



*Felix kept on walking
engines were not like
they are today*

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
Magazine

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It shows a scene at Soanes Farm, Petworth in the 1930s.

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THE PETWORTH SOCIETY SUPPORTS THE
LECONFIELD HALL
PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM
AND THE COULTERSHAW BEAM PUMP.

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 £9.00. Single or double one Magazine delivered. Postal £11.00 overseas £13.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:

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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

Once again successful Book Sales enable us to offer a 52 page Magazine; once again I have gone for extra material rather than a greater number of pictures. The last Magazine stimulated a considerable response from readers.



A quieter moment at the April Book Sale. Photograph by Keith Sandall.

As I write the Sheffield Park/Bluebell Railway trip is a few days away but I would hope to carry a report in this Magazine. The Society Midsummer Eve dinner on July 23rd is sold out. I am very much looking forward to our visit to Ditchling in July. The rest of the programme on the Activities Sheet. The visit to Somerset Lodge this year replaces the annual Gardens Walk. Our grateful thanks to Mr and Mrs Raymond Harris. Profits to the Petworth Cottage Museum.

Lastly may I mention Midhurst: Fact and Fable a most attractive book written and produced by a great friend of this Society, Frances Johnson-Davies. Beautifully produced on high quality paper. This is subtitled "A commonplace Book of a Country Town and Thereabouts". I think "commonplace book" is a little modest. Replete with photographs and drawings the book ranges entertainingly over "a mélange of events, observations, and country thoughts." It certainly does, from Shulbrede Prior to Shakespeare's sonnets, from Sussex tokens to Tudor Midhurst, from Thomas Otway and

H.G. Wells to the lost Manor of Todham. It is very reasonably priced at £12.60 and can be ordered through local booksellers or direct from Brackenwood, Telegraph Hill, Midhurst GU29 0BN. A little towards postage would probably be appreciated, it's a substantial volume.

Peter 24th January

An Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty – Chichester Harbour 22nd January

Chichester Harbour is not a harbour as we usually think of one. It is not at the mouth of a river; there are no coasters discharging and loading cargo at wharves. Small streams flow down from the north, forming four channels: Emsworth, Thorney, Bosham and Fishbourne, before entering the English Channel off East Head at West Wittering.

The only harbour of the thirty seven designated Areas of Outstanding Natural Beauty in the country, it is managed by the Chichester Harbour Conservancy, consisting of councillors from West Sussex and Hampshire County Councils and Chichester District and Havant Borough Councils and an Advisory Committee of harbour and amenity area users such as sailors, fishermen, residents, farmers and those with commercial and nature conservation interests. There are upwards of sixteen paid staff (according to the season), from the Harbour Master down and of whom Judi Darley came to tell us more. That is her job and she leads walks around the Harbour as well.

Tracing the Harbour's history, she showed how the ways in which it has been used have changed more than its physical features. Formed at the end of the Ice Age, artefacts turned up on field walks have shown Stone Age (flint tools) and Roman (pottery) occupation. At one time, it was ninth in importance of the country's 'ports', trading in wool, coal and luxury goods. One of the sixteen harbour communities, Dell Quay was working up to the 1930s.

With the 1960s came the great increase in leisure opportunities with car ownership, road building and housing development leading to the establishment of yachting marinas around our coasts. Chichester Marina is the largest of its kind and Birdham Pool, established in the 1930s, the oldest.

Now, sailing, agriculture, birdwatching, walking, wildfowling, angling, painting and photography give life to the area and it is the Conservancy's concern to maintain the right balance.

Judi grew up on Chichester Harbour. Her grandfather was the last coal merchant in Itchenor. Her obvious enthusiasm for her work was evident from the start of her note-free talk, accompanying some excellent slides, many of them aerial views, which led to plenty of questions from the audience, whose eyes had been opened to the many attractions on an AONB on our doorstep.

KCT

The Dairymaid's Flora – the wisdom behind tradition, superstition and usage

We know what to expect when Chris. Howkins is our speaker – expect the unexpected! We do know that the talk will be informative, humorous and exceptionally well delivered, but the content – full of surprises.

We Sussex folk started using cows' milk rather than that from sheep in the mid 16th. century. Chris. doesn't know why and neither did anyone in the audience, apparently. We learnt why sycamore was the preferred wood for dairying utensils: butterpats, bowls, even milking stools – it can be used immediately after the tree is felled, no seasoning is required. We saw how a bowl from 1820–40 was perfectly designed for cleanliness and comfort for the dairymaid. Grease was removed with mint and then marigold petals (not lavender which, although a powerful antiseptic, leaves an odour and unpleasant taste) were rubbed round to sterilize it. We were told how plants can affect the flavour, quality and yield of milk. We were initiated into some of the secrets of cheese making: how stinging nettles were used, rather than animal rennet to coagulate the cream, resulting in a green cheese, whereas fig sap produced white cheese and the flowers of lady's bedstraw, yellow cheese. Because of their coagulating properties, nettles and cleavers (goosegrass, sweethearts, etc.) had medicinal uses in aiding clotting and healing in wounds.

Then there were the traditions and superstitions surrounding dairying; for example, the Annual Dairy Festival, still celebrated in eastern Europe, on Midsummer's Even, June 23rd. There are three bonfires (later, only one, the 'bone fire', hence 'bonfire', fuelled with bones, saved and dried over the year). The idea was to produce plenty of smoke, through which the cows were driven, cleansing both physically and spiritually, to be blessed by the local priest. Sacred plants, the herbs of St. John, for this was also the eve of St. John the Baptist's Day, such as ivy, fennel and St. John's wort, were used in garlands to drape over the cows and to dry in the smoke to be placed around the home to ensure good health and fortune through the coming year. Fennel was also used to make gripe water and St. John's wort is still one of the most important herbal medicines with a number of applications.

It must also have been a surprise to most in the audience when they realised that they had been engrossed and fascinated for an hour as Chris. spoke without a note or hesitation. Another book is in preparation, so no doubt he will be back.

KCT

Book Sale 8th March

The customary flotilla of platform boxes, once holding strawberries, iceberg lettuce, clementines, tomatoes-on-the-vine, seedless grapes, pointed cabbage and the rest. We could

put on an exhibition of them, even have a permanent museum when we retire from book sales! For the present however, their attraction lies in their flatness and our ability to pack them tight in a closed space. They're used almost entirely for the 25p books. The "better" books are packed in the old-fashioned rectangular boxes. It's a rough form of sorting for the day. Ideally the 25p are already sorted into fiction and non-fiction, and, hopefully, cooking, gardening and children are more or less distinct. Sometimes people ask if there are special sections for things like biography or poetry – travel perhaps. On balance though I think people prefer to have a rummage, it's the serendipity element that prevails.



Photograph by Keith Sandall.

It's an evening set-up this time, the Hall's not free this Friday afternoon. Given that, we've more help than usual but setting up remains a daunting task: it always is. Box after box coming and being piled anywhere. We know the feeling by now, sheer helplessness. The whole thing's impossible. On the other hand we know now that it's not. You just have to keep working. For an hour and a half, two hours perhaps, nothing happens. Eventually we conjure that elusive genie "Order". You can never see it coming, it's either there or isn't. It's like that totally elusive moment when Petworth Fair "takes off". It comes every year. There's the long afternoon, the early evening. The Square's busy but gives nothing away. Suddenly it's full and everything's buzzing. But you can never catch the turning moment. Never lose your nerve. The £1 table is jammed with a dusty set of encyclopedias, and, oh dear, what looks like directories of some kind and (probably) obsolete legal volumes in ring binders. None of it

should be on that table, none of it, probably, should be here at all. The great 50p tables at the south end and against the west wall in the Garland room are completely clogged. Here the basic fiction and non-fiction division needs to be imposed. Fiction on the west wall. Fortunately Phil seems to be hacking a path through that. The 25p fiction backbone down the middle – what? Six whole tables set double lengthwise with a seventh crosswise at the top. Any stray non-fiction can be removed later – at least that's the theory, as also anything that's shoddy or coverless. The 25p lot have their standards too! There are jigsaws piled high in the serving hatch, and cooking, children and gardening are piled up against the north wall. Does wine count as cooking? Yes. The categories are pretty elastic, gardening can include things like bee-keeping or even, perhaps, fishing. A reasonable sprinkling of older books is important psychologically: "airport" paperbacks are a staple but need to be kept in check Yes, we're getting there at last.

Saturday – the usual ten o'clock flurry. You can hardly move in the Hall, but it's 10.15 at least before anyone comes to pay. Then it's the usual rollercoaster. February for some reason had been particularly busy, we'll do well to match it this month, let alone better it. In fact we go near to February without exceeding it. And there's always something that takes the eye at the very end. Herbert Asquith's impassioned but doomed letters to his daughter's friend Venetia Stanley culminating in 1915. There was after all a war on! And what's this? *The Parson's Quotation Book* (1933). William Rees Mogg writing in *The Times* in 1993: "A Dorset clergyman has written a special collect as a prayer for English cricket. I did not altogether admire the collect itself, which has God bowling a googly, but the idea is not inappropriate." Great stuff. And here's a book of *After Dinner Stories* by George Robey (third reprint 1922), and another story with a clerical slant: a certain minister, during his discourse on Sabbath morning, said "In each blade of grass there is a sermon."

The following day one of his flock discovered the good man pushing a lawn mower over his lawn and paused to say "Well, Vicar, I'm glad to see you engaged in cutting your sermons short." A bit tame for today's after-dinner circuit, I imagine, but you have to say that a Book Sale can broaden the mind!

P.

'One of that atrocious crew' the Inaugural Book Sale Lecture

The inaugural Book Sale lecture, funded by profits from the monthly Leconfield Hall book sales made an excellent start. The Garland Room was full, refreshments (tea, coffee and biscuits) were taken in the interval and there was no raffle. Admission was a token £1, any shortfall to be made up from the book sales. The aim is to illuminate some subject, not necessarily relating to Petworth, with a more particular focus than is possible at the regular monthly meetings. Charles Murray, land steward to the third Earl of Egremont proved ideal. The speaker was Mr. Robin Healey, who concentrated on Murray's decidedly unusual earlier

career. He did not, in fact, come to Petworth until he was nearing seventy. In later years, after a short spell at New Grove, he lived at Tillington where there is a monument to him in the church, although it is not at present clear exactly where he lived.

Born in 1769 in Norwich, Murray's father was a distinguished surgeon and a noted philanthropist. Murray himself may have qualified as a surgeon – a somewhat rough and ready art in those days. Certainly he seems to have had at least a smattering of medical knowledge. His leanings were however mainly towards the law. In 1796 he set up in London as an attorney. He first came to notice as helping Alexander Jenner in his campaign to replace inoculation with vaccination as a preventative to smallpox. At this stage vaccination with a serum from the much less serious disease of cow pox was highly controversial and Jenner and his supporters the butt of crude jokes about recipients growing horns and sprouting cows' tails. Jenner himself was a country doctor with an overmastering sense of mission, but little notion of how to "sell" his idea. This was Murray's forte: he was articulate, had some scientific background and also some financial acumen, while he was prepared to gain access to people in power. By 1809 he had been so far successful as to obtain a government grant of £20,000 – a huge sum in those days – to secure the foundation of a National Vaccine Establishment (NVE). Following in his father's philanthropic footsteps he was also secretary of the prestigious Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress (SOFFID), a somewhat aristocratic organisation (Patron the Duke of Gloucester) devoted to awarding eighty chosen pensioners some five shillings a week, about a quarter of the average national wage. The recipients seem to have been mainly noblemen fleeing from Napoleon.

Murray is perhaps best known for his role as secretary and presiding spirit of the infamous "Constitutional Association", "that atrocious crew" as it was named by its opponents. In its heyday the Association numbered some 700 paid-up subscribers including the Duke of Wellington, some 20 peers, 40 members of Parliament, 6 English bishops and 97 other clergy. The Association was an unashamedly right wing organisation dedicated to the suppressing of radical ideology. It soon turned into a self-governing clique, a band of right wing vigilantes or thought police. In practice the Association never met as a formal body and allowed its officers to institute a series of private prosecutions against radical booksellers which were often accompanied by gratuitous violence. A number of booksellers were raided and roughly treated by Murray and his henchmen, the authorities remaining complaisant. The Constitutional Association was not to be trifled with and its "heavies" conducted what was effectively a reign of terror. William Home, John Thelwall and Thomas Dalby were just three victims. In addition to suffering personal violence, errant booksellers were forced to enter into heavy financial recognisances which effectively crippled their businesses. Murray and the Association eventually became over-confident and were taken to court for extortion. The partiality of the presiding judge saved them but their cover was blown. Murray continued however to retain prestigious appointments including the secretary-ship of the London Fever Hospital. In 1835 he became land steward to Lord Egremont, then well over eighty. Murray's leisurely proceedings and aristocratic demeanour at once charmed and infuriated Lord Egremont's successor, Colonel Wynham, and Murray was saved only by the intervention of Thomas Sockett the rector – but that, as they say, is another story!

P.

Nigel's Northchapel Walk, 23rd March

Not an auspicious start: the chairman arriving at Northchapel with some members still waiting for him at Petworth. How could it happen? It's simply too complicated to explain. In the end David redeems the chairman's reputation – no that's not right – what is the chairman's reputation? Spares his blushes? He's probably too brazen for that. Anyway it was a lovely sunny day. The façade of the Working Men's Club basking in the warmth, a five bar gate casting a five bar shadow on the sunlit grass.

The Petworth Society having (more or less) sorted themselves out, a marvellously patient Nigel takes us across the main road along a deep cut path by a stream and into the bare spring woods. A little while and the floor will be carpeted with bluebells, at present we have only the leaves. Audrey's read somewhere that Britain has 80% of the world's total number of bluebells. There's wood anemone in full white flower and shamrock rooting shallowly on a fallen trunk. In a field silage bales have their black plastic stretched almost to bursting: on one some fungus has actually broken the plastic. It feels completely dry, desiccated, to the touch. Looking left to the road we can see the concrete barns of Tanland. We're walking at present parallel with the road. Another small wood. The slate gravestone of Thomas the dog. We suppose that the wood held happy memories for him. A pipe carries spring water down to Tanland for bottling. There are five steams up on the higher ground.

We look across to the road once more. Goffs, Schoolhouse, and further over, Wet Wood. But is that really the Gog away to the right? That upward path is certainly the road past the sheep shed in Stag Park. Sharp right now up a slope with Navant Hill on the right. There are wild strawberries in full flower by a ditch as we pick up the road to Hill Grove. Bulrush Farm. Another field vista, again looking over the road toward Wet Wood. This time the silage bales are a uniform sky blue.

We gradually descend with the road. Hill Grove, celebrated by George Garland in the 1930s. It's difficult now to put old Mr. Bicknell back into his context. Mr. Bicknell, the Cokeler, making cider to sell, working away in the copse, besoms and faggots, and at home singing to himself the old hymns. People are enjoying the quietness of the weekend. A few struggling snowdrops are fighting a losing battle in the rough grass. The pale, anaemic green of ramsons leaves, the wild garlic. It seems to like water, and where it does grow, it will grow in some profusion. Once you break a leaf the smell is all-pervasive. A girl riding in a field, jumping clear then arching round to jump clear again. Adults watch and talk from the side.

Back over the road, behind the houses. Balloons from Ebernoe rising over a stand of pine, ash planted at the edge. A microlite in the sky "like a big haversack with a fan" someone says. Perhaps the canopy itself acts as a kind of brake. Turning into the lane to Wet Wood but sharp left past Hortons Farm. Nigel chats to the Sunday afternoon farmer while the party catches up. A barn on the left with distinctive brick steps on the outside. A few steps more and we're back. Thank you very much, Nigel.

P.

'Never noticeably gloat'

Alison Neil and Peter Jerrome are just what people like me need. People who hated history at school, but are now ready, from the perspective granted over the ensuing years, to savour and enjoy our heritage; to understand to some extent, where and from whom we have come and to see ourselves as part of a continuing story. Peter, writing and speaking, is able to bring the people of the past back to life in a way that makes us feel as familiar with them as we are with our present-day neighbours. Alison does the same in her dramatic presentations. Perhaps, as children, we would not have been ready to appreciate these approaches either, but we are now.

Alison has brought us Mrs. Beeton, Charlotte Bronte and now, Catherine Parr, the sixth wife of Henry VIII. The research entailed to script these portrayals – diaries, letters, biographies – can only be guessed at. The sets are constructed to evoke an atmosphere before the action starts – music, lighting, furniture, costume. The stage curtains are open as the audience enters so that no adjustment from auditorium to stage has to take place. The raffle paraphernalia has to be discretely placed to the side so as not to distract the eye. We are ready to meet the character.

The actress and her technician had arrived at 2.30 for the 7.30 start, so much has to be unloaded, transported and assembled – and it would be 11.30 before the doors were closed and the pair went their separate ways.

Scholars may argue, but to me, Catherine came over as intelligent as well as educated, ambitious, witty, dutifully, diplomatic; sometimes scheming and manipulative and always aware of the prediction made to her as a child that she was destined for greatness. All these qualities were needed to ensure that she remained at the centre of power, Henry's court.

She had an apt quotation for every situation: "I have a saying" and early on learned "Never noticeably gloat".

Thus it was, after the divorces and deaths of his previous wives, Catherine became Henry's sixth, to encourage and comfort him in his last few, painful months. Earlier, she had brought together his three children, Mary, Elizabeth and Edward, to live with their father as a family. She had espoused and progressed the New (Protestant) Faith. Of the six wives, she was the survivor, marrying for the fourth time after Henry's death, but dying in childbirth a year later, aged 36. Her influence in matters of religion and education lived on into the first 'Elizabethan Age'.

So ended a meticulously devised and delivered performance, a miracle of memory, bearing in mind that Alison carries four different scripts in her head. We in the audience had been totally absorbed yet again, but it was time to come back to the present, for everything had to be dismantled, including that atmosphere, to load up and get away.

A final word of appreciation for Jonathan, the technician, whose balance of sound and lighting ensured such a natural flow and continuity, something often unnoticed because it is so well done.

KCT



Lecconfield Estate employees, including some heads of department, outside the Metropolitan Hotel in Brighton – probably in 1913. Only two are certainly identified. Can anyone put a name to any of them? Photograph courtesy of Mr Tim Austin.



The Rev. H.E. Jones with his men's Bible Class outside Petworth Rectory. Jones was rector from 1897 to 1906. A few of the men are known. Can anyone help with identification? The photograph is known in several copies but this is a computer printout supplied by Mr Andrew Howard.

The Bluebell Railway and Sheffield Park Garden

To my great relief the coach arrived on time, no real reason why it shouldn't have, except that I had made the travel arrangements and a last minute sense of foreboding had certainly unsettled my nerves. An almost full coach, and according to the weatherman a changeable forecast, did nothing to fill me with confidence, still I had done my bit, now it was down to Debbie our leader for the day.

A rather circulatory tour of the West Sussex countryside followed and an hour after setting off we pulled into the car park at Sheffield Park station. Tickets arranged, and we orderly boarded the railway coaches proudly displaying the "Reserved for the Petworth Society" notices. 11 o'clock sharp and the shriek of the guards whistle is quickly followed by a gentle tug as the team engine "Camelot" pulls us up the gentle gradient and out of the station. Almost immediately we cross the Greenwich meridian line followed almost directly by the River Ouse, no time to check our watches for we are soon tearing along at the breakneck speed of 25 m.p.h. The guide tells us that this is the maximum speed allowed under health and safety legislation and it certainly seems fast enough for me. Gordon our resident railway enthusiast fills me in on the technical details of the steam engine while Debbie is put on lookout duty with strict orders to record any wild flowers she might see growing beside the line, "Preferably their Latin names Debbie" I light-heartedly request, in the vain hope of being able to impress our absent chairman and editor. Bluebells, Cowslips, Stitchwort and Sorrell are all dutifully reported and faithfully recorded, perhaps I will look up their Latin names when I get home, the Rev. Arnold's book on the Sussex flora should do the job. A lack of cows in the fields someone comments, "Foot and mouth" is the reason an anonymous voice retorts from the rear of the coach. I hadn't given it a thought really.

The line I am told is nine miles long making the return journey 18 in total. The ride is remarkably smooth and were it not for the occasional puffs of cotton wall drifting past our window it would be difficult to tell that you were travelling on a steam train. Halfway, and we pull into Horsted Keynes station, the hub of the preservation society. Old carriages covered in tarpaulins awaiting restoration, advertising signs extolling the virtues of Wild Woodbine cigarettes, Mazawattee Tea, and Camp Coffee, an old bicycle, frozen in time, waiting to be loaded on to a guards van which apparently never arrives. Just a brief stop here and then on to the end of the line at Kingscote where the tiny halt offers light refreshments before we return the way we came.

The return journey is much quicker - or so it seems - down hill most of the way I am reliably informed. Back on the coach and barely a five minute drive down the road to Sheffield Park gardens. Once again Debbie does her bit with the tickets and we are sent off to make our own way round the gardens. This time I have no one to assist me with plant and tree names, I feel helpless until Maria points out that most of them have name tags hanging from branches, my confidence returns and I am able to identify countless species of Rhododendron and

Hydrangea, Acers, vivid red Camellias are displayed in all their glory among the shadows cast by the Giant Redwood. Around the five Capability Brown lakes we tramp, faithfully, but blindly following the trail guided only by conspicuously placed arrows which seem to send us in illogical directions, past the cascade and over the bridge, through the magnificent display of specimen conifers and past the fading remnants of a daffodil garden we go. Palms sway in the warm gentle breeze; I imagine that over the last couple of months they have felt quite at home in our temperate climate. The walk is superbly designed to take in every part of the huge garden from a multitude of different vistas.

Back to the coach, foot worn but mercifully still dry, and a relaxing journey home. The general consensus appears to be that the day was a pretty good one and that we had been extremely fortunate with the weather. Let's hope that the Ditchling trip goes so well. Oh, I almost forgot to thank Debbie for a very well organised day.

Miles

Gwenda Morgan: The Diary of a Land Girl (2002) with a foreword by Peter Jerrome

Published by The Whittington Press, Whittington Court, Near Cheltenham, Gloucestershire
GL54 4HF 01242-820724

A short review

Most book readers will understand what I mean if I say that sometimes I look around and can find nothing to read. When I say nothing, I actually mean nothing interesting, or even half interesting to read, and with this in mind it makes it all the more satisfying to be able to review one of the best produced and interesting books that I have had the pleasure of reading in a long time.

The Diary of Gwenda Morgan will be familiar to most members and many Petworth people will remember Gwenda herself. Gwenda was an accomplished and yet far from prolific wood engraver. Her work is now recognised as amongst the finest in the country and has become extremely collectable not least because of its scarcity.

The diary was to a certain extent serialised in this magazine and this familiarity with it enables the reader to pick up the book and feel immediately comfortable with the author. Gwenda writes affectionately of her life during the Second World War working as a land girl, first at Hallgate Farm at nearby Byworth and then at Frog Farm on the Tillington Road. Her honest style of writing – a characteristic of the diarist who writes only for her own amusement – takes the reader into a world of toil with which she is clearly unfamiliar, and yet where she soon becomes remarkably at ease. Plucked from the comfort of life in provincial middle class Petworth where she lived with her beloved father and stepmother, Gwenda appears to thrive on the alternating variety and tedium of country life. She readily adapts to the tasks offered up by the changing seasons and, happy that she is doing her little bit for King and country, she

rarely bemoans her lot. The diary covers the years from 1939 to 1945 a period of great turmoil for the nation and which signals the end of a way of life on the land. The need for greater agricultural production allied to a huge reduction in manpower forces the agricultural industry to finally and completely embrace the opportunities offered by mechanisation. The diarist unconsciously records this period of change with an element of detachment only possible from someone who was not bought up on the soil.

Not only is the diary an outstanding first hand record of farming during the war it is above all things a Petworth book written by a truly Petworth girl, for Gwenda lived in the town all of her life and this book is a fitting memorial to the inconspicuous generosity that she displayed towards the town in her later years.

The book is illustrated with thirty-one wood engravings by Gwenda some of which will be instantly recognisable to local readers, and apart from the excellent diary this book will equally appeal to collectors of Gwenda Morgan engravings, fine press collectors or Petworth people in general.

If there is a drawback it must be the price, which at £135 for the limited edition of 300 copies bound in buckram with paper decorated boards, probably makes it beyond the means of most local collectors.

Miles Costello

Petworth from the beginnings to 1660

After hearing Peter's talk last year about this forthcoming book *Petworth. From the beginnings to 1660*, I feared the worst. It appeared that the subject was too vast and the facts too sparse. Added to these difficulties was the fact that the company responsible for the artwork side had had difficulties and the printing was late. As both author and publisher of the book, Peter had put a lot of time and effort into the project. It must have been one of his darkest hours. The vibes were not good.

However now that the book has 'come forth', I think he should be congratulated. He has produced an informative and readable account. Starting from the beginning, in this case the Saxons, where no records exist, he has described what could have happened. Once the Normans arrive, then a little bit more is known for sure. Petworth did exist before the Percies. Agnes de Percy, the heiress to the Percy wealth was singled out by the widow of Henry I, as a good match for her half brother. In view of Agnes de Percy's inheritance, the prospective bridegroom, despite his royal connections, had to choose between keeping his name or his coat of arms. He chose his coat of arms. The dowager queen was in a position to give the happy couple the manor of Petworth as a wedding present. So in the year 1150 began the House of Percy's association with Petworth. The story of Petworth is not just a chronicle of the Percies - in fact they were seldom present but as Peter writes, "The Percy family form a thread that runs through virtually all Petworth's history."

The Percies are very important in the history of England, and the book describes the

background to the Plantagenets and the Tudors. To build up the picture, Peter has done a vast amount of reading. Many of these publications are now out of print. For specific information about Petworth, he has used the Petworth House records some of which exist from 1350. The Church also has records of cases coming before them, as does the Court of Star Chamber. These, however, were not written for posterity, and most often do not give the outcome. It is frustrating, but they do give a glimpse of how people who were not Percies did exist. There is a lovely case which happened in Fittleworth behind Richard Gunter's beans. If you want to know, read the book. Unfortunately the result is not given, but that is not Peter's fault.

In fact reading the book is like a one-to-one exchange of ideas between the author and the reader. There is one chapter about a manuscript found in Petworth House, which the author says the reader can leave out if they want to. I found it interesting, but I would not have minded leaving out the chapter about the clergyman poet.

In the Introduction Peter says of the book that "here are some individual, even indiosyncratic, thoughts on Petworth history. The 'definitive' history of Petworth remains on the horizon. Perhaps that is where it should always be." I, the reviewer of the book, think it is the best history of Petworth that will ever be written. However should another book be written in a hundred years time, then I would like them to say of Peter that despite his erudition and long words, he was a very modest man who was very good at listening and talking to both the best and least educated, and that sometimes he used to wear a jumper with a Rupert Bear motif to the Petworth Society meetings.

I would suggest that you invest in a copy of the book, only £29.95, cheap at the price, because once it has gone, it has gone. I am really looking forward to Petworth From 1660.

Janet Austin

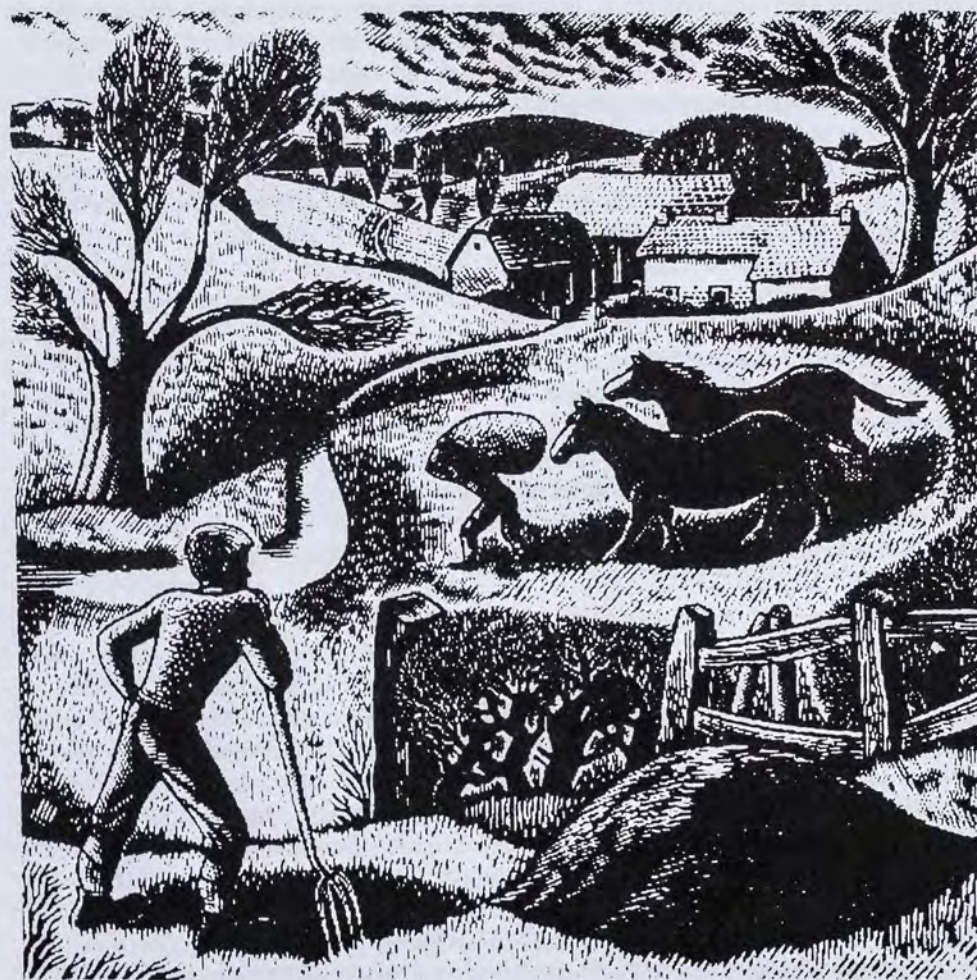
Editor's Postbag

Mr. Stanford, our member in Shipston-on-Stour, phoned regarding the wartime incident involving an army tank at the Tillington Road junction with Station Road (Magazine 111, p22, 'Petworth, not Petworth'). He was living in Station Road at the time and recalls the tank, unable to negotiate the tight bend, travelling round the petrol pumps and entering the garage where Vic. Roberts kept his Bedford bus, pushing it into Vic.'s lounge. As far as Mr. Stanford remembers, the Fire Station escaped damage.

K.C.T.

Killips House On Mrs. McIntyre's query in Magazine 111. Mrs. Jane Terry points out that Killips is clearly Caleb's and that we are obviously looking at the Plaistow Road at Kirdford. No details are as yet forthcoming on Sidney James Butcher.

John Randle asks if anyone has any knowledge of this woodcut at present in the Worthing Museum. No corresponding block is known. The title is "The Bag of Oats" and the date 1947.



The bag of oats. 1947

Ranstead, Gold Hill North, Chalfont St. Peter, Gerrards Cross, Bucks. SL9 9JG

Dear Peter, 7th March 03

In response to the letter sent by Mrs. Phil Sadler, I would like to clarify the origin of the china doll's face in the wall opposite Thompson's Hospital in North Street, Petworth. In fact, it is the head of a Victorian doll placed in the wall while prisoners of war were making repairs.

Alfred Townsend (the much photographed 'Old Townie') who was for many years the Champion Ploughman of West Sussex retired to an almshouse next to Thompson's. It was while the repairs was taking place that 'Old Townie' embedded the dolls head in the wall. The date would have been during the Great War of 1914-18 or immediately after the War.

I thought this was a well kept family secret told many times by my mother, Dorothy Kitchener (formerly, Meachen) who was a granddaughter of Alfred. All the family look to see it intact as they pass by and that's been a tradition for over 80 years.

Yours sincerely, Clive Kitchener

Jeremy Godwin writes:

Penrith, c/o Upperton

Dear Peter, 26-3-'03

On my way down North Street to examine Mrs. Sadler's doll's face in the Park Wall near Thompson's Hospital, March 2003 (see PSM 111, page 8), starting from the Cowyard Gate, I found several other interesting stones in the Wall, thus: (1) About fifteen feet north of the Cowyard Gate, about six feet up, a largish paler block of stone marked with a large S. (2) A similar stone, marked B, opposite Somerset Hospital's front door. (3) Opposite the north end of Springfield House, a similar stone about two feet up, marked ELC 1753. (4) Opposite the house 'Shimmings', north end, about ten feet up, a similar stone marked T W C.

1778

(5) Four feet south of one of the front doors of Thompson's Hospital, about four feet up, a similar stone marked S^TS. All these stones lettering, and positions, suggest that they were the initials of the stonemasons building those particular sections or lengths of the Wall.

It appears to have been built in individual lengths, marked by vertical joins in various distances apart, e.g. 25 feet, 30 feet. Large parts have been rebuilt at least once (one section in North Street is in two iron clamps); and the 1753 stone may indicate that the 1778 Wall was a rebuilding or an extension of the Wall. The 1778 date is echoed by Mr. William Mills' stone in the Wall opposite Tillington House; his stone is more oblong than those in North Street.

Plainly the Wall is a human document, not just a 14-mile length of stones, and is studded with mementos of its builders, initials, names, dates, pictures. As yet, the later parts have not revealed any. Perhaps this tells us something of local society in the 18th century, and in the 1912. Roy Daughtree, D'Haute Rive, 37 Tennyson Drive, St James' Park, Malvern, Worcs WR142TQ
Phone: 01684 561872 Email: Daughtree@btinternet.com

Dear Mr Jerome, March 11, 2003

Thank you for inserting my plea for help in the March 2003 edition of the Petworth Society Magazine.

Over the past few months I have been updating my Family History programme and I am now able to put some relationships together for some well-known people in Petworth. Perhaps you, or others in the Petworth Society, have carried out similar investigations and can

correct my findings.

Walter Dawtrey (1860-1939) appears to be the 18th great grand nephew of Joscelyne de Louvaine, who married Agnes Percy. The same Walter appears to be my 5th cousin 4 times removed! He also seems to be the 5th cousin, twice removed of Ruby Heighton (née Dawtrey) who lives in Cambridgeshire.

Ruby and I have shared a lot of information concerning the Dawtreys (and those by any other spelling). Our sources include Burke, Elwes, Berry and Sir Anthony Wagner, former Garter King of Arms. Sir Anthony, in his book "English Genealogy", stated he was fairly confident of the genealogical link between Joscelyne de Louvaine and Charlemagne but not so sure of the link to Clovis! If this is so, Walter Dawtrey would appear to be the 29th great grandson of Charlemagne.

If you or any member of the Petworth Society has information of the early Dawtrey days, and would like to share it with us, Ruby and I would be most grateful.

Yours sincerely, Roy Daughtree

Jeremy Godwin writes:

Dear Peter,

Further to PSM 111 (March 2003), p.11-12, as to George Edwards, born c.1850s, said to be buried in Petworth after falling from his master's horse, he will be Mr George Edwards buried in Horsham Road Cemetery, Petworth, in my list (1998) No.87A. George Edwards, died 23 January 1881, aged 33 years. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

This text (from the start of the Book of Job) is a favourite choice for the grave of one untimely deceased.

No.87A is in the west half of the Cemetery nearing its middle, south of the west-east walk that goes towards the north end of the Boys' School Memorial enclosure.

Also in Horsham Road Cemetery is No.201 to Fanny, daughter of Sidney and Elizabeth White and wife of C.H. Edwards; she died at Cape Town on 30 November 1904, age not said.

No Edwards tombstones were seen in the Bartons Churchyard (opened in 1805), but in Petworth's original churchyard, in my list (1997) Nos. 15-17 and 76, are several others named Edwards. These stones are badly weathered. No.15: William Edwards, died in 1772; No.16, James Edwards, Mary his wife, and one other, 18th century; No.17, R— Edwards (18thc.?): No.76, John Edwards, died 27 Oct. (late 18th cent.); (No.76 "departed this life", a classier way of saying "died").

On the whole, only the upper 10-15% of a parish had tombstones, these being dear, then as now; but perhaps George's employer paid for his, as a mark of regard. This happened elsewhere in England.

Mr Tony Penfold writes: 86 Charles Avenue, Chichester, West Sussex PO19 4HF
Dear Peter, "Readers Letters" 14/3/03

In the recent issue of the Society Magazine George North seemed a little vague about the crash at Frithfold on the 16th August 1940.

This event is probably my most vivid memory of the Battle of Britain and which I watched from our garden in Cherry Orchard. The aircraft was a Heinkel III bomber and it was

clearly in trouble and losing height quite rapidly. It was heading in a north westerly direction. It seemed to be about as far away as Lowheath in the "Welldiggers" area. I remember four Hurricanes suddenly appeared but I do not recall hearing any further gunfire and they sped off clearly aware the enemy aircraft was doomed.

It was certainly too low for any of the crew to bail-out and it wasn't long before there was a tremendous explosion.

I think it must have been the next day that I cycled from Petworth with my father to see the crash site — a very large crater with wreckage spread over a wide area. We were told that the sack at the bottom of the crater contained what could be found of the crew members.

I am not sure now whether it was four or five men but I do know that they were buried together in a common grave beside the wall of Ebernoe Church. There was a board with the rank and name of each man and I clearly recall that the pilot was Hauptman W. MULLER.

I am sure many locals will remember this grave.

Many years later — it may have been in the 1960's, the men were exhumed and I understand were taken back to Germany but equally they could have been reburied in a military cemetery like Brookwood.

I later found out that the Heinkel was destroyed by an Israeli — Pilot Officer George Goodman of No.1 Squadron based at R.A.F. Northolt. He himself was later killed in North Africa in 1941 aged only 20 years.

Mrs Chandler writes from New Elgin in Scotland:

27-03-2003

Dear Peter,

.... We still play "Spin the Platter" with the Cub Scouts and Sunday School children. Slightly differently from that printed.

All sit in a circle cross-legged, one person in the middle calls the name or number, depending on the size of circle, and spins the Platter/Bread Board (round).

The person called runs clockwise round the circle and has to catch the Platter before it falls flat on the floor.

If they catch it they sit back down and the caller, calls once again. If it falls flat the people change places and the named person is the caller.

Another party game from Sussex is "Carve the Mountain". A pudding basin is packed with flour and gently up-turned on a bread board. A 10p (used to be half a crown) is placed gently on the top. A carving knife is placed alongside. People sit in a circle and take turns to carve a slice of the mountain. The person who topples the coin must retrieve it from the flour with their teeth. They then keep the coin.

The temptation is for someone to push their face in the flour.

This is always played at Halloween Parties.

Yorzmyne, 113, Pallance Road, Northwood, Isle of Wight. PO31 8LS

Dear Mr. Jerome

20.3.03

Having just received my latest copy of the Petworth Society magazine, I just had to reply to the article by Joy Gumbrell. I am researching my family history. My great grandfather — Thomas Steer, lived in Rock Cottage, Byworth. Having never known any of my ancestors, I am having an interesting time researching and retracing their footsteps. Visiting Byworth

and locating the actual cottage which my great grandparents lived in has been a wonderful experience. I am thankful to all those who have lived in Rock Cottage, and Byworth, since my great grandparents time. It has hardly changed, but more importantly the name of their cottage and the village remain the same, as it did when they walked the paths and bridleways around the village. Yes we do have to move with the times, but I hope that the Joy Gumbrells of Byworth, and indeed Petworth, continue to feel so strongly about their past. Your village is a part of our history, not just for those of you who live there, but for those of us, who for many reasons, have not been directly associated with it.

I sincerely hope that as the years pass, your heritage will remain important to you all, a heritage that you will all treasure, not just for yourselves but also for those of us who can only wonder what may have been.

Could I also use this letter to ask — if there is anyone who has any information about Thomas and Caroline Steer of Rock Cottage, Byworth and their children, in particular Ada, I would love to hear from you.

Thanking you, Liz Steer.

Mrs Jennifer Burlinson writes:

Walnut Tree House, 12 Bury Road, Mildenhall, Suffolk, IP28 7HT

Dear Peter

24 March 2003

I am writing to enclose the photos we have taken of the Roman coin found by my mother Melicent Knight in the garden of 351 Egremont Row, as far as I recall around the years 1953/54. George Pellett and I took this coin to the British Museum for identification, as shown. As there is so little evidence of Roman occupation at Petworth, this might be of interest to other members of the Society, who may have dug up the odd coin. The coin measures out almost exactly the size of a 5p piece, so the photos are somewhat larger than life-size. I have these on disk if required.

Let me know if anyone ever does any research into Petworth clockmakers, as I have two grandfather clocks, makers John Tribe and Wm Taylor. My cousin John Goatcher has another, maker unknown, with single hand.

I am much enjoying "dipping in" to your book — I wish I had more time for a lengthy read. Usually too when the new Magazine arrives I promise myself a cup of coffee and a sit-down for a browse through (and then end up reading it from cover to cover!).

My best wishes to you both, please remember me to any other members of the Society who know me, especially Anne Simmons, Margaret and Alan Grimwood, Jumbo Taylor. Hope to get down to Petworth again before too long.

[See main illustrations. Ed.

Judy Ray, 2033 E.10th Street, Tucson, AZ 85719, USA. (520) 622-6332 djray@gci-net.com

Dear Mr. Jerome,

16 March, 2003

I receive *The Petworth Society Magazine* regularly (a gift from my brother, Lynton Morrish), and am grateful for the enormous amount of loving labour that goes into gathering, preparing and presenting the wealth of information.

In issue 111 of March 2003 I also found direct echoes of my own memories in George North's recollections presented in "Frithfold and Iron Pear Tree." I too attended Ebernoe

School, until I went on to Horsham High School in 1951, and remember well the two teachers, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Bateson. I also remember going across the Common to fetch the milk from the Holdens' farm, as George North describes. A few years ago I wrote a poem about that — I called it "Miss Annie" — and I will enclose a copy. There were other echoes of memory, too, since my sister Ruth and I used to work part-time in the apple orchards.

I was born at Great Allfields Farm in Balls Cross in 1939, and have written a number of things — poetry and prose — about my early memories there, my parents, etc. It is always a pleasure to see George Garland's photographs, too. What a blessing to have his documentary visual account of so many years, people, events, and changes.

Thank you for your good work.

Yours sincerely, Judy Ray (Née Morrish)

Miss Annie

*Good morning, Miss Annie,
we've come for the milk.*

Our small voices knock
at the door of her seclusion
which opens just an inch
into the shadows of her aproned life.

A thin hand reaches out
for the enamel jugs we've brought
a quarter-mile across the common
from the school, whose thirty-six

pupils take this daily duty
in paired turns. We wait
on the doorstep, trying to imagine
the never-seen Miss Annie

going down the dark passage
to her kitchen. She has kept house
for her bachelor brothers as long as
anyone can remember. Years ago,
the story goes, the door used to be open
and a young man came calling.
She walked with him under beech
trees making promises and plans.

But he disappeared into the trenches
of World War I where so many million
dreams were mired in mud,
and Miss Annie closed the door.

One of the brothers steps out
in shiny coat and hat every Sunday
to toll the bell of the little church
surrounded by silence and trees

but Miss Annie stays hidden.
Fidgeting on the doorstep, we imagine
a mystery in the glimpse of features
narrow as the crack in the door,
a witch's eyes, for sure. The door
creaks open a hand's breadth more.
Thank you, Miss Annie, we chorus
as a skinny arm gives back
the big enamel jugs, one to each,
now heavy with milk straight
from the cowshed, milk for children
to grow on, to make promises and plans.

Editor's note

Maurice Pollen well remembered this. He says, "The Holdens supplied milk to the school, it was collected from Willand by the children and paid for by Admiral Heath at the House. Annie Holden would give the milk out but she never opened the door, it was just a hand that appeared with the milk. It was popularly supposed that Annie, who never went out of the house, didn't want to be seen but in fact the door at Willand opened on to another one and with the first door open it was impossible to open the front door more than a fraction." From *Not all sunshine here – a history of Ebernoe*.

(1996) page 161.

Phil Sadler and Kath Vigar : an exchange of letters.

1 Oakwood Court, Petworth, Sussex GU28 0LW

Dear Peter,

I always enjoy reading Kath Vigar's articles in the Magazine. Although I am nine years younger than her I remember her well when she lived at Tillington.

My Uncle Ern Peskett and his wife lived at Hill Top in Tillington, he was a bee keeper, had several hives and as a child Mum and Dad would take me there for honey and stay to tea. Uncle Ern, like Kath's father, belonged to the British Legion and my Uncle and Aunt would go to the Whist Drives as did Kath's parents. They used to call into my home in Lombard Street for a glass of wine before going home to Tillington.

Since Kath has written in the Magazine, several people have asked me if I know who Kath Vigar is. Some thought she was George Muskett's daughter Kathleen who used to live in Grove Street. I've put them right.

I remember Kath living in the lodge in North Street. I too went to Mrs Tyrell's shop with my penny pocket money to buy milk gums, aniseed balls, dolly mixtures etc. Bill Ford used to deliver paraffin on his bicycle with a large container on the back.

I'm sure Kath must remember the little old lady we called Ma Tiller. She wore a long black skirt, a huge white apron, a shawl and black bonnet. She would go round the Hills and pick up sticks and small pieces of wood for her fire and carry them home in her apron. We would see her when we played round the Hills and paddled in the brook.

Kath's brother Frank worked for Mr Dean the fishmonger in High Street and sold game

as well. Mr Dean was a ventriloquist and when Mum sent me to his shop to buy a rabbit, while he skinned it I thought it was the rabbit asking him not to hurt it. It made me sad.

I have lots of the same memories as Kath of the days gone by. I think I've got a photo of both of our Mums in a group taken by dear George Garland either in the Darby and Joan Club or Mothers' Union or the W.I. I must look it out.

Yours sincerely, Phill Sadler.

Peter, what wonderful memories Phil Sadler's writing brought back to me. I remember Mr and Mrs Peskett who used to live at Hill Top, Tillington. They were friends of my mother's and had a son named Bill. Mrs Peskett was a wonderful pianist, we used to go round there and have sing songs on a Sunday. This must have been during the First World War, as Phil is eight years younger than me and I never remember seeing her on any of these occasions.

One year Mrs Peskett arranged a kind of little Christmas concert at her house I can't remember what for. I remember one little ditty we sang was. "Come let us sing a merry song to welcome a great friend, who never fails to visit us at every old year's end, a holly bough we'll leave for you and shout a jolly song for old Father Christmas is here with us again." Why I remember these words suddenly I do not know, it must, have been 85 years ago.

Miss Tiller's name struck a bell, we had moved to North Street, Petworth and she lived in a cottage opposite our lodge. During Goodwood Race week, the end of July I believe, we children used to collect in little bunches and as the race-goers returned home in their charabancs we children used to shout "Throw out your rusty coppers", if winners were aboard we used to be showered with pennies and halfpennies. I was scrambling for my share and Miss Tiller gave me such a wallop on top of my head, I believe it was an old umbrella. Dad must have seen this incident and trotted Miss Tiller back indoors. From then on I was afraid of her. Come to think of it now I am ancient myself it must have been frustrating to the poor old lady to see all these riches flying by and not being able to pick one up.

Phil mentions paddling in the brook, what happy times we spent paddling in the brook down by the Virgin Mary Spring. I used to go with my friend Dolly Townsend, most of my friends I played with all those years ago have died. The Paynes, Wadeys, Bryders. Come to think of it ninety two years old isn't exactly a flapper is it?

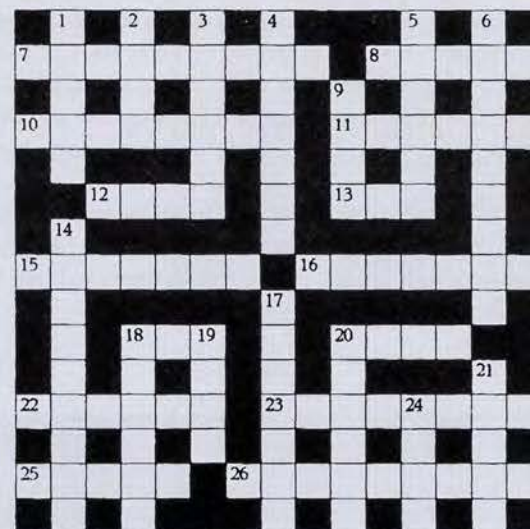
Kath Vigar.

Solution to March Crossword

Across 2 Swan, 4 Chilt, 8 Arun Ouse and Adur, 10 East, 12 Mullet, 14 Reel, 15 Clean, 16 Weir, 18 Deep, 19 Roman, 20 Iron, 24 Rother, 26 Stor, 2 Chichester Canal, 29 Hythe, 30 Fish

Down 1 Bramber, 3 Wooded, 4 Crab, 5 Tidal, 6 Cuckmere, 7 Writer, 9 Drum, 11 Salmon, 13 Lavant, 17 Egremont, 18 Direct, 21 Nettles, 22 Mesh, 23 Traces, 25 Trish, 27 Esme

Deborah's Crossword



Across

7 & 3d Frescoes, bats & Hubert Parry's piano – features of this house visited by Pet. Soc. in 2002 (9,6)

8 Male Christian name frequently occurring in Percy family tree (5)

10 Local village – birthplace of the reformer, Richard Cobden (8)

11 Nook and ----- intriguing corners of Petworth for instance! (6)

12 Mrs. Cummings' Christian name (4)

13 Come to a conclusion in seven days (3)

15 How one should

tread the streets of Petworth! (7)

16 Sculptor commissioned by 3rd Earl to produce a number of impressive statues (7)

18 Pedestrians access to the Park is through this yard (3)

20 Pretty Sussex village where the author John Galsworthy lived (4)

22 They received a good beating on 25th May this year (6)

23 Toe-tapping youngsters who provide local entertainment (8)

25 Expertise as demonstrated by 23 for example (5)

26 The situation as it stands – no problem for NT concert-goers in the Park this summer (6,3)

Down

1 Local Down where these animals sometimes graze (5)

2 Charity offered in Somerset and Thompson Hospitals for instance (4)

3 see 7 across

4 The first thing bibliophiles look for at Pet. Soc. Book sales (7)

5 & 6 Uncle ran away and fell into local waterway (3,3,4,5)

9 4,840 square yards (4) Explosive conclusion to concerts in the Park (9)

17 Virtuoso musical composition you might hear during Petworth Festival (7)

18 Source of light (6)

19 Get busy in the laundry (4)

20 Literary family – one of whom was portrayed by Alison Neil (6)

21 Appointed meeting place – usually the Leconfield Hall for Pet. Soc. Events (5)

24 Pour forth – like the Virgin Mary Spring (4)

A fire at Bury

Some readers will recall the letters of Kin Knight to her fiancé in India (1908-9), Magazine 110. She mentions cycling with May Eager to see the effects of a fire at Bury. "The fire bells rang and all Petworth rushed out to enquire where it was. We soon learned it was a house at Bury about six miles away and after the engine and firemen left we quieted down again." When the girls arrived in Bury the house had "only wall and chimney remaining."

I happened to find this postcard between the pages of an old Parish Magazine. It is just possible, though perhaps unlikely, that the photographer has caught Kin and Mary in his picture. Incidentally, the farming scene was with the Bury postcard. It seems to come from roughly the same time. Any suggestions as to location?

Peter



Cannons Place – a query

Another Parish Magazine carries the following inscriptions written inside. It would appear that Cannon Place is an alternative name for Damer's Bridge, note the old spelling – Dammer. Has anyone come across the expression Cannon Place?

Ed.



*Mrs A. Howard
Cannon Place
Petworth
Sussex*

Dammer's Bridge – a query

I notice that the pavements of Damer's Bridge and Lombard Street are of serrated dark blue blocks known as Industrial Bricks. These were believed by the Victorians to have been non-slip, and were used in factories, gas-works, etc. and only occasionally for town pavements. In Charlbury (Oxon.), a town the size of Petworth, there is another such pavement. I wonder why Petworth chose to use them, and to use them only for these streets?

I have read that Damer's Bridge was originally Dammers Bridge but was rendered more polite in spelling by the Victorians, who recoiled at hearing "Dam(n)" in the first syllable. Dammer was a local surname. Should it not be "Dammers" once more?

Jeremy Godwin

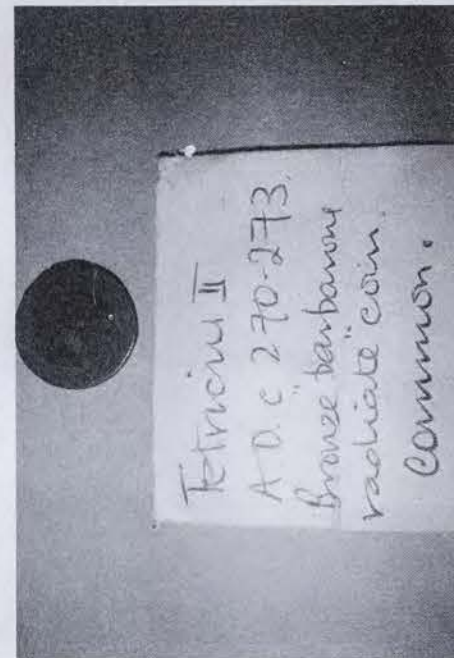
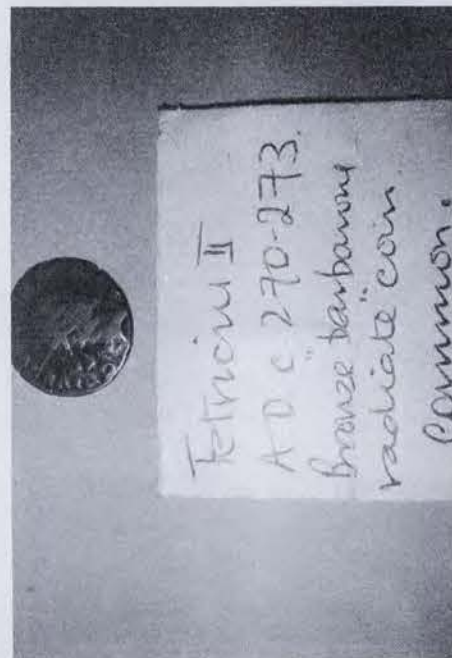


Damer's Bridge, especially drawn for the Petworth Society by Frances Burton in the 1970s.

Plus Ça Change : Petworth Town Hall 1891

THE TOWN HALL.

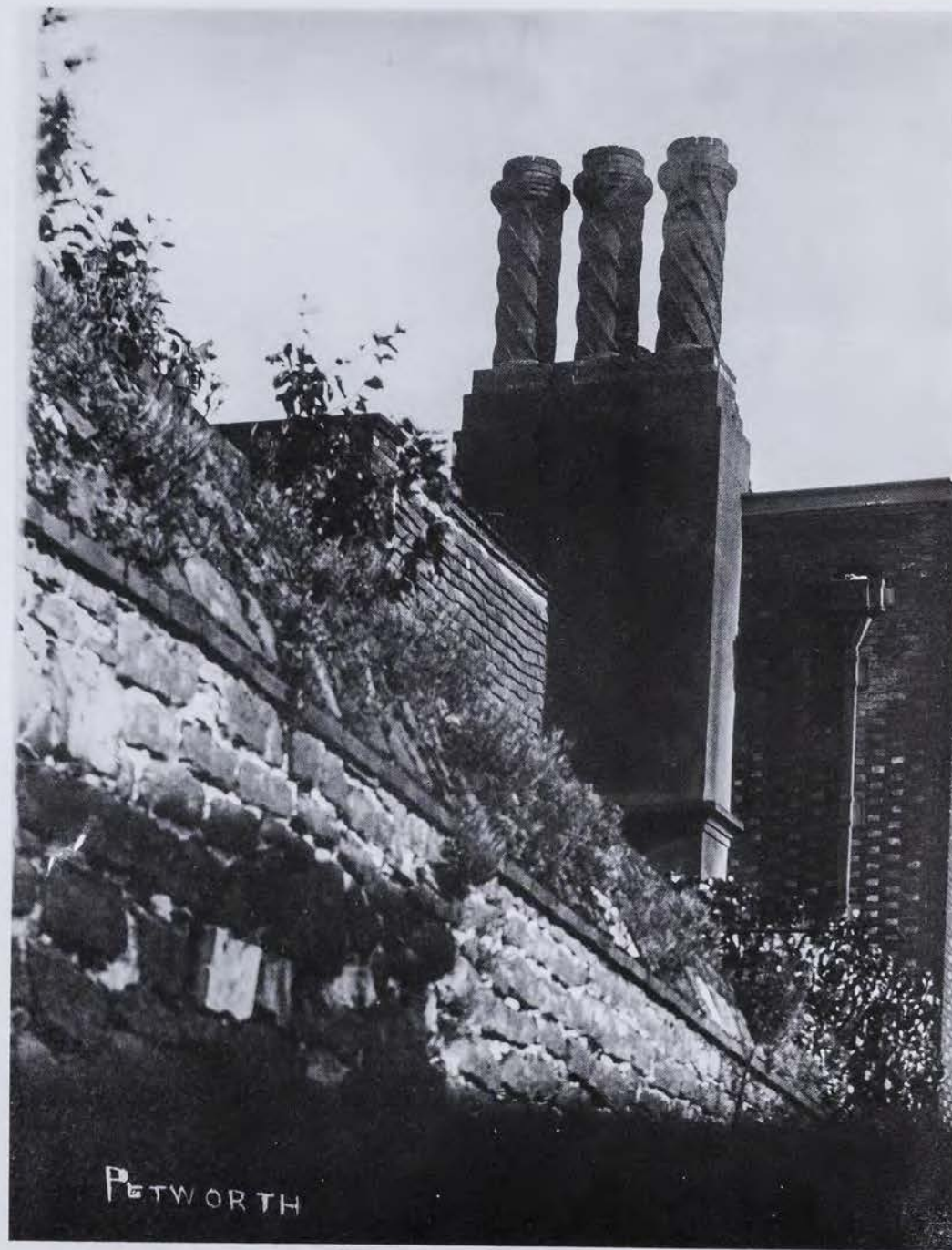
The Town Hall was re-opened on Tuesday, Oct. 6th, when a concert was given by the



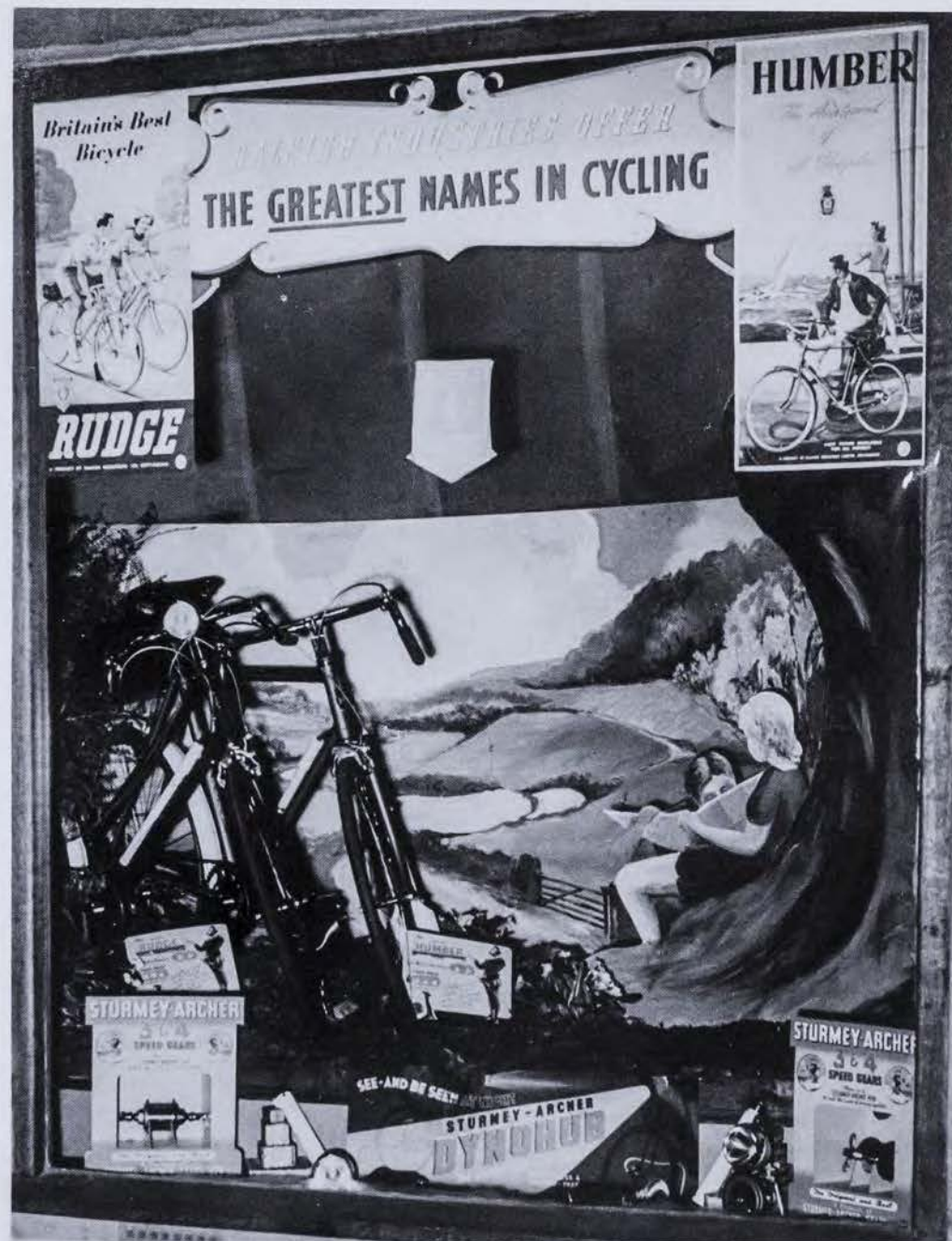
Our printer will not thank us for giving him this to reproduce. No doubt he will do what he can. This is the Roman coin found in the garden of 351 Egremont Row in the early 1950s. Photograph courtesy of Mrs Jennifer Burlinson.



The iconography of the road. Another in a series of traffic sign photographs commissioned by the late Mr Gerard Marillier in 1963. The picture is taken, of course, in Golden Square.



"East Street Chimneys." A study by Walter Kevis taken about 1900.



John Caine's Pound Street shop window. April 1952. See "In on the dawn of television."
Photograph by George Garland.

Fraser Quintette on behalf of the funds of the Institute.

The Hall has undergone such a complete renovation that, to use an old phrase, its oldest friends would hardly recognise it as the same.

The Magistrates' Bench, the platform at the opposite end of the gallery, have all been removed. The stage is now placed in the recess where the old gallery stood, with convenient retiring rooms behind. The floor, which is entirely new, has been covered with matting, and the seats, also new, are arranged to face the side of the room instead of the end, as before. The Hall is lighted by two sun-burners in the roof. The staircase opposite the Half Moon has been made much more convenient for entrance and exit, and all the doors now open outwardly in case of any panic. The walls are toned in green; the deep wainscot taking a darker shade. The ventilation of the Hall has received very careful attention, and warmth is secured by a large Tortoise stove.

All these alterations have been carried out by Lord Leconfield at his sole expense, but while the Hall remains his property, subject entirely and solely to his control, it is the simple duty of all who frequent it, and for whose benefits these changes have been made, to use it with all proper care.

The concert given, afternoon and evening, by the five Misses Fraser was mainly instrumental, and was well received, but once more the weather was impropitious, and thinned the audience. We hope the Institute will receive a greater pecuniary advantage from subsequent entertainments.

From St Mary's Parish Magazine - November 1891

One of the rural gems of Sussex

"Like a gem set in a brilliant crown." That was my first impression of Petworth as I motored along the road from Fittleworth a day or so ago, when after passing through beautiful scenery, the like of which is only to be found in West Sussex, I found myself looking across a valley to "proud Petworth."

It was a lovely sight. High up on the opposite hill stood the church with its slender spire pointing heavenwards like an imposing finger directing the attentions of all and sundry to the purpose of the Church. Below were clustered on the hillside the red and grey roofs of the countless number of cottages making a very imposing picture.

As I journeyed through the narrow streets I found that it was a virtual paradise of old-fashioned architecture, with curious and quaint old houses to be found in little byways, and seeking these out was very intriguing, but then Petworth is like that for surprises are always to be found just around the corner.

What a quiet oasis in this thriving little town is Damers Bridge, how and when it received such a delightful name I was unable to ascertain, but I presume centuries ago a bridge existed here.

Its old houses, many being exceptionally good examples of the timbered type cast a spell over me. Then there was Golden Square, but the only gold I found was the golden shafts of sunlight which bathed the grand old buildings after a refreshing shower of rain. Through the old market square I went to discover cobbled Lombard-street.

What a delightful picture there was unfolded as I gazed up through this narrow street with the church steeple framed at the top. It did not really seem to fit with rural West Sussex, for it had a continental air about it with the little shops on either side. I wondered if at one time this "causeway from the church to the square" as it was at one time described was the business quarters of the usurers of Lombardy.

This little township, one of the few remaining feudal towns of this country – Arundel is another – is overshadowed by Petworth Park, the fine home of Lord Leconfield, just as is Arundel by its famous castle. Both places are fortunate in that their Lords of the Manor are beneficent patrons, always doing whatever they possibly can for the benefit of those who live around them.

On every hand there is indication that the people of Petworth are happy and contented, and Lord Leconfield and his family are held in high esteem. The one thing that does dominate Petworth or Peteorde as it figured in the Domesday Book, is its tall church steeple. Petworth is proud of this, for wherever you may be in the district that spire can be seen.

Just at present however, it is causing much heart burning, for it has been discovered that it is a dangerous structure and as such its early demolition has been ordered. It is so tall that it cannot be felled but bit by bit it is to be taken down. That is a very costly process, and so the church authorities are appealing for some £3,000 to cover the various costs of removing the spire and protecting the top of the tower etc.

It was when talking to the Rector, the Rev. Harold Godwin, that I learned something of the magnitude of the task with which he and his parishioners are confronted, but they are facing it with fortitude and only a few days ago they raised over £300 by means of a fête held in the grounds of the old Rectory. This is architecturally a fine old house, but surely in these days much too big for the purpose to which it is put.

Sitting in the Rector's study he explained the reason why Petworth's crooked spire, yes it is crooked, has got to come down. To begin with it has been found that the spire which was built in 1827 at the instructions of Lord Egremont, is structurally unsound so far as the design is concerned, and weather and time has played havoc with the stonework which is rapidly decomposing. "The necessary work of demolition will be started any day now" said the Rector, who explained that any work of reconstruction would have to remain in abeyance for the time being. He showed me an old picture of the church dated 1825 which depicted the building with its square tower surmounted by four delicate pinnacles.

When reading the delightful collection of articles written by the late Lady Maxse, and which are being sold on behalf of the spire fund, there is the doggerel rhyme: "Proud Petworth, poor people, High Church, crooked steeple."

Everywhere I went I found the residents discussing the loss of the steeple. Over a glass of ale in the Old Red Lion the conversation was of the steeple. It was here that I learned that the spire was intended originally for a Brighton church, but that Lord Egremont, who was

known as the "friend of art and agriculture" and who gave many things to the church just outside his walls, purchased the specifications and had it erected on St. Mary's.

Time was when Petworth was a very important market town, and I heard something of its past talking to the goodly company usually found in any country inn, and I also heard that down through the years many indeed were the industries that were carried on. Alas now they have departed.

At one time there was a good deal of iron smelting carried out in this area, and timber used to be floated down the Arun to Littlehampton for ship building. Cannons that were forged at Petworth were used against the Spanish Armada, while many small forges did much to make tools and farm implements.

There were also plenty of skilled craftsmen whose work is still to be found in many a home around this district, and time was when Petworth was famous for its cobblers. It is also noteworthy that the descendants of those craftsmen of old are still to be found in the district, and some I count among my valued friends.

During the war Petworth suffered a grievous blow at the hands of the enemy, and one which will leave its mark for eternity for a generation was removed by one fell blow. I refer to the death of the children and their brave headmaster at the boys school. That incident came as a great shock not only to the inhabitants but to thousands of people.

Before leaving I had the good fortune of meeting bluff Archie Knight, this is an honoured name in Petworth as also is that of Payne. For generations these families have been associated with Petworth, and one could almost write an article on these families alone. I found Archie, a former President of the Sussex Bakers, busily engaged in his bakehouse, and the goodly things he was turning out made my mouth water.

It was in his 14th century house that he regaled me with tales of the old fairs which used to be and still are held in the square. They are nothing compared with what they were when he was a boy but still the old traditions are maintained. For longer than he cared to remember he said his father was tenant of the tolls of the Lord of the Manor, and as such used to levy toll on the showman and others who attended the fair, or camped on the common.

Archie himself was the last holder of the office for he gave it up not so long ago. As such he was well known to the show people, and often had wordy battles over the charges but



"The necessary work of demolition will be started any day now" said the Rector. By the time this snapshot was taken in October 1948 the steeple was already only a memory.

Archie always collected. And so it was with some of his amusing experiences in my mind that I threaded my way through the tortuous streets, and out on the main highway homewards, but conscious of the fact that I greatly enjoyed my visit to a little corner of feudal England.

Reprinted with slight modifications from *Southern Weekly News* 16th August 1947.

Sussex Home Guard 1940 – 1945

The following article was submitted for publication in P.S.M. in November 1983. It was held over for further information. Eric Milam, the writer, from Horsham, did not follow it up so we reproduce it here, as the information offered is probably not easily available elsewhere.

P.

On the evening of May 14th, 1940, Mr. Eden made a Radio appeal for men to assist in the defence of the Country by joining a new force to be called the "Local Defence Volunteers". (L.D.V.). Volunteers reported to Police Stations all over the County, in many cases before the broadcast was over, to have their names recorded for the new force.

Captain F. Holland was appointed Commander of the L.D.V. in the Petworth Area and Company/Platoon Commanders were also appointed. Some names involved with the new force in the early days were: Mr. Sweell, Mr. Gwillim, Mr. P. Musgrave, Mr. H. Tupper & Mrs. J.W. Fitzwilliam (Company Commander).

The first patrols were arms with shotguns (weapons found locally) and wore a armband with L.D.V. on it over their civilian clothes. Later Ross Rifles arrived, packed in thick grease, and denim overalls, these plus five rounds of .300 Ammunition and the armband made up the equipment of the patrol. Rifle practice was carried out on a range in Petworth Park, under the eye of Colonel Mayne.

The title "Home Guard" was adopted from the 23rd July 1940, Petworth Area becoming the 2nd Battalion (Petworth) Sussex Home Guard.

An interesting incident happened on Christmas Night 1940 – A Company Commander had the task of seeing that all the men on duty in his area had a tot of whisky during the evening. He was delivering the same by car when on a bend between Bury and Sutton and Bignor the car rolled over. The result was a damaged fence, minor damage to the car and the breaking of all the remaining bottles of whisky. In addition the on duty Home Guardsman lost their Christmas treat and the Company Commander had a long walk.

Platoons manned observation posts, carried out patrols and had instructions in the event of invasion. Duncton Platoon for example used a shepherds hut as an observation post on Barlavington Down. The three man patrol collected their rifles and 10 rounds of ammunition from a cottage at Dogkennels (Mr. Bourner), then trudged up Duncton Hill to commence their duty. Lieutenant J.A. Bragg, without fail would visit the post each night, quite a feat after a day's work on the farm. Had an Invasion taken place the platoon had to destroy a fuel dump and the machinery in Coultershaw Mill.

More modern weapons arrived by the summer of 1941 including Browning water

cooled machine guns, Blacker Bombards (Spigot Mortars), Northover Projectors, sticky bombs and various Grenades. Training with these weapons was carried out in Heathend Sandpit.

The Battalion developed over the years into the following organisation, correct for December 1944, prior to being stood down.

Battalion Commander - Lieutenant Colonel F. Holland, M.B.E.

"A" Company - Major H. Tupper.

Captain J.B. Solomon.

No1 Platoon - Fittleworth.

Lieutenants - G.J.L. Whitbourn & W.S. Whitbourn.

2nd Lieutenant D.R.N. McNutt.

No2 Platoon - Duncton.

Lieutenants J.A. Bragg (Ptn Cmdr) & J.J. Mayes.

No3 Platoon - Sutton & Bignor.

2nd Lieutenant J.R. Tupper.

No4 Platoon - Bury.

Lieutenants - A.G. Hall & R.M. Tilling.

2nd Lieutenant A Clarkson. (Intelligence Officer).

"B" Company - Major - J.M. Brydone & S.T. Jerome.

Captain A.H. Godslave.

No1 Platoon - Petworth.

No2 Platoon - Petworth.

No3 Platoon - Petworth.

Lieutenants - F.V. Enoch, J.G. Wilson & F. Wright.

2nd Lieutenants - C.B. Brown, F.R. Knight & B.T. Woodger.

No4 Platoon - Tillington.

Lieutenant A.J.G. Simpson.

2nd Lieutenant J.H. Bennett.

No5 Platoon - River.

No Officers.

"C" Company - Major D.G. Estridge.

Captains - C.F.O. Master, H.A. Whyte-Venables, C.A. Dottridge,
T. Archdeacon & C.R. Thompson (up to Jan. 43).

No1 Platoon - Wisborough Green.

Lieutenant H.C. Barlow.

2nd Lieutenants - A.W. Knight & W.G. Lerwill.

No2 Platoon - Pulborough.

Lieutenant R.A. Ward.

2nd Lieutenant B. Clark.

No3 Platoon - West Chiltington.

Lieutenants - G.E. Boorer & G.W. Dance.

2nd Lieutenants - H.W. Mance & A.J. Proctor.

This Platoon at one time was Petworth, West Chiltington being included in No2 Platoon (Pulborough).

- No4 Platoon - Coldwaltham.
Lieutenant H.H. Boxall.
- "D" Company - Major D.R. McBean.
Captains - W.O.C. Sewell & J. Vine.
- No1 Platoon - Northchapel.
Lieutenant C.H. Mitchell.
- No2 Platoon - Kirdford.
Lieutenants - D.V. Coates & A. Ireland.
- No3 Platoon - Plaistow.
Lieutenants - F.M. Luttman-Johnson & C.G. Newbury.
- No4 Platoon - Loxwood.
Lieutenant N.J.C. Farmer.

The Battalion won honours at shooting, winning the Stern Challenge Cup in February 1944 and the Norfolk Challenge Cup together with the 1st Canadian Corps Memorial Cup (Canada Cup) in 1945.

The stand-down Parade was held in Petworth on December 3rd 1944.

Other Home Guard Battalions within the Petworth Area included detachments of SX11 (Post Office), SX12 (Southdown Motors) & (Sussex Recovery Company) SX25 (Southern Railways).

SX11 (Post Office) Home Guard members in the Post Office were part of No4 Platoon of "D" Company at Pulborough. Members known :-

Privates - Kent, Townsend, B. Stoner, Hills and Cpl. Muskett.

SX25 (Southern Railway) No Information other than Midhurst was No20 Platoon.

SX12 (Southdown Motors) Southdown employees were part of 301 Company, Chichester. Members known :-

A.M. Blunden, W.E. Davis, W.P. Hamilton, P.J. Hillman & W.L.J. Smith.

SX12 (Sussex Recovery Company)

Owing to the shortage of military recovery vehicles after Dunkirk, Mr. S.M. Caffyn was requested to make available the equipment owned by Caffyns together with the operators to keep the roads clear in Sussex. This resulted in the formation of the Sussex Recovery Company which expanded by recruiting other garages throughout Sussex. By August 1941 the company consisted of 5 Platoons divided into 45 sections, each with its own vehicle and crew. 180 men in all.

No4 Platoon was stationed at Billingshurst and No5 Platoon at Midhurst.

These locations were selected to make use of the lateral East/West Road making Petworth a prime location for one or more of the sections.

For administrative reasons the Company wore SX12 until 1944 when they wore the REME red, yellow and blue flashes.

A Ghost on the stairs

Marietta Payne (as she would later be) was taken on as a maid by Lady Leconfield in January 1939 at 5 Wyndham Place, London. Marietta was a Swiss national and had no English. It was agreed that Lady Leconfield would arrange English tuition for her, which she did. At Easter in that year Marietta came to Petworth to help with guests. She would work in the still room at Petworth House from 1939 to 1946. In 1939 Marietta would be twenty-one years old.

As still room maid, Marietta was one rank down from housekeeper and wore her own clothes rather than a uniform. The housemaids seemed a "breed by themselves." Marietta had her own room in the domestic block and someone to make her bed and keep her room clean. After war broke out the servants moved across to the House itself and Marietta slept for a time in the Belzamine dressing room, and ultimately in a room below stairs at the South End. It was a room Marietta set up herself during the air raids.

The duties of the still room maid were to provide beverages for each meal. These were mainly tea and coffee. She had also to display food such as fruit on the dinner table and to take charge of the special china that was used at meal times. Her role was essentially to liaise between kitchen and dining room and the other family rooms. The food came to her to be decorated and arranged on its way across to the House. Marietta would collect leaves from the Pleasure Ground to decorate the food or to wrap fruit in. Once Mr. Streeter, the gardener, became very cross when he saw her polishing an apple. He felt this was unnecessary. As still room maid, Marietta made all the jams and marmalades and also lemon barley for the tennis matches.

Marietta's day started at six o'clock when she made up the still room fire and then prepared the tea and other beverages for the Dining Room. This was the task of the still room maid and not the kitchen staff. At eight o'clock Marietta had breakfast. After breakfast she washed all the special china that had been used during the meal in the still room sink. There was a coconut mat on the floor to break the fall if she should drop any item. During the war the still room was moved over the south end of the House next to the Butler's brush room. At lunch Marietta provided coffee, tea and barley water and again washed up. Her day ended only at nine o'clock in the evening.

As well as jams and marmalades Marietta also bottled fruit. She remembers that Lord Leconfield particularly liked strawberries bottled in champagne. She also used to bottle prunes in gin. Once she caught the housekeeper drinking the gin from the bottle. Prunes didn't soak up quite as much gin as might have appeared!

At meal times the male staff would sit at one side of the servants' table with the butler at the head and then the footmen, while the housekeeper sat facing the butler, the lady's maid opposite the first footman and the still room maid next to the lady's maid. Often Marietta didn't have a full day off: sometimes only a half day. Until the war started, there was a French chef, then a lady, Mrs. Miles. Marietta's salary was some £40 a year and on her days off she would sometimes visit Chichester taking the housekeeper with her, with tea as a special treat.

Marietta had originally been sent to England by the Swiss Hotel Association and had

been recommended to Lord Leconfield by them. Lady Leconfield had herself spent some time in San Moritz and liked to talk to Marietta in Swiss – much to the annoyance of the housekeeper. Lady Leconfield at about 70% proficient in Swiss Deutsch. When no lady's maid was available, Marietta might accompany Elizabeth, the Leconfield's adopted daughter on visits to other houses. She met her husband during the war. He was at the No.1 Service Brigade Commando Unit, who had their H.Q. in North House in North Street. They met at Petworth cinema and left Petworth after the war. They were married in London in March 1946. Lady Leconfield gave Marietta £25 as a wedding present and with this she bought a Singer sewing-machine which she still had in 1993.

Marietta attended parades in Petworth Park during the war. Once Lord Leconfield asked her to change her dress so that she could take the parade with him when Lady Leconfield was unavailable. His lordship always called Marietta "Alma" even though that wasn't her real name. Lord Lovett and General Montgomery were also in the parade, the former had rented a house in Station Road.

There was a curious incident when a considerable number of guests were at the House, including Madame de Gaulle and two French fashion designers. Marietta had been asked to model some of their creations but she had been forbidden to do so by the housekeeper. On her half-day off Marietta decided it was in order to model the clothes. Walking down the Grand Stairs in an appropriately grand dress, Marietta encountered a footman who was about to sound the gong for dinner. Thinking Marietta was a ghost, he fainted!

From notes made by Diana Owen of a conversation with Mrs Marietta Payne in July 1993. Marietta's full name was Irma Marietta but the first had to be dropped during the war.

Felix kept on walking

When we were young we had to amuse ourselves and with no television we tended to know lots of rhymes.

Before they married Mother and Father shared the same initial letter of their surnames, she was a White and he a Wadey. This was considered extremely unlucky and the old rhyme went:

Change the Name, but not the letter,
Change for worse and not for better.

Uncle Felix Wadey lived next door to us and we always knew him as Uncle Fee. We knew a rhyme about his name and it went:

Felix kept on walking, kept on walking still,
By a train at Dover had his Pal run over,
Met a Frenchy cat named Lou she said do you Parlez Vous,
He said yes, with not with you,
And Felix kept on walking still.

[This is probably a parody of verse 5 of the well-known song *Felix Kept on Walking* which took London by storm in 1923 and became the most popular song of that year. Of course the Felix referred to was not Win's uncle but the legendary cartoon cat which first appeared on the silent screen in 1919. I have reproduced the authorised version below – Miles.]

Felix kept on walking, kept on walking still.
By a train at Dover, had his tail run over,
On the rail he left his tail, it gave the folks a thrill,
Still for that, he didn't care.
Though he had no rudder there,
Wagged his "nothing" in the air, and kept on walking still.

Another song that we knew well and which has stuck in my memory is the following.

For my mother said,
"Always look under the bed,
Before you blow the candle out,
See if there's a man about!
I always do...
But you can make a bet,
it's never been my luck...
To find a man there, yet.

[This was verse two of the song *Under the Bed* made famous by Nellie Wallace the music hall star – Miles]

There was always rivalry among the villages and we children used to sing the following rhyme:

Dick and Tom, Mary and John,
Say the Bells of Tilling-ton.
Two Sticks and a Rotten Apple,
Say the Bells of Northchapel.
Poor Petworth, Proud People,
High Church, Crooked Steeple.

Miles Costello was talking to Win Field nee Wadey.

Engines were not like they are today

There were eight of us Baker kids, nine if you count Ella but she died young. There was John, Win, Matthew, Mildred, George, Percy, Mary and myself. Only Mary and me are still alive.

I was born at Pound Common at Kirdford in 1911. We lived in a wonderful old house on the common. Father kept a traction engine and with his gang he would travel the district towing a threshing machine and a living van and contract his services to any farmer who required him. Often he would be away for quite some time and he would send Mother details

of where he was likely to be the following day so that she could send on his clean laundry for him to collect. When he was home we younger children would try and get on to the engine to play, however Mother would soon shoo us off in a vain attempt to stop us getting covered in soot and oil. Engines were not like they are today, all bright colours and in immaculate condition. They were after all just working machines and would be painted black and by the end of a day's threshing or haulage or whatever they would be filthy.

Across the road from us stood Pound Common Cottages on the junction of the Plaistow Road. The inhabitants of the cottages seemed to be forever changing, though I suppose that this only appeared so to a young mind. There were the Martins who I think had probably come down from London to escape the Great War, at least they certainly weren't local, in the middle cottage were the Cootes, Mr. Coote worked at Parsonage which was one of the Tobit farms which flanked Pound Common. The two Coote girls were named Annie and Kittie and they were both good friends of mine. The end house of the three cottages was occupied by an old man, I believe it may have been Mr. Pullen who worked at Belchambers which was yet another Tobit farm. During very hot weather the well at Pound Common Cottages would dry up and they would have to use ours and carry all of their water back across the road.

I suppose that our house was probably the biggest on the Common but there were other families who lived there. Primrose Sadler was another friend of mine, her family lived in Pound Cottage and her two brothers went to war with my brother Jack – we never called him John. Thankfully all three boys, who were good friends, survived the Great War.

Father had common rights and usually we kept a cow that would be tethered on the common. Like most cottagers we also had a pig that was kept in a block of three sites that stood out on the common. It is quite sad to see the common so overgrown, just thirty years ago it was flat grassland, the grazing animals keeping the undergrowth down. Ever since the commoners gave up grazing their stock it has gone to rack and ruin, and Mother Nature is gradually reclaiming her bit.

All of us children went to Kirdford School though I have only distant memories of it. The schoolmaster was a Mr. Hyde; I believe that he was a Londoner. Our teacher was known as 'Gubby' though I'm not sure that we called her that to her face. 'Gubby' was short for governess. There must have been another teacher as there were three in total but I just can't put a face to her. I was a good girl in general though I can distinctly remember on one occasion getting the cane along with two other girls in my class; it was for talking and laughing. I didn't have to tell Mother about the punishment as my brothers had got great pleasure in reporting the news to her before I could.

We children went to Sunday school the chapel just across the road, though my parents attended the church in the village. We would sing hymns and Mr. Snelling would sometimes preach. Mr. Snelling was a baker and had the shop where the garage stood until recent times. The little building on the right as you enter the village from Petworth I only remember as a harness makers shop, I can't remember his name but I do recall that he only had one leg.

Of course I remember the pubs in Kirdford, but I never went into any of them. There was the Half Moon up in the village and the beer shop on the green. Yes, the Foresters but I only knew it as the beer shop. You see the well to do people went to the Half Moon while

working men would use the beer shop as you could go in there straight from work in your dirty boots if you wished. I think that there may have been another beer shop in the village around the corner towards Barkfold.

Many families came and went on Pound Common but we seemed to be around longer than most. However Mrs. Pennicard and her son Bernie lived in the cottage next to us for what seemed forever. Bernie was a simple man but ever so inoffensive. You see his mind had never grown up, and even as he grew older he only ever wore short trousers. I can picture him even now standing at his garden gate for hours just singing to himself. He was a very happy man even when some of the kids teased him. Bernie's mother would buy him comics and when he had finished with them they would be passed on to us and were gratefully received.

The two cottages, us in one and the Pennicards in the other, had two sets of toilets. Like most cottages they were down the garden, but there were also toilets in the washhouse. Just a plank of wood with two big holes for the adults and a little one for us kids and made small enough so that we didn't fall through. It was Dad's job to keep the pit under the toilet empty and he would occasionally dig it out and bury the contents in the garden.

Our water came from the well in the garden; we shared it with the Pennicards and anybody else who needed it. We never boiled the water before we drank it and when it rained it would become polluted with the waste from the toilets but we never really understood that such things could be harmful until much later.

I recall father having a bit of a to do about water on our land, you see when the fruit farms were first established they began draining their land onto ours and it became a problem when our washhouse started flooding quite regularly. Father soon told the Tobits who owned the farms to stop what they were doing and to sort out their drainage. You see they had let the ditches go to pot and as you know it's only country people who understand the importance of keeping the ditches clear in order to take the water away. Dad was particular about his ditches and hedges and always kept them clear and tidy.

Uncle Matt Baker was Dad's brother and he was a wheelwright by trade. Matt had a workshop at Balls Cross where Scammell's Garage now stands. The cottage next door belonged to him and he let mother have the rent from it to help her provide for such a large family. He was a very kind man and much more responsible than my father. I believe that at one time there were also cottages on the site of his workshop at Balls Cross.

Win and Mildred my two elder sisters went off to work when I was still quite young. They would cycle everyday into Guildford where they were employed at Whites the well-known department store. Mildred worked in the millinery department while Win was in the shop. Mildred had served an apprenticeship in hat making and was really very good. She would make hats for all of the family, local people would often ask her to make them hats for special occasions, and her services were always in demand. The two girls would cycle all the way from Kirdford to Guildford every morning and back again after work. Occasionally they would, on a Sunday afternoon, cycle to Plaistow and spend the night at our Aunt's house in order to give themselves a good start on Monday morning.

My brother Matt worked at the Leconfield Creamery in the village and drove a lorry in which he would go round the local farms collecting milk to bring back to Kirdford. At Horn

Fair time Matt would get permission to use the lorry and he would load up all of the local children, and we would get a lift to Ebernoe. Horn Fair day was always a day off school for Kirdford children and was eagerly awaited. Travelling fairs did occasionally come to Kirdford and they would set up in front of the beer shop.

Mother was an Elliott, her brother, known as Strike, lived at Bridgefoot and was something of a local character, what he didn't know wasn't worth knowing, and everybody went to him if they wanted to know anything.

My childhood at Kirdford came to an abrupt end when I was about eleven. One Sunday afternoon father and I went for a walk up to The Plantation the other side of Great Common. Mother had gone to Church and father had decided to give it a miss. Not long after we got to The Plantation my brother Jack turned up and said that I shouldn't be there as I was supposed to be at Aunt Annie's at Plaistow, where my sisters occasionally stayed on their way to Guildford. Evidently I was to start school at Plaistow the very next morning. This was all a great shock to me, you see Aunt Annie had been a widow for a while and with her only son working at Fittleworth for Mr. Rapley of Fitzleroi she didn't take to living alone and had for a long while been trying to get mother to agree to let me live with her. Mother would have none of it and it was only through some sort of conniving between my brother and Aunt Annie that it was arranged that I should go to Plaistow that evening. When mother came home from church I was gone and she was furious, however it was too late and I soon realised that I would never live at Kirdford again.

Life at Plaistow could not have been more different to that at Kirdford. Aunt Annie was well to do and of considerable standing in the village. Born a Baker she had married into the Plaistow Elliott's. The Elliott family owned a good deal of land and many of the cottages in and around the village including Elm Tree House where Aunt Annie and myself lived, and Chapel Cottage, which faced the church. Aunt Annie also owned a meadow that she sold and upon which the garage at Plaistow was built. It soon became apparent to me that the carefree days of Pound Common had gone forever, and I would be brought up in a different world to that of my brothers and sisters at Kirdford. I had to choose my friends far more carefully now and always be on my best behaviour ready to receive visitors. I had to take piano lessons and we had help in the house with Mrs Ayling who lived next door in yet another Elliott cottage coming in to clean for us.

This rather privileged existence lasted only until I was fourteen, for by then my two elder sisters had gone to Canada. Win had married a Canadian after the Great War and Mildred had gone out to be with her, and for some reason they decided that I should join them, so off I went leaving Plaistow far behind. I would remain in Canada for about five years and when I returned I was grown up and nothing would seem the same again.

Iris Clelland was talking to Miles Costello N.B. I spoke to Iris Clelland while gathering information on the life of her brother John 'Jack' Baker. Many will remember Jack living with his family in Grove Lane in the cottage where his daughter Audrey still lives. Jack and his sons Ron and 'Son' operated, for many years, the engineering workshop at Lowheath opposite the Welldigger's public house.

Miles Costello

In on the Dawn of Television

I was born at Trowels in Pound Street in 1925. The house wasn't called anything in those days, although it had, I believe, been a pub called the Trowel in the eighteenth century. My father came from Headley in Hampshire where my sister Wilma had been born. Dad had been widowed during the 1914-1918 war and had married again. He was by trade a master builder but had had to quit because of injuries sustained while serving in the war; he had been shot in the mouth and bayoneted in the stomach. I suppose it was a miracle he survived at all. Anyway he had moved to Petworth and was renting the Pound Street premises of which in later years he would buy the freehold. I grew up at Trowels and went like anyone else to the North Street Boys' School. A particular friend was John Joyes who lived next door. He was the son of Mr. Joyes the fishmonger. I don't know what happened to them – they moved away. Memories of those days are fairly predictable: playing on the Sheepdowns, dividing into "gangs", the Mott boys coming to Petworth and our looking on them as newcomers. Their father had the butchers in Market Square which is now Barringtons the estate agents. I remember a lady called Liza who'd come out of her house in North Street to pick up after the horses: we boys would tease her on our way down to the school in North Street.

I particularly remember the school bombing in 1942. I'd left the Boys' School some years earlier to go to Midhurst Grammar School and having left there was studying at home for my School Leaving Certificate. When I heard the clump of the bomb I set off to see what had happened and was one of the very first on the scene. There seemed no one there and I went in and found Mrs. Stevenson, the headmaster's wife in a terrible state. Hardly surprising. I raced back up North Street to Dad at the shop to get help. By the time I returned I was sent away as being too young to be there. It was ironic that, too young or not, it was a matter of weeks before I was in the Army! I can remember rubble strewn across the road and boys sitting on the park wall where the blast had hurled them. There was débris in the trees. I think the experience helped me during the war; it certainly didn't make me immune to such scenes but I found the reaction came later rather than at the time.

My father was in business as grocer and greengrocer, but he inclined very much toward the latter. His particular forte was serving wealthy families in the big outlying houses. As a boy I could never see the economic sense of his getting out his bicycle to take, say, a few mushrooms to Lavington Park. Dad of course knew better than I. If you were serving a large household you'd take out the smaller order to keep the larger one. I suppose a significant proportion of the larger houses obtained their greengrocery from Pound Street, the Maxses at Little Bognor, Lavington Park, Tillington House, Lord Leconfield too, on occasion, but the great house would normally, of course, draw on their own gardens. In Petworth too there were larger houses like Red House in Grove Street, New Grove or the doctors, Dr. Kerr or Dr. Menell. We had competitors in Mr. and Mrs. Bowdidge in Lombard Street, Meachens in Church Street, and, later on, Alf Money in Golden Square, each, like us, no doubt having their particular niche.

As soon as I was old enough my father had me delivering with a bicycle and trailer. It could be tricky with roads as they were in the late 1930s. More than once I've turned the

trailer over with a sack of potatoes aboard. I particularly remember the road to Little Bognor. Coming home from school I might be sent out down the road to the allotment at Howards Plat, just up from the present fire station, to pull rhubarb and bring back a wheelbarrow full.

In addition to the greengrocers my father owned also the shop next door, just down the road. It's now The Salon. At one time Mr. Todman the piano tuner had worked from there. My memories of him are very hazy; he used the shop as a base and went out tuning pianos. He kept, I think, a rather spartan stock of sheet music, violin strings and things like that – musical accessories, I suppose you'd say – but not records. Anyway, by the late 1930s, he had gone and the shop was being run by a Mr. Clark from Midhurst who had formerly worked for Messrs. Daniels at Midhurst. He did bicycle repairs. He left in 1939 to join up and the shop was taken over by two Daniels brothers. They too did bicycle repairs, but branched off into wireless - repairs and new sets. It was effectively a branch of the Midhurst shop. They were then called up – actually I think they volunteered and the shop was vacant. It was September 1940 and I was still at school.

I was fifteen and I suggested to my father that, as the shop was empty I would use it to mend bicycles. I'd gone to Midhurst on a Taylor scholarship – two were awarded each year to Petworth schoolchildren, one to a boy and one to a girl. I went to Midhurst with most of my school expenses paid. By 1940, however, I was nearing the end of my time at Midhurst. Mr. Heald, the headmaster, had gone and Mr. Lucas had taken over. My friends and I found it difficult to adjust to the change. Heald had been a disciplinarian of the old type whereas Mr. Lucas was of the "new" type – in other words he was not too concerned about it. My friends and I found this new approach difficult: we were used to a set routine. Being fairly senior we went to Mr. Lucas as a deputation, but he simply said that this was the new way of doing things. He was probably right, even if we had our doubts.

Having agreed that I could use the shop my father gave me a "loan" of £50. Obviously, as I was away during school hours I could only open when I got home and even then I needed to have my tea and perhaps collect produce from the allotment or make a local delivery. The whole thing isn't actually as strange as it may seem: there wasn't anyone about. Men had joined the forces, women were working during the day and children were at school. As I was basically doing repairs, Dad could simply take in anything that came during the day and I could attend to it when I came home. It might be a puncture, a chain needing to be tightened – whatever. I'd always had an interest in bicycles, even at the Taylor scholarship examination, which concluded with an interview, when I'd been asked to relate a recent experience. I told how on a cycle trip I'd had to stop and mend a puncture. Another job was charging accumulators. This I did in the cellar at the back of the premises which happened to be immediately beneath the family sitting-room. I don't think the acrid fumes were much appreciated!

In those early days the shop was quite large enough for my needs but later, after the war was over we would expand into Trowels itself. Mr. Fred Summersell, who lived

just up the road and worked for Bryders the builders, put in some wooden steps to lead back into the main house and I had a plate glass shop window put in. My parents had, in the 1930s, used this room as a tea-room. Cyclists would park their cycles outside and come in, not through the shop, but through the front door of the house. I would be downstairs in the cellar churning the ice-cream with an old-fashioned handle machine. One other thing I remember about that large room which I would eventually take over. I was one of a group of boys who had developed an interest in short-wave radio. Early in the war we'd go out and listen for signals from all over the world. We might be out all night in the summer doing this and once, at River Hill, a bomber dropped some high explosive not too far away from us. It was a hobby for us and in no way official. One or two of us had licences to broadcast and we would listen to other broadcasters, transmitting and receiving in morse. With a bit of station-hopping we might even pick up news from some neutral country. It might be more impartial that the news we were given. My mother realised that we were all going to be called up and of course dispersed so she had the idea of a farewell dinner. I don't know where she got the food from, rationing was in force as you will realise, but it was a memorable meal. There was Ray Simmonds who lived next door, Sid Hayler who would later work for me over many years, Clifford Hoath from Kirdford, his parents lived on the Plaistow Road, Frank Wright, Ron Newman from Byworth, son of the cook at Trofts and Ron Older from the Angel Street grocers.

Until I left school in the summer of 1941 I would close during the day, but obviously once I was no longer going to Midhurst I could be more flexible. This went on until March 1943, a month after my eighteenth birthday, when I was called up. I was already employing Peter Matthews, younger than I was, and paying him, I think, the princely sum of fifteen shillings a week, including five shillings insurance. Or perhaps the insurance was extra – I can't remember. By this time I was combining cycles with wireless. It was still possible to buy components for repairs although no complete sets were available – everything being channelled towards the war effort. When I was called up, I left Peter Matthews in charge with the understanding that when he too left for the forces (as he did) my father would keep things going. He'd keep the shop locked but people would bring repairs to him in the greengrocers. As time permitted he'd go next door and deal with them. I think he quite enjoyed mending steam irons or making other electrical repairs. Dad would always have a go and if he couldn't do it, Bill Hall, who lived just down the road, almost certainly could. Dad was quick to pick things up and would watch what Bill did and learn from him, rather like a somewhat veteran apprentice! By now we were also selling the occasional second-hand bicycle. The soldiers based here during the war had kept business ticking over but they were gone now, even so the business was still doing quite well even if Dad was getting a little weary. By 1947 I was still in uniform but Dad applied for me to be demobilised and I was. The first week's takings were £2.13.9, rather disappointing, but I persevered.

Whilst I was in the army, and indeed before I was called up, I had been studying radio and television, often rather eerily with shells flying overhead. Television was still on the old spinning disc system, but the new advances in radar would mean both a better screen and a more reliable picture. I was preparing for the T.V. age, without perhaps fully realising the

implications. Certainly I was in at the beginning, so much so that it was some time before we actually had a T.V. set. When Sid Hayler joined us after the war we bought a piece of old ex-government radar equipment and converted it so that we could pick up a television signal. The screen was a five inch one and green! We were allowed radios to sell on a quota basis in the early days. The make was Cossar. Often they were in a metal box rather than a wooden cabinet. The first T.V. set had by modern standards a huge cabinet and a miniature screen. For all that the television age was upon us!

John Caine was talking to the Editor.

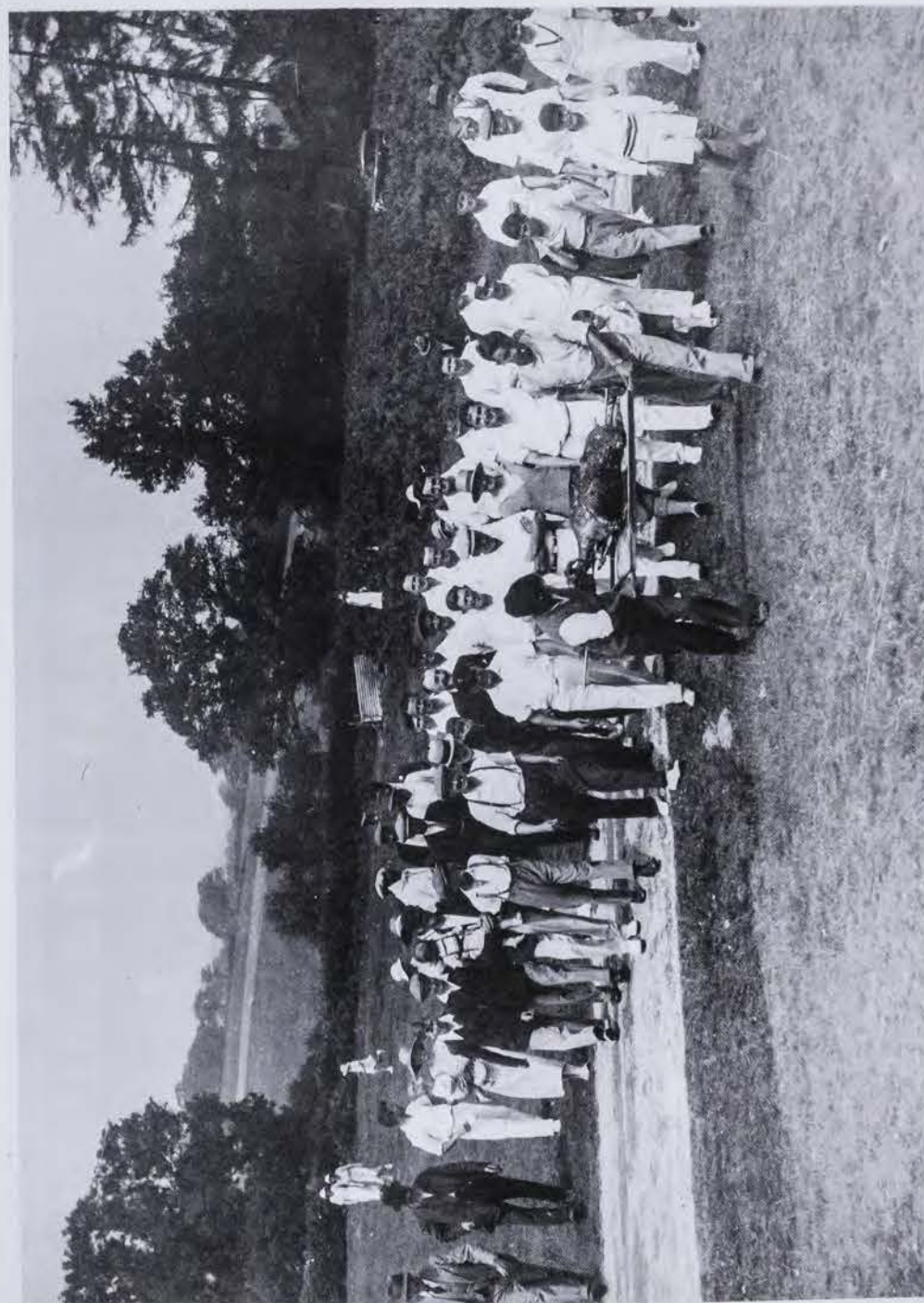
Somerset Lodge and its occupants 1653 – 2003

Three hundred and fifty years ago this very year, Oliver Cromwell was proclaimed "Lord Protector of the Realm" four years after the role of "king" had been abolished at the death of Charles 1st... In the same year, the Mose family, for several centuries prominent in Sussex as farmers, wool merchants and clothiers, iron masters, even "estate agents to the Wizard Earl", built, or at least carved in stone on the porch of their house, now Somerset Lodge in North Street, Petworth, the letters: "J J M 1653". Somerset Hospital and Lodge, one built of brick and the other of stone, are a strange, rather north country pair, very old-fashioned for their time, almost Gothic in style (but not yet quite Gothick) stranded in a Sussex country town. Both were built on Mose land as we can deduce from their sale to the 6th Duke of Somerset in 1724, from which date they have borne the name of the Proud Duke.

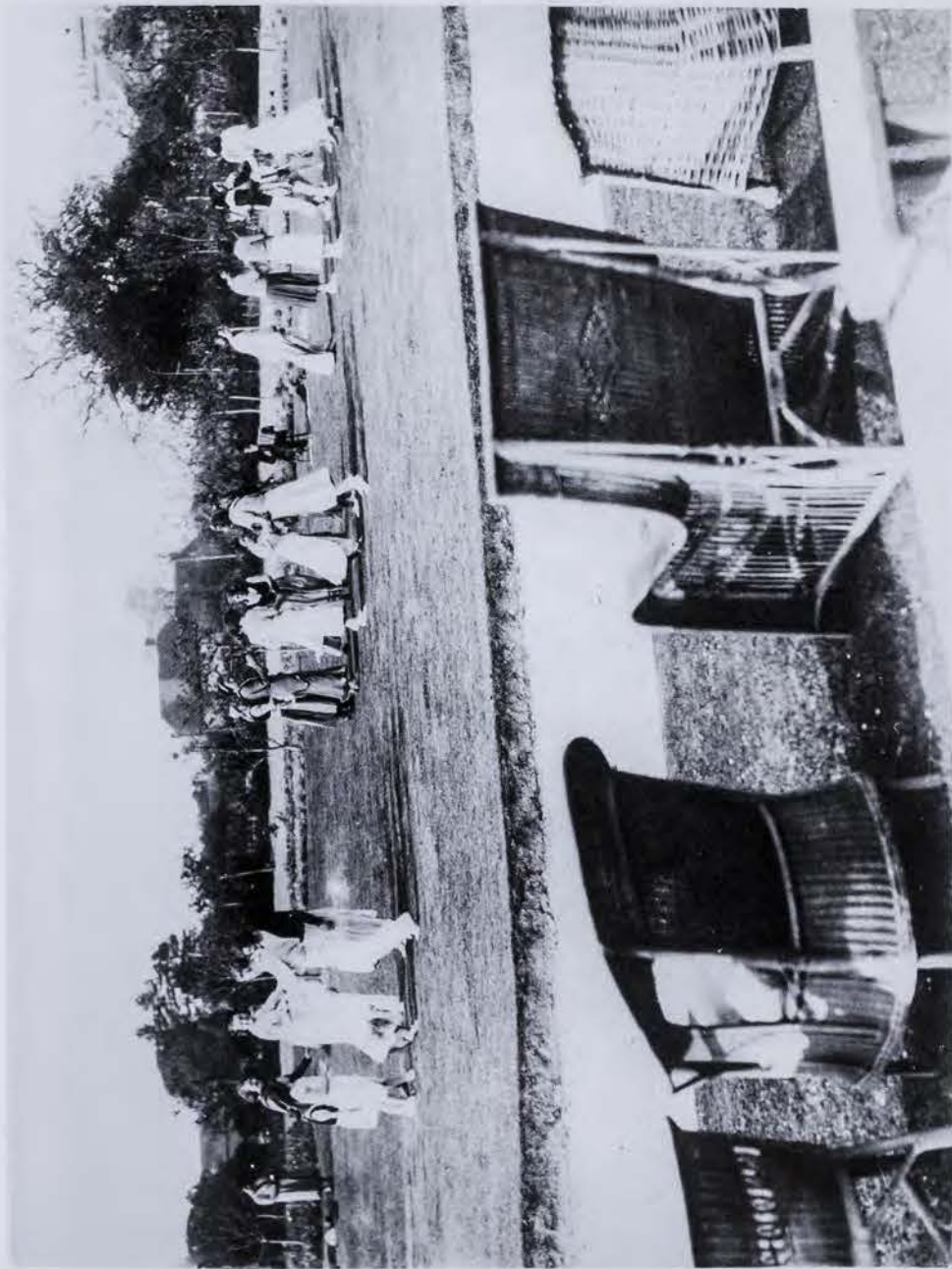
Were the Moses to return to North Street today they would recognise Somerset Lodge as their family property, and their home for 70 years. They would recognise Somerset Hospital a little less distinctly as it has been much altered. They would be surprised to hear the roar of Petworth traffic, echoing as in a canyon. from the high stone wall opposite which has replaced front gardens and individual houses. (We have a record of the names of all the occupants of these houses in 1610) If the Moses then entered their house, they might even feel "at home", give or take a few bathrooms, because it has hardly changed and most changes have later been reversed.

Somerset Lodge is not a grand house and no celebrity ever lived here. At only 350, it is far from being the oldest house in the town. But it does, more than any other house, even than Somerset Hospital, give an insight into domestic aspirations at a particular social level in seventeenth century Petworth when prominent tradesmen aspired to the rank of gentry and even the squirarchy (see Francis Mose below) The Percys were back in residence in the Great House after languishing in the Tower of London, and the Proud Duke was still a generation away.

In this house their ambitions are reflected in much good and original design and workmanship surviving in stone, marble and oak. Whoever actually commissioned and controlled the building works had the mind and vision of an architect, ensuring that all details



Ebernoe Horn Fair in 1935. See "A year in the 1930s." Photograph by George Garland.



Folk dancers at Sutton. This unusual shot was taken by George Garland in 1937. See "A year in the 1930s."

were consistent while still original. For example, the mouldings of the front porch are repeated and adapted to the stone fire surrounds. They are modified in a finer polished Petworth marble fireplace and modified again to suit the timber details of the doorcases, each terminating in a heart-shaped motif. The builder or designer was most probably involved also at Soanes in Grove Lane and the later additions to Cook's House at West Burton. Some details are repeated precisely. The best feature of the house is the central staircase which rises through all four floors without diminution of scale or quality of turning or carving. It is a daily delight to use such a comfortable piece of work.

One casualty of the centuries has been the loss of much panelling. When inspected in the 1950's, there was evidence of panelling in five rooms. Much had been severely damaged by water penetration, so badly that when it was restored, there was sufficient for one large room only where it has all been assembled. There are four different styles of panelling in the house, belonging to different dates between 1650 and about 1780, showing that it continued in some prosperity over that first century. Some changes have been made at the lower ground floor, level with the garden. A corridor by-passed the kitchen to get to the garden from the stair.

Before 1653, cottages occupied the site of the house, including the North Street frontage. Two cottages remain in the garden and probably, with others, fronted the "twitten" which still runs between Hospital and Lodge. They may have served as wash house and privy, and perhaps housed a servant.

What of the occupants of the last 350 years? Much is known and has been researched by my brother-in-law, Michael Palmer, historian and writer on the Tudor and Stuart period. I am indebted to him for much of what follows.

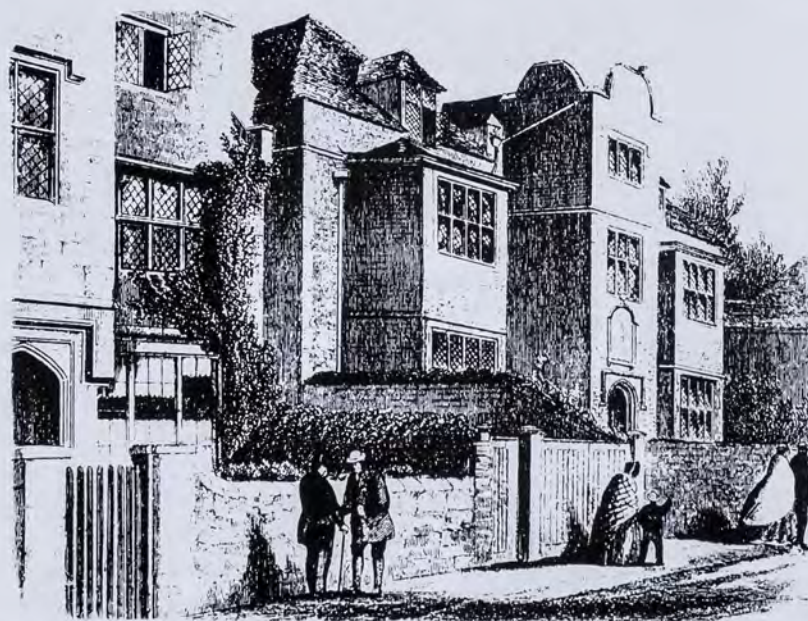
Returning to "J + J M", this is most likely to commemorate John Mose of Kirdford and Petworth. For eight years he had worked in the iron trade at a time when the Weald was the centre of English iron manufacture. In 1610 he assisted the Earl of Northumberland (then locked up in the Tower of London) in the purchase of Gunters-bridge. A man of the same name also assisted the Earl in expanding the estate around the great house. The Moses were definitely into "real estate". The next clue comes much later in 1728 when the then owner, John Cook, transferred the land on which Somerset Lodge stands to the 6th Duke of Somerset. The deed records that the "capital messuage" had been purchased by John Mose and his son Francis. The same deed also relates that it was in the occupation of Francis Moses, father, son and grandson, though the third Francis who was Rector of Pulborough, let it to John Jewkes, a great grandson of Richard Stringer and Susan Mose.

In the sacristy of St Mary's church there is a rather weathered Petworth marble memorial to "...Rachel ye wife of Francis Mose, Gent, daughter of Robert Baker Esq, late of Didcot(?) in the county of Buckinghamshire died in her 25th1683". Was she wife to the second or third of the line of Francis Moses who lived here?

From before 1740, John Wycliffe occupied the house with his five unmarried sisters, the last two still living there in 1771, still waiting for their knights to ride over from the Gogs? It must have been during the Wycliffes' occupation that the huge retaining wall was built lifting the east and north boundaries of the garden some 16 feet above the surrounding land.

This created a gentler slope on land which became just capable of cultivation, and sunlight penetrated from March to October. It also revealed the dramatic views of the landscape to north and east. The structure of the wall resembles closely the structure of Petworth Park wall, built about this time.

But the connection with the Moses returned. Rector Mose's son, yet another Francis, inherited Stringer's Hall in 1746. This last Francis had a brother, Peter, who died in 1758. Peter's widow re-married twice, finally to Doctor Joseph Whicher who then lived at Somerset Lodge. The doctor could not live within his means and went bankrupt in 1793. The 3rd Earl Egremont, by now the successor to the Somersets in Petworth, stepped in to redeem his furniture. In 1799, Somerset Hospital trustees auctioned the house in order to raise money to redeem the land tax on other Hospital property. At the auction held in the Angel Inn, no adequate bid was made so Lord Egremont bought the House privately from Somerset Hospital for £250.



Somerset Lodge. An engraving from Arnold's History and Antiquities (1864)

From 1799 until 1841, I have no information about tenancies. The house continued in the ownership of the 3rd Earl and his successors, the Lords Leconfield. The census records for 1841 tell of a minister of the Independent Church, James Edmunds 45, his wife Patience 35, children James 10, Letitia 8, Matilda 6, Phoebe 4, and Emily 1, and no servants. Edmunds was the minister at the East Street Chapel (later the girls school) until 1845. He would have rented the house as no Manse was built until 1850. He is not to be confused with James Edwards who was the Minister responsible for erecting the chapel but then embezzling the funds before the builder was paid!

In 1851, the religious persuasion of the occupant changed and the Curate of Petworth, Charles Klanert, MA, lived here with three servants: housekeeper, housemaid and bootboy - a contrast in the fortunes of the two churches. He was born in Petworth and was for 20 years the curate. He was then rector of Iping for 23 years. His parents and relations were well known Petworth people, and many are buried in vaults below the church. Charles and his parents are commemorated in two marble tablets on the pier to the right side of the organ gallery.

In 1861, Thomas Francis Hayward 87, lived here with his wife, Elizabeth 49, and three children aged 14 to 10 and another aged 7 Ann Child, or it may be alm-child, possibly a foster child. To beget a child when aged 80 might have been difficult in those days.

From c1871 onwards we are touching living history. Until c1909, the occupant was that doughty retailer of Petworth, B Steddy Austen, whose celebrated ironmongery still supplies all our needs in Market Square. He came to Petworth from Great Chart in Kent, aged 48 in 1871, with his wife Sarah 37, from Aylsham, Norfolk, and children John 9, Jane 7, George 5, Lola 3, Eva 2, Gertrude 1, and servants Mary Cooper 25 also from Aylsham as domestic nurse, Sarah Walker from Lurgashall as domestic servant. By 1891, the four oldest children had left home and the servants were then Lucy Rapley 19 from Kirdford, and Mary Rapley, obviously her sister. A Kevis photograph taken in the garden and reproduced in "*Petworth Time out of Mind*" shows servants and helpers at Lola Austen's wedding.

From 1913 to 1927, the House was occupied by Arthur Allison, Water Manager to Lord Leconfield, and maternal grandfather of our chairman, Peter Jerrome. He was succeeded by John H Wall and his wife. Their baby daughter was born here. She came to visit us from Australia, and took us to see her mother 93, who remembered the genteel pattern of life in 1928 when most provisions were delivered to the door: when the ground floor of the house was shut off as uninhabitable: when access to the garden was via steps from a high level conservatory. From 1938, the solicitor Ralph Stewart Oglethorpe lived here with his wife during the Second World War and until 1950. It is rumoured that Mrs Oglethorpe's grand piano fell through the rotten boards of the ground floor into the basement. That would surely explain why there is a reinforced concrete floor where our grand piano now stands.

From 1950 onwards, the house deteriorated as a result of water penetration and neglect. In the 1950's Mr John Wyndham (later 1st Baron Egremont), the house having remained unoccupied for some time, declared that "no-one wanted to live in that dark old hole", and he proposed to demolish it to build houses for Estate workers. The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings heard of this intent and its chairman, Lord Euston, took up the preservation cause. In 1958 it was listed Grade 2*, and in 1959 conveyed to M C Dibben for £500 with a small grant from the Ministry of Works. Some good work was done, especially to the staircase which was twisting at the quarter landings. The panelling was removed and fitted back by a restorer who was more ingenious than scholarly. The back sitting room was stripped of its 15 layers of wallpaper - I have samples of every one, making quite a history of wallpaper in Petworth. The rear conservatory was demolished as was the privy accessible from a quarter landing on the south of the stair.

From 1959 until 1987 when I acquired it from the Esquilants, little had been done or needed to be done. We have replaced some stone mullioned windows, and reconstructed the

ground floor elevation which was buckling from earlier changes. It is a supremely habitable house and we are proud to have had the chance to live in and look after such a unique building

Raymond Harris with acknowledgements to Michael Palmer MA

In its 350th year we invite members of the Petworth Society to visit the house between 2 pm and 6 pm on Sunday 6th July 2003 at a charge of £3 per head. All proceeds will be given to the Petworth Cottage Museum Trust. Admission will be by ticket only, obtainable from Somerset Lodge, North Street, Petworth GU28 0DG. Send a stamped addressed envelope, but no money: pay at the door.

A year in the 1930s

The Petworth photographer George Garland (1900-1978) always saw himself essentially as a "press" photographer, looking to combine photography with an element of reportage. From early experience in the 1920s and early 1930s he had found that reporting for the Southern Weekly News, Sussex Daily News and West Sussex Gazette was a useful, if at a rate of a penny a line, somewhat laborious supplement to the Station Road studio's extremely fragile finances. Garland did not, at this time, deal with the Midhurst Times. The flat penny rate certainly put no premium on literary quality: a list of names at a funeral or of wedding presents was worth no more, no less, than his most polished prose! Sometimes Mrs. Garland would write the report, sometimes Garland himself: it is impossible to distinguish. What is virtually certain however is that the collation of newspaper cuttings and their pasting into a "file" book would be Mrs. Garland's prerogative. The initial impulse would probably be economic; a check on payment against lines submitted and used but no doubt a recognition of their possible later interest would soon become apparent. It is important to note that the file books are quite distinct from the much larger and more familiar books of cuttings reflecting press use of original Garland photographs.

The early-mid 1930s probably reflect Garland at his happiest and best, exploring a world at a crossroads, where older insular ways were meeting the advance guard of the communications revolution, particularly at this time film and wireless. It was not necessarily a conflict, rather a meeting of quite disparate outlooks. The file book under discussion is a large lined exercise book of 116 sides covering a year all but a week and running from 10th June 1935 to the 3rd June 1936. It reflects a more insular, leisured, inward-looking Sussex than the present, Garland reporting on what now seems an almost fixed annual cycle of events, punctuated occasionally by the non-cyclical such as the funeral of King George V or the rededication of the bell at Egdean church.

The year begins, appropriately enough with echoes of an older world, echoes Garland was always prepared to listen for. Sutton folk dancers are dancing the Helston Furry through Sutton Street before taking a rest in the Women's Institute. They had been accompanied on the accordion by Master Miles "resplendent in smock frock and garlanded hat of some other

day." The wistful retrospect is a characteristic Garland feature; the evocation of a lost world, it was something at once deeply felt and commercially useful. Newspapers liked to mine this vein of popular nostalgia. On leaving the WI hut the dancers continued with the Steamboat and their next stop the crowning of the Queen of the Revels, elected by her fellow schoolchildren. Maypole dancing followed. After the dancers had performed the "Winstler Reel" and the "Gallop" they repaired again to the WI hut where they were entertained by a marionette show. The event ended with a party. For the day the Sutton Club had been augmented by dancers from Brighton, Bury and Burgess Hill.

At Ebernoe there was the annual cricket match between the village and officers from H.M.S. Vernon, arranged through Admiral Sir Herbert Heath from Ebernoe House and invariably attended by the Naval Band from Portsmouth. They had come every year since the Armistice. In contrast Mr. F.G. Fox's Petworth outing to Bognor Regis, taking 150 children and friends, was probably relatively new. The party were fortunate with the weather, having a full 8½ hours at the seaside. The trip had been made in four Southdown coaches going via Duncton and Earham, with the return trip being via Bury Hill. "The hope was generally expressed that another outing should be arranged for next year."

In the mid-thirties Garland used the pen-name "The Nomad" for articles in which he took a particular interest, such as that on the Sutton dancers. A perennial difficulty with annual events was finding something fresh or different to say. Ebernoe Horn Fair, for instance, was very much The Nomad's spiritual territory, but did tend to be the same year by year. In 1935 The Nomad solved the problem by focussing on the local rector's speculation that originally horns were kept for Sheffield cutlers or their representatives to come and buy them. Having been removed at the autumn cattle slaughtering they would await collection and sale the following July. Garland clearly felt the suggestion at best somewhat doubtful, but it made good copy. Writing of the cricket match that was such an integral part of the fair and writing for a wider Sussex audience he made great play of the road running through the outfield, and, perhaps rather overstating his case, drew a vivid picture of "an agile village Hendren retrieving a fast travelling ball from beneath the wheels of a passing motor-car ...!" The Nomad was no more immune to the vagaries of typographical error that his modern counterpart. The Ebernoe openers Len Wadey and F. Holden are described "as doing their best to belittle the skill and morals of the Lurgashall bowlers." Horn Fair, one might have thought was hardly a suitable context for an enquiry into Lurgashall morals. We may assume that the long-suffering Nomad had originally written "morale."

Petworth Girl Guides fête is not graced by The Nomad's presence, receiving just a summary report, even if "guessing the weight of the rector's dog" sounds promising. Likewise the Grove Lawn Tennis Club's 16th annual tournament is sternly factual. The Club had been founded in 1910. Something of a Petworth hiatus this year was the absence of the annual British Legion fête in Petworth Park, only the fishing competition being held. The low entry of 75 was put down to the missing parent event. In contrast, however, the annual Sutton, Bignor and Barlavington flower show flourished even in spite of unusually dry conditions. No doubt the long list of prize-winners made good newspaper copy, while the pennies for each line totted up reassuringly. Newspapers presumably had the prerogative to truncate if they so wished.

An addition to the annual cycle in 1935 was the début camp of the newly re-formed Tillington Scouts. They were singularly unfortunate in their choice of weekend, for it rained virtually the whole time. The intrepid twelve, under Scoutmaster Townsend, left with their trek cart at 9am on the Friday, aiming to set up camp in the village of Onslow near Guildford. They arrived at 5.30 in the afternoon "having walked the distance of 23½ miles." On the Sunday they paraded for service at Onslow Church and on Monday made the return journey, setting up camp on their arrival at Mill Pond, Lurgashall. Scoutmaster Townsend's opportune resort to cold remedies seems to have been much appreciated! Northchapel Sunday Hospital parade appears to have been more fortunate. Five local fire brigades were in the procession, along with other auxiliary services and a good turnout from local Friendly Societies. Petworth Badminton Club reported playing and losing all their four matches during the season, but were grateful for the match practice. They would offer an American tournament and a ladder competition during the ensuing season. Relatively fortunate were the occupants of a saloon car which went out of control while descending Duncton Hill. It somersaulted in the road and dropped into a field. No one was killed but two of the four in the car were taken to hospital with serious injuries.

In October the Bishop of Lewes was at Egdean to rededicate the church bell, recast through the generosity of Lady Leconfield. The bishop "spoke of the ancient Sussex church of West Thorney, whose one bell is the oldest in the county. It is 700 years old and the inscription on it is simply the word Jesus." The bishop reminded his congregation that "times and things may have changed but Jesus remains the same as ever." At Pulborough the St. Richard's Building Society had a meeting to discuss plans for four new houses to be built in the village on land purchased from Thompson's Hospital at Petworth. The founder, Father Jellicoe, had died since the last meeting. The Pulborough venture mirrored a similar initiative by Father Jellicoe at St. Pancras in London. In Petworth, harvest festivals at St. Mary's and in the Congregational Chapel went with their usual swing as did the 27th annual Petworth Ploughing Match, held this year at Crawfold Farm, Balls Cross. "It is many years since the meeting was held in the Wealden Country, and considering the recent wet weather, the ground was in a surprisingly good condition for the competition." George Adsett, the reigning champion, had no challenger in the Champion class. Garland or his alter ego, The Nomad, never missed a ploughing match either at Petworth or at West Grinstead.

The annual Petworth Boys' School concert attracted a full house in the Iron Room, the mixture of plays and recitals going down well. At their Annual General Meeting the town band agreed to play in the town on Sundays and to participate in the coming Armistice Day parade. There had been some outlay on new instruments and a present of two tenor horns from Major Montford Bebb had been gratefully accepted. At a meeting of the Petworth branch of the League of Nations concerns were voiced for a wider world. When had Eritrea become Italian? It was indeed a "knotty point." More parochially whist drives were a staple entertainment, lists of prize-winners were celebrated in the newspapers at the usual penny a line. Dr. Kerr was looking to revive the old Petworth Kaffir Minstrel troupe, disbanded in 1926. He could not; local interest was insufficient. Petworth Women's Institute entered the Novices' Drama Festival for West Sussex and performed creditably even if the adjudicators

would have liked a more humorous approach to their chosen piece, the finale of the Merchant of Venice. There were favourable comments on individual performances.

The 1930s saw an increasing use of electricity and its recent installation at Tillington Church had enabled an elaborate Scriptural tableau to be shown. On a similar theme "Mrs. Robertson's troupe from Midhurst" had given a show at Lodsworth in aid of the village hall Electric Lighting Fund. More in The Nomad style, but without the attribution, are in depth articles for the West Sussex Gazette on Fittleworth Rifle Club, West Chiltington Prize Band, and Lodsworth Chess Club.

January 1936 saw the death of King George V, the funeral and local commemorations. That at Petworth was marked by closed shops, work generally suspended for the day, a procession and a packed church. On a lighter note, more than 200 players attended a whist drive in the Iron Room, the proceeds going to Sussex County Cricket Club's nursery fund, Mr. Maurice Tate attended as did the club secretary, Mr. Knowles.

Early February saw the Old Folks Annual Treat, again in the Iron Room. The treat had originated with the late Mrs. T.H. Upton and the late Mrs. A.A. Knight some 31 years before. The first attendance was some 30 old people but by 1936 that total had risen to 90 and Petworth Women's Institute were very largely responsible for running the event. At Tillington the local Women's Institute celebrated their second season, and their move to new quarters at the Horse Guards Club Room, with a New Year's party. The programme began with a whist drive and concluded with entertainment by the Boxgrove Tipteers. The spire of St. Mary's continued to give cause for alarm: repairs were clearly needed. The Spire account was still £107 in debt and "it was decided to borrow this amount from the bank in order to get the 5 per cent discount which Mr. Larkin (the steeplejack) was prepared to allow for cash."

The recently-formed Petworth Orchestral Society put on an ambitious and successful event in the Iron Room, while the same venue was host to a popular children's performance organised by Mr. Frank Whitcomb. At Fittleworth, Mr. and Mrs. Gair Wilkinson* gave two presentations of their Puppet Show in the Parish Hall. The couple had only recently moved to the village. This month brought also something of a Petworth landmark; a complimentary dinner being given for Mr. John Pitfield, the solicitor, honouring particularly his forty-five years as churchwarden at St. Mary's. He was retiring to his native Devon.

Mr. McLachlan, so long magistrates' clerk at Petworth, and a devoted forager into anything that concerned an older Petworth, died and his knowledge apparently died with him. Whist drives proliferated, even the 140 members and guests attending a Petworth Choral Society social evening at the Swan Hotel began with whist and auction bridge before concluding with a dance. Petworth Rural Deanery was asked to forward £1,500 toward the Sussex Churches' Building Fund, which was looking for £175,000 in all spread over seven years "to buy sites and to erect some building, often a mere tin tabernacle, where a clergyman could begin to gather the people together." A wider world impinged once more when Mr. Anthony Bertram speaking at a League of Nations Union meeting, put forward the League as "our one beacon of hope." Constant humiliation in the wake of the Versailles Treaty had made

* Is this Walter Wilkinson whose *A Sussex Peep-Show* (1933) remains still eminently readable?

a truculent Germany under Herr Hitler once more a threat to world peace. Colonel Mayne reported to Petworth Rifle Club in April that membership had fallen considerably, the club surviving mainly on the sale of ammunition. In May there was a successful sale of work at the Congregational Chapel while at St. Mary's the Bishop of Chichester officiated at a confirmation ceremony. The book ends with the Golden Wedding celebrations of Colonel and Mrs. Mitford at Tillington, marked particularly by an "at home" at Pitshill.

For George Garland the year was more than a calendar of events. There was copy to be found in talking to interesting characters, people who remembered a very different, more leisurely world. A Golden Wedding might prompt such recollection or the death of an old resident evoke memories of former times. In some ways the odd pieces of information thrown up by these somewhat random pieces of reporting are the file book's abiding strength.

John Tate of Petworth was celebrating his Golden Wedding in October 1935. He had left school at 11 and done various odd jobs until he was 15. He then went as apprentice to Mr. Thear, the cabinet maker. Eventually he went into business on his own, taking over Mr. Thear's contract (comprising some 11 local parishes) for making coffins. They might need to be carried as far as Upwaltham, Mr. Tate pushing the coffin in a hand-cart. "There were no motors about in those days and we had to walk mostly everywhere." Taking a child's coffin to Bignor, he was going down Shimmings Hill with the coffin strapped to his back when a friend passing in a pony trap mistook him for an organ-grinder! The cart was so heavy to push that in this case it was easier to carry the coffin. Mrs. Tate, a native of Sidmouth in Devon had been in service at Coates Castle. It was a sign of the times that when George Garland arrived for the interview Mr. Tate was doing a jig to the tune of some distant band coming over the wireless. The set had been a golden wedding present.

In the same month another couple, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ayling from Northchapel celebrated a similar occasion. Alfred had left school at 11 to work at Fisher Street Farm, rook scaring from seven in the morning until five in the afternoon. "In those days all the harvest was done with scythes and, when the weather was not good, it would often last as long as six weeks." Alfred had often threshed corn with the old-fashioned flail. "I was also shown Mrs. Ayling's proudest exhibit – a tiny loaf of bread, unleavened bread – which was 49 years old. The superstition is that if a piece of unleavened bread, which must have been made and baked and set during Good Friday morning, and before twelve o'clock, is thrown into water where the body of a member of the family is suspected to be, it will remain stationary over the spot where the body lies."

Walter Howick of Burton had started work at Toplea, Graffham at the age of 12, then gone hurdle-making with Jim Poate, well-known in the Graffham area. He then moved on to work in the gardens at Lavington House. It was in the time of Bishop Wilberforce. "Walter well remembers the Bishop riding his horse through Dormans Wood – a favourite ride of his – and how that, when he died, all the estate workers went to his funeral, with long mourning ribbons attached to their hats, and wearing black otherwise." Leaving Lavington, Walter spent another 25 years hurdle-making before going to live at Burton and working for Mr. Douglas Hall at Burton Park.



Funeral of Bishop Wilberforce 1907.

William Greenfield of Lurgashall was 78 in March 1936 and had left school at the age of 12. In the winter he helped his father copse-cutting while in the summer he worked as ploughboy for Mr. George Dallyn at Northchapel. The wage was sixpence a day. "In those days we used to cut corn with a scythe." Miss Alice Daintrey who died at the age of 85 in April 1936, had had a very different life. Daughter of Arthur Daintrey, the Petworth solicitor; she had studied at the Royal College of Art and was a keen artist. She had also run the Bailiwick Farm at Byworth** for many years. "During the harrowing period of the war years she brought pleasure to many by turning her house into a club for soldiers, many of whom today could recall memories of happy evenings spent around the billiards table in the large hall." She was always very proud of being a Victorian, and considered the Victorian era the greatest period of the Empire's history."

Another member of an old-established family was Mr. John Dawtrey who died in April. Born in Petworth he was the son of Mr. Geoffrey Dawtrey of Petworth. He made his career in Reading, but paid frequent visits to his home town. His engaging personality made him a very popular figure. "During the bad winter weather he arranged for the birds to be fed daily at his expense, providing for them food which was put upon his wife's grave in the old Petworth cemetery." Mr. Dawtrey was a keen archaeologist and also the author of a book about Shakespeare's Sir John Falstaff. It was called the Falstaff Saga.

** See PSM 48

George Constance of Holland Wood was 80 in May 1936. He had started work at the age of seven with a market gardener at Wick near Littlehampton. He received two shillings a week for a twelve hour day ending at six at night. "Excepting the teaching which his father gave him after his day's work was done, George had no schooling." He had lived in the Petworth area for thirty years and done farm work all his life. In the same month George Rapson died at Lurgashall. He had been Lurgashall's parish clerk for some 42 years and the family went back at least two centuries in the village, his father and grandfather having been local maltsters. His father had told him smuggling tales, of flares being lit at Bognor to alert the Lurgashall men. The latter would make hoops and faggots to sell in Chichester and then go on to Bognor to bring home contraband concealed beneath the chips in their wagons. George went to school at seven years old and left at twelve, with a reputation as the best scholar. In spring and summer he minded cows on the roadside waste, fourpence for a ten hour day. In winter he earned six shillings a week in the woods, making hoops. His father could remember galleries in the church at either side and a string band playing in one of the galleries, music being provided by a harmonium. When Lurgashall acquired a maypole, Mr. Fairlis the rector, a noted pugilist, and the villagers forcibly repelled an attempt to steal it by the men of Tillington. They had intended to set it up on Upperton Common! The village inn was known then as the Bull and was the scene of some serious drinking. The rector was accustomed to impose rough discipline in his own rather eccentric way.

Mr. and Mrs. William Carter of Northchapel celebrated a 51st wedding anniversary in May. Mr. Carter had been a pupil at the old Northchapel school on the road to Hillgrove. At thirteen he went to Diddlesfold Farm as carter under Mr. Jupp. "His wages were 5s a week, and his master was a good one, never allowing the boys to go out to work in the fields when the weather was wet." Mr. Carter remembered an old parish clerk at Northchapel, named Johnson, who, on Sunday, contrived to station himself by the church porch in time to sell nuts to the village boys as they came out.

The Garland file/books are in a sense utilitarian productions: they had to be. Money was extremely tight and sentiment permissible only if it paid some kind of tangible dividend. The financial underpinning provided by the newspapers did at least mean that Garland could pursue his own interests which were unusual in his time. He liked talking to older people and looking back on a harsher less complicated world than his own. Looking back ourselves to the 1930s, we too see great changes. The ubiquitous whist drive is no more while newspaper interest in weddings and funerals is all too obviously cursory. These were times when a bride might give her groom a bicycle as a wedding present, when choice of wedding gifts, or presence or absence at a funeral would carry definite social connotations. Local brides are invariably "popular", grooms equally invariably members of the local football or cricket team. What, of course, the newspapers never do, and of their nature cannot do is to provide insight into the private thoughts and preoccupations of individual people. In that sense the file book must always be a blunt, even insensitive, instrument. Social division here is only hinted at and one can only guess at the distinction between a "popular" bride and groom and a "fashionable" wedding. The old order was changing but not at the headlong speed that might have appeared.

P.

