



THE
PETWORTH SOCIETY
magazine

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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 £5.00. Single or Double one Bulletin delivered. Postal £6.50. Overseas £7.50. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:-

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River), Mrs. Goodyer, Mrs Williams
(Fittleworth).

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Once again I shall try to keep these notes to a minimum as we have an enormous amount to fit into a restricted number of pages. There have been many appreciative comments on the new cover and I am sure Gwenda would have been pleased to see her work used to enhance a publication she enjoyed so much. In fact Magazine No.63 has sold out completely, all 850 copies. A feature of Society events over the last quarter has again been the heavy support for them - I think that in some ways this pleases the organisers almost as much as the events themselves. You will as usual find the events themselves written up under separate heads in the body of the Magazine.

You will see that Mrs Goodyer and Mrs Williams have taken over Magazine distribution in the Fittleworth area from Mrs Joan Harvey. We are very grateful to Joan for helping us with this for so long.

Peter.

3rd May 1991

PETWORTH CARNIVAL 1991

There hasn't been a Carnival in Petworth for some years, although I well remember being responsible for the 1969 one which was put on by the Joint Sports Committee to raise funds for equipment. Among other items there was a very successful comic pram race which attracted 22 entries and large crowds, a stoolball tournament, a Carnival Queen and a ball with Victor Silvester and his music. The purpose of the Carnival is again to raise money but this time it is for the Petworth Community Indoor Pool Association, the money raised independently of grant aid being to an extent an index of local support. The Community Indoor Pool Association (CIPA) has so far raised over £7,000 from a variety of ventures including a Bonfire evening in Petworth Park, dances, jumble sales, a car boot sale, discos and an antique sale. The Carnival itself has been specifically timed to coincide with this year's Petworth Festival - the two events running in tandem this year - so that each event can help the other. The Carnival is run not by the CIPA Committee itself but by a separate Sports Carnival Committee and will, it is hoped, be a major fundraiser.

The 1991 Carnival has definite echoes of the successful event of 1969 and will open on Saturday 6th July with a Carnival Ball at Fitzleroi Farm, Fittleworth with dancing to the Band of the Royal

Marines. We have been greatly helped by Richard Gadd and his family and the barn will be luxuriously fitted out, even to a special floor surface and chandeliers. Tickets are £20 each to include a sit-down supper. Tables seating ten people can be reserved for a fee of £5. Enquiries please to Harold Huggett on Petworth 42347.

A feature of the Ball will be the choosing of a Carnival Queen by a panel of local judges. There will be significant cash prizes for the Carnival Queen and her two assistants, so we're looking for plenty of contestants in the 16-26 age range and for 8 finalists at the Ball itself. Contestants will be given free entrance to the Ball and a free supper. Quite good I would have thought. If we have a large number of contestants there is the possibility of heats - perhaps at a local disco.

There will be no event on Sunday 7th July but during the week following there will be a sports competition. There will be prizes certainly and an element of mutual rivalry, but we're looking at this basically as a fun event. The sports competition will mirror the support for the Pool among the surrounding villages. We already have teams entered from Petworth, Duncton, Northchapel and Ebernoe and there are probably other teams to come. There will be separate sports on each evening in the week, and some evenings may see two different sports going on simultaneously. We're looking certainly at Swimming (Petworth Pool), Football - probably a penalty competition (Petworth Park), Tennis (Petworth Lawn Tennis Club), Badminton (Sylvia Beaufoy Centre) and Golf (Osiers Farm). Spectators will be welcome and prizes given to the winning teams on the Saturday. There will be no charge for admissions although we may have a collecting box somewhere!

Carnival Day itself, the 13th July, is a Saturday. The Kite Festival in Petworth Park will move from its usual Sunday spot to the Saturday. The Carnival procession will start from Hampers Green at 12 o'clock, going to the main entrance of Petworth House via North Street, East Street, New Street and Market Square. There will be carnival floats which will be judged in the Park. We have a number of floats already entered but would like to have a few more. Petworth Players will feature "Aladdin", Ebernoe are featuring a Scottish theme and there will be a float from Petworth United Reformed Church.

In the Arena in Petworth Park will be a whole series of

entertainments featuring, among other events, two half-hour exhibitions by the Tiger motor-cycle display team. The Petworth Karate Club will give a display as will Alex Woodcock and his team of clog-dancers. Petworth Fire Brigade will give a demonstration and we are hoping to have parallel demonstrations from other organisations. The Teddy Bears' Picnic will provide jelly and a special cake for the children. Among the side-shows or ancillary events we have a Lamb roast, a Bouncing Castle, a display by the Tumbletots, a Model Boat display on the lake, a bar and a tug-of-war competition. This may include the different teams in the Sports Competition but certainly involve the local pubs. There will be a mammoth draw run by the CIPA committee itself and a separate draw with a ride in a hot-air balloon for the lucky winner, candy floss, popcorn and doughnut stalls. Some of the local organisations will have stands - if we can get adequate cover - the Women's Institute and the Petworth Society both expressing interest. There will be trade stands from outside exhibitors. Keep an eye on the press for further details - we haven't finished yet!

Harold Huggett was talking to the Editor.

JOHN AND GLORIA'S FITTLEWORTH WALK. FEBRUARY 17th

The recent snow had disappeared and it was a cool sunny afternoon. A good crowd of Society members (with three honorary four-legged members Sheila, Pegasus and Scoot) set out on a most enjoyable walk over Hesworth and Fittleworth Commons. Led by John and with Gloria bringing up the rear we left the car park at Fittleworth Village Hall and walked up the footpath leading to the Church of St Mary the Virgin, past unfurling leaves of cuckoo pint and tight little hazel catkins.

We then crossed the road and followed the sandy paths of Hesworth Common. The 1987 hurricane has taken its toll of oaks and pines but graceful silver birch trees still rose above the tawny bracken carpet while numerous polythene tree guards showed the extent of thoughtful replanting. Meanwhile, until the young trees grow taller we can enjoy extensive views of the South Down landmarks - Chanctonbury, Bignor and Duncton. A bonus was a marvellous view of Petworth with its distinctive church tower bathed in sunshine.

We walked around the Common and came out onto the tarred track that leads toward the Swan at Fittleworth. Along the lane we paused at

"Two Oaks" to admire the garden and an unusual weather vane on the garage. A lady was seated on a three-legged stool with a basket in front of her. What was she doing? Peeling carrots someone suggested. Further along the lane we admired a clump of snowdrops and another weather vane, unmistakably a fox. Another vane we saw on a cottage just before the Swan Inn was an elegant arrow.

We crossed the road just before the bridge over the Rother and followed the footpath through the still frozen water meadows. A pair of swans flew overhead. We climbed a stile and in the field Pearl found a bright blue speedwell already blooming. Ian took a slide which no doubt we will see later. We noticed ivy and holly stems gnawed by hungry rabbits as we came into Fittleworth Common. Bluebell leaves offered the promise of spring.

Across the Common which had also been replanted after the ravages of the 1987 hurricane we are able to look down on the multi-coloured heap of wrecked cars in the breakers. "The Ladies Car Park" a male voice unkindly observed. The footpath as it led off the Common was bounded by a beautifully set and layered thorn hedge, and, passing the resplendent modern Infants School we returned to the car park after a very enjoyable ramble of some four miles.

Jean Gilhooly.

MRS PAT HILL: ENGLISH WILD LIFE FEBRUARY 28th

The Petworth Society has enjoyed high-quality colour slide presentations on natural history for many years, but to have the added dimension of movement in the cine films of Mrs. Pat. Hill was a treat indeed. She started her programme to an 80-strong audience in the Leconfield Hall by introducing a live exhibit, a tawny owl, one of four victims of road accidents she keeps at home at Wisborough Green. She pointed out the large wingspan, its extraordinary ability to turn its head almost full circle so that its face can be kept towards an observer moving round it, the sensory feathers around the eyes and the thick plumage which ensures silent flight. The staple diet is beetles and the kill is carried out with the talons.

The film which followed showed the development of the feeding behaviour of tawny owls from hatching, the recovery of a barn owl with two broken wings and its eventual release back to the wild, the hand-rearing of a nest of 16 nuthatches and the rehabilitation



Tidying up with The Petworth Society April 14th
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.



Petworth Society tree-planting in Washington Copse April 14th
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.

and successful release of a buzzard which had lost all its feathers and an eye. A complete change of subject came in the second film which traced the life of three fox cubs from 2 days after birth until release at 4 months. One of the three remained close by and later mated with a vixen rescued by Mrs. Hill and the final film showed their relationship and also their reaction to cats and dogs. Mrs. Hill's commentary throughout was that of a sensitive and caring expert. Her observations of animal behaviour not only contribute to our understanding but correct long-held preconceptions and assumptions.

There was no time for her film about otters her audience was left hoping for an early return.

KCT

THE SOCIETY OF DEPENDENTS (THE 'COKELERS') MARCH 12th

Mrs. Marion May came from Lord's Hill, near Bramley, to speak about the Society of Dependents (dependent upon Christ). This religious sect was nick-named The Cokelers, possibly because the plot of land on which they built their Loxwood Stores was part of Cokes Field and not, as is usually assumed because, being teetotal, they preferred to drink cocoa.

John Sirgood, the founder, was a Gloucestershire shoemaker who came to Loxwood after a period in London in the 1840s. His friend John Banyard, formed a similar group - the Peculiars (Special Ones) in Essex.

Well-dressed in the fashions of the time, the lady Dependents retained the long black dresses almost up to the present day, using studs and eyes instead of buttons, which were considered an 'adornment'. Black bonnets were worn above their plaited buns rather than covering them. Initially, meetings were held in cottages and their gardens, arousing considerable hostility, especially from the Anglicans, who obtained court orders prohibiting them. In 1861, the chapel was built in Loxwood (Spy Lane), followed by others at Bramley, Shamley Green, Hove, South Norwood, Chichester, Plaistow and Northchapel, very simple buildings. A hymnbook was produced but the singing was unaccompanied, each line being read out by an elder before being sung by the congregation, for perhaps forty verses. Words from the seventeenth chapter of St. John's Gospel were used instead of the

Lord's Prayer. There were no Communion or Marriage services. When members wished to marry they did so in chapels or churches of other denominations, although celibacy was encouraged as a means of greater service to God, which naturally contributed to the eventual decline. A funeral service would be held in the local parish church followed by another in the chapel. This would be a time of great joy and celebration. The graves were not marked with stones but a plan of the graveyard was kept. Large rallies were held on Bank Holidays and the uninhibited singing is still remembered. Gradually the Dependents became respected for their honesty and integrity, probably as much through their business activities as in religious affairs. Often living communally above the stores, they provided much-needed employment, selling and delivering a wide range of goods, including bakery and their own designs of good quality crockery. They ran the first taxi service in Loxwood. Links were maintained with a similar sect in Bavaria.

The Loxwood chapel ceased to be used by the Dependents in 1974 and it is now the Immanuel Evangelical Church, but five or six members still live in Loxwood, three in Northchapel and one in Warnham. In the late 19th century there had been over 2,000. Following a recent phone-in programme on Radio Sussex with David Arscott, Mrs. May received a great deal of correspondence and new information, chiefly concerning the South Norwood Dependents. Members of the audience too, were able to provide first-hand reminiscences of their contacts with local adherents and testified to their high moral standards and caring concern for all.

An interesting display of costume, literature, photographs and artifacts relating to the Dependents and other religious denominations had been mounted by Mrs. May and Mrs. Ann Bradley. Members of the audience also had brought along examples of 'oldery' - a word coined by Peter for such memorabilia. The evening concluded with comment, questions and answers about many of the items.

Mrs. May is carrying out an important piece of research at a time when first-hand memories and experiences are fast dying out. It is a last chance to produce a permanent record of a piece of church history. Petworth Society members will find it useful to refer back to Bulletin No. 29, September, 1982, pages 27-32, for a full account of the Society of Dependents.

KCT

VISIT TO SEE PROGRESS ON THE NORTH GALLERY, PETWORTH HOUSE

MARCH 17th

I had told Norman Thomas it was difficult to be precise about possible numbers but that there were indications of a heavy turnout. In fact there were some eighty members in the Square. Norman would need four separate tours of the Gallery, the plywood covering over the exposed joists would permit groups of no more than twenty at a time. The prospective visitors straggled up Lombard Street to be shepherded across Church Street and up the long stone passage from Church Lodge to the Education Room. It is a fair-sized room and it was packed - standing room only. Helped by photographs and diagrams Norman explained the thinking behind the restoration. Decisions such as the restoration of the Gallery are nowadays carefully controlled and not made at purely local level: great thought is given to them and all suggestions are ruthlessly examined not only by experts but, in the last resort, by a regional committee of laymen to safeguard the interests of the public. It is after all largely for the benefit of the general public that the restoration is carried out.

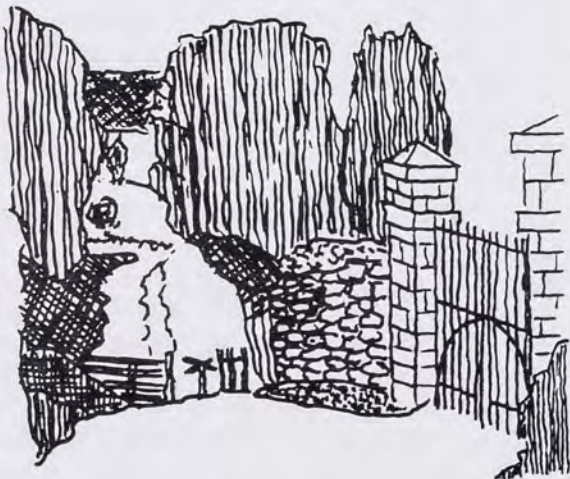
Why should the North Gallery be accorded priority status vis-à-vis other necessary renovation? At what date should the restoration be set? Questions that needed definite answers before work could begin. He gave the reasons for going back to the time of the Third Earl of Egremont rather than to the Gallery's beginning as an effective lean-to to the main building and touched on the difficulties this had always posed concerning the fabric. The aim would be to recreate the Third Earl's Gallery and in so doing recreate an environment where Sculpture and Painting coexist, always bearing in mind that Sculpture is a less brittle medium than oil which can be so vulnerable to change of temperatures and particularly of course to damp. While the work is still in progress a viewing post could be set up in the North Gallery itself to allow the general public to see for themselves the elaborate neatness and complexity of the under-floor wiring. Norman explained the difficulties of moving very heavy statues and spoke of the new lantern lighting that would return to the original concepts of the 1830s.

While Norman took parties of twenty to explain the work in the Gallery itself the rest of us took the opportunity to look round the Pleasure Grounds. It was a grey raw day but the daffodils were already fully out - huge swathes of them. The Pleasure Grounds

still seem a little strange with so many of the trees gone and so much new planting - it was surprising to find oneself suddenly on a small eminence looking straight down the Horsham Road past the Egremont Almshouses. By the time Norman had finished his four guided tours I felt he deserved a rest but he just seemed to be getting into his stride!

P.

RICHARD CHANDLER TAKES THE SOCIETY ROUND SHIMMINGS. APRIL 7th



Considering what an unpleasant day it was there was a very good turnout indeed for the guided walk round Shimmings Farm - sixty people someone suggested. It was hardly less. The wind was enough to deter anyone but the most strong-willed and there was a persistent threat of rain. The rain in fact just about held off but the wind grew more intense as we climbed toward the Gog. Richard made a number of stops to explain

points on the ground, fighting to keep his words from being blown away on the wind.

First stop was by the first bridge over the brook - looking back up the hill Richard pointed out the number of boughs and branches lurking in the lush spring grass. Most evenings he has to stop and pick up these relics, brought down by dogs from the Gog woods and then left in the meadow. Couldn't the dogs be prevailed upon to take them home? A single bough can do £1000 worth of damage to a machine. Richard talked of the constant war against rabbits, supporting a population of 1000 rabbits is the equivalent of grazing thirty cows for nothing. The constant burrowing undermines the hedges, cattle treading down the burrows in the heat of summer.

We walked along the line of the stream, the trees are much the same as in the classic early century photographs but elderly now; there has been little replanting over the years and the limbs of old trees grow brittle and vulnerable to storms. We looked at the flat

platform where Mr Upton's tennis court had been, not so far away from the Withy Copse. Uptons had farmed that in the early century. Now it's left largely to its own devices: it's no part of Shimmings Farm. There were no bushes growing in the stream in those days and fencing wasn't the prohibitive price it is now. Further along, the third bridge in the lee of Shimmings Hill is less well maintained than the other two which have been recently and well renovated by volunteers. The third bridge is peculiarly vulnerable: once a bridge's stones are loosened children have an irresistible desire to pull them out and throw them into the stream, thus hurrying the process of collapse. Up the stream come sea trout at Christmas, swimming on under the Horsham Road to Moor where they spawn in the shallow gravel-bottomed tributary ditches. Sea-gulls follow the fish up from the sea.

Bottles and cans are a constant menace to animals but here in the lee of Shimmings Hill they have been hurled out of passing cars. We looked up to the primroses blowing almost unnoticed on the field side of the hedge. This is heron territory, one can often be seen here in summer.

Moving back in a little we stopped just above the field where the cattle feed and the ground is an ugly brown. Richard will try to reseed this year, last year the seed simply wouldn't take in the drought. The droughts of the last two years have had their effect on the pasture: Richard picked up a sprig of chickweed with its innocent looking little white flowers. "No use to us or to cattle", he said and explained that chickweed will colonise wherever the grass is thin and soon form up to 30% of a pasture.

The wind became more intense as we made our way up to the Sugar Loaf field and then walked off toward Shimmings lying clustered below us in the greyness. "Yes," said Richard, "we do use weedkillers in the Sugar Loaf field but look here in the dip where the machines won't reach". He showed us an untidy mass of weeds, great knots of creeping thistle, nettle and ragwort. Ragwort is, despite the handsome yellow flowers it bears, a great nuisance. Cattle won't touch it when it's growing but if it gets into hay or is simply cut and left to dry cattle will then eat it with serious consequences. The strong alkaloid poison the plant contains will kill the animal by attacking its liver.

We moved up to the Sugar Loaf itself, before thankfully moving on to Flathurst. Here in the partial shade of a fence it was a little

easier to talk. Richard explained how all cattle were marked so that wherever they went their origins could be checked. No, he had never had a case of "mad-cow disease". Some apparent cases are due to a magnesium deficiency - an injection of this element can make an almost uncanny transformation - a cow or calf running about quite normally just five minutes or so after being apparently on the point of expiring. Even in the shade of the fence the wind made its presence felt. Richard answered questions about the proposed jump course, still under consideration by the planners. We set off over the field, then up the scarp to the junction with Bartons Lane. I've mentioned only a few of the points discussed: Shimmings is very much Petworth's lungs and a few glimpses into the farmer's way of looking at things gives a whole new perspective.

P.

THE EVER-CHANGING SCENE AT CHICHESTER FESTIVAL THEATRE APRIL 11th

At a meeting organised jointly with the Petworth Players, Mrs. Maureen Davis-Poynter proved to be the perfect ambassador for Chichester Festival Theatre. Her theme not only reflected the day-to-day life of a theatre but also its history. She explained that the theatre received no grants and had to depend on box office receipts, some commercial sponsorship and the considerable support of the 20,000 member Theatre Society. Any profits were ploughed back into future productions, but the 1990 season had in fact, resulted in a loss. She was optimistic that having resolved early problems, the plays planned for this year would be immensely popular, restoring the confidence of both management and public.

Because of the unusual layout of the theatre, scenery and costumes had to be designed and made specially for each production, meeting the challenge of being seen from three sides, hence, for example, the extensive use of benches and stools rather than high-backed chairs. Although some would go on tour afterwards or could be sold, the bulk would be destroyed. Illustrating the craftsmanship which went into costume making and the need to reflect the character portrayed, members of the audience modelled costumes - Mrs. V. Blunt, one of Fenella Fielding's costumes in Valmouth, Mrs. M. Field, Googie Withers's as Lady Bracknell in the Importance of being Earnest, Mr. D. Sneller, Robert Helpmann's costume as the Cardinal in Valmouth, and Mrs. K. Bridger, Mrs. J. Fairley and Mrs. J. Green, capes and masks from Miranda and The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Colour slides followed, conveying well the differing atmospheres of scenes from Terra Nova, Underneath the Arches, Valmouth, Goodbye Mr. Chips (where the scenery had to be integrated with that for the next play, Cavell), The Sleeping Prince, The Merchant of Venice, The Scarlet Pimpernel, The Relapse, Annie get your Gun, A Funny thing happed on the Way to the Forum, Miranda, A Man for All Seasons, An Ideal Marriage and Major Barbara, finishing with scenes from Victory in the streets of Chichester as well as on stage. It was good to be reminded of the many famous stars who have appeared over the years, attracted by the theatre's prestige rather than by financial reward.

In conclusion, and in answer to questions, Mrs. Davis-Poynter outlined the plays in the re-organised 1991 season and referred to the more adventurous programme running concurrently in the 250 seat Minerva Studio Theatre. The majority of the audiences, she said, come from within a 40-50 mile radius of Chichester.

Mr. Stan. Chapman voiced the appreciation of the audience and Petworth Players in particular and Peter echoed his sentiments on behalf of the Petworth Society.

KCT

ANNUAL CLEAN-UP APRIL 14th



It was a cool grey day with a strong wind blowing both the daffodils in the gardens and the black plastic sacks that would later hold the rubbish. Some rather superior light blue bags from last year were quickly snapped up. It was a day without a suggestion of rain : there would not perhaps be the usual water-filled crisp packets in the hedgerows. Quite a good turnout, stalwarts from previous clean-ups, some new faces, a lot of parish councillors. No need to cover Les's Petworth round - that would already be clean. Just the need to concentrate on the rest - particularly the approaches to Petworth. Enough volunteers this time to send a good force down to the southern estates, we haven't always been able to do that.

As usual Les and I waited back to clear the Car Park and greet latecomers. This would be the seventh clean-up - it had been first conceived as a one-off when the Toronto Scottish were coming in 1985.

The Car Park had clearly suffered from the long interregnum caused by the delay in issuing a contract to clean it. No one had done anything for a long time. Autumn leaves mixed with waste paper had rotted into the kerbs - it needed a shovel to get up - then a broom to tidy it up. The verge in front of the Pound Street box hedge would look nice with some flowers in it Les thought. The hedge on the car-park side was full of all sorts of rubbish blown in hard and difficult to extricate. Hesitantly the sun came out. Some larger boxes had blown over to the hedge from the bottle bank and gradually disintegrated. Anne came back from the estate down the road to have a go at the lower Car Park.

The blue and black collection of sacks by the toilets grew as people came back with their contributions. David would be planting trees at Washington Copse at 11.30. Most people would be back by this time. Time to go off with Les in the trailer to load up sacks left by the roadside. Jumb had already collected some of them. There was a big pile by the old gasworks in Station Road, then a great number on the London Road, including a number of road signs now rusted and ruined. Someone with a grudge against the Highway Authorities? A rotary mower half dismembered, an (almost) usable tubular chair. Several car exhausts were picked up at different places - some virtually complete. The wind blew the black sacks in the back of the trailer. We would get no more on for this journey at least. A huge piece of black plastic sacking took off in the wind and we had to chase back up the Northchapel road after it. The half chicken-run rammed on the top should hold much of it in place. More rubbish than ever this year Les observed.

P.

A UNAPPRECIATED VISITOR

This curious passage comes from St Mary's Parish Magazine for August 1906. I wonder if anyone knows the handbook from which it was taken? The date would seem about 1805.

P.

'THE following extract from a handbook written at the beginning of the last century will probably cause some amusement to our readers. What shall we say of a man who could speak of our beloved Petworth, of which we are so justly proud, in such terms? He must indeed have been a poor creature with but little sense of the beautiful:-

"In an obscure part of Sussex about 50 miles from London, stands the most uncouth and unsightly of villages, named Petworth, consisting of dwellings (houses the inhabitants probably call them) seeming to have been constructed in every age except the civilized ones, and apparently adapted to every purpose but the one they are intended for, the largest looking like prisons for the confinement of malefactors, the smallest like sheds for the shelter of animals; and all seeming to have been contrived and arranged for the express purpose of shutting out or destroying all ideas connected with the beauties of external nature; all closely and confusedly huddled together as if to prevent the intrusion of anything in the shape of a tree or a patch of grass, and barely room enough left between them for the passers-by to wind their way along.

Let the reader fancy himself placed overnight in the midst of this barbarous and outlandish spot, at the Half-Moon Inn perchance, having arrived there too late to judge of the kind of place he is in, and fancying that as he has been travelling all day from London he must by this time be in the country. When he wakes in the morning he will probably at once enquire the way to the Park Gate. It is a chance if he finds anyone to answer his question civilly or intelligibly, for the inhabitants of a village like this are generally as rude and uncouth as their houses, and imagine that anyone who does not know the way to the Park Gate must be little better than a natural,"'

MRS SHARP'S OWN PARTICULAR GHOST STORY

This is a further extract from the newly discovered longer version of the Tales of Old Petworth. J.O. Greenfield's unknown annotator gives a tantalising clue to his own identity by saying that he is writing in the same room in which Greenfield himself originally wrote the Tales. The difficulty is that we cannot specify the house and the identity of the annotator remains a mystery for the present at least. The writer's grandmother mentioned in the final paragraph appears to be the annotator's. The title comes from the original text.

In the room in which Mr Greenfield was, and I am at this present time, scribbling away, Mrs Sharp, his wife's mother, lived and slept for the last ten yers of her life - she died in it, too, in her 95th year. She told us, says Mr Greenfield, of a strange occurrence which happened to her some five or six years before her death. She said one night, her daugher Garland, my wife, had, as was her constant custom, been into her room, had lighted her rush candle, for the old lady burnt a candle all night, winter and summer, had bidden her good-night, and gone to her own room. "Well," she said, "the rush-light seemed to burn very dimly, and I feared it was going out, so I raised myself up in bed to look more closely at it, when I thought I saw the curtain at the bottom of my little French bed move gently; I did not hear the door open, so I thought, why it can't be Garland for she had hardly left the room; I could not see the door; then again I said to myself, it must be her; what can she want? Then I called twice, Garland, Garland - but no one answered. The curtain was then drawn aside, and I saw my poor son George that I had not seen since he and I parted in anger nearly thirty years before. There was the same face, but older, and oh! so pale. His hair too was thinner and greyer, but I knew my poor boy again. He looked at me very kindly but so sadly. I said George, George, what can you want here? for I was not in the least afraid of him. I was awe-struck certainly, for I was sure he was dead, and I had no doubt that that was the moment of his death, a quarter past ten. And then he vanished slowly away." And so it was; for, not the next morning but the morning after, came a letter from his daughter, informing me that her father had dropped down dead in the street in Piccadilly, as he was returning home at a quarter after ten on the night that he appeared to me. As there was a light in her room, Mrs sharp looked at the watch hanging at the head of her bed, and also at the timepiece on her chimney, so she could not be mistaken, neither could she have been dreaming, for she had not time to fall asleep, as Mrs Greenfield had not left the room more than a few minuts. After Mrs Greenfield had finished reading the letter to her mother, the poor old woman said, "Ah! Garland, child, you see my boy's spirit could not leave this world before he had come to look forgiveness upon his old mother who had forgiven him years and years before, and had he lain upon a bed of sickness, no doubt he would have written, or sent a message of kindness; and sorrow for his long forgetfulness of me; for I have never forgotten, and have never ceased to love him. Oh! I am so glad I have seen him, for he looked at me so fondly as he did when he was a young lad. Poor boy, poor George! Well, it can't be many years before I go the same journey, so God's will be done."

AN OLD BELIEF.

My grandmother, in common with many others of her day, was possessed with an idea, and nothing could shake it, that the newly emancipated soul hovered about its late home of clay for three days or until that beloved companion had received all the rights of decent burial. In order that the spirit should not be detained any longer on earth than was absolutely necessary for the funeral preparations, they, as she did, made their relatives promise to bury them the third day after death. And also that the corpse should never be left alone nor at night without candles burning round it until committed to the earth.

A WHIRLWIND AT TILLINGTON

During the first world war my mother, brother, and I were walking back to Tillington where we lived at The Lodge, when we were caught up in a very rough hot wind. The sky was almost as black as night. (It was a bright sunny afternoon although humid previously). In a field next to Tillington House there stood a hayrick - suddenly it took off, its top started to spiral high up in the air first in small amounts and then a whole lot took off, all over the road, over us and right over the Park wall. I remember mother calling this happening "a whirlwind". It frightened the life out of us. The sky cleared as quickly as it darkened, we were back to a lovely afternoon again.

I wonder if any older residents remember the remount in Petworth Park. There seemed to be hundreds of mules there all ready to be shipped off to France to draw the guns in the first world war. How very cruel everything seemed in those days. Have we improved I wonder?

Mrs. K. Vigar.

HUNGERS CORNER AND THE WOOD FAMILY

Does anyone remember Hungers Corner (now Canada Cottages) situated on the road between Gorehill and Fittleworth near Froghole? The cottages were probably tied to Strood, farmed by Mr. Skinner earlier this century. My great grandparents William and Sarah Wood lived here until the 1920's. A photograph by G. Garland of Sarah's brother George Stevens was used as cover for the book "The Men with Laughter in their Hearts".

My mother, then Edith Brown, remembers a public footpath right through their garden and on to Shopham Bridge road with access to High Hoes. Edith and her sister Nellie went to Byworth School and at eleven years old to Petworth Girls School. They believe their mother Emily Kate Wood also attended Byworth School at an earlier time.

Mrs. Margaret Zietzke,
10 Arizonica Street, Clontarf, QLD 4019, Australia.

PUZZLE PICTURE

This mill is probably local but can anyone identify it? No, I don't know the answer myself, although we can make an "educated guess".

Peter.



SURGEON BLAGDEN'S CURES

My mother's uncle George Kingshott was coachman to Surgeon Blagden, who when he died (about 1870) left a formula for herbal pills and ointment to George and he and his wife Charlotte used to make these and sell them to the people of Petworth. Apparently they were quite famous for their cures. Unfortunately the formula was only handed down by mouth and not in writing so that when they died it died with them. They lived in Grove Street in one of the houses that used to be wardens' houses. Old Uncle George always told the tale as mother remembered as a child of how Dr. Blagden would ask his patients what they had been eating. On being told it was mostly potatoes, he would reply, "Taters, Taters, that's pig's food, it's Greens for the Life of you Man". Dr. Blagden also would pay anybody coppers for Joe Bassetts they dug up in their gardens, these he would use to extract poison from wounds.

JOY GUMBRELL

Postscript.

For those who do not know what Joe Bassetts are - they are the larvae of the Chafer Beetle, a dirty white colour, about 1½ inches long and as thick as a little finger, usually found in springtime in colonies about six to twelve inches deep in the soil, perfectly harmless to crops and able to be left with impunity. They are not very common and one can go for several years and not find any. Joe Bassetts, may be a Sussex name. In Spring 1990 a question on Gardner's Question Line asked what the white grubs were that he had dug up and none of the panel mentioned Joe Bassetts. It may even be only a very local name. I learned it from my Grandfather.

Joy Gumbrell

WELLS

We have had an enquiry from Mr. A.H. Strudwick of Brigg, South Humberside (who says he is 79 and one of the Kirdford and Wisborough Green Strudwicks). As a boy, he used to draw water from the well at Brickyard Cottages, Lowfold Farm, and wondered at the beautiful brickwork. He couldn't understand how Mr. Trussler (Magazine No. 63) could brick a well from the top downwards. With the help of Mr. Jack Holloway we have given him a "layman's" answer, but we wonder whether there is still a well-digger with first-hand experience or someone with access to such information which would not only answer Mr. Strudwick in detail but also provide an article for a future issue of the Magazine. Replies to Peter, please.

K.C.T.

HARRY SOPP OF LOXWOOD - A GARLAND CONTEMPORARY

George Garland was a distinctive photographer, a localised artist whose influence must be considered on a national scale. To assess his originality is difficult: in the absence of similar local material for comparison it would be easy to over-emphasize his independence, while taking insufficient account of the fact that he was working with certain genres or types of picture that were the common currency of other local photographers of his time. Certainly the famous "hiking" pictures are an innovative genre that is distinctively Garland's but it was a short-lived one and one that now seems very dated, interesting as the pictures remain as an indicator of social attitudes of the time. Garland's distinctiveness may lie to an extent in his single-minded determination to seek out country pictures and characters and in the massive scale of his achievement rather than in particular innovations: he used in the 1920s and 30s accepted modes of photography to create a coherent world which still lives sixty years on.

Such thoughts are aroused by the remaining work of Harry Sopp of Loxwood, a rough contemporary of Garland's and an acquaintance of his. The contrast between the two could hardly be more dramatic: Garland's stock of over 60,000 negatives is now safely housed and in process of cataloguing, while all that remains extant of Sopp's work is at present a battered album from the 1930s containing some score or more 6½" x 8½" portraits and some half-a-dozen newspaper cuttings, mainly from the West Sussex Gazette. Sopp's portraits are in effect Garland-type character studies and like Garland's were often submitted for the West Sussex Gazette "Type" series in the 1930s. The cuttings very largely relate to this series and are useful in giving biographical information which the portraits themselves do not provide. The characters are more severely localised than Garland's and very much confined to the Surrey-Sussex border villages. The portraits are of a very high quality and differ from Garland's in their softer finish. Harry Sopp used a matt finish as consistently as Garland used gloss.

Born in the mid-1890s and hence a few years older than Garland, Harry Sopp had been blown up and badly wounded in the 1914-1918 war. Being discharged after a long period in hospital in Manchester he was left with one lung, very restricted movement and in considerable pain. He had to find a trade that would sustain him despite the severe physical handicap under which he suffered.

Photography seemed to offer such a trade and he took a little wooden hut in Loxwood, just opposite the butcher's shop run by his father. Over the years Harry Sopp would become a familiar figure at local weddings in the Kirdford, Plaistow, Loxwood and Wisborough Green area. His disability meant that his range was much less extensive than Garland's but he was very much at home with portrait work, something which Garland viewed with a certain impatience.

Harry Sopp turned his hand to other things to supplement the meagre income he gained from his photography - some decorated wooden screens made by him still survive. He was an expert at pokerwork - burning inscriptions into wood with a hot poker - for instance writing on the back of a chair for the Village Hall who had donated it. He lived at home with his two sisters and died some years before Garland. The two men seem to have known each other quite well and would compare notes when Garland was passing through. Loxwood was never classic Garland territory although there are certainly a few Loxwood pictures in the Garland Collection.

Among Harry Sopp's characters are: Tom Rugman of Loxwood, Tom Wells of Loxwood, hoop-maker, copse-cutter and farmhand, Joshua Brown of Loxwood, the village smith and wheelwright, John Herrington of Shillinglee, Arran Knight of Loxwood, Stephen Ireland of Rudgwick, Emily Barnett of Alfold, Mrs. Jim Puttock of Gunshot Common, George Day of Loxwood, Henry Aylward, leader of the Dependents or "Cokelers" at Loxwood, Andrew Smith the showman, Jim Garman the Loxwood bricklayer and Mark Steer the Loxwood stonebreaker. Other characters are Jim Puttock, the miller at Brewhurst, George Blake of Southwater and Mrs. Mitchener of Tismans, Rudgwick. One or two other identifications are either uncertain or unknown.

The West Sussex Gazette captions give one or two details: Emily Barnett had had three sons in the South African war and five in the Great War: she had started work at the age of ten, sheep minding for fourpence a day - a common enough experience in the mid-nineteenth century. Tom Rugman used to walk barefoot to work, carrying his boots to save the leather, while Tom Wells could tell you the weather better than any barometer. Arran Knight had begun hoop-shaving at the age of seven for a few pence a day, while Stephen Ireland had started as a carter's boy at the age of six. None of these portraits, with the obvious exception of Andrew Smith, is of a Garland "character". It would be interesting to know if other work of Sopp's survives, much seems to have been burned when his studio was cleared out on his death.

OF "PAST AND PASSING"

I read with interest the stories in the March Magazine about Bedham and the Book by Rhoda Leigh.

I remember Miss West and Miss Metherell very well they were such kind ladies, we lived at Pallingham quay from 1925 to 1935. It was rather isolated but we youngsters enjoyed the freedom as we could wander anywhere and there was never any danger, but it was a lonely life for mother especially when we were at school.

One of our highlights was going to the little church at Bedham about once a month. There we met up with other people in the area, a very friendly gathering and a great pleasure to mother, and this was where we met Miss West and Miss Metherell. It was a treat to rest a while in their pretty garden after the long walk up the hill, and sometimes after the service there would be a friendly gathering and chat over a cup of tea or glass of lemonade, and one year they gave us a Christmas party. They worked hard for the church, and I remember Miss Metherell saying she had written or was writing a book. I can't remember all the names of the people that lived there but quite a few come to mind especially the Aylwins, Scammells and the Hunts. The Rev Lucy took the services and sometimes our headmaster from Fittleworth Mr. Boyer. I remember the little shop at the top of the hill where we had to wait for the school bus.

Another memory mentioned was of Mr Trussler the well sinker. Many times he would stop at our house for a cup of tea and a rest on his way to work further on through the woods and over the common. He would have walked all the way from Pulborough across fields from Toat before even starting work and then all the way back when he had finished. How times have changed. I shall always remember Bedham and its people with fondness. It was a very pretty place especially in the Spring. We didn't mind the steep hill and rough road, it was all part of life.

Kath Barnett.

A MILLER'S DAUGHTER 1. Petworth and Midhurst

My father was the son of a Herefordshire farmer and one of eight children. All were brought up at Rowlestone Park Farm, Clodock, near Abergavenny. Two of the boys (my father being one) won Scholarships to Abergavenny Grammar School. They walked the eight miles every day, carrying their lunch with them.

Later my Uncle Robert won a Scholarship to University to study agriculture. He finally went to Canada to farm in Saskatchewan. My cousins are still there.

My father John wanted to be a flour miller and trained at Spillers Flour Mills in Cardiff. Here he met and married a young Scottish girl, much to her family's disgust. Her father had been in the Indian Army and in those days they did not marry into trade! However, they were extremely happy and had two children by 1902, a boy and a girl.



Gordon and Marjorie Gwillim
feeding the hens at North
Mill Midhurst in 1905.

It was then that father heard of a flour mill in West Sussex which was to be leased from the Cowdray Estate at Midhurst. He moved to North Mill with his young family in 1902. The mill and the house were built adjoining each other on the banks of the river Rother which joins the Arun at Pulborough. Here were born two more girls, I being the youngest.

In 1907 Coultershaw Mill at Petworth became vacant and father leased it with the Mill-house from the Leconfield Estate at Petworth. I believe he was delighted to get another water-mill just down the river, six miles from Midhurst. He was now able to have more control of the flow of the river by adjusting the floodgates of either mill.

At Coultershaw there had been a Water Mill for a thousand years, one and a half miles from Petworth on the river Rother. Of course several buildings had succeeded one another over the years, but

they all stood on or near the original site of the Saxon Mill called Coultershaw, mentioned in Domesday Book, which also refers to the amazing rental of twenty shillings and 169 buckets of eels per annum.

The name Coultershaw means 'Cuthere's spur of land', and has no connection with the modern 'coulter', part of a plough. Machinery then would have been very primitive, and the local people would have brought their wheat or barley to be ground into a coarse flour.

At Coultershaw stood the last of Petworth's Toll Gates. The gatehouse stood on the North side of the Chichester road, beside the bridge.

I could only have been about six weeks old when we moved over to live at Coultershaw mill house. This had a small farm attached with cows and pigs and a dairy. Mr. Rapley from up Station Hill looked after the farm and the dairy. He spoilt me just as father did. Mother often related to me how I used to beg for a biscuit in the kitchen, then toddle over to the dairy to get 'Bappy' to put butter on it. This, when discovered, was soon stopped.

Living at Coultershaw was not to last. My father's only real interest was in the mills. In 1910 Lord Leconfield gave his permission for us to give up residence at Coultershaw mill house, and back we went to North Mill, Midhurst.

I was too young to remember all this but was often told of my brother's escapades at Coultershaw, one being when he let the sow out of her sty and put our Aberdeen terrier in with the baby pigs! No harm came to any of them but the noise must have been deafening and the sow very angry. I think Mr. Rapley had a job sorting things out.

Back at Midhurst my brother could walk up to the Grammar School again. My sisters went to Miss Westcotts at Lyndale House in Red Lion Street. I had to wait another two years or so.

There was no such thing as boredom in those days. I made up my own games in the big garden on the opposite side of the road where I could be safely left with the gate locked, the river fenced and the dog for company. There was a sand-pit to play in. We had a mother's help living with us then, her name was Lizzie and I loved her dearly although she used to get cross with me when I hid from



Andrew Smith the showman at Loxwood about 1930.
A study by Henry Sopp as are all the following.



Tom Rugman of Loxwood.



Mrs Jim Puttock of Gunshot Common.



Tom Wells of Loxwood.

her or mother. It was a lovely house to hide in; back wooden stairs from the kitchen up to the nursery, scrubbed every Friday and woe betide us if we muddied them after that. We were not really allowed to go into the drawing room, cool and dim in the summer so that the carpet did not fade. It always smelt of flowers. Smells are so evocative, leather and tobacco reminded me of father who used to wear leather leggings unless he was going to London.

Mrs John Gwillim with Lizzie at
Ambersham Bridge April 3rd 1912



I know I was often naughty and, because I was the youngest, father spoilt me. If I was in real trouble I used to go and hide in the knee-hole of his office desk which was in the house. Presently mother would put her head round the door asking if he'd seen me? He would just shake his head and she went away.

The river divided the Parishes of Midhurst and Easebourne and on most Sundays we all walked up to St. Mary's church. Muslin dresses and straw hats for the girls in summer, stockings and boots too. We were not allowed to pick flowers or romp about on Sundays.

My parents sometimes wondered why I was the only one with such a great love of horses. Maybe I had inherited it from my maternal grandfather who had been in the Royal Horse Artillery in India and of course spent all his short life riding. He had died from cholera, at thirty-six, out in Afghanistan. But there it was, we were all four very different. I spent hours petting the little cob which drew the trap, and sometimes was allowed to go in to the two great cart-horses who pulled the waggons. The smell of a stable, even now, brings back memories. Those gentle giants never moved a foot while I, the small human, was near them.

On a Saturday evening the glorious smell of hot bran would fill the kitchen when the little carter came round for a kettle of boiling water to mix the weekly bran mash for his charges.

Because the mill was attached to the house at Midhurst we could always hear the rumble of machinery and the rush of water. The nursery was just above the mill pool at the back, and there were bars at the window for safety. Sometimes we used to lower a doll on a string into the water for a dip. Bedtime then for me was at six-thirty, and I dawdled as long as I could, sitting at the kitchen table with milk and biscuits, (it was special milk from the Cowdray Jerseys). It was lovely to watch the great chestnut trees bowing right down into the pool. However, up to bed I had to go, grumbling because my sisters could stay up later.

Going inside the mill was a wonderful treat. There was a door through to the mill from the hall, usually kept locked. Father would take me by the hand and through the door. First of all there was the great paddle wheel just below where we stood. It was half inside and half outside in the pool. This, I learned later, was very unusual. The wheel's huge blades always looked so green and slippery. Swallows in summer built their nests just above the wheel. They used to come skimming in with food for their young and out again in a flash, cleverly missing the wheel every time.

That big paddle wheel drove all the belts in the mill, I watched them racing round and round, holding tightly on to father's hand meanwhile, for the belts in those days had no covers over them. The second floor was reached by a wooden step-ladder with no rail. Here had once been the grinding stones for the wheat; now rollers had been put in, I do not know at what date but still have a postcard addressed to North Roller Mill, Midhurst, dated before the first war.

Up again to the top floor and here was the sifting machine driven by yet more belts. This shook and vibrated the whole floor until I found I too was wriggling with it. It was sifting the crushed wheat and I always hoped no mice had got into any of the machinery because I loved mice. I once put by hand into a sack and brought out a dear little mouse. There were always cats kept at the mill to kill the mice and rats, but they were a bit wild.

When a number of sacks of flour were full they were securely tied up. Outside in the small yard the waggon would be waiting, backed

up under the chute from the top floor. Usually there was a shout, then a sack would come sliding down to the carter standing in the waggon below. He was as white as a snowman by the time he had stacked them all neatly and the waggon was full.

My father sometimes bought wheat from a local farmer while it was still standing in the field. I can remember watching him 'rubbing off' an ear of wheat in his hands, smelling it and tasting it before deciding to buy. He also bought foreign wheat too, which came to Midhurst or Petworth stations, because English wheat alone would have been too soft for bread making. He used to go up to the Corn Market in Market Lane about once a week. I was allowed to ride up to the station in the trap to catch the train for London. I believe the pony knew we were to catch a train for she used to clatter up North Street at a fast pace. My mother drove home more slowly to cool her down.

Sometimes people called to tell father that they had an apple tree fallen or to be cut down, knowing that the wood was always needed for any repair to a mill wheel.

The mill was shut down for Sundays but the river was never silent. Strangely enough it made less noise during flood times when the water was high. The mill too was silenced, too much water being just as bad as not enough.



North Mill and House, Midhurst
on the eve of the 1914-18 war.
August 2nd 1914.

The flood-gates were opened to allow the river to hurl itself over into the 'rubble-bay', as we called it. This was by the bridge opposite the yard, the water came foaming down to the first pool and was lovely to watch. It is still a water-fall today but few can stop to watch it in today's traffic. Nearby were two cottages where the Putticks and the Colmans lived. Mr. Colman was head man at North Mill. Those cottages are long gone, probably owing to so much flooding.

At North Mill I remember walking on planks, chair to chair across the scullery and diary. I loved doing this and do not remember ever falling off, but I believe one or two people did over the years.

P.C.

(To be continued.)

REMEMBERING FLORENCE RAPLEY

I can certainly remember my grandmother, Florence Rapley, although I was only five or six years old when I went to live with my maternal grandparents in London. She died, I think, not long after the end of the 1914-1918 war. I just went to Duncton School for a year before I left for London. This would be some five or six years after the Diary closes in 1912. Grandmother had recovered a little from the illness she had had then but was clearly somewhat debilitated. I am sure there was never a continuation of the Diary although I sometimes wonder if there might have been an earlier Diary, now lost. After all, the Diary begins very confidently in 1909 as if my grandmother was quite used to this kind of writing. That's only my impression however and I could well be wrong. My most abiding memory is of my grandmother being ill and of my going across the lane at Heath End from our house to grandmother's with the Daily Mail. The Mail at that time carried a comic strip called Teddy Tail all about a mouse and I would knock at the house door and say, "Teddy Tail, Daily Mail". My grandmother would encourage me to read the "bubbles", i.e. the dialogue pieces in the cartoon.

In the early century my father Steve, with his brother Bert, had had a shop in the Fleet at Fittleworth, selling bicycles. The site, much developed, is now a garage. The venture didn't work very well and Bert eventually went to America where, after working for a while for Barnums the showmen, he settled by lake Eyrie growing acres of arum lilies under glass for the fashionable ladies of New York. He married a housekeeper at the Charing Cross Hotel in

London and during the period of the Diary came back from America to marry and take his new wife to America.

My father Steve, who had been apprenticed at Austens in Petworth as a tinsmith, set up a shop in the garden of his mother's house at Heath End, working basically with cycles but doing also whatever else he could. He sold cigarettes, petrol and phonographs, and worked until very late at night. His mother often mentions the phonographs in her Diary and I think they tended to play through much of the evening: customers would want to try them out before making a purchase. Doubtless too Steve kept his tinsmith's craft in use.

Mr. Rossiter was a great friend of the family and when my maternal grandmother was widowed he married her. His uncle had a flourishing builders business in London and it was Mr. Rossiter who helped to develop the garage site. In the early century what is now the garage was simply a field going with Kilsham Farm, and not a particularly productive field at that - it was black sand. Eventually the lease on the field was passed over by Leconfield from Goodeves at Kilsham to us. I can't think Goodeves were very concerned as the field was pretty infertile anyway. The garage rising up in front of the house and on the opposite side of the lane meant that my grandmother could no longer see St. Mary's Church and I think it was this, above all, that set her against the garage building. I've sometimes thought that if they'd set the garage buildings a little further to the north the premises would have been more visible to traffic coming over the hill from Duncton but that's only my own view.

There are a number of family traditions about my grandmother and, while some may have a touch of the apocryphal about them, they do give a good idea of her way of thinking and her priorities. As if to compound the loss of the church view the garage put up a big sign "Sign up with Shell" and it was always said that as Grandmother looked out the opening words of the sign were obscured by the angle of the wall so that all she could see was the word "Hell". It was said too that she would never cook on a Sunday. It is quite clear from the Diary that she would go to the early service even in the depths of winter and tradition has it that she would light matches to illuminate the way ahead. It would certainly have been very dark. I think she would usually have come up the Station Road, the way she had come when she lived at the old Coultershaw Toll House.

My father had the ability to memorise almost anything and I always put this down to hearing that Grandmother made him and his two brothers learn the Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the following week. Each of the three brothers would stand in turn in front of his mother and recite what he had learned. Even in much later years I could give my father the opening phrase of a biblical text and he would go right through the rest with scarcely a falter. My father had a very good hand too and again I think my grandmother had a good deal to do with this. There was a vague idea in the family that Florence had at one time been a student teacher, presumably in those far off days when she talks in the Diary of being near Watlington in Oxfordshire. I think that when she mentions Mrs. Jones from Adwell, a small settlement just north of Watlington, we may have a clue to these years. I think it's more likely she was a trusted servant in a big house.

My grandfather, certainly in the days when I knew him, worked as a carter at Coultershaw. In what little spare time he had he kept bees, in the old-fashioned way with skeps, and helped with the pig. The Diary suggests that Grandmother did a lot of the work the pig required. There was a big Sussex Codling apple tree just outside the back door of my grandparent's house and grandfather was reputed to be an expert in grafting apples. He was all his life a very abstemious man, never touching alcohol and as supportive of the Temperance movement as was his wife. I remember he always had a large family bible on the table by his chair. When I was 4 or 5 I would go out with him on his rounds from Coultershaw Mill, going round the farms under the Downs to pick up grain and deliver flour. He always had the horses, Punch and Judy, in trace formation, one behind the other. He outlived my grandmother by some years and after a while married again. In later years, when I was working at Perivale in London, I would on occasion run into my uncle Walt who was by this time a security officer at the White City Stadium just along the road. He lived at Shepherd's Bush.

Jack Rapley was talking to the Editor.

READY AYE READY!

A poem by Florence Rapley in St Mary's Petworth Parish Magazine April 1887.

READY, AYE READY!

"And Peter said unto Him, 'Lord, I am ready to go with Thee both unto prison and to death.'"—
Gospel for Wednesday before Easter.

Lord, I am ready! cried Peter the bold,
To his loving Master in days of old;
Lord, I am ready with Thee to die;
Though all be offended, yet will not I!
I tell thee, Peter, the answer came,
Ere the cock crows twice, thou wilt deny My name;
And the Lord interceded for him that day,
And gave earnest counsel to watch and pray.
But brave, loving Peter, self-confident slept;
Sadly he fell, and most bitterly wept;
When the mild eye fell on him, reproof there was none,
And the Lord poured His life out, and pardon was won.
To Peter was given the care of His sheep,
And power o'er the lambs to watch and to weep;
The lesson he learned then he taught his life long,
Man's strength is but weakness, but Jesus is strong.
Petworth, March, 1887. F.A.C.R.

ONCE A DEPENDENT.....

I do not know why the Dependents were originally nicknamed "Cokelers". No one ever seems to have known. It was traditionally held that because our founder John Sirgood, a firm teetotaler, often preached outside pubs, he would sometimes mockingly be asked if he would like a drink. He would, it is said, refuse, and say that he would have a cup of cocoa instead. In fact I never knew the Dependents to drink cocoa in my time. Milk was their usual drink. Others connect the name with Cokes Field at Loxwood - so that the Dependents were the people from Cokes Field. Cokes Field however was an archaic name even when John Sirgood first came to Loxwood in the 1860s. The truth is that no one really knows.

John Sirgood, born in Gloucestershire in 1821, was a shoe-repairer by trade and seems to have begun preaching while working at Clapham in London. Some oral traditions of his early days have come down to the present day via those who had once known him. It is said that when he was preaching on Clapham Common he had a pair of steps from which he preached. Once he felt a little dispirited because, poor man as he was, he owed money for his rent and hadn't got it. When he'd finished preaching an unknown man pressed some money into his hand. It was the exact money he owed for the rent! A similar tradition is that he was asked to make a pair of boots to order. When the client tried them on, they didn't fit. John Sirgood simply hadn't the money to buy more leather, so he took them home again and prayed. The next day he returned with the same pair. They fitted!

Harriet Sirgood was delicate and also rather deaf. A few years older than John, she came down with him from London travelling some of the time in the wheelbarrow which also carried their meagre possessions. On this and other journeys she would often sit and rest by the side of the road, using the piles of stone left for the roadmen to break up. Settling at Loxwood John Sirgood gradually began to meet opposition to his unusual church. The gentry were very hostile and some of the brethren suffered intimidation. Loxwood Church had at that time only the status of a chapel-of-ease, and John Sirgood was seen as something of a threat to the established order in view of the popular support he had enlisted. Mr. Napper, the local lord of the manor, forbade John Sirgood to go across Ifold Park to services and threatened to set the dogs on him if he did. Sirgood was undeterred and, when some of the brethren offered to go with him to help, said, "No, I'll go alone". Sure enough the dogs were loosed. When he heard them coming he sat on a fallen tree, patted the dogs and stroked them and they did him no harm. His enemies looked on powerlessly from the big house.

Although I was born at Norwood and brought up there I was often at Loxwood, first visiting the Combination Stores in 1914. My uncle George worked there as a baker's roundsman and Henry Aylward was the leader. I didn't come to live at Loxwood until 1941 when, having registered as a conscientious objector, (Dependents have always been pacifists), I came to work at Alfold House Farm. I would live at the Stores. Farming wasn't my trade by any means but I picked it up as best I could and stayed for four years eight months. My first job was a little disconcerting, being left alone to hoe a vast field of turnips, I felt like a lone ship in a sea of turnips. I soon learned that the only philosophy is to say, "Each turnip is a fresh one", and carry on from there. No, I never did any ploughing but I did spread artificial using the tractor and I also had to take the Shorthorn bull for exercise. A little uneasy this: he was a burly thick-necked animal and if he decided to run I had no choice but to run too!

After the war I quite expected to return to Norwood but Walter Nash, then leader at Loxwood had different ideas. I remember him saying to me one Sunday that he was going to Norwood "to do a little speaking". I didn't attach any particular significance to it; it was quite a normal remark to make. The next day however he was outside the farmhouse putting on his wellingtons when he suddenly said, "I've asked for you at Norwood". He wanted me to

come to Loxwood permanently. Looking back it was probably providential, for the people at Norwood were growing old and the Combination Stores there would in course of time be sold.

My father was a plasterer by trade and had joined the Dependents in the early century after being an attender at their Norwood meetings. He went to work for the Stores in 1907 and went on there until he died in 1938. He was a general handyman and as such extremely useful for them. When I first went to work at the Norwood Stores as a boy of 14 in 1920 I started in the tailoring department: in fact I didn't leave it until I left for Loxwood in 1941. It was a happy time for me and Miss Bate, who was in charge, was happy to have a male assistant. At Loxwood later I turned my hand to all sorts of things; working in the bakehouse, acting as taxi-driver, or working in the office. I was never apprenticed to a particular trade, always self-taught. Henry Aylward, the Loxwood leader, was a large man, 56 round the waist and he'd have his suits made at Norwood Stores. He'd say to me, "Alfred, I'm too big to be a Christian". He'd lost some fingers from his hand in a farming accident, not an uncommon occurrence at that time. I remember the same thing had happened to another of our members, Richard Nightingale from Plaistow. At one of our meetings Henry gave a testimony in which he recalled his accident and used it to point a moral. When it happened someone had to ride over to Wisborough Green to fetch the doctor, then the doctor had to ride over to Plaistow. When he arrived he had to sever some of the fingers. The doctor said later that, with hindsight, he might have spared one of the fingers. Henry likened this to the care of souls: if more care were taken of them, many might be spared which would otherwise be lost.

Although leader of the Loxwood community and raised up by God to fill that place, Henry Aylward was, at least in his young days, a very diffident man particularly, he recalled, when as a young man he first came to Loxwood. He was originally from Sevenoaks in Kent and had been attracted by John Sirgood's preaching. Like so many of the elders at that time he had known the founder personally. When I knew him he spoke with such power that the spirit seemed to move over the whole meeting as he spoke - it always reminded me of a breeze playing over a field of wheat just before harvest.



Loxwood Dependents in 1932

Mabel Spooner	Fanny Phillips	Walter Nash	Winnie Cronk
Kate Rugman	Henry Aylward	Lizzie Holden	
Renie Drewitt	Bessie Hempstead	Millie Underwood	

There were a few "big" meetings in the course of the year, one being held in September. These meetings would attract Dependents from our other churches and extend over Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. Services were 10.30 to 1 o'clock, 2.30 to 4, and 5.30 to 8.00. Everyone that could would give a testimony. After a prayer by Henry Aylward and the opening hymn there would be a pause: the meeting being thrown open for individual testimony. Sometimes two or three people would stand up to testify at once. It was the custom that the person in front should go first, then we would proceed back. The congregation would have noted who had stood up

and give place to them. My first testimony was at Loxwood in 1936. I was down from Norwood for the day having brought some of the elders down in the car for the three day service. I had of course to return in the evening to Norwood to work in the shop; the general public didn't observe our "big meetings" as holidays! That evening I was back at Norwood praying when I received a blessing from God, a verse from one of our hymns going over and over in my mind all the while:

Oh the Lamb the loving Lamb,
I love the sound of Jesu's Name.
It sets my spirit in a flame,
Hallelujah to the Lamb.

When I came back down on the Tuesday evening to bring the brethren back I thought I would tell the congregation about my experience and as soon as I mentioned it the whole meeting was aflame. There were two brethren from Germany with us at the time, a connection which still endures over the years. We had come across our German brethren quite by chance. As you know, we were from time to time ridiculed in newspaper articles, and a summary of one such article found its way eventually into a German newspaper. One of the brethren there happened to read it and decided to write to Henry Aylward, addressing it as much in hope as anything to Henry Aylward, Loxwood, England. He trusted it would find its way to us and it did. Just before the letter arrived Henry Aylward had had a remarkable experience: he was praying in his bedroom next to the office in the Combination Stores when he had a strong feeling of fellowship with people overseas - he didn't know who. He told Bessie Hemstead about it and not long after the letter arrived. Two Dependents from England, Sidney Croucher from Norwood and Ben Piper from Warnham went out to Germany for about a month and there were many other reciprocal visits. I've been out to Germany twenty-four times over the years but I'm too old now to go again.

Yes, I would go round to other meetings. The Dependents met at Plaistow in my time, in the very early days in Mrs. Denyer's cottage, then in George Luff's cottage at Plaistow Place. Richard Nightingale farmed at Plaistow Place until the end of the 1914-18 war. Finally a chapel was built at Plaistow, now converted to a dwelling. I can recall going to the Chapel with my aunt in 1920. Walter Nash had come over from Loxwood on his little Levis motor-bike, the Denyers were there but basically it was a small meeting, some six or eight people. Plaistow at this time was



Loxwood Dependents c1950

L-R. Bessie Hempstead, May Goodwin, Sarah Drewitt, Winnie Cronk, Alf Goodwin, Kate Rugman, Mabel Spooner, Cyril Kilner.

essentially a week-day meeting: on Sundays they'd all go to Loxwood in a Ford Model-T van. Among others coming to Loxwood I remember that Jane Woods, whose daughter Sarah worked in the Stores at Loxwood, came over from New Pound with a donkey and trap and would tie the donkey up outside the chapel. When she came to give her testimony at the meeting the donkey would hear her voice and give a little bray.

Members gave individual testimonies, speaking one by one as St. Paul directs. The Dependents never had a one-man ministry, nor of course ordained ministers of any kind. The leader would open the meeting but after that the service belonged to the members. The hymn books at that time were not printed, members having their own handwritten books with an index at the back to make it easier to

use. The leader would read a verse and the congregation would sing it. In fact the members knew the hymns so well they hardly needed their books. John Sirgood had been a very assiduous letter-writer and handwritten copy books of his letters were kept at the Dependents' stores to make them available to those who wanted to read them. They could on occasion be read at the services as they had sometimes been when they were first written.

From a conversation with Alf Goodwin.

"WHO STUFFED THAT OWL?":
Some thoughts on reading "TREAD LIGHTLY HERE"

1. Cows and horses.

When I was a boy and going to the Boys' School in North Street we would come home at about four o'clock via the Rectory Meadows and Bartons Lane, coming up the lane just at the time that the cows were being brought in by the Leconfield Estate from the pastures Round the Hills. Guernseys they were then and they would be driven up to the junction, then down North Street and into the Cow Yard. There were about a hundred so there was quite a press. You can imagine the mess it made; particularly when North Street was surfaced not with tarmac but stones ground in with rollers. I have seen this done, using a steam roller and a separate water car, hosing the stone and marl to make it easier to deal with as it was crushed beneath the engine. The stone would come from Bignor Common and be broken up on site by expert breakers wearing goggles and having special hammers.

It wasn't just cows that filled the streets: before the Great War there would be up to a hundred horses of various kinds in the Leconfield stables, while Walter Dawtreay had a similar number of hunters in High Street and Golden Square. There had to be an agreement between the two stables as to the route to be taken when exercising so as to prevent the two sets of horses from meeting. One stable would go out by Horsham Road, the other by Station Road. I can still see the old ladies dashing out of their cottages as the horses passed, raking up the manure for their roses and putting it into the little Sussex trug-baskets they kept for that very purpose.

2. Petworth Station.

Petworth Station was a busy place. Lord Leconfield might have a

train-load of coal sent down from the Yorkshire Estate and Ricketts, the station carrier, had the job of carting it to Petworth to put it into the coalhouse in North Street. The building is still there and had at the time a large flap in the roof through which the coal was shovelled. Ricketts' cart stood right out in the road while the unloading took place. Horses too came down from Yorkshire on the train and were turned out into the Gog meadows to be broken in and trained for hunting. Lord Woollavington had a famous stallion called "Hurry On" and I can recall seeing mares being led up the road towards Duncton with their foals prancing along beside them - and a very curious sight it was too. The mares had of course come to Petworth on the railway.

3. Stringers Hall.

Stringers Hall was occupied in 1915 by soldiers waiting to be sent to France. I once went round with a friend delivering newspapers and saw one of the rooms packed with soldiers. I remember old Mr. Gould well: he had a roomful of antiques all shut away and neglected. There was a great sale in the 1920s on the lawn at the Hall and I bought a davenport for £1.12.6, a week's wages then. I sold it a year or two ago for rather more than that. Mr. Gould was undoubtedly a great collector, one of the things he had was a great collection of man-traps - I've never seen such a collection either before or since. He had two great lumps on his neck which gave him a distinctive appearance. On our way home from school we'd scale the wall "Round the Hills" to pick the nectarines and peaches that grew against it, almost wild, for the garden wasn't kept up very well then. It was something of an adventure, for Mr. Gould and his sister would set the dog on us if they thought we had got over the wall. The Hermitage was quite separate then from Stringers Hall. Mr. Lawrence the Registrar lived there and had an entrance drive below the Roman Catholic church. It's closed off now with a gate but I have often seen him swing round with his horse and trap into the drive. It was a pretty tight turn - you can still see just how tight it is.

4. High Street.

High Street has seen a big turnover of shops over the years. Percy Hazelman's first shop was next to Stone House, he had taken over Mr. Oliver's bakery and shop when the latter moved to Cowfold in 1912. He later moved to the familiar premises on the corner of

Middle Street, Mr. Todman moving in his turn to the White Hart pub across the road. When we were schoolboys one of the older boys had a cinema, long before Stan Collins, in the Malthouse to the rear of the old brewery premises just west of the White Hart. He'd charge us a halfpenny for admission. Bellas Willmer had a barber's shop in one of the cottages to the rear of the White Hart. I have seen him being rushed out, apron still on, to catch the train to Lewes where the band were competing. He was the cornet player. Another stalwart was William Tiplady the bandmaster. I can still see him coming down the steps of his wife's sweet shop in High Street (it would later be part of Whethams and is now a tea-rooms) on his way up to the old Infants School for band practice. He was a very smart man and had a carefully waxed moustache. I always had the idea he had once been in the Army but I may be wrong. He worked as a painter and decorator. His son was wounded in the 1914-1918 war and his daughter married a Canadian during the war and went out to Canada.

There weren't many shops on the south side of High Street in those days although at the bottom, next to Mrs. Palmer's sweet shop, there was Dancy's the outfitters (now Hennings). The Golden Square premises was used for gentlemen's clothes and Dancy's New Street shop for ladies'. The premises that now include the Midland Bank were partly occupied by Bromhams the furniture people and called then, as now, Whitehall. I didn't know this and was working as a telegraph boy at the Post Office when Mr. Hughes the postmaster came into the telegraph boys' room and told me to take a telegram to Whitehall. Not knowing where it was I asked my father. "If you're thinking of going to London," he laughed, "you'll certainly not going to be back for supper".

5. Aeroplanes.

The first aeroplane that ever came to Petworth landed in a field to the rear of the old Tillington almshouses at the top of Hungers Lane. The propeller was in the middle and the pilot sat in a kind of basket. The wings were held together with wire struts. It was as much like a great bird as a flying machine and was flown by Mr. Kennet, son of Colonel Kennet at Tillington House. It was a Sunday and people came out of church to see what the noise was. I remember people running up Tillington Road after the plane and cattle stampeding in the field at Frog Farm. My brother had a box camera and took a lot of pictures but for some reason the local police sergeant came to our house and confiscated the plates - I never knew why.



Summer Programme. Please keep for reference.

Tuesday June 18th

Peter's historical Petworth walk
with St Mary's Guild Billingshurst

Meet in Car Park by the Arcade at
7.30 p.m.

No charge is made for Society
walks and anyone is welcome to
join us.

Sunday June 23rd

"The Coultershaw Beam Pump"

A special "at home" for
the Petworth Society

Followed by optional short
walk along the river.
Cars leave Market Square
at 2.15 p.m.

Sunday July 14th

Visit to Coates Manor
by kind permission of Mrs Thorp

Cars leave Market Square
at 2.15 p.m.

Sunday August 4th

Anne's Petworth
Garden Walk

Meet Market Square
at 2.30 p.m.

Please note these important autumn events:

Wednesday September 25th Leconfield Hall afternoon and evening.

PETWORTH APPLE IDENTIFICATION DAY

With Hugh Ermen and Dr Joan Morgan who will bring a large selection of apple varieties with them and identify apple varieties brought in for them to inspect. At 7.30 Dr Morgan will talk with slides on "The Victorian Dessert". The lecture will almost certainly have to be all ticket but times and detailed arrangements are to be finalised - see September Magazine.

Hugh Ermen, Associate of Honour of the R.H.S. was for a long time Curator of the National Fruit Collection and closely connected with the National Fruit Trials at Brogdale. He has recently retired.

Dr Joan Morgan is a trustee of the Brogdale Horticultural Trust and the first woman to become a member of the R.H.S. Fruit and Vegetable Committee. With Alison Richards she is author of "Paradise out of Common Field" - the pleasures and plenties of a Victorian Garden. She is working on a book about world apple varieties.

Tuesday October 22nd Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m.

Ian Pickford from the B.B.C. Antiques Roadshow will talk on

"AN INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH SILVER"

This again will probably be all-ticket - details in September Magazine.

Wednesday November 20th

PETWORTH FAIR

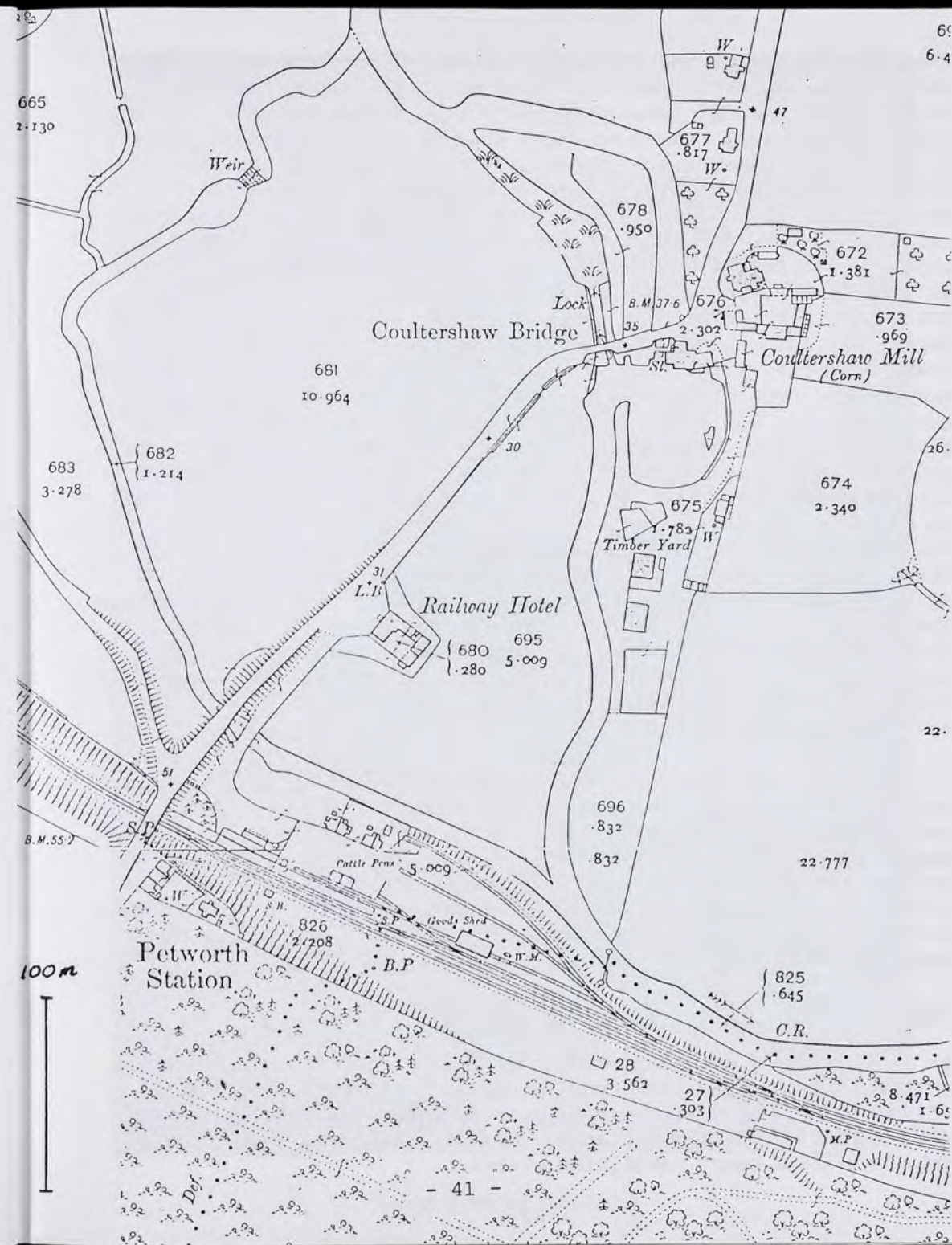
For autumn walks and visits see September Magazine.

NOTICE:

The Sussex Family History Group is based in Hove with a smaller group in Crawley. It is looking to have more groups dotted around the county. Hall rental and other expenses could be funded from the main Group - initially at least. If anyone is interested in forming a local group please contact

Mrs Joan Turnbull at 7 Ridgeway Road, REDHILL, Surrey RH1 6PQ.
Telephone 0737 - 764560

Peter



The significance of the remaining industrial sites at Coultershaw only becomes apparent when one realises their former importance. On approaching Coultershaw from the north, along the old turnpike road, now the A285, the road turns sharply to the right past the site of Coultershaw mill. The mill itself, latterly a rather unlovely concrete structure, was demolished in the nineteen sixties, but the wheel pit and sluice gates remain. A track leads southwards, to the east of the mill, on the right hand side of which is the beautifully restored beam pumping engine, which once provided the Petworth town public water supply. If we continue down the track, there is a (rather small) car park on the left, before we reach the Wharf Cottages, and then the stables where teams of horses which used to tow the the River barges were changed and rested. One of these stables has been restored to its original condition; the wharf itself lay between the stables and the river bank, which once formed the quay. If we now return up the track and bear left over the bridge, the square shaped building on the left hand side once housed a gas oil engine, used to power the mill in times of drought. Just beyond the bridge, also on the left, is the site of the navigation coal wharf. Next we pass the Railway Hotel, largely unchanged in appearance, except that its name has since become "The Badger and Honeyjar". A slip road leads from the Hotel forecourt to approach the Station building, also little altered, although it is now a private house. Beyond the Station is the site of the Railway coal yard, with a good's shed and some railway cottages on the left hand side; no trace of the railway tracks or signals remain.

On retracing our steps, we cross an insignificant bridge which stands over the weir channel by-passing Coultershaw mill pond. The weir itself is to the west of the A285; a pair of kingfishers nested close by during 1990. Then as we approach Coultershaw bridge, the walls of Coultershaw lock chamber can be seen on the left. This was one of eight locks which enabled the barges to gain height as they travelled from the entrance to the navigation at Hardham, up to the terminus canal basin at Midhurst.

Petworth Town public water supply

An excellent and detached account of this installation has been published in "Sussex Industrial History, 9 15 (1979), by J.E. ("Jumbo") Taylor, Peter Jerrome and the late Alan G Allnutt. Photocopies of the article are available, at a very modest price, from the "Beam Pump" exhibition centre.



George Blake of Southwater.



Henry Aylward of Loxwood.

Very briefly, the water wheel powered beam pump was installed in about 1764, originally to provide a water supply to Petworth House; it was later modified to serve the residents of the Town. The pump remained in continuous operation until about 1960, although in later years it was used only to supply cattle troughs in Petworth Park. It was then abandoned and remained hidden under the debris of the former water mill, until its importance was realised and the pump was subsequently restored to working order by members of the Sussex Industrial Archaeological Society.

The significance of the Coultershaw beam pump lies in the fact that it provides one of the very few working examples of engineering technology which preceded the age of steam. The origins of the later, and much better known, Cornish beam engine are readily apparent from an inspection of the Coultershaw pump.

Coultershaw Flour Mill

A water powered flour mill stood on this site for many generations and its origins are lost in time. During the present century it belonged to the Gwillim family. Wheat for milling was brought in by local farmers and also by train to Petworth goods yard. The ground flour was used not only by Petworth bakers, but was despatched as far afield as Brighton and Worthing.

Then late on a Saturday night in April, 1923, after the last workman had gone home, the weather boarded mill caught fire and was burnt to a skeleton. The extent of the damage was hardly surprising, when one discovers that the Petworth Town Fire Brigade still relied on a horse drawn appliance, and that the horse first had to be retrieved from stables elsewhere in the Town. It also appears that the mill was lit by candles, which were carried from place to place.

The mill was subsequently replaced by a ferro-concrete structure, more reminiscent of 1960s architecture, and the water wheels replaced by a water turbine, backed up by an oil engine in a separate building. This final mill on the site ceased working in the 1960s and was soon demolished; few would wish to have seen it preserved.

The Rother Navigation

Plans to render the River Rother navigable, from the point at which it leaves the Arun at Hardham, up to a terminus at Midhurst, were

surveyed and drawn up by W Jessop at the instigation of the 3rd Earl of Egremont. Construction was estimated to cost £13,300 and involved a rise of 54ft achieved by eight locks, giving a total route distance of 11 1/8 miles. The canalised River opened for traffic in 1794. Barges were always horse drawn and teams of horses were changed at Coultershaw, being approximately half way along the navigation.

The extensive stable blocks give some indication of the former importance of the trade carried, which mainly involved chalk from the pits at Amberley and sea borne coal. One stable has been restored, showing the high standard of accommodation provided; note the raised bed for the horses, intended to prevent rheumatism by keeping them away from the damp floor of the stable.

A branch to the navigation to serve Petworth, terminating at a quay below Haslingbourne Bridge, was constructed between Stopham and Coultershaw locks. This channel was 1 1/4 miles in length and involved two locks. It was not a great success and traffic appears to have ceased by about 1800.

With the arrival of the LB & SC railway at Coultershaw, traffic on the Rother Navigation dwindled rapidly. The last cargoes are reported to have been carried at various dates, ranging from 1871 (Imray, Laurie, Norie and Wilson) to 1888 (P.A.L. Vine). Under these circumstances, it is surprising that the lock chamber at Coultershaw remains in such good condition.

Petworth Railway Station

The Mid Sussex Railway Co. was authorised in 1857 to build a line from Horsham, via Pulborough, to Petworth. Construction began almost at once and the route opened for traffic on 10th October 1859. Soon afterwards, in 1862, the Mid Sussex was acquired by the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway Co. Meanwhile a line from Petworth to Midhurst had been approved (1859); the right to construct this line was also taken over by the LB & SC R, who opened the whole route to traffic in October 1866. The wooden station building dates from about 1892 and replaces the original structure on this site.

The extensive network of sidings shown on the map bears witness to the magnitude of the goods traffic once carried. With the opening of the Chichester to Midhurst line on 11th July 1881, through

running of trains from Chichester to London Victoria, via Petworth, became a reality.

Competition from road vehicles led, as elsewhere, to a progressive reduction in traffic on the railway, particularly after the Second World War. The line closed to passengers in the nineteen fifties and to goods on 20th May 1966.

Mike Pope

A DEPENDENT HYMN

I have a never-failing Bank,
A precious golden store.
No earthly bank contains so much,
How then can I be poor?

And when my stock is gone and spent,
I feel that I have none,
I hasten to my bank again
And draw a little sum.

And then my Banker smiling says,
"You might have come before,
And when you need a large supply
Then come and draw some more."

"Why live so near and keep so low?
There's plenty in my store.
And never draw a one pound note
You freely can have more."

My Banker is so very kind
I never shall be poor,
But live upon my cheque today
And go again for more.

There's thousand notes lie in my bank,
All signalled, sealed and free,
And yet the slothful soul will say,
"Those notes are not for me."

But with delight I do again,
The notes are always free.
Sometimes my Banker do give more
Than thirty-fold to me.

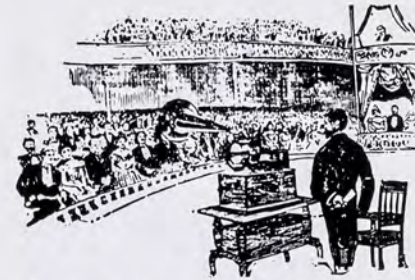
DAVID AND LINDA'S STAG PARK WALK MAY 12th

Some thirty people set off from Market Square with David and Linda to park just inside Limbo Lodge on the London Road. Last year had been a forward season and the bluebells long over by mid-May but it was quite different this time. The scent came to meet us even as we walked the first hundred yards. The primroses, surprisingly, were still in flower, the cuckoo was calling and it was as if we had stepped out of the traffic and into spring. The bluebells dominated the wood. We walked up the woodland path to Luffs skirting the pond as we moved off to the right. Trees were being planted with some purpose here, the square brown protectors to ward off rabbits and deer made them seem like soldiers drawn stiffly to attention. The great pylons in the field as you approach Luffs were being painted - one side at a time - David said.

Further on Great Spring pond sparkled in the sun as David pointed across the shimmering water to where one of the Canada Geese from Petworth Park had made a nest. The birds would probably return to the Park eventually with their young. Walking away up the incline we could look down on Stag Park nestling away to our left, the famous dovecote, David said, still has its doves. Then over the fields to Chillinghurst with its great barn, its ruined moat and the cottages shut up now but left with a good solid roof to keep out the weather. Strange to think a road once passed through here. We had a peep at the owl box in the barn but David wasn't sure whether the barn owls were in residence this year.

The skylarks soared above us as we walked on making for Glasshouse pond, then Cocks then Jackson's lake. The edge of the pond was darkened by myriads of tadpoles. Down in a dip we could see the white heads of ramsons and caught the garlic smell borne on the breeze. We'd walked, David said, from one Park wall to the other, from Limbo to the Upperton Road. We came back a less devious route through the Pheasant Copse, seeing where they were cutting up oak rails, then going through the familiar tulip tree walk. Back again at Limbo Bill Harding told us we'd covered 3.26 miles, taken 7384 steps and, pressing another little button, burned up 369 calories!

Audrey Grimwood.



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LOOKING FOR THE BAND

An advertisement for Rapley Bros.
St Mary's Parish Magazine Petworth June 1906.



Decorated Floats in New Street for King George V's Silver Jubilee in 1935.

NEW MEMBERS

Miss Ainge, 1 Linton House, Tillington.

Mr and Mrs A.V. Blackman, Inew Cottage, Pound Farm, Shipley,
Horsham, Sussex.

Mr and Mrs R. Carter, 21 Halsbury Road, Worthing, Sussex.

Mr and Mrs A.C. Edwards, South Downs, Wellingham Lane, High
Salvington, Worthing.

Mr and Mrs Harling, Nuthatch, Upperton Road, Tillington.

Mr M.C. Hill, 80 Bluebell Road, Bassett, Southampton.

Mrs Horton, 4 Thompsons Hospital, Petworth.

Mr and Mrs J. Morris, Market Square, Petworth.

Mrs Phillips, 25 The Harrows, Tillington.

Mr and Mrs J. Rapley, 47 Pound Farm Road, Chichester.

Mr V. Reed, 17 Station Road, Petworth.

Mrs M.R. Sneller, Rosslyn, Rosemary Lane, Petworth.

Mr and Mrs Starkey, 5042 Westhill Avenue, N.D.G. Montreal, Canada.

Mrs K. Vigar, Flat 1, Ribbetts House, Trinity Road, Hurspierpoint,
Sussex.

Mrs B. Venables-Kyrke, Tripp Hill House, Fittleworth.

Mr and Mrs D.J. Watson, 4 The Courtyard, Northchapel.

STOP PRESS: We have just heard that we have won the prize of £25
in the Midhurst and Petworth Printers Cumulative Monthly Free Prize
Draw for their customers for April - an unexpected bonus!!

