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Cover drawing and design by Jonathan Newdick  
after an original photograph belonging to Mrs Barbara Calder  
showing the west side of Market Square decorated for  
Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897.

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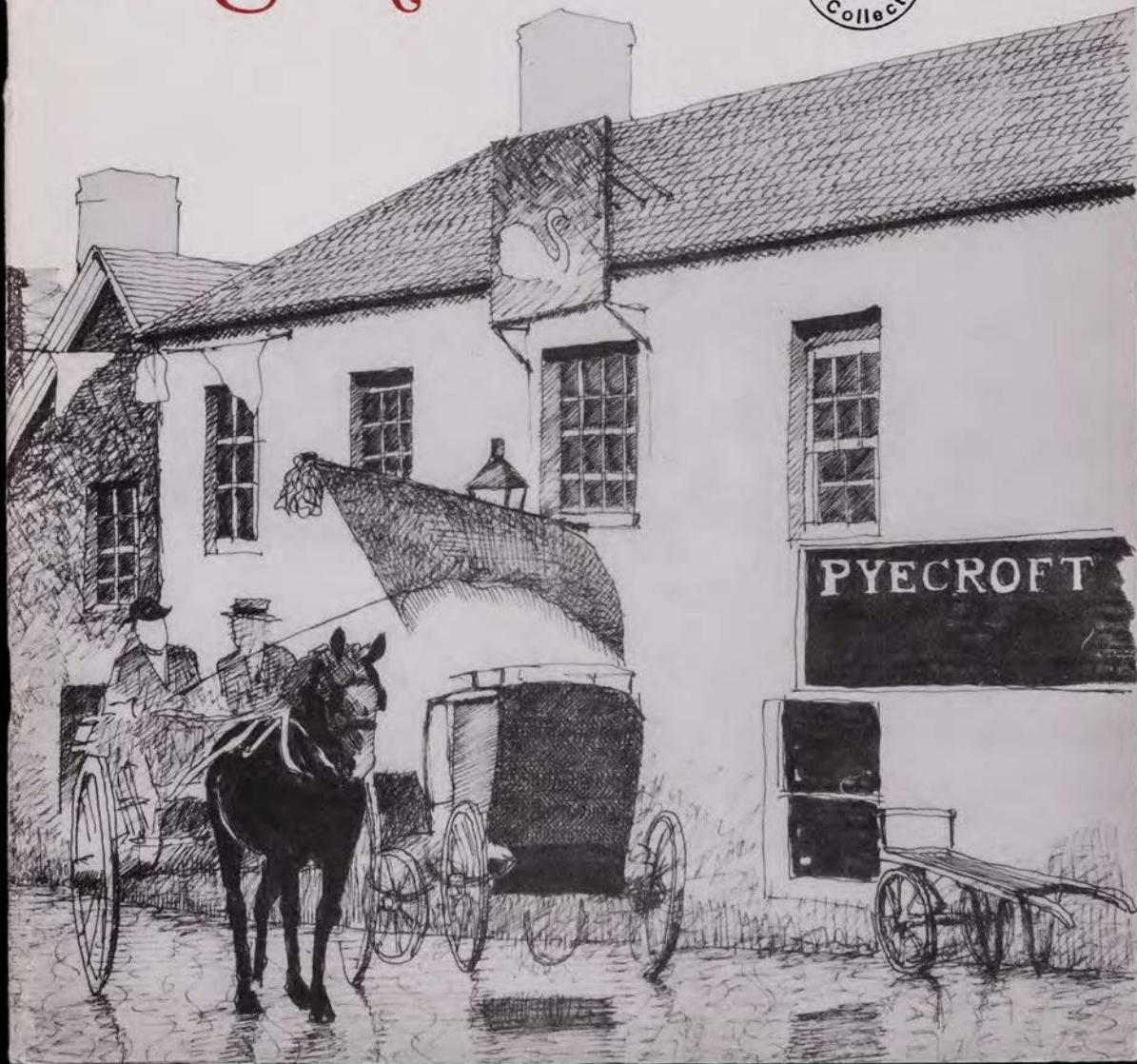
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# THE PETWORTH SOCIETY *magazine*

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June 1989

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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 £4.00. Single or Double one Bulletin delivered. Postal £5.00. Overseas £5.50. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:-

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and Duncton), Mr. Vincent (Tillington and  
River), Mrs. Harvey (Fittleworth).

#### CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

*There is so much struggling to get into this magazine that I will keep these notes to a minimum. Keith offers separate reports on the monthly meetings, now concluded for the season but I can tell you that this year's have been particularly successful and well-attended. The February and March walks were both excellent: John and Gloria taking a large company round Duncton and Barlavington on a gloomy February afternoon, and Ian and Pearl taking us through Holland Wood up by Blackbrook and finally back to a marvellous tea at Langhurst Hill Farm. A feature of both walks was the forwardness of the season, the following being noted on the 19th March: bluebells, wood sorrel, primroses, violets, celandines, dog's mercury, milkmaids, dandelions, blackthorn and hawthorn in leaf. The visit to Dean Manor was earlier this year and we enjoyed the usual leisurely walk round the gardens, followed by an equally leisurely tea.*

*The litter campaign, despite indifferent weather, was our best ever, both in turnout and in "productivity" - eighty bags being collected. We were able to make our way to places we had not previously cleared, partly because of the increased turnout, partly because Mr Les. Howard's attention to the centre of the town meant that we could cast our net further afield.*

*As you will see from Keith's report on the A.G.M. the financial situation is better than it was. Caution is however still needed. What has really helped is the willingness of so many members to make a voluntary addition to their subscription. Your response to the suggestion that you do this has been magnificent and says much for the strength of this Society. We are thinking of asking members to pay their subscriptions by a fixed date, say November 30th. This would address the situation where someone who does not pay the year's subscription still receives the four magazines of that year.*

*Please read the note on the forthcoming Charles Leazell Exhibition - certainly the largest event staged by the Society since the visit of the Toronto Scorttish in 1985.*

Peter

3rd May 1989



### THE FEBRUARY MEETING

Petworth Society filled the Leconfield Hall at the February meeting when Mr. Jeremy McNiven gave an enquiring tourist's "Glimpse of Egypt". With the help of slides, he took his audience on an informative tour, starting and ending in Cairo, a bustling, hot and dusty city of 13 million inhabitants. The museum there houses the contents of the tomb of Tut Ankhumun, which is small, and one can only wonder about the riches lost to tomb-robbers from the largest, that of Rameses II. The body of Tut Ankhumun has been re-interred in the original tomb at Thebes. From the pyramids of Giza, Mr. McNiven travelled down the Nile to Luxor and Thebes for the Karnak Temple and the Tombs of the Kings and on to Aswan for the Mausoleum of the Aga Khan and Lake Nasser. Always, Egypt's complete dependence on the Nile was evident, and now, complete control of the river has been achieved by the dam to ensure irrigation throughout the year, instead of relying on the twice-yearly flood. With the prospect of population growth from the present 50 million to 70 million by the turn of the century, problems loom, and a scheme exists to construct a second "artificial Nile" running north-west from Lake Nasser through desert oases and communities, then turning north-east into the Nile Delta, bringing large tracts of desert under cultivation. If completed, the project would be the largest construction ever by man. An excursion into the Sinai Desert with a climb to the summit of "Moses Mountain", Jebel Musa, 8000 ft., completed the tour.

Mr. David Sneller voiced the thanks of the Society; the raffle was organised by Miss Fox and Mrs. Grimwood and the refreshments by Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Dean.

K.C.T.

### THE MARCH MEETING

Torrential rain and a gale did not deter over 50 members of Petworth Society from enjoying an illustrated talk by Mr. Roger Fitter of English Woodlands on the role of trees in landscape and forest. Starting with photographs depicting the variety and beauty of trees in the local scenery as well as in France and Germany, he went on to show the contributions wood makes to our lives in fuel, furniture, fencing, building, transport and art. The final part dealt with the work of the forester in maintaining and cropping woodland. Mr. Fitter applied his expertise to answering the flow

of pertinent questions from the audience covering influences of pollution, disease and climate - including the hurricane of October, 1987 - and grant aid towards replacing and extending woodlands in a time of changing economic conditions. Mr. David Sneller had to draw the meeting to a close for reasons of time and thanked the speaker for a truly fascinating insight into our environment. Refreshments were provided by Mrs. B. Hodson, Mrs. D. Hounsham, Mrs. G. Patten and Mrs L. Wort and the raffle was organised by Mrs. J. Clifford and Mrs. A. Parvin.

K.C.T.

### THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 1989

There was an attendance of over 60 at Petworth Society's annual General Meeting, when the Committee was re-elected en bloc and unopposed. In his annual report, the Chairman, Mr. Peter Jerrome, reviewed on-going, well-supported activities such as the monthly meetings, walks and visits and community involvement such as the Litter Drive, which again broke records, both in support and the amount picked up - 80 bags, and Petworth Fair, which he described as "a rewarding headache". Cordial relations with the Midhurst Society had been strengthened recently when 30 members attended a poetry, prose and song evening. It is planned to hold an exhibition in September of drawings and paintings of Petworth by the late Mr. C. Lezell, whose family wanted the pictures to "come home" and be available to the ordinary people of Petworth. Proceeds will be shared by the Society and Shelter, the charity for the homeless. Mr. Jerrome expressed the Society's appreciation of this most generous gesture. Referring to statements he made from time to time concerning the by-pass issue, he re-emphasised that these were personal views with which members were at liberty to disagree, it being impossible to unite such a large membership apart from striving for conciliation rather than confrontation. Later in the meeting, a call from Mr. W. Boss for a show of hands for or against a by-pass route through the Park beyond the lake, resulted in 42% in favour, 9% against, with 49% abstaining. Mr. Jerrome commented that it would be interesting to know the views of the abstainers had there been time in the meeting.

The Hon. Treasurer, Mr. P. Hounsham, reported an improved financial situation due to a number of donations so that the Chairman did not need to use advertising in the magazine as a source of income, although Mr. R. Ford commented on the antiquarian interest of advertisements for future generations.



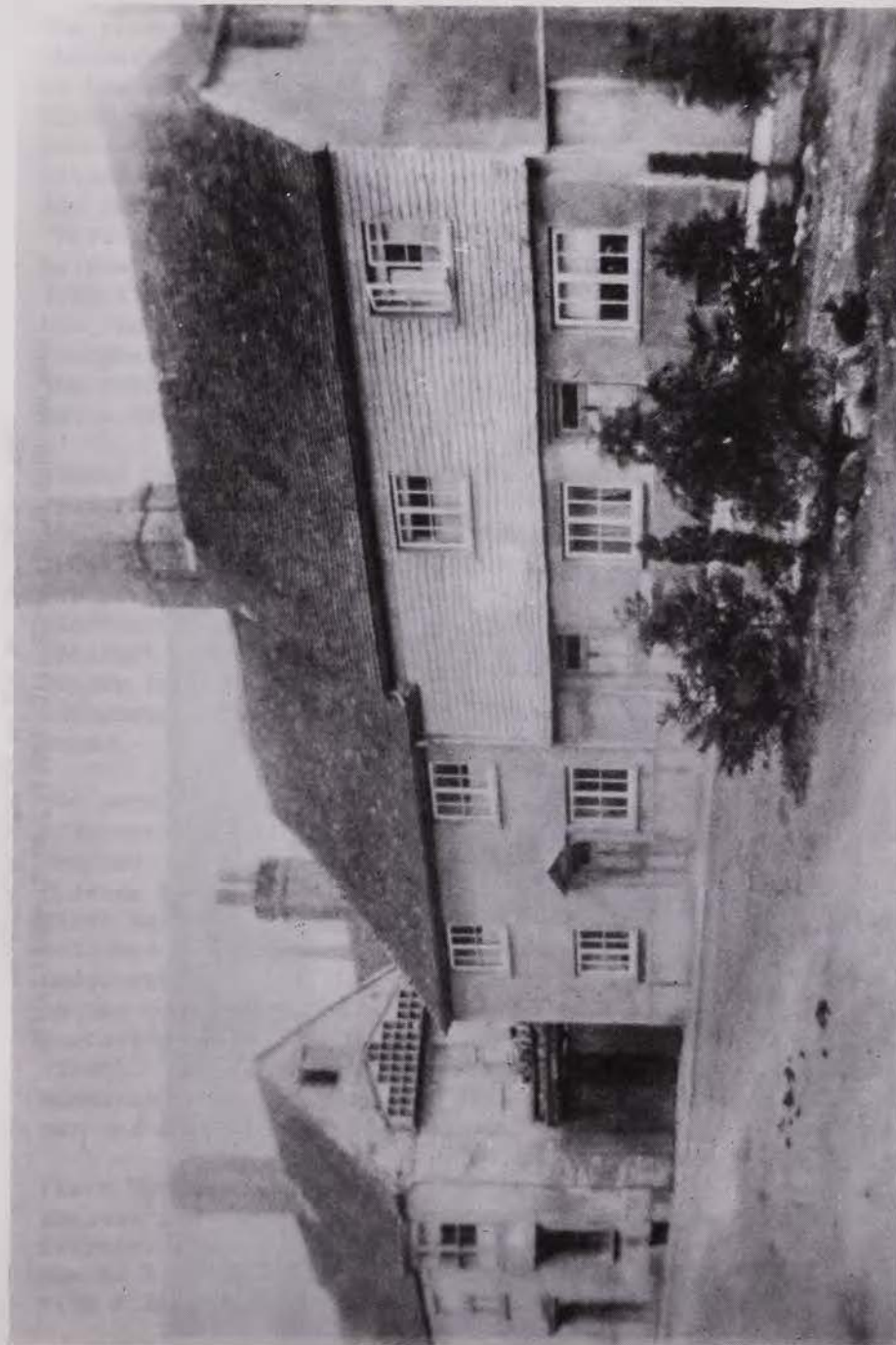
Mrs. V. Bennett-Levy, a lady of infectious humour, then gave a most entertaining talk on the Royal Maundy ceremony for which, over the past 30 years, she had made the nosegays carried by the Queen, Court officials, clergy and four representative children. The tradition was established at the time of the plague in place of the symbolic washing of the feet of the recipients by the monarch. With many amusing anecdotes, she described the intricate construction of the nosegays which she and her helpers assemble through the night preceding the service.

Each nosegay is made of fresh flowers on wires: 9 daffodils, 11 white stocks, 15 Cheerfulness (a jonquil), 14 bunches of violets, 12 bunches of primroses, 14 sprigs of rosemary, 12 of thyme and 20 of cupressus, all of which have a special significance. The recipients of the Maundy have to be old, poor and to have lived lives of Christian service. They may be nominated through the Bishop of the Cathedral, chosen by the Queen, where the ceremony is to take place. They receive, in a white purse, new minted coins of the kind used in the 16th century, totalling in pence the number according to the monarch's age. There is also an equivalent number of men and women recipients. In a red purse, they receive £3 for clothing, £1.50 for provisions and £1 in "redemption of the Royal gown", i.e. in lieu of an item of the monarch's clothing once given. The speaker was thanked by Mr. J. Patten. Refreshments were organised by Mrs. G. Patten and Mrs. A. Grimwood.

K.C.T.

#### "A REAL PLACE IN THE MIND". 13th APRIL

It seemed too good an offer for anyone to refuse, twenty complimentary tickets for the Midhurst Society's "A Real Place in the Mind". Our members obviously thought so too, all the tickets disappearing very quickly at Roger Fitter's talk on Forestry. Some Society members came over and paid so in all we took about thirty members to Midhurst. With the hour on it was nice to travel to Midhurst in the light. The Grange Centre is very different to the Leconfield Hall, different people going to different things, boys with loose-fitting judo clothes clearly not going where we were. Most of our party were already there when we arrived, the tables already set out with refreshments on them. There was a free glass of wine. Some people we already knew, some of course we didn't. We were certainly made very welcome, sitting at reserved tables but feeling very much a part of things. The company were still doing some rehearsing.



Messrs Cooper's yard in Angel Street long before Mr Cooper took over the business. It was then Habbins the builders. Note the dovecote and (in the foreground) the young trees. This may be the earliest surviving picture of Angel Street and comes probably from the late 1870s. Courtesy Mr G.C. Ayling, Chichester.





Messrs Cooper's Yard c1928. Bill Steer (left) with Sid Hunt.  
Photograph courtesy Mr and Mrs Christopher Knox.

The programme's basic idea was simple but very well thought out: the work of writers and musicians through the ages bound together by the common theme of Midhurst and district. "A Real Place in the Mind" is an allusion to Midhurst in an early H.G. Wells novel. The sound of a lute appropriately introduced a description of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Cowdray in 1591 and what better starting point for such a journey? The Weelkes Consort then gave us the madrigal, "As Vesta was from Latmos Hill descending", the refrain "Long live Oriana" alluding it seems to the Queen's visit. Thomas Weelkes from Elsted had been organist at Chichester Cathedral from 1602 but was "noted and famed for a common drunkard, notorious swearer and blasphemer", unusual attributes one might think for a organist. The authorities eventually seem to have thought so too; Weelkes being dismissed in 1617.

Thomas Otway the author of "Venice Preserved" had been born in 1652, his father being Rector of Woolbeding when Thomas was a child. We were given a few stanzas from the autobiographical "Poet's Complaint to his Muse". Well worth another look I thought. Two poems followed from Charlotte Smith, the late eighteenth-century novelist and poet, once of Bignor Park but resident for a time at Woolbeding House. "The Haunted Lane - A Sussex Legend" is apparently her work. I had always thought it anonymous. The tribute to Hungers Lane made us feel even more at home.

Two more Weelkes madrigals followed, then an account of life at Midhurst Grammar School in the second decade of the nineteenth century. A somewhat robust education was provided it seemed. Sir Charles Lyell the writer of this account went on to become the first scientific geologist, his theories influencing Darwin. There followed some dialect words and a rather sad folk song collected in Lodsworth in 1899, then some dance tunes. We returned to Midhurst in the company of H.G. Wells, (who else?) with some fascinating quotations from a very early novel called "Wheels of Chance" (1896). The hero and narrator predictably ends a cycling tour in Midhurst; less predictably perhaps in the company of a sinister man and a mysterious lady.

Frank Tatchell was the last writer, vicar of Midhurst for three decades and like his approximate contemporary at Petworth, Mr Penrose, the subject of many an affectionate anecdote. We followed one of his "Walks Round Midhurst" (1909). The programme concluded with a last Weelkes madrigal, then it was time for a chat. We all



thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Thank you very much Midhurst Society for asking us over and thank you very much Mrs Ive for such an inspired idea. I expect Petworth could offer a somewhat similar evening, but it is one thing to ponder, quite another so to blend the skills of many different artistes to make such an evening come alive.

Peter

#### THE BYPASS REFERENDUM: A TARGET, NOT A WINDMILL

Many members of the Petworth Society disagreed with the line taken by Peter in his March article "Tilting at Windmills". Moreover, the result of the referendum has demonstrated overwhelming support for a bypass - the sole aim of "Petworth Preservation", members of which initiated the campaign for a Petworth referendum. At the Petworth Society's AGM on 19 April it was therefore agreed that I should provide an article giving the viewpoint of those who worked to secure the referendum and regard Peter's criticism as unconvincing and misinformed.

So let us start with a clean slate and examine why a referendum was necessary and what its outcome implies and demands. It was needed because until last year the West Sussex County Council Transport Committee asserted that the people of Petworth seemed satisfied with the status quo on traffic and made it clear that it had no plans under consideration for the relief of Petworth's traffic problems. This was so obviously unacceptable that I raised it at the annual "open" Parish meeting a year ago and, seconded by Paul Sinclare, called for a referendum to establish what the people of Petworth wanted. This motion was carried unanimously. However, since by the end of 1988 nothing practical appeared to have been done, a number of frustrated local residents formed "Petworth Preservation" with the sole aim of preserving Petworth from the continuing damage, both to the fabric of the town and the environment, caused by the increasing stream of unregulated traffic. We are non-political, all of us are residents and rate-payers in Petworth and some of us are Councillors. I would be very surprised if most were not also, like me, members of the Petworth Society.

The recent referendum demonstrated beyond argument that our aim of securing a traffic bypass is supported overwhelmingly by the local electorate. It is since our formation that the Parish Council

honoured the vote to hold a referendum and it is since our foundation that the National Trust has initiated some discussions (the substance of which is still unknown to the electorate) with a handful of local people, mostly selected Councillors. One candidate in the County Council elections has even claimed that these discussions involve the Petworth Society. They do not. The Society has never been consulted on the traffic issue, unless you count the result of the vote Bill Boss requested at the AGM of 19 April when the vast majority of those who voted favoured a bypass.

Secretive discussions at Petworth House will not satisfy the people of this town that their interests are being pursued. Any genuine attempt to find relief from our traffic problem will attract support but it is fanciful to suggest that the National Trust can produce some magic formula. It cannot. We need a Western bypass for all the traffic which does not wish or need to traverse our town. Other diversion routes have been examined repeatedly and found to be unsatisfactory. "Petworth Preservation" has already consulted the Police and the County Council on the possibility of imposing some restrictions on trucks. Both profess to be unable to do anything for sheer lack of suitable roads. This is why a bypass is required.

Whilst we shall welcome a constructive future attitude from the N.T. and hope their recent "initiative" may prove useful, we cannot disregard the 50 year history of our traffic problem. The need for a relief road was first accepted by the County Council before World War II. The history is brief and the achievement is nil, so far. The late Lord Leconfield transferred Petworth House and Park to the National Trust in 1947; in 1950 the W.S.C.C. approved a plan providing for a bypass through the Park; in 1951 the Government instituted a public enquiry which elicited no objections to the plan from any source, including Lord Leconfield and the N.T. who were by then in possession. Consequently in 1953 the County Development plan incorporating the bypass was approved by the Government. Unfortunately no further action was taken by the W.S.C.C. until 1965 when it began detailed planning to implement what had been agreed and endorsed. It was then, for the first time, that the N.T. indicated its intention to oppose the route across the Park. The fact that neither the Trust, nor indeed Lord Leconfield who was a County Councillor at the relevant time, had ever objected before 1965 and yet the Trust has maintained a veto ever since has never been explained. It is clearly an embarrassment to the N.T. and justifiably so. Their only



subsequent attempt to offer a solution to the traffic problem was to commission the Buchanan Plan which would have destroyed the Shimmings Valley and was totally rejected by the people of Petworth and Byworth.

Much is made of the "inalienable" nature of Petworth Park. It was declared inalienable by the N.T. after its acquisition and in full knowledge of the likely route of a bypass. It is not impossible, as some assert, to defeat the Trust when there is a sound reason in the public interest, which is precisely what we have. The case of the Plympton bypass where N.T. objections were overruled by Parliament is a case in point. There too the Trust had acquired an estate in full knowledge of the need for a bypass, had nonetheless declared the land inalienable and acted precisely as they have done here since 1965. They lost because the local authorities refused to be overawed, established the public interest which was being flouted by the Trust and secured a rejection of the Trust's appeal. I sincerely hope it will not come to this, but on the basis of the facts and the history I believe we have an even better case than at Plympton. We need to press our County Council to act with determination.

The case for our bypass is best described in this abstract from the current District Local Plan: Paragraph 3.6.27. "The District Planning Authority considers that there can be few towns in the country so ill-suited as Petworth to the traffic load it has to accommodate. Its narrow streets suffer from constant heavy traffic congestion bringing with it an unacceptably high level of atmospheric and noise pollution. The impact from heavy lorries is also a cause for concern, not only for public safety but also for the constant destabilising effect it has on the town's historic buildings. Petworth is recognized as a town of national significance in terms of its historic and architectural quality. Therefore, the District Planning Authority considers that a bypass is needed urgently." Yet oddly - and in keeping with the history of this problem since 1953 - the District Planning Authority does not then go on to make any provision for a bypass in the period up to 1996 (the period for which the Local Plan applies). We in "Petworth Preservation" are formally objecting that the District Plan does not draw the only possible policy conclusion from its own diagnosis. It is an extraordinary abdication of responsibility which we must challenge. Our County Councillors and District Councillors must listen to the electorate on this issue, otherwise our bypass will be deferred until the next century by which time we

will be overwhelmed by traffic. The facts and the history are on the side of the people of Petworth. We shall win our bypass if we convince our District and County Authorities that we are in earnest and will not tolerate further decades of prevarication.

These are the reasons and justification for the referendum.

Terence O'Leary

25.4.1989.

#### PLANNING FOR THE SHORT TERM

Understandably Mr O'Leary prepared his statement without reference to very recent intimations of a forthcoming White Paper setting out the effects of the opening of the Channel Tunnel on the road network in the south-east and the need to accommodate the traffic that will be generated by this. There will be a dramatic increase in heavy goods movement by road between Dover and ports like Southampton. The present road network will not sustain this and it will be no surprise if the provision of a multiple lane corridor driven east-west from the Kent ports is suggested. The A272 will certainly not carry this kind of burden nor is it likely that it can be upgraded to do so. No one will look on the prospect of such an environmental convulsion with any relish and no one will wish to be in close proximity to it. The destructive effect on the countryside can only be imagined. Money will however certainly be found for such a route and central government will finance it.

I and many others cannot conceive that with such a large road under consideration and with its siting still to be determined, the County Council will be prepared to entertain such a project as a western bypass route through Petworth park. Nor is it likely that either the County Council or the National Trust will be attentive to any lobby that seems to forward the claims of such a route, given that a drastic relocation of existing traffic patterns is envisaged. Instead we seem to have in prospect a long period of waiting: first the inevitable disquiet as to where the envisaged Channel Tunnel link will go, then the long drawn-out traumatic work of construction. Two decades one might think. In this time Petworth's problems will grow worse: the volume of traffic on the A272 increasing the while. If a proposed route is anywhere within distance of Petworth there will be the additional hazard of construction lorries.

The National Trust Traffic Initiative is an attempt to look for a



measure of short-term alleviation and its concern is not with long-term solutions of whatever variety. I welcome it. I don't really see how anyone in Petworth can rationally do anything else. First steps are informal consultation at County level. I might personally wish for a greater urgency but these things do have a somewhat leisured rhythm. The irregular meetings held to promote and discuss this initiative are not secretive, or if they are this is an aspect of them which has so far escaped me. I cannot of course speak for the Trust but I have no doubt that if Petworth Preservation wish to come and talk constructively about traffic alleviation the Trust would be pleased to invite them. Mr Paul Sinclare attends already in his role as a District Councillor and he would appear to have links with Petworth Preservation. He must correct me if I am mistaken. Attendance need not even imply an abandonment of the call for a western route through Petworth Park: just the desire to work together to help Petworth with its immediate traffic problem. This has to be common ground for everyone and can hardly be considered controversial. If it be objected that such an initiative is pointless, I can only say that some think a modicum of progress may eventually be possible.

Peter

30th April 1989.

(Note:

*This Society cannot as a whole be committed either to Mr O'Leary's view, my own views as Editor of this magazine, or for that matter to any view. It can however by the amicable setting out and exchange of differing viewpoints seek if at all possible to draw together rather than set further apart.*

Ed.)

**CHARLES LEAZELL: 10.5.1883 - 21.3.1958**

Charles Leazell left the North of England whilst still a schoolboy to live in Upperton.

He lived there until 11.11.1911 when he and Eda Stone (from Somerset) were married in Tillington Church. They then set up home in Petworth, and made another move there, before Rosemary Cottage was built in 1920 and they went there in the rough gales that October. Gradually, Charles Leazell's Building and Property business expanded and became a Limited Company. He also took a great interest in Petworth and served on the Parish Council for many years. However, at the age of fifty, following an illness, he

decided to curtail his active participation in public and business work and to turn some of his energy towards art. He attended the Chichester Art School every Friday for several years and enjoyed the tuition and encouragement of Miss Lillywhite who was then its Head.



Charles Leazell  
at work at  
Rosemary Cottage

He continued to paint in water-colours and produced both pencil and pen-and-ink drawings until his death. His output was considerable and his absorption and delight in his art was intense. Both in Petworth area, and further afield, he could be seen wielding a paint brush whilst holding another in his teeth. More than once, at his easel in the meadows, his stillness was such that an inquisitive cow would amble up and dribble over his shoulder, receiving a kindly push off before the painting suffered.

Over the years he became a member of Art Societies in West Sussex and in Hampshire and his work was hung in Exhibitions mounted in Worthing, Portsmouth and elsewhere.

Like all true artists, he was never satisfied with his own work and could always see a gap between his visualisation of the subject and his expression of it on paper. Thanks to a tireless persistence towards perfecting his technique he produced an abundance of water-colours and drawings, many of which are included in this Exhibition.





Tillington Church. A pen and ink drawing by Charles Leazell.

THE CHARLES LEAZELL EXHIBITION. WEEKEND OF SEPTEMBER 23rd AND 24th

A large body of work by Charles Leazell is held at Emsworth by his daughter Mrs Bodiley and her husband. It falls into three broad categories: water-colours, pen and ink drawings and pencil drawings. There are some 80 water-colours. All are mounted, some are framed and some are unframed. The views are mainly local but some feature other parts of the United Kingdom and a few are of continental scenes. Some water-colours will be on view which the family wish to retain but the rest will be for sale.

There are roughly 30 pen and ink drawings mainly of Petworth and district but one or two further afield. These will be sold as original copies. The study of Tillington Church reproduced in this magazine is an example of Charles Leazell's work in pen and ink.

Lastly, and a very distinctive aspect of Leazell's work, are the pencil drawings, some 100 in number, surviving largely in two bound volumes, although there are some separate sheets too. As the books are a valuable record in themselves it has seemed best not to break them up to disperse the original drawings but to take perhaps some twenty-five drawings and reproduce them in small limited editions of say twenty, each print being numbered individually and authenticated by Mrs Bodiley. The prints would be quite reasonably priced, while the loose sheets might well be sold as original copies. The great strength of the pencil drawings lies in their sensitive treatment of Petworth's older buildings, but Tillington, Duncton and Burton are also featured.

Mr and Mrs Bodiley will pay all expenses involved with mounting, exhibiting, printing a catalogue and producing posters. They will also pay for the hire of the Leconfield Hall, except that in this latter case a small charge of 20p will be made for admission to help defray the cost of the Hall. Proceeds of the sale, less admission charges but without any deduction for expenses will be shared between this Society and the Charity "Shelter". It is felt that this is what Charles Leazell would have wished; the Society providing through its quarterly magazine a sense of continuing Petworth tradition, Shelter reflecting his desire to provide reasonably priced housing for those who might otherwise have to move from their home town or seek tied accommodation. Considerations of finance are, however, secondary. The Exhibition's main concern is to see that Charles Leazell's work



comes home to Petworth. We would look so to price the exhibition that there will be no one in Petworth who would genuinely like something of his, who will be unable to have it for reasons of expense, whether an original or a reproduction of a pencil drawing.

The Exhibition will take place over the weekend of September 23rd and 24th opening either on the Thursday or the Friday evenings. This remains to be decided. The first evening will be open only to Society members and specially invited guests, after that it will be open to everyone. A catalogue will be available. Items may be ordered from the first morning onward, paid for, and marked for collection at the end. In that way of course the Exhibition will remain complete until it closes. Further details in the September magazine.

#### ALEXANDRA ROSE DAY

Alexandra Rose Day was founded early this century by Queen Alexandra, to help fund the Hospitals; and this annual sale of artificial roses, by volunteers in the streets, was the first of the now many "flag days": and is, traditionally, still held all over the country in June. The original linen roses were made by young disabled people in their workshops; who sold them to the Rose Day Committee. This helped another charity at the same time. Now, the pink linen roses, and green wicker baskets are a thing of the past. The modern paper "sticker" is now sold: but still, the money raised by willing sellers and generous buyers, goes to our Hospitals!

In Petworth, as everywhere else before the National Health Service was brought in; we had to keep our own Cottage Hospital, District Nurse, and baby clinic, going by our own efforts. I remember, to get free service for our families, we used to pay a small annual subscription - (To get the services of the District Nurse, we paid six shillings and eightpence a year!) - The Cottage Hospital was always short of money; so, when in 1932, my husband became Chairman of the Hospital Committee, he asked me to try and get Rose Day going in Petworth, to boost the funds. I got much willing help; and, that first year we handed over £25 - a princely sum indeed! Gradually, we found volunteers, in all the villages around who sent patients to the Cottage Hospital, to start the collection: and by 1947 we had money coming in from 17 centres for Rose Day.

In 1947, the Cottage Hospital was taken over by the N.H.S. and we

were told that voluntary help would no more be needed; but, by 1949 the attitude had changed - Hospitals were expensive to run, and we were asked to form a League of Friends, and re-start the Rose Day Collection.

Then, in 1971 when the Health Authority shut Petworth Cottage Hospital, an anonymous donor bought the building, which is now a Charitable Trust, and is available as a Cottage Hospital, Convalescent Home again. Our League of Friends now works harder still to keep it open, and Mrs Mant has organised Rose Day in Petworth ever since 1971. Every centre in our whole area is covered: Mrs Walters, of Ebernoe, organised the whole collection; and in 1988 she handed over £2,000 (a record) to the Hospital. What a change from the original £25 we collected!

So, when one June Day, a Rose Day seller comes to your door, or stops you in Market Square; please help us continue our excellent tradition.

Elizabeth Shakerley

#### A FETE AT IFOLD HOUSE SEPTEMBER 1861

In September of 1861 a fete was held at Ifold House which was reported in the West Sussex Gazette and which has been reproduced here.

According to Kelly's Directory of 1866, Ifold House, together with Shillinglee Park, Ebernoe, Barkfold and Sladeland were the five principal residences of Kirdford. The 1861 census shows the owner of Ifold, John Napper and his wife to be a middle aged couple, and apparently childless. They appear to live in some comfort with 9 servants living in the house. John Napper was a substantial shareholder of the company running the Wey Arun Canal and was its chairman from 1855 to 1866. He was also a JP and is frequently mentioned as being present at the Petty Sessions held in Petworth.

John Napper's Estate is now the village of Ifold.

From The West Sussex Gazette and County Advertiser  
September 19, 1861

IFOLD

FETE AT IFOLD HOUSE - One of those exhibitions of genuine old



English hospitality now unhappily not so frequent as in the days of our fathers took place on a scale of great liberality, at the residence of John Napper Esq. on Wednesday the 11th instant. Not only did the company comprise a numerous gathering of the nobility and gentry of this and the adjacent county, and the tenantry of the estate but the good things of this life were unsparingly distributed to a large number of school children, and of the inmates of the Kirdford and Wisborough Green Union Workhouses, bearing in their hands flags and banners inscribed with "My Happy Day." etc. etc, and when they arrived they were met by the word "Welcome". in large letters, as well as a warm reception and hearty shake of the hand from the amiable lady of the mansion, whose condescension and affability was the admiration of everyone during the whole of the day, her study being to make everyone happy. Soon afterwards the school children from Wisborough Green and Kirdford made their appearance headed by their respective tutors and patrons, at half past 12 they sat down to a good old English dinner in a spacious booth to the number of 155. Next came the tenants and tradesmen of the neighbourhood, who also were kindly invited, and though last not least, the neighbouring gentry, among whom we noticed Earl Winterton, Lord Turnour, Lee Steere, Esq., Mrs. Steere and family, Colonel Barttelot, Esq., M.P. and Mrs. Barttelot, John King, Esq. and Mrs. King, the Rev. E.P. St. John, and many more whom we did not know. After the removal of the cloth the old men were given pipes and the weed and home brewed ale. The tenants were all regaled to their hearts content, while the children were enjoying themselves at cricket or riding upon a run-around hired for the purpose. The gentry amused themselves with playing croquet, and Aunt Sally also came in for her share of the patronage. They also dispersed over the grounds which were decorated with a most tasteful arrangement of flowerbeds just now in the height of their bloom and beauty. Here, and in the parklike grounds adjoining, where the refreshment marquee for the children and old people was erected, there was afforded every facility for enjoyment in the form of a variety of out-door games and amusements. The contents of a booth literally full of presents adapted to the taste of the juvenile and aged guests, were distributed by Mrs. Napper, amidst unequivocal manifestations of delight on many happy face. Several races were run by the school-children - both boys and girls, and none were allowed to depart without some token of regard from Mr. and Mrs. Napper, in the shape of prayer books, reward cards, etc. The Rev. Mr. Cole then proposed the health of Mr. and Mrs. Napper, with three times three, observing that they had indeed fulfilled the injunction of

scripture, for not only had they invited the rich and prosperous, but they had bountifully entertained the poor, the lame, the halt, and the blind. The toast was drunk with an enthusiasm never before heard at Ifold; the cheers made the place ring again, and we know that they were heartfelt as well as hearty. The shades of evening now began to draw on apace, which warned the company it was time to call for a dance. The band of the 6th Sussex Rifles soon struck up a lively tune, and all joined promiscuously, lord and lady, tradesmen and daughters, masters and servants, and seemed to enjoy it to their hearts' content, indeed it could not be otherwise for all strove to make each other happy. The band then played the National Anthem, and all departed to their homes highly delighted with the day's amusement. We cannot close the report without saying that the band gave general satisfaction and received the thanks of Mr. and Mrs. Napper for their exertions. The kindness showed by the host and hostess to their numerous guests during the whole of the day, and the anxiety evinced for their enjoyment, were the theme of general admiration, and it is indeed to be hoped that they both will be spared many long and happy years to continue to be a blessing to the parish in which they reside.

Janet Austin.

#### A FAIR COP AND OTHER STORIES

##### Old Ebernoe

When I was a boy our family firm of Whitcomb did all the building work for the Peachey family at Ebernoe, being employed particularly to repair the isolated farmhouses on the Common, like Birchwells, Golden Knob or High Buildings. The Common was much more grown up then than now and thick with foliage like holly, so much so that you could easily pass a house on one of the tracks without being aware that it was there. I can remember going straight past one keeper's cottage that we were looking for. There were two ways into the Common then, either turning in at Blackwool off the London Road or going in by the Church at Ebernoe. We did a certain amount of work at Old House, behind the Stag Inn at Balls Cross, a track leading down to it at the side of the pub. The house is now demolished. My uncle Bob Whitcomb, later to have the Wheatsheaf in North Street, was working at Old House with a mate. Working up in the chimney, his mate found an old baker's oven and in it a tube. It was very heavy so he tossed it down to my uncle. Uncle Bob took it out into the garden where there was one of the old-fashioned chopping-blocks. He chopped the tube in half and found it was crammed full of gold sovereigns. No one know who had put them there or how long ago but it was a tidy sum at a time when a bricklayer's wage was 21/- a week and a labourer's 14/-.



### A Chauffeur on Horseback!

When Arch. Gibson was chauffeur to Lady Leconfield it was his task one day to collect her ladyship at Last Lodges in Stag Park where the Leconfield Hounds had been due to meet. To her chauffer's consternation her ladyship kept the appointment at the lodge but jumped off her horse, told Arch. to hold the reins and then drove off in the car. "What shall I do with the horse my lady?" "You can do what you like with it," came the terse reply, "I don't want it any more." With that her ladyship drove off.

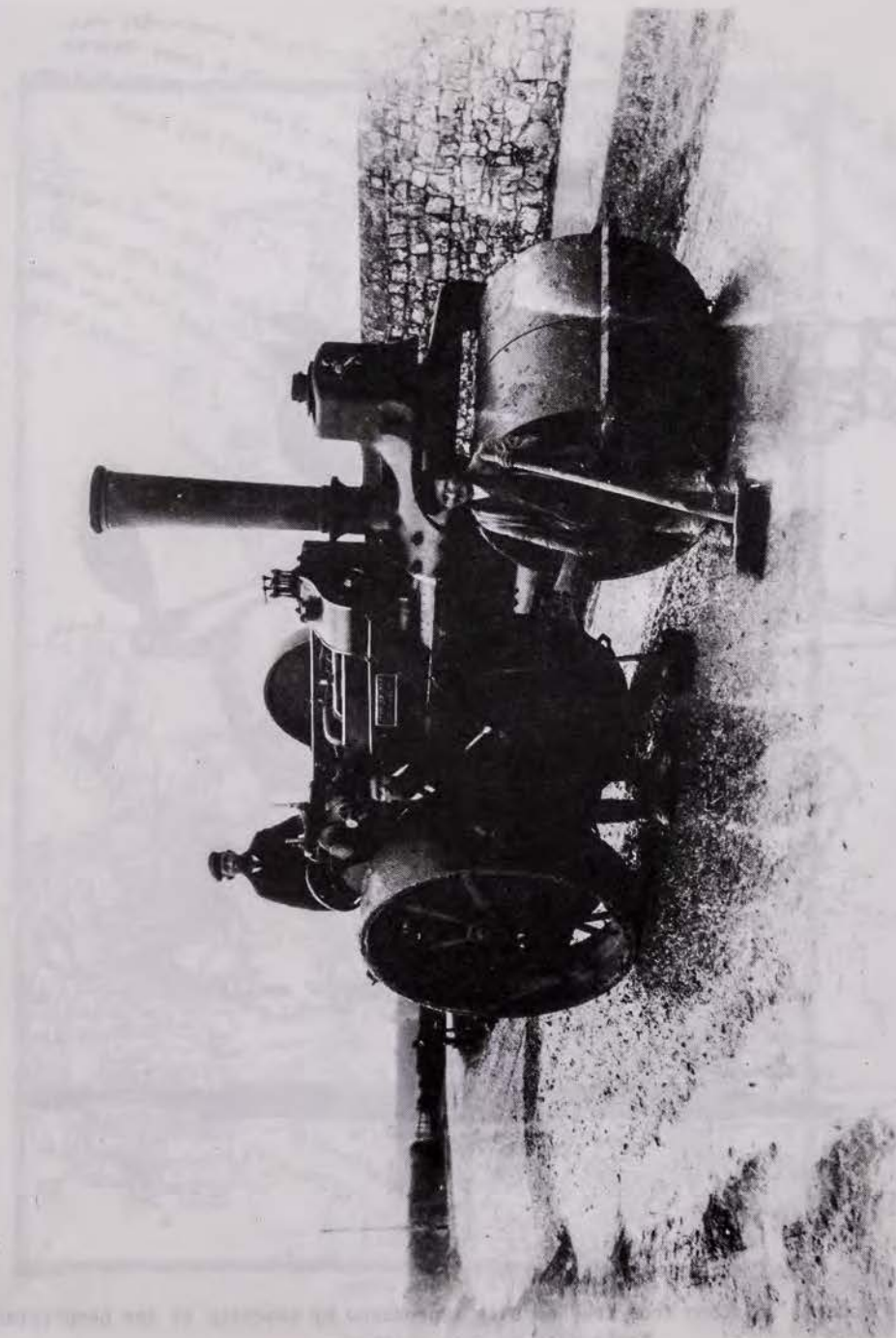
Well, there was nothing for Arch. to do but get on the horse, still of course in his chauffeur's livery complete with peaked cap, and ride back into Petworth, all along the London Road and up North Street to the stables. Even the ladies at Somerset Hospital turned out to see a chauffeur on horseback. It was a good thing Arch. had some stables experience that enabled him to deal with the situation but he had to deal with some good-humoured banter from the stud-grooms. There was a framed cartoon celebrating the incident hanging in the Red Lion for years but I don't know what's happened to it now.

### A Fair Cop!

Three men broke into Henry Streeter's window in Church Street and stole some jewellery out of the display cases, making off down North Street on foot. P.C. Cheney who lived in Montier Terrace, the police houses at that time, set off after them and caught up with the malefactors at Limbo. "It's no good you running away," he announced, "You're surrounded." The startled thieves offered no resistance as he handcuffed the three of them to his push-bike and marched them off back to Petworth.

### An Encounter with Elgar

Before Elgar moved to Brinkwells at Bedham he stayed at Hoes Farm with his daughter who was married to Mr. Blake, the farmer there. I used to go fishing at the Rother; it was much easier then: you just needed a permit from the Estate Office. I would go down Hoes Lane and then turn past the farmhouse to come eventually to a wooden bridge over a stream. The bridge had been put there so that the hounds could cross if the hunt came that way. Elgar was a slight man, not young then and I of course had no idea who he was. "Where are you going young man?" he asked. "I'm going fishing," I replied. "This is private ground," said Elgar. "No, it isn't, I said. Elgar told me I'd no business to be there but I continued on my way and we parted quite amicably.



Steam-engine at work. Tillington Road, Petworth c1905.  
Photograph by Walter Kevis.





Arch Gibson's famous ride.

The Harold Roberts' cartoon from the Red Lion reproduced by courtesy of the proprietors.  
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.



Harold Roberts' best-known cartoon celebrating King George V's Silver Jubilee in 1935.  
How many Petworth characters can you pick out?



## THE ARRIVAL OF PETWORTH'S JUBILEE BEAKER!



PETWORTH'S winning the cup for the championship of the West Sussex Senior League is a fine conclusion of the Jubilee-year efforts of the Club.

Petworth F.C. win the West Sussex League! A much rarer cartoon by Harold Roberts. It is a photostat of a newspaper cutting and may not reproduce particularly well.

A more familiar cartoon is the opening of the new public toilets in Market Square. How many other Harold Roberts cartoons do you know? (This cutting courtesy of Mr J. Taylor)

## Football

George Garland the photographer was the same age as my elder brother and was brought up at the Railway Inn. His Mother bought him a complete football outfit: absolutely everything including goal-posts, nets and corner-flags and even had the field at the back of the inn marked out as a football pitch. We were always down there playing but I don't think George was as keen on football as we were!

Local football was very well supported in those days before the 1914 war. The pitch in Petworth park was roped off and Petworth could play teams like Chichester, Shoreham or Littlehampton in the old West Sussex league. If you were in Market Square you'd know when Petworth had scored because of the deafening roar that came from the large crowd in the park. The photograph taken in 1912-13 shows: Back row L-R. R. Vincent, G. Tiplady, G. Frewin, Brooker, Lawrence, A. Pullen, Diggie Wells and Mr McLachlan. Front row L-R. Mr. Hunt, Curly Wells, Tapper Moore, Bob Whitcomb, C. Bartlett, W. Lucking and Syd. Vincent.



Petworth F.C. 1912-3.



Bob Whitcomb (not the one at the Wheatsheaf) was the Captain and his brother Bert (H.J.) became a wealthy man. He had a job in an insurance firm who were the first to insure a motor car. This was in 1902 when motoring was in its infancy. The A.A. at that time had cycle patrols to warn motorists of police speed traps set to apprehend any motorist who exceeded the 12 m.p.h. speed limit. Virtually every motorist was a member of the A.A. In 1906 H.J. went to the A.A. Committee and suggested they form an Insurance Company to cover members' cars. They did and the Motor Union Insurance Company was formed with H.J. in charge. There was a strong Petworth connection as several Petworth men worked in the office including several of the football team. They would drive down on Saturdays for the match in H.J.'s car. I have often heard the rumour that they had broken down on the London Road and the team would be at half-strength, but to my knowledge they never did.

### Music

If a man beat his wife or his children the townspeople would organise "rough music" to make him aware of their disapproval. I remember it happening just the once in New Street but I was very young. The crowd carried old tin trays, rattles and drums and would go on for about half an hour before marching off. They might well return however for another burst. It was the most terrible noise. The police took no action at all.

I know it's difficult to believe that Petworth Band marched to Goodwood playing all the time, but my grandfather always insisted this was actually the case. Of course the practice had died out long before the First War but it was still a cherished memory. The band would form up in Market Square in the early morning and march to Graffham, through the village and up over Tegleaze, through Charlton Forest past where the sawmills are and down to Goodwood. They would play all the way there and all the way back. People did walk a lot in those days; there was no other way to go; even at the North Street boys' school pupils might come from Ebernoe, Selscombe or Bedham and could only walk.

### Goodwood

King Edward and Queen Alexandra came down in the Royal Train via Fittleworth and Petworth to Singleton station. They would stay at West Dean House for the races. The Metropolitan Police always had charge of the arrangements, bringing their horses down from London to control the course. After each race was over the crowd would pour on to the course to be put back behind the ropes by the

mounted police in time for the next race. The racehorses came by train, no horse-boxes then of course, and had to be led up to the stables from Singleton Station. We used to drive in the cart to East Dean, put up the horses, and walk to the course. We'd put the horses into a marquee and feed them oats. We would pay 2/- for the oats but you had to watch the men: if you didn't keep a sharp eye out they might well charge for a full ration and give the horse short measure. Three local coaches went to Goodwood, Lord Leconfield's, Mr. Podmore's and one from Blackdown House. There was only the one meeting then and the local farmers would wait at the bottom of Duncton Hill with their carthorses to lend a hand in pulling the coaches up the hill.

### THIRD RACE.—Two miles and a half.

2.45.—The GOODWOOD CUP of 2000 sov. (a Cup value 170 sov., and the remainder in specie), by subscription of 5 sov. each, 5 sov. more for those left in after the last Tuesday in March, 1904, and 10 sov. more if left in after the last Tuesday in March, 1905; and 10 sov. more if left in after the last Tuesday in March, 1906; the second to receive 300 sov. and the third 100 sov. out of the race; three yrs. old, 7st. 7lb. four, 8st. 12lb., five and upwards, 9st. 2lb.; mares allowed 3lb.; the winner of any race of a mile or upwards value 400 sov., or a race of less distance value 1000 sov., 5lb., the winner of a race of a mile or upwards value 1000 sov., 10lb., 2000 sov., 14lb., 4000 sov., or the Ascot Cup, 21lb. extra; four yrs. old and upwards which have not won a race of a mile or upwards allowed 10lbs.; two miles and a half (108 entries, 10 sov. ft. declared for 40, 5 sov. for 17, and 20 sov. ft. for 25).—Closed September 15th, 1903.

\*.\* By permission of the Stewards of the Jockey Club the Starting Gate will be dispensed with for this race.

		Age.	st.	lb.
1	Sir F. Johnstone's ch. c. by Persimmon—Fuse chocolate, yellow sleeves	PLUM-CENTRE	4	9 8
2	Mr Arthur James' br. c. by Ladas—The Gorgon lilac	GORGOS	3	8 7
3	M. Caillaut's b. c. by Bocage—Overdue yellow, blue sleeves and cap	MAGON	4	8 3
4	Capt. F. Forester's ch. g. by Islington—Miss Hoyden pink and black stripes, black cap with gold tassel	THE DROVER	4	8 2
5	Lord Howard de Walden's b. c. by Isinglass—Galinne apricot	ISLE OF ELY	4	8 2
6	Mr Fairie's ch. c. by Persimmon—Cauliflower white, orange sleeves and cap	PLUM TREE	3	7 12
7	Mr J. H. Houldsworth's br. c. by Ladas—Caserta green and gold, yellow cap	LARINO	3	7 7
8	Duke of Portland's b. c. by St. Simon—Love True white, black sleeves and cap	NEWBURGH	3	7 7
9	Mr L. de Rothschild's br. c. by St. Frusquin—Ophrys dark blue, yellow cap	CORYANTHES	3	7 7
10	Mr W. M. G. Singer's b. c. by St. Serf—Hear Hear myrtle green, green and white striped sleeves, white cap	HEATREE	4	
11	Duke of Westminster's br. h. by St. Frusquin—Rydal yellow, black cap	RYDAL HEAD	5	

The field for the Goodwood Cup. August 2nd 1906.  
Winning positions are marked on the left.

### War Years

When war was declared in 1914 the Guards were here on manoeuvres. I recall them marching down Station Road for the train to pick them



up at the station. The standard height was 6'4" in those days and their hobnail boots resounded on the road as they went past. They would never come back.

Food was very tight in the war years. I remember big queues outside Mr. Payne's butcher's shop in Pound Street and, quite likely when you got to the front, there would be little or nothing left. Potatoes were a very important part of people's diet.

#### Summer Sundays

We were expected to go to Sunday School twice a day on Sundays, meeting in the Iron Room and then marching off up Park Road to the church. I'd let the procession get round the corner then sneak off the other way into the Park. The Grand Entrance was always open from twelve noon on Sunday in the summer and local people could go in and then through the ornamental gate and into the Park. A man stood on duty at the Grand Entrance in full livery, including silver buttons and top hat. The last man to do this was Frank Carver.

Henry Whitcomb was talking to the Editor.

#### WORKING FOR MR. COOPER

When I left school at Christmas 1922 it was agreed that I would work for Mr. Cooper, the Angel Street builder, but as builders were invariably short of work in the depths of winter I had a month or two to wait before Mr. Cooper would take me on. The first place I worked on was the Leconfield Estate Dairy at Flathurst on the Horsham Road; we had to redecorate the houses there and the dairy building itself. Much of Mr. Cooper's work was for the Leconfield Estate. Jack Steadman was in charge of me and Charlie "Ratty" Bartlett was working with us. I always referred to Jack Steadman as "Mr. Steadman" but Charlie Bartlett had no time for such niceties; after the first, "No. Mr. Bartlett," he said, "You call me Charlie, like all the others do". So Charlie it was, but I never got as far as "Ratty". When I first started I didn't have the money for a push-bike so I used literally to run home, not too far from Flathurst as we lived in one of the Leconfield Estate cottages that overlook Hampers Common. I liked running then - just as well perhaps as we only had an hour for dinner.

A "boy's" tasks were well-defined and Jack Steadman was an accomplished craftsman with definite views on the nature of things.

Sometimes after work I'd clean the men's paintbrushes or paint-kettles but only if they asked me to, sometimes they insisted on doing it themselves. I'd use turps of course. Paint-kettles were standard then; you'd never seen men dipping paint out of the pot as they do now. What I would certainly have to do was to clean the distemper brushes and buckets, warm water being all that was needed for this. A "boy" wouldn't just be set on painting; that was a job for the senior men: but there were some jobs he could do and indeed would be expected to do. Guttering was a classic case; the Leconfield Estate were very fussy about painting guttering inside and out. Guttering was all iron then of course, none of today's plastic, and painting it was definitely a job for the "boy". No craftsman would paint guttering if there was a "boy" about. Mr. Sutton was clerk of the works to the Leconfield Estate at this time and I remember working at an estate property out on the Duncton straight, again the three of us, Jack Steadman, Charlie Bartlett and myself. There was the sound of a rider coming up the road. It was Mr. Sutton. "Have you done that guttering inside?" asked Jack, "You'd better have, old Sutton's coming". When Mr. Sutton appeared, he said in his gruff voice, "Have you done the guttering inside?" "Yes, sir." "Hold my horse," he said, and off up the ladder he went, he wasn't a young man then, well over seventy. I had painted the guttering inside so everything was alright. Another job for the "boy" was pasting wallpaper. I did a great deal of that in the early days. The boy might also do the cutting, the men bringing the paper down to the skirting to be cut. He might also hold the paper to line it up on the ceiling - and very tiring that could be too.

We were three or four months working at Flathurst, painting among other things the inside of the dairy, then of course the Leconfield Estate dairy. For this we had to use enamel paint, unusual but considered necessary for this particular job. It was stiff old stuff and made the wrists ache. Enamel paint could not be thinned because the oil would discolour it, all you could do to make to easier to apply was to leave the can out in the sun for the warmth to get at it. In those days a painter's tool-bag always carried a bottle of "half and half", half linseed oil and half turps to add to the undercoat to thin it down. It made it much easier to apply of course. You couldn't do that with top-coat although some linseed oil (boiled to purify it) would be added to "hold it up".

I remember twice decorating the outside of the Angel in my ten years with Mr. Cooper. It was of course almost next door to our



base. "Morning Mr. Cooper", I'd say but Mr. Cooper would never return the greeting. "Haven't you got a broom?" he'd reply, "there's stuff blowing all over the street." Taciturn as he seemed, he was considered a good man to work for. A lot of his work was for the Leconfield Estate, while for several years he had to decorate the East Street Post Office inside and out. The great thing about jobs of this kind was that the money was safe and certain. With private jobs there might be a long wait for the money and sometimes of course it might not be forthcoming at all!

We worked Saturday mornings then, going back to the carpenter's shop in Angel Street at twelve o'clock sharp to be paid. There was a definite order, Jack Steadman, the senior workman, being paid first, then Fred Peacock, the next senior, and so on down until it came to me. It was often ten past twelve before I had my money.

There was a stable in the bottom corner of the yard and the firm's horse and cart was in the charge of Bert White. Coopers went on using a horse and cart for some time after I joined in 1922. Quite often we'd take materials out ourselves using the handcart. I remember when we were redecorating the house at Balls Cross which stands across the road from Langhurst Hill farm, Charlie Bartlett, Jack Steadman and I pushed the great builder's cart with steps, ladders, paint pots and all the equipment up there from Angel Street. Hard work that was without a doubt! The house had been built by the firm some years before.

Builder's work has always been seasonal: my job was basically painting but, when work was very slack in the middle of winter, I might help with carpentry and bricklaying. If you weren't prepared to have a go at different things you might easily find yourself stood off. You had to do whatever was to hand. Mr. Cooper was also an undertaker and sometimes I might have a day rubbing coffin boards with glass paper to smooth them off. Every so often the paper would slip and graze my hands so that before long they were running with blood. Four men were bearers at funerals and did this for many years, Jack Steadman, Fred Peacock, Bill Steer and Sid Hunt. No, I don't remember horse-drawn funerals even at this time: I expect Mr. Cooper hired a motor, he didn't seem to have a special funeral vehicle himself.

Mr. Cooper, although himself a smoker, strictly forbade any smoking in the yard but, despite this awareness of fire hazards, we arrived for work one morning to find the yard burned out. We thought Mr.

Cooper would give up, for he was by no means a young man then, but he didn't, he rebuilt and carried on. I remember that morning very well, a very wet, windy, day. We were dispatched to our work as usual.

After I had been with the firm for about three years, Jack Steadman took me to one side and said, "You've been a good boy, from now on you can call me Jack." Jack Steadman was a very religious man, he never swore and wore always the old-fashioned black hard hat that some painters traditionally favoured. He seemed quite elderly when I came, certainly over sixty, and he lived in one of the houses in Angel Street next to the Roman Catholic Church.

Leconfield Estate contracts were important and could make the difference between men being laid off or not. Local builders would tender for decorating blocks of cottages and the contracts always seemed to be shared out so that most of the small builders received some work. "Cottage-dodging" was the builders' name for this work and very important it was too. It was reckoned that the outside of every Leconfield cottage would be done every four years. The old colour was "stone", a light brown colour, not the present battleship grey. Lord Leconfield was well aware of the traditional "stone" colour and if a builder miscalculated and got it too light he might have to redo it. His Lordship would walk for miles out in the country with his black dog and might turn up anywhere we were working on Leconfield property quite unannounced. He'd come fairly close to see what we were doing but he never said anything and we of course never said anything either.

Mr. Cooper retired in 1932-3 when I had been with him about ten years, and Fred Peacock took over. He only kept on a few of the staff and I and several others had to leave. It was a very difficult time and I was six weeks on the dole, the only time I've ever been on the dole before or since. I used to bike miles and miles if I heard there was the chance of a job but so did everyone else and we were always disappointed. The early years of the 1930s were hard ones for working men.

Sid Greest was talking to the Editor.

ROAD MAKING AND MAINTENANCE IN THE RURAL DISTRICT OF PETWORTH  
1900-1930

In the year 1898 Mr. G.T. Suter was appointed to the position of



Highway's Surveyor to the Petworth Rural District Council. He had previously lived in Warningcamp, Nr. Arundel and came from a very old Warningcamp farming family. He had been the Highway Surveyor of a Parish in the East Preston District Council for eight years prior to his appointment in Petworth. He came to Fox Hill in 1898 and carried out his duties from there until he retired in December 1930.

At the turn of the century the roads were of earth and stone, and some of the by-roads were only tracks. The earth and stone were bound together by steam rolling and it was not until the late 20's and early 30's that the road surfaces were covered with tar and sand, latterly by granite chippings.

Stone for road making was quarried in the area and the pits, as they were known, were located in Flexham Park, Riverhill, Little Bognor and Lisgate Common. During my school days I often visited these pits with Mr. Suter and my father who was his assistant.

Production figures for the pits are as follows:

<u>Location</u>	<u>Operating Date</u>	<u>Cubic yds.</u>
Riverhill	1911 - 1930	17,982
Flexham Park	1910 - 1929	50,943
Warren Barn	1914 - 1915	1,180
Fitzleroi	1915 - 1930	13,107

The Bognor Pit opened in 1897 but no production figures are available or the date when the pit closed.

All pits were on land belonging to the Leconfield Estate and an annual rent was paid for each location and an amount for each cubic yard of usable stone quarried. It is interesting to note that no formal agreements were drawn up, apart from the Little Bognor pits, but there was an exchange of letters between the Agent, Mr. Watson and the Surveyor.

The stone when quarried was stacked in multiples of cubic yards to be carted unbroken to where it was required within the District Council Area, and also in 20 cubic yard lots as required to the Petworth Workhouse.

The contract for carting the stone went out to tender, and in the

early days this would have been by waggon and horses, later by steam engine and truck, and eventually by lorries.

One of the conditions of using a steam engine and truck for haulage was that the engine did not exceed 5 tons in weight and not more than one truck with a load of 6½ cubic yards was to be hauled at a time. The contractor had to state, when tendering, if a steam engine was to be used and also state if he was insured under the Workman's Compensation Act 1906 and give the name of the Insurance Company.

The contractors were normally from the Estate farms in the case of waggons and horses, but the steam engine contractors would have been Mr. Barnes of Station Road, Petworth, Carter Bros. of Billingshurst and Luff Bros. Later when lorries became available they would have been Mr. Fred Sadler, Mr. M. Balchin of Limbo Farm, Mr. M. Boxall of Selscombe Farm and Mr. Madgwick of Heath End and subsequently of Lowheath.

The stone was broken down to the required size after delivery to the roadside, usually about 2" - 3" pieces; this work was carried out by casual labour, but the stone delivered to Petworth Workhouse was broken down by the male inmates; hammers and eye goggles were supplied by the Council, the latter were wire framed with a very fine wire mesh to see through. These obviously impaired the vision and possibly were seldom used; if they were, a lot of fingers and thumbs would have been hit by the hammers.

There were no mechanical aids for quarrying this stone and to the best of my knowledge no explosives were used, so it was all obtained by manual labour and, in addition to the quoted production figures, there was all the top soil and waste materials to be removed by hand.

The stone that was not suitable for road making was used by the Estate and local farmers to make up the tracks leading down to the farms, and I recall this material being used at Westlands and Buckfold Farms, at that time being farmed by Jonas Duncton and Alf Carpenter respectively.

An interesting point about the Riverhill Pit was that the workmen there had a tame fox; it was always there wandering around and obviously well looked after.





Tame Fox at River Hill c1930.

The photograph was taken in the late 20's or early 30's, the pit eventually became the rubbish tip for all the Petworth waste, this was after the Petworth Workhouse closed, as up to that time the waste was incinerated in the Workhouse yard. The pit was eventually filled in and has now returned to agricultural use.

The men working on the roads were employed by the Council and there would be a foreman for each section or project. I cannot recall all their names but Albert Welch of Oldham Cottage and Jack Sopp of Kirdford were two that come to mind. In addition there would be contractors for certain projects. Also there were Lengthmen who had lengths of road to look after, keeping verges, drains and hedges in good repair and there was a spirit of competition to maintain the best length of road. Unfortunately I cannot recall all these but I remember George Atrill of Fittleworth, Alf Gumbrell of Newpound and "Jig" Hill of Petworth.

The steam roller would arrive on site towing the van, truck and water tank. Usually the driver had a mate and they would live in the van throughout the week. The van usually had two bunks, a coal fired cooking stove, table and forms and hurricane lamps for lighting. The driver and mate would be up by 6.0 a.m. to get up steam and the engine would be working by 7.0-7.30 a.m.

The steam roller would be equipped with a scarifier fitted to the rear and this would tear up the existing road or track, prior to the laying of the new surface of stone and earth. Water was sprayed over the roller and rear wheels as the steam roller bound the new surface down to form a hard and flat surface.

In later years, this surface when firm and dry would be tarred over; originally the tar boiler was hand drawn by the workmen and the boiling tar drawn off in galvanized cans, then poured onto the road surface and spread with long-handled squeegees; the sand was spread over the tar. The sand invariably came from Heath End Sand Pit worked by M. Madgwick and latterly by Fred Sadler and they would have delivered the sand to the site. The tar was supplied in 40 gallon tar barrels and subsequently in 40 gallon steel drums, and these were delivered along the roadside by the contractor.

Fred Sadler bought a horse-drawn tar boiler and this he contracted out to the Council and a photograph of this appeared in Bulletin No. 50, page 30. It is interesting to note that Fred was born at the Half Moon Inn at Kirdford and this photograph was taken outside that establishment on the opposite side of the road in the early 1930's. The man standing next to Fred with the squeegee is Jack Sopp, he was the local foreman in Kirdford and his parents lived in one of the lodges on the Gog.

Other works carried out by the council employees were the general maintenance of the roads and verges, together with the drains and ditches. The building and repair of road bridges was also undertaken by the Council, employing their own workforce and contractors.

I remember as a very small boy being taken to Sutton when a culvert was built to take the stream running across the road as shown in the photograph next to page 28 in Bulletin No. 43. A dam had been built to divert the flow of water and there were numerous fish around. The workmen caught some of these for me which I took home and put them in the pond at Fox Hill. Other culverts or bridges I recall being repaired were at Flathurst, Old Ham, Strood Green, Wassell Mill and the bridge between Wisborough Green and New Bridge.

F.A. Kenward,  
26 Orchard Paddock,  
Haxby,  
York.



#### DOWN THE GREEN (4): OL' MILES

A child even at an early age will soon put their complete trust and affection in an older person, and once this person has been accepted as a true friend, it remains so for ever.

This was the case with Mr. Miles and I can truthfully say he was a sincere friend to all the family.

Each Spring "Ol' Miles" would come and stay with us and work in the wood, his trade was to trim out the young growth in the surrounding woods and copses, to make hoops for the beer casks, as these were in those days made of wood, and naturally there was a great demand!

A letter always addressed to Dad would arrive saying that Mr. Miles had been asked to come and do this yearly work, and he hoped he could come as usual and stay with us. When this news was conveyed to us, there was great excitement, for in spite of an extra mouth to feed at tea time we all looked forward to 'Miles' being with us. His wage was of course not very high, but out of this he paid Mum for his keep quite liberally.

A extra bed was put up in the boys room, and this was shared by Jim and Mr. Miles, Joe preferred to be independent and sleep on his own. One could say all the years he spent with us and these were a great many, for even after his retirement, he would always return to share our Christmasses with us, he regarded Jim as if he were his own son, and in fact really "mothered" him. If he at any time saw spots on Jim's face and felt his habits had not been regular, he would buy some hard black liquorice at the local shop at Graffham corner, cut off a piece about half an inch long and give to Jim to eat. This may not sound very much, but in fact it was so unpleasant to eat this was plenty, and in the morning it had performed and all would be well.

The first cutting of the undergrowth was normally in Cooper's Moor, and Mr Miles would go and inspect and at the same time select a spot to build his hut for protection against wind and rain, for unless there was a very heavy downpour he would stay at work, coming home early meant loss of money, and this must be considered. Once the place for his shelter was decided upon, the ground would be quickly cleared, posts driven into the ground, and the tarpaulin (borrowed from Granny) a neat little hut was erected. Poles across formed a roof, and on top of these some faggots neatly placed, so

that when a sharp heavy Spring shower came, he could remain warm and dry inside, a log for a seat and his refuge was complete for the time that he was in that particular copse.

Mr. Miles did not come home for his midday meal, for although he was only ten minutes walk away, he always preferred to take sandwiches, which either Mum or Ethel prepared for his elevenses and his dinner when Dad's was cut and partake of a 'hot tea' at night. Never would 'Miles' take a thermos flask, oh no he always persisted that a pint of tea even though it was cold when he drank it was a good beverage. I must say he was a very easy man to feed, and liked and enjoyed our plain and wholesome meals.

After a few days in the copse, Mr. Miles would say he had got a nice pile of chips and small wood ready for us to collect. So evenings if fine or maybe on a Saturday, the big truck would be got out of the drill shed, and the girls and sometimes either Joe or Jim would go and collect the 'Perks' for us.

"Mummy, can I go with them" sometimes I would ask, for it was a joy to ride in the cart. "Yes, but they must go round the road way, it's far too rough down the meadow, I know its quicker, but I worry too much in case the cart should tip over, and you hurt your leg". So with assurance from the girls that the roadway it would be, empty sacks would be put in the bottom of the cart, these had two purposes, one for me to sit on, and to bring back the 'pinies' in, so with a wide grin all over my face, and a wave to Mum off we went down the road, along the Common and in the first Moor gate to where we could hear Old Miles chopping away.

A stack of chips was already neatly stacked in a pile, and this he loaded into the cart. "I hope you've brought some sacks for the pinies" Mr Miles would say, "and you Mabel, there's a lovely bunch of primroses over there you can pick and take back for your Mother, pick them as long as you can, the stems have grown a bit with the last rain". So with a nice posy of primroses tied up with wool I stood around and waited for the remainder to return.

Presently a noise was heard, and it was the boys and girls chattering as if an argument was brewing. "I will tell Mum about you Joe so there" one of the girls was saying "Come back here, and help push the cart, you're always the same, never help with the load, only push like mad when we are in sight of home so that Mum can see you". "Stop it all the lot of you" Miles would sternly



reprimand them. "If you are going to start to quarrel, you won't come down here again that's for sure. Wait a minute, I'll lift Mabel on and be sensible now, and don't keep on with that silly wrangling or over will go the cart and then there will be trouble".

So our homeward journey began, a little subdued, as Joe kept his word and didn't attempt to push the cart in spite of remarks from first one and then the other. About halfway up the road, Joe said "I'll give a hand now, in fact I can almost manage on my own". "Oh no You don't" Kit said defiantly, "still perhaps you can for a bit for I can't see Mum at the Gate yet".

As we turned in the Green Mum appeared and smilingly remarked "You have got a nice lot there, it looks as if Miles had got it all ready for you, and you havn't been gone long. Hold the cart still while I lift Mabel down and we'll pack it in the wood shed. Oh thank you ducky, you have got a nice bunch of primroses for me, put them on the scullery table and I'll put them in water when we have unloaded".

Joe helped to unpack the cart, and put it back in the drill shed until next time it was needed, no-one told tales about the squabble that had taken place down Cooper's Moor, and it was quickly forgotten.

Ol' Miles enjoyed a pint of beer the same as any other man, so on Saturday night he would accompany Dad to the Cricketers for a drink and a chat, while Mum bathed us smaller ones and got us to bed.

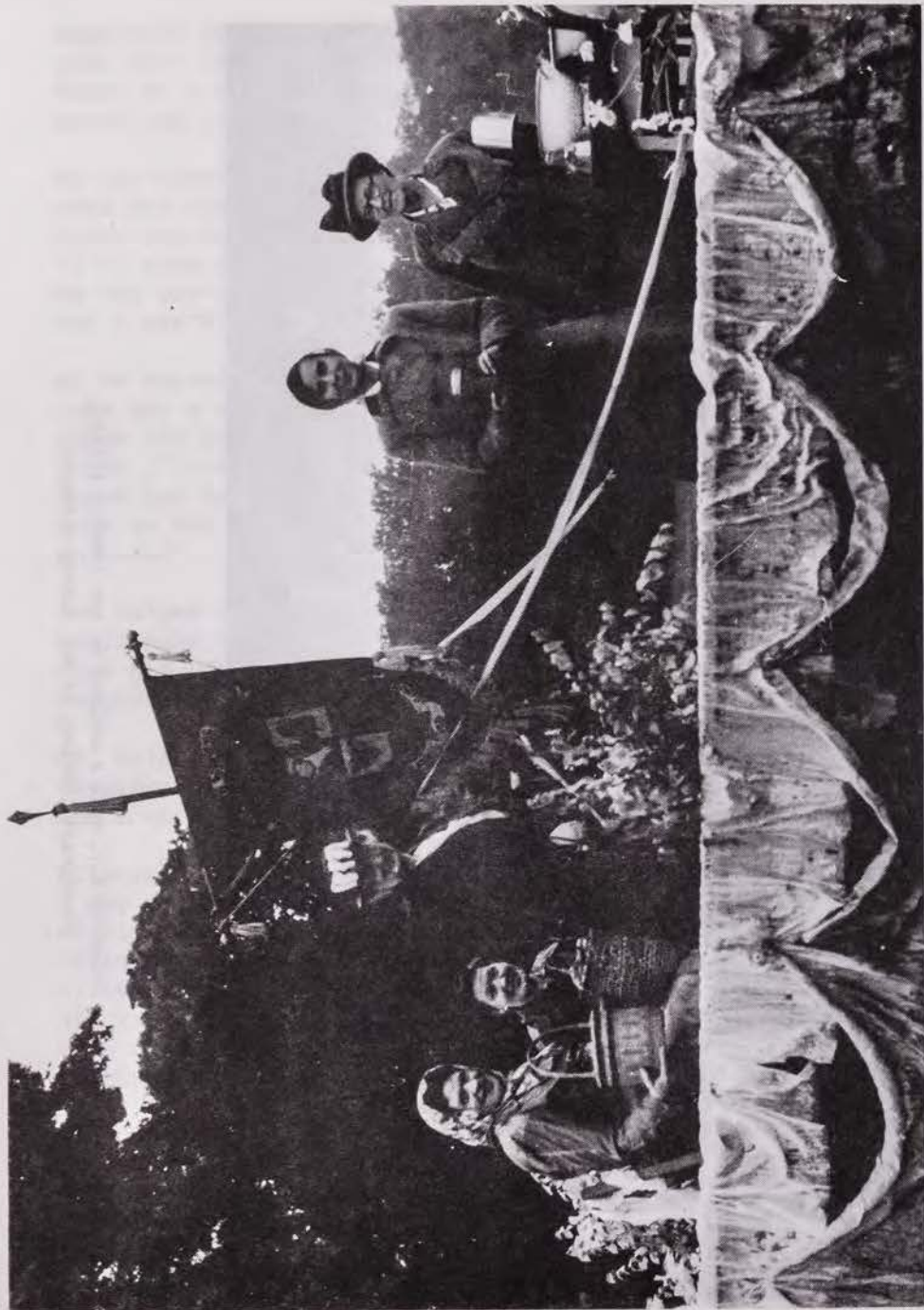
Although Miles never went to Church, he always regarded Sundays as a day of rest and a holy day. Dad did a few of the important jobs outside on a Sunday, but never once did he attempt to do any serious gardening, as I'm convinced that the remark once passed by Miles had the desired effect. "Your garden looks well, and neat and tidy Jack, I don't see why some folks have to use a spade more on a Sunday than any other day, it's not necessary to my way of thinking".

The old fashioned gramophone that we enjoyed to hear playing 'Buttercup Joe' was also silent on a Sunday, but Mr Miles would always accompany the boys to Duncton Church where one was a choir boy and the other the organ blower when the nights were dark, walk back home, then an hour later go back to meet them.



Petworth W.I. take a Steamer on the Thames! (c1935).  
Photograph courtesy of Mrs Audrey Grimwood.





"You don't see floats now as you once did."  
Petworth W.I. float for Petworth Carnival 1951. It was a very wet day indeed!  
Photograph by George Garland.

"Did you have some nice hymns tonight" was Mum's usual question when all had returned home, and sitting by the open fire, and before long we had all started singing hymns, the favourites of us all. Both Mum and Dad had lovely voices and although Ol' Miles didn't join in, one could see a smile of pleasure creep over his face.

F.M. Rowe

#### THE SPIRIT OF THE W.I.

When I first came to Petworth the Women's Institute, while a relatively new foundation, was already well-established. No doubt I would soon have joined anyway but my aunt Mrs. Eardley-Wilmot left no time for such niceties. She simply ordered me to go! It was the beginning of an unbroken link with the Petworth Institute which has lasted now some sixty-one years. Petworth W.I. had been first formed in 1921 but records are very scanty. There is a reason for this; when, in 1940, an appeal went out for every scrap of waste paper to be collected and donated to the War Effort, Mrs. Underhill, our then secretary, sent all our records, notes and official accounts of meetings to be pulped down. I wish we still had them but I suppose the gesture does in a way encapsulate the very spirit of the W.I.

In 1971 to celebrate Petworth's Golden Jubilee one of the then surviving founder members, Mrs. Howick, recalled the very early days with an initial meeting at Petworth House and subsequent meetings in the Iron Room. Mrs. Howick recalled a Mrs. Watt advising on how to form a local W.I. Questions and answers followed and Petworth W.I. was born. Mrs. Howick remembered Mrs. Stapleton as President, Miss Mayne as Secretary and Mrs. Mant as Treasurer. She further recalled:

"All the members were asked to bring a cup and saucer, plate and spoon. We had no gas ring in the Iron Room then, so Mrs. Mant boiled the urn and two members went over and fetched it. What a lot we owe to Mrs. Mant and her two maids, Miss Stemp and Miss Lucas, as when we had finished tea we piled the cups and saucers etc., into a large zinc bath and took them over to Avenings to be washed up and stored till the next meeting.

I think we paid a subscription of 2/- and 2d for tea. Please remember in those days there were no buses and very few cars, so most of us had to use "Shank's Pony".

After about two years we had gas rings fitted in the lobby of the



Iron Room and were able to use them. Mrs. Green of Byworth gave us a wonderful present of china cups and saucers, plates, sugar basins and milk jugs. She was Miss Edith Upton's sister who lived at Westways.

We had some very enjoyable meetings both summer and winter. Most of the older members will remember the meeting we had in 1938 when we were entertained by Mr. Stevenson the Headmaster at the Boys' School and twenty of his pupils. They gave us a really good time with their songs and music, also drill. We entertained them to tea afterwards (how those boys did eat!) We did enjoy that meeting. The next year the war came with all its miseries."

The Women's Institute movement had its beginnings in Canada, at a tiny settlement in Ontario called Stoney Creek. Mrs. Hoodless, whose idea it was, felt that women living in scattered farms needed to get together socially and at the same time learn extra skills in cooking, preserving, needlework and child care. Mrs. Hoodless' first meeting was on 19th February 1897. In 1915 Lady Denman whose seat was at Balcombe Place in East Sussex invited Mrs. Watt over to England to show women how they could grow and preserve extra food to help out the rations in time of war. As a result the first Institute in England was formed at West Dean, fourteen potential members meeting in the pub at Clayton in 1915. Lady Maxse, fired by Lady Denman's enthusiasm, was instrumental in founding over twenty Institutes in this part of West Sussex among them Fittleworth in 1918, Lurgashall in 1919, and Wisborough Green in 1918.

The monthly meeting of the Petworth W.I would be in the Iron Room, the chairs lined up in straight rows and the speaker at the front. Everything stopped for fifteen minutes while mothers went off to collect their children from school and bring them to sit quietly in the Iron Room for the remainder of the meeting. Speakers were much as today: travel talks were very popular, but of course without the modern medium of slides. Speakers tended not to use visual aids much. Perhaps there was a greater leaning toward practical housekeeping in those days, speakers would demonstrate types of cooking or specialities like cake-icing. Meetings then, as today, had a three-fold division: business, speaker and social time and a feature of social time between the wars (as indeed since) has been the W.I. play. Mrs. Provis the Rector's wife was an early enthusiast for this and under her guidance Petworth's offering often made its way to W.I. county drama festivals in the 1930s. Once a year there would be an outing, often to somewhere like Littlehampton. In the early days the charabanc would wait for the

members opposite the Pound at the bottom of Pound Street. A notable and special day was when we took a steamer on the Thames. I have an idea that it was to celebrate the year of King George V's Silver Jubilee but I'm not quite sure about that. I do remember falling into the water while helping some elderly ladies but this certainly didn't damp the spirits of the occasion. Remember that virtually no one had a car then and even a trip to Littlehampton and a paddle in the sea was something of an adventure. And all for half-a-crown! In the 1930s we wrote up to H.Q. in London to see whether we could have a sister link overseas; in those imperial days we could think of Australia, Canada, Kenya, South Africa or New Zealand. We had an advertisement placed and eventually made contact with Napier W.I. in New Zealand, a scattered institute of farming wives much like the original W.I. foundation at Stoney Creek. It was an important step as we were later to find. The advance and growth of the W.I. held up a mirror to the changing role of women in society and was of course in itself an agent of such change. The W.I. gave women a feeling of togetherness and shared experience. It widened their outlook and enabled them to meet others they wouldn't normally meet if they were simply at home all day.

Petworth's foundation, while coming after the Great War, owed part of its original inspiration to the austerity of those war years, the original thinking being at least in part to show women how they could use and preserve extra food to eke out war rations. When war came in 1939 the W.I. was well-established and ready to come into its own. Canning was carried on in the old Red Cross Rooms in East Street. People could do little enough to preserve their own fruit, given that the monthly sugar ration was a quarter of a pound per person, so they brought their fruit in to the W.I. We would have a sack of sugar allotted to us, duly signing for it of course. The Red Cross Rooms were used for canning as I have said, but jams and jellies were made every week in what is now the vet's premises behind Stringer's Hall in East Street. Canning was hard work without a doubt: we'd aim to do a hundred a day, scratching an indication of contents on the top; there was no point in wasting valuable materials on indifferent fruit. The fruit needed to be boiled fiercely in the syrup for a specified time, then the can needed to be cooled quickly. Fittleworth W.I. continued canning long after the war, dropping their cans in a big net into the river at the back of their premises at the Mill and then hauling them out. They did not have running water but this extraordinary arrangement worked very well. We charged two pence halfpenny for the can but nothing for the labour. Obviously the work was



somewhat seasonal; we might seem endlessly canning tomatoes then suddenly switch to tree fruits.

A separate department was Mrs. Jeffries' "Meat Pie" section, the W.I. being allotted the meat via the butchers on the instructions of the Ministry of Food. Very successful it was too: the pies going to a central point for distribution and sale. They would have formed a significant part of the £221 surplus the W.I. had at the end of the war and which was given to Town Hall Restoration funds. A memorable feature of the war years was the "herb collection" under the dedicated guidance of Miss Mayne. All sorts of herbs were collected, of which I cannot even remember all the names, let alone the use to which they would be put. I was driving an ambulance and wasn't much involved with the herb-gathering. I certainly remember male-fern, sphagnum moss, rose hip and foxglove. The herb-gathering was centred on the old stables at New Grove. Recalling those days in the W.I. Scrapbook Dr. Brydone wrote that the W.I. were "highly praised for both foxglove and nettles. Anything more like a Heath Robinson picture than the contraptions for drying can hardly be conceived: an old double mattress, hurdles, old garden frames etc. We listened like good children when the expert came to visit and told us everything was wrong, but we carried on in our own obstinate way and with good results".

The New Zealand link proved a tremendous help. The initial question, "What are you short of?" would be followed by an enormous food parcel which not only allowed us to make and enjoy our annual birthday cake but also enabled us to distribute tins of meat and packets of sugar, tea, chocolate and butter. Even soap and candles were sent over. In the 1970s when I was in New Zealand I drove to Napier to meet them. I was overwhelmed with the kindness of Napier's scattered members, mostly farmers' wives. We also entertained several members when they came over to England. In the late 1970s the link Institute closed down and so far we haven't a replacement.

After the war the W.I. continued much in the way it had before 1939. The Petworth W.I. was particularly strong in the 1960s attaining a total of 140 members. Numbers fell when Duncton formed its own Institute but the membership is now steady at between sixty and seventy. Drama and plays continued after the war and the Institute was very active in preparing floats for the Festival of Britain celebrations and for Coronation year. For the latter I remember that we had "The Queens of England". The procession would line up at the Royal British Legion Hut, the Legion always being the moving spirit in such events, and would then go down Grove Lane

and High Street headed by the Town Band and the standard of the Royal British Legion. You don't see floats now as you once did.

For many years I organised W.I. trips abroad on a county basis. In the early days this meant, in practical terms, that ordinary people were enabled to go abroad for the first time. We might hire a coach and take forty-five people to Holland for eight days. With experience came a more adventurous outlook: I remember taking a large party of members out to Canada to stay with relatives for £72 return! Other trips took in Morocco, Tunis, Turkey, Greece, the Balkans and the Danube. Husbands could go as well. Or there were day trips; we might fly to Bruges for instance in the morning in time for a guided tour, have lunch, followed by an afternoon on the canals, then be back the same day - all for £8 return. Or we might have a weekend in Paris, husbands much appreciating an evening at the Folies Bergère! These flights have given me a very considerable acquaintance with the smaller airfields of Surrey, Sussex and Kent.

On occasion I have gone as a delegate to the annual conference in the Albert Hall. At this time of year we are deciding on resolutions to be put to the conference. Some two hundred or more may be suggested and it is the task of the Institutes to whittle them down to five. The W.I. whose original resolution it is have the honour of putting their resolution forward. W.I. resolutions are seldom world-shattering but they are always solid and sensible. One might seek to keep rural pillar-boxes, another to stop the closure of local baby clinics. A resolution with which Petworth was particularly closely connected a few years ago urged that additives in soft drinks should be detailed on the bottle label, a particularly forward-looking resolution in the light of later developments.

A feature of our year is the annual ploughman's lunch, open to members and their husbands. Held upstairs in the Leconfield Hall it is particularly noted for its choice of patés and cheeses. We always try to have a big selection and something different compared with the previous year: whisky paté and smoked trout paté for instance last year. There'll be something different again this year. There's french bread, pickle, gateau, cheesecake and more and all for £1.80!

The W.I. Market on Fridays in the Leconfield Hall is run by a separate committee. Its origins go back to the war years when the W.I. brought all their spare vegetables to Archway House in High Street. The gate was opened up and, fair weather or foul, the



vegetables were sold under the arch. I well remember the beetroot and the beans, but there were all sorts of things on the big trestle table under the arch. Whatever was left over the Army would buy for the camps. There was no waste: the avoidance of waste was a key concept of the W.I. and not simply in the war years.

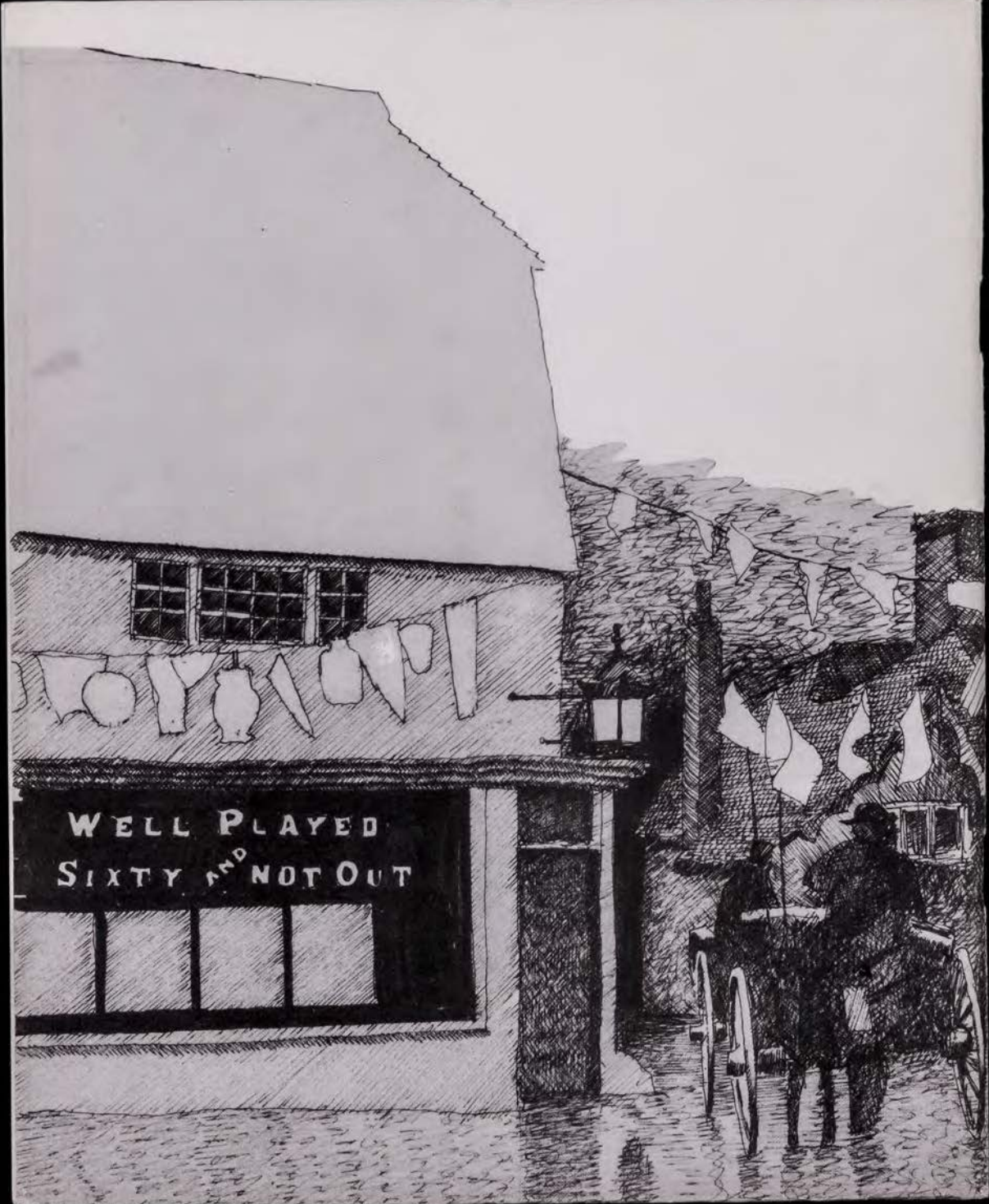
Aware of the lack of records and conscious of the loss now of all the original founder members I have concentrated here on the earlier, less well-documented years. My sixty-one years with the W.I. have seen enormous changes, and the W.I. has played its own part in this change. The pattern of afternoon meetings may eventually have to be altered to accommodate a situation where so many younger women work full-time. The W.I. remains however, as it has always been, a forum where women can make friends, hear about things they might not otherwise hear about, join in social activities, have a cup of tea, an afternoon out, and be entertained.

Lady Shakerley was talking to Audrey Grimwood and the Editor.

NEW MEMBERS - TO MID-APRIL ONLY

Mrs BIRCH, 20 GREENWOOD PLACE, KINGSTANDING, BIRMINGHAM.  
Mr and Mrs K.R. BOOKER, 65 SHEEPDOWN DRIVE, PETWORTH.  
Mr and Mrs BRADLEY, MARTINS, 2 MARKET SQUARE, PETWORTH.  
Miss BUDD, LANTERN COTTAGE, BYWORTH.  
Mrs O. CARTER, 7 THE SQUARE, UFFEULME, CULLOMPTON, DEVON.  
Mrs J. COULTER, 4 STUARTS MEADOW, GRAFFHAM.  
Mrs J. CROGAN, c/o Mrs CALDER, 9 BELVIDERE STREET, ABERDEEN AB2 4QS.  
Mrs P. FOX, 13 BILSHAM GARDENS, HIGHGATE VILLAGE, LONDON N.6.  
Mr and Mrs. W.C. FOX, TALLY HO, SHEEPDOWN CLOSE, PETWORTH.  
Dr and Mrs GILBERT, 48 SHEEPDOWN DRIVE, PETWORTH.  
Mr and Mrs GILBERT, KERBIT FARM, ST WENN, BODMIN, CORNWALL.  
Mr HOLDSWORTH, 6 SCHOOL CLOSE, FITTLEWORTH.  
Messrs MARCHANT-LANE, THE OLD BAKERY, GOLDEN SQUARE, PETWORTH.  
Mr and Mrs PHILLIPS, BEACH COTTAGE, 43 QUEENS ROAD, WEST COWES,  
I.O.W.  
  
Mrs PUGH, 28 WYNDHAM ROAD, PETWORTH.  
Mrs SEAR, 27 ORCHARD CLOSE, PETWORTH.  
Miss SHAW, 6 LUND HOUSE, PETWORTH.  
Mr and Mrs THOMAS, c/o PETWORTH HOUSE.  
Mr A. TURLAND, 7 HIGHFIELD CLOSE, MIDHURST.  
Mrs WOODWARD, 19 RUSSELL COURT, FERNHURST.





WELL PLAYED  
SIXTY AND NOT OUT