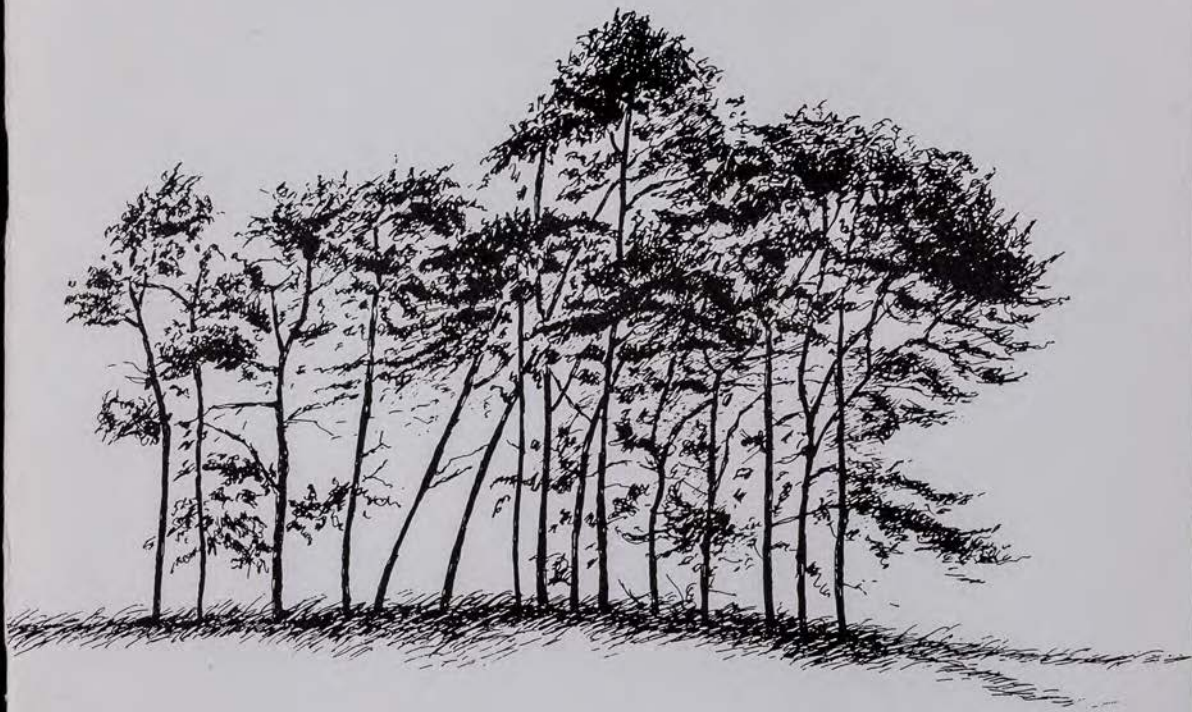


Petworth Park Frindley  
Society seeks a Doctor



NO. 100. JUNE 2000.

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS £2.25

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY  
*magazine*

We at  
**MIDHURST AND PETWORTH PRINTERS**  
**CONGRATULATE**

The Chairman, Officers and Members of  
**THE PETWORTH SOCIETY**  
on the publication of the

**100TH**  
**ISSUE OF THEIR QUARTERLY MAGAZINE**

spanning the years

**1974 — 2000**

and we are delighted to have printed the  
whole century of magazines since its inception.

We would, also, like to thank the Society for  
placing their confidence in our Firm and for  
their loyalty and friendliness in making their  
greatly appreciated business association with  
us such a success.

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Cover drawing by Jonathan Newdick.

It shows the "Sugar Knob" at the Gog prior to the 1987 storm.

Cover design by Jonathan Newdick.

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THE PETWORTH SOCIETY SUPPORTS THE  
LECONFIELD HALL  
PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM  
AND THE PETWORTH PARISH MAP.



SUMMER PROGRAMME. Please keep for reference.

\* PETWORTH SOCIETY 2000 EXHIBITION

SATURDAY 24th JUNE 10 - 4.30

SUNDAY 25th JUNE 11 - 4.30

LECONFIELD HALL both floors

Photographs, video, maps, old magazines, displays of all kinds. Tombola, book stall. Admission 50p. We do need helpers.

We really do need any books or tombola prizes, or cash so that we can buy in. Please telephone Peter (342562) or Miles (343227) and we will collect.

\*\* Subscriptions. We do need these in now. The few members in arrears will receive only a reminder form in September — no Magazine until subscription is paid. To facilitate local payment we will have a presence in the Leconfield Hall 10 to 11.30 on Monday 12th June and Wednesday 21st June.

Walks. Leave Petworth Car Park at 2.15 p.m.

SUNDAY 18th June

Anne's Garden walk

SUNDAY 23rd July

Audrey's mid-summer walk

SUNDAY 27th August

Steve and Miles' late summer walk

Make a note:

Saturday September 30th Leconfield Hall

The Music Makers: "Songs for a summer evening" — the 1930s and 1940s

Tuesday October 10th Leconfield Hall

Bill and Louie Taylor: "An Elizabethan Manor House"

[The Garland Memorial Lecture].

Available: *A Petworth Bibliography* by Miles Costello nominal £5. Available at Society events or direct from the author at 38 Hampers Green, Petworth GU28 9NW.

Millennium video see main Magazine.

**New Member Form** (Please pass to a friend)

I/We\* .....

of .....

Postal Code ..... enclose my subscription for 2000 - 2001 £ .....

\* £8 delivered locally / £9 posted. This form should be sent to Mr A. Henderson, 62 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth, GU28 0BX.

\* Delete as appropriate.

PLEASE NOTE:

ART EXHIBITION:

JAN RODDICK

SATURDAY AUGUST 19th to WEDNESDAY AUGUST 30th

Excluding August 24th 1.00pm to 5pm daily at Petworth House

Water-Colours, Mixed Media, Drawings, Prints & Postcards. Local Sussex Scenes, Still Life, Flowers.

Peter.

## 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 £8.00. Single or double one Magazine delivered. Postal £9.00 overseas £10.00. 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 A. Henderson, 62 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth (Tel. 343792) GU28 0BX

### *Hon. Magazine Secretary*

Mrs B. Hodson, 56 Wyndham Road, Petworth GU28 0EQ

### *Committee*

Mr Stephen Boakes, Mr Miles Costello, Lord Egremont, Mr Ian Godsmark,  
Mrs Audrey Grimwood, Mr Philip Hounsham, Mrs Anne Simmons, Mrs Ros Staker,  
Mr J. Taylor, Mrs Deborah Stevenson, Mrs Linda Wort

### *Magazine distributors*

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

### *Society Scrapbook*

Mrs Pearl Godsmark

For this Magazine on tape please contact Mr Thompson.

### *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

*I have sometimes wondered over the years what I would write if we ever reached issue 100. Well, here it is and, of course, I'm not going to say much at all. It's very much business as usual. The Magazine has no declared purpose; we can only write to interest a certain, very mixed, readership. No doubt we are more successful on some occasions than on others. Certainly each issue has a distinct character: this one has a quite different feel as compared with 99. 101 will no doubt be different again.*

*I would draw your attention to the Society's open weekend on both floors of the Leconfield Hall on June 24th and 25th, Saturday and Sunday. We are looking to interest both members and non-members — perhaps even find a few new members. A Society such as this one needs always to grow: to stand still is effectively to fall back. Obviously we need to recoup our expenses and will make a charge for admission. There may be a tombola, but we certainly hope also to have a second hand book stall. If any members have books that we could sell and are prepared to give them to us please contact either Peter (342562) or Miles (343227). We would be prepared to collect.*

*A lot of activity on Miles' Petworth Society Internet site. We are delighted to welcome Mrs Sarah Sapsford of Latchingdon in Essex as our first "Internet" member.*

*In recognition of their continuing link with this Magazine, Midhurst and Petworth Printers have kindly sponsored an additional four pages for this centenary issue. We are very grateful for their care, courtesy and attention to detail over a period of twenty-five years. They have, of course, provided all our Magazines.*

Peter 23rd April

## Name Index Magazine Issues 1 - 90

I reviewed Miles Costello's Select Bibliography in the last issue. He has also available a complete Personal and Place Name Index to Magazine Issues 1 - 90. I find it absolutely invaluable and reproduce elsewhere in the Magazine a specimen page. It is **not** a subject index of which we have a copy for Issues 1 - 66 only.

If you would like a copy please contact Miles Costello at 38 Hampers Green and discuss it with him.

Peter

## Announcement

### Northchapel - A Parish History

by Pamela Bruce

Illustrations by Denise Lunn

Copies will be available from 24th June. Available from Callingham's Antique Shop and Northchapel Stores. Also available from Chairman of the Parish Council (01428 - 707662) or the author (707202). Local bookshops will also have copies. Paperback price £9.50. It will be reviewed in the September Magazine.

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## Sussex links with Canada - an exhibition on the Petworth Emigration Scheme

In the 1830s, over 1000 people were sent out from Sussex to Canada under an emigration scheme centred on Petworth, and established under the auspices of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Earl of Egremont. A major research project has been undertaken on the scheme and the emigrants, with researchers working in England and Canada for the last 12 years. An account of the scheme, and an edition of letters from the emigrants, are being published in Canada and England in October this year.

To mark the publication, an exhibition is being staged on the Petworth Emigration Scheme. It will show what life was like for the labouring classes in England in the 1830s, and the reasons for the interest in emigration. It will explain the methods used by the administrators of the emigration scheme to persuade people to go. It will give details of the organisation of the emigration, and of some of the voyages. With the help of Canadian sources, it will also show the state of the country to which they were sent, and the fate of some of the emigrants and their descendants.

The exhibition will be staged in the Exhibition Room at Petworth House during normal house opening times from Saturday 21 October 2000 until the House closes to the public on 1 November.

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## 'A Year of Events in Petworth'

This video is Pearl and Ian Godsmark's record of Petworth in 1999 and an answer to those who say that nothing happens here: two hours of the routine, as well as the special, happenings

involving organisations, committees, councils, the community and individuals. It was to be expected that the Society should feature strongly, for our film-makers are strongly committed to all its activities. This not only emphasised the influence it has on the life of the town, but prompted the thought that so much more goes on which was not covered.

As well as the annual events such as the Palm Sunday procession, the Craft Fair, Kite Festival and concerts in the Park, Petworth Festival, Remembrance Sunday and Fair Day, there were the special occasions - the Society's Silver Jubilee and the Millennium celebrations at the New Year. There were nice surprises, too - Petworth viewed from the air as Ian enjoyed his birthday helicopter flight, the hidden gardens of the High Street and Petworth from top to bottom: views from the roof of Petworth House and fascinating glimpses of the water storage tanks beneath the Leconfield Hall. The value of such records appreciates as time goes by. Who can guess what future generations will make of the deliberations of the Millennium Committee?

The locals crowded into the refurbished hall found themselves strangely surprised by the shots of its interior early in the year, finding that memories quickly fade in the light of the improvements. The video-projectors also, filling the large screen, contrasted favourably with our earlier efforts using two ordinary TV sets on either side of the stage (binoculars not provided!).

At the end of an entertaining and enjoyable evening, most in the audience had seen themselves as others see them, although their reactions to the experience varied!

KCT

If you would like a copy of the video, please order from Mr and Mrs Godsmark at 40 Martlet Road, Petworth. Cost is £15. If posting add £1. Cheques payable to P. Godsmark. No profit accrues either to Mr and Mrs Godsmark or to the Society, tapes are sold at cost.

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## 'So easy to remember'

Joann Creed gave us a 'special' evening of nostalgia - lots of songs, with reminiscences of an audition with Ivor Novello, teaching in Malaysia and, at the age of 75, continuing to tour with her programme 'So easy to remember'.

It was also a welcome return for her accompanist, Graham Rix, who had previously delighted us as a member of 'Three's Company'. He performed the well-known 'Fantaisie Impromptu' and three waltzes by Chopin and the Liszt Concert Study in D as solo piano pieces as well as accompanying Jonathan ('Sound Engineer') White in his surprise transformation into the baritone soloist with song from 'Camelot' and later, for a duet with Joann from Mozart's 'Marriage of Figaro'. Indeed, it was in the operatic arias that Joann was at her strongest and most confident.

Her songs brought back memories of Deanna Durbin, Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence, Ivor Novello, George and Ira Gershwin, Haydn Wood and Johann Strauss and

others by less well-known composers such as 'The last rose of summer' and 'The lights of home'.

Certainly, an evening 'so easy to remember'.

KCT

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## Nigel's Spring Spree 16th March

We have learned over the years to be fairly impervious to weather forecasts, but this one was grim even for the Society. Thunder and heavy rain predicted. Louring black clouds and occasional Car Park spots of rain compounded a bleak message ... we were going to get very wet indeed. Better if we'd gone in the morning but of course you can never switch times. David thought we would be alright and as a prophet received the meed of all prophets - if perhaps a little more politely. Rain again as we drove along the Northchapel road, then clear by Limbo and still fine at Northchapel itself. Down the track past Hortons Farm then left into Wet Wood, aptly named today with its deep clay ruts and puddles. Out of the wood and looking across to Frith Hill on higher ground. Primroses in the verge, daffodils in the occasional cottage garden. Blackthorn full white in the hedgerow, even a sparse bluebell or two, Hortons by this time diagonally to the left across the fields. Easter's late this year.

We cross Pipers Lane and go on toward the Frith. Cow parsley in an early season and wood anemone. There's extensive coppicing at Frith. Foxgloves growing powerfully where the tree cover has gone. A hint of crown imperial glimpsed mauve over a brick wall at Frith Hill, naturalised in long grass. Then plunging down into the Frith woods, still very bare. Climbing a hill then waiting for Toby's white form to materialise over the scarp. Into a field, the stalks of rape seem surprisingly fat, almost like cow cabbage.

Walkers discuss these Magazine notes. Double value really, you can go on a Society walk then read about it here and find it bears no relation whatsoever to the walk you've just been on. In effect you get two walks for one. Logically anyone could use the account in their Magazine, rather as certain material is distributed to be used in Parish Magazines. I let such barbed comment pass without saying anything and try to uphold a certain dignity.

Down the side of a field. Shonks Farm away to the left. The Village Hall in front. The weather? No problem at all. David had been right. A hint of bonfire smoke in the air, someone thinks of a grass fire when the fire is almost exhausted and just a wisp of smoke folds into the summer air. Celandine by the Village Hall have already shut up shop. What a good start to a new season.

Peter

## Re Magazine 99

1) *Mr Ron Hazelman writes:*

The drawing on the front of the current Magazine showing trees on the Sugar Knob prompts me to say that when I was eight or nine which would be 1925-6, there were no trees at the Sugar Knob then. They must have been planted after 1926. Jonathan Newdick's drawing is a very good one indeed.

I was a boy scout with Mr Stevenson, the headmaster at the Boys School as scoutmaster. The Scout Headquarters at that time was in part of the loft over the stables at New Grove. I have always admired the effort Mr Stevenson used to put in to make things interesting for the Scouts. On a Saturday we used to go up to the Gog by way of the Sugar Knob. Mr Stevenson would buy a large bag of sweets and sometime before we went up there he went up and hid the sweets in a bank or in the roots of a tree. Then he laid a very inconspicuous trail a fair distance, half a mile or so from the sweets. The final test of the day would be to find the sweets. After that he'd make a billycan of tea. A three or four inch stick was always put in the can. For what? To stop the tea tasting of smoke. We all had a mug of tea before returning home.

2) *Re The Warrior Pine Wood Mrs Margaret Thimbleby writes:*

Heath End where we were brought up is on the Sandy Ridge which goes right across Sussex, a very narrow ridge. When I was a child the sandpit was at the top of a hill. As children we would walk along two paths past where the council houses now are. They were not built at this time. Now, in fact, there is only the one path.

Walking down there was a sort of crossroads with four other paths and in one corner was quite a pile of sawdust mixed up with sand, nice to jump on as children. Father told us this was where the land girls had cut up the pines for French props. New pines had had to be planted in their place. I think many of them were blown down in 1987. Three of the paths lead on to the Graffham Road, one has been destroyed by the sandpit. We did not know this as Cooper's Moor: we just called the hill "Mount Noddy" and the wood "The Copse".

Phyll Sadler's article also interested me. Pellett's hardware in New Street was run by my sister Sue's sister-in-law. When I started at Petworth Infants School in the 1920s Mr Mullins brought me up from Heath End in the Morais' pony and trap, followed later by a "landaulette". Sometimes Mr Mullins picked up a "chappie" from the train who sat up beside him carrying various contraptions. When he got down in the Square he placed a piece of material on his cap then a long wooden try which he filled with muffins and proceeded to sell his wares, bell in hand.

*Editor's note*

George Aitchison who wrote *The Warrior Pine Wood* died in 1954. There is an obituary in the *Sussex County Magazine* Volume 28 pages 303-4. Basically a journalist, Aitchison was with the *Brighton and Hove Herald* of which he became Editor. Two fine Sussex books are by him. *Unknown Brighton* (1926) and *Sussex* (1937) with illustrations by Wilfrid Ball. Latterly Aitchison lived in Hove but for some years had a house at Graffham. Does anyone remember him at Graffham or hear anyone speak of him?

P.

## Two local stones

In the paving of the Old Granary shopping precinct in Petworth, outside the greengrocer's, opposite Sue Ryder's, is a small stone with a string of letters incised resembling those on early nineteenth century tombstones. It is of local tombstone material, and has room for seven lines of inscription. It appears to be the equivalent of a school slate for a monumental mason's apprentice to practise his letters. It runs thus:

S A C R E D P      As you see, it tails off: had he grown bored or was his  
D I A B C D E F      work then accepted as good enough?  
G H

Such a stone may well be unique; I have never seen another such. It deserves its place in Petworth's records.

o

In Petworth Park's wall, opposite Tillington House's stables, is an incised block of limestone or similar, now cracked, marked "Mr / William Mills / 1778". The writing is in lower-case. The stone measures roughly 15" by 9", and is about 4½ft. high in the wall, so that the average 18th century passer-by could read it. Presumably Mr William Mills oversaw the building of this section of the wall then. Dated stones with people's names on park-walls are unusual. Mills is a local surname. "Mr" implies that he was a master craftsman or local farmer.

Jeremy Godwin

## The Petworth Parish Map

West Sussex County Council is promoting the parish map scheme initiated by the educational charity Common Ground. The idea is to show a millennium 'snapshot' of the parish, warts and all.

The community is encouraged to suggest aspects of the parish which might be shown on the map, so

*suggestions would be welcomed  
by the Map Committee  
by writing to, or telephoning  
Lewis or Jacqueline Golden  
Little Leith Gate  
Angel Street  
Petworth GU28 0BG  
01798 342320*

All suggestions received will be carefully considered by the map committee.

## Deborah's Petworth Crossword

### Petworth Crossword Across

7 This infamous plot resulted in the Wizard's spell in the Tower (9)

8 I hear this is the way things used to be done on the old Petworth Estate (5)

10 Countrywide - an organisation one can trust to look after historic buildings etc. (8)

11 A refreshing room now - where the Estate accounts were settled! (5)

12 Elizabeth Percy's short-lived first lord - one with an eye for the ladies? (4)

14, 21 & 20 down Once a heavenly sight for thirsty customers in Market Square, and a nova which shines a welcoming light there today! (4,4) and (3,4,3)

17 Those in desperate need, who might have had to resort to the workhouse (7)

19 Superbly gifted craftsman, who lived temporarily at 22 across (7)

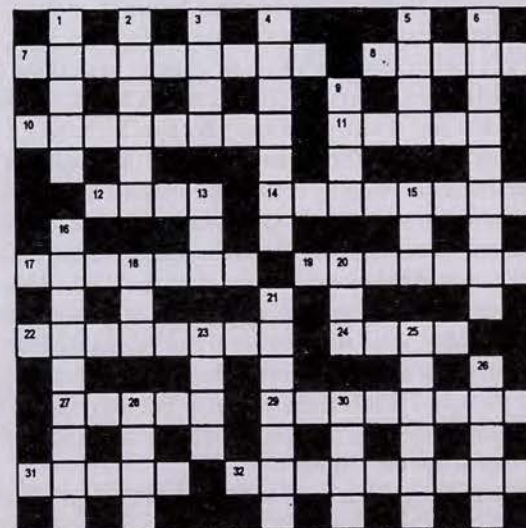
22 Eve's wrong about that large house on the edge of town (3,5)

24 Armed force commanded by the 10th Earl of Northumberland (4)

27 Neither one place nor the other, to the north of the town (5)

29 Almshouse named after the Proud Duke (8)

31 Poet, artist and engraver, greatly admired by the 3rd Earl's wife, some of whose works hang in the House (5)



32 Enjoy all the fun of Mr. Harris's on November 20th! (4,5)

Earl of Northumberland was killed by one (3)

16 Artist whom the 10th Earl of Northumberland commissioned to paint "The Younger Children of Charles I" (5,4)

18 Area between Bedham and Shimmings, also one of two guardians of the gates! (3)

20 & 21 See 14 across

23 Confused old English old boy might be found playing in 5 down (4)

25, 30 and 2 down A healing site for sore eyes! (6,4,6)

26 Victorious, dance around - have a jolly good time (5)

28 Yankee Ayling's famous donkey for instance, as referred to in the Sussex dialect (4)

30 See 25 down

### Down

1 William Cobbett's rides through Petworth and other country places (5)

2 See 25 down

3 Ex-inn and posting house, with ornithological connections (4)

4 Like the long-lived 3rd Earl - hale and somewhat hearty! (7)

5 Come listen to it - playing a leading role in most Petworth events (4)

6 They heralded the arrival of mail coaches (4-5)

9 Initials scratched in stone are all that remain of it (4)

13 Lend one to 5 down (3)

15 Disorderly rabble - the 4th

Answers to Deborah's crossword in Magazine 101.

## The Chelsea Day Nursery (1)

"Lady Melchett's Nursery school was in Chelsea Main Street and essentially a charitable trust, Chelsea in those days not being a notably prosperous area. In the summer of 1939 I was in training as a children's nurse which would lead to working either as a children's nanny or in some related branch of nursing. The school at Chelsea had three sections and trainees worked in turn on each one. There was a small hospital for babies, a section for nursing mothers who were finding feeding difficult, and a creche. The uniform was mauve with a short purple cloak, qualification bringing certain refinements to the basic uniform. Initially it was the creche children only who came to Petworth although they would be followed by the babies, and I was one of the advance party, the journey being made in red London double decker buses. War was in the air but had yet to be declared. It would be late August 1939. There was a general feeling of inevitability. In those early days it was, I am sure, one of the Melchett trustees, Mrs May, who was in overall charge, not the matron. I remember quite distinctly sitting in Mrs May's sitting-room and hearing Mr Chamberlain giving the announcement of war over the radio. It seems dreadful now but the response to his words was a terrific surge of excitement - remember that this crisis had gone on so long that initial feelings were almost of relief that at last the waiting was over.

We had brought our cook with us from Chelsea but the almost immediate imposition of butter rationing was very much a sign of things to come. Everyone had their weekly supply of pats marked by little flags with their name. I think that from the beginning I felt my stay in Petworth would be a short one and that I would never complete the course. For the moment, however, I was there and prepared to do whatever was needed.

We were lodged in the Servants' Block and it was soon apparent that the stone floors were playing havoc with the children, all, remember, under five. Our charges were a little on the unruly side at the best of times, and the stone floors gave them all a dose of diarrhoea. Unruly children and diarrhoea is not the best of combinations. I remember spending hours cleaning diarrhoea from statues in the Audit Room and having only cold water with which to do it. There was some hot water but it wasn't for cleaning statues. Morale was low: the students didn't feel the senior staff were pulling their weight and the children weren't easy. We saw some parents from time to time, others not at all. Six of us trainees shared a dormitory bedroom upstairs: one of the girls had some kind of nervous trouble and for a while kept us awake in the night with her incessant talking. Eventually she left.

Mrs May remained in charge. We had no objection to her but she was simply a supervisory trustee not a trained nurse (as far as I know). She had a daughter, I seem to remember, who was a well-known ballerina. Night duty was on a shift system, mainly involving being on hand if the children woke up during the night. For this we'd come down through the tunnel from the main house where we slept. It was eerie but there was one great consolation. All the milk was kept down there overnight in big open vessels. We used to skim off the cream and drink it. We had an easy conscience over this because the children always spat out the skin on the custard. At this time the French chef was still in the House kitchen.

I seem to think his wife was there too. We had nothing to do with the House kitchen or with the general running of the House at all, except in so far as the footmen in their striped waistcoats used to steer their huge trays of hot food, weaving in and out of the children who were milling around them.

That autumn we took the children for walks in the Park. I don't remember barbed wire being in place then. My impression was that the children made a beeline for the muddier edges of the lake. In the House Lady Leconfield and the two adopted children would occasionally give us a hand with the children. You can imagine we had little chance to explore Petworth but we did once get to Midhurst!

M.

---

## The Chelsea Day Nursery (2)

I came to Petworth House in February 1940 with the Chelsea Day Nursery. I had trained in 1938/39 as a nurse in Chelsea and the Day Nursery was part of the Violet Melchett Training College. I came back after a year in a private post to help out. It was a fee-paying nursery that specialised in diet-related cases and mother-craft training. Many of the babies suffered from allergies and eczema and we kept a breastmilk bank and helped the nursing mothers.

There were 20 trained nurses altogether and we each had our own bedroom. We cared for between 20 and 26 babies around the clock, working in 3 shifts per day. We wore violet and check uniforms and I remember after a night shift, I would have a bath, and then go out on the roof to dry my hair.

The buildings at Petworth were not really suitable for a nursery; Chelsea had been specially built with all sorts of extras, such as small toilets and low sinks for the young children. We brought our own cook and domestic staff with us as well as all our own furniture.

The children's ages ranged from 9 months to 5 years, and there were about 45 altogether at Petworth. Under-2's were upstairs and the 2-5 year olds were downstairs. The Audit Room was the main nursery room where the children played, ate and slept, packing up the beds in the daytime. In the room next door there were 2 huge sinks and cupboards all round and we would wash the children there. There was a nursery school teacher and a big piano for music.

Our food was cooked in a small room on the west side of the Servants' Block that had a gas cooker and lots of cupboards. The food all came down from London; we very rarely used the local shops. Occasionally we would take the children on outings to town and treat them to a half-penny sticky bun. We also used to go for walks in the park and the young ones had a special area fenced off in the courtyard.

I remember fire drills at the house and the fire pump being brought out. The spout of water went up 20 feet. I volunteered to try out the harness and webbing straps in the attics of the house which let you down slowly one at a time into the park. The worst moment was edging off the windowsill: it was a long way down to the ground.



We used to make all the children's clothing from yards of seersucker. There was one lady who did all the sewing and mending and I used to help her sometimes.

When the children reached 5 they had to go to a local family who they had never met before, often leaving brothers and sisters behind in the nursery. We never saw them with their new families. I found this very hard, we would never do it now, and it was the reason why I left. I went to another nursery in Godalming as Staff Nurse.

Dorothy Cooper was talking to Diana Owen.

## The Chelsea Day Nursery (3)

For a time during the war I worked at Petworth House cooking for the Chelsea Day Nursery which had been evacuated there from London, fifty children mostly under five, housed in the Servants' Block. The House was still using the kitchen so I worked in a little room specially made next to the underground passage that leads over to the House on the left hand side of the corridor. I had just a gas cooker to work with - no electric appliances of any kind. I hadn't been with them at the beginning and my job was to cook lunch for children and staff. I didn't do breakfast or tea. Breakfast was prepared in a different little room up the passage - probably cereal - while I would try to leave something for staff supper although this wasn't technically part of my job. Vegetable pie particularly sticks in my mind - frozen food was unheard of then and meat was extremely short and rationed. Steam puddings I'd prepare and cook in the steamers in the House kitchen but that was all I did there. The kitchen people would get cross if I was late and they were waiting to clean up.

The children slept upstairs and went upstairs too for an hour in the afternoon, after which they'd go out if possible for a walk in the Park. If there was an air-raid we'd be given advance warning by telephone, then we'd all rush upstairs, tuck a child and a blanket under each arm, and take them down into the tunnel. Often by the time we got them settled the all-clear sounded. I felt sorry for the children, visiting was difficult, and we rarely saw the parents.

After a while we made a great discovery, a bathroom with running hot water that no one seemed to use or be aware of. When I last visited the House I found it still there at the top of the winding stair. We were supposed to go home and have a bath but here was constant hot water. No one ever knew about our daily bath. One other thing I remember is the large enamel bowls of milk with the cream lying on the top, straight from the farm. The children could have a milk pudding every day.

Joan Fines was talking to the Editor.



CONGRATULATIONS

on reaching your *FIRST*

CENTURY - NOT OUT

*BEST WISHES TO YOU &*

*YOUR TEAM.*

*Centennial greetings from a "well-known Horsham well-wisher."*

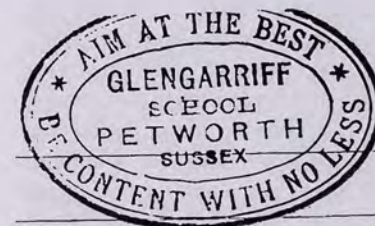


George Garland in the 1930s. A drawing by Harold Roberts.

## Day Centre Conversations (4)

For conversations 1, 2, and 3 see Magazine 98

I went to school at Madame Barry's little private academy, Glengarriff in Lombard Street, just



*Letter head for Glengarriff School in Lombard Street October 1920.*

for two or three terms. It would be just as the 1914-1918 war was ending. It soon closed down, and Brenda Knight, once a pupil there, took it over and moved to Golden Square in a room over the shops. I can't remember quite where but you could certainly look from the school room right up High Street. I have only rather vague impressions because when I was seven I was sent as a boarder to a school at Midhurst. As prominent tradespeople in the town my parents, like many others, thought this was the right thing to do, but I cannot say this was an experience I particularly enjoyed. Two years later I went on to Horsham High School as a weekly boarder, staying with people in Horsham and coming home at weekends. By this time a single-decker bus service had started to Horsham and I took my bicycle back and forth on the bus. I was still at Horsham in 1930, the year my father died, when we moved from the Market Square chemists to Angel Street. We had always hitherto lived "over the shop" at the chemists (now Lloyds) and it was indeed a large house, with a sitting room behind the shop looking out on New Street and a downstairs kitchen. Upstairs there was a bedroom over the kitchen, another over the sitting room, two more bedrooms and an upstairs sitting room. There were also four attics, one of which my father used for storage. From the attic it was possible to look right over inside the Leconfield Hall when it held such glittering occasions as Hunt or Police Balls, infrequent as they were. My mother was not a chemist so when my father died we had to get in a locum and put the business up for sale. It was bought by Mr Bowyer who already had a chemist's shop at Midhurst. He ran the two for a time before concentrating on Petworth.

Petworth, of course, was still very much a Leconfield Estate town, seeming to run with the unchanging rhythm of the Estate workers going to and fro to work. My father was on excellent terms with the Estate hierarchy and the Estate was an important client. Here too there was a rhythm, seasonal this time. When the annual rent audit came round we experienced a sharp drop in takings; people were finding their annual rent. Conversely, the farmers' audit brought people into the town and we had a noticeable rise in takings. The two audits were quite separate.

I was very young during the 1914-1919 war but I can certainly remember Armistice Day, or, more probably the day after: there were Land Girls working in the woods at Graffham and a detachment of them marched down New Street while I was sitting at the window. Traffic down New Street was virtually non-existent then, just the occasional horse and cart, so

anything passing in the road attracted attention.

Lord Leconfield occasionally came into the shop, as did Lady Leconfield who would sometimes come into the Square with her pony and trap. My father was on excellent terms with his lordship. My stepbrother Cecil, some years older than I was, used to be a great foot follower of the Hounds and once when the hunt finished on the other side of Billingshurst, Lord Leconfield sent one of his men specially to the shop to say that Cecil wouldn't be back for some time, he'd been last seen near Five Oaks. Cecil became a qualified chemist as did my other stepbrother Horace. Horace worked for Ovaltine at Kings Langley and in 1928 went out to Canada to oversee a new factory Ovaltine were building. After he left Kings Langley Cecil took over from him there.

The first bus service to Brighton came in about 1922. It was Petworth's first bus service and a very good service it was, hourly with the last bus getting in at ten past ten in the evening, the first leaving at ten minutes to eight in the morning. It was an open top double decker (see illustration Magazine 99 opposite page 32). You changed at Washington for Worthing. Connections were excellent. The bus came in, down New Street, at ten past the hour, went up to the top of the Square, then parked along the east side of the Town Hall. It stayed there until it went out again, some forty minutes later. These "open tops" had a flap hanging down from the seat on the upper deck which you could put over your knees, but otherwise there was no protection at all. The Horsham buses were a year or two later, and they ran on to Midhurst. Except for the buses the Square was, effectively, empty. Few people had cars; Mr Pitfield the solicitor had one, but he didn't use it much, occasionally to visit a client and, on Tuesday afternoons, to go to the Haslemere office.

St Mary's Church would be perhaps three-quarter full for eleven o'clock service when I was a child. For some reason I was never sent to Sunday School but was always taken to church for the eleven o'clock service. When I was very small I was taken out-before the sermon, but it wasn't long before I was expected to stay. Mr Penrose I can just picture in my mind, he left Petworth in 1919. He was extremely popular and apparently often came to have tea with my parents. It was Mr Powell, Mr Penrose's successor, who prepared me for confirmation, we went down to the Rectory for that. I liked him, and his wife was very nice too as was Mrs Penrose. My mother used to recall that Mr Penrose, who had lost his son in the War, was always very prepared to offer up prayers for other people's sons. When my father died in May 1930 I came home in July to see my mother over the move from Market Square and I started at Pitfield and Oglethorpe, the solicitors in Market Square. I would be there for 43 years.

My father was quite friendly with George Garland. I mainly connected him with wedding photographs in those days, but when he started at the Station Road Studio, his glass frame with the latest pictures was a regular feature of our Sunday family walk down Station Road, up Grove Lane and back into Petworth. The Square was always empty but, when the fire bells rang on the Town Hall, people would gather in the Market Square. Living so near, my parents would go out to discover where the fire was. It wasn't a common occurrence and the firemen would be running across the Square, Jimmy Keen buttoning up his tunic, to the engine-shed where the Red Cross Rooms are now. A horse had to be brought to drag the engine out - at least in the early days. When, in the 1920s, the Brigade first acquired a motorised engine my father was secretary and I was allowed, as a special treat, to sit up on the engine.

At the chemist's we were right in the centre of things. Every shop in the Square had living accommodation over it except, at that time, Austens. Pelletts lived over the shop next to us, but Austens was smaller then, part of it being Snooks the chemist, later John Gray. I wasn't supposed to have a friendship with Mr Snooks' daughter - after all they were competition! No doubt Mr Snooks felt the same, that was the way of tradespeople in those days. Eventually Grays moved to East Street and Austens enlarged the premises and made a flat. A caretaker lived over the solicitor's office, while the Eager family lived over the draper's. My maternal grandfather had come to Petworth as partner to old Mr Eager and the firm was originally called Eager and Lewis. As a child my father had lived in the toll house in North Street down by the Masons' Arms. Mary Martin, whose parents kept the pub, used to tell how her parents would see my father going to school and think what a sickly little boy he looked, somewhat asthmatic and rather fragile.

Twice a year we had a family treat, being taken out in a waggonette hired from Mr Henry Streeter. The waggonette was a horse-drawn vehicle with seats for two or three beside the driver and three on a bench at either side toward the back. We had two regular trips: one in spring to Bedham to see the daffodils and another in autumn to Flexham to pick blackberries. Henry Streeter didn't drive it, it was Charlie Mullins who lived over Newland Tomkins and Taylor in Lombard Street. When we went to Bedham we drove up Wakestone Lane which was very steep and the adults, six or seven of them, had to get out and walk. I was allowed to stay on board however! My father had a brother who lived in Godalming and I am told that the family went occasionally to see him using the same mode of transport. This was before my time. In the 1920s Pym Purser had her taxi service and her motor car replaced the waggonette. I liked this because Pym always joined in the picnic.

Greta Steggle was talking to the Editor

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## Day Centre Conversations (5)

My father was brought up in Duncton where the Seldon family were farmers. Every morning my grandfather would bring his pony and trap into Petworth Station with the milk churns and my father would come in with him to catch the train to Midhurst where he was a pupil at the Grammar School. At about this time my maternal grandfather, who worked as a groom for Lord Leconfield in London, came down to Petworth to work for his lordship. Before she married, my mother went to work at Coultershaw Mill bagging up flour. My father and mother married just after the close of the 1914-1918 war.

My father had been shot through the elbow in France and also hit by shrapnel. He was captured by the Germans, but was one of the very first prisoners of war to be repatriated. The two sides had a kind of gentleman's agreement that badly injured prisoners who could not be put to work could be exchanged and I think he came home before the war ended.

The first thing I can remember is living at Homedale in High Street - in those days the

stonework had a plaster rendering. Because of the severity of his injury it was arranged that my father received training in London as a hairdresser on a special short course. Whether this was a government scheme or the kindness of some benefactor I don't know. In fact, despite the injury which made one arm shorter than the other, my father did all sorts of things: he drove a tractor at Frog Farm and also Ricketts' coal lorry and he did his barbering mostly at evenings and week-ends. I suppose this suited his clients, basically working men who weren't free during the day. In practice he didn't do hairdressing during the day: people knew the times he opened and came then.

Although we moved from High Street in 1930, people still remember going there to have their hair cut: a gentleman told me only last week that he'd just been up High Street to look at where he'd had his hair cut as a boy. Cutting hair was only one aspect, much of the work was shaving and my father also did a certain amount of ladies' hairdressing. The Marcel wave was popular at the time and involved using tongs heated over a flame. No gas or electric on the premises then but there was a beautiful oil lamp in the middle of the barbers, effectively, of course, our downstairs sitting-room. I remember my father honing his razor on a strop and woe betide us if we were caught cutting paper with his hair-cutting scissors!

The house and shop cum sitting-room had only the one door, right on the street, and exactly as it is now, while the present entrance to Homedale is the old way to the back. There was a flight of stairs immediately facing you as you entered from High Street and you turned right for the barber's and our kitchen. As was usual in those days, there was no separate bathroom or bath upstairs, just a toilet, and we children had to have a bath in front of the fire in the kitchen. The problem then was that in order to go to bed we had to file through the barber's to go upstairs to bed. The men sitting waiting for shave or hair-cut liked to kiss us goodnight in turn, something of an acquired taste from our point of view I'm afraid. As children we didn't like it, but after all, the waiting men were Dad's clients. There was a largish sitting-room upstairs but this was only used on Christmas Day. There was another flight of stairs up to the attic where most of us children slept. Dad charged threepence for a haircut, but he didn't have the familiar barber's pole outside. As I say, people just seemed to know when he was going to be there. We only rented the premises, the rent being collected in person every Saturday morning. When, in 1930, the landlord wanted the premises back, we moved to South Grove, then newly built. Effectively that finished Dad's hairdressing because you weren't allowed to conduct a business in a council house, although Dad did stretch a point for one or two favoured customers!

Joan Fines was talking to the Editor

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## Tea with her Ladyship

My grandfather was in hospital in London, where he was having a leg amputated, and my grandmother was visiting him. These were worrying times: there was trouble with gangrene. He had to have his leg cut at the ankle, then at the knee, and eventually he lost the whole leg.

He would finish with a wooden artificial one. He worked with a horse-drawn Schweppes delivery van in London and had been standing on the hub of the waggon when his horse bolted and threw him. There was no insurance in those days just before the 1914-1918 war and the outlook for someone in Grandfather's position - to say nothing of his family - was grim. My grandparents would certainly have to move from their home in Wimbledon to a less prosperous part of south London and that move would only be the beginning.

I don't know what hospital my grandfather was in; all this was long before my time and my mother was only a little girl. My grandfather was being visited by my grandmother and my mother and it so happened that Violet Lady Leconfield was paying a visit to the hospital. Perhaps she was a patron of the hospital, she was certainly a patron of the Sunshine Homes. Somehow my grandmother got into conversation with her ladyship, and, no doubt, my grandmother explained why she was there. "Would you and the children like a holiday in the country?" asked Lady Leconfield. There could only be one answer: for people like us the idea of a country holiday would be beyond our wildest dreams. Lady Leconfield was as good as her word; and in due course my grandmother and her two daughters came to Petworth for a holiday. This would be 1912 or 1913 and was the beginning of a long family association with Lady Leconfield which the war may have interrupted but certainly did not stop. It was an association which continued through two generations and almost thirty years.

Lady Leconfield's interest did not cease with holidays. Holidays alone wouldn't be more than a temporary help if my grandfather were thrown out of work as he most certainly would be. He couldn't carry on with his former job with Schweppes. Her ladyship bought him a donkey and cart and he continued working on his own account delivering sawdust for the spittoons in London public houses. The donkey was called Jenny. All this, of course, was long before I was born, but it was a family tradition I grew up with. The friendship begun with my grandmother, continued as my mother in turn grew up and had children of her own.

Sometimes if she were in London, Lady Leconfield would come and visit us at home in Battersea. My grandmother, mother and aunt had been the first to take advantage of the arrangement with holidays, coming down regularly in the years after the 1914-1918 war. As I grew up I too came to stay in Petworth at Lady Leconfield's expense, with the Wilsons at Cherry Orchard. In the mid-1930s I would stay with Mr and Mrs Franklyn in High Street. Mrs Franklyn always made sure I had a nice fresh brown egg for breakfast, while it was through our friendship with the Wilsons that I met my husband.

My mother took me to Petworth House to have tea with Lady Leconfield, but not before I was given careful instructions as to how to behave. I would be about eight. My grandmother had made me a red velvet dress out of an old cloak and crocheted a white collar on it. I remember a room with swords and guns and red velvet reminding me of my dress. We were alone with Lady Leconfield and the little silver dish with small round balls of butter fascinated me. It was so different to anything I was used to. Ice cream came on another silver dish. My grandmother wasn't with us this time.

On another occasion my mother took me to see Lady Leconfield in Portman Square. This time, though, I had tea in the nursery, I think Miss Elizabeth, the Leconfields' adopted daughter was there. Mother had tea with Lady Leconfield. It was all so different from

ordinary life at home - just taking a bus to Portman Square from South London was an adventure on its own.

Once on a visit to Petworth, my grandmother, my mother and Aunt Vi were picked up at Petworth Station with a pony and trap - I think by Mrs Cownley the housekeeper at Petworth but I may be wrong. Certainly I connect the name with this. They were taken to Bacons the shoe shop where Mother was bought her first pair of button-up boots. Mother was so proud of them: she didn't wear them if she could help it and kept them carefully hung up.

The last time I saw Lady Leconfield was at Hilliers in 1941. She had somehow arranged it that the family were evacuated here with the Peckham Rye children. I'd had chicken pox and been quite ill with it and Hilliers was being used as a kind of evacuee hospital. Her ladyship came especially to see me and brought some grapes. In fact, when there was a lull we went back to London, then like many others, were re-evacuated to Cornwall. I never saw Lady Leconfield again, but the family have always kept alive the memory of her kindness. I have a large framed crayon copy of the famous Laszlo portrait of her and a signed photograph of her taken in 1927. Both were given to my grandmother by Lady Leconfield herself and have been treasured possessions ever since.

Audrey Seldon was talking to the Editor

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## 'Great Scot,' cried he ...

My father came to Petworth in 1909. It was all something to do with J. B. Watson, then the Leconfield Estate agent. Clearly my father had worked for J. B. Watson before Watson came to Petworth in 1909. It was a family tradition that my father had driven Mr and Mrs Watson and Mr Watson's sisters down here when he first took up the position. Littlecote Lodge was being built for Dad to go into and we lived temporarily in Grove Street where my sister was born in December 1909. J. B. Watson was already at Littlecote House and when the lodge was finished we moved in. I can remember as a child going up there to collect skimmed milk. As I was born in 1912 my information on these early days comes mainly from what my mother told me.

What I do remember vividly is shouting, "Mum, here comes a telegram boy..." A novelty for a child but my mother knew better. It was what every woman dreaded. It was 1918 and she was now a widow with a young family to bring up. 1918 was a hard year: the family went down with the Spanish 'flu. Dr Beachcroft came out to us and we were all in bed for a long time. I don't remember any particular measures being taken but then I was still only six. Certainly I was away from school for a long time. Once I remember being pushed to Upperton in a baby chair. We were going to pick raspberries which seemed to grow in profusion ready for anyone to take. When the war ended there was the biggest bonfire you ever saw on Hampers Common. Although I was only six my mother let me go down with the other children to see it. I liked the Infants' School with Miss Wootton and Miss Bartlett but was less happy when I went to the Girls' School. Miss Cousins was rather erratic. I always remember her

carrying a dog under each arm. Once she hauled me out in front of the class to be caned, simply because I'd looked round and smiled at a friend. I was caned on the hand. It wasn't so much the pain as the feeling that I didn't deserve it that hurt me. After a while Miss Cousins left, to be replaced by the altogether easier Miss Wootton, sister of my old teacher at the Infants' School.

When we got to school-leaving age at fourteen, Gertie Wareham and I, with our mothers' agreement, stayed on until we were fifteen - not so much for further education but simply because there were no jobs to be had. My friendship with Gertie Wareham was one that endured through life and with her passing last year, I feel a great sadness. There's no one to whom I can say, "Do you remember?" any more. I can still see the three Wareham girls first coming to school, Di being already away nursing, Gertie, Iris and Nora, all with little green frocks, white socks and white shoes. Curiously though, it wasn't through school that I first came to get friendly with Gertie. We both had dogs and would take them for walks Round the Hills. We met up and Gertie asked me back home for a glass of lemonade. We would both be about twelve.

My first job was for Mr and Mrs Wise who ran a bakers in Golden Square (now Oak Apple Trading). I remember the wages were three-shillings a week. The Wises served lunches and teas and Mr Wise baked bread in the bakery (now the Precinct). Mr and Mrs Wise weren't local people; they came from Hailsham in East Sussex. Once they very kindly took me to Hailsham for a week's holiday and on one day they took me to Canterbury with them. At Golden Square they lived on the premises. In those days there were rats everywhere in the old building and you could hear them scurrying up and down between the walls. I can still see Mr Herbert, who lived up the steps to the left and over the top of the Wise premises, standing over a rat he had stunned but not killed.

After six years with Mr and Mrs Wise I suppose I was looking for a change, and at the suggestion of the manager I went to the Swan Hotel, initially for three months as a temporary replacement. In fact I stayed for several years. I remember your mother's wedding reception at the Swan. It was the first time I tasted champagne. Soon came a second champagne wedding. I helped out on such occasions but basically I worked as a chamber-maid, making beds and emptying wash bowls. From there I went to work for the Miss Woottons in Station Road, their mother having just died. Fred Streeter at Petworth House said that I had a way with flowers and said he could get me a job arranging flowers full time at the House if I wanted it. In the event in 1942 I went into the R.A.F. Mr Streeter got me an autograph of Mr Middleton the Radio Gardener. I still have it.

Odd things I remember. Club Day in the Park and trying to climb the greasy pole, or King George and Queen Mary going down Station Road past Littlecote Lodge to Goodwood, by motor car of course. We knew to look out for the car with no number plate. When Queen Mary visited Petworth House she went to Petworth's two antique shops, Streeters and Denmans. Tall and stately, she looked every inch a Queen. Goodwood brought good tips at the Swan, far in advance of anything at the Wises or, of course, the Miss Woottons. Some guests stayed overnight, some for the week. Lord Leconfield would sometimes sit with his black Labrador Round the Hills and talk with passers-by. His funeral in 1952 was a drenching

wet day. I can still hear the rain in my mind. Lady Leconfield became ill in later years but before her illness was much in demand as a speaker at Women's Institutes and other such organisations.

Petworth had Guides, Brownies and Rangers, we played stoolball and there were Mrs Frank Whitcomb's plays in the Iron Room. I think she wrote them herself. They were for performers of age ten and upwards and we would be rehearsing for ages. Sundays we had to go to Sunday School, boys and girls. I always had my hair plaited on Saturday evening ready for the morning and I had to wear a hat. Petworth was smaller then and clergy visiting was on a fairly regular basis, often by a curate. I liked Mr Powell, the rector here during the 1920s. I remember his predecessor Mr Penrose visiting my mother who was very particular about our going to Sunday School. I had prizes for regular attendance. At Christmas there was a party in the Iron Room for prizegiving, everyone also receiving an orange and a piece of cake. I always liked Petworth and didn't feel the Estate an oppressive influence, the daily pattern of men going to work at the appointed hour was simply part of the scheme of things. Rent, small as it was, was paid annually in the Audit Room. I assume my mother saved the money over the year, if she did, I wasn't aware of it. At the Girls' School we had the day off for Fair Day so that we could go and see the men putting it up.

One Sunday Gertie, Grace Fox and I decided to go to Amberley Castle. It was somewhat bold but would involve missing Sunday School. We were by this time young adults. The weather was lovely and we caught the bus to Pulborough, then the train to Amberley. The fact that we were expected to be at Sunday School gave added spice to the adventure. From Amberley we walked back. We were home by about half-past six. Grace was rounding a corner on her way home when she ran into Sister Magdalene from Sunday School. "Where have you been Grace?" asked Sister Magdalene. Grace could only reply that she'd been hiking. Sister didn't think much of this, but that was how it was in those days. I wrote a poem about this: it was something I often did to amuse my friends. I didn't write it down, it's still in my head:

Some hikers keen on Sunday last  
Set off for Amberley  
With rucksacks, dogs and maps complete  
So happy were the three.  
The sun was bright, the sky was blue  
They had a lovely day,  
And after all had eaten tea  
Arrived home tired but gay.  
Whilst going round the corner,  
Grace met Sister Magdalene.  
In accent low and horrified,  
She said, "Where have you been?"  
Said Grace, "I've been a hiking-o  
Gertie and Win came too."  
Said Sister, "On the Sabbath Day  
I am surprised at you."

On Tuesday eve again the three  
Met at the Study Group,  
And there quite unexpectedly  
Found they were in the soup.  
On entering 't'was plain to see  
Their crime had been repeated.  
The look the Rector gave the three  
Made them feel very heated.  
They certainly felt very sore  
When he had had his say.  
But each one made once more a vow  
To go again some day.

Miss Arnold at the paper shop in Middle Street and Miss Mayne at Archway House were both tall ladies and the new curate Mr Page was invited to tea with Miss Mayne. Unfortunately the curate confused the two tall ladies and duly presented himself for tea at Miss Arnold's - much to the chagrin of Miss Mayne. When I was told of this I made up the following poem, again it's not written, I simply have it in my head.

Our curate Mr Page by name  
Was asked to tea by dear Miss Mayne.  
Said she, "I'd like to know you more,  
Come Wednesday next at half-past four."  
Says he, "How happy I should be  
To chat and have a cup of tea."  
Now Mr Page, too sad to tell,  
Had not observed the lady well,  
And when at last the Wednesday came,  
No curate called to see Miss Mayne.  
Asked why he had not been to tea,  
"Great Scot," cried he, "Am I awake?  
I must have made a grave mistake.  
I had tea at the paper shop."  
This made our Miss Mayne fairly hop,  
She tried her best no scowl to show,  
But I confess it was a blow,  
To think that Mr Page should dare  
With Miss Arnold her compare.

Talking of poems, my sister wrote this for the W.I. and won a prize:

"Of Petworth's streets the most élite  
Assuredly is Lombard Street.  
For in its precincts left and right,  
There dwell a Bishop, Earle and Knight."

Incidentally, I recently heard Terry Wogan say he doubted whether there ever was a

called, "Will the angels play their harps for me?" Mother gave me two and sixpence to buy the record at Meachens in Church Street and we all cried our eyes out when we listened to it.

Winnie Searle was talking to the Editor

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## An account of the Battle of Britain as witnessed by James Marr Brydone 1940

Sixteen planes fell within six miles in August, one at Plaistow in flames in full view of our windows, the most magnificent explosion ascending to an incredible height. In one field an engine, in the next a crater, in the next another engine. It flew over Petworth from Portsmouth "with a leg down" as the keeper said, was dealt with over Egdean by two Spitfires, dropped three bombs in a hurry and five minutes after its crash went up itself. Bury has had 6 raids. In fact two out of five did not go off. Last Tuesday seventy incendiary bombs and one a 4½ foot bomb lay all night between two houses in Watersfield but rumour has it it was full of sand. Since September we have been well in the front line. Nightly at dark they come over (luckily we have no sirens, guns or whistles) and divide, half go over Petworth Park and half over Bury and Egdean en route for various places. Between 12.30 and 2 they return anyhow over our heads and we listen in various moods till they are gone.

Sixty to seventy planes go over us every night but how many come back one does not know. A farmer at the Brickfields between Loxwood and Wisborough Green would put nine ricks in a circle round his house. They dropped one hundred and thirty incendiary bombs, one on the middle on a moonlit night with nothing to disturb them and got the lot last Tuesday - they are still burning. I was in London as usual on Tuesday but am thinking this fortnight ideal for my summer holiday and do not sleep there very much. I took Susan up on Wednesday to catch the 10.30 to Keswick. Next day we had a raid, in fact one that night and another while in the packed Euston Station. A bomb there would have been a holocaust. Three raids a day. Last Tuesday I saw the damage done last Sunday, a terrific dock fire lighting up all London. Knightsbridge Barracks slight, Natural History Museum alight. Direct hit on one house opposite but neighbours hardly discommoded. A direct hit goes to the basement and lifts the whole house up in its fingers and lets it fall back through them - all are killed. I saw this in Fulham.

Remember the pacifist socialist doctor Mrs Summerskill!! Flats entirely gone, one house and another on Kingston Hill but so partial but for the feelings of the owners, so ineffective. No gas in Rutland Gate nor at Cobham. Our letters of Saturday reposted also lost. But an air raid in force on Portsmouth of which I have seen two from a safe distance is a rare sight. Seventy to one hundred planes suddenly appear off the Isle of Wight, off go the sirens, up go the Spitfires, down (now) go the inhabitants. In a few minutes in glorious weather, cloudless blue skies little white specks at an incredible height in perfect formation appear over the Solent - you can count seventy. Crash go the guns, crash go the bombs and the planes come

down, parachutes all around taking hours to get down far away. I saw two planes in a field not thirty yards apart (no-one hurt) oil feeds and tanks are hit. Then the next phase - flames and smoke from Portsmouth, seventy planes passed exactly vertically over my head, you are quite safe of course under them, machine guns crackling all the time (a time to take cover) the minute white specks in their terrific height seem to stand still. More planes leave the ground and zoom up to take part in the dog fight. Those mysterious sky trails appear all over the top of the sky turning and intertwining, planes not visible, only their exhausts proving their presence. Then rapidly all dies away, the specks disappear, the lower bombers have swept out to sea circling over Chichester with Spitfires on their tails and down they come (thirty-five are said to have been caught in those two raids) and in twenty minutes all is over, and nothing but fires to be seen and parachutes (valuable material) in the mud of the harbour and being sought on land and then the recovery of countless souvenirs of bullets etc. Six bombs fell harmlessly at Selsey. The mighty parade of some fifty to seventy bombers over our heads is not conducive to a peaceful feeling of security but we are all fatalists.

The work of the RAF is incredibly good and they are definitely on top but of course you cannot concentrate one hundred planes to defend Tom Fiddlers ground immediately but a Spitfire, once it has a bomber in its sights, makes no mistake. One estate is credited with a grievance that he has had seven German planes down in his park. My hospital at Cobham did good work with the twenty-three (out of one hundred) casualties in the Vickers Armstrong works at Weybridge where a dive bomber got them in the lunch hour, I saw them next day. Two died and a third seemed hopeless but on Tuesday last he was smoking a cigarette!!

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## Fourteen Terriers All At Once

For some years I was "terrier man" for the Chiddingfold-Leconfield Hunt, first going there in 1958. I'd always been familiar with the Hunt as we'd lived at Dunsfold by the old kennels before the airfield was built. They were pulled down about 1940. My job as terrier man was to go round and stop up the earths so that the foxes couldn't get into them. If the fox did go to ground the terriers would dig it out and it could be humanely shot - or sometimes simply encouraged to move on. It was one method of controlling fox numbers: too many foxes didn't help the Hunt. In between times I'd help with the hounds or put up gates and hunting jumps. The amalgamated hunt used to range from Frensham to Sutton and from Midhurst as far as Cranleigh. After I left there was another amalgamation: this time with Cowdray, and this gave access to a large area below Midhurst.

As terrier man I kept the terriers at my home at Shillinglee: at one time I had fourteen but we didn't employ them all, some were older dogs that I simply looked after. In my time the hunt still employed three or four full-timers but, even so, it looked back to Lord Leconfield's time as a kind of Golden Age. I didn't, of course, work for the Hunt in Lord Leconfield's time, he died in 1952, but I certainly knew him, most people did. I remember his legendary swearing and, curiously, his being very good with children. Every Sunday

afternoon he'd go down to the kennels for the hounds to be paraded individually before him. He was a big man and before hunting his horse would be galloped for twenty minutes before his lordship mounted, to take the wind out of it.

Fred Gosden had been huntsman between the wars, in the days, as Bill Barnes once told me, when there were seventy-three horses in the stables. In later days Fred, long retired, suffered a great deal with arthritis but used to come to the Hunt as a follower in his Austin 7 car. It always smelled strongly of paraffin.

It was only later that I found the reason for this: he had a paraffin stove in the back to keep himself warm!

In my days the Boxing Day meet assembled in Petworth Square. There was no anti-hunt feeling then; the Hunt was very much a community occasion - a kind of local meeting-place, particularly when the venue was a local village green. For work I didn't, of course, wear hunting dress but breeches and jacket, stockings and boots - uniform of a kind. In those days most farmers had a hunter of some kind and came effectively as of right. A cap would be passed round among the followers - important from my point of view - I was paid out of it! Contributions were voluntary: no one had to pay and of course no one could have been made to contribute. Foot followers obviously needed a car, contradictory as it may sound, and those who hadn't one would get a lift. How did they know where to go? Foxes follow a certain line and it's possible roughly to divine where they will go - not certainly, but with a fair prospect of being right.

Lord Winterton had been a hunting enthusiast and even in my time would look to see me at Shillinglee where I kept the terriers. At this time his eye-sight was very poor indeed but he still rode his horse Churchill and jumped with him as if his eyesight were as good as ever.

Otter hunting I can remember. It was a summer activity running roughly from Easter to Michaelmas. In this area it was the Crowhurst but I can also remember otter-hunting in Hampshire. Miss Fardell was a leading light with the Crowhurst - blue hunting dress with a grey cap as I remember. The hounds picked up the "drag" of the otter, for when the otter had eaten fish the smell would hang around for as long as twelve hours. There were proper otter hounds, shaggy, rather like an Airdale but, as often, otter hounds were simply hunting hounds that had become a little long in the tooth. In Hampshire otters were something of a nuisance because they hunted the trout streams and damaged water-cress beds in their quest for fish. Otter hunting just stopped. It wasn't banned, it ceased because the otter disappeared. Nothing to do with hunting which had virtually no effect on numbers - it probably had a lot to do with the introduction of pesticides into the food chain. No otters meant no hunt. Beagling was another type of hunt. They often met at the Horse Guards in Tillington and would go off down toward Rotherbridge. This was essentially a winter sport, starting in September and finishing in the middle of February. Impromptu farmers' beagles sometimes went out looking for rabbits but this didn't involve a formal dress. Hare-coursing was basically before my time: although I have heard that large sums of money changed hands in betting.

In my younger days rabbits were regular eating for working families. Certainly ferreting was a way of life for us. During the war my wife's brother, would catch them and

sell them to the local carrier, who would give people 2/6d. for a rabbit, a lot of money then. People would snare them. I never did as it was something of a specialist job. You had to be on your toes, you didn't dare leave the rabbit long for its squeals would alert a fox and the snare's work would be wasted.

Three stories to finish off. Ted Vickers the huntsman, when he left became a traffic warden in Arundel. He and a colleague were mildly irritated by the Brooke Bond tea van persistently parking on yellow lines despite repeated warnings. Yellow lines were a comparative novelty then. Eventually the two wardens decided they had to act and descended on the offending driver with a "ticket". "Two men doing one job," said he scornfully, "in London they have to stand on their own feet!". "On TV they've got monkeys doing your job," retorted Ted.

Two old men had been friends since boyhood, but one of them was ill and, apparently, getting no better. "I think I'm going to die," he told his friend. "Are you worried about it?" asked his friend. "Only that the next day you feel so stiff," the other replied.

An old Hampshire gamekeeper had rendered faithful service to a family for many years but now in the evening of his life was tending to drink rather more than he should. The family, keeping a kindly eye on their old retainer, thought it was time for a little spiritual advice. Unfortunately the parson had something of a reputation with the ladies. All went well enough until the clergyman, having exhorted the old man towards abstinence, rose to go, repeating his advice about the perils of drink. "And a little advice for you, vicar," replied his parishioner. "Perhaps you'd wear your trousers the same way round as your collar."

Bill Drane was talking to Ron Clark and the Editor

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## A grand evening concert

Mrs Joanna Hall recently found a programme for a concert at the Iron Room on February 27th 1906. It was tucked into an old travel Guide to Wales! The concert is not mentioned in *St Mary's Parish Magazine* but the *West Sussex Gazette* carried the following report for which I am indebted to Mr Martin Hayes of the Worthing Reference Library.

### CONCERT

We were indebted to Mr. Clifford Hunnybun and Mr. William Coleman, of Chichester, for giving, at Petworth, last week, a good concert. It was unfortunate that the audience was small, more especially as we have so few opportunities in Petworth of hearing really good music. The appreciation of the audience was, however, unmistakeable. Mr. A. E. Chapman and Mr. A. E. Knight opened with a piano duet. Mr. Clifford Hunnybun sang Sullivan's "A Sailor's Grave;" his fine expression won a recall. In the second part he sang "Maid of Athens" (Allen). Miss Lottie Hore gave a fine interpretation of Hatton's "The Enchantress," Tosti's "Good-bye," and "Kathleen Mavourneen;" on each occasion Miss Hore replied to the enthusiasm which greeted her. The humorous part of the programme was entrusted to Mr.



Fred Rome, who greatly amused the assembly in three songs of his own; "Girls Assorted," "Acting," and "K.C." Mr. H. S. Baxter's sympathetic performance on the 'cello delighted everyone. His selections included "Romanzo" (Brnun) and Popper's "Ungarische Rhapsodie." Mr. William Coleman's resonant voice was heard to advantage in "The Old Gray Fox" (M. V. White) and "Chorus, Gentlemen" (Lohr). The concert concluded with a duet "Watchman! What of the night?" (Sargent), rendered by Messrs. C. Hunnybun and W. Coleman. It was a fine conclusion to the programme. It is to be hoped that the small attendance will not discourage this talented company, and that, upon their next visit, the Iron Room will be filled.

## Petworth Personalities of the Twentieth Century. A Millennium series of Four

### 2) *George Garland 1900-1978*

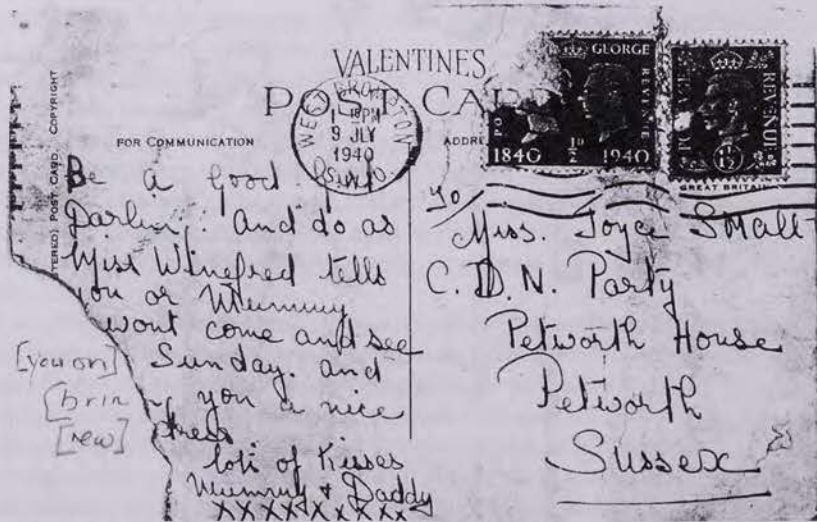
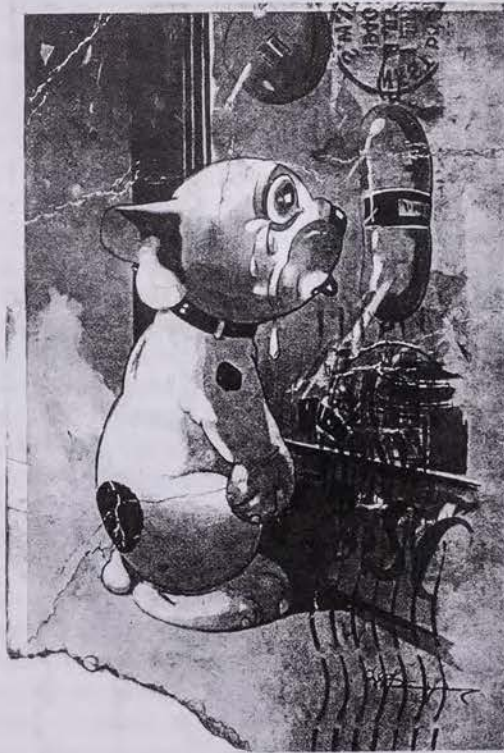
This is the 100th Magazine, and, appropriately enough, the centenary of George Garland's birth. In his early seventies when the Society was formed, he was an interested onlooker but in no sense a prime mover. When he died in 1978 the Society was still finding its feet, finding its direction. I like to think that, over the years, it has reflected the best side of Garland's spirit. I don't mean on the superficial level of using Garland's photographs for illustration, although we do of course, constantly. It's more that, at its best, the Magazine fosters a sense of continuity that lies at the very heart of the Garland archive.

The beginnings, as I have shown elsewhere, were fragile enough. Born at 113 Preston Road, Brighton he seems to have come to Petworth as a child. The earliest years are irretrievably lost. Certainly he never spoke of them to me. There was a father he never knew and his mother coming to Petworth as housekeeper to the bluff Henry Streeter at the Railway Inn, a widower some twenty years her senior. They married in 1908 but how long Mrs Garland and George had been at the Railway before that seems impossible to say. For him there followed a spell at the Misses Austins' rather refined private school at Boxgrove in Pound Street, then Midhurst Grammar School in the days when, for most pupils, university would be neither an obvious nor even a possible sequel. Friendship during the 1914-1918 war with the Franciscan brothers at Duncton, a few clerical, more lay, poetry, pipe-smoking and a little photography - just as a hobby. There was a spell in a bank at Fleet, then severe eye trouble and photography was banned because of the effect of flashlight on his fragile eyes. He was almost blind for a while. The holy grail was writing for a living, sending off at a venture to Magazines, there are lists of them, at the back of the early Press Books. There was more hope for the freelance in those innocent days but even in the 1920s it was a precarious *modus subsisterdi*. There are a few notes and fragments of a diary, surviving effectively as a palimpsest in an old notebook. There was chess, too, with the Lodsworth club, representing Sussex and then the South of England. Journalism remained his first love with the photography very much a back-up. Unsolicited articles were more likely to catch an editor's

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Holland, Charles	54	15	
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Horncroft Farm	50	40	
Horse Guards Hill	32	13	Tillington
Horse Guards, The	37	6	
	42	17	
	50	13	
Horsham Rd	56	24	
Hortons Farm	51	22	
Hounsomes	51	21	Butchers
House, Alf	35	18	
House, Mrs	54	23	
House, Nelson	35	18	
Houseman, Miss	42	21	
Howard, Archie	48	36	



With the Chelsea Day Nursery at Petworth c1940.



Postcard found under floorboards at Petworth House.  
Legend on postcard emended as seems probable.  
Courtesy of Dr Diana Owen.

Aug 28/19.

Dear Sir

24, William St  
New Road  
as anchester Rd  
S.W. 8.

Kind  
revised the 41. quite well, which I thank  
you very much for.  
We shall be coming from  
Widnes by the 1-36. train to Peterborough  
& I think you very very much for  
encouraging for someone to write us.

Yours faithfully  
The Young Man.

Mrs Burge writes to Henry Whitcomb to say on which train she will come to Peterworth.  
Summer 1919. See "Tea with her Ladyship." Courtesy of Lord Egremont.

eye if they had an apposite picture with them. The prints, Jack Purser once told me, were sometimes washed in the trough at the Railway Inn.

A few pages of autobiographical writing survive, written apparently for Mrs Gray, wife of Garland's long-term friend John Gray at Storrington. They would seem to come from between the wars. The "Young Man" is so transparently Garland himself that the nom de plume, if such it is, is pointless. With the "October flood waters deep in the fields, the wind raking through the fir trees outside, a torrential rain beat a wild devil's tattoo against the window panes..." "And so as the elements were venting their fury upon whatsoever they could a sad and patient woman in this same little house passed over to the Great beyond." The loss of his mother would be a watershed in Garland's life. He was left with his step-father and step-sister and "since his mother and her husband had been unhappy for many years before her death it can the more readily be understood that in a very little while the Young Man went his own way and left his step relatives to go theirs." He took lodgings with a local family in a tiny hamlet near to his old home. In fact, Garland stayed for a while with the Goatcher family at Duncton Post Office. Eventually while retaining a pied à terre at Duncton, the Young Man found "two unfurnished (and unfurnishable!) rooms down by the butcher's slaughter-houses in the nearest town." The Young Man's alter ego took lodgings in Lombard Street near Boorers the butchers.

"And before Christmas came he had decided to go out to South Africa, there to join an uncle who was the only living relative he had left." There followed a period of waiting, a time "to think of the past and hope for the future". It was a time of growing friendship with Miss Knight, a supply teacher he had met locally but who was now working some distance away. Meanwhile "the prospectuses of various liners were being eagerly scanned by the Young Man". "And then there came a day when he got news of his uncle's death in South Africa. And with the coming of that fateful green cable form all his visions and hopes were burst in the air as one sees the passing out of a pretty bubble."

Echoes of this critical moment were still with Garland fifty years later. I can remember him talking of it over his solitary supper at Windmill House. Marriage to Miss Knight soon followed and the building of what would be the Station Road Studio. "Originally it was intended that this should be an office, for the Young Man was resolved upon making a living as best he could out of his old calling of journalism. Subsequently the idea of this building was changed and a wooden building with a glass skylight and glass at the sides came into being." Note the emphasis on journalism and the subordinate (in theory at least) role of photography.

And so, effectively, ends this youthful apologia and with it autobiography comes to an end. Garland was not in later years an introspective man, or not obviously so. Certainly there was nothing of this kind at Windmill House when he died. He does not seem to have kept either a diary or personal notices. Perhaps he considered his nearly 70,000 negatives a kind of biography. In later years he would talk of the 1920s and 1930s, of old Shep, one of his more constant models, going away to live with his son. Old Shep at once protege and doyen. Garland had a natural sympathy with an older generation, talking to them of those receding days before 1914. It was, I would think, an attitude running clear counter to the spirit of the

times. An impatient post-war generation would be looking to a labour-saving future rather than recalling a labour-ridden past. Much of this recollection has been gathered in the books "*The Men with Laughter in their Hearts*" and "*Old and New, Teasing and True*". Such material is usually recovered from newspaper cuttings but may be only a portion of what once existed. Much, one suspects, has been truncated by harassed newspaper editors.

I have written elsewhere of Garland in the 1920s as a kind of "rural paparazzo" but there is a difference between then and now. Modern denizens of the goldfish bowl at least affect an aversion to publicity, polite society in those days perhaps made only the most token protest. There were so many Magazines, *Queen, Eve, Tatler* and others that would accept sharp pictures, published in black or sepia and pay reasonably well for them. "Lord - shares a joke with the Hon. Mrs. - at a meeting of Lord —'s hunt." By the 1930s either Garland had moved on, or the coherence of that social world was cracking - a bit of both perhaps.

A rare glimpse of Garland's own viewpoint comes in a brief typed synopsis, obviously for a speech, perhaps to a local Women's Institute. Garland recalls A.E.W. Mason, the novelist, in the 1920s, then living at Tillington and at the height of his fame, and the celebrated "Tillington" passage at the beginning of "*The Winding Stair*". Mason and E. V. Lucas formed a kind of unofficial local literary hierarchy. As a young man at the Railway Inn Garland would watch them pacing the station platform waiting for the train to London. When Mason moved to New Grove, Garland interviewed him for the Bookman. Two morning visits with "good wine and cigars". "I once heard him speak at a Women's Institute gathering at New Grove and was much struck by his ability in this sphere. Mason's habit of walking up and down the lane leading to Quarry Farm when he was thinking out portions of his books."

Then there was the great occasion of King George V's renting of Pitshill House for Goodwood week in 1928. Garland took a group photograph of the King and his entourage. How Garland pulled off such a coup is not clear. He recalled changing the placings while the King was changing his hat. "Be quiet, sir, the photographer is doing his best for you. You can take as many as you like but I want my lunch." Then, later, when the King was ill at Craigwell House, "of how I, with other newspaper men, was driven away". Even in the mid-1930s Garland sees himself as much as newspaperman as photographer. Perhaps by this time he made little distinction between the two.

And so to the 1940s and a friendship with C.E. M. Joad of the Brains Trust. Did Garland tell me once that Joad had a house or cottage at Stedham? I may be wrong. Certainly the two were very friendly. Chess was a shared passion and, I think, a love of Jane Austen. Joad said to him at the beginning of the war, "You'll go bust ..." The photo-journalism had always been precarious and the newspaper market was set to change. The old men and time forgotten villages would give way to news of the war. As I remember, Garland said to me that Joad found him some kind of official job taking identity pictures: there were so many displaced persons then, refugees, aliens, combatants, evacuees. There are very many such pictures among the Garland negatives, largely unconsidered at present, but no doubt a treasure trove for future researchers. Probably these were taken at the Studio by Garland and his staff. My impression is that Garland went to a War Office centre, took them and the authorities kept the negatives. He would talk about this travelling to Storrington by the back road via West

Chiltington, and I had the impression that he came out this way to work. In 1942 there was the school bombing. It still troubled him thirty years on, as, of course, it would trouble any man. He had seen what no man should have to see and it had burned into him. Sometimes he would talk compulsively of it, his usual rather detached persona briefly set on one side. It would always be with him.

After the war "George Garland" had a well-defined local role; the days of evoking a lost world nationally had gone and with them the old men who had begun a long life of toil as urchin bird-scarers. A portrait such as that of old Edwin Rackham at Stopham House in the early 1950s comes almost as a surprise. Does Garland's work now lack a certain haleine? It may have considerable interest for those of us who knew Petworth in those years but it does probably lack the vigour and general relevance of the period between the wars. The glory (in a sense) has departed. At this time habit begins to fossilise: the year bringing a succession of regular events, a backbone for Garland's work. Petworth and West Grinstead ploughing matches, Ebernoe Horn Fair, Findon Sheep Fair, Petworth Fair, the few village revels that had survived the war, the Station Road studio running to a rhythm of Mrs Garland's making and Mr Garland's breaking. Regularly at a quarter to six Mrs Garland would come up Pound Street and into the shop - shops kept open longer forty years ago - as often as not decidedly uncomplimentary about the master's administrative skills. After more than a quarter of a century at South Grove the Garlands had moved to Windmill House in High Street. For Garland himself it was a kind of homecoming - a conversion of two former Leconfield cottages, in one of which as a boy he had gone to buy seeds from old Mrs Butcher. Shops were often in private front rooms then. There was the windmill too, an evocation of a vanished past. A poster for its sale a hundred years before was uncovered, but ironically the man of a thousand (and many more!) pictures never found one of the windmill.

To chronicle Petworth in the immediate post-war period. Not really a town at ease with itself. Death had at last removed the familiar figure, at once comforting and disconcerting, of Lord Leconfield, there was an awareness of the sad later years of Violet Lady Leconfield, the silent legacy of the bombed school, the loss of the church spire, a half-consciousness that nothing prospered in Petworth and, like as not, never would. Painful adjustment to a "post-feudal" situation if you want to put it in those terms. Newspapers would ring for "Mr Garland" at night, the familiar 3232 yielding no reply, then ring my parents as the alternative number. Then it would be up to the Red Lion to find him, very much a man of habit. Even if we did find him, as often as not he wouldn't ring back. To the last he was the master of a certain insouciance.

At this time I knew him largely at a distance, although there was a real bond between my parents and the Garlands. Everyone knew "George" or thought they did, but few actually penetrated his reserve. None of my contemporaries would call him "George", or if they did, he wouldn't approve. I never did, even in later years. He could be distant, peremptory perhaps. I have his voice on a random tape, the machine left on by mistake and the tape kept to use again. It still surprises with its authority. There were friends, but not too many, a select coterie if you like. John Gray the chemist's son from Market Square had an antique shop at Storrington. It was Mrs Gray, "Poddles", for whom the early autobiographical fragments had apparently

been written. There was "Dorrie" Pollard at Storrington, once an actress working with Will Hay and others. He'd met her again after some forty years and recalled a brief flirtation in the 1920s. In those days, she said, she had "men to burn", and I never doubted it.

Mrs Garland had fallen over in the street in 1965 and lay in bed, forbidding him to call in medical aid. She had the same mistrust of doctors as she had of organised religion. A terrible dilemma for him: should he risk her wrath and call someone or delay and hope that things would right themselves, as surely they would...? In the event, with Sally weakening by the day, it was time for a risky subterfuge. Dr Griffiths would come in to see about buying a typewriter, George Garland had a penchant for buying, and selling, typewriters, binoculars, army surplus of various kinds. It was too late.

I saw more of him after that, but it was downhill most of the way. Without Sally to organise it, the business became increasingly peripheral. Illness, periodical sojourns in various homes, then back to Windmill House for a time, the Cottage Hospital. Some people don't fit easily into the routine of such places. George Garland has become a legend of a kind, and, as one who knew him, I suppose that just the tiniest part of that legend now attaches to me.

P.

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## Service with Southdown Part 2

My father, Leonard Stevenson, was born in 1910 and his service with Southdown Motor Services began in 1934. Part 1 covered the period up to the end of the war. We rejoin the story in December 1945 when he visited Southdown's Brighton office to see about returning and was advised to take leave over Christmas and return in the new year. However he contracted bronchitis after Christmas and this delayed his return to late January 1946. When he did get back, he says the same price fares as in 1940 were still in force although wages had risen. Before the war the company did not recognise the Transport & General Workers Union but it did do so after the war, so working conditions improved. Southdown operated a service bonus. Five years unblemished service earned an extra five shillings weekly. A further five years earned a further 2s. 6d. and a third five years earned a further 2s. 6d. put away for you. As the union managed to get annual wage increases the bonus system was revised and father's 7s. 6d. was reduced to six shillings.

Post-war alterations to services included extension of 69 to Bognor Bus Station via Ford Road, Ford Station, Ford Lane, Yapton, Bisham, Middleton and Felpham. Father says "This was strange ground to us so we had the guidance of Inspector Belding." The new 69 route had a complete journey time of two hours from Horsham to Bognor and it attracted holidaymakers getting to the seaside, and once there, seaside visitors going to view Arundel Castle. Leaving Horsham at 34 minutes past the hour, passengers from Billingshurst could connect with service 22 at Pulborough for Brighton and Worthing and passengers arriving from Petworth on the 22 could connect with the 69 for Arundel and Bognor. Four buses

operated the route, two supplied by Horsham and one each from Bognor and Pulborough. Later one of the Horsham 69s was relocated to Pulborough, adding an extra crew to our garage or "dormitory or dorny shed" as our country garages were known. The new route was operated with double deckers replacing Leyland saloons and enjoyed an hourly service all day even on Sundays. The post-war service 69 duties were:-

Pulborough 5: 8.8 a.m. to Pulborough to Horsham, 9.34 a.m. to Bognor, 11.35 a.m. to Horsham, 1.34 p.m. to Pulborough and hand over to Pulborough 8.

Pulborough 6: 2.46 p.m. to Horsham, 3.34 p.m. to Bognor, rest an hour, 6.35 p.m. to Horsham, 8.34 to Pulborough, arriving 9.15 p.m. On Saturdays the last trip extended to Bognor and was worked to Ford by Pulborough crew who changed over with the Bognor crew bringing the extra late northbound service.

Pulborough 7: 7.50 a.m. to Bognor arrive 9.00, rest, 9.35 a.m. to Horsham, 11.34 a.m. to Bognor, 1.35 p.m. to Pulborough and hand over to Pulborough 6.

Pulborough 8: 2.20 p.m. to Bognor, 3.35 p.m. to Horsham, changing over at Billingshurst with Horsham crew, to get back to Bognor at 6.30 p.m., rest an hour, 7.35 p.m. to Horsham, arriving 9.30 p.m., 10.20 p.m. to Pulborough.

Another post-war alteration was the extension of Service 1 between Storrington and Pulborough. One of the constituent companies of Southdown, The Sussex Motor Roadcar Co., had begun its operation between Worthing, Storrington and Pulborough with two Clarkson steam buses, so the route no. and restoration of a through service to Pulborough had a historical significance. Steam vehicles soon were replaced because of the damage done to boilers by the local hard water. The route number 1 still survives in the present Stagecoach Worthing to Midhurst service.

Father says, "Storrington crews worked Service 1, so the Pulborough crew who had worked two days a week there came onto our schedule. Later a management area reshuffle brought Horsham and Pulborough into the Worthing management area. This resulted in an odd amendment to our schedules. The two 22 buses continued to be garaged at Pulborough but one of the duties was swapped with a service 1 Storrington duty, so we took the 7.17 a.m. 22 from the garage to Pulborough station, swapped buses with the Storrington crew and worked their old duty. At night the Storrington crew arrived from Petworth at 10.18 p.m. swapped buses with our late service 1 duty and worked the last service 1 journey to Storrington." One certain way to ensure a connection is to make the crew catch it! In the 1960s when Service 1 went over to one man operation Pulborough regained its second pair of 22 duties reversing this change.

The journey time to Worthing on Service 1 varied between just over an hour and 1 hour 14 minutes because alternate buses visited West Chiltington village, reversing and returning to West Chiltington Common. Running half an hour apart Services 1 and 2 provided a half hourly service between Washington and Worthing. Short journeys to Findon operated as 1B between services 1 & 2 to give a more frequent service from Findon to Worthing. After delivering the 22 bus to the Storrington crew the early Service 1 duty consisted of 7.17 a.m. to Worthing, rest, 9.16 a.m. to Pulborough arrive 10.20 a.m., 10.47 a.m. to Worthing, 11.56 a.m. Service 1B to Findon, 12.19 p.m. Findon to Worthing, put bus on Service 2 stand for

12.46 p.m. to Horsham, 1.16 p.m. Worthing to Pulborough, arriving 2.20 p.m. and book off. The late Worthing turn was 2.47 p.m. to Worthing changing over with Storrington crew when met and returning via W. Chiltington village arriving at Pulborough at 3.30 pm., 3.37 p.m. to Worthing via W. Chiltington village arriving 4.37 p.m., 4.56 1 B to Findon, arriving 5.18 p.m., 5.19 p.m. Findon to Worthing, arriving 5.41 p.m., rest, 6.16 p.m. to Pulborough via W. Chiltington village, arriving 7.30 p.m., 7.37 p.m. to Worthing, arriving 8.51 p.m., rest, 9.16 p.m. to Pulborough, arriving 10.30 p.m., handing over to Storrington and taking the Storrington crew's 22 (ex-Petworth 9.55 p.m.) to the garage.

Father says, "Once while we were still working the 7.17 a.m. early duty to Brighton we were informed at Steyning that the road was blocked just past Dacre Gardens. We carried on to the stop at Beeding Rising Sun and were held up by a policeman and told to go back to Bramber Station, then turn left and take the Annington Hill road past St Botolph's church and Coombes, coming out onto the A27 at the Sussex Pad Hotel. So we turned round and found our way the other side of the railway line. At one point overhanging trees brushed against the top deck area of the bus and the driver needed maximum engine power to get through but we got to Sussex Pad. We could not use the toll bridge at Old Shoreham because of the weight limit, so proceeded via the A259 Norfolk Bridge to resume our normal route at Shoreham. The return journey was made via the A27 and A24 to Washington. Another occasion was years later when our duty had altered to work service 161 from Horsham to Petworth and then 22 to Brighton. We had worked from Horsham to Pulborough via Petworth, came off for a break, and resumed to work the 12.28 journey to Brighton. When we arrived at Washington, the garage proprietor told us that A283 was blocked by a broken gas main near Old Shoreham but as we had passengers booked to Steyning we decided to go there. There were passengers for Shoreham waiting at Steyning, including one with a dentist's appointment so we carried onto Beeding, returned to Bramber and took the Annington Hill road. The trees were still an obstacle but we got through to Brighton, a bit late. We were questioned by the Bus Inspector about how we got there and told not to go that way again!"

Gordon Stevenson

[To be concluded]

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## Petworth Park Friendly Society seeks a doctor 1907

A wag once described Petworth as "*full of Whitcombs and pubs*", a rather sweeping statement perhaps but I suppose to an extent justifiable in that Petworth was certainly celebrated for the generous number of hostelries in the neighbourhood and equally so the Whitcomb family — which while not the most prolific — certainly commanded an influence in the town which was unmatched among the other working and middle class families Henry Whitcomb in particular held several leading positions in the social and business framework of the town. Clearly a

man of considerable talents he managed to execute his duties as manager of the Leconfield Estate office while at the same time sharing his undoubted administrative skills with many of the leading local societies. Indeed by his diligence Whitcomb had elevated himself into a position of almost unrivalled authority at Petworth. Little if anything of consequence went on in the town without his nod of approval, and even less reached the ears of Herbert Watson - the Leconfield Agent - or indeed came to the notice of Lord Leconfield himself without Whitcomb knowing of it first. It is difficult to assess the depth of the respect bestowed upon Whitcomb, especially by the Leconfield work force. However it may in a way be illustrated by an eye-witness account of his funeral, the record describes the scene on the day, and while it is noticeable for the lack of emotion expressed by the diarist it manages to retain an element of casual deference when depicting a scene which was clearly quite extraordinary, "*Henry Whitcomb's funeral, impressive sight, over 500 mourners and 70 wreaths carried by men*". One may perhaps read a certain ambivalence into the entry though at this distance in time it is only possible to make assumptions. Perhaps the diarist was privately displaying his antipathy towards the great man, who knows, after all Whitcomb in his various roles cannot have succeeded in pleasing everyone all of the time, though if there was some underlying element of animosity it would certainly have been a foolish man who chose to display it openly at Petworth!

As one of his multifarious duties Whitcomb was secretary to The Petworth Park Friendly Society (PPFS) for which he was paid the sum of £10 per annum. It is while fulfilling this particular role that fate and circumstances elevated both Whitcomb and the society from the relative security of anonymity into the very heart of a bitter dispute of national proportions, that had rumbled on for the best part of the previous half a century.

The PPFS was established in 1850, a comparative latecomer to the friendly society movement, and was formed exclusively for the benefit of past and present employees of the Leconfield Estate. While membership was not obligatory it may be assumed that Lord Leconfield in his hereditary role as president of the society would have been well aware of the gains to be had by encouraging his employees to make provisions for periods of ill health. For every man who joined a friendly society meant one less who was likely to become a burden upon parish relief or the workhouse, and with the increase in membership came the consequential decrease in the parish rate, to which the Leconfield Estate was a major contributor.

Most 'clubs', and the P.P.F.S. was no exception, were constituted to provide sickness, medical and funeral benefits for their members in return for a monthly contribution which varied according to the age of the member and the number of dependants who were also eligible for relief. The sickness benefit entitled the claimant to a weekly sum known as 'full pay' for a total of six months in any two year period and alternatively to a weekly sum known as 'half pay' for any period when he was not entitled to 'full pay'. To obtain his benefit the claimant had to produce a surgeon's certificate on every Friday morning at the Steward's Office at Petworth House. Funeral benefits were by their nature the least complicated; on the death of a member a person previously nominated by him would receive a set sum to pay for the funeral expenses. Lastly the medical attendance benefit, this entitled all members, their

wives and children under the age of 16 years to the services of a doctor appointed by the society. By 1906 the society was clearly in a period of decline, the membership stood at 118 paying members with a further 116 dependant women and children entitled to the services of the society doctor, and yet only nine years earlier the annual balance sheet had recorded a paying membership of 155, a not inconsiderable reduction in the roll of such a small society. It is difficult to account for the decline leading up to 1906; however it may have been the result of recent legislation which had imposed restrictions on 'clubs' financing their social customs from members contributions, and as these practices included 'club days', festivals, and even refreshments at meetings which were seen as an important inducement to prospective members it was obviously going to have an effect on the growth of the society. To finance these practices separate funds had to be set up into which the membership would have to make additional contributions, this was clearly a deeply unpopular move as many members felt that these occasions were the only tangible reward for paying their fees and it may be surmised that many existing members would have resigned at this time. Clearly there must have been other underlying factors in the decrease in membership of the PPFs; perhaps there was a reduction in the Leconfield work force, or, as seems more likely, one or more of the national societies such as the Oddfellows or Foresters were at the time offering more attractive benefits to its membership which resulted in a period of decline for the less popular 'clubs'. Rather ironically considering the state of the society an independent report from 1906 into the finances of the PPFs concluded "*the society is well grounded, and appears to have been efficiently managed in the past*". A cautionary remark made in the valuer's report warns of "*the excessive cost of sickness claims*", and advises the committee to "*amend the rules as to provide that the fund shall not be available for pension allowances*". This last note highlights the difficulty of providing for an ageing and increasingly infirm membership with the resultant increase in sickness and pension payments. Societies that failed to attract a younger membership were doomed to failure, and despite the valuer's seemingly positive report the first signs of an impending crisis are evident. The rate of sickness benefit for members stood at 12s per week for 12 months followed by a reduced benefit of 8s per week for the remainder of the sickness or infirmity. This rate does seem somewhat generous considering the financial difficulties faced by the society. Apart from the sickness benefit, each member and their dependants were entitled to the services of a medical officer or doctor who was contracted to attend to their needs. For each married member the medical officer was paid the sum of 11s per annum, and for single members the sum was 5s. The total fee paid to the doctor in 1906 came to the princely sum of £68 1s 8d which equated to little over 4s for every person he was responsible for. It is not difficult to deduce that the income generated was unlikely to satisfy many qualified practitioners and indeed it was generally accepted that such a position would only be favourable to a doctor who had not yet succeeded in building up a private practice. There can be little doubt that the existence of the 'club' doctors was precarious at the very least. They were usually employed on annual contracts and renewal was dependant upon them being re-elected by the membership of the society at the annual general meeting, which in the case of the PPFs usually took place in May. Any attempt by a doctor to improve his terms of employment or to decrease his workload often resulted in an evaporation of the support afforded by the

members and the consequential loss of the contract at the following election. On the other hand there were occasions when established doctors took on these contracts in order to prevent younger and more ambitious doctors from establishing themselves in the area. Towards the end of 1906 the incumbent society medical officer was Dr A.H. Spicer who had served the PPFs since January of 1902, Spicer applied to the committee for an increase in his contract fees, and a meeting of the committee was arranged to discuss the doctors request at which Spicer was allowed to address the assembled committee. He explained that his present remuneration was not sufficient for the amount of attendance he had to give, especially to the wives and children and asked that the amount be increased, otherwise he was afraid that he would have to resign. Whitcomb as secretary of the society was instructed by the committee to contact the secretaries of other local friendly societies and to establish what they paid their doctors. The meeting was then adjourned to December 28, 1906. The record of this next meeting makes no mention of the outcome of the secretary's enquiries but simply records that Dr Spicer's request for an increase in his pay had been turned down. One could suppose that the committee had discussed the matter and concluded that their doctor's remuneration compared favourably with that paid by the other societies, and with little documentation available for this period it is difficult to make any informed judgement on the matter, however we do have a copy of the rule book for 1906 of the "Heart in Hand" Court of the Foresters Friendly Society which held its meetings at Kirdford. It appears that the surgeon to that society was paid 6s per annum to attend to the medical needs of each paying member, unfortunately there is no mention of the duty to provide medical attendance to the dependant wives and children of the members, this important point was of course a principle grievance of Dr Spicer.

Spicer, it seems, was determined to resign his position with the Society and gave the committee notice to the end of January 1907. The committee refused to accept his resignation on the point that as he was paid half-yearly he should give six months notice, but without prejudice - and probably because they had few grounds on which to force him to work out an extended notice - they reduced this period to three months and added that he could go earlier if a successor could be found. Of course Spicer agreed to none of these conditions and he reiterated his plans to leave at the end of January regardless of the posturing of the committee. It appears that at this point the committee woke up to the fact that they were about to lose the services of their surgeon and Henry Whitcomb was instructed to make alternative arrangements for the medical attendance of the membership. At first Whitcomb approached the Petworth practice of Messrs Barnes and Beachcroft offering them the post, the doctors rejected this on the grounds that they were not prepared to undertake the duties upon the same terms as those paid to Dr Spicer. The committee now realised that what was initially an inconvenience was now turning into a crisis. On the one hand the Society could not hope to attract new members without being able to offer the benefits of medical attendance, while equally the committee were aware that in order to attract a new doctor they might have to offer an enhanced payment, and to do so would require the unlikely agreement of the membership to an increase in their subscriptions.

In a seemingly desperate attempt to resolve the matter locally the Secretary was directed

to contact the other societies with a view to appointing one doctor for all the clubs in Petworth. No record survives of the results of Henry Whitcomb's enquiries with the other 'clubs', and we must assume that he received a negative response to his committee's suggestions, for it would seem highly unlikely that any of the other local 'clubs' would wish to take part in a scheme whereby the only initial beneficiary would have been the PPFs.

Frustrated locally, Whitcomb appears to have taken it upon himself to write to the offices of *The Lancet and British Medical Journal*, and in a letter of the 14<sup>th</sup> January 1907 he instructs them to place the following advertisement in that week's issue.

PETWORTH, SUSSEX. - the members of the Petworth Park Friendly Society are in want of a Medical Officer at the end of the present month to attend the members, members' wives and children.

The number of members is 125 and the average amount paid for the past ten years has been about £75 per annum.

Applications, stating age, qualification, &c., to be sent to the Secretary, Estate Office, Petworth.

The *BMJ* declined the advertisement out of hand and *The Lancet* whilst initially displaying a reluctance to accept the advertisement requested a copy of the rules of the Society before any final decision could be made. Whitcomb tried again with *The Lancet* on January 16 but rather surprisingly failed to include a copy of the rules in his letter. The following day a telegram arrived at Petworth with the terse message "*Advertisement declined*". With this response would begin a battle of words between Charles Good as manager of *The Lancet* and Henry Whitcomb, a little later Herbert Watson in his role as chairman of the PPFs would join the increasingly vitriolic debate. Instead of accepting the decision of *The Lancet* and looking elsewhere for a replacement doctor Whitcomb had embroiled the PPFs in a bitter dispute from which no glory could be gained. To suppose that Whitcomb had entered the debate in innocence would be to seriously underestimate his intelligence, the dispute between the medical profession and the friendly society movement had been raging on and off for some half a century. The disagreement mainly focused on the meagre rates paid to contracted doctors, and as far back as 1869 the British Medical Association was advising its members to boycott those societies which failed to offer a reasonable remuneration, or who had terminated the contract of the sitting doctor in favour of a cheaper applicant. This dispute not only affected the friendly societies but also the poor law institutions such as the workhouses and infirmaries; however an increasing awareness of the importance of the medical staff had led to a vast improvement in the lot of the poor law doctor by the turn of the century, and the medical profession as a whole considered the workhouse appointment to be somewhat superior to the similar role performed by the friendly society doctor. The argument had largely been conducted in the medical and friendly society press but on occasion the national newspapers had taken up the story and extensively publicised both sides of the argument. For Whitcomb to be unaware of the implications of confronting the medical profession is unthinkable and yet it is impossible to tell what he could possibly hope to gain from locking horns with the all powerful establishment.

1907.

A CORRESPONDENCE

IN

REFERENCE TO AN ADVERTISEMENT

FOR A MEDICAL OFFICER

BETWEEN

THE PETWORTH PARK

FRIENDLY SOCIETY

AND

"THE LANCET."

THE ONLY LETTERS PUBLISHED BY "THE LANCET," ARE  
THOSE OF JANUARY 22ND AND 29TH, WITH EDITORIAL  
COMMENTS, AND DR. SPICER'S OF JANUARY 30TH.

Cover of Petworth Park Friendly Society's printed account of the controversy with *The Lancet*.



Two days after his receipt of the rejection telegram Whitcomb once again wrote to Charles Good at *The Lancet* offices and demanded to know his reasons for rejecting the advertisement. "With reference to the advertisement I sent you for insertion and to which you wired "Advertisement declined," I must ask you in common fairness to my Committee and the President to the Society, Lord Leconfield, to state your reasons for not doing so, and if there are any special conditions for inserting in *The Lancet*." The response from Charles Good was swift and succinct, Good declared that it was not their policy to give reasons for declining advertisements, and in any case Whitcomb had failed to send a copy of the rules. To add insult to injury Good in an almost casual way adds that they had also received information, which had confirmed their earlier decision to reject the advertisement. Still Whitcomb would not let the matter drop and he proceeds to escalate the dispute by involving the chairman of the society Herbert Watson. On January 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1907 Watson composed a stinging rebuke of the editorial policies of *The Lancet* and rather foolishly, considering he was writing to a member of the press, threatens to publicise the matter. "I must say that it is somewhat hard that a body of labouring men should thus be apparently boycotted by the doctors in the place and not even allowed to make their wants known through the ordinary channels of the medical profession. I most certainly shall, unless you are prepared to reconsider your determination not to insert the advertisement, make known as publicly as possible, the tyranny of the medical profession, for I can call it by no other name. We hear of trades unionism amongst the working classes, but I do not think from my present experience of the medical profession that it is confined to one class." He concludes his letter by charging Good that he should as a matter of duty disclose the name of his informant mentioned in the previous correspondence, and to do otherwise would reflect badly on the other two doctors in the town. Charles Good replies in a short letter dated the 23<sup>rd</sup> of January in which he castigates Watson for failing to enclose a copy of the rules. Watson was clearly embarrassed by the failure of both himself and Whitcomb to send a copy of the rules to *The Lancet* and having blamed the error on "an oversight of my clerk" promptly dispatched the offending article along with a valuer's report to Mr Good.

At this point it seems that Good decided that to continue the debate would serve no further purpose, after all he had made his position clear to Watson and on the 25<sup>th</sup> he writes thanking him for the copy of the rules but proceeds to abdicate his role in the affair by declaring that he has passed the matter over to his editorial department. Whether Watson was aware of the implications of Good's decision is difficult to tell, perhaps he felt a sense of triumph in that Good appeared to be abandoning his argument. One thing that is certain is that Watson could not have foretold what would happen next. The following day an editorial appeared in *The Lancet* effectively pre-empting Watson's threat to publicise the matter and at the same time ensuring that *The Lancet's* account of the affair became the authorised version. The editorial clearly aims to propagate that side of the argument which shows the medical officers as the poor down trodden servants of powerful organisations, under paid and forced to work long hours with no means of remedying their situation. Every effort is made to prove that figures supplied by the PPFS to justify the poor salary paid to Spicer were inaccurate and by using figures supplied by Spicer, rather than those of the official auditor

they set out to dismantle the society's case. "We refused recently to publish an advertisement sent to us by Mr Henry Whitcomb on behalf of the Petworth Park Friendly Society. We did this because we don't accept advertisements of vacancies for medical officers to such societies until we have seen the rules of the society, or until we have had an opportunity of learning the position enjoyed by the previous holder of the appointment. Mr Whitcomb asked us to state our reasons [for declining the advertisement].. the remuneration of the medical officer to the Petworth Park Friendly Society works out on the present terms at under 3s. per head per annum... we want Lord Leconfield to grasp the fact that this is extremely bad pay, and we do not want to help the society over which he presides in any intention which that society may have to continue to give such terms." The editorial offers no sympathy for the conditions of the members of the friendly societies, who without recourse to the society doctors would have few means of obtaining medical attendance for not only themselves but also their families. *The Lancet* attempts to ridicule both Whitcomb and Watson and having selectively reproduced a less than flattering letter which Watson sent to Good they conclude with what the editor clearly expected to be the coup de grace. - "The agent to the Lord Leconfield has a few things to learn, as well as how to write a polite and coherent letter. Responsible journalists are not to be bounced into accepting advertisements, because the agent "to one of the largest private estates in the South of England," makes threats of letting the public know his disapproval of them if any other course is pursued. The demeanour assumed by Mr Watson may prove efficacious when collecting the rents of the said estate, but off Lord Leconfield's soil he will find it futile. The fact that the medical men in the locality refused the post — we thank Mr Watson for the information — sufficiently proves what the figures we have given indicate. The terms of the Petworth Park Friendly Society are unfair to the medical officer."

Watson was clearly furious at what he saw as a slanderous attack on both himself and the society, and responded by demanding that the editor makes a "private and public apology to both the society and Lord Leconfield" and unless he inserts the advertisement in his paper Watson threatens to "send the whole episode to the local press". Watson did not achieve the response that he had hoped for to his threatening letter. The editor chose instead to argue that he had every right to print what were after all only statements made by the agent in the first place. Watson, clearly exasperated responds by penning a closing letter in which he berates the medical press for their failure to print the full facts surrounding the argument, and for publishing letters, which were clearly marked private. He concludes by stating "that it is not my intention to carry this correspondence any further in your journal, but I hope that the whole will appear elsewhere and probably the Friendly Society may get some sympathy and a fair hearing".

At a committee meeting held during the last week of Dr Spicer's tenure with the Society, Henry Whitcomb informed those present that both of the medical journals had refused to publish their advertisement and that he had instead placed advertisements in *The Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Morning Post* and *The West Sussex Gazette*. It would appear that Dr Spicer had been invited to this meeting in the hope that he might even at this late hour reconsider his position; indeed in a mood of disguised desperation the committee requested that Spicer name the lowest figure that he would accept to remain with the Society, he replied that he would

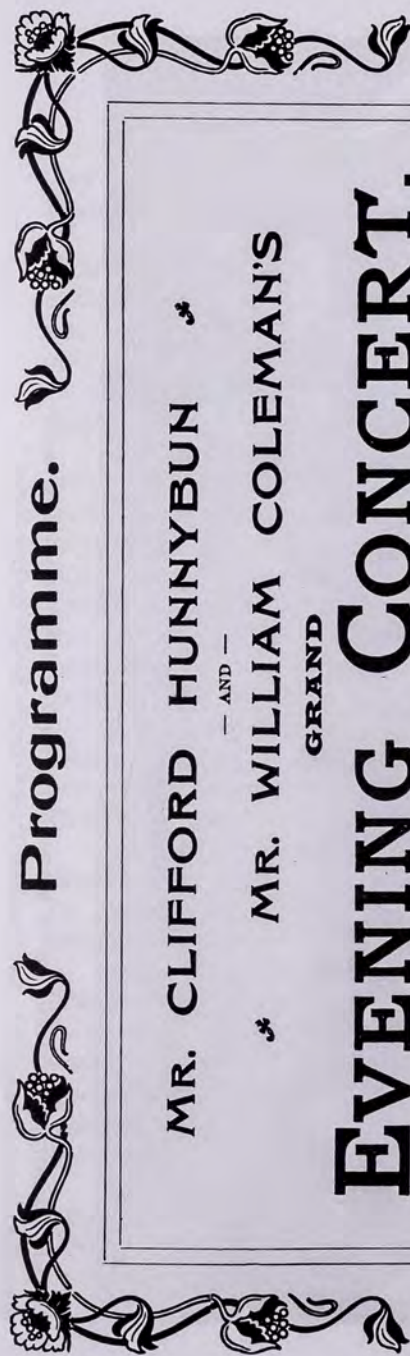
require an extra £30 a year to stay, and this was rejected by the Committee. Knowing that it was pointless in trying to prevent the departure of Dr Spicer the committee in a final act of irony decreed that Spicer could resign his position from the 31<sup>st</sup> of that month, the very day on which he had insisted that he was leaving anyway.

Having failed to secure a replacement for Dr Spicer it now became obvious that the Society would be lacking in its duty to provide any official medical attendance for the membership. and so it was agreed that individual members should make their own provision and if the need arose they should then present the medical bill to the Committee who would then consider the matter further. However it was noted at a Committee meeting of April 11<sup>th</sup>, 1907 that three members had continued to use the services of Dr Spicer and in a fit of petulance it was decreed that in future no further bills would be paid for him. Dr Beachcroft of the firm Barnes and Beachcroft attended this same meeting. Addressing the assembled committee Beachcroft declared that he would be pleased to undertake the contract on condition that the scale of pay be increased by one penny per week from each member from that paid to Dr Spicer. This proposed rise in the remuneration considerably exceeded that which had been refused to Dr Spicer and it was clear that the committee would have no alternative but to reject the proposal, however after due consideration they recommended that an increase of 2s per annum for the attendance of each married member should be offered to Beachcroft. The following day it was reported to the committee that Beachcroft had rejected this latest offer and the negotiations were considered at an end. On April 12<sup>th</sup> Beachcroft realising that the resolve of the committee was unlikely to be thwarted finally agreed to accept the revised terms and with considerable haste he was elected society surgeon for the ensuing year. The sense of relief felt by the committee and Whitcomb and Watson in particular must have been significant, the crisis had been averted albeit with the reputation of the society in tatters. Watson attempted to regain some modicum of credibility by publishing in booklet form his own account of the events which had so nearly crippled the society, needless to say this version as opposed to that promulgated by *The Lancet* tended to show the society in a favourable light, we can suppose that he distributed the book within the friendly society circle and also to anybody who may have shown an interest. How effective Watson was in publicising the wrongs which he believed were committed by the medical profession is difficult to judge, certainly the booklet must have had only a limited circulation. History records that Mr Watson, barely five weeks after the election of the new doctor, resigned his position with the society, Henry Whitcomb who perhaps innocently instigated the sorry affair had managed to extricate himself from responsibility for the debacle and continued to serve the society for many more years. Dr Beachcroft continued in his role as society doctor until 1913 when he resigned his position.

Miles Costello

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Little. *A History of The British Medical Association.*



Programme.

MR. CLIFFORD HUNNYBUN \*  
— AND —  
\* MR. WILLIAM COLEMAN'S  
GRAND  
**EVENING CONCERT.**

LORD LECONFIELD. . . . . Under the Patronage of . . . . . VISCOUNT TURNOUR, M.P.  
EARL WINTERTON.

Iron Room, Petworth.

Tuesday, February 27th, 1906.

**Reserved Seats 3s.; Unreserved 2s.; Admission 1s.**

Tickets may be obtained of MR. STREGGELS, The Square, Petworth, where a Plan of the Room may be seen.

**DOORS OPEN 7.30. COMMENCE AT 8. CARRIAGES AT 10.**

ADOCK, PAINTER, CRICKETERS.

Programme for Mr Clifford Hunnybun's Concert. February 1906.  
Courtesy of Mrs Joanna Hall.



A Friendly Society in crisis? All seems as normal as Petworth Park Friendly Society march down East Street in June 1907. See "Petworth Park Friendly Society seeks a doctor."  
Photograph by Walter Kevis.

## Selham's Italian Englishman - Sir James Lacaita KCMG

*'Half a League - Better Than None?'*<sup>1</sup> outlined the life of Frank Lacaita, who lived at Selham House and was killed on the Somme in 1918.

The present article is about Frank's grandfather. It gives more information about the Lacaita family, sadly now extinct. Such data tends to be elusive, fragmentary and slow in emerging. In this instance, however, its source was a book - *'An Italian Englishman..'*<sup>2</sup> to which I was introduced by Frank's nephew, Brigadier Robert Windsor-Clive. It is a biography of Sir James written by his son Charles. A review in the *Times Literary Supplement*<sup>3</sup> said that the author did not live to see the book through the press and that it was completed by his daughter. (Sidney Windsor-Clive)

In his book, Charles told how, in 1859, his father obtained lodgings in Duke Street, St James's *'which became quite a London home for him for some thirty years...until he came to live with us'*. The Lacaitas are listed in the 1891 Midhurst District census records as living in the parish of Lodsworth<sup>4</sup>. It would therefore appear that, for the summer and autumn months of each year from about 1890 to 1894, Sir James Lacaita lived in the Petworth area with his son and family - which included his infant grandson Frank. For the winter and spring he would have been at Leucaspide, his farm near Taranto on the heel of Italy. It seems probable that Sir James would have stayed at the newly-built Selham House between 1893 (inscribed on the façade<sup>5</sup>) and 1895 when he died at Naples.

How well did Sir James know this part of West Sussex? Being an inveterate visitor to country houses - among which were Osborne House, Sandringham and Chatsworth, it might be expected that his name would appear in the indexes of the catalogues of Petworth House. This does not seem to be the case, however<sup>6</sup>.

What follows is a much abbreviated version of *An Italian Englishman..* It consists mainly of observations made by Charles Lacaita and of quotations from Sir James' diaries. The Liberal prime minister, Lord Rosebery wrote: *'When one sees the rubbish that is published under the name of memoirs, it makes one gnash one's teeth to think that he left none.'*

Sir James was born Giacomo Fillip Lacaita in 1813, in a village called Manduria some 20 miles south-east of Taranto. It was situated in the Spanish Bourbon kingdom of the Two Sicilies, which comprised Sicily and Naples and covered the whole of southern Italy. The name Lacaita is derived from *Della Gaida* - which reflects the Albanian origins of the family. Giacomo's father, Diego, was a man of modest means who worked first as a pharmacist, then as jeweller and goldsmith. He owned a few parcels of land and some small properties that he rented out.

After being taught to read by his stepbrother - a medical student - and with very little formal education, Giacomo gained admission to the University of Naples. He graduated in 1836, acquiring barrister status thereafter and practising civil law. In 1837, he met the Turner family who had banking connections in Naples and were English. Because of the Turners he

made up his mind to learn English in order to communicate with 'Anglo-Saxon ladies with beautiful eyes.'

He encountered Enos T. Throop, a middle-aged ex-Governor of New York State who was American Charge' d'Affaires in Naples. As he was struggling to learn Italian and Giacomo English, they set about helping each other. Both had some Latin, which was useful when neither knew what the other was talking about. Throop used his position to help Giacomo get a passport, and they toured southern France and Northern Italy together, meeting the Pope.

In 1844, while attending the salon of the Princess of Luperano, Mr (later Sir William) Temple, British Minister at Naples, told the Princess that he had not been able to find any advocate in Naples who knew English. Being acquainted with Giacomo, she recommended him to the Minister and he began to work with the British Legation.

His social involvement with the fashionable British community, who had adopted the Naples area as an agreeable place to live, flourished. In 1846 he was invited to a party given by Lady Gibson-Carmichael, wife of Scottish Sir Thomas - 'a gouty old invalid'. The Carmichaels had closed their home at Castlecraig in Peebleshire because of a temporary financial setback with the family business, Haile Quarries of Edinburgh. In Italy, the family 'formed the centre of a small group of intimate relations,' having four grown-up sons and two daughters, of whom

Maria (b.1819) was the elder, and to whom Giacomo was much attracted. Lady Carmichael's nephew, Francis Nevile Reid, had come to Naples in 1845 because of poor health. He became smitten with Maria's sister Sophie (b.1826). The following year, another nephew, Francis, Lord Napier, came to Naples as Secretary to the British legation. Giacomo and Francis Nevile Reid became good friends, often visiting Ravello on the Amalfi coast, where Francis purchased the historic Palazzo dei Rufoli (or Villa Rufolo) and set about restoring it, making it his home.

'The Carmichaels never became the least Italianised' during their five years in Italy because of 'their native shyness of manner' and 'the deeply-rooted evangelical-protestant convictions,' which prevented them from mixing with the local families. 'They one and all expressed a dislike for Italians, always longing to get back to their own beloved bare hills.' Such attitudes made for a difficult courtship, although Maria shared Giacomo's interest in poetry and politics. She had some Italian - so he spoke Italian to her and English to the rest of her family. There is no portrait of Maria, but she is described as 'not handsome, but fair



Giacomo Lacaita aged about 31

and lively, with a graceful, small figure, blue eyes and a bright complexion, a sweet smile, and some charm of manner.' She monopolised the conversation and attention of visitors. Maria was 'the talker of the family.'

In December 1849, the politician William Gladstone came to Naples. He arrived with his wife and three-year-old daughter Mary who was 'suffering from her eyes' and for whom doctors had advised a warmer climate. Giacomo was invited to dine with them and helped the Gladstones with their Christmas tree. Mr Gladstone and he took long walks together, discussing literature and politics. 'During our walks, Mr Gladstone often returned to the political state of the kingdom of Naples - the consequence of the suppression of the Constitution granted in 1848. Disgraceful state trials were constantly taking place.'

Giacomo saw much of the Carmichaels for two years. In 1849, however, after the death of Maria's father, the family decided to return to Scotland. Maria and Giacomo 'came to an understanding' in May 1850, although he was diffident about asking her to become his wife because of his 'ridiculously small' lawyer's income and lack of wealth, his religion, nationality and lowly connections.

In January 1851, in the streets of Naples, Giacomo was overpowered and arrested by three policemen. He was imprisoned and interrogated for around ten days. Papers at his home belonging to the British consulate - to which he was legal adviser - were taken away for scrutiny. According to Gladstone's diary, he was one of 150 arrested then. Gladstone was 'collecting all the information he possibly could about the methods of the government,' and had visited several prisoners. After Gladstone's return to Britain, Giacomo wrote to him describing the hardships suffered by some of the prisoners 'all gentlemen', who were chained together in irons and made to walk the 300 miles between Lecce and Naples with little food. One, a priest, was condemned to 18 years in the galleys.

In April and July of 1851 Gladstone wrote his famous *Letters to Lord Aberdeen* about the state prosecutions of the Neapolitan government and the appalling conditions in their prisons. The letters were eventually made public and 'set Europe on fire.' Because of his friendship with Gladstone, Giacomo was accused of writing them and became 'an object of hatred to the whole of the Bourbon party.' It was alleged that the politician had merely lent his name to the letters. Pressure was exerted upon Giacomo to obtain a passport and to leave. Should he have left without, he would not have been allowed to return to Naples and his relatives would have been persecuted. He asked Fortunato, Minister of Foreign Affairs, if he might see the king. His expressed intention was to visit London in order to negotiate a loan for the construction of a railway line from Naples to Brindisi.

King Ferdinand II was known as 'Bomba' because he approved the bombardment of rebellious cities in Sicily. His reign was characterised by deceit, terror and atrocity. He accused Giacomo of wanting to travel to London 'to see his friend Mazzini and all the other republicans who were his friends and correspondents.' He suspected him of receiving English gold to fund a Liberal uprising. Giacomo told the king that he did not know Mazzini and that he had never been a republican or an agitator. Bomba was sufficiently impressed to allow him to be issued with the passport. In addition, Lord Aberdeen gave his word to the Neapolitan minister in London that Giacomo was not responsible for the Gladstone Letters.

Giacomo arrived in London in January 1852, staying for a time with Maria Napier (the cousin of his intended) and her husband Lord Addington. He was invited to become a temporary member of the Athenaeum Club - which later became his home from home. He dined with Lord Minto and met prominent Liberals Lord John Russell, Lord Granville and Lord Lansdowne before being taken on to a party given by Lady Palmerston.

On February 20th Giacomo had 'a most formidable interview' in the library at Castlecraig and had to wait over a week to be told that Maria's family had approved his betrothal to her. Thereafter his relationship with 'Lady' (as his future mother-in-law was affectionately known) began to improve. She said she had 'quite forgotten everything unpleasant,' and in time became very fond of him.

He travelled back to London where he attended the Lord Mayor's Banquet and talked with Lord Aberdeen, who regretted the publication of Gladstone's letters. In the words of Charles, 'My father's acquaintances in England became very numerous, many of them ripening into real friendships and some leading to employment.'

Denominational concerns were expressed about the impending marriage. 'Lady' felt that it should be a Roman Catholic wedding and Maria that they should go through both an Anglican and a Roman Catholic ceremony. They were married in a joint ceremony on 15 June 1852 at a private house in Edinburgh 'which the Carmichaels had taken for a few days for the occasion.' Only the family were present. The couple honeymooned in the Lake District.

On 5 April 1853 Maria gave birth to their son, Charles Carmichael. It was a difficult birth, and the child was 'almost dead when born'. Tragically, Maria contracted erysipelas - a highly dangerous streptococcal skin disease. She died shortly afterwards, 'poisoned beyond all doubt by the septic touch of Sir James Simpson, the most famous accoucheur of the time.'

Charles reflected sadly: 'Thus ended in grief - almost in despair - their short-lived union - my father felt quite lost; a lonely refugee with no plan in life, no definite occupation, little money and no prospect of earning in England more than a very modest competence.'

Believing that his brothers-in-law at Castlecraig 'looked down their noses at him' and finding little scope for his abilities in Scotland, Giacomo returned to London where he survived by writing about Italy - contributing to guidebooks, to quarterly reviews, producing articles for the Encyclopaedia Britannica and giving talks. He obtained a post as examiner in Italian to the Indian Civil Service and as lecturer in Italian at London University. These were 'years of sadness and depression, of loneliness - despite his numerous social engagements; of anxiety about ways and means; of ill-health.' For the first few years he lived there he despised London. He loathed his lodgings and the climate in winter, missing his child and Castlecraig.

'Lady' wrote, advising him: 'When you have had your leg of mutton one day, it would (also make?) a hash, a mince or a ragout and saved your club dinner. Have your dinner (in) for two days and then it is better. If she (the landlady?) gives you too many potatoes, even if mashed, tell her to slice them down and fry them brown with a little lard, in the fat that comes off the roast, and it is good as a change, otherwise her whole family will live off your food!'

Giacomo's misery was alleviated somewhat when publisher Lord Murray invited him to take up residence at his Berkeley Square house, which he seldom used.

'Lady' told him with devastating frankness: 'at Naples, people had little or nothing to do. You seemed an idle man, kindly willing to give information and therefore they sought you out and liked you when they knew you, but here people have more to do and have not the time to look after people...it is more from friendship that you will get anything by way of occupation...therefore do not be shy of visiting before settling down, it gives you an insight into the domestic manners of the English. When staying in a house, you can always remain some hours in your room to study. Practise writing English.'

Giacomo was reluctant to accept payment for the individual tuition he gave to friends and acquaintances. 'Lady', however pointed out to him: 'it throws you into an intimate relation with them; it interests them in you; it keeps you before Lord John's eyes if any little mission was wanted or any confidential thing to be done.' She stressed that people should be reminded that as a lawyer forced to quit his job and his country because of adverse political events he would have very little money: 'speak always openly of the past, go out into society, keep up your spirit, make as much money as you can...call upon your great acquaintances. English people like to patronise, and there is no saying when influence may get you something.'

Charles wrote 'My grandmother's letters on most subjects were very amusing..'. But their words were wise ones. Giacomo took them to heart and practised what she preached. He became a naturalised British subject in July 1855.

In November 1858 Mr Gladstone was appointed High Commissioner Extraordinary to the seven Ionian Isles for the purpose of reporting on the working of their constitution. Although Giacomo did not know modern Greek, Gladstone asked him to act as secretary to this Mission, with a salary and expenses.

France had controlled the Ionian islands until the defeat of Napoleon Bonaparte, after which the Congress of Vienna of 1815 allowed them independence as a single free state. They were then placed under the protection of the United Kingdom and thrived in spite of it. The Ionian islanders, however, could not forget that they were Greeks in spite of their benefits under the British. A confidential Colonial Office document was



C. C. Lacaita Esq., J.P.

leaked to the press, which suggested Corfu be annexed as a British possession. Popular uprisings broke out and in January 1859 the Ionian Assembly voted to be united with Greece. Gladstone could not persuade them otherwise and his enterprise failed.

Despite his failure, however, and immediately upon his return, Gladstone recommended that the Commandership of the Order of St Michael and St George (KCMG) be awarded to

Giacomo, as '*a gentleman upon whose tact, judgement and precision I could place entire and implicit reliance.*' Sir James, as he then became known, was advised by the Secretary and Registrar of the Order to have a silver star made at his own expense: '*as that which the Queen sends is of solder.*'

He became an intrinsic part of the aristocratic, socio-political London scene - a fashionable world of calling cards, visiting, dinner-parties and clubs - of country house weekends and trips abroad. He 'networked' continually - enlarging his social sphere and being constantly available to the eminent and politically important for information conversations upon Italian matters.

His possibly most significant act of unofficial and undercover diplomacy took place in 1860. At this time Giuseppe Garibaldi and his Redshirt revolutionary forces of liberation were poised on the coast of Sicily preparing to sail for the mainland of Italy. Garibaldi had vowed to achieve the freedom and unification of the Italian people. The liberal King of Sardinia, Victor Emmanuel II, and his premier, the Conte Di Cavour, favoured his cause. At that precise moment, however, it would have been undiplomatic for Cavour to make an open declaration of his support - especially as he was saying in public that he did not want Garibaldi to make the crossing. The French and Neapolitan authorities were trying to persuade the British to use the Royal Navy to prevent him from landing. Somehow, and secretly, Cavour had to make sure that the British did not take action against Garibaldi. He approached the British Minister at Turin, Sir James Hudson. Being aware of Giacomo's friendship with the Foreign Secretary, Hudson asked him to put the best interests of Italy to Lord Russell immediately. He was required to present the 'real bearings of the case' and do everything possible to make sure that Garibaldi and his forces were not stopped from reaching the mainland of Italy by the Royal Navy.

Giacomo went round to the Russell home at Chesham Place. The footman, who knew him well, said that Lord Russell was at home but engaged upon important business. He was with the French ambassador, and the footman had been given '*the strictest orders to let no one in except the Neapolitan minister who had just arrived.*' With not a moment to lose, Giacomo asked to see Lady Russell. He was told by the footman that she was ill in bed, so he wrote on his card, '*For the love you bear the memory of your father, I beg you to see me for a moment!*' He was shown up to her room immediately. Giacomo reminded her of the bloodshed that had taken place before when her husband had sent English ships to join the French in blockading Sicily, and how this had upset her father, Lord Minto. Lady Russell wrote a note to her husband, which said, '*Come up at once!*' Thinking her condition had worsened, Lord John left the French and Neapolitan ministers. On entering his wife's bedroom, Sir James Lacaita subjected him to an impassioned appeal. In reply, he was told that he ought not to be so sure that it was the intention of the Foreign Secretary to sign the proposed treaty. Later, Lord John Russell's secretary called to see Giacomo with a message telling him to be of good cheer, which enabled him to telegraph Cavour with the news.

Garibaldi made the crossing unopposed, took Naples, and in 1861 the kingdom of Italy was established with Victor Emmanuel as its ruler. Twenty-five years later, Sir James Hudson wrote to Giacomo, '*Your success on that occasion added one more to the many services you had already rendered to Italy.*'

Although invited to take a seat in the new Italian parliament, Giacomo hesitated on the grounds of risks to his health and diminished earnings. In addition '*he had no taste for an active political life there, he far preferred his position as a confidential agent.*' But he believed that if he did not take the seat - which he was being pressed to do by Gladstone and Hudson - he would be seen as opposing the new order. So he accepted with some reluctance. His absences from Italy were prolonged and he rarely spoke in parliament, perhaps to avoid '*party wrangles in a noisy assembly.*' He refused to stand at the next election in 1865.

In 1869, the third and final volume of Dante's *Inferno*, with which he had given Lord Vernon a great deal of assistance, was published.

In 1870 'Lady' took Giacomo's sister Pia and his son Charles to visit her daughter Sophie and husband Francis Nevile Reid at the Villa Rufolo in Ravello. At this time, criminal gangs of former Bourbon soldiers were roaming the Neapolitan countryside. Some 70 of them surrounded the town after seeing off the local National Guard. They stayed outside the gates of the Villa, drank a barrel of Francis' wine and carried off two local women for a night in the hills. The family escaped to nearby Amalfi, and from there they: '*took a six-oared boat and, after a short rest, rowed to Capri by night.*'

About then, Giacomo became more active in financial matters, constantly shuttling between London and Milan. He had negotiated a loan from Hambros to the Italian government to fund the construction of a railroad along the coast of Tuscany. Around 90,000 bonds of £20 were sold. Because of the success of this venture he was made Knight Commander of the Order of the Saints Maurizio and Lazzaro. He was invited to join the board of the new South Italian Railway Company of which he was a popular member until his death. In addition to his director's fees, he became entitled to the privilege of travelling with a free pass on railways between Italy and England, sometimes with a reserved compartment or carriage. His status led to directorships in other Anglo-Italian business ventures, namely the Anglo-Italian Bank, The City of Milan Improvements Company and the Italian Land Company which sold off monastic land and properties that had been transferred to the state.

In 1868-9 Giacomo bought a large amount of land in Manduria and Taranto on favourable terms through the Railway Company. Much of it had belonged to a Benedictine monastery, famed for its enormous olive trees. He made a home near Taranto at a farm called Leucaspide (White Shields), with, ultimately, an estate of 3410 acres and over 20,000 olive trees. The farmhouse was much in need of restoration and rebuilding, which he arranged. He lived there in the winter and spring months from 1876 to 1894, the year before his death. According to Charles: '*He loved the place and its people, which brought back memories of his boyhood. He delighted in receiving visitors, especially English,*' encouraging them to dance with the olive gatherers.

In 1876 he was made Senator of the Kingdom of Italy. He was asked to renounce his English citizenship, but did not.

In his latter years Giacomo saw a lot of his friend Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, much of Empress Eugenie, and somewhat less of her husband, Napoleon III. He saw the Crown Princess of Prussia - to whom, every year, he sent a basket of the blood oranges for which Leucaspide was famous. In 1887 he was invited to visit Queen Victoria at Osborne House on

the Isle of Wight. It was said that she had been charmed by him. The Prince of Wales, who invited him to Sandringham more than once, liked Giacomo. At Sandringham he was introduced to the future German Kaiser, Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, who gave him a signed photograph. For showing *'the treasures of the Library at Chatsworth'* to the Emperor of Brazil he was awarded the Brazilian Order of the Rose.

*'What was his secret of success with the Royalties?'* asked his son. It was, he believed, due to: *'Ease of manner, combined with perfect tact; a conversation issuing from a prodigious memory and a wide knowledge of much that had passed behind the scenes in society and in politics in days gone by.'*

Charles did not think of him as *'a toady or a snob.'* Unless he was asked to do so, he did not speak of *'his smart or important friends.'* He valued, nonetheless, *'what the Italians call relazione as a road or influence in life.'* He said disagreeable things *'only about a few Italian politicians who he thought were ruining their country.'*

Charles described how: *'In society he was forthcoming and popular. He did not know what shyness meant, and was very fond of dancing, but was wise enough never to try and push himself out of his place, perhaps from his great caution and shrewd judiciousness rather than from modesty. He was not a mere frivolous diner-out and raconteur. His apparently undomestic social habits were the consequence of his loneliness; and his love of going out was partly caused by his inability to read much at night by the artificial light of his time. He was a fairly early riser, did not smoke or take snuff, never drank to excess, and hated sitting up late.'*

With regard to his linguistic and literary abilities, Charles wrote: *'He spoke French with perfect fluency...In English, of which he had absolute command, he never all his life lost the broad Italian pronunciation of the vowels. His interests lay mainly in poetry - and he liked Pope better than any other English author.'* More recent English poets, such as Browning, apparently did not appeal to him. He could recall *'stanza after stanza'* of poetry and repeat the whole of Dante's *Divina Commedia*. *'This was a great consolation to him during the many sleepless nights that he had to endure in later life.'*

His letters had *'a jejune epistolary style,'* lacking in fluency, which was *'in sharp contrast to his bright and fluent conversation.'* His writing was *'dry and lacked humour, with exact particulars of day, month and year and the number of hours and minutes a.m. and p.m. of every departure and arrival.'* It was *'only occasionally seasoned with some brief allusion to a favourite and well-worn old family joke.'* Charles thought that this might have been due to *'the slowness of his beautifully clear and rather square handwriting, for which he always used a quill pen.'* It would seem that he grumbled when he had to put up with a steel 'J' pen-nib!

For the last ten years of his life - to 1895 - Giacomo was effectively an invalid. He was accompanied and nursed by Irish sisters from Florence. At Leucaspide, in 1890, the Archbishop of Taranto administered the Last Rites to him, but he recovered and subsequently received several visitors there before returning to England.

One is inclined to speculate what Giacomo's life might have been had his wife lived. It seems probable that *'the line of life which eventually brought prosperity and popularity*

*would not have been compatible with domestic tranquillity.'* Would the Lacaitas have afforded a larger family and have coped with the inevitable outgoings required to maintain them all in the style which Maria would most likely have expected? Would they have migrated to Italy? With a wife and family would Giacomo have divided his life between his two countries as came to be his habit? It seems unlikely that, without many connections and a presence in Italy, he would have been able to profit much from Anglo-Italian business, or have had the same influence upon Italian history.

Giacomo was popular because of *'the number of sincere and affectionate friends that adorned his life'* due to *'his great power of sympathy.'* According to Lord Rosebery: *'he gave sympathy abundantly to everyone he cared for.'* He threw himself wholeheartedly *'into the interests, lives and hobbies of others, never revealing a confidence.'* Lord Camperdown spoke of *'the discerning power of his spirit, his selflessness and his generous giving of himself in counsel.'*

His life was commemorated by a marble slab built into one wall of the staircase of Leucaspide. It read:-

TO THE REVERED MEMORY OF GIACOMO FILLIPPO LACAITA, SENATOR OF THE KINGDOM OF ITALY. HE BUILT THIS HOUSE AND LOVED THIS PLACE. EXILED IN ENGLAND IN 1851. RETURNED TO ITALY IN 1860 TO SETTLE IN HIS CHOSEN HOME. BORN AT MANDURIA ON THE 4TH OF OCTOBER, 1813. DIED AT POSILIPO ON THE 4TH JANUARY, 1895. PLACED HERE BY THIS SON CHARLES.

The present owner of Selham House has generously provided details of its history and former owners.<sup>5</sup> They suggest that Sir James was responsible for its planning, construction and funding - not Charles, as had been supposed. It must be noted, however, that Charles' biography of his father had nothing to say on this matter, and that another source indicates that Charles built Selham House in 1889.<sup>7</sup>

Sir James' assets were left entirely to his son Charles.<sup>8</sup> In terms of today's money, and not including his Italian properties and capital, they would be worth around one million pounds.<sup>9</sup>

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Keith T. Pickup

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## David and Linda's walk April 23rd

Brick and tile at Stag Park, orange lichen and the familiar dovecote. A field of lush grass with sheep and lambs but so wet that the grass squelches. Through two such fields and into the woods. A metal tree-felling sign briefly surprises but all's quiet today. Long stemmed primroses by the verge-side, dog's mercury on the bank. A good attendance. Easter Sunday for a walk, originally an error, is probably a popular day. On through the woods with the bluebells almost full out. A new brick bridge - pooh-sticks in the swift-flowing streams, eventually one stick too large joins the other flotsam waiting to move on. David recalls a buzzard nesting in trees along the ride to the left last year - probably with young. The trees are still bare and that nest over there is probably a pigeon's. Last year's oak leaves scuffle in the path. Into the field by Raghams, the Upperton road wall away in front of us. A grass snake, a good two foot long, slithering in the grass, moving with almost alarming speed, perhaps venturing out of the great dung heap nearby into the afternoon sunshine.

Over the fields to Chillinghurst. The barn still open to the elements. Holes in the earthen floor. It's not rats; there are a few rabbit droppings on the dried soil. The roof's probably sound enough, the wind drives in through the open sides. Peeling brown paint on the cottage doors at Chillinghurst; the abandoned garden is at its wild spring best before the growth is high and tangled. Always an aura at Chillinghurst, far away and alone, a feeling one brings to it but yet that the place imparts. On over the fields. David and Linda have avoided the familiar lakes this time, all except Glasshouse. We skirt the edge, the slight wind furrowing the surface. Out of the woods and through the lush grass again, Toby a white vision rocking up and down in a spring-green sea. Back to the welcoming brick and tile of Stag Park. Once again a dreadful weather forecast: once again we've been fortunate.

P.

## 'The eighth (the King's Royal Irish)' .... An afternoon at the Cottage Museum

Filling in unexpectedly on Good Friday. Fragile sunshine, a still breeze and every chance of rain. Shops open, shops shut. No sign as yet of the annuals sown in the Museum garden, cosmos, clarkia, godetia and calendula among the more permanent residents. All plants celebrated in the two albums of cigarette cards that stand guard in the glass cupboard on the stairs, arbiters of what is "period" and what is not. In fact most visitors are looking for the cottage garden of their own imagining just as long as there's nothing too obviously discordant. Wills' Old English Garden Flower Series 1 1910 Series 2 1913. The heavy rain has flattened the light soil and left patterns of silt.

Good Friday 2000. It's ninety years on from 1910 and every year adds one more. Trite but needing to be said. It's always 1910 at the Museum but we outsiders all move on. A quick look at the red and gold bound St Mary's Magazine. Easter in 1910 fell at the end of March; good congregations for the three hours' service at St Mary's, with numbers growing considerably towards the end. Mrs Cummings from 346, devout Catholic as she was, would have been a world away at the Sacred Heart.

Val. already has the fire alight. It's going well today. Five minutes to go and faces peering in the kitchen sink window. "Are we open?" No time to settle in today. A couple from West Chilton with a mother from Middlesbrough. They know the old Leconfield homeland in Yorkshire "Beverley is a nice place." I'm glad of the fire today. First time this year for me and for Val. Jumping through the usual hoops, switching the gas on and off, the stone sink, the plate rack, the fanlight that wouldn't have been there in 1910. The vivid scarlet patterns in the rag rug by the hearth. After a leisurely look-round our visitors go down the cellar, then off upstairs, to be replaced by a Dutch couple staying the week at the Graffham Camping Site. The impeccable English of so many Dutch people. Some words like "washboard" and "bombazene" seem much the same in either language. The "Petworth" range. Is it true that Lord Leconfield had so many made it was called the "Petworth"? To retell the story is not to establish it. Eventually they too disappear into the cellar before making their way upstairs. The museum's a relaxed, friendly sort of place.

A brief lull, time to change the rusty looking water in the heavy black pan on the range. The newspapers in the rack are looking somewhat the worse for wear. The siege of Sidney Street particularly. 1911 actually ... In fact they're facsimiles but no one seems to realize. Must get on with replacing the "pimp" by the fire, the old one venerable as it is, has had to go. Tim Martin says that the old people would leave a vulnerable hazel faggot in the house all winter to attract the woodworm, then dispose of it before the insects began to fly.

A foursome of American visitors and a couple with a knowledge of the old Egremont estates in Ireland. Chenille curtains and table cloth, Mrs Cummings would have made them herself, an example of how the incumbent has influenced the portrayal of the cottage. The bendy bamboo cane on which the curtains hang. To wind the machine and play the metal



record: shades of Sir Harry Lauder. On Good Friday? Not a word to Mrs Cummings: It's just as well the lady of the house is at church. The copper in the kitchen either strikes an immediate chord or simply bewilders.

*Welcome to*

**PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM**

*346 High Street, Petworth,  
West Sussex 01798 342100*

No 0111

The afternoon doesn't lend itself to reflection, taking on eventually something of the character of a French farce. People knocking on the door when you're half-way through explaining, tagging them on, to come back to the kitchen later, then someone else, very young children open-eyed but somewhat bemused by it all. A general air of joviality which is part of the Museum's ethos. Occasional trips outside to show the, as yet dormant, garden. The plant with mottled pink and blue flowers is, apparently, lungwort. The vivid green gooseberry leaves, Whinham's Industry, the fruit small but beautifully crimson and sweet when ripe, the tall, rangy, old-fashioned phlox that sway with the wind where the more modern varieties tend simply to break off. "The garden must be a sun trap". It is. No clothes on the line today, it's Good Friday.

People relating to things, the rag rugs, making them in a northern childhood and using them to play marbles on the undulating surface making the game more skilled. Memories of a brother placed on a table under a gas mantle by a harassed grandmother and his hair catching on the mantle. All alright in the end. The notorious fragility of gas mantles. Michael Cummings of the eighth (the King's Royal Irish) Hussars. How often one has to say that, motioning toward the portrait with the two colleagues from the 17th Lancers, a moment at Aldershot now apparently crystallised in time.

It's too much of a mouthful and always sounds pedantic. The somewhat enigmatic Crimean connection. "Can it be right, is it grateful, is it seemly, to seize upon the anniversary of that day and to make it one of mere pleasure and recreation?" So wrote Mr Penrose, the Rector, in 1910. In a secular new century the absent Irish Catholic at 346 and the Protestant Ulsterman at the Rectory might find a measure of concord. Time may not always heal but it will sometimes draw together.

P.

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*