

NO. 120. JUNE 2005

The Wharfedale



THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
magazine

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Cover design by Jonathan Newdick. It shows trees at Snow Hill in Petworth Park.

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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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Mrs Pearl Godsmark

Coultershaw Beam Pump representatives

Mr S. Boakes, Mrs J. Gilhooly, Mr A Henderson, Mr T. Martin.

For this Magazine on tape please contact Mr Thompson.

Society Town Crier

Mr J. Crocombe, 19 Station Road (343329)

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

Chairman's Notes

This Magazine seems to have a character of its own, as I hope every issue does. Among other things we have a desultory excursion along the area's more sequestered waterways in the company of E.M. Synge and Harold Roberts. I think the contents cover the quarter fairly thoroughly but I would draw your particular attention to the 25th anniversary celebration of Coultershaw Beam Pump on July 13th. All Society members are invited. See Activities sheet.

On separate sheets you will have notice of the Shulbrede Priory trip and the annual dinner, again, this year, in September. Like the June boat trip, both will no doubt be overbooked. We do try to see that everyone receives their Magazine at the same time; the local deliveries being held back to allow the postal Magazines to arrive. At least this is the theory. I suppose there may be a little variation in local deliveries but most distributors seem to operate effectively a "same day" service.

Oh, and don't forget us if you have any books to spare – Peter on 342562 or Miles on 343227. The April book sale was absolutely frantic. We've now five weeks to recover and replenish. By the time you read this, of course, we'll be looking to June.

Peter 14th April



The Horsham Road chapel in the 1890s (see Miles' article in Magazine 119). Reproduction from photostat will be grainy. I believe there is an original at the West Sussex Record Office. [Ed]

Leconfield Hall friends

As you know, I have, after thirteen years, handed over the Chairmanship of the Leconfield Hall to Andy Henderson, thus perpetuating the Society's close links with the Hall. You will find with this quarter's Magazine a Friends' Gift form. Don't simply discard it – give it a little thought. An individual standing order even for as little as £10 a year could work wonders for Hall finances if sufficient numbers do the same. Remember the Cottage Museum already runs a similar scheme with some aplomb.

Don't underestimate the Hall. Some have always done this and no doubt will continue to do so. In my view they're quite wrong. The Hall is now in excellent order and it's central. For the Society itself it's home to the Book Sale, the monthly meetings and the Fair back-up in November. Contrary to some popular ideas it compares favourably in cost with other local halls. In this day and age any hall that undercharges will find itself in serious trouble in a very short time. If an event is unable to pay a reasonable charge it's probably not worth holding it in the first place. And how many village halls are Grade II listed? The Leconfield, however, is expensive to run, present annual upkeep of £25,000 a year confronts an income of £21,000. Economies with such essentials as cleaning and insurance are simply not possible. The Friends' Scheme could bridge that gap. I'm returning my form to Tim Wardle and hope a significant proportion of Society members will do the same. A successful Society needs a flourishing Hall.

Peter

The Leconfield Hall needs FRIENDS!

Situated in the Market Square and on the site of a medieval market house, the Leconfield Hall was erected by the third Earl of Egremont in 1793. As a grade II listed building it is a crucial part of Petworth's heritage. The management of the hall is entrusted to a committee of trustees and has charitable status recognised by the Charity Commission. The Hall is in constant use for sales, public meetings, concerts and adult education classes. It holds public entertainment, theatre and cinema licences but has to meet ever stricter public health and safety conditions.

The problem the management committee has is that spiralling running costs of around £25,000 a year are not covered by the income derived from hiring of approximately £21,000 a year. It has proved impossible to meet the shortfall from additional hirers, and our charges, though competitive, cannot be increased further. In recent years great strides have been made, both with increasing the use of the Hall and improving the structure and facilities in the building. We are doing all we can, but we need more help.

Since 1992 the Hall has been completely transformed. The crumbling exterior stonework was replaced, the fire bells restored to their original position and a clock installed where it had once been, while, inside, a major restoration has taken place. Improvements

include the installation of a lift, a lavatory for the disabled, a new kitchen, and upstairs, retractable raked seating. Funding has come from local donations, English Heritage, the National Lottery, local councils and a legacy.

More recently a grand piano (for the Petworth Festival but available to hirers), theatre lighting controls, a projection screen and an electronic projector have been provided following successful bids to the leisure fund administered by the District Council. These additional and essential facilities have inevitably added to the running costs of the Hall which unfortunately cannot be met by grant aid.

Two generous donations have provided a small endowment fund for the Hall, but it is not possible to add to this, or even to provide for replacement of the Hall's equipment when it wears out. The running of film shows in the Hall as a fund raising venture has been successful and raises about £1,500 a year.

Meanwhile the Hall's Trustees would very much like to further improve the lighting and ventilation systems and other facilities in the Hall with the aim of attracting more hirers. Extra income generated by the new Friends scheme will assist the funding of the improvements and also support the maintenance and running costs of the Hall.

If just 200 people were to give £10 per year as Friends of the Hall by gift aid, this would raise around £2,500. This is a significant sum to such a small local charity, and would help to keep up the momentum to improve and maintain the Leconfield Hall. Friends of the Hall will receive a voucher for a film show.

If you are able to make a donation, please will you complete the details on the enclosed form and return it to:

Tim Wardle, Hon. Treasurer c/o The Estate Office, Petworth, West Sussex GU28 0DU
Telephone: 01798 342502 Email: tim@leconfieldstates.co.uk

Subscriptions

Dear Peter

I refer to the letter published in the March issue of the magazine from Miles. Is he a paid up member?

I would like to think I am a more positive and determined man of action compared with the treasurer of yesteryear. At least I hope I am but then perhaps am not really too sure!!

However, times change and the response from the members to the annual demand for subscriptions is always encouraging. Our postman dreads the first fortnight of March when I receive some 300 letters enclosing cheques and sometimes cash – naughty, naughty – which amounts to about half of the membership. First class letters are received on 1 March and sometimes even before the date of renewal from members residing in the adjacent road!! Others surreptitiously creep up in the hours of darkness and slip their sub through the letterbox. Throughout March subtle hints are dropped at the WI Market where, suitably clad against the inclement weather, I or my very able assistant collect dues from the unsuspecting

shopper. Such are the means of getting monies into the Society's coffers.

I should also mention the generosity of our members in that over £1,000 was received in donations last year. Very much appreciated!!

Statistically, we are in a healthy state with members and funding. At the last count (March 05) we had 626 members, and if we included in the figures 'other halves' then the membership is nearer 1200. Some 337 members live in and around Petworth and 273 live elsewhere in the UK from Elgin in Scotland to Bodmin in Cornwall and Jersey in the Channel Islands. Overseas members reside in Australia, Canada, United States, Cyprus and France.

Interestingly, 9 new members have joined since 1 March – must get them on the computer!!!

(From the treasurer 2005 style.)

Just 'flying a kite', Peter

Just 'flying a kite Peter, but I don't suppose you know of anybody who owns a magic lantern do you? You know, one of the old-fashioned ones for putting on slide shows. Well, if we had one perhaps we could put on a show in the Leconfield Hall. After all the old building must have played host to dozens of lantern shows and lectures during the Victorian years and probably right up to the years between the wars, though I suspect that by then they were becoming rather 'old-hat'.

The thing is even if we did have one would today's audiences be likely to appreciate what is after all a rather basic type of entertainment; surely our members are far too sophisticated for that sort of thing. O.K. they may not be into play stations and video games but lantern-slides, come on. After all how many of them would even know what a magic lantern is, and before you say anything, no, it isn't the type that Aladdin rubbed to summon his genie.

Well just by chance, uhum! I happen to know just the place to lay my hands on a genuine Victorian magic lantern, actually it's lying around at home still in its original box just dying to get out, bit like the genie I suppose. The only trouble is I am a bit short on slides and this is where you come in. If anybody has any old lantern slides lying around in a garden shed or up in the loft would they be interested in lending them to me. Don't worry about the condition as they can be sorted and cleaned and if you are unsure whether they are lantern slides then a simple rule is that they are usually three and a quarter inches square – or thereabouts – and often have a dark coloured gummed paper border to each slide. If in doubt I am happy to advise on suitability.

Finally it is just possible that we may have a member who recalls visiting a lantern show. I would be very interested in talking to anybody with any knowledge of lanterns. Certainly they are not difficult to operate as mine has been converted to electric light but would originally have been lit by lime or paraffin.

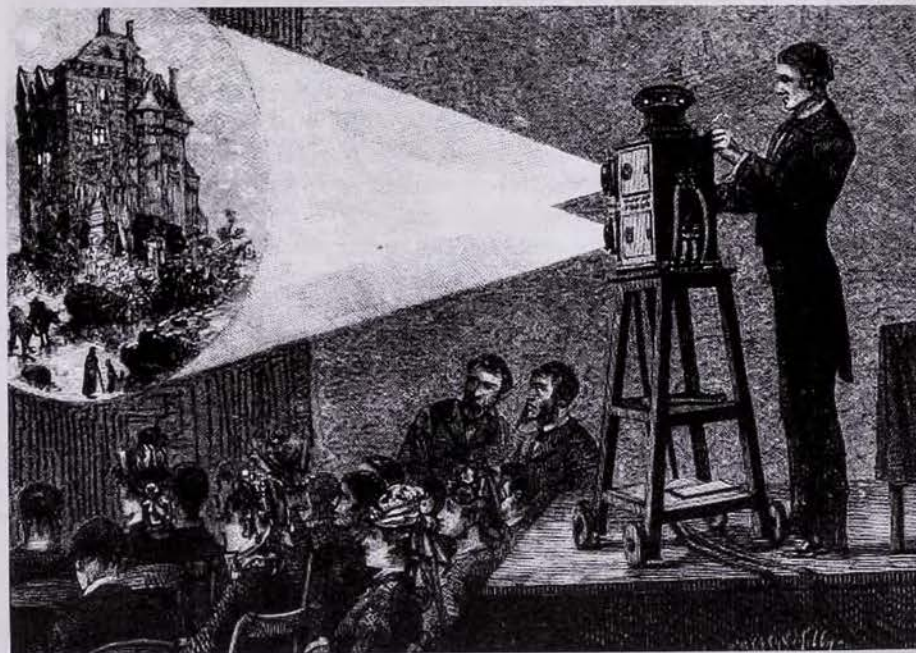
Please ring Miles on 343227 if you can help.



*A school outing from East Street about 1900. Mabel Whitcomb right.
Photograph by George Steggle*



Pulborough Bridge in the 1890s. Edward Millington Syngé.



A Victorian Magic Lantern Show

The time of OUR lives?

Was it for the fourth or fifth time that the Time of Our Lives Music Theatre (originally Gilt and Gaslight Theatre Company) came to entertain us with their humour and song recalling times that have all but gone?

Their first visit was at Christmas, 1997, before the refurbishment of the Leconfield Hall, with a show entitled 'When Movies were Movies' (see the review 'All Change for Christmas' in Magazine 91). Personnel change but Dympna Le Rasle is the constant producer, performer and administrator. She seems to enjoy coming as much as we enjoy having her. When they came in 1999 with 'Millennium Memories' there was a heavy snowfall during the evening and Dympna's car couldn't make it up Fox Hill and so she and another of the company spent the night at Trowels with Peter and Marian, which no doubt strengthened the ties already forged.

'Two for the 1/9s' was an updated – if that's the right word – version of that first show and so we were reminded again of Al. Jolson, Groucho Marx, Jessie Matthews, Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence, Carmen Miranda, Fred. Astaire and Ginger Rogers, Gracie Fields,

Max Miller, Judy Garland and Elvis Presley, with a James Bond sketch thrown in for good measure.

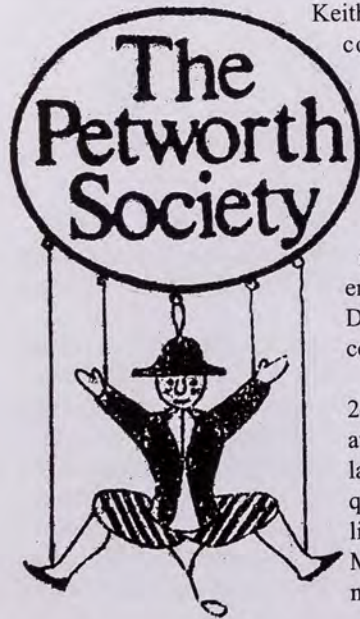
And good measure it was, with the extremely talented and versatile quartet seamlessly weaving together a programme of songs and dialogue with faultless choreography and unbelievably quick changes of the – for the ladies especially – many and beautiful costumes. How the accompanist, Leo Tarring, combined his own playing (piano and theatre organ) with orchestral backing as he left the keyboard to perform on its own while he sang and danced with the other members of the cast is beyond comprehension.

The microphones enabled the raffle and Chairman's remarks to be carried out with unaccustomed efficiency – a doubt act in the making?

Again the weather forecast had been horrendous, but came to nothing. All who came had a good evening. Those who were put off will no doubt have been disappointed – but don't complain to the Chairman!

KCT

St. George and a fairly moral dragon. Mel Myland's world of puppets



Keith will be here tonight but he'll be late, he has another commitment this Maundy Thursday evening. "Impressionistic" notes from the Chairman. You'll be relieved to have Keith back for the next report. Mel Myland, the speaker, will be staying overnight, the trains simply don't work out. He's just vacating his museum at Eastbourne, housed in a Martello tower. He's a man with an enormous suitcase and an enthusiasm to match. He'd originally thought this a lunchtime engagement - most are. Time for a chat, a cup of Earl Grey. Driving? "Life's already complicated enough." There are colleagues and a van for full puppet shows.

When we booked early in 2003 no one realised the 24th March was on the cusp of Easter. Several regulars are away but it's still a respectable audience. The suitcase, it later appears, contains a crowded world of puppets, each quite dead until Mel somehow infuses each with distinctive life. Much of the work is simply making puppets and clearly Mel is in the big league. No point in doing it at all if you're not going to do it supremely well.

At the other end of the scale is Mel's ability to turn, say, a discarded piece of plastic sponge into a living glove puppet. All you need is a quick cut or two and a lick of paint, at once a work of art and a source of delighted surprise. Much of the work is with schools, and economy is the watchword. Children are asked to bring all kinds of household discards to school - kitchen towel cores for instance (toilet roll cores now banned) - effectively almost anything (teachers sometimes look askance). A quick dab of paint, two cardboard cores of slightly different diameter and rubbish springs to raucous life. Parents, at first simply tolerant, despite themselves become involved.

Mel talks of working for a theatrical props company, of time in Switzerland, of Oriental leather puppets, of Indonesian puppet masters spending years learning their trade. Puppets can transcend the barrier of language. He makes Punch and Judy figures but doesn't operate them. Punch and Judy "professors" are a race apart. He tells of the celebration of Mr. Punch's birthday in early May, a reminiscence of the first mention in English by Pepys at the Restoration. A service, a procession, a church in Covent Garden with a great garden at the back. A Punch and Judy sermon. And the immemorial history: the Commedia del Arte, PUNCHINELLO, old Greece and Turkey and the children, always children. Are they afraid of Mr. Punch? Children aren't silly, insists Mel, they know what's happening and that it's all a show. And they don't approve of Mr. Punch and his antics. They don't need those present day guardians of morality. The children will tell the policeman where Mr. Punch is.

Mel's own shows are largely open-air - at places like shopping centres. Parents stay for a moment, then get drawn in, shopping quite forgotten (but don't tell the centre administration). St. George and a nine foot dragon. St. George has an appealing, altogether unlikely, childlike face and of course there's his princess too. And the dragon, not in Mel's version of the story entirely evil, but more a check and challenge to the Princess's suitors. After all, she's a lady with a fortune. George and the Dragon are both injured and have to be revived by doctor and vet respectively. And marionettes? Just the French world for puppets, some people like to be a little "refined". String puppets, rod puppets, glove puppets, Mel's usual talk is an hour but it's gone nine o'clock and he's still in full stream. Questions and, eventually, refreshments.

Back home it's time to talk of fairs, of travelling puppet players a century ago and finding more of Clunn Lewis, the old Kent and Sussex showman so dramatically espoused by Bernard Shaw, Ellen Terry, E. Gordon Craig and the rest. I hope we'll see Mel again. And as regards the talk I've only scratched the surface. Still cheer up. Keith's back for Agatha Christie.

P.

'Once more unto the breach, dear friends'

Geraldine Winter, the scheduled speaker, was ill. Some people hadn't got the message and came expecting to hear about Agatha Christie, 'a true woman of mystery'; others, having

heard, stayed away; some, maybe, stayed away because Agatha Christie doesn't interest them – and they hadn't heard. In the event, some forty people enjoyed Peter's programme of slides, planned for the AGM in May, brought forward at short notice.

Billed as depicting life in Petworth during the 1940s, '50s and 60s, it was, perhaps, a surprise to realise how much has changed in the way of life during what most of us regard as the recent past. We saw the Stationmaster at Petworth Station, evacuees being taught in a makeshift classroom (Were those trestle tables the ones still brought out on Fair Day?), faggot-making, darts and bowls teams, the opening of the Herbert Shiner School for the young and Edmonds House for the elderly, the church an hour after the removal of the spire, the demolition of the gas works, Norman wisdom pushing over a pile of pennies (real ones!) collected for charity in the Red Lion, the great Leconfield property sale. There were the personalities of the period: Fred. Streeter, Mrs Gwillim, Lady Shakerley, Mrs Pennicott, Mrs Upton, Mrs Mant, Ivon Hitchens, Mr and Mrs Doug. Dean, Dr Griffiths. There were the shops: Moneys, The Golden Wagon, The House Beautiful, the Co-Op, and houses being pulled down to make way for the car park. And there were the continuing, but evolving, features, such as the Town band playing carols and the Remembrance Day parade – why did we need more police then than now?!

There was a bonus after the interval: some extremely old photographs from the mid-late 1800s, now as slides and a sample from 200 outstanding colour slides of the 1980s.

This was an evening of nostalgia perhaps, but a reminder that there were also bad and sad times in the 'good old days' as depicted in an unusual view over the funeral service which followed the tragic bombing of the Boys' School.

KCT

Lynchmere Common walk 3rd April

Going towards Midhurst on a fine sunny Sunday afternoon, right at Easebourne for Fernhurst, left at the crossroads, after a while right again, passing Shulbrede on the right, the long climb up to Lynchmere church, a dogleg bend and Hilary waiting for us exactly as agreed. Turnout 25. The journey seemed a blaze of spring yellow: coltsfoot, dandelion, daffodil, gorse, primrose and, especially on the green roadside banks, celandine.

It's been a significant week at Lynchmere, the first six cattle having been put out on the common earlier in the week, while, today, the last three have been put out. A maximum of nine. Before we see the cattle, however, we inspect the impressive veterinary "corral," its solid metal bars gleaming in the sun. Clearly nothing is being left to chance. It's not long before we see the Shetland cattle themselves, all clustered together at the two ponds. Two animals have brass cow bells. One pond had been long forgotten before restoration, the other precariously surviving. The former had simply disappeared under a covering of mature trees and leaves.

The Lynchmere Society is looking to restore the ancient heathland to something approaching

its natural, original state, so characteristic of this West Sussex/Hampshire borderland. The old heathland crafts, charcoal, besom making and even silver birch wine are to be encouraged. Hilary wasn't sure about initial efforts at the wine, but these are early days.

We were shown an oak memorial seat, looking out towards Liphook, and from there a vista of trees rather than housing. Selborne could apparently be seen far away in the distance. There may be future memorial seats but they will need to follow the pattern of this initial design. There are 92 volunteers at present, of whom over half are "active". Twice a year there are free logs for members who would like them. Silver birch is a menace as it is in all heathland, difficult to pull up, impossible to eradicate.

To an extent the Common bears its own witness to a fairly recent past. An old searchlight position, or tank training during the 1914-1918 war. One day on the Common and then off to France. Field gates are of solid oak, hunting gates open at a touch. The fencing is of tensile steel, capable of withstanding up to four tons, a capacity proved during extensive storm damage late last year.

We move on through the bare spring woods, it's difficult to imagine the leaf cover that will soon transform everything. Silver birch cut for steeplechase jumps, later there will be holly berries in great profusion, but some bushes have an obscure disease which affects the leaves. There are farms on the perimeter, outside the fence. A buzzard's baby-like call is repeated and the sound of steam machines from nearby Hollycombe comes into the woods. Hilary says that one farm was in years gone by so isolated that in the 1940s food for humans and cattle had to come in by helicopter during a severe winter. And a helicopter was no everyday machine in the 1940s! Boundary stones and Dexter cattle in an adjacent field - the old cottagers' "single cow." The paths lead on through the desiccated bracken of spring, at intervals there are pieces of lightly rusting corrugated soaking up the sun. Their purpose? To provide a platform on which the rare and evasive black adders can sunbathe. They are a feature of this heathland. No one is known to have been bitten within memory. Oh and by this path there are several clumps of the rare pink oxalis - the white is common enough.

Merrist Wood College use the common for chain-saw training and technique, we see the charcoal burners' station. It's been a long walk and we're finally back at the cars. Hilary has certainly "put Lynchmere on the map" as Keith wrote last autumn, not dissipating the mystery but giving it a certain solidity. I'm sure many of us will return to Lynchmere to explore for ourselves.

P.

A grapefruit box named Basil and other matters. The March book sale.

We're shorthanded. It's most unusual for so many helpers to be away but it can happen. No doubt everyone will be back for April. Andy and Miles are fetching the books, Margaret,

Ralph, Marjorie, Annette, Bill and myself putting out. There are a lot of books: any empty space and you'd lose the effect. That's crucial for anything at the Hall; slacken your effort and it will punish you. Put the effort in, create the atmosphere, and it's a marvellous venue. Having gardening, cooking, children and sales catalogues in the foyer is something of a double-edged sword. More books can be put out but more have to be brought up. It's not that we haven't got them, we have. It's the sheer labour of it. The old place for the books in the foyer was up against the south wall. Now the south wall's home to a phalanx of non-fiction. This afternoon two tables have gone missing - or so it appears. We improvise and then find them upstairs in the gallery. We unimprovise.

The van's back with another load, box after box through the (open) window. Ninety plus of flats altogether, between three and four thousand books, then the "square" or better boxes, slightly less perhaps. Most of it's new stock. The yellow dot £1 table looks particularly strong this time

Was there ever a time free of this uncontrollable cascading riot of books and boxes? Or is the Book Sale, like Petworth fair itself, so rooted in immemorial antiquity that no one can remember its beginning? It certainly seems so. Did that same queue snake round the east corner of the old Market House long before the present Hall was built? Chapmen and peasants willing those ten o'clock doors to open. No chapmen now, nor peasants either but that queue could be their lineal descendants. And Peter the Terrible, in Rupert Bear doublet and hose and flaxen shoulder-length hair, truculent and tyrannical, and that sinister couple Miles the Dark and Andrew the Chancellor. The atmosphere at best volatile, at worst violent. It was a rough age alright. Was that glint of metal the sun on a cutlass blade or a pair of scissors? Dissension is tangible in the smouldering air. Someone, it appears, has trodden on a box. Peter is incandescent. The two henchmen exchange glances. "It's only an old grapefruit box." Rumour has it that each box carries not only its own stock number but has its own name. A grapefruit box called Basil? Surely not ...

.... Doors! Wake the old boy up! It's ten o'clock and we're back in March 2005.

March in fact is a very good sale indeed. March we've found is an excellent month. "Funny what falls out of old books?" Well, what about a picture of Fernhurst a hundred years ago?¹

Last quarter I wrote of cookery books, drawing attention particularly to one unusual example. Today it's quiz books. They don't appear in such forbidding quantities as cookery but there are still quite a few about - often spin-offs from popular radio or television programmes. Quiz books aren't by any means a distinctly modern phenomenon. Here are a couple of battered survivors from the 1920s. No pop or media questions here. Quizzes always seem rather Victorian to me. They depend on the tacit assumption that if you know that an okapi is an African mammal rather than a blocked drain you're somehow morally superior to someone who doesn't. I can never see it myself. S.P.B. Mais' "Do you know" (1927) would cause most moderns a fair amount of difficulty, "Who was Lady Jane Grey's tutor?"² I'd have

¹ See main pictures

² Sir Philip Sidney

been completely stumped there. Here's another quiz book: Owen Rutter's "Ask me another" (1928). Spine almost gone. "Who cut off his dog's tail to give the public something to talk about?" Search me. The answer is Alcibiades. And the unfortunate dog, or his stone alter ego, still lords it in Petworth Park lake. Small world. See you at the June sale - if you can get through the scrum.

P.

Sussex by the Sea Crossword



Down

- 2 Healthy sea air (5)
- 3 Many, such as Constable and Turner, have been inspired by the Sussex coastline (7)
- 4 Go in up to your ankles (6)
- 5 Contraband smuggled with ladies in mind, according to Kipling! (5)
- 6 Harbour here which is a nature reserve (6)
- 7 Does get muddled presenting poetry! (4)
- 10 & 20 Couple at loggerheads often seen at seaside resorts (5,4)
- 15 Roofed like the Royal Pavilion (5)
- 17 The journey away from shore (7)
- 18 Harbour for yachts at Chichester, Littlehampton or Black Rock (6)
- 19 Invasion which began at Pevensey (6)
- 20 see 10 down
- 21 Holy man, such as Wilfrid who founded a cathedral at Selsey (5)
- 23 Coastal examples are thrift, sea lavender and sandwort (5)

Across

- 1 Ron and a pal came round to see the ancient remains at Fishbourne (5,6)
- 8 see 22 across
- 9 A shrimp, for example (7)
- 11 Colour 3 down might capture (3)
- 12 Sun (3)
- 13 Materials for castles in shoes and socks (5)
- 14 I'm shod in the latest fashion (6)
- 16 Where Canute's daughter is believed to be buried (6)
- 20 Surname of American novelist who lived in Rye (5)
- 22 & 8 Visiting (3,5)
- 23 I leave the fair for distant horizons (3)
- 24 Unconventional C20th arts movement (7)
- 25 Embellish with ornate detail (5)
- 26 Seaside village where Kipling lived before moving to Batemans (11)

Solution to 119

Across

7 Run, 8 Echo, 9 Menu, 11 Smuggler, 12 Ewes, 13 Sten, 14 Ebenezer, 16 Chinese, 18 Lantern, 21 New Grove, 23 Subs, 26 Adit, 27 Mill Lane, 28 Wove, 29 June, 30 Old

Down

1 Tramp, 2 Knight, 3 Newlands, 4 Charles, 5 Tenement, 6 Juneberry, 10 Blue, 15 Sheep Down, 17 Negative, 19 Absolves, 20 Seymour, 22 Oxen, 24 Belloc, 25 Snide

Return to the Girls' School

It was essentially a private function, an invitation by Anna and Peter Luttmann-Johnson to former pupils to look over the old Girls' school in East Street, and perhaps give its present owners a feeling of the spirit of the place. So where did the Society come in? We'd sent out leaflets in the December Magazine drawing attention to the event. Something of a double-edged sword perhaps, for, from an original idea of an intimate chat with perhaps half-a-dozen visitors, acceptances were now seventy and counting. My own Girls' school accreditation was a little shaky, St. Mary's Youth Fellowship met there under Mr. Willmer, the curate, on Thursday evenings. Or perhaps I could offer Peter a little support if he should be submerged by the returning hordes. Ian and Pearl would record the event pictorially.

And so the day came. Most of those who had replied, and, I imagine, a few who hadn't. Anna and Peter had been to some considerable trouble and the "girls" were given carte blanche to roam as they pleased. Upstairs of course was a new world for them: the old school, built originally as a chapel, had the essential framework of a barn. For the day there was a marquee at the back, tea, sandwiches, cakes. Nothing, it appeared, had been left to chance. And was Peter submerged? Not a bit of it. Anyway as part, however bogus, of this privileged group, I could enjoy the afternoon and pick up such snippets of information as might be available.

The school had closed in 1965 after a century or so. Agnes Thomas could remember the 1920s, Kath Vigar unfortunately had been unable to come from Burgess Hill on such a bitterly cold day. From the 1930s onward memories flowed freely. "The church steeple was on then and I'd look across and wonder what would happen if it fell on the school." "It was wartime and if the siren sounded on the way to school I'd turn back and make for home. If in school I'd get under the desk and resist all efforts to get me out."

Mrs Bell had come with the evacuees but was teaching at the East Street school. The day the bomb fell on the Boys' school, the thud was clearly heard in East Street but the full consequences were not apparent until Mr Bell, always a very, very quiet man and a school attendance officer, came in. The Bells were living at Byworth at this time.

"I'd left the term before the school bombing at Michaelmas 1942. We all lived next door to one another in Grove Lane, 9, 10, 11. Audrey was a little younger and lived at no. 12. We all remember cookery lessons, held for some reason in a room at the Hermitage in East

Street. The instructor was Mrs Jeffries who lived where the Museum is now at 346 High Street. Cakes and savouries one week, main course the next. It was a separate room that we used." "Why the Hermitage?" "We've no idea."

And Mrs Smith. "Daisy" or "Quack, quack." It was the way she'd say, "Quiet, quiet," quickly just like a duck. The central hall part of the building was divided into two, one half kept for assembly, the other for the juniors. Two classrooms led off, one to the right, one at the bottom, while to the left lay the playground. There was a big tortoise stove in the main hall and smaller ones in the separate classrooms. There was a hole in the floor for a flagpole or maypole and, before the war, girls who were Guides were allowed to come to school on Empire Day in their uniform. The Union Jack would be solemnly hoisted on the flagpole. A large curtain screened off the assembly and junior areas. "I remember shinning up the curtain and capering about on the top."

Everyone remembers the milk. Third of a pint squat bottles with cardboard tops. In cold weather the bottles would come in frozen solid. They'd be stood round the tortoise stove to thaw. If you overdid it though the milk would end up tepid - neither hot nor cold. In very cold weather there might be Horlicks mid-morning or Bovril.

Punishments would run counter to modern thinking. A slap on the legs, or a tap with a ruler, a ruler over the knuckles. There was the teacher between the wars who slapped a girl in the face. The girl then ran off down the road to fetch an elder sister who came into school and slapped the teacher back. Whatever did the ever-mild "Bunny" Wootton make of that? And those outside toilets at the front - always awash with water which froze in hard weather.

"I loved it here." "I didn't." "I got into terrible trouble by putting an India rubber on top of the tortoise stove. It made the most terrible smell and eventually I had to own up." And the ink cupboard. You'd make up the ink from powder, then you had to put the ink into the inkwells. We had the old-fashioned wooden desks. You'd get the ink all over your hands, and then be in trouble because your hands were dirty. Ink-monitor was a thankless task; I suppose in this modern age it would be ink-monitress.

At one time girls went home for lunch but later meals were provided at the boys' school at Culvercroft in Pound Street. "My year was the first to leave school at fifteen." "Mine was the last to leave at fourteen." "It's difficult now to get my bearings. It was the same at school. It was only when I left that I realised that it was Bartons Lane over the high playground wall. Over the wall just seemed another world." The school didn't use the playground for stoolball, the girls would walk in pairs to the Park for that. No one thought about walking in those days: the long walk up the Tillington Road and back was simply part of stoolball. There would, however, be P.T. in the playground - those half-forgotten diagonal bands in various team colours.

Teachers didn't live in. There was no accommodation. Bunny Wootton lived with her sister, also a Petworth teacher, in Station Road next to the garage. Miss Cousins lived in a house adjoining the school itself, but that was a long time ago.

"The rector's wife used to come and look at the attendance register. I can't think what her name was. But I do remember Mr Provis in the 1930s, he always seemed a nice man. I don't know why the rector's wife looked at the register."

Diocese of Chichester.



THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

Annie Ransom

Aged *9*

passed a *Very Good* Examination

in Religious Subjects, in the

Second Division,

at *Petworth Girls' School.*

Date *March 1877.*

Thomas White Dio. Inspector.

Erskine A. Birrell Manager.

A hint of an immemorial past. Annie Ransom's Religious Subjects certificate for 1877.

"Do you remember the Christmas plays? Despite the efforts to Miss Slade and Mrs Easterbrook, we never seemed able to get them quite right. The plays would be put on, mainly for parents, I suppose, in the old Iron Room. We'd have some help from the Boys' school."

"Before the war the coal for the stoves was kept in the enormous cellar that ran between the classrooms. One day, however, probably in 1939, we arrived to find the cellar empty and the coal moved into the playground. Then there were practices in which the teachers tried to get the whole school into the cellar. It wasn't really big enough. 'Move back, move back.' 'Pull your stomachs in.' Those at the back were pressed ever harder against the back wall. In the end we didn't use the cellar but simply got under the desks when the siren sounded."

"Playtime you could get out of the playground into the passageway by Mrs Burdock's and out into East Street to buy sweets. Of course, it wasn't allowed. The trouble was that to get to Meachen's on the corner you had to cross the road. Too risky. It was better to keep on the same side of the road and go down North Street to Mrs Tyrrell's little shop. The difficulty there was to get back in time."

"I've never eaten cabbage since." "I've never eaten Spam. I was forced to eat it and it put me off for life."

"The school closed in 1965 and I had one year there before transferring to the new Primary School. We were still going down to Culvercroft, crocodile-style for mid-day. We had to eat everything but I hated cabbage - I always feared I'd find a slug. I used to stuff it into my pockets and gradually distribute it on the way back to East Street."

Nail inspection, times tables on the wall, Bunny Wootton standing on tiptoe to reach the top of the piano, the teacher's desk conveniently adjacent to the tortoise stove and it feeling colder the further you were away from that stove. If the old building had a soul it would have enjoyed the afternoon as much as the returning exiles so obviously did.

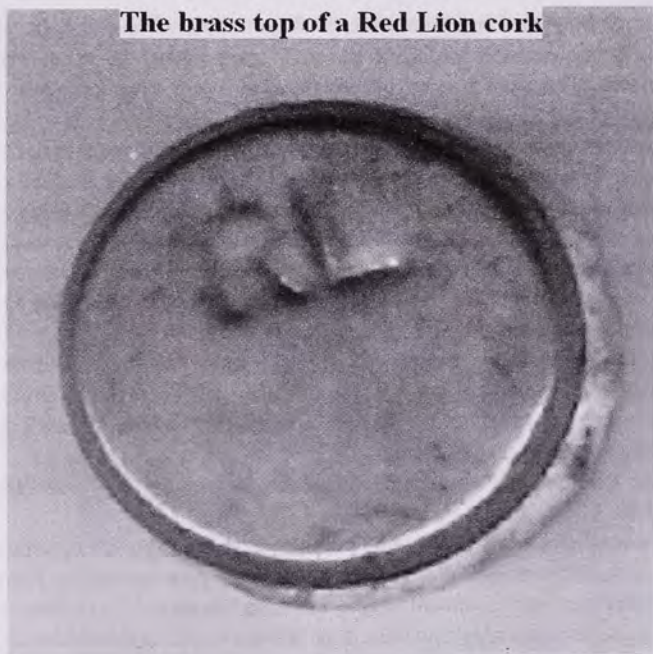
P.

'Cork-Up'

Red Lion cork? Why yes Mother had one and Aunt Ivy Payne too. I may be wrong but I suppose that most people of a certain age at Petworth had one. I was quite young when I remember walking through the Square in Petworth with Aunt Ivy and her saying 'cork-up' to someone or other and this person produced a cork with the initials RL stamped into a brass cap. Aunt Ivy told me that if a member of the Red Lion Cork Club couldn't produce a cork when asked then a fine would have to be paid. I have no idea what the club was about; perhaps it was a clothing or Christmas club? I do seem to recall being told that George Baxter regularly forgot his cork and was often fined for it.

Edie Farn née Hewson was talking to Miles Costello

The brass top of a Red Lion cork



A Cottage Museum double

1) "The day of small things." Good Friday.

Deserted lunchtime streets in the hesitant sunshine. A quiet afternoon for the Museum's opening day of the season? It seems impossible that we'll wring anyone out of those deserted streets. And Good Friday's early this year - it's not even April yet. It's all looking very tidy at the cottage, a large confident hot cross bun on the table, a real monster - not some supermarket midget. The fireside "pimps" look new too. Narcissus in the garden and those purple columbines that have always been such a feature in late spring are already looking vigorous. A cull last year has left them somewhat on the fringe but they'll look after themselves. And the tulips too are still in slow leaf, like green junks in a chocolate sea. The recent rain's certainly been timely. The wallflowers are coming out of their later winter lethargy and looking bright green again.

The fire smokes. We open the door to clear the air. When it does the slight residue will give the cottage one of its characteristic smells. Initial forebodings about the empty streets seem justified at least to start with. James Pearson's clock ticks heavily into the afternoon.

In fact it's a day of several largeish groups rather than singles or doubles. Two visitors

from a party of six are from the United States. To stutter back into the old routine, the copper, that unfailing shibboleth that divides the generations, the glass wasp trap, the cuttle shell and the absent bird, the comforting plop of the gas as the pilot ignites it. Three generations of a family camping at Graffham. I've often found that visitors come from there. The grandmother thinks better of trying the stairs and sits down in the parlour. The coal fire's a comforting presence, almost a talking-point in these centrally-heated days. There's a lull downstairs, everyone else is up.

"There was a day for washing a day for ironing. That's all gone now but looking at the copper you could see that this would be so. My mother stuffed everything into the copper fire - old shoes anything." "Didn't it make a smell?" "Probably, but the copper was in the shed so it didn't really worry us. And we'd get an orange crate from the greengrocer's up the road. We lived in Norwich. I still do. Oranges were packed in wood then. My nan had neither gas nor electricity and the lamps were paraffin. We had gas but no pilot lights - we had to light directly. And woe betide us if we touched the mantle and it broke. It was a matter of waiting till the next day to go to the shop for another one. You didn't keep spares in those days. Things are so much easier now and better: the tragedy is that people just don't appreciate it. That's what's wrong, certainly not the improvements themselves."

The family reappears from upstairs. Yes, they've relived Agnes Phelan's 1918 experience of opening the bedroom door and going up that steep flight of stairs into the attic. And they've been down the cellar. That smell took them straight back to Granny's pub - as if the intervening years had been simply tossed aside.

First day of the season. The day of small things if you like. But then the essence of the Museum is its exaltation of small things. Concentrate on them and 346 will weave its own characteristic magic for this, its tenth season.

2) You must have the fire. April 23rd

The fire's being difficult. Max Bradley has made an attempt to sort out what's wrong in the chimney but has he succeeded? Max is a very ingenious man. At the end of the season extensive repair work is due but November's a long way away. It's 1.40 and people are already waiting to come in. Smoke, black hands and it's difficult to get a draught going. Could be Max's first aid work isn't working, could be that there's a lot of fuel under the wood and paper and this is preventing an updraught. The shining "pimps"¹ in the hearth look on mischievously - they're for show only. I don't like operating without the fire: the fire's the very spirit of 346 - it infuses the cottage with life. Quite apart from that, it's a dull, wet, cold afternoon. Our visitors are Dutch, with the extraordinary command of English that seems the prerogative of all Dutch people. They're also extremely jovial. I explain that the fire's not going and I'm not happy about it. I explain too how crucial the fire is in historic and in contemporary terms. Still, they point out consolingly, we've Dutch tulip among the wallflowers in the garden.

The copper seems to surprise them as it does most continentals, but the glass wasp catcher is quite familiar to them. They still make them but ceramic not glass. And those stone jars on the coconut matting, they're still common enough. I point out the Pycroft name - that

¹ Small kindling faggots

particular jar must be well over a century old. That sage taken in hot milk will make you sleep but loses its effect if you use it over a prolonged period. We've been joined by two ladies, one of whom has a son living in Holland. "That space under the stone sink. We always closed it off with a piece of gingham." It's a point. "And the metal handbowl in the sink. You never see them now and you can't buy them."

It's busy. It's ten past three and I'm still disgruntled about the fire. There's a brief lull – roars of laughter upstairs. A chance perhaps to clear the fire out and start again. Just time, with luck, before the next knock on the door. It's raining off and on outside and there's a pram stuck in the scullery. The fire's quickly relit and appears to be going. A knock on the door, a couple making a second visit but this time bringing their granddaughter. The lady can remember as a child being bathed in a copper. After all it took ages for the water to get really hot. She'd be in and out long before that. Everyone seems to recall the wooden gypsy flowers in the parlour and the gypsies bringing wooden pegs with the metal tops. "Those cakes are just like Aunt Ena used to make for tea." And do you remember the primroses in little baskets the gypsies used to bring and their "somewhat forceful" selling techniques?

Miraculously the fire's going away and there's a minimum of smoke. Whatever Max has done seems to have worked wonders. The parlour's transformed. The fire is the very soul of the Museum, take it away and you're struggling. More laughter upstairs. Fire and laughter that's what a Museum afternoon is about. "We used to call rag rugs "clippies" because you clipped the material onto the sack backing."

It's 4.15 and things are quietening down. With the fire going quite happily it's been on balance a good afternoon. Certainly, fire or no fire, our twenty guests seem to have been in high good humour.

P.

A glimpse of Mrs Cummings?

Margaret Thimbleby writes:

Dear Peter

I keep putting off writing to you but decided today I would get down to it.

Reading the Petworth Society Mags and Mrs Cummings cottage I felt I must write to ask if I had some knowledge of her? I started at Petworth Infants School the Easter after my fourth birthday which would be February 1924. Before school days I very vaguely remember an old lady dressed in black coming fairly regularly to Longmead, Heathend with a parcel, probably sewing, leaving it and going on to Duncton. On her way back coming in to collect another parcel and having a cup of tea with Mother. As we were intent on our play it was something we did not join in.

The other bit of interest was 'A Bridge too Far' (PSM 118).

When I was about 12 years old and brother Jim 10 years old, he and his friend Laurie Talbot who lived on Barton Common, asked me to join them on one of their escapades. (I

joined in so very many). They had been down to Rotherbridge, (would it still be the one of barrels or the first suspension bridge?). They had found a boat with a hole in it. Came back home to get a thick piece of cloth from Mother's ragbag and an old saucepan to use to bail out water. Went back down to Rotherbridge, bunged up the hole; and after all these years, I can not remember what was used for oars or paddles. We got into the boat and went up river and came to the Lock. "Ladymead" is my first knowledge in KCT's article of its name. I can still see that Lock in my memory as it was such a wonderful surprise. We eventually turned around, which, I remember was with some difficulty and got back to Rotherbridge to find the owners waiting. Having come to do repairs on the boat. My only memory of that was the disappearance of brother Jim and Laurie and me being left to apologise. I do remember saying how sorry we were. We would not do it again but told them what a wonderful experience it had been to find the Lock. That would be around 1932.

Our playground covered so many, many miles around Heathend

Peter I do enjoy so many articles in the Magazine especially the ones of the past Joan Dench's etc. Having left Petworth in 1942 those memories are as I knew it. Having been here for over 60 years I am now a Lincolnian.

T. J. (John) Christie, M.A. M.C. 1923-2003

Born in Forres in the North East of Scotland into a family of nurserymen. John has one brother Sandy. In childhood they led a very active outdoor life and this was the start of two principal lifetime interests – horticulture and sport.

Academically he was successful at school and became the Dux of Forres Academy in 1940. He was an enthusiastic member of the football and cricket teams.

He attended Aberdeen University where he was awarded an MA following a wartime course. He continued his sporting interests by going straight into the University football team and playing for the university throughout his time there.

After university he volunteered and was accepted for training in the relatively newly formed Commandos, the beginning of today's special Forces. He served the Commandos with great distinction. In 1944, as a signals officer with the 1st Commando Brigade, he was awarded a Military Cross at the crossing of the Rhine at Wesel*. He continued with them, at the head of the 2nd Army, all the way into Germany. He later served in Egypt and Palestine with the rank of captain. As a former serviceman he has always been a strong support of the British Legion.

He met my mother, Joyce Christie (nee Pullen), when stationed in the Petworth area during the war. After demobilisation in 1947 he married and settled in Petworth, where he joined the footwear business owned by Joyce's parents. Ian was subsequently born in 1948. John spent the whole of his career in the footwear business (over 50 years), latterly as proprietor, eventually retiring in the year 2000.

It was a very sad loss for John when his wife Joyce died in 1977 as a result of a long

illness. In 1979 John married Bunny and in particular they shared a strong mutual interest in bowls for many years. Throughout their married life they have lived in Rosemary Close alongside a group of very good friends and supportive neighbours. Bunny has been a great source of support to John in the final few weeks of his life.

In Petworth John will be remembered for a number of things.....

Providing what some would say was a rather old fashioned but highly knowledgeable service at Bacon & Co, a business which itself commenced in the row of shops which used to front St Mary's Church before moving to Saddlers row. In latter years Bacon & Co. became a true institution in the town. He had an encyclopaedic memory for names and relationships and would frequently surprise customers by knowing their shoe sizes even if they didn't know themselves!

As a sportsman he was an outstanding footballer for Petworth, (and I believe a rather uncompromising left back!). He was a member of the Benevolent Cup winning team in 1950, a major achievement for such a small town. He played in the National Bowling Championships having qualified through the Sussex County Championships. Playing with Joyce he played many badminton matches and also was a keen snooker player.



Capt. T.J. Christie M.C. M.A. No. 1 Commando Brigade Signals.

His main passion was horticulture, an interest which went right back to his roots. He was a passionate and extremely knowledgeable gardener and through this interest built a large network of friends throughout the area.

I think that overall he will be remembered as an intelligent, generous, self effacing and overwhelmingly nice man. He was a good friend to many people, very supportive of his family and a proud grandfather of Fiona and Alison. We will all miss him a lot.

* Below I have included my father's citation for the Military Cross as this is perhaps the best way to explain this particular act of bravery. Apologies for the length but I feel inadequate to edit it. I think the lesson here is that ordinary people can achieve extraordinary things if they have enough belief.

Citation

Royal Signals (1st Commando Brigade Signal Troop)

Lt Christie is the lines officer in the 1st Commando Brigade Signal Troop. He was in charge of the line party detailed to produce line communication across the RHINE after Brigade had made good the bridgehead at WESEL. It was considered vital that this line should be laid at the earliest possible moment. This task was extremely hazardous. All bridges across the RHINE had been demolished and there was considerable shelling and sniping of all bridge exits.

As soon as a message had been received that the objective had been captured Lt Christie took a small picked line party down to the demolished railway bridge. At this point the town of WESEL had not been completely cleared of the enemy and the Line party had to work in full view of an enemy machine gun post sited upstream on the EAST bank of the River.

Ordering his small party to pay out the line Lt Christie commenced climbing across the twisted bridge spans carrying the line with him. At times he had to climb over girders 100ft above the river while at other times he picked his path along spans which were partly submerged in the water.

The pull on the quadruple cable whenever it touched the water was tremendous, nevertheless by sheer courage and determination, Lt Christie crossed the full 1,500ft length of the demolished bridge under heavy shell fire and spasmodic sniping and machine gun fire, and thus enabled vital communications to be established before the first pontoon bridge had been commenced. This officer's devotion to duty and complete disregard for his own safety was an inspiration to all who witnessed it.

Throughout the Campaign he has continuously shown a high standard of efficiency, and his work in line laying during the difficult operations over the RHINE, WESER, ALLER, and the ELBE has, at all times been beyond praise.

Recommended by:
D. MILLS ROBERTS, M.C.
Brigade Commander
1st Commando Brigade

(via Capt. Bruce Beattie R. Signals.)

I.C.

[I am grateful to Ron and Sheila Pidgley for suggesting that this be included in the Magazine. Ed.]

A 500-year-old echo (or older)

When Henry VIII, as Lord of the Manor of Petworth, enclosed the 60 acres of Petworth Common east of the ridge of the Arbour Hill, north of the Conyger (ie Warren, a privilege reserved to the lord), he built a bank and park pale (palisade) round it. Or it may be the Conyger's pale, ie 12–15th century. For a sketch-plan of its location, see Peter Jerrome, "*Cloakbag and Common Purse*", pages 20–21 (1979), and for description see pages 16–17. Part of its south-east pale is still visible, as a low bank about 20 feet wide, issuing to about 18 inches in height, with ditch along its north side, about 5 feet wide. On this would have stood the palisade. It is visible due east of the south part of the Arbour Hill (where the ridge begins, after the Arbour itself), running west from the narrow plantation north of the Kennels, along the Park Wall. It runs at least 100 yards. I noticed it on the frosty fine morning of 27 December 2004. The bank and ditch will have been more formidable obstacles when first erected. This remnant is about two-thirds along the length of the plantation north from the Kennels.

Jeremy Godwin

A Balls Cross family

Alan F. Clarke, 5 Chelveston Crescent, Solihull, West Midlands B91 3YB

10th April 2005

Dear Peter,



Annie Cordelia Pullen

I wonder if the following would be of interest to you for publication in PSM.

You may remember the Walter Kevis photograph of Elliott's shop, Balls Cross which you printed in the PSM of September 2001. The back ground to this family is as follows:

James Elliott (b Kirdford 1843) married Ann Collyer (b Bisley 1847) in Chertsey 1865. They were my great grandparents. My grandmother Annie Cordelia Elliott was born in 1866 at Langhurst Hill, Kirdford.

In the mid 1890's James farmed Idolsford as well as keeping the shop at Balls Cross.

Whilst at Langhurst in 1869 James had a fracas with Mrs Boxall, a neighbour, (Not all sunshine hear, the Window Press).

My grandmother married William Pullen (1867–1921) at Petworth Register Office in 1891 and they lived at the cottage next to the shop at Balls Cross. My other, Annie Elizabeth Pullen was born there in 1894.



"Funny what falls out of old books."
A postcard of Fernhurst a hundred years ago.



Whitcombe family and friends outside the Wheatsheaf about 1920



Wally Thorn closing The Wheatsheaf Inn for the last time on May 18, 1959. On the left is Charlie Peacock the well known builder and undertaker who lived just down the road in the former Running Horse beer house. Charlie died some years later while out collecting the body of Harry Wakeford the landlord of The White Heart at Stopham. Standing in the middle is Jack Holland who would travel over once a week from Witley in Surrey to play darts at The Wheatsheaf.



Elliot's stores at Balls Cross in the 1890s. See Alan Clarke's letter. Photograph by Walter Kevis.

Photograph A See main pictures. James and Ann Elliott at the rear of the group, Annie Cordelia Pullen on the left. The three boys are possibly Seth, William and Frederick Elliott.

Photograph B Annie Cordelia Pullen (1866–1948) taken in January 1939 at her home in Loxwood.

With kind regards, Yours sincerely,
Alan

Remembering Olders

Petworth residents of a certain age will remember "Olders" in Angel Street, later the Portobello. In its heyday Olders was perhaps the quintessential Petworth shop, Miss Dora Older presided meticulously over the aroma of loose coffee while butter, sugar, cheese, tea, and other commodities were carefully weighed from bulk and individually packed. As an Older myself, I have begun to wonder about my wider family, but my knowledge is not what I might wish. If there are, perhaps, no Olders in the immediate area now, that was certainly not the case a few generations ago. There were family branches at Tillington, Petworth and Byworth, even if I am not sure of the precise connections between them.

Ronald Older is mentioned in the Book of Remembrance in St Mary's church. He was a radio officer in the Merchant Navy. I have been told he acquired his wireless skills as a "ham" in the 1930s. I have a typewriter which was his – still in immaculate condition and still eminently useable. He lost his life in November 1940 in one of the early enemy attacks on merchant shipping. I believe he was an only son, but I am not certain what relation he was to Dora Older, possibly she was his aunt.

Then there was Mick and Kit Older, sisters who lived in the Terrace at Tillington. We would come down from Carshalton in the late 1930s to visit them. I liked going there because they had a long garden for me to explore; it seemed never-ending and was beautifully maintained by a neighbour, Mr Dummer. There was a well in Mick and Kit's garden which was shared with the neighbours one either side. I had great fun letting the well bucket drop and then winding it up again. Mr Dummer made it a very productive garden and we'd return to Carshalton laden with vegetables. These excursions to Tillington were made in my father's B.S.A. motor car, a rare make, even in those days! We always had tea and cake and occasionally were invited to come to lunch. On trips in late summer we would go and buy soft fruit from, I think, a Mr Cooper at River. It was said that Older ancestors had, at one time, been farmers at Upperton.

The Petworth Olders we saw rather less than we saw Mick and Kit. I only knew Dora and her sister Amy. Amy died perhaps in the late 1950s, Dora a good twenty years later. We have a diary of Dora's which refers to her lengthy service as a Red Cross nurse, including a period at the West Sussex Hospital, Chichester during the First World War. As diaries often do it simply tends to chronicle outside events rather than giving Dora's personal reaction to them.

I can only remember once entering the Angel Street shop, the Olders living just down the road in New Street. Dora was very petite and self-effacing, but underneath her quiet exterior was a determined lady with considerable drive. She was a great traveller and had a distinctive small leather suitcase she always took with her. She made a point of visiting galleries, theatres and other places of interest. Usually in later years she travelled alone; and possibly when Amy was alive they went together. And of course there was Patch the dog, her constant companion.

Certainly my father felt he had his roots in this area. My own sketchy family knowledge owes much to trips to West Sussex before the War. For a long period after that, because there was no petrol, family cars were simply taken off the road. Ours was up on blocks in the garage.

I do remember, however, visits to Mrs Knight's guest-house at Bepton, south of Midhurst. We would come down on the train and then take the branch line from Pulborough. Among other things we would walk among the rhododendrons in the Severals on the way to Stedham. We also stayed at Coultershaw Farm to the south of Petworth. My father was in the First Service and particularly interested in A.R.P. matters. On one occasion I remember going on to the top of the Mill and throwing what were effectively Molotov cocktails and watching them explode in the mill stream far below us.

One other thing. I have a photograph of a tombstone commemorating Ada Older and her dearly loved husband, Herbert Older "who fell asleep in Jesus December 23rd 1902 in his 38th year". There is also mention of members of the Thompson family. I cannot at present fit any of these persons into the ancestral jigsaw.

I would be very appreciative if anyone can add anything, however apparently insignificant, to this account. My home address is 29 Plough lane, Purley, Surrey, CR8 2QG, or simply tell Peter.

Alan Older was talking to the Editor.

Footnote

A few Older family photographs survive with the handwritten attribution J. Hoare Petworth Sussex on the back. The photographs look early – perhaps from the 1870s or even earlier. Another print carries the printed stamp J. Hoare photographer Farnham Surrey. J. Hoare is not otherwise known. Did he come to Petworth on a regular basis? Or simply come to fulfil particular commissions?

P.

Mr. Peachey recalls

These recollections by Mr. F.S. Peachey of Marshall Road, Godalming appear to have been taken down by George Garland in the 1930s. The second extract reflects the practice of chasing down but not killing a deer which would be held at bay and then returned to its quarters

to run again. For Mr. Peachey's deer hunt at Ebernoe see "*Not all sunshine hear*" (Window Press 1996) pages 115-122. Such a stag was a valuable animal and the greatest care would be taken to see that it was not injured. After a considerable rest period it would be released again. Mr. Peachey writes first of the old Chiddingfold hunt:

"When the Chiddingfold Hunt changed over from hare hunting to fox hunting in 1863 they were hunting by (sic) Tom Sadler as an amateur, but considered the best woodland huntsman in England. The costume consisted of breeches, top-boots, (brown tops), Melton cloth tail-coats with side pockets, caps or top-hats, and pink waistcoats by which they were known in the sporting world as the 'Robin Red Breast.' Later they donned regulation scarlet coats. I got this information from my father, T.C. Peachey, of Eashing who hunted with this pack from 1860 till his death in 1900. I hunted from 1876 to 1901."

Mr. Peachey also writes:

"About year 1890, Queen Victoria's Buckhounds met in this district (the exact place I cannot remember) but the deer was uncarterd¹ at Rodborough, Milford on the right side of the Hindhead Road.

This being a red letter day for hunting, 300 riders turned out with a large number on foot - I should say 1,000 all told. The Master, Lord Ribblesdale, was over; the huntsman was Goodal, and he carried out a hunting horn not the usual straight one, but curled, with a cord round his shoulders. I think they must have brought one of their best straight-running deer. As soon as it was uncarterd², it went to the Hog's Back, Wanborough and Pirbright where it was very boggy and the field could not follow the hounds and the majority got lost, including the hunt servants; some of us were more fortunate, knowing the country.

The deer then turned left-handed and was at last taken between Hook and Basingstoke, none the worse for the long run. Out of the 300 to start, only about a dozen were in at the finish. This included Alfred Andrews (Godalming), Walter Dawtrey (Petworth), George Duck (Petworth). Percy Smeed (Shalford) and myself are still living, our³ average being 83, the late Murray Marshall was at the finish and through his help the railway company put on a special train to Guildford, and when we arrived it was dark. From point to point it was quite 20 miles, and about 40 as the hunt went."

[The typescript offers no biographical information about Mr. Peachey other than, as we have seen his address. The syntax is somewhat rugged. [Ed]

¹ Conjectural reading. Original typescript faulty

² I.e. taken from its transport, set loose and given a few minutes start

³ Typescript reads "their"

'As Much as They Please'. A Petworth Workhouse Diet of 1833

Bill of Fare for the Poorhouse.ⁱ

Sunday

Breakfast: Gruel as much as they pleaseⁱⁱ

Dinner: Meat pudding 10oz, or boiled pork or bacon 6oz. Bread 4oz, vegetables as much as they pleaseⁱⁱⁱ

Supper: Bread 7oz, cheese 2oz, or butter 1oz.

Monday

Breakfast: As before.

Dinner: Soup 3lb 2oz.

Supper: Same as Sunday.

Tuesday

Breakfast: As before.^{iv}

Dinner: As Sunday.

Supper: As before.

Wednesday

Breakfast: As before.

Dinner: Suet pudding, 1lb vegetables.

Supper: As before.

Thursday

Same as Sunday throughout.

Friday

Breakfast: As before.

Dinner: Soup, 3lb 2oz.

Supper: As before.

Saturday

Breakfast: As before.

Dinner: Bread 9oz, cheese 2oz.

Supper: Bread 8oz, cheese 2oz.

n.b. If cake were given for supper instead of bread then the quantity to be 10oz.
Beer during supper and dinner as much as they wish.^v

Men who go out to work^{vi}

Breakfast: Bread 10oz, cheese 2oz.

Dinner: Same as breakfast.

Supper: Meat 7oz. Bread 5oz with hot meat, 8oz with cold meat. Vegetables with hot meat.

The meals to be at the following times:

Breakfast: 8 o'clock.

Dinner: 1 o'clock.

Supper: 6 o'clock.

Miles Costello

ⁱ WSRO PAR/149/12/1. Petworth Churchwardens minute book June 6th 1833.

ⁱⁱ It is unclear whether the gruel was made with milk or simply flour boiled in water with salt added for seasoning. Indeed this latter recipe was also recommended as the breakfast diet of prisoners in the Petworth House of Correction.

ⁱⁱⁱ 'As much as they please', uncharacteristically generous perhaps, but any such signs of benevolence would disappear with the rigid uniformity introduced by the Poor Law Amendment Act (1834).

Designed to rid the country of the huge disparity in conditions the act would improve the regime of the worst institutions while destroying any advances made in the better ones. From 1834 every inmate would have the right to have his food weighed in front of him but as in the case of poor Oliver Twist with no expectation of receiving any additional rations.

^{iv} 'As before' is a constant term used throughout the workhouse and penal systems and it would appear that the monotony of the diet rather than the quantity of the food was generally used as a deterrent.

^v While beer was freely available to all inmates, spirits were strictly outlawed.

^{vi} In setting the diet of working inmates the vestry had to balance the need to encourage the men to work and to keep them physically fit while at the same time ensuring that the inmates were not better fed than those parishioners not dependant upon poor relief.

Edward Millington Synge

Peggy Synge kindly sends this account of the work of Edward Millington Synge, clearly written almost a century ago. We include some examples of Synge's work. A Harold Roberts impression of Rowners at Wisborough Green appeared in the March Magazine. [Ed.]

E. M. SYNGE, A.R.E.

EDWARD MILLINGTON SYNGE, born, at Malvern in 1860, comes of an old Irish family. He was named "Millington" after Canon Millington, who, in the 16th century, was, on account of his musical talents, summoned to sing at the Court. He made such an impression that, by Royal Command, his name was changed from Millington to Synge (pronounced Sing). Educated first at the Grammar School at Norwich, then under Dr. Jessopp, E. M. Synge passed on to Haileybury College and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took honours in the Classical Tripos.

Owing to delicacy of health, he trained for land agency in Shropshire, and later was appointed agent to large estates in Surrey and Sussex, making his home at Weybridge.

He had always employed his spare time with a pencil, but one day a notice, "Etching taught here," in a shop window attracted his attention, and he took some lessons in the rudiments of copper-plate etching. In 1891, he joined the evening class at the Westminster School of Art, then under Mouat Loudan, travelling to town for two hours' work whenever his time permitted.

Meanwhile, his spare time and holidays were devoted to etching, in which he had the benefit of advice and encouragement from Mr. Frank Short.

Further kindly help was given by Sir Seymour Haden, President of the Royal Society

of Painter Etchers, who, in 1897, looked through and advised on his work. The following year, E. M. Synge was elected an Associate of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers, and exhibited two etchings of Weybridge, together with subjects from Amsterdam, Zaandan and Hampstead Heath. In 1899, one of his etchings, "The Blacksmith's Shop," was hung at the Royal Academy, and two years later found him exhibiting at the Salon, which, in 1903, he exchanged for the Champ de Mars, where he has exhibited since.

In 1901 he resigned his land agency in order to devote his whole time to Art. He went first to Paris. Here he obtained an introduction to Carolus Durant, to whom he showed his etchings which so met with the Master's approval that he advised Mr. Synge to work in his own Studio, bringing him the result for criticism, rather than that he should attend the French Schools.

During his stay in Paris he devoted much of his time to illustrating "The Story of the World," by his sister, M. B. Synge.

The autumn of 1902 found him working in Rome, under M. Ferdinand Sabatté, who, having won the Prix de Rome, was living at the Villa Medici. Mr. Synge etched subjects at Assisi, Venice, Pont Aven, etc., he went to Spain in 1907, where some of his best work was done.

Of late years Mr. Synge has entirely done his own printing, in which he is now ably helped by his artist wife in their very charming Surrey Studio.



Orchard at Rowners by E. M. Synge ARE (1898)



"On the Arun, Sussex." By E. M. Synge ARE 1898.

Halfway Bridge Mill

Mr. A. J. Blaker's
Halfway Bridge Mill, Selham.
(TATTERSALL'S SYSTEM.)

Nothing is more remarkable in the modern history of British flour milling than the resurrection, if that word may be used, of the small country mill. A few years ago, when the roller system had got into full swing in this country, and automatic roller plants of from five to twenty sacks capacity were being erected at all points of the compass, it seemed as if the hour of the little country miller had struck at last. No doubt many of the lesser country mills have ceased to be; but, on the other hand, within the past few years the roller system has made its way into many such mills, until the humble but thriving one to two sack roller plant is no longer a rarity. A typical country mill is the Halfway Bridge Mill, in the pretty county of Sussex. This mill, in the occupation of Mr. A. J. Blaker, stands in Lodsworth parish, about a mile and a quarter from Selham station, on the L.B. & S.C. Railway. The nearest postal town is Petworth. Besides this mill, Mr. Blaker works another, known as Lodsbridge Mill, which is situated about three quarters of a mile away, on the Selham Road. Lodsbridge Mill lies on the Rother, a brawling little stream, which, through a pair of water wheels, furnishes all the motive power required. Here all Mr. Blaker's gristing and barley grinding is effected, the equipment of the mill including three pairs of mill-stones. Here is also a wheat cleaning system, consisting of a scourer, a trieur cylinder, and a smutter, though which all grain intended for use in the Halfway Bridge Mill is first passed. This gristing mill, therefore, also serves the useful purpose of a granary and preliminary wheat cleaning department to the flour mill at Lodsworth. The Halfway Bridge Mill, in its present shape, dates from 1872, as is attested by a little tablet let into the wall. This recording stone is seen in our view, which shows the mill, with a portion of the water-wheel, at the extreme left, as the visitor enters the yard. The building at the right, in the foreground, is the bakery, where fifty bushels, or ten sacks of flour, are each week converted into bread. The window at the end of the building, seen in our illustration, belongs to Mr. Blaker's office; as he sits here he can watch all the operations of the bake-house. The building in the background, at right angles to the mill, is the warehouse, where both flour and grain can be stored. The gallery is constructed of sheet iron, and connects the first floor of the mill with the warehouse. At the mill end of this gallery is a little shoot, which serves to load the vans in the yard (this operation is depicted in our view). The motive power is furnished both by water and steam. The water in the race in the foreground is derived from a tributary of the Rother, and drives the breast-shot water-wheel, which with a full head, is capable of giving about seven h-p. There is a fall of about fourteen feet. To supplement the water-power there is a semi-portable combined boiler and engine, made by Messrs. Marshall, Sons, and Co., of Gainsborough, which is installed in a building parallel with the mill, but separated from it by a stout wall. Before describing the equipment of the mill as it stands to-day, it may be observed that the existing building replaced a wooden structure, which was originally put up for gristing work and as a tool grinding shop. When the existing

structure took the place of this primitive workshop about twenty-four years ago, two pairs of wheat stones and a pair of barley stones were installed, with a silk reel. The occupation of Mr. J. Blaker dates from twenty years ago, and in his hands the mill has been completely transformed. The millstones were supplemented with smooth rolls for treating the semolina and middlings, while a purifier was added as well as centrifugal reels. This combination plant succeeded so well, that towards the commencement of last year Mr. Blaker resolved to equip his mill with an all-roller plant. Ultimately, he decided on the installation of the "Tattersall" complete break machine, and since the beginning of April, 1895, the mill has been working on this system with great success. On the ground floor the visitor will find a purifier, which is doing excellent work. Besides this purifier is an offal divider, consisting of a rotary sieve hung from the ceiling. There are only three double elevators in this mill, two of which rest on this floor, while the feet of the other are hidden by the flooring. On the first floor is a "Tattersall" combined break machine of one sack per hour capacity, which is fitted with three pairs of rolls of twelve inches by six inches. This machine stands in the centre of the floor, while just behind it are two sets of reduction mills, fitted with two pairs of smooth rolls each, which serve to effect four reductions of the semolina and middlings. Over the second roller mill is suspended a dickey sieve, the throughs of which are fed to the fourth reduction while the tailings pass to the offal sack. On this floor have been left two pairs of millstones, which could be used at need. A brush machine which is fed from the dirty wheat bin on the floor



Halfway Bridge Mill,
after the Fire.

This postcard suggests that the Mill was severely damaged by fire not too long after the article. It bears postmark 13th November 1905.

above, is also installed here. Passing to the second or top floor (to which sacks of wheat can be hoisted through the lukum), the tops are visible of three bins, namely, the dirty-wheat bin already alluded to, and two clean wheat bins; a third and smaller clean bin acts as a feeder to the break machine. The equipment of this floor consists of four centrifugals. The products of this mill were unexceptional, both the patent and household flour being of excellent quality. The large bran was broad and flakey, while the finer bran, as well as the pollards and sharps, were extremely well finished. For this, great credit is not doubt due to Mr. Blaker's eldest son, to whose sole charge the mill is entrusted. Carts and vans deliver bread and flour daily throughout the district, all orders receiving prompt attention. — *Reprinted from THE MILLER, February 3rd, 1896.*

[Can anyone add anything to this? Ed.]

A new description of a visit to Petworth House, 1804

Lord Egremont has recently bought a letter which gives a previously unknown description of a visit to Petworth House in December 1804. The letter was written by William Budd to his mother, who lived in Newbury, Berkshire.

William Budd was probably born in Berkshire, and was to become the Steward of the Cowdray estates of Mr. and Mrs. W.S. Poyntz. W.S. Poyntz was also from Berkshire, and in 1794, he married Elizabeth Mary Browne, only sister and heiress of the 8th Viscount Montague, the owner of Cowdray, who had died in 1793.

The previous Steward died in February 1805, and by October of that year, William Budd was running the manorial courts for the estate as steward. It maybe that the visit to Petworth from 28-30 December 1804 was to introduce him to local society as the new steward.

He continued as steward until 1840, and may be the William Budd of Newbury, Berks. who died in that year. His burial has not been found in either Easebourne or Midhurst.

Letter from W Budd to his Mother 31st December 1804

Dearest Mother

Monday

Yesterday I returned from Petworth having spent two days at Lord Egremonts, where there is a House full of Company, and everything in a very splendid and costly Establishment, you remember the House, in the Great Drawing Room¹ there is a Picture of Henry the 8th over the Fire Place on the left are the Pictures of the proud Duke of Somerset and on his left his Duchess with Lord Hertford in her hand as a little Boy – this was the lad with whom Mr. John Cowslad went to School – and who if he had lived would have had all Lord Egremont Estate, and much besides.²

We sat down to dinner 22 – the dishes instead of being set on the table to cover it were only set on 4 or 5 at a time and at the edge of the table close to those who sat at it, the middle

of the table was empty. First 6 tureens of different sorts of soup. Then 3 dishes of different sorts of fish – that taken away – then made dishes of different kinds, the only plain things turkey, chine, veal, venison, afterwoods pastry, gellie etc. Wines Champagne, old Hock, Burgundy and other French wines – after Dinner Port Maderia and Claret. After moving from the dinner table qbout 9 or 10 o'clock there were 3 rooms to retire to, the Great Hall with a Billiard Table,³ organ⁴ Kettle Drums whereon the boys made a confounded noise,⁵ this was separated from the other two rooms by an ante room⁶ where stood servants in waiting the other room was a drawing room⁷ and the inner one the library⁸ where were very elegant drawings in books and folios for those who chose to gaze. Books for Readers, cards for some and supper and punch for those who chose and over the chimney a dial a plate with a hand which moved with the wind. Two Fire Places – In the Mornings, Breakfast about 11 for those who don't breakfast in their own Rooms, the deer came close up to the windows and some have now and then came right in through the Window – there is a wall 14 miles round which includes 2000 acres of land all which L.E. farms. One thing I noticed there is no manner of form, when L.E came in first in the morning, half the Company were at breakfast. He looks in came a few steps in the Room looks for something and went out again. He afterwards came in sat down at the head of the table, no one round him spoke to him, just said to Mrs Poyntz how do you do? The Breakfast Table was spread with Eatables and servants at the Side Table brought what you called for to drink as Tea, Coffee etc. There was a Boot Jack and a chest of drawers and a Fire in each Bed Room and a servant came in the Morn to brush the coat and bring Boots etc.¹⁰

Lord Abingdon is now here. A very sprightly musical young man about 18.

Yours affectionately

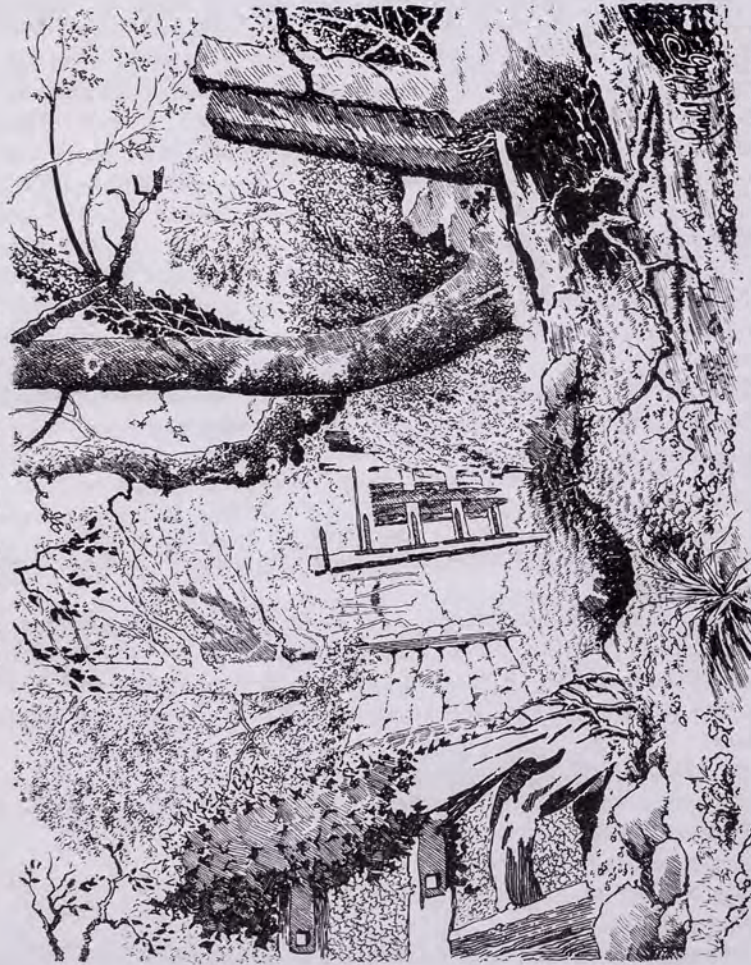
W Budd

Notes:

1. The Great Drawing Room is the Carved Room. Budd here includes a sketch to show the position of the pictures.
2. The boy with the Duchess in the picture, by John Closterman, is her son Algernon, later 7th Duke of Somerset. It was his son, Lord Beauchamp, who died in 1744, who, had he lived, would have inherited the estates which eventually went to the Wyndham earls of Egremont.
3. The Great Hall is the Marble Hall, where a sketch by J.M.W. Turner in 1827 shows a billiard table.
4. An organ by John England, 1786, is still in the Marble Hall.
5. The boys making a confounded noise would probably have included the 3rd Earl's sons Henry (then aged c.14) and Charles (then aged c.8).
6. The ante room where the servants waited was the Beauty Room.
7. The drawing room was the White and Gold Room.
8. The library was the White Library.
9. Mrs. Poyntz was Elizabeth Mary, nee Browne. She and her husband, W.S. Poyntz owned the Cowdray estate at this time.
10. Lord Abingdon was Montagu Bertie, 5th Earl of Abingdon, born 1784.

[Courtesy of Lord Egremont. Introduction and notes by Alison McCann.]

AN OLD CANAL LOCK



Ramblers in the West Sussex Weald must have come across many relics of the artificial waterways which were once important transport routes but have long been abandoned. Mr. Roberts has drawn what remains of the old lock at Loxwood, halfway between the Onslow Arms and Brewhurst Mill. Formerly covered in ivy and brambles, it has been cleared out and the details of its construction can be clearly seen.

This Harold Roberts drawing appeared in the West Sussex Gazette in 1955.

The Wheatsheaf 1847-1959

Sitting snugly on the bend between Somerset Lodge and Glebe Villas in North Street the site of the old Wheatsheaf public house is best known for the omnipresent white wooden railings that deceptively appear to provide the property and passing pedestrians with some protection from the incessant flow of traffic. In some ways the Wheatsheaf is – or rather was the antithesis of the modern public house. Honest and unsophisticated it basked for over a century in a rawness that would be unrecognisable and unacceptable to the modern tippler. The Wheatsheaf made no pretensions to be a grand Swan or Half Moon inn for its roots were set firmly in that period of the nineteenth century when the extraordinary laxness of the licensing laws ensured that for the minimum of cost any opportunely situated group of cottages could be converted into a more or less viable enterprise.

An old mortgage reveals that at least part of the site – anciently known as 'Phillips' - was once occupied by a fellmongers yard, the only vague suggestion of a trade being carried on before 1847 when the inn was first licensed. It was in that year that James Milton, landlord and joint owner of the White Hart in High Street, purchased the North Street property that would in due course become a member of the small group of Petworth pubs that were directly owned and supplied by the Stag Brewery in the High Street and controlled by successive generations of the Milton family. This association would last for half a century until 1900 when the company was purchased by Guildford brewer Friary, Holroyd and Healey who would be the owner of the Wheatsheaf for the following five decades until its eventual closure on Whit-Monday May 18, 1959, when as if to seal its demise the premises were offered for sale with the strict proviso that any purchaser should agree not to use the property for the sale or storage of intoxicating liquors. This restriction was no doubt an attempt to protect the business of the other Friary houses in the town.

It was during the Friary period that The Wheatsheaf gained something of the respectability that as a common beerhouse had eluded it during the previous half century. With the brewery came Bob Whitcomb and his wife Lucy and their daughter Gladys who would later marry into the respected Morley family. Unable to attract motorists and without stabling for horses the pub attempted to encourage cyclists and, being able to offer accommodation, the pub found for a short period a niche market. Bob Whitcomb would remain at the Wheatsheaf for over forty years and it was not until he had introduced his successor to the brewery and ensured that the pub was in safe hands that he agreed to retire. In early 1943 Sid Fry took over and in 1950 his daughter June and her husband Ken took on the licence. They would continue for the penultimate lap to be succeeded by Wally Thorn who would see The Wheatsheaf through to its closure.

Few anecdotal recollections of the Wheatsheaf have survived though Ken Peacock recalls his time as landlord in an earlier issue of this magazine. Hardly surprising given the nature of the hostelry, one of the few official records of the beerhouse can be found in a police occurrence book for the period 1857 to 1861. In it Superintendent Kemmish the officer in charge at Petworth records how he "apprehended at Horsham William Clark charged with

stealing a pair of boots from the Wheatsheaf Inn, Petworth". The book neither records the identity of the victim nor the offender's punishment, assuming that he was found guilty. Kemmish clearly alludes to the property being an inn, though this may simply suggest that it was taking in boarders, which given the influx of labour required to construct and maintain the newly arrived railway was not unusual in Petworth at the time.

There were until quite recent times oral recollections of Petworth men returning from the Great War going to register for work at the Labour Exchange which at the time occupied a room at the Wheatsheaf.

Owners or occupiers of The Wheatsheaf 1847 – 1959

James Street 1851-58

Stephen Moor(e) 1858-62

Joseph Purser 1873-4

Alfred Challen 1882-93

Bob Whitcomb 1900-1942

Sid Fry 1943-1950

Ken Peacock 1950-4

Walter Thorn 1954-9

'You don't rubbish someone'

As I've only lived in Petworth for forty years I suppose I'm still really a Kentish boy at heart, but my two daughters certainly consider themselves "true Petworth". I came in the spring of 1965 with a view to being appointed as first whip to Mr. Barlow at the Hunt - in effect his second-in-command. Such positions would be on a yearly tenure with engagements for twelve months from the first of May. You could see them advertised in the *Horse and Hound*, receive information from the Hunt Servants' Registry, or as, in my case, be recommended by word of mouth. I'd met Mr. Barlow before and he had a good idea of what I could do. It was a kind of unofficial freemasonry if you like. Starting at the most basic level, I'd moved through a number of different hunt jobs, including a spell in Yorkshire, gradually acquiring experience. Moving from one position to another was the way to advance.

An interview? Yes, it was, but it also involved a day's hunting. There would be the chance to see how I handled a horse, and assess my general awareness. I was obviously satisfactory and was given the job, moving into the whip's house opposite Harwood's garage (now pulled down) adjoining the present Stonemasons' Inn (then the Masons' Arms). There was an element of choice on either side: I could have gone to the East Kent or elsewhere but first whip to the Chiddingfold/Leconfield was one of the top jobs in the south. The old Leconfield Hunt was very well regarded, very well established. It had been a private pack up to 1942. John Wyndham, Lord Egremont, was still hunting in the mid-1960s.

I worked with Ted Vickers who had charge of the Kennels. One of the duties of a first whip was to look after the hounds, exercise them and keep them fit. A particular responsibility

was to get them to the meet. He also went to the woods to find the fox and then, while the hunt was on, monitor its progress from a suitable vantage-point. The first whip always seemed to me like a rugby scrum half, watching for the loose ball and on hand to deal with it. For instance it was important to see that the hounds kept to the fox and didn't go off after something else - a deer for instance or a hare. You also needed to be sure that they were all present - that one hadn't simply gone off on his own.

The season is September to March. Mr. Vickers as kennel huntsman was responsible for breeding and rearing the hounds. As I have said, tenure ran from year to year and after a while, on a change of mastership, my engagement was not renewed. It happens. A new master, rather like a new football manager, often wants to bring his own people with him. I could easily have moved to another hunt but I liked Petworth and the then Lady Egremont suggested I went to work on the Estate. I had some couple of months in the yard under Mr. Wales before being offered a post as park keeper. Arthur Hamilton was retiring and I went to live at Adelaide Lodge on the London Road. I worked under Mr. Jim Aplin for eleven years, helping with the deer and controlling vermin in the Pheasant Copse and Pleasure Grounds. Wasn't this something for which I had never trained? Yes, it was, but if you're a country boy such things are second nature. I did, however, learn to shoot for vermin control: I hadn't handled a rifle since R.A.F. days.

Labour was becoming more expensive by the year and there were cuts, here as everywhere. When I first went to work with Mr. Aplin he had seven under-keepers ranged all over the Estate. Aplin was a most competent man - he really knew his job and, more to the point perhaps, everyone knew that he knew his job. He had a reputation well beyond Petworth. Eventually redundancy loomed again. Was I finally to leave Petworth? When Sir Charles Wolseley called me into the office I was rather taken aback. I need not have worried; news gets round in such a small world. David Arnold, head gardener for the National Trust, had heard that I was becoming available and said there was a job for me. I stayed 12 years. I would remain at Adelaide Lodge and still work in the Park. Not this time however as park keeper, but rather as gardener.

Oh yes, I remember the 1987 hurricane. After such a night we expected damage in the Pleasure Grounds but nothing on the scale of what we encountered going into work that morning. One tree was resting on the wall in North Street and leaning over to Springfield House next to Thompson's Hospital. North Street itself was blocked. My first job that morning was to stand at the Horsham Road junction while the tree was being cut up directing people into Petworth via Kingspit Lane. I was amazed to find how many local people didn't know Kingspit Lane even existed!

The Pleasure Grounds had been devastated. The big cedar of Lebanon was no more. Once it had a proud place in the Guinness Book of Records as the tallest specimen in the country. It had been dethroned however when tree surgeons found it four feet less in height than had originally been thought. Anyway, it now lay flat just opposite the Horsham Road turning. It took nearly a year to clear the debris, using very heavy tackle to remove fallen trees. It wasn't simply the giants that had fallen. In their fall they had crushed the rhododendrons and magnolias for which the Pleasure Grounds were so famous. These had to be taken out

too. Chains were placed round damaged trees and bushes and they were pulled out by the roots. Many of the trees had been past their best and the hurricane had done what we would never have dared to do. Given the limited space between the trees we would have had, at best, to lop individual branches and lower them to the ground by pulley to avoid damaging their neighbours. The hurricane had no such inhibitions. Effectively, much of the Pleasure Grounds had been clear felled. There was at least the opportunity to plant again.

I had started work at fourteen when I left school and I would say that Trevor Seddon as head gardener was the nicest man I ever worked for. He was certainly the most even-tempered man I have known. If you broke a tool he'd simply say, "Well, they've a limited life haven't they?" He never thought ill of anyone and I only once saw him even mildly vexed.

Once again it was a different job but I soon learned to use the chain saw and manoeuvre the tractor. What a lovely place to spend the last twelve years of my working life. I've always liked meeting people and my wife made a point of buying me gardening books. I usually had one or two in my dinner bag so that if asked I could look something up. If really stumped I'd on occasion invent an answer.

The quiet life at Adelaide Lodge was transformed by the decision to create a new park entrance on the London Road. It was the 1970s and the bypass controversy was in full spate. There had been talk in Petworth that local people were not welcome in the Park. The old no cycling, no picnics notices were still part of local folk memory, even the old ban on photography. It was decided to site a car park on the London Road and afford entrance to the Park from that side. At the same time the suggestion was made that my wife might receive a small retainer for opening and closing the gates. In fact this was something I usually did myself.

Soon after the gate was opened, red deer were introduced into the Park, the cattle grid on the London Road being specially extended for them, but in the end even this wasn't sufficient. It was a marvellous idea in principle but they did occasionally get out. I've seen one rear up in the air, perform a kind of pirouette and clear the extended cattle grid. Quite a spectacle. Once out, of course, they might be a traffic hazard, or wreak havoc with local crops. Even in the Park they would swim across to the islands in the lake and have a go at the vegetation. It wasn't vandals that smashed an ornamental vase on the islands: it was the deer! After an incident with a dog they went back, sadly in many ways, to Warnham Park. I suppose we had them a couple of years or so. What magnificent animals they were, if only they had kept within bounds. If only ... but we had tried.

I often reflect on changing attitudes. When I started in private service it was always impressed on me by the older huntsmen that the things I learned in the course of my duties I kept to myself. What you learned of your employers, good or bad, you kept to yourself. Even in those days newspapers were looking for scandalous copy even if nothing like on the scale of today's tabloids. When I worked for Arthur Dalgety, well before I came to Petworth, the correspondent for *Horse and Hound* said to me, "Ted, come and have a drink. You work for Arthur Dalgety. Have you an anecdote for me?" I said to him, "Did Arthur Dalgety or his son ask you to speak to me?" "No," he replied, "this is all off the cuff." "Well," I said, "whatever I know I keep to myself." The old huntsmen always said, "You don't rubbish

someone if you've eaten their bread and drunk from their cup." Of late there have been too many journalists looking for stories that simply aren't there. Even if there's a later disclaimer, no one takes any notice, if it's seen in the newspaper there's something in it, no smoke without a fire.

To return to Adelaide Lodge. Gates are open on the London Road from eight o'clock in the morning till nine in the evening or dusk if earlier. Over the years I've got to know the regulars - old friends now many of them. And I've always liked dogs. Before the Park was opened up at this end, the area running from the wall in the London Road to Shepherd's Lodge in the Pheasant Copse, known as Half Moon Piece, was enclosed with railings. These were removed and stone brought in for the present car park. It's very much used now and packed at busy times. My rear garden backs on to Half Moon Piece and in the early days people used to walk right up and look into my sitting-room window. I like company but not that much! Some of the old metal railings were put in to restore a measure of privacy. Once the Park's closed I leave the garden gate open and let the deer come in - I only need to mow twice a year. The garden on the road at the front of course is deer-proof.

To finish with an early impression of Petworth. I remember going up to the Estate Yard with Ted Vickers to get a hunting gate made by Alfie Ayling the carpenter. Mr. Wales, the gentlemanly clerk of the works, came in. "Where's your manners Mr. Wales, can't you see I've got company?" said Alfie. "Of course, Alf," replied Mr. Wales, "I'll come back later." I had arrived at no ordinary place and I'm still here.

Ted Williams was talking to Jean Gilhooly and the Editor.

From Chillinghurst to the Wooden-Legged House

I was born at Shopham Bridge, one of four boys and three sisters. I was the eldest Whittington boy though I had a half-brother Jack who died during the Second World War. I don't remember Shopham that well for we were soon on the move. You see Dad was a gamekeeper and Lord Leconfield didn't like his keepers getting too comfortable with the locals so they were regularly moved to other parts of the estate. Anyway we were moved to Riverhill where we lived for a short while before being moved once again, this time to Wet Wood near Northchapel. This was an isolated cottage with just one neighbour but Northchapel was near enough for my elder sister to walk to school in the village.

We were at Wet Wood for three years and by the time we left I was ready to begin school. The only trouble was that Dad's new post was at Chillinghurst in Stag Park and if Wet Wood seemed isolated then Chillinghurst was even more so. Northchapel School was four miles away and while we were certainly used to walking, eight miles a day was a lot even for us and Dad really wasn't happy with the situation. Anyway one day he decided that enough

was enough and he sent us to Lurgashall School. This meant a much easier walk to Raghams or 'Jacksons' Lodge as we knew it and across the fields to Lurgashall just keeping to the footpath all of the way. Chillinghurst is a sad place now, deserted and derelict but I remember it when it was a lively, busy working farm. There were three cottages by the farmyard, we in one with the Carvers in another. Ernie, Mick and Sid were the Carver boys and Mr Carver was a cowman at Stag Park Farm. It wasn't long before our neighbours moved and as the third cottage was empty we were on our own. Chillinghurst was always full of cattle especially in the winter when they were kept in the yard. It was a favourite place for storing ricks and there would be lots of them built all around the yard. I believe that the big old iron rick steddle is still there though it has probably disappeared beneath the undergrowth by now. When it came to threshing time a huge machine would be drawn into the rickyard by horses and an ancient Fiat tractor set up to power the thresher. The whole yard would become a sea of activity until all of the ricks had disappeared. Mr Baker of Kirdford would eventually buy the old tractor but it would have been really old by then. Mr Scriven was farm bailiff at Stag Park when we lived there, he would ride around on his horse and to a young lad like myself he seemed very important indeed. Mr Scriven would later move to the Shimmings at Petworth where no doubt many people will remember him.

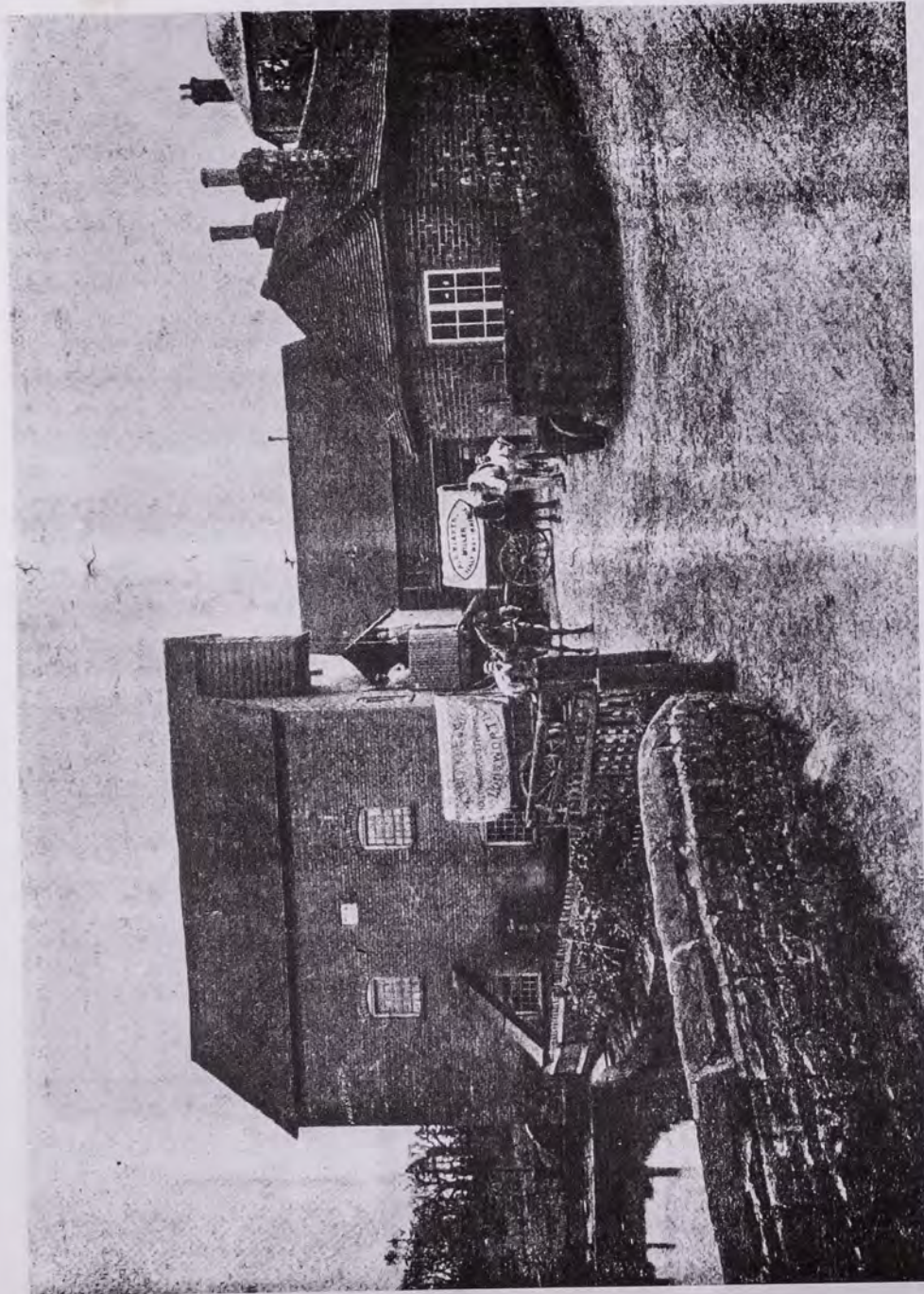
After five years at Chillinghurst we were once more on the move and by the time that I was ten we had settled down at Bridgefoot at Kirdford where we were to remain for what was really quite a long time until after the war. I would imagine that the custom of moving keepers had been put on hold for the duration.

Kirdford was much busier then than now, there always seemed to be something going on. There were of course the huge packing sheds for the apple growers, the old Leconfield creamery run by United Dairies, and there were shops and traders that have mostly disappeared now. There was Thompson's shop up near the church, which was the post office and village store; Ireland's the grocery shop opposite the lane to Boxalland. There was of course Mr Enticknap the boot maker and James Enticknap the blacksmith who had his smithy in what we called Church Hill. I worked at the creamery when I left school but the pressure from the other big dairies soon forced it to close. I don't remember it actually being a creamery, if ever it was; it was really just a collection point for milk from the local dairy farms. The milk was pumped from the coolers into a tanker lorry and transported to London. I don't suppose it was really economical hauling the milk by road and what with fuel rationing and the competition from Express Dairies at Billingshurst - who moved much of their milk by rail - it just couldn't survive.

After the creamery closed in 1943 I went to work for Mr Haffenden the local haulier as a driver's mate. Tom Haffenden had a yard opposite the recreation ground at Kirdford, a part of the vicarage. Work was mainly local because of the war and I believe that the ministry licence stipulated that the vehicles had to operate within a certain radius of the depot. Mr Eldridge the other Kirdford haulier had to go and work for the ministry, which would then issue him with work and payment. I think that most drivers preferred to work for non-ministry companies as it gave them a certain amount of flexibility and you certainly had to be wary of being caught off-route if you were on a ministry contract. I was teamed up with Matt Baker



At the well. An Upperton scene from the 1930s. Photograph by George Garland.



Blaker's Mill at Halfway Bridge in the 1890s. This comes from a photostat and may not reproduce well.

who was the driver. He was considerably older than me but we became firm friends. We carried just about anything that you could think: sticks to Lintott's walking-stick factory at Chiddingfold, spars and pea-sticks to Witley Station, apples to Billingshurst station and wheat, oat or barley from local farms to Petworth station for Sadlers the corn merchants at Chichester. During the season we would work late into the evening loading the soft fruit that women had picked during the day, the fruit would be in big baskets and we would take them to Billingshurst station.

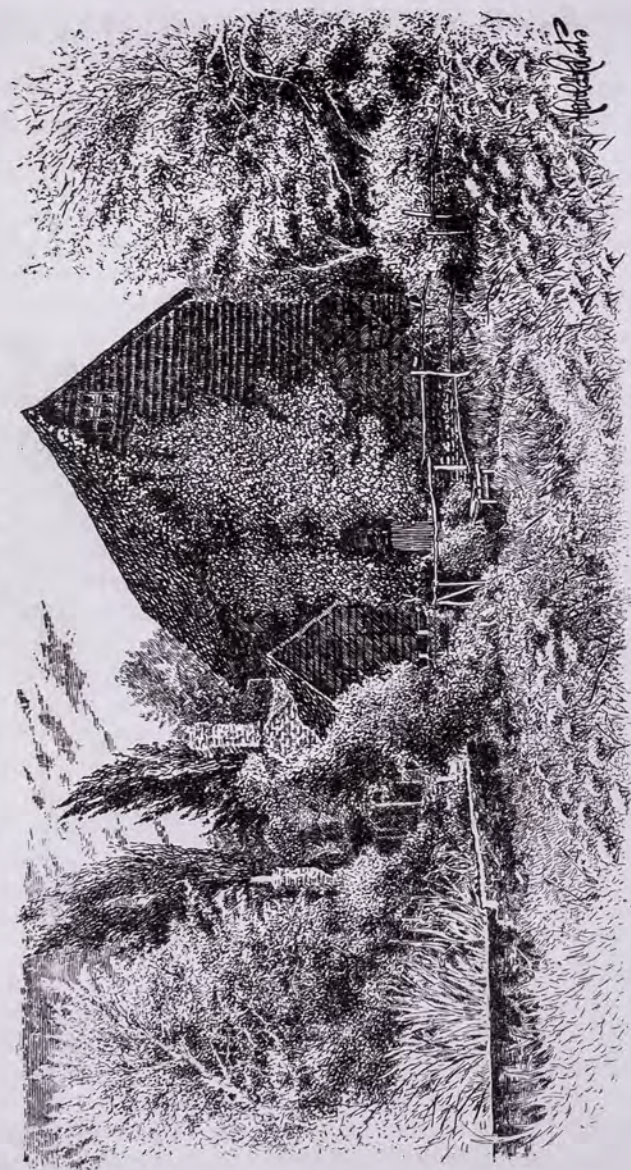
One evening we were going home when Matt decided he wanted a beer and so he pulled up by the Half Moon pub only to find it shut. The clocks had been altered to save daylight and Matt had forgotten to adjust his watch. He didn't make the same mistake again. Matt had been exempt from service in WWI because of a bad foot and by the time the second war came he was too old. It wasn't often that Haffendens were slack but I do remember that huge piles of cordwood would be stored across the road from the yard and men would be employed cutting it if there was no transport work to be done.

I left Haffendens in April 1945 for the army but after the war I went back for a couple of years as a driver, Matt had retired and the job didn't quite seem the same. There was not so much local work and I think that old Mr Haffenden was winding the business down. I was made redundant in 1951 when just about all transport was nationalised. Anyway Dad, my brother Tom and myself took to working on the farms to make a living. We would travel round sheep shearing for a good part of the year. The farms were as far afield as Alton and Rowlands Castle, Mr Sherlock at Billingshurst, Mr Turpster at Rogate and Mr Barker at Dorking, just to name a few. Of course we sheared on some Leconfield farms as well but they did tend to try and do it themselves to save money. The last big Leconfield shear was in the Pheasant Copse when we cut over 900 sheep. We would also do a lot of woodcutting during the winter; pea boughs and birch for the Kent Wood Work Company. They wanted the birch for turning and so as we cut it we would strike the bark off both sides so that it seasoned. We would only cut wood in the winter as it could only be done when the sap wasn't rising. We also cut hardwood pulp on the Downs for the paper mills at Sittingbourne.

Our family was certainly local, Dad came from Fittleworth and his parents, and my paternal grandparents lived at the Manor House at Coates. No, they weren't wealthy, they rented it from Lord Leconfield and Granddad earned a living from sheep shearing, hoop making and just about any other job that paid a bob or two. This ability to earn a living by turning one's hands would be passed down to my father and eventually to me.

Dad had fought in the Great War and by 1939 he was exempt from service but as labour was short Lord Leconfield turned a blind-eye to his keepers helping the local farmers. Father would thatch ricks and do the jobs much the same as his father. After the war Lord Leconfield put a stop to this 'moonlighting' as he wanted his keepers concentrating on their job.

I was in the army when Dad got dismissed from the estate. I think that he had been helping someone move house and had got caught and sacked. Anyway the family had to leave Bridgefoot and move to a cottage at Glasshouse. This was also a Leconfield property but as it went with a farm Dad could rent it off the farmer rather than the estate.



Gibbons Mill, Rudgwick, is a secluded, picturesque spot, off the beaten track, one of a number of mills along the Arun valley each of which was once a busy and important part of the rural economy. North of Gibbons is Wanford Mill, Rudgwick, and to the south is Rowner Mill, Billingshurst, all now quiet and forgotten and providing the artist with delightful subjects, as Mr. Roberts shows here. The old farmhouse nearby belongs to Mr. J. T. D. Musson, a well-known West Sussex farmer.

Another Harold Roberts drawing from the West Sussex Gazette.

We would eventually move from Glasshouse to 309c North Street where Mum's parents lived. In fact Granny had died leaving Granddad Wakeford alone and so the family moved in to look after him. Granddad had a smallholding just down from the Horsham Road cemetery but on the opposite side of the road, I dare say most Petworth people can remember him tending his pigs and working the little piece of ground and supplying several shops in the town with produce. Gus Wakeford had his land opposite Granddad's holding but his property was much larger and he would have a hired hand helping him manage the fields. Gus lived in the cottage next-door to Aunt Alice Hamilton who lived in Springfield House just down the street from us. I have heard my Grandfather say that 309c North Street was once known as the "wooden-legged house" because the upper storey jutted out and was supported by large posts. The cottage must have been very old and in poor condition for Gran and Granddad had to move out while it was demolished and only allowed back when it was built in its present form.

After Granddad Whittington died Dad's mother continued to live at Coates but she had become rather frail and occasionally she would come and stay with us at North Street. On her final visit she was in bed, clearly very weak, when she sat up and asked Mother for a bottle of stout. Mother was amazed at the request as Gran was a keen chapelgoer and certainly didn't drink beer, but anyway she dutifully walked up to The Wheatsheaf and returned with the stout. Gran drank the beer and within a few hours passed away. Perhaps she had just wanted to see what it tasted like before she left this world, who knows?

Peter Whittington was talking to Miles Costello

A little dribble of airy water

I worked at Paynes, the Lombard Street butcher until I went into the Royal Navy. It was wartime and it would be almost four years before I returned. It was September 1947. I could have gone back to the butcher's but somehow it didn't seem very attractive. There was another manager and meat was scarce and rationed. Did I really want to go back to cutting up such little meat as there was? I couldn't drive then, and, in any case, Len Pannell was doing the delivery round in the Ford van. Jimmy Keen, also roundsman for Gordon Knights, the grocers, helped out as well. I knew Jim Pullen, who worked for Lord Leconfield, and gathered that the Estate were looking for younger men, while Mr. Godsolve, the clerk of the works, had already had a word with my father (who worked as chauffeur for Lord Leconfield) to ask if I'd fancy a job under Mr. Allison in the water department. Mr. Allison seemed a somewhat remote figure, simply someone who, before the war, had occasionally found us boys somewhere where we weren't allowed and moved us brusquely on. In his eighties by this time he was still in charge of the water, as he had been for half a century or more, but now working short time. His ability to exploit spring and well supplies for agricultural and domestic use was almost legendary as was his ability to divine; something I heard of but never actually saw

him do. He had some half a dozen men working under him, Jim Pullen as foreman, Bob and George Taylor, George Stillwell, Fred Linkhorn and Tom Dicker. They were basically older men and there was a significant age gap between them and me. Leconfield ran its own water supply then, mainly gravity fed from springs and wells but the work also included drainage. Sometimes Mr. Allison's men would combine with Mr. Wilcox of the forestry department on Estate rounds. I started on a crisp September morning in 1947 with a hint of frost. We'd cycle out to the job with tools tied onto the bicycle. Travelling time to an Estate outpost like Dumpford, Didling or Pallingham was a significant factor and then there was the return journey at the end of the day.

Clearing wells was a basic job and the necessary tackle certainly couldn't be loaded on a bicycle. For such situations the department had an old Morris van driven by George Cross. Mr. Allison didn't himself drive, George Cross would bring him out to jobs as required. We'd assemble in the Cow Yard at 7.30, Jim Pullen presiding if Mr. Allison wasn't there, as was often the case. I particularly remember my first day: some of the men were working at Frithfold for "Buggy" Wadey, installing drinking bowls in the cowstalls. Walter North was the foreman at the farm and milking was by hand, with hand-held lanterns and candles. The work consisted of locating the outside pipe, digging under the building and cutting and threading pipes prior to fitting the bowls. I spent the first day cutting and threading pipes using one of the old solid dies. The idea was that the cows should have water to drink when they came in for milking. The job was well under way when I arrived and went on for several days. The whole of that area was on the Estate supply then. A ram pumped water from Wassell Mill at Ebernoe and there was a series of pipelines and gravity storage tanks supplying such places as Mitchell Park, Dales Farm, Peacock's Farm, Upper and Lower Frithfold and Pheasant Court. In 1941 the mains supply had been extended to Wassell Mill for the benefit of the troops and this had simply been joined to the old pipes. The latter were a constant worry and repairing fractured connections very much part of the job. As I've said we'd cycle out in the morning, leaving at 4.30 to be home by 5.

Wells were an important part of our work. Most farms and properties out in the country relied on spring water supplies either from wells or gravity tanks. All required constant attention. An early job was at Glasshouse Cottage on the Kirdford road from Fox Hill. There was a forty foot deep well at the rear of the cottage, the supply being soakage through the clay. The well bottom needed clearing owing to the foulness of the water. The water would be brought up in a five gallon bucket, then emptied into smaller buckets to be carried manually to a ditch. Simply to empty it otherwise would have it seeping back into the well. At a depth of 35 to 40 feet there was simply black sludge, mixed with bottles and tins. Being younger than the others I went down. Jim Pullen was foreman but George Stillwell was always in charge of the rig. Well work could be dangerous and was certainly not to be treated lightly. George always took full responsibility and no chatting was allowed at the top, as, of course, nothing was allowed to be left on the kerb of the well in case it was knocked over the side. Even descending had its risks in that you could get hooked up on the nails from the staging of the lead pipes. I would be lowered on a bosun's chair, legs hanging free, sitting in the little round seat with a rope tied round me. No hard hats in those days.

The well at Glasshouse would be classed as a shallow well. At that depth there would be no problem with methane gas. Once beyond forty feet however was a different matter entirely. First we would lower a candle into the shaft. If the candle went out there was clearly a pocket of gas. We carried with us a ploughline, a long cord used to keep the line in horse ploughing. To this cord we'd attach old hessian potato sacks, saturated with water, then work the cord up and down, thus creating an air current to disperse the stagnant gas. We continued until we could lower the candle all the way down without its extinguishing. You'd go down to clear the bottom, or, perhaps repair a lead pipe, or repair the pump. This last would be on a wooden platform known as a false bottom, some ten feet above the normal water level, once the gas was reasonably clear, the hot air rising from the blow lamp would disperse the remainder of it.

Upperton village was very dependent on well water at this time and there was a well in Mr. Bridgewater's garden. It was a favourite spot for George Garland to portray a county idyll, but everything lost its romance when the water supply failed. Perhaps the well was leaking, a lead pipe had fractured, or the pump became too sluggish to pump the water to the surface. Perhaps the valves had worn, or one of the pump rails had broken. These were attached to a crank on the wheel. If this were the case the machinery would clatter and run free. If there was a leak in the rising main you would hear the water escaping. If the pump was working but the leather suction valves were worn you'd find the water came up only very slowly. Possibly the valve on the rising main was faulty in which case the water would come up but only intermittently. These were some of the possible problems. The Upperton well was 110 feet down, no false bottom - definitely a "candle" job. I'd work by candlelight and torch. If the candle should go out I'd need to be brought to the surface immediately. In fact I never remember this happening. No, we didn't operate with canaries; this never seemed practical to me. I remember a well at Broomer's Hill, Pulborough, at a depth of 130 feet. Mr. Godsalve, the clerk of the works, suddenly appeared and seemed inclined to chat. George Stillwell, always the perfectionist, would have none of this. "Bugger off, out of the way," he said. Mr. Godsalve did. Well work was time-consuming but it was also a race against the clock. If a well was out of action then the fault needed to be found and repaired as quickly as possible otherwise people had no water supply - it was a simple as that. Other wells I particularly remember? There was one at Low Heath where you could stand in the bottom in thigh boots and thirty inches of water and feel the force of the current even through the cut stone walls. There was another well at the bottom of Duncton Hill where the old church used to be.

Draining was crucial. Land drains for arable or pasture land had often been laid down in the eighteenth century, some, of course, are operative even now. Ditches needed to be cleared - just another aspect of the work. And then there were the cesspits. Tillington Hill House had one for the house and the adjoining cottages. It was a brick pit twelve feet long. First the surplus water had to be taken off, then the residue shovelled into buckets and tipped onto a bed of straw in the paddock. It was a rotten job which would take three of us a whole day. We'd be given a drink at lunchtime and a shilling apiece as a tip at the end. We deserved it. It was a job that had to be done every five or six years.

A ram worked by a combination of compressed air and water pressure. A notable

example was the one at the rear of the Black Horse at Byworth which pumped spring water to a reservoir on the east side of the village. Every Friday we'd go down to check. The reservoir served all Byworth including the Bailliewick and also places like Frog Hole and High Barn at Egdean, with the local fields. It had been installed in 1889. Another ram was situated at Duncton Manor farm and there was a larger one at the rear of the Cricketers at Duncton. The water came from a nearby pond, and the ram was much larger than the Byworth one, and capable of pumping water over Duncton Hill. All the farms between the top of Duncton Hill and the buildings in Droke Lane on the way to Singleton, had supplies supplemented by deep wells. The ram went on working until 1960. Trouble at Duncton could mean going out to rectify the fault, usually a lack of compression in the ram's air chamber. The solution was to dismantle the pulse valve, reassemble and recharge. There would follow the long trek up Duncton Hill to the reservoir (still bicycles in those days) then the equally long wait with hand over the outlet of the rising main. You'd feel for the air, hoping that the water was pushing it out of the pipe. Finally after what seemed an eternity came a little dribble of airy water, then a few gurgles, spits and sputters until a steady stream about two fingers wide poured into the first of two thousand gallon tanks. If the water was a little rusty that didn't matter. Then it was down the hill, back to the ram, to make everything safe.

Jumbo Taylor was talking to the Editor.
To be continued.

New Members

- | | |
|-----------------------|---|
| Mrs. V. Baines | 119 Fareham Park Road, Fareham, Hants. PO15 6LN. |
| Mrs. B. Blackman | 339 Cherry Row, Petworth. |
| Mr. J. Franks | Fairview House, Rosemary Lane, Petworth. |
| Mr. & Mrs. R. Greene | 'Easwrith', 9 London Road, Pulborough, RH20 1AP. |
| Mr. R. & Miss V. Hunt | 376 Byworth, GU28 0HL. |
| Mrs. E. Lee | Little Lombard, Lombard Street, Petworth, GU28 0AG. |
| Mrs. F. Lord | 22 Claremont Way, Midhurst, GU29 9BN. |
| Mr. & Mrs. M. Peddar | 21 Meaford Avenue, Stone, Staffs. ST15 8LT. |
| Mrs. S. Reed | Stag Cottage, Balls Cross, Petworth, GU28 9JP. |
| Mrs. J. Taylor | Bamboroughs, Lombard Street, Petworth. |
| Mrs.D. Waddington | 'Langley', Pathfields Close, Haslemere, GU27 2BL. |

