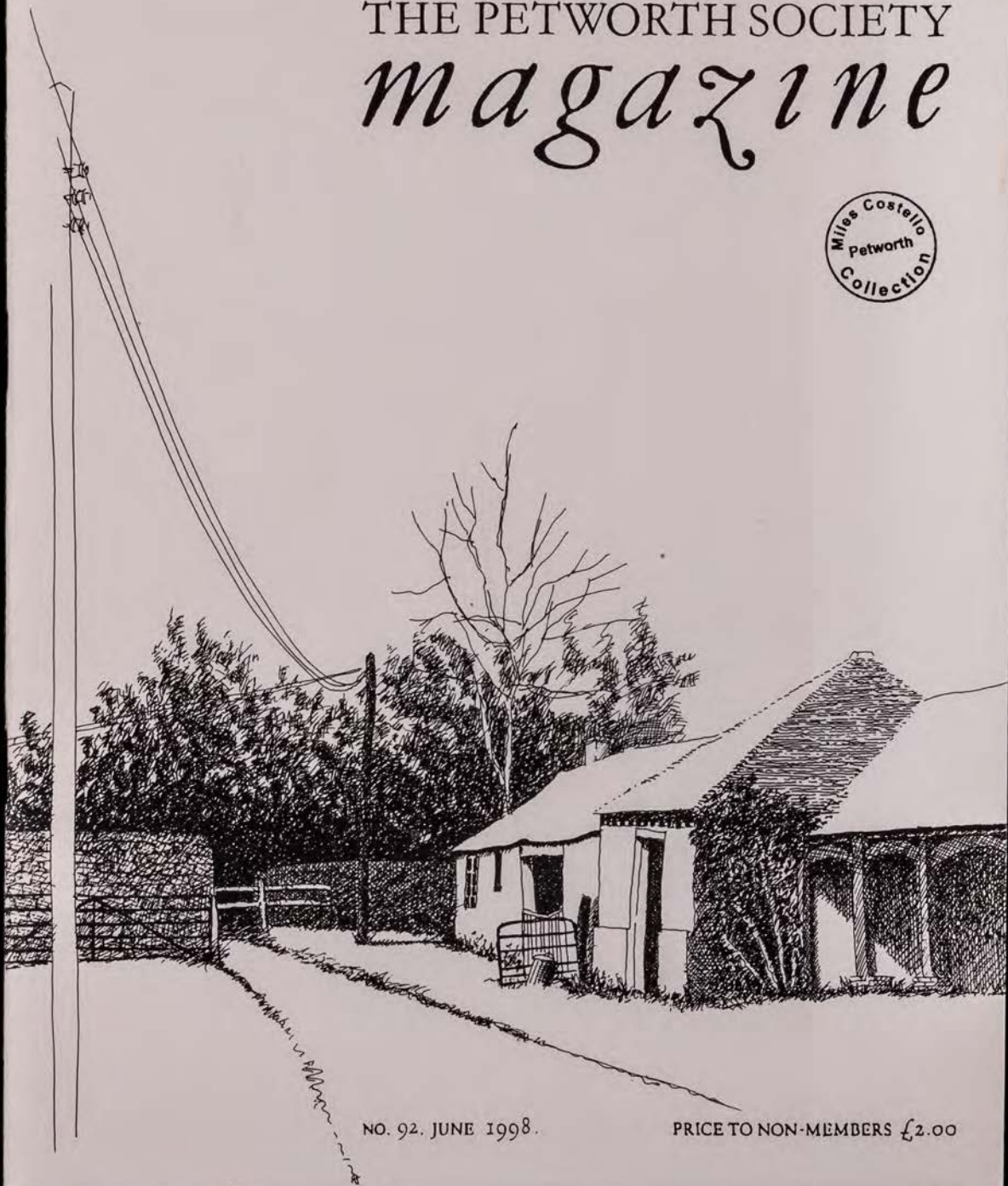


THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
Magazine



NO. 92. JUNE 1998.

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Contents

- 2 Constitution and Officers
- 3 Chairman's Notes
- 3 All change!
- 4 'Miss Jekyll driving furiously ...'
- 6 Dr. Nick. Sturt - classic plant-hunter
- 7 Petworth Festival
- 8 Peggy's Harwoods Green Walk
- 9 With David and Linda in Stag Park
- 9 And the Petworth Society at the Gates
- 14 The case of the portable radio
- 15 The Bell Mellifluous (?)
- 16 A useful sideline
- 18 Bankers on the Treble Chance!
- 18 A note on tithes (about 1600)
- 20 February at the Petworth Cottage Museum
- 22 Beating the Parish Bounds Kirdford 1998
- 24 Confrontation at Iron Pear Tree 1882
- 25 In quest of Mrs. Leversuch
- 30 A Petworth boy at Midhurst
- 33 A Tillington Childhood (6)
- 38 Extract from the Minutes of the Annual General Meeting, 7th May 1998
- 40 New Members

Cover drawing " Outbuildings at Stag Park" by Jonathan Newdick.
The drawing on the back cover is of a door in the wall at Parkhurst Farm -
also by Jonathan Newdick.
Cover design by Jonathan Newdick.

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THE PETWORTH SOCIETY SUPPORTS THE
LECONFIELD HALL
AND PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM!



Summer Programme. Please keep for reference.

Sunday 21st June
Anne's Garden Walk
Leaves Petworth Car Park
2.15 p.m.

Sunday 5th July
Visit to Applesham Farm, Lancing
Wild Flowers
Depart Car Park **1.45**
Mini-bus and car
£3 toward expenses.

Sunday 2nd August
Audrey's Late Summer Walk
Could be Burpham!
Leaves Petworth Car Park
2.15 p.m.

Sunday 13th September
Steve's early autumn walk
Leaves Petworth Car Park
2.15 p.m.

Wednesday 23rd September Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m.
Alison McCann gives the Garland Memorial lecture:
"The Garland Collection : Whither next?"

For Kirdford Sponsored Walk and Petworth Festival see main Magazine.

Please note Sunday June 6th

The Gardens of New Grove 2.00 to 6.00 p.m.
Tea and cakes, Music by pupils of Hindhead Music Centre.
Plant Stall. Admission £2
Museum open till 6.30 p.m.
Proceeds to Petworth Cottage Museum.

Window Press Special Offers - Summer 1998. Please add £2 postage and packing. Available from the Window Press, Trowels, Pound Street, PETWORTH GU28 0DX.

TALES OF OLD PETWORTH	£7.50	£5.00
TREAD LIGHTLY HERE The Streets of Petworth	£12.95	£6.50
NOT SUBMITTED ELSEWHERE Photographs by George Garland from the 1920s	£7.50	£5.00
IN THE FEAST OF ST. EDMUND THE KING Petworth Fair from 1189	£14.95	£7.50

There are also a handful of copies of So Sweet as the Phlox Is - the Diary of Florence Rapley 1909 - 1912 at £20.

Also available:

The men with laughter in their hearts	£7.45
Old and new Teasing and True	£9.50
Petworth Time out of Mind	£5.50
Cloakbag and Common Purse	£3.95

Constitution and Officers

The Petworth Society was founded in 1974 "to preserve the character and amenities of the town and parish of Petworth including Byworth; to encourage interest in the history of the district and to foster a community spirit". It is non-political, non-sectarian and non-profit making.

Membership is open to anyone, irrespective of place of residence who is interested in furthering the object of the society.

The annual subscription is £7.00. Single or double one Magazine delivered. Postal £8.00 overseas £9.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:

Chairman

Mr P.A. Jerrome MBE, Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth (Tel. 342562) GU28 0DX

Vice Chairman

Mr K.C. Thompson, 18 Rothermead, Petworth (Tel. 342585) GU28 0EW

Hon. Treasurer

Mr P. Hounsham, 50 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth (Tel. 343461) GU28 0BX

Hon. Magazine Secretary

Mrs B. Hodson, The Cottage, Whitelocks, Sutton

Committee

Mr Stephen Boakes, Lord Egremont, Mr Ian Godsmark, Mrs Audrey Grimwood, Mr Andrew Henderson, Mrs Anne Simmons, Mrs Ros Staker, Mr J. Taylor, Mr E. Vincent, Mr Graham Whittington, Mrs Linda Wort

Magazine distributors

Mr Henderson, Mrs Mason, Mr Thompson, Mrs Simmons, Mrs Hounsham, Mr Boakes (Petworth), Mrs Adams (Byworth), Mrs Hodson (Sutton and Duncton), Mrs Williams (Graffham), Mr Vincent (Tillington and River), Mrs Goodyer, Mrs Williams (Fittleworth)

Society Scrapbook

Mrs Pearl Godsmark

Society Town Crier

Mr J. Crocombe, 19 Station Road (343329)

Note: The crier may be prepared to publicise local community events and public notices for you, even snippets of personal news such as births, engagements or lost pets. It is suggested that such personal and business cries be made for a small donation to a charity to be nominated by the crier himself.

Chairman's Notes

A shorter Chairman's notes this time. The arrangement for collecting subscriptions at the Leconfield Hall ends at the end of April but has worked extremely well. We're very grateful to Anne and her helpers. A highlight was when Mary Price from Toronto came in to pay in person. No, she hadn't actually made a special trip, she was here on a visit, but it was a nice flight of fancy! Anne would like to thank the W.I. Market for making her and Betty feel so much at home on Friday mornings. Thanks to the collection in the Hall we have a large proportion of subscriptions paid already but please help us by paying with this Magazine. If you are in arrears for the September issue you will receive only a reminder, not a Magazine. Please save work by paying promptly; late payment causes so much extra work for the Treasurer. Any committee member will be pleased to take your subscription or simply send to Philip.

You will be aware that the Leconfield Hall has a grant of £125,000 from the Heritage Lottery Fund, 70% of the total needed for complete refurbishment of the interior, to include lift, new kitchen, new lighting upstairs and much else. We are seeking to fund the collateral 30% needed and intend, if we can, to start next year. For such major works the Hall will be closed for a while, but more on this in a later issue.

Peter

29th April.

P.S. I had a lot of comment on Mrs Burden's stock (see last issue) but the only item so far explained (see page 40) is "J Pins". David Sneller tells me these are little brass safety pins, still used today.

All change!

This is the appropriate title of one of the shows from which Brad. Bradstock and Eric Thompson have taken scenes, extracts and songs for their travelling production 'A Glance from a Train' which they brought to a comfortably full Leconfield Hall.

One sensed that the audience had come with few preconceptions: some, with memories of 'Three's Company' and the 'Gilt and Gaslight Theatre Company', ready for first-class entertainment; others, just curious and even some perhaps, prepared to be disappointed, but assured of an evening out amongst friends, with excellent refreshments. All went home satisfied - and it had been something different yet again.

It was the story in word and song of Wolverton in North Buckinghamshire from its humble beginnings to its rapid rise as a major railway town in the middle of the 19th. century, its struggles through two World Wars and its battle to survive to the present day as part of the new city of Milton Keynes. It draws almost entirely on primary source material collected from taped interviews with people living in the area before the coming of the new city, long-

lost letters and newspaper articles.

One might have thought that there could be little in the evolution of a small middle-England industrial town, finally absorbed into the modern, urban sprawl that is Milton Keynes, that would interest the people of rural, some will still say, feudal, Sussex. And yet, as the story unfolded, we picked out things that we could identify with: the decline of pride in a job well done, however humble or routine; acceptance and rejection of the divisions between class and sex; the impact of the wars on communities and individuals - those sent to fight and those left behind. Petworth has its own story to tell, remarkably similar in many respects.

Yes, 'All change' is appropriate here as well.

But of course, it was Brad. and Eric who brought it to life for us, with relaxed warmth, poignancy and humour (Peter even dared to suggest 'charisma').

KCT

'Miss Jekyll driving furiously'... Edwin Lutyens and two lady gardeners. March 30th

Keith being unable to come until half-way through, I found myself in the unusual position of Magazine reporter. Sitting in the darkness of the balcony (no room anywhere else) I wondered how on earth Keith manages to make notes. A speaker absolutely on top of his craft, interesting facts flying everywhere. Edwin Lutyens (born in 1869), was a delicate boy and had no normal schooling at all. He went to Kensington to study architecture at the age of sixteen. The parallel running of lives, drawn together as if by some kind of spiritual magnet. Gertrude Jekyll - rhymes with "treacle", an artist of great potential but thwarted by her failing eyesight. As a young girl already a precocious potter, needlewoman and expert (as apposed to dilettante) photographer. The crucial role of William Robinson of Gravetye near East Grinstead. Lutyens and Jekyll as an unlikely artistic partnership, he more than twenty years her junior. Gertrude's furious driving through the narrow Surrey lanes, none but Lutyens would drive with her. I thought of the biblical Jehu (2 Kings 9), but Mr Smith had too much fact to be bothered with allusions of this kind. Lutyens' failed marriage to Lord Lytton's daughter, she, brought up in India and a devotee of Indian mystical religions, he a determined practical joker who smoked a pipe in bed. (So, for that matter, did George Garland on occasion, I recalled).

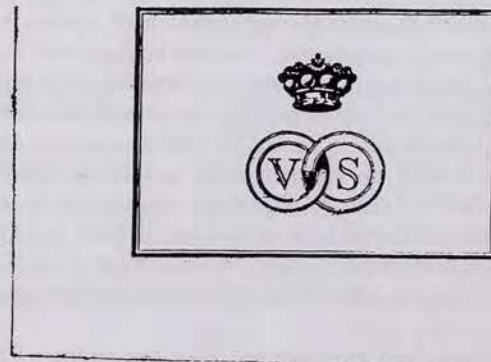
Early work with village halls, that at Thursley, Lutyens' home village is now a private house, the characteristic Lutyens features of gable ends and a massive chimney-breast, often with intriguing windows. A procession of great houses, not all built by Lutyens by any means, and Jekyll-Lutyens gardens, Vann at Chiddingfold, Great Dixter near Rye. Walls with protective "roofs" to prevent water and frost penetration.

An interval, then more. Knole near Sevenoaks, a house like a medium-size village.

A House that perhaps only Vita Sackville-West knew in its entirety, even the butler would not know the bedrooms. The story of the Sackville girls' half-Spanish ancestry. The fortunes of Knole and the role of a more compliant press than we have now. Virginia Woolf, Lady Violet Trefusis, husbands hiring a plane to pursue their wives to the continent, Nigel Nicolson writing his own account of his parents' lives, attracting criticism for this, but facing squarely a modern dilemma and pre-empting a less scrupulous writer doing the same without the personal knowledge and, ultimately, the loyalty.

Lutyens later designing the Cenotaph in Whitehall, his influence on war graves abroad. Flowers in Crete in the cemeteries watered three times a day under the merciless sun. The Germans' inability to subdue the mountains of Crete... It would take most of a Magazine to do justice to one of the best talks this Society has had in twenty years. Another audience bursting at the seams and Keith, thankfully, back on duty next time. On coming home I thought of a copy I have of Harold Nicolson's *Paul Verlaiane* (1920). There, inside the cover, is the VS bookplate and Sackville signature, and on the title page, Harold Nicolson's signature. History as, I have so often said before, is a matter of connections.

P.



V. Sackville

PAUL VERLAINE BY HAROLD NICOLSON

Harold Nicolson

Je suis venu, calme orphelin,
Riche de mes seuls yeux tranquilles,
Vers les hommes des grandes villes:
Ils ne m'ont pas trouvé malin.

There is a good deal about Knole and the Sackville family in the Rev. C.N. Sutton's "*Historical Notes on Withyham, Hartfield and Ashdown Forest (1902)*". The book is as interesting perhaps for what it omits as what it includes! P.

Dr. Nick. Sturt - classic plant-hunter

Until he expressed his disappointment with the title Peter had imposed on his talk - Wild flowers of old Sussex - compared with those for his own books, I had forgotten that Dr. Nick. Sturt always had others in a similar vein up his sleeve. This time he suggested "Faded blooms from Mother Nature's garden". "Not all sunflowers here" or "Men with garlic in their hearts". This is the sort of thing that establishes an immediate rapport with an audience eager to hear and see more about plants referred to in years gone by, by collectors such as Arnold, Bauer and Borrer, James Hardham and notably, the Revds. Thomas and Henry Sockett, father and son, the latter Rector of Sutton for 51 years. Nick posed intriguing questions about brief references to, for example, orpine in "the paddock" at Petworth in 1805, monkey orchid, at Petworth (Bauer), wild cranberry, Sutton (H. Sockett), the blue form of scarlet pimpernel, wild liquorice. Did the Romans bring the spiked Star of Bethlehem to Fishbourne in the root balls of vines? Via Bath?

Thinking of modern clothing and footwear and even the walkways provided by English Nature at Sutton Marsh, he wondered how botanists fared in the past. He had a reference to "Cornish boots" but could find no information as to what they were or whether they were available outside Dartmoor.

There was an alarming tale of a student almost swallowed up by the mud at Thorney Island while trying to obtain a specimen of eel grass, once the food or migrating Brent geese, which grows below the low water line and even manages underwater pollination.

It was with a sense of relief and encouragement that we heard that this is by no means a story of decline and extinction. Indeed, some species, once rare, now thrive, such as Danish scurvygrass, which seems to enjoy the central reservation of motorways. Others, once common, are now rare and we were urged to look at the rue-leaved saxifrage on the wall near New Grove. We were also challenged to rediscover wild tulip, flea sedge, common moonwort (a fern), and helleborines and orchids, especially the man and lady species.

A serendipitous evening!

KCT

PETWORTH FESTIVAL

July 1998

AT A GLANCE

Sat 4 & Sun 5 July		Kite Festival in Petworth Park
Friday 17 July	6.15pm	"A Passion for Photography" Talk by Professor Harker Farrand
Saturday 18 July		Two exhibitions open today: Margaret Farrand's "Photographic Art" and Jonathan Newdick's "Within Walls" and "Desideratum"
Tuesday 21 July	7pm	Festival Service: "The Song of Heaven"
Wednesday 22 July	7.30pm 8.00pm	Scenes and Arias Jazz at The Cricketers
Thursday 23 July	1.10pm 7.30pm	Organ Recital "Foreign Devils" with Lars Tharp & Tony Scotland
Friday 24 July	2.15pm 7.30pm	The Estate Walk Cosi Fan Tutte
Saturday 25 July	from 9.30am 12 noon 7.30pm	The Bells of St Mary's The Bingham String Quartet The Music Ensemble of London Choir and Orchestra
Sunday 26 July	2-6pm 6pm 8pm	The Secret Gardens of Petworth Violin & Piano Recital The Square Dance
Monday 27 July	2.15pm 7.30pm	Country Walk Prizewinners' Recital
Tuesday 28 July	1.10pm 8.30pm	Organ Recital Stan Tracey Trio at the Bobby Wellins Jazz Club
Wednesday 29 July	7.30pm	U A Fanthorpe reads her poetry

The box office will be at the Tourist Information Centre,
Market Square, Petworth GU28 0AF.

Personal bookings from Monday 1st June to Wednesday 29th July.

Opening times: Monday to Saturday 10.0am to 5.0pm

Sunday 11.00am to 4.00pm.

Telephone: 01798 343523. Pay for bookings within 48 hours.

Peggy's Harwoods Green Walk March 22nd

First walk of the new season and the weather just about right - cool but with the sun breaking through. Into Stopham by the first turning, passing the church almost unnoticed away to the right. To join others in the know where the road comes to an end. There are goats at Harwoods Green Farm, a distinctive "fudge" in colour. Large creatures mingling briefly with the walkers. Narcissi in the farmhouse garden but it's the wild daffodils we've come to see. The sound of firing across the valley; some kind of country fair, clay pigeon shooting breaking the silence of a Sunday afternoon and four-wheel-drive vehicles apparently navigating a muddy slope. At this distance they're silent. People immersed in a world of competition in which we, as remote onlookers, have neither interest nor part.

A few stray bluebell heads may be an earnest of more at Stag Park in a fortnight. Harwoods Green was once busy. It's not quite clear when it all came to an end. We passed the old shop a while ago - no doubt like that at Bedham it was a room in a private house. A sideline for a wife perhaps or a precarious livelihood for a single woman or widow. Brickworks too - there's brick in the path - sending out the finished product on the canal it's said. I've heard of people walking into Petworth from Harwoods Green to shop on Saturday afternoons and then walking back, through the Gog woods. How long ago? I've no idea.

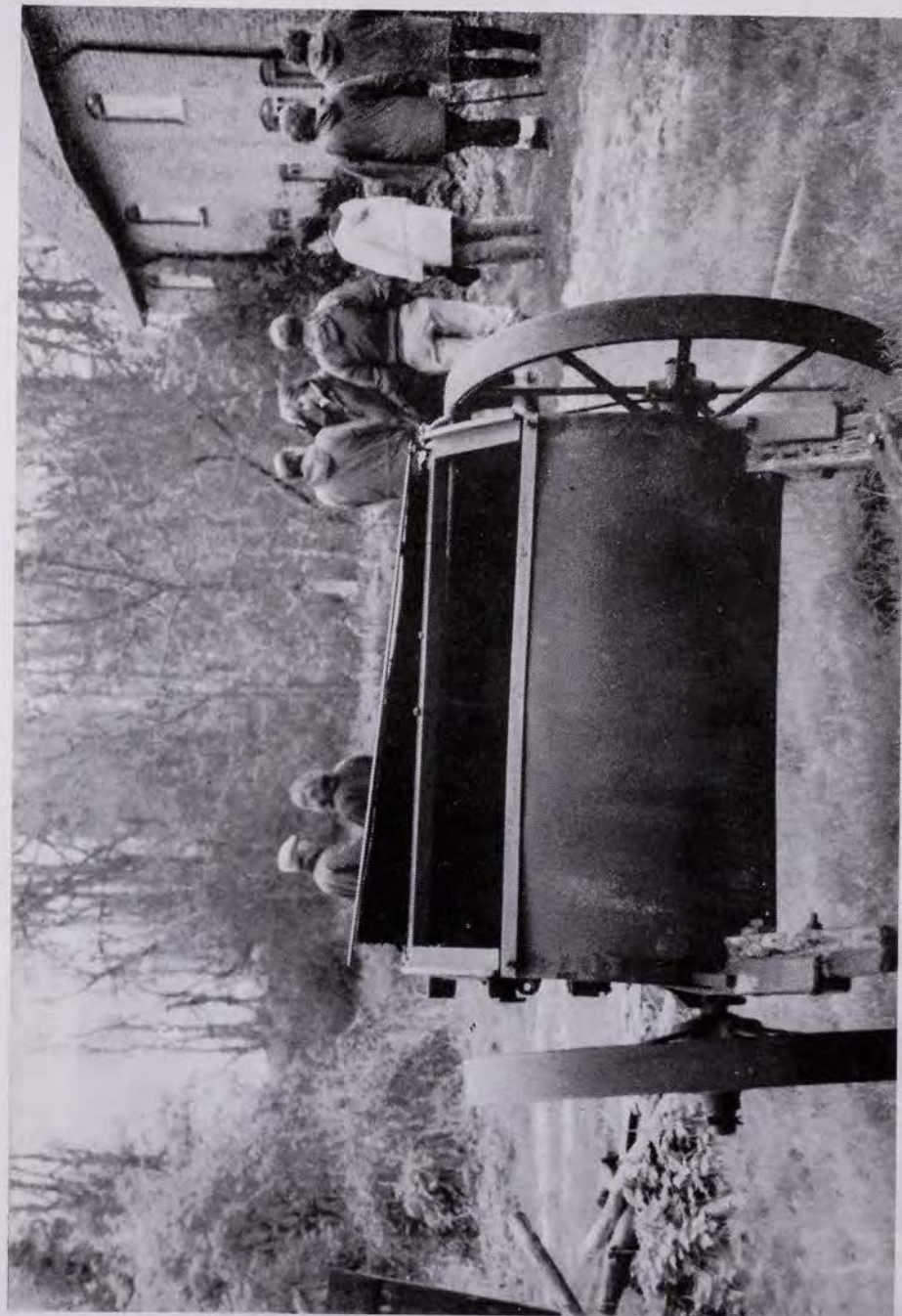
Large desiccated stems of last year's Japanese knotweed, brought in as an ornamental in Victorian times, now something of a menace. There are some, it seems above the high Angel Street wall of Egremont Row. Looking to a Victorian castle across the valley - now flats someone says. Billingshurst expands away to the left. Primroses, broom and a field of young broad beans. Gallops - this is training territory, a mixture with wood clippings. The daffodils in the woods are past their initial freshness now. It's a very early season. A cottage with light-blue window frames right out in the woods.

Suddenly we're at Pallingham Quay, in the old days no doubt the entrée to Harwoods Green, the river meandering round, an outlet going off with a bridge over it, then the canal itself, a few puddles of stagnant water, some weary reeds, another bridge. This one appears to have been rebuilt with red brick over a stone foundation. To live here and need sometimes to row to your car, parked safely out of the water's reach. The young nettles of March. The sound of running water, on along the dry lane.

Up the hill, back to the broad bean field and the cottage by another way. Bearing away right. A ring roller's marks on the dry field, barley seeds coated with red. Daffodils everywhere in the woods. A view of Pulborough church and (someone says) the radio mast at Fulking. Chanctonbury, Rackham and Bignor out of sight to the right. A great broken ring from the roller slung in among the daffodils. It's huge, it's probably lain there for years.

What a first class start to the season. Thanks very much Peggy.

P.



*At Chillinghurst April 5th.
Photograph by David Wort.*



*Mole-catching at Dunton c1925.
Photograph by George Garland.
(See A useful sideline).*

With David and Linda in Stag Park

Very much weather to catch some of the wintrier moods in Jonathan's Exhibition of drawings at Petworth House. This walk would be an introduction to a sequestered world. As soon as we pulled into the yard at Stag Park Farm the sky clouded over and the rain scudded into grass that was already glistening wet. A lot of cars and every likelihood of being soaked. David and Linda would stand the usual Stag Park walk on its head, not concentrating on the lakes. Jonathan had not geared his exhibition to them, portraying rather the countryside and its buildings.

We set off on a path behind the great barns, seeing the long cottage plots from the rear. Little Barn first, then skirting the head of the newly cleared Cocks Pond, on the way to Chillinghurst, the very centre and spirit of the exhibition, and a vision that seemed to permeate in some way all the drawings. White blossom. To walk in the ruined garden. Still the rain holding off. Foliage beginning to come up amongst the saplings and old fruit trees, the last lull before the garden becomes clogged with undergrowth and, eventually, inaccessible. Solomon's seal, a few daffodils, survival of cultivation. Chillinghurst has been deserted now - what? These last forty years? Robin talking of having lived there, memories substantiated by some snap-shots of chicken and a motorcycle.

Having to tear the company away from Chillinghurst, over the windblown fields. The barn at Raghams where the pheasant gear is kept. Walking across a rare public footpath in this land of restricted access. The orange gas cylinders (used, David said, in incubating pheasants), taken into Jonathan's vision of Stag Park and like the pylons incorporated in it.

Fallow deer fleeing across a bridge in the woods. Copse Green, blackthorn hanging over a still pool. A pink magnolia. A ladder standing illogically in a pond and leaning against a red brick barn. Peacocks and oil-drums, the former reclusive, the latter uncaring. Bennyfold wood, to look across to the Northchapel Road by the turning to Ebernoe, seeing the wall from the inside. Away on the hill Aldsworth House. Robin remembering catching moles as a boy in the 1950s - or helping to at least - in these very fields. The dovecote coming in sight again, lambs in the wet wind-blown grass. The Scots Pine in the field by the farm: we've done well: it's hardly rained. A lot of people will view Jonathan's exhibition from a new angle. Thanks very much David and Linda.

P.

And The Petworth Society at the Gates

We're due at the Palace at 10.30. The car will pick us up at 8 o'clock. In the darkness of 7 o'clock the telephone rings. Denise, bringing the two girls from Washington has pulled up sharply to avoid a squirrel at Fittleworth and the vehicle behind has ploughed into the back of the car. Fortunately everyone's alright, if a little shaken, but there's a fair amount of damage. The squirrel, it seems, has decamped. Ian's due up to preserve "the departure"

on video for an unsuspecting posterity but kindly agrees first to go off with Pearl to collect the girls and see what can be done at Fittleworth. In due course he appears with the girls who are, indeed, a little shaken but otherwise none the worse for their adventure. The day, no doubt, will improve.

With all this happening, it's not long before the car appears and faces peering round the Saddlers Row corner materialise into well-wishers. "Is he going to put his hat on?" He does. Disappointingly, after a spell of fine weather, it's a miserable grey day. Round by the Tuesday morning church, then North Street, Northchapel, and Chiddingfold. Guildford's congested. If it's like this all the way it's going to be tight. Guildford past, however, coming by damp, late winter Surrey fields it's quicker. Tolworth, into South London, Battersea and soon Chelsea Bridge, we're in reasonable time. At the Palace police are watching for the distinctive stickers on the windscreen and direct us round. People are alighting from taxis, obviously dressed for the occasion. In conversation later, people talk of staying overnight with relatives in London. Recipients and guests are separated almost immediately and the grey top hat which has been such a feature until now disappears with all the others into the recesses of the Recipients' Cloakroom. Plastic token No. 30. The hat's quite inflexible, wedging rather than fitting, apparently a characteristic of such headgear. It will, it appears, play no further part in the proceedings.

We are guided upstairs to the Picture Room, but there's little inclination to look at the canvasses. There are two cordoned enclosures, one for OBEs, one for MBEs. The investiture is for both as also for Knighthoods and various other honours. MBEs outnumber OBEs by some seventy to forty. With the investiture under way soon after eleven and scheduled to finish between twelve and half-past, it's clearly time for relaxed, unfussy, efficiency and this turns out to be the order of the day. Everyone turns to the space between the enclosures and we are instructed in the procedure. Simplicity is the keynote. There is no need for apprehension. This is a day to enjoy. You come in from the left, wait while the recipient in front receives the honour, then on, turn to the left, a head bow from the men, a curtsy from the ladies, up to the dais, (but don't step on to it!). The medal will be set on a lapel hook already strategically placed, a few words, the firm royal handshake, then step back, head bow or curtsy, then off to the right. "Make the most of the day. We want you to enjoy it. We want you to tell the Press it's been the best day of your life." Tongue in cheek perhaps. We wonder. What is the best day of your life? It's not a sensible thing to think about. Best to enjoy a day like this and not bother with comparisons. It's certainly a difficult day to compare with any other. "Oh, and you'll be in some rooms that aren't normally open to the public." "Are there any questions?" "Yes, how do you address the Queen?" "Usually you'd begin with Your Majesty, but today it's simply Mam - rhymes with jam - not Maam with a long 'a'". Our avuncular guide doesn't seem surprised at the question. He says it invariably comes up. It occurs to me that it's been deliberately left out of the preparatory talk, knowing that someone will ask it, and hence get some kind of dialogue going.

Time now to compare notes with friends made in the brief period before our instructions, that period when one first looks round for a familiar face. Not surprisingly there are none. Scraps of conversation. "Yes I know Workington well..." Then homing in on a

mention of Sussex. Two ladies, one from Bolney, one from Brighton. They'd heard there would be someone from Petworth. We team up with another lady from Powys who has, it seems, recently retired as Head of a College of Education. It turns out that the Sussex awards are for services to the Guide Movement and the community and for services to music in East Sussex respectively.

The investiture is already under way; the dull shimmer of a sword is visible in the monitor. We learn later that it is that used by King George VI when as Duke of York he was Colonel of the Scots Guards. Various orders follow and in no time the OBEs are coming through, called from the Picture Room in groups of about a dozen at a time. There are a fair number of people in uniform, military, police, fire. It's not always easy for the layman to tell which is which. The uniform seems to make them less approachable than other people, or perhaps it's that uniform attracts uniform. Probably it's just imagination. Quite a contingent from West Yorkshire someone says, a lady from Wakefield joins the "Sussex" group. Half an eye on the monitor's continuing progression. From the left, head bow, step forward... "My sons were saying I might see Mark Hughes but apparently he was here last week. They're mad on football." Elton John was here last week too. The OBE enclosure is beginning to thin out. Another group of names forms up and disappears...

The OBE enclosure finally empties and the MBEs take it over. It's time for MBEs to go, uniforms first it appears. A woman Petty Officer, a TA sergeant in the Royal Irish Rangers, some more military men, then four from the R.A.F. Soon it's the civil division and ladies first. The Sussex group breaks up and my new-found friends disappear. As numbers thin there are new people to talk to. An officer in the South Yorkshire Special Constabulary, one of his jobs is security at Rotherham United's football ground. They're going well in the Third Division. A successful team means better gates, less worry with money. But what happens when a team's promoted and struggles? Will the gates hold up then? Perhaps you'd be better off doing well but not too well. We agree that that's a funny sort of philosophy on which to run a competitive football club. The room's thinning out, only men left and very few uniforms. In fact although we don't realize it, the few uniforms that remain are to receive Police and Fire Service medals and honours for service in Northern Ireland. We start to look at each other with wry smiles. Perhaps we'll be in the next group? Who's going to be last? Does it matter? Or what if there's been some extraordinary mistake and we're left in the enclosure at the end? That somehow we've got everything wrong. Another list! "Mr. Dario Gradi". A familiar name, manager of Crew Alexandra and by some years the longest serving manager in the Football League. Now a few words there would have been interesting. But he's already on his way out of the room. The enclosure's very sparsely populated now. Another group departs. Even more sparse. MBEs have been going through on the monitor for a while now. My Sussex friends have long since received their awards. "Mr. Peter Jerrome". I join the group. It later appears that there's a kind of alphabetical order running GHJ with one or two others appended at the end. Perhaps they've rearranged the day for some reason.

Off to the left, then right, through the Ballroom. In the high balcony the band of the Blues and Royals are playing gently as they have all through. Audible on the monitor but not visible.

There's blood on the floor and what looks like masonry and a space has obviously been cleared in the packed room. Very strange. Nothing had appeared on the monitor to suggest anything untoward. Perhaps someone's fainted and hit their head but if they have, they appear to have done an inordinate amount of damage. No time to go into all this, the line turns right into a kind of ante-room running parallel to the Ballroom. We join a file approaching the Ballroom from the Queen's right. A steward is checking names at the entrance. Gradually the queue moves on. To the head, name check, then it's time to go. Stopping just short waiting for the recipient in front, then facing left, head bow, forward. The medal placed in the lapel hook, a few words about the Petworth Society. Her Majesty will clearly know Petworth but that can only be assumed. Handshake, step back, head bow and off to the right. Once out of the Ballroom the medal is taken from the hook, boxed and handed over. After this there's a young lady with a special printed booklet giving details of this particular investiture. "Mr. Jerome, you used to deliver fruit to me at St. Michael's. My grandparents are Society members and live at Sheepdown." It's very reassuring to find a compass point like this in such a vast concourse. There's the temptation to talk on but already someone's behind. It's time to move on.

The investiture is almost over now, just time to sit at the rear of the Ballroom to watch the last recipients. The Royal Victorian Medal, the Queen's Police Medal, the Queen's Fire Service medal and an MBE for service in Northern Ireland. Then the National Anthem. All stand. Her Majesty departs to our right, officials, Gurkhas and Yeomen of the Guard following. It suddenly seems strangely remote almost like something out of Alice. The Yeomen have a distinctive stomping gait. Meeting up again with Marian and the girls. In fact the "masonry" is plaster from the ceiling some forty-five feet up. A young man has been hit on the head and taken away to have stitches. Hence the blood we had seen. The fall was almost like an explosion and over as quickly as it had happened. Already the Ballroom is emptying, a brief smile at the Powys lady but the two Sussex ladies are already lost in the crowd. Not to forget the grey top hat in the Recipients' cloakroom. No photography allowed in the Palace itself but it's allowed in the courtyard. Queues form for the official photographers. Lucy seeing a carriage come into the courtyard rushes off to get a regal (equine) lick from one of the horses before being politely moved on. The carriage apparently is to collect the Yeomen of the Guard. The rain's holding off but it's very very windy. The wind channels through the narrow courtyard entrances and makes it difficult to stand still enough to take photographs.

Having finally made the head of the queue for official photographs it's time to make for the railings to meet the Petworth contingent. Shouts from the railings, Anne and Ros, Ian and Pearl have come up on the train from Pulborough, video and cameras at the ready. The police will allow us out to see them, and (more crucially) back in again, if we're not too long. The wind-blown heroes will have a meal in London and catch the train back. As for us we'll stop off somewhere on the way back for a meal. A good day you might say ...

In fact a party has been organised at the Town Hall, notice given at some Society meetings (apparently when I could be quietly removed). As it was a surprise, postering couldn't be done. A marvellous end to an extraordinary day.

P.

(After the Investiture, the Ballroom was taken out of commission for necessary repairs. The young man who had been injured was able to talk about his experience and was invited by Her Majesty to attend a summer garden party at the Palace. Ed.)



At the palace gates. Photograph by Lucy.

I'm sure I'm not alone in wanting to bring Lord Egremont's splendid speech on the evening of March 3rd to a wider audience. This was when Peter returned from the investiture to a hall full of friends, to be greeted by the Town Crier (John Crocombe) reading out the citation and the Town Band playing 'Congratulations'.

I have already got into trouble for mentioning the names of those kind and thoughtful people responsible for organising such a happy occasion, but they will be assured of our gratitude by the obvious pleasure it engendered on the night. Everyone would like to say 'Thank-you'.

So here is the speech:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, when the news came that Peter had been given the M.B.E., there was a tremendous surge of joy in Petworth. ("Hear, hear!") It was as if the whole Town had

won the National Lottery. Or, better still, been declared a traffic-free zone. (Laughter and cheers)

We, who know Peter, understand how much he deserves this honour. ("Hear, hear!") The citation mentions the Petworth Society, but, in truth, if everything Peter had done for Petworth had been included, the poor Queen would have needed to give up the affairs of state for several weeks in order to find the time to read it. (Laughter) I can mention only a few things: the appeal here for the Leconfield Hall, the Cottage Museum, the Petworth Society Bulletin, the organisation of the Canadian Toronto-Scottish visits. On all these, Peter has brought the people of Petworth together in a remarkable way. I've lived in Petworth for almost fifty years; Peter, dare I say it? for even longer. I tell him sometimes that he and I are older than quite a lot of the things in the windows of the antique shops. (Laughter) But in that time, great changes have taken place. This makes it vital for Petworth to be aware of its roots and its history; otherwise, the identity and timeless feel of the place will be lost. That is why Peter's work as a historian of Petworth is so important. No one knows more about the history of the Town; no one, and I say this with some anxiety, knows more about the role of my family. (Laughter) And no one has done more to make that history available to other people. Peter has truly linked Petworth's past to Petworth's present.

Peter, this is your day and your evening. Don't worry, I'm certainly not here to say 'This is your life'. (Laughter) We are so pleased and so proud that you have been honoured. It was something that had to be, and to finish with the greatest truth of all, it couldn't have happened to a nicer person". (Cheers and applause)

Keith

The case of the portable radio

In April 1952 I was working as a Solicitor's Clerk in the office of Messrs. Pitfield and Oglethorpe in Market Square, Petworth. My principal Capt. Ralph Oglethorpe was also Clerk to the Justices at Petworth and his assistant was Mr Clegg, an eccentric bachelor, who didn't believe in child welfare support, T.V. and radios, and other modern things. He lodged in a house in Grove Street, where another young couple also lodged. They had a portable radio in their room which they used quietly during their lunchtime. Mr Clegg didn't like this and banged on their door shouting to them to turn it off, otherwise he would smash it up. They refused saying it was not causing a nuisance, whereupon Mr Clegg went into the wood shed, picked up a billhook, charged into their room and smashed up the radio. Well, they reported the matter to the Police, who arrested Mr Clegg and charged him with wilful damage. This caused a problem for Capt. Oglethorpe as the case was to be heard at Petworth, where he was the Clerk and Mr Clegg his assistant. He therefore arranged for the Magistrates and Clerk at Midhurst to take the case. Mr Clegg was duly convicted, fined and ordered to pay compensation for the damage to the radio. He refused to pay, so Capt. Oglethorpe paid the amounts due for him. Now Mr Clegg had to deal with all payments and when he saw his

fine etc. had been paid by Capt. Oglethorpe, he stormed into his room, told him what he thought about him interfering, and promptly gave in his notice. And that's where I came in. Capt. Oglethorpe called me into his room and explained the situation to me and offered me the job as his assistant. I was dumbfounded and explained to him that I had no experience of the job and knew nothing about it, but he said I would soon learn, so I was landed!

There was another problem as I was due to go on a fortnight's holiday at the end of that week, so had very little time to get acquainted with the work. Fortunately for me I got on all right with Mr Clegg, so I was able to spend a little time with him between my litigation work finding out how things worked. I went on holiday and when I came back Mr Clegg had gone and I was on my own. The work entailed preparing Court lists, typing Summonses, Orders and Warrants, dealing with Licensing and Matrimonial matters, looking after the money and keeping the accounts, dealing with the Police, Magistrates, Solicitors and the general public, and anything else which may arise, and I had no one to turn to for advice!

I did this, part time, for 12 years, when the opportunity came for me to become a full time Clerk, which I took and spent the next 18 years looking after the work of the Petworth Court and Midhurst when the Clerk there retired. My last 4 years were spent at Chichester, when the Petworth office closed, where I still was in charge of the Petworth and Midhurst work, and took Courts at Chichester and finished up as Senior Court Clerk. And all because of the case of the portable radio!

Stan Chapman

The Bell Mellifluous (?)

My first (vicarious) acquaintance with the crier's art came in 1985 with the Toronto Scottish Regiment's triumphal return to Petworth. With a full-scale military presence it seemed sensible to bring in a crier to co-ordinate things. Philip, the Worthing town crier, came to help us out, replete with crimson robes, tricorne hat and bell. It was an unashamed "one-off". For old times' sake Philip re-enacted Mr. Knight's old round, starting in Market Square and travelling up Lombard Street, round by Church Street, to East Street, then down New Street and back into the Square. The empty Sunday morning streets echoed once more to the old cry. Philip's delivery was consciously controlled, stylised even. This was the art of the standing crier. The crier who calls as he moves is a different animal altogether. As it seemed to me, the difficulty was that, thinking in the abstract, you imagine a ready-made crowd, hanging on the crier's every word, but you don't find crowds now. Perhaps there were, years ago. I don't know. The essence of crying is in fact that disconcerting shout into nothingness. It's there that the crier needs courage, it's this that separates the crier from other men. It's his solemn duty to impinge, to encroach upon the consciousness of whoever is within earshot. He has to break into the hurrying motor-borne, pressure cabin, world of whoever happens to be in Market Square at the time. His to make an unprovoked attack on their privacy and space. I taxed Philip with this. "That's just the whole point," he said. "As soon as I shout

people appear like magic". And so it was. Previously empty windows were suddenly peopled at the sound of his voice. Looking back now, I think that crying on a Sunday morning effectively begged the question. Try that on a weekday when people aren't at home and you might find windows remaining unpeopled.

It may be that Philip left the germ of an idea, but if he did, it would be some years before that idea resurfaced. People might initially be sceptical, but, after all, take away the trappings and you have a valid function. A basic form of communication in an age seemingly obsessed with ever more elaborate forms of communicating. The office in truth was venerable enough, inextricably bound up with the position of portreeve, controller of the fair and the weekly market. Sufficiently remunerative for the position to be put out to tender by the Earls of Northumberland. A measure of its later decline was the clerk's humiliating application in the 1850s for his lordship to rebate his original tender. Even as a part-timer he was losing money on the position! By the time of the present century, the office, much decayed, was the exclusive prerogative of the Knight family, Lombard Street bakers.

Old Mr. Knight, father of Arch Knight, the last incumbent, had certainly "cried". He'd take notes of what he had to say, announcing a dance in the Iron Room, a cricket match or something similar. He'd be paid an agreed fee by the organisers, a shilling perhaps. The office was quite serious, but essentially matter of fact, without a sense of conscious archaism. In such circumstances there was no need to dress up. To what extent Arch Knight, his son, carried on the "crying" tradition seems a moot point but he certainly controlled the annual fair and acted as bill-poster. When he resigned in 1943 the tradition, badly dented already, simply lapsed. Even the bell was lost sight of, saved from oblivion by the sharp eye of Mr. Owen Bridger. Eventually via Mr. Harold Cobby it came to the Petworth Society.

Such traditions may have lasted longer at Petworth than they did at Midhurst. Already, in 1915 the *West Sussex Gazette* lamented the passing of the late Mr. Madgewick. With him the ancient note had departed the streets and "the bell mellifluous" fallen silent. A note later in the year suggested that this sad hiatus was no new one. Mr. Madgewick, it seemed, had been dead these last fifteen or sixteen years. Silence reigned in the Midhurst streets in 1915. One wonders if a successor ever came forward.

Nowadays the Petworth tradition is in the more than capable hands (or should we say voice?) of Mr. John Crocombe, and a great service he performs for the town on this Society's behalf. Visitors love the crier and many an event benefits from his efforts. What's old is not necessarily good or worth reviving but here's one old tradition come into its own again. But you'll say, is the bell really mellifluous? Ah, well that's a matter of personal taste.

P.

A Useful Sideline

I happened to see a firm in Manchester advertising for mole-skins. I suppose it would be in the late 1920s. I wrote to them and asked if they would take skins from me. They wrote back

agreeing. Once a fortnight in the season I'd pack the skins tightly in a thick cardboard box and send them off to Manchester. I'd pay postage and this would be added to my postal order for the skins. There was a definite close season but I never quite understood the reason for this. I'd never send after late May or before late September. Perhaps skins deteriorated during the summer, I don't know. Skins of course could vary considerably in size, some moles could be quite large, I might get sixpence, ninepence, tenpence, or even, exceptionally, a shilling each.

I'd go out first thing in the morning round the traps before I started work on the farm, collect dead moles, reset the traps and take the moles home. I'd have the time to skin them in the evening. I'd usually go back after tea, eight o'clock at night perhaps. Occasionally if I had time I'd look round at mid-day. Remember it was very much a job of the winter, spring and autumn. My employer, the farmer, certainly didn't mind; in fact he encouraged enterprise of this kind, particularly if it was clearing moles from his meadow ground. Molehills wreaked havoc with farm implements. Probably the best place for moles was in woods where there was extensive shooting. The paths became well trampled, and where the run crossed the path it was quite obvious. Moles seem to prefer firmer ground for burrowing. It may be that in open meadow land or ploughed fields the earth crumbles back into the run as the mole gets nearer the surface. A stick poked down to find space would soon reveal the run. It was the run you needed to establish rather than the individual molehill.

The trap had a round opening and the tongue needed to be set about halfway so that the mole activated it. I soon found that if the trap was too firmly set, the mole didn't operate the mechanism at all. I've even known moles burrow underneath a trap that was set too tight.

Once taken off, the skins had to be dried, this took a week or more, and stretched. A pin in each corner kept the skin roughly square and other pins at the side pulled the skin outwards. Too much shrinkage from the side and the skin's use would be greatly reduced. I'd have the skins pinned on large boards, four or five across and perhaps half a dozen down. Four or five boards would be in the shed at a time, a board might carry a couple of dozen skins at a time.

As a sideline mole-catching was very profitable. I bought my first motor-cycle with the proceeds. At times I might be catching eighty or ninety a week. What eventually killed the trade was a reaction against using animal skins for ladies' coats, sometimes, though less often, they might be used for waistcoats.

When I was a boy we were living in Kent. It was the autumn of 1914 and I would be about six - if that. It was getting dark and I was down the oast-house, eight o'clock perhaps. Suddenly I saw a host of lights in the sky. I rushed back to my father and told him to have a look. He said, "It's a Zeppelin". There was a lieutenant stationed close by and he got hold of an aeroplane somehow, took off and flying above the Zeppelin dropped hand grenades from his plane. The Zeppelin exploded, killing those on board. I don't think the lieutenant's action was officially approved, even though the war was on. He felt the Zeppelin might be going on up the Thames to bomb London. In fact it may well have been on some kind of reconnaissance trip.

F.

Bankers on the Treble Chance! Petworth Footballers in 1883

Every Petworth generation has its own fund of footballing stories. My favourite is of the early century skipper who by some mischance found himself five men short of a full eleven (no substitutes in those days!). "We'll play defensively," he announced to his beleaguered team mates. I'm not sure that in those innocent days there were such things as team-talks.

My notion is that the beginnings of football in Petworth go back to the new curate Herbert Tugwell who came to Petworth in 1880 and left to become a missionary in West Africa in 1889. For a good generation and more he would be bishop of Western Equatorial Africa, but that, as they say, is another story. He and Mr. Holdaway, assistant master at the North Street boys' school, started a football team. In the 1882-83 season the team were draw specialists. Of eight matches played, six were drawn, one won and one lost. Matches seem to have been arranged on a friendly basis. For a scoreless draw with Petersfield in February 1883 the *West Sussex Gazette* reported the following team: J. Fry (Goal), Daintrey and Spencer (backs), Wells and Evershed (half backs), Holdaway (Capt.), Tugwell, Eede, Johnson, Sinclair and Speakstone (forwards). I can't speak for Messrs. Holdaway and Tugwell's tactics but a 2.2.6 formation would certainly make for an open game!

All of which brings us to our two photographs. "What's he talking about?", you'll say, "One's of a cricket team". Precisely, I'll come to that in a moment. These two photographs have always fascinated me. Both are by Petworth photographer Walter Kevis, both are effectively uncaptioned. The point is that many of the players appear in both pictures. But who are they? The footballers are outside the Cricket Lodge in Petworth Park, there's no doubt of that. Are they one of the Holdaway/Tugwell teams? They're probably a Petworth team but even that's not certain. At an exhibition in 1960 no one could recognise any of the players. One further clue; at another meeting between Petworth and Petersfield the referee was Walter Kevis the photographer himself. Well you could certainly say he was "on the spot" couldn't you?

Football flourished in Petworth. In 1899 they won the Sussex Junior Cup at the Dripping Pan, Lewes, and came home to what was effectively a civic reception. Perhaps already they were feeling the influence of Mr. Wootton the new schoolmaster. He had once played for Aston Villa but they were in the Birmingham League in those days!

P.

A note on tithes (about 1600)

This note, almost lost among a file of material relating to the ninth Earl's dispute with his tenants over common enclosure and copyhold law, comes from Petworth House Archives

and is certainly contemporary with the other documents if in content only loosely related to them. It appears to be in the Rector's own hand, probably that of Alexander Bownde (1591-1623) faithful pastor of the church of Petworth for some thirty years as a brass tablet reminds us. The copy reproduced is very slightly cropped on the right hand side. It reads:

I demaunde tithes of the great Parke which I received the last yere and my predecessors before me. Lykewise the tithes of the Litle Parke whereof I lerne by such as were about my predecessor and delt for him that he received tithes. Also the tithes of the newe Parke lately disparted and broken up as I thinke now but three yeres past.

Whether I ought not to have tithes of theis and others my L. his groundes, being his honors demeanes and in his own hande as it is saide theis are because the patronage of the benefice came from my L. his auncestors there being no exception or reformation of anie tythes in the deed of conveiance or whether the statute made for barren and wast grounde employed to tillage give anie immunitie to such groundes as theis or whether ther be anie prescription de decimis non solvendis or anie other thinge that maie make such landes free from tithes that be employed to pasture tillage beeing of hey hopper and such lyke ...

I demaunde tithes of the great Parke which I received the last yere and my predecessors before me. Lykewise the tithes of the Litle Parke whereof I lerne by such as were about my predecessor, and delt for him. That he received tithes. Also the tithes of the newe Parke, lately disparted, and broken up as I thinke now but three yeres past.

Whether I ought not to have tithes of theis and others my L. his groundes, being his honors demeanes, and in his own hande as it is saide theis are, because the patronage of the benefice came from my L. his auncestors there being no exception or reformation of anie tythes in the deed of conveiance. Or whether the statute made for barren and wast grounde employed to tillage give anie immunitie to such groundes as theis. Or whether ther be anie prescription de decimis non solvendis or anie other thinge that maie make such landes free from tithes, that be employed to pasture, tillage, beeing of hey, hopper, and such lyke.

The note ends somewhat inconsequentially but the drift is clear enough. The qualified reference to three years past may suggest a new rector. Nicholas Smyth (1560-1591) would have been more precise perhaps. The background seems to be the letting of portions of the enclosed park for tenants like Thomas Kelton (*Lord Leconfield: Petworth Manor* pp61). The demeane is strictly land farmed by the Earl himself. His advisers were apparently claiming

that because the Percy family had anciently held the patronage of the living of Petworth, they (and their tenants) were immune from tithes. The living of Petworth had been forfeit to the crown in 1403 and in 1445 made over by Henry VI to Eton College as part of the endowment of the college, then in building. The gift of the living did not return to the great house until 1693. Master Bownde, the new rector, if he is indeed the writer of this note can find no legal reasons for the claim. Clearly the Earl's steward is "trying it on". The indications are that the Rector's reaction was justified, there were no legal reasons for the Earl to claim exemption.

(For Alexander's predecessor Nicholas Smyth see Magazine 88.)

I am grateful to Alison McCann for some help with this document and to Lord Egremont for permission to reproduce it here.

P.

February at the Petworth Cottage Museum

Hibernating under covers and with shutters closed, Petworth House in winter is a distinctive world of its own, difficult to reconcile with the bustling scene that will meet the eye when the "House" opens. In its much smaller way the Cottage Museum will undergo the same transformation. Visitors impose a kind of discipline, an expectation. Sometimes however it's good to look behind the scenes and reflect. February at the Cottage sees no need for the strategic drapes that hide storage heaters, and there is no comforting fire in the "Petworth" range. A watery winter sun occasionally lights up the darkness of the cottage, that same sun that will stream in on summer afternoons.

The renovation of the attic is nearly at an end. A chest of drawers sits in the downstairs sitting room waiting to be taken up to the attic and there's a folding bed in the kitchen with a rolled mattress. Brian's put in a new handrail to ease the rather forbidding staircase. The miniature treads on the stairs need to be negotiated rather like a ladder, forwards up, backwards down. The attic is a new attraction this year. Thinking about the "rat run" under the solid attic boards; this, some say, shepherded rodents between houses. Is it true? The view from the casement is as yet mainly a profusion of tiled roofs, but the blue green leaves of a eucalyptus agitate in the wind. Across, right, the great mass of Petworth House to which, on most days, Mrs. Cummings the sempstress would make her way across town. To the right of the great house, you might say, rises the other cardinal point, the now-lost spire of St. Mary's Church. You would be wrong; as an Irish Catholic Mrs. Cummings' religious allegiance lay with the new needle spire in Angel Street. To the left, as one looks from the window, High Street, this Monday morning is quiet with none of the bustle one imagines there to have been in days before parked cars blocked one side. Certainly, if bustle there ever was, it's quite gone now. Paint pots and brushes in the attic; Brian's not quite finished yet. Three girls sleeping there for a fortnight in the summer of 1919, chattering and



*Mrs Leversuch, housekeeper at Petworth.
A photograph probably taken during her time at Petworth.
(See In Search of Mrs Leversuch).*



Suffragettes marching through Littlehampton pre-1914.



BACK TO MUFTI.—Mr. H. E. Blain, the chairman, presenting certificates of service to the women who worked on the omnibuses and Underground railways during the war at a farewell social gathering at the People's Palace.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

Mrs Leversuch receives her Certificate 1919.

These two pictures are reproduced from photocopies and may lack definition (Ed).

January 19th 1939. THE GARDENS,
PETWORTH PARK.
SUSSEX.

Dear Mrs Leversuch.

I am sorry I have delayed so long in acknowledging & thanking You for kind Seasonable wishes which I most heartily reciprocate. Well for Your sake I am thankful You are in something I trust worthy of You. Things are going from bad to worse here. had You seen the demerit at Christmas & subsequent Parties. You would have had a blue fit. I expect Florence has told You. the inside side of the picture my goodness I do not know what

Part of autograph letter from Fred Streeter to Mrs Leversuch 1939.



Lord Cowdray (right) inspecting officer cadets at Midhurst Grammar School about 1926.
 Photograph by George Garland.
 (Compare "A Petworth Boy at Midhurst" which recalls a later period 1937 -).

comparing notes. Two beds and the claustrophobic low tie-beam that divides the little room.

Masonry dust on the mantel-shelf in the bedroom below. There's something a little artificial about Mrs. Cummings sitting sewing in one room and allowing strangers to wander about in the bedroom. What self-respecting Edwardian (or Georgian) lady would countenance that? There's a layer of dust too on the tiny spectacles by the bed, lying on a book. Years of intricate sewing, often in indifferent light, may have affected Mrs. Cummings' eyes, this was an occupational hazard for the sempstress. Perhaps she didn't read books anyway. Many people didn't in 1910. Many don't today. Glazed tiles in the window-sill wait for Mrs. Cummings' plants. What would she think of the vicarious attention showered now on a very ordinary life, picked out from a myriad others simply because of where she lived? A solitary person, perhaps, alarmed to find her name falling so glibly from the lips of strangers. The rag rug in the bedroom will need a good shake. Thinking of a similar one I knew, years ago, made by Mrs. Earl in Lombard Street, out of old silk stockings, I was told. Her husband was Walter Kevis' nephew and it was of course Walter Kevis who copied the portraits of Farrier Sergeant Major Cummings that feature in the Museum. Connections ... the Museum is about connections, particular ones like this - or quite general ones, the décor striking a cord with the casual visitor, "My granny had a cellar just like this in the 1940s..." Brian's dust sheet trails along to the landing, an umbrella hangs incongruously on the door latch. "Mrs. Cummings"! sits as usual in the sewing-room but the Museum is closed, and the presiding spirit seems for the moment to have departed.

A museum like this is a strange idea if you think about it. Stopping time is something you can only do in a make-believe world. The ragged high-back chair with the tumbling block pattern is destined, it seems, always to remain like this. Mrs. Cummings will never get round to repairing it, and the date on the envelope with the red penny stamp will always be August 1912. "For repair" is the written instruction on it. A "time-warp", a "step back in time", excusable platitudes in the visitors' book. We cringe at the clichés but carefully foster them nevertheless. "The best £1 I've event spent," is perhaps my favourite comment. This year it's one pound fifty.

The door from the kitchen has swung to. Without the gas, the stairs are as dark as they would have been nine decades ago. Candles rather than gas mantles would have been de rigueur upstairs I suspect. Red Riding Hood is in darkness too, the poster's rich colour lost in the gloom.

Rust on the kitchen range downstairs; a heavy downpour has brought a little water straight down the chimney. With the "Petworth" not going, it hasn't evaporated but we can soon sort the rust out. Perhaps the chimney needs a cowl. Dr. Crippen has been apprehended on board ship; the news was fresh last summer too. The cat basket is empty and its phantom incumbent even more ethereal than usual. "I've got a cat you could have. It's a ginger tom." The kitchen's cluttered with the bed and mattress waiting to go up into the attic. The table is pulled out from the wall. Turning the stiff brass tap, cold water falls into the stone sink.

A few dahlias are sitting out the winter in the cellar. Thinking of Florence Rapley digging up her dahlias at Heath End in the autumn of 1911. The brass gas lights begin to tarnish in the damp. They need to; they have always looked improbably new. An unlikely

feature for an early Georgian cellar perhaps but reality sometimes has to be tempered by the practical. The alternative, after all, is a hand-held candle. A potato left from last year has sprouted. A fortnight ago it was a huge pink catherine wheel, but now it has exhausted itself, collapsed like a spent sparkler.

The garden's bleak as yet. Some annuals of the period will be sown soon. The two gooseberry bushes are still leafless, Whinham's Industry, I think, with a small sweet red fruit. The rangy old-fashioned phlox are hardly showing leaf yet. Inevitably Florence Rapley again comes to mind: "So sweet as the phlox is" - talking of the uncertain predilections of bees. The baking summer of 1911, Lords versus Commons, trouble in Ireland, industrial unrest on a massive scale, suffragettes and Lloyd George's National Insurance Acts. Would it have been cool that summer in the tiny walled garden? Mrs. Rapley and Mrs. Cummings, two ladies with different convictions but both on a pilgrimage to the city that has foundations. The articulate, clear-thinking Anglican and the less articulate but no less devout Catholic. The diminutive figure of Mary Cummings would have passed the house at Heath End on those infrequent summer Sunday afternoons when she came to pay the man who looked after her graves in the Roman Catholic churchyard at Duncton. The roses look more lively this year. There's already a crimson leaf on two but it's desperately dry in under the wall. The herbs will need replanting and the violets cutting back. Two self-sown columbine will be left to grow. In a little over five weeks the Museum will be open again!

P.

Beating the Parish Bounds - a sponsored walk for St John the Baptist Church Kirdford, 6th June 1998

On the 6th June, a Saturday, we shall be reviving the ancient custom of treading the parish bounds and we've put the date, as near as we can to Rogationtide. In area Kirdford is the largest parish in West Sussex and we're trying to draw people's attention to the beautiful countryside we have on our parish Sunday, all 27 miles of it. We've divided the walk into five unequal sections, and walkers can do any number of sections from one up to the whole five. We are giving awards for the fastest perambulations and the oldest and youngest walker. Drivers will park at starting-points and then be brought back to their cars by stewards. The walk is sponsored and in aid of the rewiring of Kirdford Church and sponsorship forms are available from Mrs J. Ivil, 49 Townfield, Kirdford, or Miss S. Durrant, Church House, Plaistow, to whom completed forms may be returned. Alternatively you can come on the day and make your own donation to funds. You will be able to choose between a guided walk with others and striding out on your own.

Tony Sanders

THE WALKS

Walk No.	Description	Mileage	Guided Walk departure time
1	Shillinglee to Durfold Wood via the Sussex Border Path, passing the Northern edge of Shillinglee Park. This is an easy walk starting at the Green Shillinglee and finishing inside Durfold Wood at far end.	2.7	1 pm
2	Durfold Wood to Ifold Stores via the Sussex Border Path and continuing along the Wey & Arun tow path. This is a medium walk starting inside Durfold Wood at the far end and finishing outside the Ifold Stores.	4	3.30 pm
3	Ifold Stores to Hawkhurst Court through the estates of Wephurst and Dounhurst and then through Linfold and Strood Green to the Mens Nature Reserve and Hawkhurst Court. This is a long walk encompassing the full length of the Parish starting at Ifold Stores and finishing at the entrance to Hawkhurst Court by Crimbourne Farm.	7	10 am (a packed lunch will be needed)
4	Hawkhurst Court to Balls Cross through the private estate, famous for the Dieppe Raid, up through the almost alpine village of Bedham to the heights of the "Sussex Alps", passing through Flexham Park, Blackhouse Lane and Gandersgate Lane to Balls Cross. This is the most strenuous and exciting walk for the stout hearted starting at the entrance to Hawkhurst Court by Crimbourne Farm and finishing at the Stag, Balls Cross where the licensee will welcome you with open arms (if the time is right!).	8	10 am (a packed lunch will be needed)
5	Balls Cross to Shillinglee. This starts as an easy walk for families with young children along the quiet Pipers Lane for two miles. Thereafter it continues through Kingspark and the delights of Shillinglee Park and Lake with fine views back to the Bedham Hills. This is a medium walk and could form the start of a multiple walk of several guided sections, starting at the Stag at Balls Cross and finishing at the Green Shillinglee	5.5	10 am

All sponsored walkers will be given an itinerary of their chosen walk with notes of places of interest as well as a sketch map. If you have any of the relevant Ordnance Survey maps these would be useful. They are:-

Landranger	1: 50,000	Sheets 186 and 187
Pathfinder	1: 25,000	Sheets 1245, 1246, 1266, 1267

An old bound-treading document.

Confrontation at Iron Pear Tree

HB

12th October 1882

Memoranda

Ebernoe Manor

Arrived at Iron Pear Tree at 1.20 p.m. with Spooner and Phillips. Waited there until 4 before Drungswick (sic) manor's perambulators came - saw Mr. Church with 6 others coming up the road from Staples Hill taking the middle of the road - (Mr. Daintrey was present). A protest was made to Mr. Church on arriving at Iron Pear Tree that he had no right to any portion of the lane leading from Staples Hill to Iron Pear Tree or from Iron Pear Tree to Hills farm gate. Also from Staples Hill to Farthings Farm.

Mr. Church asked what proof could be shown that the Lanes belonged to Mr. Peachey whereupon I produced the Minutes of the last perambulation on the 18th May 1851 showing that the Lanes were trodden into the Manor of Ebernoe - Spooner and Phillips who trod the bounds in 1851 were present and Spooner told Mr. Church that he, Spooner, had trodden those bounds in twice - (the Lanes were trodden in by Mr. Church and his party notwithstanding protest.) The perambulators then went on and were met on the top of Kimmings Hill and Lane. They went partly down the Lane and turned in a gateway to the left into a field.

A protest was made that no part of Kimmings Lane belonged to Drungewick Manor. Then the perambulation proceeded to Staples Hill and finished. Mr. Church was told that the little 3-cornered piece at the top of Staples Hill was in Ebernoe Manor - that the hedge was the boundary of their Manor - Mr. Church did not go under the hedge but on getting into the lane leading to the top of Staples Hill the party kept the road all the way.

Mr. Church asked that he might have Mr. Peachey's protests in writing and sent to him.

Mr. Braby's perambulators were

- Mr. Church
- " Joseph Sparks
- " Hy Hemming
- " Eagar
- " J. Bradby
- " E. Braby

Note

There is a good deal about this document that is not clear; the boundary here is manorial rather than ecclesiastical, but for all that the exchanges have a certain vividness. Staples Hill is on the road halfway between Balls Cross and Kirdford and the lane runs off to the left at the top of the hill as you come from Petworth. Iron Pear Tree lies on the steep left hand bend at the top of the lane. Clearly territory in this area was claimed by Drungewick Manor but the claim was disputed by William Peachey, master of Ebernoe. The length of time since the last perambulation (over thirty years) suggests at least a certain laxity. Proceedings seem

to have had a formal, almost ritual character; clearly Mr. Peachey's men had been forewarned of the appearance of the Drungewick contingent and the challenges would then be passed on to the solicitors. This scrap written in indelible pencil has been lightly annotated by Mr. Brydone (HB) acting for William Peachey, obviously prior to being made up into a formal document. I have incorporated Mr. Brydone's minor corrections. We have no information on subsequent developments.

In Quest of Mrs. Leversuch

We have often written in these pages of the domestic workers at Petworth House in the period between the wars and of what, at the time, must have seemed, indeed, was, an inexorable progression of similar days, strictly disciplined and, by modern standards at least, poorly recompensed, enlivened perhaps by a kind of rough camaraderie and held together by the sheer force of tradition and routine. The reconstruction of significant parts of the Servants' Block at the House has given the testimony and recollection of those who once worked there a significance and public interest that would at the time have appeared ludicrous. The butler, the chef, the redoubtable Mrs. Cownley the long-serving housekeeper, or her successor Mrs. Leversuch were the people who made the system actually work. The fascination of so many visitors with the kitchen and adjacent rooms, means that, as with the Leconfields themselves, those who once peopled those rooms when they were working areas have now attained a kind of vicarious celebrity.

It is in the nature of things that we have been able to talk only with those who were junior members of that now exclusive world. Their seniors were of a generation that passed away while a democratic reaction against "service" was at its fiercest. In these pages we have travelled back as far as 1919, talking to ladies, sometimes now in their 90s, who had come as girls, usually to be junior housemaids, the very bottom rung of a ladder that would lead ultimately to Mrs. Cownley herself. We have spoken too to those who worked in the kitchen, so that we have a series of detailed snapshots of a world that otherwise we can only imagine and evoke from looking at the rooms, implements and appliances that are left. Contemporaries do not always agree, but, minor discrepancies apart, oral tradition gives a kind of entrée into a lost world.

Paradoxically it is for a sterner world now hopelessly lost to oral recall that we have the main photographic evidence. Run through the House wages lists of a hundred years and more ago and for most (but not all) of the names Walter Kevis will provide a face, senior or junior, long-serving or transient, men and women, occasionally in livery, as often as not in Sunday best. Servants tended to come from away and photographs no doubt were often to be sent home. We may have portraits of the servants of this period but we cannot know them. Their world we can only conjecture, as much by precarious analogy with what we know from the later period as by anything else. Effectively they will always be mere names on the wages list. For the period after Walter Kevis left Petworth in 1908 even the photographs stop. The wages book is the only guide.

From 1919, however, we have, from slow beginnings, a steady flow of oral tradition. The ever-present wages books continue and there are occasional photographs, fragile Brownie snapshots taken by those who were there, half-forgotten in drawers or musty photograph albums, usually unique copies. The servants at Petworth House were not (with the very occasional exception) material for George Garland. Some servants were local, in the course of time one or two from away married and settled locally. For most, however, Petworth was a short stay, a mere station on a longer journey. Few would become career servants in the sense that their seniors had been. Times were changing and attitudes with them, a life in service was not something to which one aspired. There is still a wide dispersion of former servants and members of it sometimes return for a visit or make contact after an article in a National Trust magazine. For a long time after the war, the "below stairs" experience was something to be consigned to the dustbin of history. Perhaps it was television programmes like the Forsyte Saga which rekindled an interest in a way of life that was already seeming very remote. Certainly there was an element of exploitation "below stairs", no one would argue with that, although many a modern au pair might tell a worse tale. Most servants made a kind of accommodation with the life. Here after all was a restrictive but, to an extent, protective world. For someone who, as a child, had known real poverty, life in a great house had some compensations. No one we have spoken to has ever complained of the food at Petworth!

We can talk to those who knew life in the Servants' Block but we must always be conscious that this was a new generation. Already for them the career servant represented an earlier way of thinking, almost a relic of the past. What then of those, senior to them, who had spent their lives in service? Such thoughts were precipitated by the arrival of Mrs. Sheila Savill from London to talk to Diana and myself in March.

Sheila presented us at once with a problem and an opportunity. As for what we would normally seek, actual recollection of Petworth, she could effectively tell us nothing. Certainly she had brought with her some material relating to her great-aunt May Leversuch, housekeeper here from 1933 to 1938, a little of which had some Petworth connection. Of Petworth itself however Sheila had never heard her great-aunt speak. We could tell Sheila that Mrs. Leversuch had replaced the long-serving Mrs. Cownley and we could speculate on the difficulty of replacing someone who over a quarter of a century or more had effectively defined the Housekeeper's role. Few in 1933 would have remembered Mrs. Cownley's predecessor.

In PSM 85 Dorothy Lording recalled being interviewed by Mrs. Leversuch in the Housekeeper's Room. It was 1936 and the room "was comfortably furnished with little ornaments and a desk". It is now, of course, the Archives display room. Dorothy remembered having quite a lot to do with Mrs. Leversuch in the year or more that she worked at Petworth House, but without losing a certain awe of her. After all Dorothy was only sixteen or so at the time. She was "in some ways, a kindly person, but very austere and traditional". If there wasn't much to do, the junior housemaids would be set to mending tea-cloths and were expected to make a good job of it. If not, Mrs. Leversuch would cut out the offending patch and require the work to be done again. It would then, of course, be somewhat larger.

May Leversuch never married. "Mrs." was of course a housekeeper's courtesy title. The family came from Netherhampton, a village on the outskirts of Salisbury. The Leversuchs were a close-knit family but very poor. The father was a carter who was not always in work and the family were no doubt well acquainted with the relieving officer. From the age of twelve all the girls (and there were seven of them) went into service, either at nearby Wilton House or at Highnam Court just outside Gloucester, home of Sir Hubert Parry, the composer, and his wife. Six of the seven Leversuch girls would work at Highnam Court at one time or another. There was just the one brother. Most of the girls married and one, Diana, left service and worked at a florist's in Mayfair, eventually marrying a stockbroker in the City. The Leversuch girls were very attractive, May perhaps being the least favoured. They formed a close group and when in service made a point of meeting up during the season when they were in London with their various employers. One sister married a man from the Channel Islands and individual sisters would sometimes go and stay there for a holiday. An album Sheila brought with her has many postcards and snaps of St. Helier and other places.

For someone with a background of poverty a career in service offered sometimes a window on a larger world. For some years before the 1914-18 war May worked for Mrs. Vyner, a wealthy lady who spent her winters in the South of France, possibly she was American. May went too of course and the album contains a whole series of pre-1914 cards, all with the ubiquitous French "sower" stamp stuck on the coloured side. Here too is May's cookery book, handwritten of course, and with a list of places where she had been in service on the inside and back covers. There are also instructions about things like sunburn lotions - a legacy perhaps of the South of France. Mrs. Vyner seems to have been an emancipated employer, the cook-book suggests that she was in the habit of passing on recipes to May. Although May was not directly responsible for the cooking at Petworth, she may have started off as a junior kitchen-maid and never lost an interest in cookery.

Lady Maud Parry had been brought up at Wilton House and it was said that she liked her girls to have a Wiltshire accent. The sisters (except for May) never lost it. Working for people like Mrs. Vyner, despite having left school at twelve, May picked up a good knowledge of things like furniture and art which would stand her in good stead later. The cook-book is very battered now and Sheila still uses it herself. The recipes have ingredients only: there are no instructions on how to do things. It's May's book and May knew how to do things. Cooking was in the Leversuch family; sister Alice spent some time as cook at Wilton House and in later years created something of a stir when she visited with a W.I. excursion and was heard to observe, "I lived here once with a gentleman". May was particularly close to her sister Kathleen and, like her, never married. In later years the two sisters lived together at Welling in Kent. This stray postcard shows a "suffragist" march through Littlehampton before the 1914-18 war. Lady Maud Parry had a holiday home near Littlehampton and Kathleen was enlisted as one of the marchers. Lady Parry liked the servants "to take part in things".

As the 1914-1918 war progressed, May left service to work on the London trams as a conductress. She seems to have enjoyed this and here's a piece of white heather given her

by one of the passengers. May has mounted it on a card. May was always a very competent lady and eventually transferred to the office. She had to leave when the men came back from the war. Like many career servants, May had a very objective view of class distinction, rather reminiscent of the novels of Ivy Compton Burnett. "After a while they brought in a different class of woman and put me in the office," she once confided. The war gave her an inbred aversion to everything German and when one of her nieces married a German refugee, she could never be prevailed upon to enter the house, insisting on staying outside in the car.

In 1919 she returned to service, eventually coming to Petworth to replace Mrs. Cownley. It was a senior position and May would be in her early forties. This postcard was written to her sister Kathleen in service in Kensington and posted on 11th October 1933, presumably just after the interview. There is a view of Petworth House on the front. The postcard reads:

"So many thanks for yours of today. Have just returned from Pet - How would you like this little pile on your conscience? It's marvellous inside. I go on Thursday next so will come up on Tuesday which gives us Weds for goodbyes. Heaps of love Maisie."

The familiar name Maisie does not seem to have been generally used.

Only one anecdote survives of her time at Petworth, clearly a story May told against herself. One of the junior housemaids had gone to Worthing for the day and saw a shop sign which read "Leversuch Fishmonger". When she returned to Petworth she ventured to ask Mrs. Leversuch if this was a relation. "Certainly not," replied May. In fact, the fishmonger was her brother, but it wasn't for lower servants to know such things.

It's not clear why May left Petworth. Perhaps she simply felt the time had come for a change. Possibly these two letters from Fred Streeter indicate some sort of division, but there's nothing unusual about friction behind the scenes at a great house. It would be an unusual household that didn't have such dissension in some way or other. What is certain is that working for Lord Roseberry at Mentmore, May was very happy. She was very upset when Mentmore was sold. She did have a residual loyalty to places where she had once worked. In later years when the pictures and majolica from Highnam went to the Courtauld, she and another sister hired a taxi to go and see what had happened to them, almost as if they were still responsible for them. The sale of Mentmore was symbolic of the passing of an age and of the great houses that had formed the basic structure of her life.

May retired in the mid-1950s and lived with her sister Kathleen. She had beautifully shaped hands with long nails and a ring on each finger. Even in old age she was very proud of her complexion and always made up very discreetly using a solid face powder and foundation. She disapproved of women "who paint their faces". She died in 1979.

APPENDIX A. Two letters from Fred Street to Mrs. Leversuch

January 19th 1939

Dear Mrs. Leversuch,

I am sorry I have delayed so long in acknowledging and thanking you for kind

The Gardens,
Petworth Park,
Sussex.

seasonable wishes which I most heartily reciprocate. Well for your sake I am thankful you are in something I trust worthy of you. Things are going from bad to worse here - had you seen the dessert at Christmas and subsequent parties you would have had a blue fit. I expect Florence has told you the inside side of the picture my goodness I do not know what will happen. Only seen Mrs. Cownley twice. Well enough of our troubles are you happy and comfortable? I do hope so, seen the Lindores (?), I expect, hope things work easier there. The poor old Carved Room was asking for you last week when the covers were put on. Everything saturated and we cannot get on the ground so that puts us in the cart. Well, all the very best of health happiness and comfort and peace of mind.

Yours most sincerely,

F. Streeter

Feb 5th 1939

The Gardens,
Petworth Park,
Sussex.

Dear Mrs. Leversuch,

Sincerest thanks for your ever welcome letter and so delighted to hear that you have settled and feeling very comfortable in your new home. Glad you have such lovely things. Well things are very quiet here at present. The Lord alone so all's well. I heard from the Lady in Ireland last week and rough weather out there and no gardening.

Mr. Nudds is now leaving us at the end of the month. I saw the new housemaid this morning on the robust side of 50, just introduced to the new housekeeper, only had a few words with her. The wrong clique has got hold of her I am afraid. Mrs. Cownley goes this week I believe only seen her twice. Miss Elizabeth here for the weekend. She is at a Domestic School somewhere in Essex. Miss Bridges and ? have gone. A few people dying here otherwise very quiet. The famous notice board is now used I see for fixture notices from the Cinema. I expect the Lindores (?) will be in when you start parties. You will have plenty of grapes this season not like us poor beggars or buyers. Well dear Mrs. Leversuch I am sure you will have had enough of this. So here is wishing you every joy and happiness.

With our united best wishes

Yours very sincerely,

F. Streeter.

APPENDIX B.

This copy of a woodcut was among Mrs. Leversuch's papers. It is quite clearly by Gwenda Morgan although there is no signature. Can anyone recognise it or explain the figures?



A Petworth Boy at Midhurst ...

I never found out who Mr. Taylor was, but it was his ancient benevolence that enabled me, as so many other Petworth boys, to go to Midhurst Grammar School. The Taylor Scholarship ... just the surname, not even a Christian name nor any idea who he was. How many lives would have been so different without his bequest. Leaving the Boys' School, under Mr. Stevenson's charge, to go to the Big School. It would be 1937. Easy perhaps to recreate an imaginary scene of that first day in the Big School but in fact I can recall now only an impression of terror. It all distances in the memory; ferocious masters who for small boys seemed to rule with a permanent glare became quite benevolent when lines had been established. "Bogey" Brown was fierce to all appearance. Modern history. I can't remember

more than the most general impression. "Wilkie" Wilkins who taught geography and lived at Easebourne, bulldogs under the kitchen table. Mr. Williams, "Little Bill". We made bets to see how long before our own mock yawning led him too to yawn. He gave us English, another basis for the wider horizons of life. Mr. Couzens was the chemistry master, "At first they called me Conc, then it became 'old Conc', now it has become 'poor old Conc'". Mr. Couzens was a wonderful elderly gentleman with a mature sense of humour, held in considerable regard by small boys who, by and large, looked on chemistry as a dull subject, except for the making of gunpowder. Mr. Stuck took biology next door, not recalling any biology lesson in detail, only his reading of a story by Guy de Maupassant. Miss Charteris the English governess on a French train, having purchased a newspaper which she fastidiously laid on the train toilet seat, unaware that the newspaper was fresh off the press and that the Gendarmerie were looking for a spy. A large French police lady conducted the search and "Miss Charteris stood revealed". Probably the quietest biology lesson before or since. Mr. Stuck, Charles, in no way might be "Charlie", was also the swimming master and taught small boys to swim in deep water. A small boy referred to by the school doctor as "one of Pharaoh's lean kind", recalls his first swimming lesson as a personal remark "someone has dropped his braces" and the offending articles being picked up and hurled into seven feet of cold water. This would be the making of a competition life-saving swimmer in years to come.

And Jacko (Mr. Jackson), a gentleman of ever immaculate turnout, plain ties in excellent taste, a lesson, one fears, unheeded by little boys who regarded sartorial elegance as best portrayed by socks wrinkled about the ankles. Garters were never easy to find after PT and a cold shower. One old boy, I was led to believe, did receive the Order of the Garter. Was this true? Could it have been H. G. Wells? It seems a little unlikely. Certainly one old boy became editor of a national newspaper, name began with "B". Wondering what became of the fellow pupil who had a magical touch with the sketch pad, portraying with skill all around him.

Cold September days, early frosts, back to school after the long summer holiday. Remembering Mr. Yates, "Speedy". Why and wherefore that nickname arose can only be related to a bicycle which he rode and a small boy's creative imagination. Part of the summer holiday spent helping the War Effort on A.G. Street's Wiltshire farm, a fortnight, might even have been three weeks. Using the barns as a kind of dormitory, sleeping on palliasses. As a small boy who had boasted of his great knowledge of horses I was given the never-to-be-forgotten experience of driving two large Shire horses, one in shaft, one on trace rein, pulling a fully laden four-wheel waggon from field to rick. It was really incredibly easy ... And the fleas that tease came out of the straw in the barns. It might not have been the high Pyrenees but it was just as bad. One tormented schoolmate found the fleas too much, and with a strangled moan decamped to a patch of grass in the farmyard to be found by the Duty Master in the morning wrapped in sparkling dewy cobwebs. Harvesting, long days of working pleasure that fade with the roar of the combine harvester.

Then there was Captain Yeomans, "Streaky", a tall gentleman of military mien who taught carpentry and physical training. He was in charge of the O.T.C. parades and he

commanded the platoon "battles" on St. Anne's Hill, different platoons marching and defending while Streaky, as umpire, adjudicated. In the shadow of another war, military tradition went back to the 1914-1918 one. Here I learned how to put on puttees, useful knowledge in equitation pursuits of later years.

I recall, sixty years on, short of a year or two perhaps, the headmaster, very much 'Sir' and to be so addressed in the manners of the day. The Reverend Bernard Heald. A benign gentleman of aristocratic bearing. He addressed every boy by their Christian name, and each one of those names. There were perhaps a hundred and fifty boys then but it was still quite a feat. The Welsh boy had eight forenames but he duly had his rightful titles.

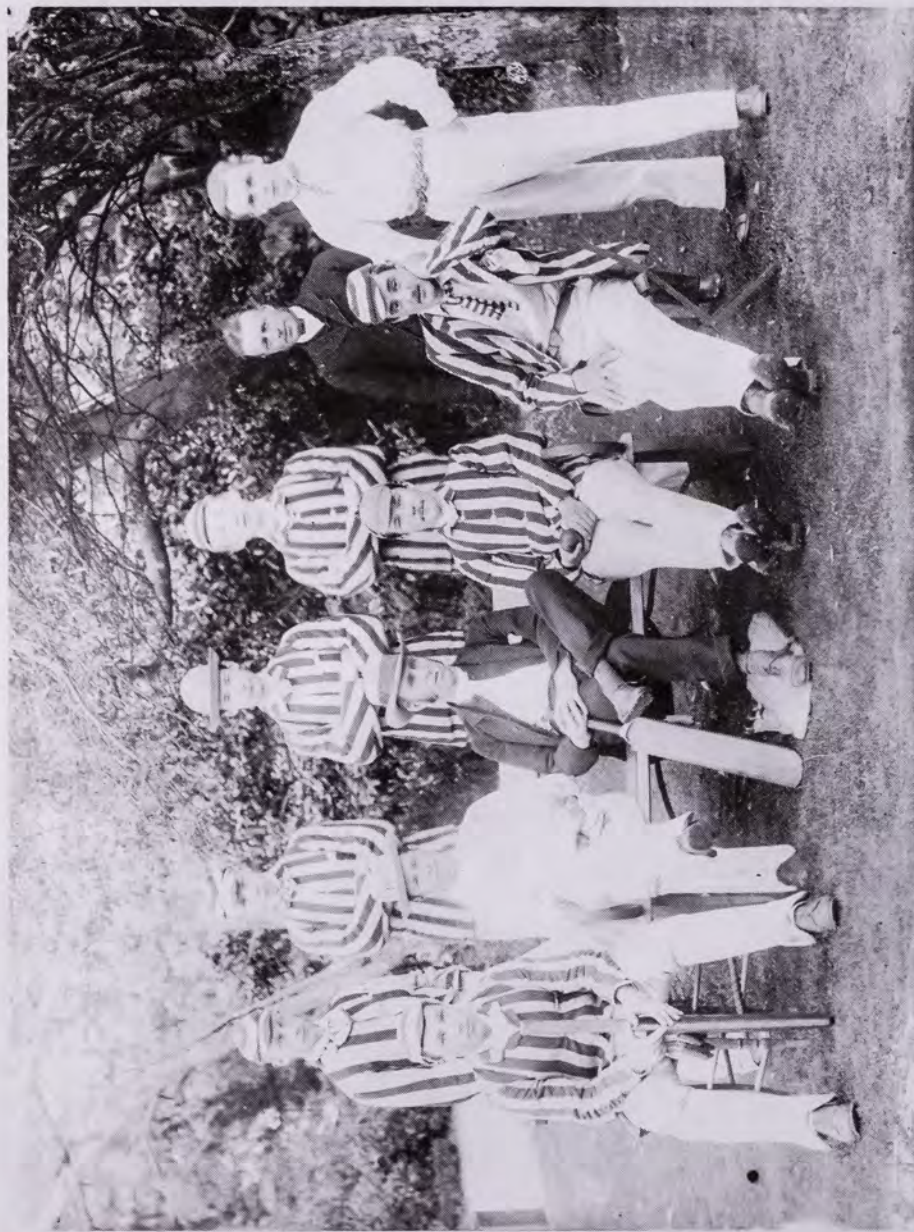
Changes were coming. A day of assembly in the big hall and a large white-haired gentleman wearing traditional black gown strode purposefully onto the stage. "Luke" had arrived to take up the baton. Mr. Heald had retired, to be replaced by Mr. Lucas's round smiling face and determination to achieve scholastic success for every boy (or nearly every boy!) in the school. We were most unsure whether to be ambitious or terrified, and the even tenor of old changed. Masters were addressed as "Mr.", the former respectful "Sir" relegated to the older Old Boys as archaic. Caps were to be raised. Luke had the entire school attend morning assembly wearing caps, each one to be raised in the approved fashion when filing out of the hall. I recall with some embarrassment, being home on Army leave and meeting one of the masters in a local pub. "Sir, it's a pleasure ..." when a boy of, maybe, fifth form status, addressed the master by ... do I recall aright? ... his nickname! Times indeed change, a younger generation still, have a confidence now that was not present in the days of my youth.

What else? Founder's Day, marching through Midhurst, Luke the only one in step. Captain Yeomans' disciplines beginning to fray at the edges. The Chichester train, or the Pulborough train bringing in boys from Fittleworth and beyond. Days of hot, lazy sun. Sitting about by the cricket pavilion waiting one's turn to bat. Mr. Stempson a tennis Blue and tennis suddenly seeming more interesting than cricket. Days of thin running shorts and vests pounding down the Causeway into the teeth of a freezing east wind, the young blood running warm again when the avenue of chestnut trees at the bottom gave shelter. Miles across country disappearing beneath the running shoes, over the territory of the Noble and Ancient Golf Club, itself so solidly supported by Old Boys. Uncle Ernest Barnett, the Major, attended his last parade there, not long since his last round of play, in his eighty-fourth year, just a year or more ago. He could recall travelling to school, walking two miles to Bosham station, then up the line (now closed) to Midhurst ... quite the normal thing in those vanished days.

Then there was the Lady Margaret School, not the convent, but evacuees from London, I don't recall precisely where. Days of love-notes lodged in desks. The official arrangement was that the Grammar School had the premises in the morning, St. Margaret's in the afternoon. Charles Stuck seems to have been the liaison officer. Having the idea that some of the girls were looking over into the swimming pool Charles affixed a notice to the notice board outside the headmaster's office "The ladies of the Lady Margaret School who choose to walk the long roof from where may be observed boys of Midhurst Grammar swimming, are noticeably interested in the human form disrobed. A selection of the finest specimens that



*Petworth footballers (?) early 1880s.
A photograph by Walter Kevis.
(See Bankers on the Treble Chance).*



*Petworth cricketers - many of the men also appear in the football picture.
A photograph by Walter Kevis.*

MGS can boast will be formally paraded, deshabille, upon the swimming pool surround at 4 o'clock of the afternoon of ... for detailed inspection. Ladies of Lady Margaret School are invited to append their name hereunder to determine the demand and attention." So much for that. Gilbert Hannam's proteges survived the invasion of St. Margaret's and the young ladies turned out to be a generally sporting bunch.

Another important day ... the arrival somewhat later of Mrs. Lucas, a lady with a courtly personage. Those of the fifth and sixth forms looking for advanced education were soon about their business. Lesser mortals could but gaze up in wonder and admiration. Further wonderment when the petite French mademoiselle joined the staff. Her stay was all too short. I recall her delightful accent expressing interest in the School Physical Training demonstration which Captain Yeomans was presenting on the occasion of some gathering, the reason for which is long forgotten ...

All in the dim mirror of memory. Now Luke of the beaming smile was retiring. His book was for sale in the North Street bookshop. Seeing him to say a grateful farewell, the measure of good Scotch whisky had been generous indeed. The headmaster becoming 'Miss'. One continues to wear the tie on formal occasions ... the tradition must live on, not without a certain despair, this year of grace 1998, for days of yore.

John Francis 1937-1943.

A Tillington Childhood (6)

During the summer holidays, my mother took us down to the river to go fishing and she also included some of our friends. One fishing expedition, I so remember, I believe we had Reggie and Dickie Spooner with us, we took a picnic and armed with our fishing tackle, we walked down Willett Lane until we came to the river. My mother set our rods up where she could see us (she used to knit). It was a lovely day, warm and sunny. The dragon flies were darting hither and thither - how happy we all were. The cows were grazing just behind us happily chewing their cud. There was a lone cow in a yard next to us which started to bellow. Suddenly it broke the gate down and charged down the field. My mother shouted, "Run for your lives children, that's a bull". Terrified we ran and managed to climb a stile before the bull charged. We were in Willett Lane and the bull followed us up the other side of the hedge bellowing. We arrived safely at home but had left everything down by the river. My mother explained everything to my father and he knew the farmer who owned the bull. They found it grazing happily with its lady-loves. It was easily caught so Dad was able to collect all our bits and pieces from the riverside. Funnily enough, I had caught an eel which mum prepared for our breakfast. I heard years afterwards that bull was naughty. The cows were not his to sire and some cross bred calves were born. All's well that ends well.

We were very friendly with Dickie and Reggie Spooner. I believe their father was a clerk for Mr. Mant who was at that time a solicitor in Petworth. At the bottom of Mr. Spooner's garden was a lovely gypsy caravan which we children spent many happy hours

playing in - the caravan was furnished as a real gypsy caravan. We used to pretend to cook. One thing I especially remember was a tin box of beads. They, the beads, were lovely and were all decorated with flowers. What fun we had threading them. I wonder where the caravan is now? Was it preserved? I hope so.

I remember the two Pullen brothers who I think were twins (one I believe died of consumption). He used to make lovely whistles from hazel twigs. How pleased we were to be given one and what pleasure they gave us. How happy we were with the simple things of life.

My father hadn't been home long from the war when he was very ill with scarlet fever. I think it was the summer of 1920. At that time we had an outside scullery so a bed was put up for him and he had to spend six weeks isolation out there and all his bed clothes and bedding had to be fumigated and I remember we had all sorts of little tin lamps all over the place. I have forgotten what was burned in them, but they evidently did their work as none of us caught the dreaded disease.

I was never very keen on fireworks since one fell near my legs. I remember walking to Petworth, with the ever faithful storm lantern, where quite a large bonfire had been built in a field at the top of Shimmings Hill. Fireworks were going off all over the place, and it was very cold and foggy. I was glad when it was all over and we were on our way home. There was always such a welcome going indoors with the warmth of the kitchen range to welcome us, a boiling kettle on the hob and nearly always a lovely saucepan of soup on the side. We used to make toast in front of the fire and if we rested the bread too near the bars of the fire, we had toast with stripes on it. How we enjoyed dripping toast, especially the brown jelly at the bottom of the basin. I don't think our modern kitchens ever smell as good as the old fashioned ones or is this the imagination of a child's mind?

Years ago we had funny little gadgets in our kitchen, pot menders, they were a penny each. Our kettles were made of tin and sometimes sprung a leak from a tiny hole. The pot mender was a screw with two small circles of tin attached to it. The screw was inserted in the hole in the kettle - one metal ring on the outside and the other on the inside. The screw was screwed in tightly and the kettle lasted for quite a few more weeks.

Another gadget was a soap saver. It had a long handle with a tiny wire fixed at the end of it with an opening in the middle. All the odds and ends of soap were put in this little container and then it was swished round and round in the washing up water. Needless to say, some of our crockery used to smell of Lifebuoy soap. A most unwholesome device was pulled from a small container by a piece of string. It was about a foot in length and used to be hung in the kitchen. Hundreds of flies used to stick on it and it used to put me off my food when I watched the dying flies struggling on it.

We had long bars of yellow soap which my mother cut off in squares - it was always dried by the stove so that it lasted longer. Lifebuoy soap was very popular and I used to love the lovely clean smell of it. Our hearthstone was a piece of chalk which my mother picked up in a chalky field. The kitchen range had to be black-leaded and the flues cleared. The flue cleaner was an iron gadget with a hook on the end - this was inserted in various slits of the range and soot was pulled or raked out. What a dirty job that was.

A very funny accident befell my brother whilst drinking from a bottle of lemonade. In other days, the bottles were green and each one had a large glass marble inside (no doubt those people remember them). His tongue and bottom lip got stuck inside the neck of the bottle and in no way was Mum able to get him unstuck. He was unable to cry as his tongue was not in use, but he made funny grumbling noises. We then walked to our doctor's surgery in Petworth a mile away with Mum hanging onto the bottle and me giggling all the way. Our doctor wrapped the main part in a towel and then pulled it sharply and my brother's tongue came out with a pop. I then felt sorry for him as his tongue was very swollen and sore, a quite happy ending to a tale of woe.

The first time I ever saw a gramophone it terrified me. It was a box like instrument with an enormous green and gold horn attached to it. An outside handle was wound, the record put on and so the music started. The noise horrified me (I was about four at the time and I thought someone's head had been chopped off and stuffed in this enormous ear trumpet). It was ages before I accepted a gramophone.

Somewhen about the age of ten I was told about "The facts of life". A much older girl than me told me that babies leapt out of your belly button and for ages, whilst having my bath on a Saturday, I was frightened to put my belly button under the water in case a baby came out of it and drowned. After a while I forgot about my "sex lesson".

A scooter was a favourite toy. My mother was only able to afford a cheap one made of wood with small wooden wheels. They, the wheels, had worn to the shape of a rugby ball and therefore it was difficult to scoot on it. I envied my friend who had a wonderful scooter. It had proper wheels and a most wonderful horn, and it also had a pedal. I was green with envy and asked Mum to buy me one. She answered "Winnie is an only child so her Mummy can afford it". For ages I prayed to Jesus every night "Please Jesus, make me an only child so that I can have a scooter like my friend." Jesus failed to answer my prayer, no doubt I forgave him.

We went to lovely Christmas parties given by Lady Leconfield at Petworth House. We first of all assembled in the Audit Room, a very large room just inside the Church Lodge. I always had a beautiful "new" dress made from jumble sale bargains. We were given a most wonderful tea in the North Gallery. I believe I am correct in that this Gallery housed some wonderful nude marble statues and Mum always told my brother and I "not to snigger at the statues' privates". Of course we kiddies used to go into helpless fits of laughter. The table was spread with all kinds of goodies, all enjoyed more than usual owing to the lean war years. After tea, we all marched back to the Audit Room where we met Father Christmas and were all given lovely toys or books. We then played all kinds of games - musical chairs, blind man's bluff, oranges and lemons etc. etc. We also danced the Sir Roger de Coverley and The Gallop. Lady Leconfield danced the latter with me and I loved every minute of it and was a very happy little girl. A number of children were there with their Nannies and everyone mixed with everybody else. There seemed to be no class distinction. After the party was over, we were all given an orange and an apple, the latter being a Blenheim, a favourite eating apple of that time. They were delicious but we never see them now. We arrived home two very happy and contented children. I've forgotten to mention that the Christmas Party was given for the tenants' children and mothers, there must have been well over 200 of us.

I remember we were talking one day in the school playground, four little girls about 10 years of age. One little girl told us that Winnie, an older girl, had told her that when we were older we would all have to start wearing nappies again. I was most indignant answering that my Mum said I was "clean" at a year old and only babies wore nappies - oh, the innocence of youth.

Sometime in 1921, my father had all his teeth out. It was a Saturday morning and he had to walk to Petworth to the dentist, I believe a Mr. Hollingdale, who at that time was over the premises which in later years was either rented or owned by the Southdown Bus Company. We met Dad on his way home and on our arrival, after a mouth wash, Mum gave him a cup of tea and we children were told to keep quiet. Dentures were very ugly in those days, enormous teeth fixed to a very dark red thick plate. I know it took Dad ages to get used to them.

Reverting back to Tillington Church, I remember we used to sing the hymn "Can a Woman's Tender Care Cease to Love the Child She Bear". I used to look at my Mother and hoped she wouldn't have a "She Bear" instead of a baby - how worrying life was at times.

The summer of 1921 was very dry and our water pump at the top of the garden had dried up so we had to walk across a large field to another pump which the stable hands used to water the horses. We children hated to drink the water as it had all sorts of creepy crawlies in it. I remember Mum used to strain it through a muslin. We were all pleased when we were able to once again use our "proper pump".

During 1920, it was the fashion for ladies to wear veils over their faces and my Mother wore a black hat and somehow or other fixed a veil across the hat so that it enveloped the whole of her face. She used to fasten it by drawing it together and fastening it under the chin so that the knot reminded me of an enormous blowfly. When I first saw this latest fashion, I thought Mum was going to take a swarm of bees, but thought instead of wearing a large white hat with a white net enveloping it, she had decided on a black one. What an odd little girl I used to be.

My prayers were always odd and numerous. We used to call our privates 'peaker'. I remember praying "Please God let me have a 'peaker' like Frankies because then I won't have to undo my drawers. My knickers, at that time, had a flap which used to be undone by umpteen buttons. How I used to struggle with my toilet. In time I realised that my prayers were not to be answered so had to be content with buttons and that with which the Lord had endowed me.

I hated geography and could never find London on the map, so my prayer was, "Please God, let me find London on the map when Mr. Brown picks on me." During the lessons the next morning, Mr. Brown gave me the dreaded map pole (a long arrangement with a hook on the end), shouted at me, frightened the life out of me and asked me to find London. I shook with fear, the map pole jumped and landed on London. If ever a prayer was answered that one was. For quite a long time afterwards I was friendly with the Lord. Forever after I knew where to find London.

My mother was a most wonderful cook and we always seemed to have an enjoyable meal. She seemed to dish up a marvellous meal starting from almost nothing. We used to

have a most marvellous 'bone stew', starting from two pennyworth of bones from the butcher, then all kinds of vegetables were added with water to cover the bones. This was stood on the hob to simmer and simmer. Flour and water were added to the stew each day so that a bowlful was always available. When allowed to get cold, this mixture would set in a very thick jelly - there must have been lots of goodness in it.

Mum always used to make enough jam, pickles and boiled fruit to last us from one season to another. We often hear the expression 'good old days'. Were they for the parents of my generation? My parents always working. My mother used to be always cooking, washing, sewing and knitting, and my father was always cutting up wood, gardening, shooting, ferreting, and snobbing (he mended the family shoes). I remember my father used to buy pieces of leather which were soaked in bowls of water to make it more supple. Dad called shoe mending 'snobbing' and if it so happened that a pair of shoes had to be taken to the boot mender, he would ask for them to be taken to the 'snobs'. I can still see Dad when he had a session of 'snobbing'. In the summer he did his work outside and in the winter he snobbed in an outhouse with our storm lantern nearby. He used to rest a three legged contraption, (like the map of the Isle of Man) in between his legs and with his mouth full of brads he would start his work. First of all he would cut an oblong of leather to fit a boot or shoe, then he would start hammering it (the leather) and roughly tack it on the sole. He would then cut the leather to shape with a very sharp knife. This was nailed round the edge of the sole and near the instep, then the leather was tapered down. Heels were often rubbered or, if leathered, two blakeys (kidney shaped nails) were hammered in the outside corner of the heel to take off the tread. Often a Blakey was hammered into the toe of the boot or shoe for the same purpose. All tiny pieces of leather were saved for patching. I've forgotten to mention that the three legged contraption had a tiny foot for children, a medium for ladies and a large one for men. However, my parents seemed to find the time to play snakes and ladders, ludo, draughts, and all the innumerable card games. My brother and I were happy, well fed, and clothed due to the hard work of my parents. Some of the children I went to school with were undernourished, covered in sores, lousy headed and ragged due, I think, to the fathers spending most of their wages in the pub. There was no dole in those days. I believe we were alright working on the estate, but to be unemployed in those days meant 'going on the parish'. Building workers were especially hard hit as they received no payment during bad weather. So really, when were 'the good old days'?

When I look back, ironing must have been an awful chore for the housewives. My mother always used three irons, two large and one small one with a pointed end. This was used for 'goffering' - putting little crinkles in frills etc. Mum always used one for the tops of my 'pinnies'. Irons were always kept on the hob so that a warm iron was always available and before using an iron my mother always rubbed the bottom with soap. (I can still smell that sizzling smell now). The soap in turn was rubbed off with a very thick pad, thus making a very smooth surface which made ironing much easier. All cottages had an iron holder hanging by the side of the hob on the wall with a pincushion. I used to make iron holders when a very small girl. They were made of old blankets etc. and were blanket stitched round, usually about a six inch square with a loop fixed on one corner to hang them up. Later on,

a 'slipper' was invented. It fastened on the bottom of the iron and was made of shiny tin. It used to be stood upright on the hob so that it was hot when fixed on the iron. It was a very clean implement and saved all the soap rubbing and polishing - I so miss that smell of hot sizzling soap.

There were no street lamps during my childhood so that when we walked home in the darkness, we saw many shooting stars. My mother used to tell me that the stars were babies coming down from heaven. I used to rush home and look in all the beds - again I was a very disillusioned little girl.

We children took many risks in those far off days. We used to chase after carts, hang on to the tailboards and fix our legs to a long bar hanging underneath the cart - we were literally hanging on in mid air.

Mrs K. Vigar (to be continued).

Giving Petworth a sense of its continuing existence

Extracts from the Minutes of the Annual General Meeting, 7th May, 1998 (unconfirmed)

Mr. Peter Jerrome (Chairman) welcomed 66 members.....

In presenting the Balance Sheet and Statement of Accounts, Mr. P. Hounsham (Hon. Treasurer) explained that the increase in reserves was due to higher interest and winning three prizes in the Magazine printer's raffles. The new format was to satisfy the Charity Commissioners and he was grateful to the Hon. Auditor, Mr. Tim. Wardle, for his help in adopting the changes. The purchase of a projector and screen meant that the Society would no longer need to borrow members' equipment. There were about 700 subscribing members, of whom around 300 received Magazines by post. The Chairman added that, as many subscriptions covered couples, the actual membership must total over 1000. He thanked Mr. Hounsham for efficiently carrying out an onerous task, made more difficult by the minority of members who were slow to renew by annual subscription.....

The Chairman reported the resignation during the past year of Mrs. Julia Edwards, due to other commitments. A long-standing member, she had been responsible for maintaining the Society's scrapbooks, a task now undertaken by Mrs. Pearl Godsmark. Mr. David Sneller had also resigned as he had moved out of the area. He was a founder-member of the Society and had been instrumental in recruiting the Chairman as well as initiating the Society's role

in reinstating Petworth's annual Fair Day. Mr. Andrew Henderson and Mr. Graham Whittington had been co-opted in their places, although the latter had withdrawn from active participation temporarily due to the illness of his daughter. The Committee was re-elected en bloc.

Chairman's Report. Mr. Jerrome said that the Society existed for the enjoyment of its members. The hard-working Committee organised a programme of such variety with such good support from members that it was clear that the aim was being achieved. Members could make choices without feeling that their absence would let the side down. Monthly meetings had been most successful, with a good mix of speakers and entertainment which he hoped to continue during the coming year. Help with refreshments would be appreciated. Good speakers, such as Ron. Smith and others he had been able to book, seemed to be a little less plentiful than formerly. Walks attracted on average 30-35 members. The Fair was an important Petworth tradition which had to be approached on an annual basis. The Magazine was the vital link with postal members. The Society maintained its interest in the Cottage Museum and the Leconfield Hall, for which National Lottery funding had been granted towards alterations necessary to bring it up to safety standards. Mr. Keith Thompson, Vice-Chairman, felt that it was important to record the award of the M.B.E. to the Chairman for, according to the citation, "services to the Petworth Society", but everyone knew that his influence extended well beyond that. The Chairman said that he regarded the award as a representative gesture and an honour to the Society. He concluded by showing slides of the Society's activities throughout the year: walks around Stag Park, the Town gardens, Kithurst Hill, the Rother Valley and Lodsworth, and the events of the day of the M.B.E. presentation. He hoped the Society would continue to give Petworth a feeling of its continuing existence, its present shaped by its past and its future by the present.

After refreshments. Peter had fifty slides illustrating the life and work of George Garland up to the 1920s, many of them new to members. Those of us who remembered the 1st Garland Memorial Lecture, given by Peter, or read his accounts in Magazines 71 and 75 were reminded of the circumstances and events in Garland's early life and indeed the remarkable twist of fate which contributed to the development of the complex character and career of the man whose perception of change and the talent to record everyday life in words and pictures was to a large extent, unrecognised in his time and only recently has been acknowledged. We now know what Petworth would have lost had Garland's emigration to South Africa not been frustrated by the death of the uncle who was about to sponsor him and can only wonder what South Africa would have gained.

KCT

New Members and Rejoining (not alphabetical)

Mr and Mrs M. Carver	Hilliers Lodge, Horsham Road, Petworth GU28 0HB.
Mr M. Sayers Miss Hemmings	The French Room, High Street, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs P. May	49 Marleycombe Road, Camelsdale, Haslemere GU27 3SN.
Mrs J. Wood	24 Madeline Road, Petersfield, Hampshire GU31 4AL.
Miss V. Benham	5 The Gardens, Fittleworth, Pulborough RH20.
Miss J. Dover	The Curries, East Street, Petworth.
Mrs E.A. Drake	527 Upperton, Petworth, GU28 9BG.
Mr and Mrs A.R. Clew	81 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs R.W. Muir	The Old Rectory, Petworth GU28 0DB.
Mrs E. Rowland	54 Greatpin Croft, Fittleworth, Pulborough RH20.
Mrs W.J. James	Church Cottage, Damers Bridge, Petworth GU28 0AW.
Mr N. Simms	Tolland Cottage, Kirdford, Billingshurst RH14 0NJ.
Mr and Mrs N.J. Smith	61 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth GU28 0BX.
Mr and Mrs Carr	Ivy Cottage, Balls Cross, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs P. Herrington	38 Wyndham Road, Petworth GU28 0EQ.
Mr M. Gosland	Horseshoe Cottage, Upperton, Petworth.
Prov. P. Foley	5752E Eighth Street, Tucson, Arizona, A285711, USA.
Mr J.M.A. Booth	Rose Cottage, 310 North Street, Petworth.
Manor P.I.C. Payne	Whitehall, Old Cleeve, Minehead, Somerset TA24 6HU.
Mr and Mrs J. Bates	Avenings, Golden Square, Petworth GU28 0AP.
Mrs H. Bourne	11 Littlecote, Petworth GU28 0EF.
Mr A.E.J. Sanders	Malthouse Cottage, Kirdford, Billingshurst RH14 0LU.
Miss S. Bojanowski	43 East Ham Road, Littlehampton BN17 7AP.
Mr and Mrs Denny	5 North Street, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs Beard	PO Box 473, Mendocino, California 9546Q, USA.

