Canadian colour party arrive at the church.
Photograph: John Rosser.



Toronto Scottish visit (9)
Veterans on parade!
Photograph: John Rosser.



Toronto Scottish visit (10)

Two colour snaps.

Top. The Royal British Legion Party.

Bottom. Five ex-pupils of the Boys School with flag presented to the Primary School by the Toronto Scottish Regimental Association.

L-R. D. Simpson, R. Sadler, D. Robinson, J. Exall, D. Wakeford.

This photograph taken by Hannah Blunden (aged 8).



Petworth Society clean up litter April 21st
Some of the cleaners - but by no means all!

Photograph: John Mason.



Around the Hills 1898 - showing Mr. Upton's tennis-courts.
See "Round the Hills" From a Frith postcard.

Unlike everyone else, I continued my role for a further week, as I showed off our proud heritage to the children in school, and shared in their V.E. day celebrations. By now, I had been moved nearer the door and what fun I had there, as I could keep an eye on everyone, and play tricks on quite a few of them! Mrs. Clark almost needed treatment for shock from her colleagues in the Red Cross, and she had only come to clean the library! Then there were the members of staff who thought the headmaster was eavesdropping on their secrets, - enough said! One of the children even asked me to help solve a computer problem!

However, all good things must come to an end and so the great rehabilitation began, but I'm glad to relate that one good lesson had been learned, since I was returned to civilian dress with the help of the gentlemanly school caretaker, rather than by the more violent hands of the supposedly "gentler sex"! I have now beat an honourable retreat to my usual home, but I shall remember with pride my unique place in the great celebrations, and can justifiably claim that I not only stood and fell but actually fell apart for our beloved "Sussex by the Sea".

A VIEW FROM THE BAND

The impending visit of the Toronto Scottish was, for me, viewed with some mixed feelings, I had attended the Petworth Society Committee meetings leading up to this day and volunteered the services of the Petworth Town Band in a number of ways, now I hoped that the band would be able to go along with these arrangements and that everything would run smoothly. It must be remembered that some members of the band have to drive a round trip of some 50 miles to attend functions in Petworth and that the arrangements that I had agreed would mean them being away from home for about 8 hours on a Sunday. Anyway I gave them a rough idea of the days programme at rehearsal, along with the promise of a good lunch, no one threw me out of the band room, so far so good. The next small worry was the band's venue in Church, the Rector had asked for the band to play in the Leconfield gallery and, with the domed ceiling there, I was a little worried about the acoustics, so, with the Rectors' permission, we all trooped in after our band practice to try it out, it worked, and the sound carried to all corners of the Church. The next thing to be considered was the request from the Toronto Scottish that the authorized 1980 version of "O Canada" should be used, this caused some panic as time was running out and the chance of getting a full band score in time was pretty slight, however the Rector had a single sheet of the correct music and kindly arranged for us to

compare it with ours and make the necessary alterations. The morning of April 28th dawned bright and sunny and after an early morning visit to the square to erect music stands and put the music out, we were almost ready to go, when panic stations, the coaches started to come in about 20 minutes early, quickly we grabbed Kenneth Alford's march "The Great Little Army", the band struck up and the day began. I feel that I can speak for all the band when I say that it was a day that we were proud to be part of, and what a joy it was to sit in Church and listen to and take part in such an outstanding service. I know that the band would wish me to express our thanks to the Petworth Society and the Petworth Royal British Legion for the lovely meal provided.

John Grimwood.

APRIL 28TH A.M.

The first worry was the weather: there had been a hint of snow on a bitterly cold Saturday evening, weather to make the Canadians feel at home perhaps but not really what we wanted. Well the parade would have to go off regardless and we'd just have to get the Canadians up to Petworth House instead of going to their old camp in Pheasant Copse or into the Park. The National Trust had kindly given them free access to the House, insisting only that they carried some identifying mark. We would give each one an orange sticker to wear on their lapels as they got off the coaches. I've known parades in Petworth go off in appalling weather - what about the Festival of Britain procession 1951. I can remember looking out of an upstairs window at the sodden floats and thinking, "I'm glad I'm not sitting on one of those".

As it happened the morning turned out nice and bright. Audrey had told us to be up there early and I'd got the keys of the Leconfield Hall anyway. There wasn't anyone in the Square at this time except for a few people collecting their Sunday newspapers but the police had already cleared cars from the Square. It looked larger and quite different, as it appears in the old Kevis pictures of a eighty or a hundred years ago. It's the cars that hem it in and make it look smaller. I thought to myself that it must have looked like this before those legendary celebrations like Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee or the Coronation of King Edward VII: the Market Square with the early morning sunlight streaming down on it and no one about, but still easy to sense an air of expectation. David in fact was already putting up the big Union Jack - just the sort of thing you would expect on one of those rare Victorian or Edwardian

celebration days when Mr. Kevis would haul out his huge plate camera to capture the excitement on glass.

Audrey and her army of helpers arrived. It was lucky we'd spent the great part of Saturday evening setting things out, all sorts of people busy at all sorts of things. John and Geoff getting the Horticultural Society crockery up from Hampers Green, Pat and others putting the cutlery into sets bound in individual serviettes, Mrs. Bradley working away at her marvellous flower arrangements, one on the first landing of the Leconfield Hall stairs, one at the head of the stairs. Antirrhinums and stocks mingling with the daffodils. On the stage stood the huge Canadian flag that had come up from Chichester Barracks - on the trestles were the hodden grey table runners that had come down from the Gordon Highlanders' depot at Inverness (so I was told). Hodden grey (effectively a kind of mauve) is the traditional colour of the Toronto Scottish. Every trestle in the Leconfield Hall was in use and every green table. Goodness knows how we were going to feed everybody: 230 visitors and any other people whom we felt ought to have something to eat. There was plenty of food, it was just a matter of trying to stop everybody coming into the Hall at once. We'd have to try to operate in relays but it was very difficult to know how it would all work out. The food was ready, people bringing in things they had prepared. Malcolm went off up to Sonia's to slice the cucumbers. The rest seemed too big to take in but Audrey at least appeared to be in control.

I hoped the programmes had circulated alright - we'd done 2,300 of them and people certainly seemed to know the Canadians were coming back. I didn't want the Canadians to alight from their coaches into an empty square. There didn't seem much danger of that now. Soon Philip arrived, a real town crier resplendent in his crimson robes with his tricorne hat and his handbell. How long since Petworth had last seen such a sight? Old Mr. Knight had "cried" just after the Great War but there was no question of any special clothes - only the bell as equipment. We wanted Philip to do Mr. Knights' old round - from Market Square, up Lombard Street, round by Church Street to East Street down New Street and back into the Square. Bill would show him round. I'd met Philip before but not in his uniform - it was pretty heavy - at least thirty pounds in weight I believe he said, Bill and the crier disappeared. I could hear Philip's sonorous voice from Lombard Street. "Oyez, Oyez, Oyez"... he had a characteristic style of delivery and an unusual way of saying Toronto putting the same stress on each syllable To-ron-to. I'd have liked to have taken a photograph but things were beginning

to happen in the Square and the band were getting ready. It was still early though and when Bill and the crier came back I thought we'd have a try up High Street, Philip didn't shout and the crying was in fact carefully controlled, he was he said "a standing crier" - he didn't cry as we walked. I said to him, "Isn't it a bit off putting crying to an empty street?" (There was no one about in the sunny High Street). "Not at all," he said, "That's just the whole point. As soon as I start to cry people appear like magic". And it was true. As soon as he began to cry empty windows suddenly became peopled as if by magic. The sun poured down on Philip. "God Save the Queen", he concluded and we walked on through Cherry Orchard, "I like Petworth, it's a good town to cry in", said Philip. We (or rather he) had another go outside the Angel.

By the time we got back things were livening up in the Square, the big trailer we were using as a dais for the presentation had been brought in by Leconfield Farms. The maple leaf flag on one side, the Union Jack on the other. Roger Wootton had done a good job, there were a lot of people in the Square, the programmes had circulated alright and the band were playing. Whatever would we have done without the band? No one seemed to have missed me - I bet they would have missed Audrey I thought to myself. Mick Gill was here by now, a friend of Allan Flexman's and as it turned out an absolutely vital part of the framework of organisation, like the town crier. It was his last parade before leaving the Army and it was looking as if it was going to be one to remember. The coaches were due in at 10.15, coming in ones so that we could deal with them more comfortably. But here they were, Grey-Green turning slowly into a full Square and early! Well this was it, Ros, Mrs. Boss, Anne and Betty (I think) ready with programmes, orange stickers, Allan Flexman's map of places to know. The band were first, and needing to change. They disappeared into the Leconfield Hall toilets. Everyone was laughing: The Canadians hadn't known what to expect but they immediately sensed the affection, the emotions the town had for them. This was the regiment that had been at the wrecked school and helped with the funeral. These men had last seen Petworth before being posted abroad and few had ever been back. Few perhaps would ever return again.

As soon as the first Canadians alighted, smiling and waving and the square, now packed, began to applaud and cheer, I knew it was alright and the day would take off. You couldn't know before hand and you couldn't rehearse it. It was down to Mick Gill now: kilted pipers were emerging from the Town Hall and people were milling about everywhere. The Petworth organisations, the Fire Brigade, the Red Cross,

and the Royal British Legion, were all ready to go. Mick Gill knew exactly what he was doing; the Canadians had arrived early and he was waiting till the scheduled time. The parade began to take shape. The Canadians had their blue church parade blazers and their distinctive headgear with the big silver Toronto Scottish badge and they were a cohesive whole. Old habits of discipline had not died. The colour party wore the uniform of World War II. Then there were members of the Royal Canadian Legion, the Royal British Legion with Frank Wright bearing the standard, the Royal British Legion members, the Fire Brigade, the Red Cross and Petworth Town Band. At last they were away. The pipes wailing, the drums beating. The long procession disappeared up Park Road to turn right and along the narrow road by Petworth House stables. We set off up Lombard Street to the Church.

It was difficult to take in the varied scene at the Church: cubs, scouts, brownies and junior red cross lined up under David's guidance and the pipes and drums suddenly filling the path in front of the south door. "Let us now praise famous men", I'd brought up my own Apocrypha to be sure I wouldn't have to hunt for the place for the first lesson. Would the church be full? We'd always expected it to be and so it was. There were chairs in some aisles and St. Thomas' Chapel would be used too. Suddenly the Town Band were playing "O Canada" from their eyrie up in the Egremont Gallery and the whole church was alive with the sound of it. As when the Canadians had first alighted in the Square here was a spontaneity of feeling that would carry the service on its shoulders. We were in the presence of a rare occasion. The first reading came and went, the second lesson, the hymns and prayers. The band and the organ alternated. "O Valiant Hearts", seemed to take the first verse for the congregation to grow into the sombre tune. The sermon took up the theme of pilgrimage - it was not generalised but entirely apposite to the Canadian visit. The National Anthem and suddenly we were outside again in the clear sunlight and the Rev. Keith Kiddell the visiting padre was going through the brief service at the War Memorial. The Toronto Scottish and the Royal British Legion laid wreaths. The Canadians drawn up in massed ranks in front of the memorial steps remembered those who had been with them at Petworth but had not returned to their homeland. "All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave", the hymn had said. These men, I thought to myself, had all been volunteers.

Soon the huge parade formed up again, I couldn't watch it return but had to hurry back down Lombard Street for the official welcoming ceremony. The Square was more crowded than I had ever seen it and the spring sun shone down on the crowd.....

A LONG WAY FROM FORT YORK

We liked returning to Petworth. Everything there seemed well-arranged and there was no doubting the friendliness and sincerity of the welcome we received. We were sorry to have to leave but Petworth remained in our minds throughout the rest of the trip, remembering the day in hotel-rooms and on coaches, overhearing people talking about it at unexpected moments. Many of the party have already planned visits back. We were pleased to have Mr. Wells, the Agent General for the Province of Ontario, with us. He had visited many veterans' reunions in Europe but told me that for him the scene in Petworth Square after the Church Service was one of the most impressive sights he had seen. He later came to the continent with us and was with us at Antwerp, Appeldorn and Caen among other places. I was glad he was with us because at provincial government level he had done much to help us with the funding of the trip and he is a real friend of the regiment.

When we left Petworth on the Sunday we were quite elated by the welcome we had received but Monday was to be another very special day. We had an invitation in the evening to visit our Colonel-in-Chief, H.M. Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, and a very long-standing friend of our regiment. The special invitations could be framed afterwards. "The Comptroller of the Household is commanded by Her Majesty..." and the names were written in individually. 175 of us went to Clarence House for two and a half hours and each member of our party was greeted personally by Her Majesty, who went round the room afterwards talking to each group. No one was left out. Drinks were served with sandwiches and cookies. Out in the garden our pipes played; Her Majesty loves the pipes. It was another day to remember and I thought to myself that if I were a multi-millionaire, all my riches couldn't have bought a ticket for that evening.

On Tuesday we visited our sister regiment the London Scottish and presented them with a plaque rather as we had done at Petworth. We share with them the colour hodden grey, the colour, or in fact the material, of the original Scottish Kilt before the tartan. It's a kind of brownish grey, I would say, a hunter's colour. The colours of the London Scottish were taken after the Canadian 75th Battalion came back from the Great War in 1918. The Colonel was asked to form a territorial or militia regiment when the 75th was disbanded and this militia regiment became the Toronto Scottish, adopting the colour or their London counterpart. It was a really good evening, swapping tales tall and not-so-tall over a beer, the sort of evening soliders like.

Our first stop on leaving London was Antwerp where we stayed two nights. We were 800 in all because we were travelling with members of district D Royal Canadian Legion. The backbone of the itinerary were scheduled stops at certain centres, with an event every day. We didn't always all stay in the same town; 800 is a large body to cater for and we might be split into various groups in adjacent towns and villages, meeting up during the day. In Antwerp we had dinner together for 800 with Mr. Wells as principal speaker. We visited the Canadian cemetery at Bergen-op-Zoom, the pipe band played and wreaths were laid as we would do at other cemeteries, among them Dieppe, Calis and Groosebech outside Nijmegen in Holland.

We were four nights at Eindhoven, going one day to Amsterdam where there was a silent march to church, an official reception, a hotel dinner and then a canal boat cruise with wine, sandwiches and cakes. The cruise was by courtesy of the city of Amsterdam. Another parade was at Wageningen where the Germans had surrendered and this was attended by members of the Dutch Royal Family. There was a march-past too at Appeldorn and at Caen where the Toronto Scottish had been prominent in the city's liberation. We placed a plaque where the old station had once been and had an official reception by the mayor and Corporation. A nice touch coming into Holland across the border from Belgium was that each one of our seventeen coaches was allotted a former member of the Underground who stayed on the bus as guide all the time we were in Holland. Travelling by coach gave us a certain independence "We do Remember" another Canadian veterans' Association had their members staying with Dutch families rather than travelling around.

We came back through France, visiting among other places Vimy Ridge where our regiment had lost many men in the Great War. Many had had to face a gas attack without protective masks. Liberation Day was spent visiting and sight-seeing in Paris. The Toronto Scottish is a tight-knit regiment although its membership is now fairly dispersed. Veteran Association business meetings are held on Sunday afternoon at Fort York Armouries and there may be 80 to 100 turn up and when the present day militia regiment parade you may be sure there will always be a few veterans in the sergeants' mess on that evening. Five different regiments use the Fort York Armouries; each has a different parade night and different rooms. This tight-knit feeling kept us together in Europe and our blue blazer and glengarry were a token of that feeling. I always think that it was because our discipline was so strong that despite our 21 battle honours we suffered proportionally less casualties than other regiments during World War II. We dug in at the proper places and

if a senior member was killed, then the next rank down would take over and do a good job, and so on down the ranks. As we came back through France I thought back to 1938 when the Toronto Scottish, a territorial or militia regiment, but as much as anything else a club where you met friends, played sports, joined the pipe band perhaps, were told confidentially that we might be called upon. We were all volunteers, there was no conscription in Canada and we were free to choose to go or not to go. The Toronto Scottish were in fact the first Canadian regiment to land in Britain - that was in December 1939. We were employed for a time in coastal defence and even later in the war part of the regiment was held back at D Day to serve as a defensive force in case the Germans launched a counter-attack. 250 of our men went on the Dieppe raid but only a few went ashore; the larger part stayed aboard the destroyers and landing-craft and took on the German fighters. As a regiment we were often divided up and used as a supporting arm. We had considerable firepower and expertise with 4.2 mortars and vickers machine-guns and we could be used as specialist machine-gunners, specialist mortar or simply as infantry. The regiments we saw service with are too numerous to mention: the 101st American Airborne, the 52nd Lowland Division, the Brigade of Guards, the Polish Armoured Division to detail only a few. We worked also with the Maquis.

Jack Bunting was talking to the Editor.

(As Jack left Petworth on the day I spoke to him I have not been able to check this with him. Any factual errors will of course be mine. Ed.)

COMING BACK

"Harry was in camp in the Pheasant Copse and we met at a dance in the old Iron Room. It was St. Patrick's Day and a "C" company dance. Harry wasn't actually in "C" company but had been allowed to come. I went with a party of local girls. Somehow Harry found out where I worked and asked if I could wangle him a tin of boot polish to help with his kit. The Toronto Scottish were a very smart regiment and I did get him one and we just went on from there."

"I'd been in Wales doing assault training before I came to Petworth. We'd been on coastal defence duties at Shoreham and had been at Rye too among other places. Much of our time was taken up with training, twenty-five mile route marches - things like that. We spent eighteen months at Petworth and thought it quite a good camp. The nissen huts weren't bad at all and we improved things as best we could, parti-

cularly the roads through the Pheasant Copse. We were up at the top end and our way out was towards Upperton. We weren't the only Canadian regiment there: we shared the Pheasant Copse at this time with the 8th Canadian Reconnaissance Regiment and the Camerons an infantry regiment. We moved out in 1943."

"When I worked at the International Stores I used to do fire-duty. I remember listening for the sirens and parading in my helmet. We lived up at Cherry Orchard at this time and one night our house was hit by an incendiary. It was only saved by it being a pouring wet night that doused the flames. Yes, adjusting to Canada was difficult at first but the people were very friendly and that helped a lot. It was a completely different way of life and a different home atmosphere. Everything too was on such a vast scale after England. What helped me most perhaps was going out to work and meeting people. Some of the friends I made then I still keep up with. We lived first at Hamilton, then moved to Burlington and now live in Cambridge, Ontario."

"Regimental reunions are held once a year but on the evening when the militia regiment parades at Fort York Armouries you can always reckon on there being ten or twelve veterans in the sergeants' mess. Of course the veterans are fairly dispersed now from their Toronto base. We even had people from Vancouver at Petworth."

"We both felt coming to Petworth was a really beautiful start for the tour. So many people remembered and spoke to Alma and there were quite a few shouts of "Hi Harry" too. It was Alma's seventh visit back and my third. She liked to come back to see her parents every so often but they could never be persuaded to make the long trip to Canada to see us. And what a reception on April 28th! We told the Queen Mother all about our day at Petworth when we went to Clarence House the next day. And there were so many young people who couldn't remember the war. I had pens from the Mayor's office back home, key rings and miniature Canadian flags. The Federal Government even sent us about 50 flags from Ottawa to distribute them in Europe while we were on tour."

Alma and Harry Hilton were talking to the Editor.



The Comptroller of the Household
to
Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother

is commanded by Her Majesty to invite

Mr and Mrs Ham Hilda

to Clarence House
on Monday 29th April 1985

6.30 pm

A copy is requested to The Comptroller to
Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother,
Clarence House, St. James's, London, S.W.1

Invitation to Clarence House.



"ROUND THE HILLS"

Considerable local comment has been occasioned by the clearance of hedges "around the hills", and by the thinning of undergrowth along the brook edges. There is no doubt that this clearance has been to the detriment of some wildlife; rabbits, certainly, and possibly some species of bird and there is a feeling that a precious part of Petworth's historic heritage has been, if not destroyed, then certainly severely bruised and damaged. There is a feeling too that the tenant, as farmers often do, has acted with little regard for the landscape and that this destruction, once having been allowed to proceed, is irreparable. It is easy to talk, but hedges once uprooted are not usually reinstated. Here is, on the face of it, another straightforward case of destruction of hedgerow and natural habitat and yet another in a long line of environmental reverses. What right has anyone to despoil a historical landscape such as this?

Certainly the Petworth Society has to be interested and concerned but I do feel the case outlined above which has in varying forms been

made to me by several people rests on a number of doubtful assumptions and cannot be sustained. Reference to the past and to the historical landscape is here something of a two-edged sword. In historical times and certainly this century the "Round the Hills" landscape has never been a wild one but always carefully tended and controlled, nor has public access to it always been automatic. The hedge running down the slope from the Roman Catholic church towards the brook does not, as far as can easily be established, seem an historic hedge and it had become very unkempt. It had even been used for the dumping of garden refuse. It is easily forgotten that the land to the Withy Copse side of the hedge has not always been Leconfield, nor has access to it been free as it is now. When Mr. Upton had his tennis courts there written permission had to be given for entry and the idea of dogs having free run within sight of Mr. Upton's tennis-courts would have had Edwardian hands raised in horror. The site of Upton's tennis-courts is clear enough: a flat square plateau away to the right of the hedge as one looks from the stile. How old was the hedge? Possibly not later than Victorian times, the earliest existing photographs seem to show more of a line of cleft fencing interspersed with standing trees. This, I would argue is the traditional "Round the Hills" landscape. Will the hedge be missed? Probably not too much when the initial scar has had a chance to recover, while it must also be said that without the hedge there will be a much more open vista.

A glimpse at the Frith view of 1898 reproduced in this issue shows Mr. Upton's tennis courts and also the traditional cleft-fence and standing tree boundaries. A contemporary Kevis print (not reproduced) shows the carefully tended and clipped nature of the landscape at the turn of the century. "Round the Hills" has not over the last century been in any way a wild landscape; traditionally it has been clipped and carefully controlled. While we as a Society share the general concern at the widespread uprooting of hedgerows, and some quite near home, this seems to be a special case and not a true instance of this process. All that is happening is that the old hedging which had fallen so severely into disrepair as to become useless for its intended purpose is being returned to something like its traditional order. "Round the Hills" is not, as some who have spoken to me seem to think, a slice of wild nature, a kind of unofficial nature reserve, but a time-honoured agricultural landscape with all the constriction and artificiality that such a landscape must always have. Of course we feel strongly about "Round the Hills" but I do feel that in this case the Leconfield estate and its tenant have acted in everyone's best interests in tidying it up. Incidentally the white substance on the pastureland is not quicklime as some have thought but chalk for the grass and as far as I know quite harmless.

LITTER APRIL 21ST

Sunday April 21st seemed as good a day as any to launch a Petworth clean-up as it was the nearest Sunday to the visit of the Toronto Scottish and everyone wanted the town to look its best on the day. It wasn't however just the visit of the Canadians that prompted Audrey and Sonia to organise the clean-up, so much as a general feeling in many minds over a long period that something needed to be done about litter. The visit of the Canadians simply focussed attention on a very long-standing problem.

About thirty members helped: the Council produced sacks and John Brown took away the rubbish on his trailer. There was a great deal; two full loads. A few "wise heads" had pointed out that the rubbish would all blow back within the week and it would be as bad again on the 28th but this wasn't strictly true. Obviously if you're just talking about paper, there wouldn't be much point even cleaning up on the Saturday evening prior to the Canadians' visit, let alone on the 21st, but it wasn't paper we were really after so much as long-standing debris: cans, pieces of wood, milk cartons, bits of car exhaust. We didn't ignore the paper but paper wasn't really what it was all about. It will take some time perhaps for the grass embankment in Station Road to become so littered again and the same doubtless applied to other places, but as John Brown well knows, clearing litter is a thankless task, no sooner have you finished than it looks just as bad again - or you begin to think it does. We, as a Society, would hope that at least April 21st made a few people more conscious of a continuing problem.

On the general subject of litter, we must join forces with the Parish Council in their complaints about local commercial premises using the Car Park by the Bottle Bank for dumping waste cardboard. I imagine that this practice has arisen through cardboard boxes being used to bring bottles to the Bottle Bank and then being left in or beside the wire receptacle provided. It is an easy progression then to assume that the receptacle can be used for all other rubbish indiscriminately. The outcome of such dumping is that cardboard refuse is blown all over the Car Park, and quite probably, into adjoining gardens. The refuse collectors are left with a dilemma: if they clear the rubbish, they appear to condone the dumping of it and at the same time use up vehicle capacity so that some households at the end of the round fail to get a collection: on the other hand if they simply leave it it blows everywhere. I believe that the District Council has written to some of the premises who appear to be dumping in the Car Park. It's not always easy to prove who is

dumping, address labels on boxes can mislead; someone else may have had the box and left it. We hope this irresponsible practice will stop now that the wire receptacle has been removed; there's little point in the Society trying to clear up litter if such quantities of commercial refuse are to be dumped indiscriminately against the Car Park wall.

Peter.

EBERNOE, HIGH BUILDINGS AND THE CHITTYS (2)

Granny was a very ladylike old lady. Always neat in a black dress and black apron (covered by a sacking one when cooking and looking after the store), little black boots too! Very precise and severe. Some of the granddaughters speak of her as being very gentle and loving, but I was in great awe of her. We used to have our jobs to do when visiting, on wash days we would hang out the washing and were given crisp instructions to hang her underwear, especially the knickers, down the bottom of the garden, among the crab apple trees away from the gaze of the men!

Grandad was a true Victorian husband and father. His word was law. His sons stood in awe of him, and Granny waited on him hand and foot. She trimmed his hair and his beard. He boasted he'd never had a razor on his chin. She also washed his neck. He always made out he couldn't reach it himself, but I think he liked to be tended thus. One evening a week was dedicated to Grandad's toilet, and all visitors young and old, were despatched early to bed that evening.

Down among the crab apple trees was the W.C.. This was the part of High Buildings we town children found most hard to accept. We all suffered from constipation when we spent a weeks holiday at High Buildings. Mother thought it was the water, but I knew it was the dread of having to sit in that gloomy place with those two holes, perched over the ditch, up which unknown horrors could creep. And even if there was a little sister to take with you to cover up the other hole with her little bottom, there was still a nasty rustling down below. Even the cheerful Bidy Almanack which you could study if you left the door ajar, couldn't quite banish the fear.

I have asked my cousins what memories they have of High Buildings, and one reminds me that the road leading to the Farm was made by Grandad. It was only a track in 1901! Her Father told her how all the boys had to gather the stones for the road from the fields. Every day they had to go stone-picking. Just think how many baskets of stones it took to make that road.

My eldest brother remembers vividly seeing the Hunt (he thinks it was the Leconfield) quite close to the Farm House itself, and on one occasion he was offered the bush from some unfortunate fox, which he was too scared to take. He was teased unmercifully by Uncle Oliver about this. Uncle Oliver was a bit of a wag, whose idea of a joke was to entice us into the cowshed to watch him milk, and get us close enough to get a spray of milk - straight from the cow, as it were! Guy also tells of going with Grandad into Petworth taking produce to sell. He cannot remember details except for quite a regular call at Petworth Workhouse where he was given a drink by a lady, probably the cook. He remembers the little shop in Balls Cross (was it Ansell's?) where he would spend his holiday money on sweets and a postcard home. This around 1920. Going to Church with Granny was an adventure to him, due to the nature of the ground traversed, by lane and footpath, there were a number of stepping stones which encouraged him to traverse in all sorts of way, jumping, hopping and sometimes stumbling when ambition outstripped caution!

Grandad had various irons in the fire. He would go "copsing". I suppose it was a piece of copse on High Building's land but I'm not sure. He would make hurdles, and cut bean sticks. He also was very friendly with some travelling folk, fair proprietors whose name was Smith, and each winter they would lay up their stalls, rides etc. in the barn and cart sheds.

But all this came to an end in 1925 when Grandad handed over to the eldest living son Jack (John). They moved from Petersfield to take over the Farm, and Granny and Grandad moved to Ivy Cottage on the Balls Cross Road, where Granny died in 1926. So Grandad was left on his own. No, not alone, he always had a clumber spaniel who was always Chum. Chum (of all generations) was loved by Grandad more than he loved anyone or anything. Grandad whiled away his lonely hours playing the melodeon. He used to play the old Moody and Sankey hymns. "God be with you till we meet again" and "Hold the fort for I am coming" and so on. Definitely not hymns sung at Ebernoe. Mother used to talk of going to Gospel Meetings where those hymns would have been sung, but that could have been in Harting days.

Grandad could see High Buildings from the back window of the cottage and kept a spy glass on the sill to keep an eye on what Jack was up to. Jack worked wonders at the Farm, both house and farm improved under his change, but it was never a prosperous farm and was still being farmed in the traditional way when Uncle Jack retired in 1956.



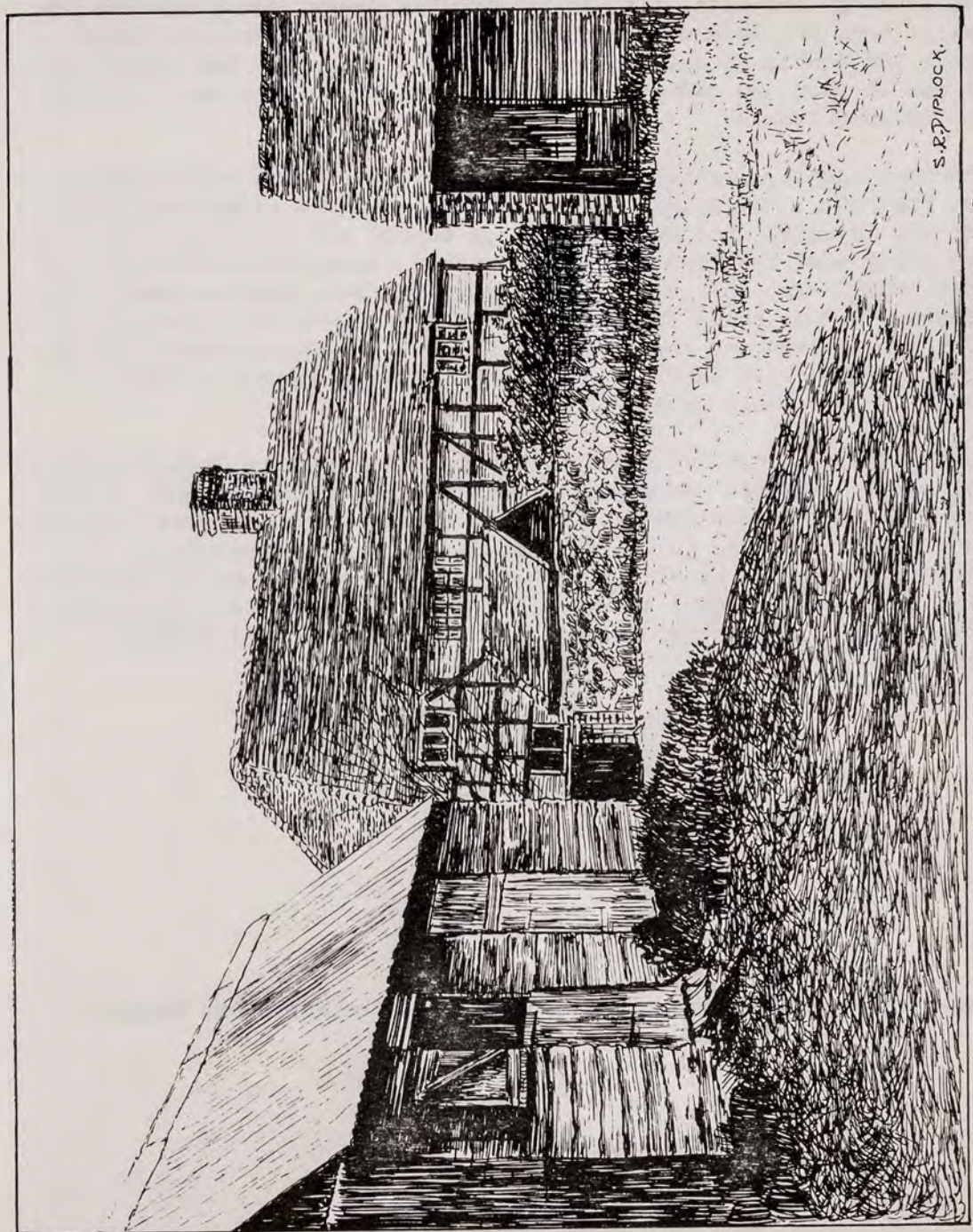
Grandad Chitty with "Chum" in 1938.

regular appearance of bunny in all disguises and was often heard to remark. "Rabbit pie mam, lovely mam." That saying entered the family repertoire.

For a few years Phil Chitty, son of Jack and Sally, worked with his Father, this was around 1933. He subsequently joined West Sussex Constabulary and went on to a very good position in the Metropolitan Police. Alas he died at the age of 70 in 1982. During his time on the farm he was 'postman' to the Common dwellers and one of my greatest delights was to accompany him around the cottages and farms

Holidays at High Buildings were now more comfortable, life had become easier, transport was available, tradesmen delivered weekly and most wonderful of all a cold tap had been installed over the stone kitchen sink. But we still washed our hands on the bench outside the back door using water from the nearby rain-butt. Auntie still cooked over that primitive open fire, but did have a couple of primus stoves for a quickly boiled kettle! We still went 'wooding', a lovely pastime.

Uncle Jack used to employ a lad who lived as family. They changed from time to time of course. I guess they came from an orphanage! Auntie was a very careful housekeeper and of course made use of all available produce. Rabbits for instance figured high on the menu. This was before the dreaded mixamato-sis. So this particular lad was familiar with the



High Buildings Farm. Drawn by Rendle Diplock after a photograph by George Garland. Original photograph loaned by Mr. Ivan Wadey.

delivering the post. It was an absolute dream, early morning dew still over the lush grass and mushrooms to be gathered and taken back for Auntie to cook for our breakfast with some home cured bacon. I was 16 then and can still recall the beauty of the early morning on Ebernoe Common.

Another cousin, Frances, lived for a few years with Auntie and Uncle at the Farm. Her mother was ill and she was shared around various of the Chittys. She went to Ebernoe School and was often sent out to bring home the cows and do the jobs a country girl would do. High Buildings isn't a romantic memory for her. Another memory of Ebernoe School comes from my youngest sister who was a dental nurse for West Sussex and travelled to the country schools with the dentist. She recalls setting up a clinic for the school in Ebernoe House. That would be in the '40s.

Grandad moved from Ivy Cottage to a cottage opposite The Stag where he lived for a few years but ended his days in one of those hidden cottages on Ebernoe Common. I can't remember which it was. He had a slight stroke and fell and burnt himself on the open fire. He had to be carried by stretcher-bearers over the common to the waiting ambulance and died later at St. Richard's Hospital, Chichester. Now he lies in Ebernoe Church Yard. So passed a real country character.

from Mrs. P. Collier,
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This quarter's new members will appear in the September magazine.

Harold Exall