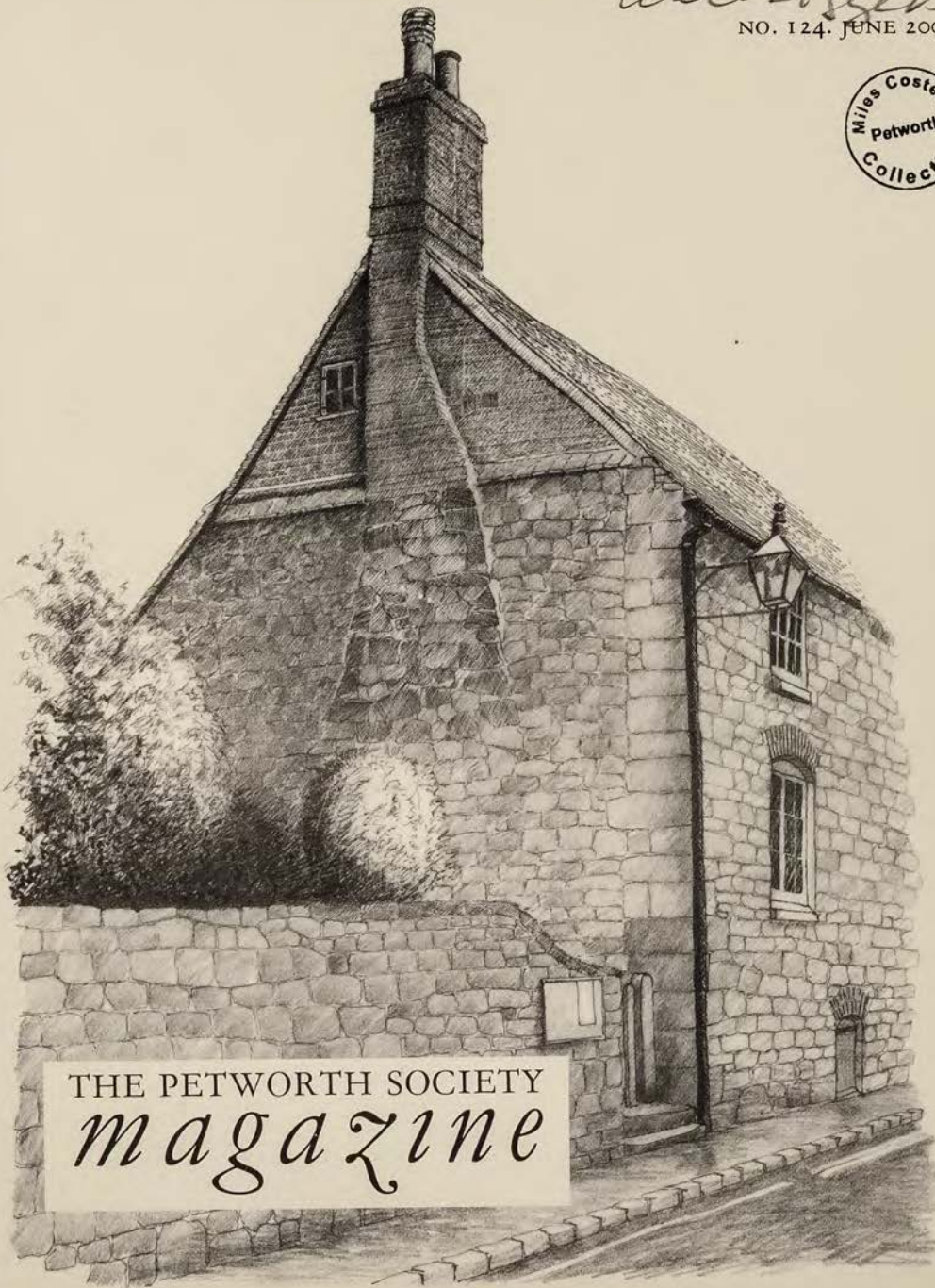


Loell Digby's

NO. 124. JUNE 2006



THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
magazine

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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:

Chairman

Mr P.A. Jerrome MBE, Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth [STD 01798] (Tel. 342562)
GU28 0DX

Vice Chairman

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

Hon. Treasurer

Mr A. Henderson, 62 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth (Tel. 343792) GU28 0BX

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Mr Stephen Boakes, Mr Miles Costello, Lord Egremont, Mr Ian Godsmark,
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Society Scrapbook

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

One or two points to be made. You'll see that we have a significant influx of new members this quarter. It may even be that membership is at an historic high. I'm not sure and it probably doesn't matter very much. Figures can be made to prove whatever you want them to prove. For instance, how many members do we actually have? There are some 700 individual subscriptions but how many of these are husband and wife? Is the real membership then 1200 plus? Or how do you quantify readership? Some no doubt receive the Magazine and don't read it, others don't have it and read someone else's. You can play the numbers game indefinitely and simply go round in circles. What an influx of new members doesn't do is offer a licence for complacency. A Society like this has continually to attempt the feat of reinventing itself, and the Petworth Society no doubt performs this uncomfortable contortion no more willingly and successfully than any other.

Here's an allied but slightly different point. Subscription rates have been held now for what? Five years? Offhand I can't remember. During that time we have been increasingly ambitious with the Magazine. Expenditure, in fact, comfortably outstrips subscription income. No difficulty with this as long as the Book Sales continue. But what if they didn't? The alternatives would be either a hefty subscription increase or an attenuated Magazine. It will be prudent policy to seek a marginal increase next year.

The fair appeal is obviously less active now but odd amounts continue to dribble in. To date we have given Harris Brothers just over £14,000.

Re outings. The Fort Nelson excursion was predictably overbooked. A larger coach was hired but a short waiting list remains. The Hollycombe visit is in August, while the Society dinner will be in early September. Application forms with this present Magazine. You'll see that in early June we have a visit to the Chithurst Buddhist Monastery – a walk round the grounds and a meeting with a community member. A problem here is that we are strictly limited to 20. I can only say ring me immediately if you want to go. You cannot simply turn up in the Car Park on the day.

Lastly, we often have coverless or damaged books at the Book Sale which might be worth rebinding. Does anyone do this reasonably cheaply or know someone who does?

Peter 28th April

Petworth from 1660. A progress report

Members have enquired about the concluding volume of my history of Petworth, the first part of which appeared in 2002. This second volume will be expensive – something in the region of £50 – and a limited edition, possibly 250 copies, a little more or less depending on our estimate of possible demand. It will be hard cover, illustrated, and as attractive in presentation as the Window Press can make it. It is not, perhaps, something that will be attempted again

for a year or two and there is no point in cutting corners. So far from being commercial, the whole project makes no economic sense whatever.

G.H. Kenyon's old caveat has nagged me over the years. Writing about a possible history of Kirdford, he said that any such book would be so expensive as to be beyond the reach of those for whom it was intended. A generation and more on, the situation is starker. I can only say that it will, no doubt, be possible to borrow from the excellent West Sussex Library Service while the Society will itself have a stock copy which can be borrowed. Experience of our three other limited edition books indicates that one stocks are exhausted such books become scarce, and, in some cases at least, extremely expensive. Certainly I cannot afford to have books left after the initial publication. If you feel you would like one it would be helpful if you could let me know (342562) – no obligation to buy however.

Peter

Petworth Society Fair Appeal – a postscript

evolve,
c/o Petworth Community Church,
Market Square,
PETWORTH, GU28 0AH.
8th February 2006

Dear Mr. Henderson,

At the end of last term, we decided to hold a fund raising evening at our junior youth club in aid of the Petworth Fair Gallopers.

We had a few money-raising games including a bouncy castle and as the young people arrived, they were very keen to give their money. In all, we collected a total of £70 for which we now enclose our cheque.

We would be very grateful if you could pass this on to the Harris's and make them aware that not all the young people of Petworth are vandals. We have a very active young people's youth group with up to 50 between the ages of 10 to 13 coming each week from Petworth and the surrounding villages. We try to have at least one fund raising event each academic year depending on circumstances or needs at the time. Last year we raised a substantial amount for the Tsunami appeal.

Apologies for the delay in sending this cheque I hope it's not too late.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. R. Sneller

On behalf of evolve youth club.

STOP PRESS! See also Page 32.

An Unlikely Career

David Battie, Antiques Roadshow expert, was the popular speaker at the February meeting. What some would call a series of lucky breaks and others, seized opportunities, was his subject.

His imagination fired by a visit to the British Museum at the age of six led to a life-long interest in old books, now concentrated on Victorian colour printing.

Without academic qualifications, he was, for many years, a porter with Sothebys, first in the book department, then ballet and finally, porcelain, becoming head of the ceramics department in the newly-opened Sothebys Belgravia.

An offer to participate in a radio series was followed by antiques events organised by the auction houses, which paved the way for television and the Antiques Roadshow. He was a founding member of the team 28 years ago and still appears. It is a life which provides an endless fund of anecdotes and David delivered these with self-deprecating humour, together with fascinating behind the scenes facts, about which we had many questions at the end of a highly entertaining evening.

KCT

Honour thy father – and thy mother

The Leconfield Hall was packed to hear Jennifer Goldsmith introduce her book of the recollections of Lillian Hunt, who many remembered from her days at Hampers Green, where she looked after her father until he died at the age of 103.

He had told her stories which had come down to him through the Whittington family of Kirdford over 250 years and which she had written down, intending to publish them – to honour her father. This ambition remained unfulfilled and when Mrs. Hunt died, the papers passed to her daughter, Sue, who has arranged for their publication, using as the title, 'Honour thy Father', and she has done this 'to honour her mother' as well.

The many stories related largely to life around Bedham. They reflect the harsh laws and punishments for behaviour hardly recognised as criminal today. They are unusual in that they come from within the agricultural community rather than being comments on rural life by middle-class observers looking in from outside. They are remarkable for their accuracy, confirmed through court records, census returns, parish registers, etc., all the more noteworthy for their being passed down by word of mouth.

We hear that 50 copies of the book went on the night. People want to know what their ancestors were up to long ago!

KCT

Copies should still be available from Mrs. S. Goldsmith, 12 Park Rise, Petworth (343904).

Spoken memories of the 20th century

Does that sound a dull subject for a monthly meeting? No one who attended thinks so now. Chris. Hare, Adult Education Manager for Midhurst and Petworth, soon dispelled any thoughts along those lines. In Peter's words, his was a 'class act', articulate, clearly delivered apparently without reference to notes, humorous and even including tuneful snatches of folk-songs. Chris. himself admitted that, by definition, oral tradition can hardly be illustrated with pictures, but such was the way in which he immediately engaged the interest and imagination of the audience that no one felt the need for the customary slides.

The talk was a natural follow-up to the previous month's about the recollections of Lillian Hunt and her father, George Elliott, by Jennifer Goldsmith. This one was wider ranging, for Homer's *Odyssey*, *Beowulf* and the Anglo-Saxon *Chronicles* all had their origins in tales handed down by word of mouth by previous generations. Written documents are not necessarily the most accurate, often being derived from a single source and reflecting opinion as well as, and easily accepted as, fact. Oral tradition can be gathered from many sources, which show a degree of agreement and therefore, accuracy, which is remarkable.

The vast majority of people could not read or write until comparatively recently. They relied on memory to the extent that men remembering hundreds of folk-songs of fifty verses or more, were common, as was their telling of the tales of their parents and grandparents, who had, in turn, been told by theirs. Until 100 years ago, rural life for the common people had changed remarkably little for over a thousand years. Changes over the last century have been extreme and rapid. Today, we rely so much on the written word that we have become lazy and do not remember.

We learnt how folk-song and 'rough music' were means of maintaining moral standards and public order within and by the rural communities before the days when such matters became the responsibility of the police and the courts.

Humour too, played its part and stories told as jokes, sometimes with a hidden moral, may have started off as true accounts of everyday occurrences. Chris's engaging delivery of examples had the audience in fits of laughter.

An instructive and entertaining evening.

KCT

'Is there anything upstairs?'

The March book sale

The book sale divides naturally into two quite distinct periods, not quite evenly apportioned, each side of lunch. Much of the money is taken in a hectic period of just about an hour between 10.30 and 11.30. "But it's open at 10 o'clock," you may say. Yes it is, but the till hardly rings before 10.30. Customers like to take their time, bring their armfuls to the counter to stack

them, then return for another lot. Or they're already filling boxes. By 10.15 the great lake of yellow and red stickers (£1 and £2) that covered the Rupert Bear table cloths seven or eight deep has dwindled to a shallow pool. By eleven o'clock Andy's got the reserve all out, a round dozen boxes each of fiction and non-fiction respectively. And, of course, people are bringing books in. To add a little spice this month we're taking the new year's subscriptions. Pearl has a table out in the corridor and is submerged in a sea of cheques and cash. It's something we used to do at the W.I. Market. It must be cold out there. Perhaps Pearl's so busy she hasn't time to think about the cold. Heroic, I'd call it. There's a queue waiting to pay.

"You're as famous as Hay-on-Wye," a lady said to Miles at a recent sale. He politely demurred. "No, I'm quite serious. Everyone knows about Petworth." Well, it's certainly busy in the Square this morning - there's the Cottage Hospital marmalade sale and a coffee morning in the U.R.C. Miles feels we're due for a disappointing sale, we've been riding the crest of a wave recently. At 10.20 it looks as if he could be wrong. The Hall's packed - people still coming in and no one leaving. At this time of the morning no one leaves within half an hour, few within an hour

The afternoon is in a different gear: the big players are gone and with them, of course, the cream of the sale. Now it's the turn of visitors taking advantage of the free admission. Some have a quick walk round and leave - the Hall's a haven from the biting winds of March. A couple of paperbacks and a carrier perhaps. Gradually the early afternoon room fills up. There's the rattle of a jigsaw being turned on its side, someone goes through the C.D.s - there's a very good lot this month. *South with Scott*, *The Doctrine of the Church of England*, the *Body-Builder's Manual*. "Anything by Margery Allingham?" Snippets of conversation. "An owl flew into a window and left an indelible imprint on the glass. Something to do with a natural oil the bird secretes through its feathers." "It would take some time to read this lot." "A lifetime." "You'd never do it." It occurs to me that there are books here I wouldn't want to read in a lifetime of lifetimes. I say nothing and saunter back to the counter. "This book was originally 30p. Why is it now 40p?" Well, on that basis you could probably pick up a first edition Dickens for five new pence. Here's A.E.W. Mason's *Konigsmarck* in a bright but slightly torn cover. Does anyone read Mason these days? And is he a local author? After all he lived in Petworth or Tillington for years but the town hardly features in his work. George Garland had an early commission to photograph Mason when the latter was renting new Grove in the early 1920s. The author would walk up the track to Quarry Farm from New Grove while working out his plots. In that sense definitely local. Andy, Miles and I argue the point. "Is there anything upstairs?" A voice breaks into our deliberations. For a brief moment it seems a comment on the deliberations and mental equipment of the three wise men. But no, it seems the voice expects books upstairs as well. For once even the three wise men are silenced. We're trying to come to terms with shifting what we've got left downstairs rather than performing upstairs. Anyone for *Sherlock Holmes* in Pitman's shorthand? Or *Three Men in a Boat* in Russian?

And was Miles' early foreboding correct? No it most certainly wasn't. To the pound exactly the same as last August's sale - and that was the best we've ever had.

P.

'Not quite Captain Bligh' Andy's Duncton Walk

Not perhaps the best of days weather-wise for Andy to kickstart a new season. Fierce winds and the presence of rain. Down to the "new" village hall at Duncton, spasmodic activity on the croquet pitch, but this is no weather for croquet. Along the footpath by the Catholic church, strangely new to many of us, then along by the hurrying road, then scuttling across with a wary eye on the bend. The footpath winds briefly between houses and we're in the open fields. "Bracing" do I hear? Some might put it rather more strongly. Cut, flattened stubble of a winter that seems still with us. The bird-scarer struggles desperately in the wind. What's it meant to be - a kite, a kestrel?

We finally make the Graffham Road and there's some cover from the wind. Left of Herringbroom Cottages to plunge into the woods. Ruts gleaming heavy with water, rush and last summer's decayed grass. To walk into Mrs. Rapley's own land "New England" - more formally, perhaps, Duncton Common. A hundred years on, for me at least, Mrs Rapley's spirit hangs over these woods. We bear gradually left. The rhododendrons were planted by the Wilberforce family at Lavington Park - not personally one would hasten to add.

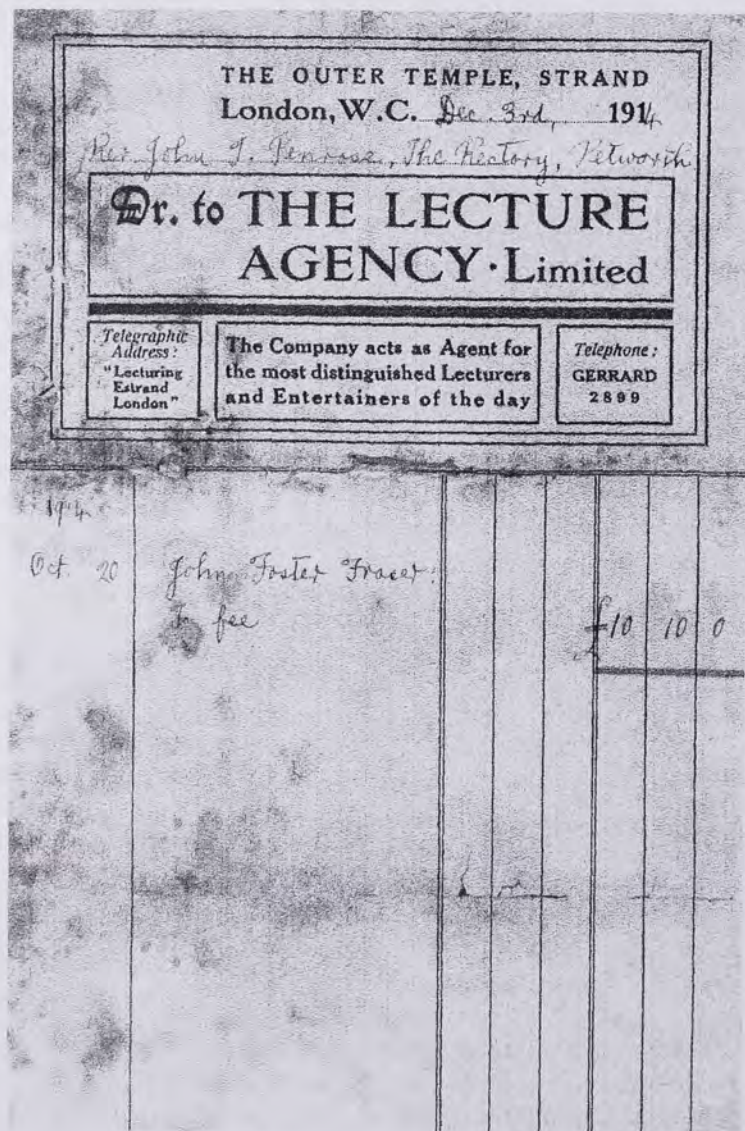
Again sun on blown water. We reach the National Trust Car Park on the Graffham Road. Miles suggests a deviation from Andy's itinerary. Mutiny? Captain Bligh revisited on a Sussex Sunday afternoon? Talk of the cat o' nine tails. Actually, Andy's happy enough. We enter Merlin's Wood. Rhododendrons by the path with rounded, fat, gnarled, almost tortured trunks. Except for a snapped bootlace, Merlin seems to be having a day off. Well he can't be everywhere, or perhaps that's just the whole point - he can. Back across the Graffham Road and into Lavington Plantation, silted woodland paths and felled Scots pine. It's reverting to lowland heath, there's no money in small scale timber these days. The path leads through a stud farm, daffodils, horses exercising on the skyline. A little further and there's lichen on the hedgerow trees. A good sign, Tom says, the cleaner the air, the more likely lichen is to grow. Sulphur and other pollutants have a detergent effect. Tom picks a blackened bud from a rhododendron. It's the work of the rhododendron leaf hopper - the bud will never come to anything. You hardly ever see the pest as it hops from plant to plant. The only remedy is to cut off the damaged bud and try to stop the pest spreading.

We're now in sight of the main road, but still a good way off. Dark green leaves of lords and ladies in a sheltered lane, then a barn offers brief respite from the wind. Black plastic feeding buckets in a field of kale are a testimony to the wind's force. Then the diagonal footpath walk across the fields, through the daffodil path between the houses, over the road, past the graves in the Catholic cemetery. Not very far from home, but plenty of new ground even for veteran walkers. Thank you very much Andy and Annette.

P.



Lord Leconfield (driving) in London possibly at some kind of protest meeting. At a guess the date may be 1920. Can anyone expand on this? Photograph courtesy of Arden and Anstruther, Lombard Street.



On Lord Leconfield's behalf, John Penrose the rector pays the agency fee for the final celebrity lecturer to address The Men's Mutual Improvement Society. It is December 1914. See 'The end of an era'.

'Purge me with hyssop ...' I don't think so. First day at 346.

The fire gleams in the newly refurbished range. The parlour is dead without it; the kettle wouldn't sing. You could even cook in the oven now, although you'd need to get used to it. In the garden the dwarf Shakespeare tulips open and shut as the sun comes and goes. It's the first day of a new season. Time to hoe the winter tiredness out of the cinder path. The half-wild columbines, aboriginal inhabitants of the garden, are meditating their early season assault. However robust you may have been with them, they will reappear in force in May, almost as soon to disappear. Just the slight hiss of the gas and the ticking of the clock. The first of April, making a new start with the town's first sprinkling of visitors and the first fitful sunshine. It's been a long, harsh, March. A plate of scones on the green chenille table cloth, glace cherries on the sponge. Mrs. Cummings, said Agnes Phelan, looking back over a lifetime to 1919, was a most competent lady. But even 1919 was nine years on from 1910. Ten years also of Museum existence. In a sense the Museum has stood still, as, in the nature of things, it must, but no one can prevent 1910 receding further into the past. It's almost a century now. And who can remember those anxious years before 1914 - even as a child? Gooseberry and elderflower jam on the table - home-made as it has to be. And a book on the table by the window, the 1910 edition of Sutton and Son's *Guide to the Culture of Seeds and Vegetables*. Spectacles in a case. A little precious? Who's to say? "Slugs and snails are too partial to early planted dahlias but the vermin soon cease to care about them if you plant lettuce round them." An interesting notion and in modern terms "green". Are Messrs. Sutton attributing conscious choice to slugs? Well, they don't actually say that. But would you call slugs and snails "vermin" today? A slight shift in meaning. "Cutting [dahlias] should always be done while yet the dew is upon them." You couldn't say that today - even "while the dew is still on them" sounds formal. I think the old version had a ring to it. It all makes 1910 even further away. Dahlias, which always seem comparatively modern, were well known to Edwardian gardeners: Mrs Rapley often mentions them in her diary. I turn the pages: the layout for a croquet green doesn't quite seem Mrs. C. but the book's a Petworth gem, once the property of Major Charles Burnett, 18th Hussars, remembered by older residents at New Grove and Grays. And the book itself, was actually published in 1910, but it looks, as of course it is, a hundred years old. But how could it have looked like that in 1910? You have to say that sometimes you simply can't conserve the illusion.

A knock at the door. Tentative. Perhaps it's just the diminutive brass knocker, not exactly authoritarian. But we're not here to draw elaborate patterns in the sands of time, rather to entertain our visitors, even on a windswept April afternoon like this. And the visitors are quick to shatter any stewardish solipsism. The first group is of an age to know all about coppers. Monday was always washing day. But was Monday chosen because you'd had a meat meal on the Sunday and so had the strength? I suppose it's possible, but I've never heard the suggestion before. "I used to sit on the side of the copper for a warm." "I'd be sent out

to pick up whatever I could find to burn on the copper - odd bits of wood, cardboard, rubbish of any kind." Clapham during the war - there would have been bombsites to pillage then. Out for a look in the garden. A friendly lady says there doesn't seem much life in the lavender. "You always have to leave a few sprigs when you cut back in the winter." Perhaps we didn't. And did you know that gas mantles are made from olatomaceous earth? Tiny crushed sea-shells. Or so I'm told.

A long break and back to the friendly book. Nothing on lavender that will confirm or deny the lady's suggestion. The eye strays to the psalmist's hyssop. "Apart from the use of tips and flowers to make an expectorant infusion hyssop is occasionally employed as an edging." "Occasionally" perhaps in 1910, never now probably. Another knock at the door. I never return to the book. Its 3.25 now. Should I make up the fire? The new season's under way. After ten years it's difficult to imagine Petworth without the Museum, a place where the casual visitor can penetrate to an inner Petworth he (or she) would never have known existed.

P.

The Heydon Family – An enquiry to the Editor

Hall Lee, 273 The Green, Ecclestone, Chorley, Lancashire, PR7 5TJ. 01257 451034

Having appointed myself as the family historian for my father's family I thought until last year that I had been successful in tracing all my ancestors that had settled in West Sussex in the 1890's.

My Grandfather ALFRED HEYDON and Grandmother JANE ELIZABETH HEYDON, together with nine children lived at Broadbridge Heath and Strood Park near Slinfold, Horsham, Sussex between 1890 and 1924.

To my great surprise from information provided by my cousin Kathleen Puttock (HEYDON) living in Horsham I discovered that my Great-Uncle WILLIAM HEYDON (my Grandfather's younger brother had settled in Petworth – a real mystery considering that I spent nearly 36 years living in the Horsham area before moving north.

Trying to discover more about this lost branch of the Sussex Heydons has proved to be a real challenge, using all the usual sources of information such as the GRO records for births, deaths and marriages has enabled us to establish an outline of William's family. The 1901 census of England and Wales found him living and working at Mildenhall Suffolk, a Coachman aged 38 together with his wife Harriet aged 36 and five children:-

THOMAS – born 1895

ARCHIBALD JOHN – born 1896

EDITH – born 1897

AMBROSE – born 1899

GILBERT – born 1900

(William himself was the youngest of a family of ten children all born at Farnborough Warwickshire between 1838 and 1862.)

The fact that he had three further children all born at Petworth confirms his arrival there in 1902 with the birth of his daughter FLORENCE MAUD.

His youngest daughter GERTRUDE LILIAN was born in June 1907 and a son REGINALD ARTHUR in May 1910 (Reginald was baptised at St. Mary the Virgin) and at this time William's occupation was described as a 'Driver'.

Further facts emerged when I discovered that his second son ARCHIBALD JOHN had joined the 7th Battalion of the Royal Sussex Regiment and fought and died in France in March 1918 – a Lance Sergeant.

William and his family are known to have lived in East St. in 1910 and at 336F Grove St. between 1918 and 1948 and he was possibly employed on the Petworth House estate. These are the bare facts but from a family history point of view, I would dearly love to learn more about the family members and their lives in the Petworth community.

It is possible that some of the society members may still have personal memories of the family which they may be willing to share with us, if so we would be most grateful! Unfortunately we do not have any photographs of William or the family members but he was thought to have a strong resemblance to his older brother Alfred. Photo below...



Our extant family memories are very sparse but William was thought to be quite religious; my cousin remembers on the occasions when she visited the family home seeing a bible close at hand, to date we have been unable to determine which of the local churches he and his family attended this information would be most helpful in tracing his death and burial.

Again relying on family memory it is thought that William lived on until very old age, possibly becoming one of Petworth oldest inhabitants (his wife Harriet had died aged 81 in 1944).

Yours most sincerely,

Norman Richard Heydon, please see address above.

Lodge Hill – an enquiry

24 Cheviot Way, Oldland Common, Bristol BS30 8QB 0117 908 1751
mikechipping@blueyonder.co.uk
26 March 2006

Dear Mr Jerrome,

I wonder if you or any of your members could help me in my search for information.

I am trying to find out about the activities of the Civil Defence Mobile Reserve based at Lodge Hill during the Second World War.

There seems to be very little documentation about the unit and it would be down to individual's memories. I realise that it is a long time since these events took place.

My father was a sergeant instructor based at Lodge Hill. When he had time off, he would cycle home to Worthing. It was while at Lodge Hill he became interested in beekeeping. He collected a swarm from the roof of the building. He remained an avid beekeeper until his death in 1979.

Before and after his time at Lodge Hill he ran a hairdressing business in Worthing.

During his lifetime, he said very little about his activities in the Civil Defence. This we felt was due to the event of 29 September 1942 when the Petworth Boys school was bombed. We understand that he was one of the first rescue team on the spot.

If anyone has, any information about Lodge Hill during that time I would be most pleased to receive it.

Yours sincerely

H M Chipping

The end of an era

On October 20th 1914 Mr. Foster Fraser spoke to the Men's Mutual Improvement Society at Petworth on the Panama Canal. This was probably the last occasion on which the society met; there being no indication that the meeting scheduled for the 15th November actually took place. St. Mary's Magazine notes that "owing to the Iron Room being required for the accommodation of the soldiers who are quartered at Petworth, the lectures announced for December 7th and 15th, cannot, to the great regret of the Committee, now be given." The Men's Mutual (see PSM 106) had been perhaps the most successful Petworth organisation of its kind; but it did not reconvene after the 1914-1918 war. It was Lord Leconfield's custom to pay for the occasional distinguished agency lecturer. See illustration in main pictures. St. Mary's Magazine carried the following account of Mr. Foster Fraser's lecture:

"On Tuesday the 20th, there was a large audience to hear Mr. Foster Fraser lecture on the Panama Canal.

The idea of making the Canal is no new one. The French forty years ago, were the first to make

the attempt. They failed, and the great French engineer Lesseps died broken hearted, but the present Canal was built by the Americans largely on the French plans, and indeed they have made use of the French workings for part of the way.

There were two chief reasons why the French failed where the Americans have succeeded. The first was that the French attempt was marred by extensive corruption, whereas the American undertaking has been extremely free from graft. The second was that the terribly unhealthy climate killed the French like flies, while the Americans tackled the mosquitoes which convey malaria and yellow fever. We may be glad to remember that the researches and discoveries of Sir Donald Ross contributed largely to this happy result.

As far as British interests are concerned Mr. Fraser was of the opinion that the Canal would not be of much use to us, as the heavy canal dues would make the journey round South America more profitable for merchantmen."

P.

The Laresol Society comes to Petworth

A programme survives for the Annual Congress of the Laresol Society to be held in Petworth. No year is given but reference to St. Mary's Magazine makes it clear that the year is 1908. A Magazine note for November 1908 does not greatly elucidate. It reads: *LARESOL MUSICAL MISSION - During the last week of September, a series of very interesting services was held in Petworth Church, the special features of which were addresses from the pulpit by Archdeacon Elwes, the Rev. R. de Bary, W. Mainprice, and the Rector, upon the claims which God has upon the dedication of all man's powers, including Art, in all its branches to His service. The subject was beautifully illustrated by the violin solos of Mr. Newland Smith which formed an important and truly devotional part of each service. We trust that this great foundation principle "that all should be done to the glory of God", which has been lost sight of in so many of the common walks of life, will be more widely recognised and more heartily followed by us all.*

It is clear from the programme that the Congress, while having a definite religious weighting, was a leisurely affair, offering a week in Petworth in very relaxing conditions. Clearly the visitors will have been in relatively easy circumstances and socially well-connected. Visits are planned to Petworth House, to Fittleworth (by train) and to "Kirdford Priory" where tennis and a woodland tea-party are promised. The week closes with a Garden Concert and fête, again at Kirdford Priory.

A note on the reverse of the programme suggests that visitors "looking to engage rooms, carriages, etc" apply to Miss Bryant in East Street, while copies of the Society's magazine "The New life" can be obtained from Miss Bryant and Mrs. Arnold, Middle Street.

Has anyone anything to add about the Laresol Society? We reproduce programme of events, which suggests a kind of religious retreat with music.

P.

PETWORTH SOCIETY MAGAZINE No.124 13

PROGRAMME.

Wednesday Sept. 23rd.

Harvest Festival Service at 7 p.m.

Special Preacher :

Thursday (24th)

8 a.m. Holy Communion.

12—1 p.m. Visit to Petworth House.

4—6 p.m. Excursions in surrounding country.

6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.

8 p.m. Special Musical Service of Praise and Thanksgiving.

Opening address by the REV. J. T. PENROSE, Rector.

Special Speaker : THE REV. RICHARD DE BARY,
on "The Kingdom of God in the Past."

Friday (25th)

8 a.m. Holy Communion.

11 a.m. Morning Prayer and Litany.

12.30 p.m. Visit to Fittleworth.

(Train leaves Petworth 1.12 p.m.)

6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.

8 p.m. Special Service, with Music for Violin & Organ.

Address by THE VEN. ARCHDEACON OF CHICHESTER.

Saturday (26th)

8 a.m. Holy Communion.

4—6 p.m. Tennis and Woodland Tea-party
at Kirdford Priory.

6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.

8 p.m. Special Service, with Music for Violin & Organ.

Sunday (27th)

8 a.m. Holy Communion.

11 a.m. } Special Preacher :

6.30 p.m. } THE REV. W. J. RICHARDS, D.D.,
Travancore, S. India.

Monday (28th)

8 a.m. Holy Communion.

11 a.m. Visit to Chichester Cathedral.

6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.

8 p.m. Special Service, with Music for Violin & Organ.

Address by THE REV. RICHARD DE BARY,
on "The Kingdom of God in the Present."

Tuesday (29th) (Saint Michael and all Angels).

8 a.m. Holy Communion.

12—1 p.m. Visit to Petworth House.

3—4.30 p.m. A Woodland Ramble.

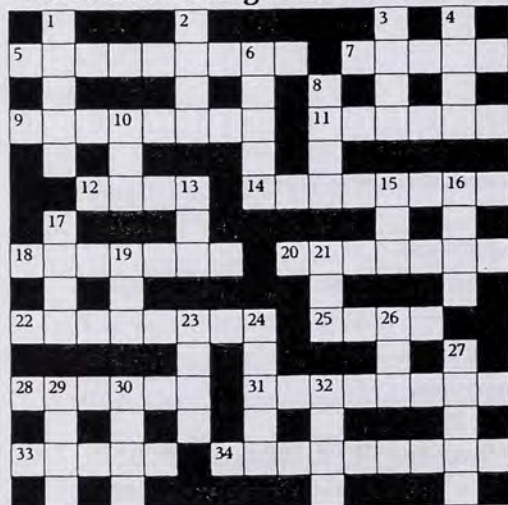
6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.

8 p.m. Garden Concert and Fête at Kirdford Priory.

If the weather is unsuitable, this Concert will take place in the Iron Room, Petworth, by kind permission of LORD LECONFIELD).

Deborah's Crossword

Petworth Cottage Museum Anniversary Crossword



Across

5 Tinted photograph printed directly onto glass – examples of this in the sewing room (9)
 7 “The Petworth” - Mrs. Cummings' cooker! (5)
 9 They are essential for dress-making (8)
 11 PC Rope! - where the washing was done! (6)
 12 It was stored in the safe on the cottage wall (4)
 14 It brightens up the scullery (8)
 18 The china jugs in the sitting room commemorate this war (7)

20 Type of sewing machine (7)
 22 Means of illumination (8)
 25 The “open” sign hangs on it! (4)
 28 Newly restored wash day machine! (6)
 31 It brings a little music into the sitting room (8)
 33 Sense which often triggers memories (5)
 34 Means of preserving eggs, found in the cellar (9)

Down

1 Posy of flowers –

always several of these in the cottage (5)
 2 Mix up a pudding (4)
 3 The “museum” sign hangs on it! (4)
 4 A fever (4)
 6 They are at each end of 32 (5)
 8 Tell fortunes – probably not Mrs. Cummings' cup of tea! (4)
 10 Do up laces (3)
 13 Always this time at 346 High Street! (3)
 15 & 19 Melinda loses a letter revealing two new girls! (3,3)
 16 Sacred (4)
 17 The garden covers a small one (4)
 19 see 15
 21 Useful for rug making (3)
 23 27 dn. might have been this (4)
 24 They could be for measuring (5)
 26 Just a cold one in the scullery (3)
 27 Michael Cummings would have shod it ... (5)
 29 ... as Farrier Sgt. Major in this service (4)
 30 A quarter of a pint (4)
 32 The washing hangs on it (4)

Crossword Solution 123

Across – 1 Constable, 5 Soal, 8 Rapes, 10 Offices, 11 Ashy, 12 Older, 14 Scar, 18 Estate, 19 Monarchy, 21 Meetings, 22 Hereof, 25 Sett, 26 Osier, 27 Omar, 30 Ukulele, 33 Adieu, 24, Once, 35 The Anchor
Down – 1 Cottage, 2 North Street, 3 Tups, 4 Ego, 5 Sift, 6 Arc, 7 Astray, 9 Silo, 13 Eros, 15 Cockermouth, 16 Stoic, 17 Gavel, 20 Ages, 21 Museum, 23 Farrier, 24 Hera, 28 Zeke, 29 Lion, 31 Urn, 32 Ent

Big bowls of stewed plums

Although we lived at 6 Station Road, I was born in Mr. and Mrs. Hill's house which was No. 5. I can remember most of the neighbours as I grew up in the early 1930s; Mr. and Mrs. Beale at the end of the row, Mrs. Cobbett who took in washing, Mr. and Mrs. Saunders with the twins. Mrs. Nairn and Bunty - I think Mr. Nairn had died before they came to Station Road. No, I never heard the Station Road houses called Lloyd George Cottages. Perhaps it's a myth.

I was about seven when the family moved to Keytes in Middle Street and my sister Stella and I lived there until we were married. My father, Frank Speed, was deputy to Captain Oglethorpe, in his role as clerk to the magistrates. I went to Petworth Infants School, then, for a while, to the East Street Girls School. After a while I went to the Convent at Midhurst and stayed there until I left at fifteen to work for Captain Oglethorpe at the Market Square solicitors (now Anderson, Longmore and Higham). As a junior office girl I earned ten shillings a week, Sheila Goodsell joining about the same time as I did. As probate clerk Greta Steggles kept a supervisory eye on us. An early job was to go up to Olders in Angel Street for the firm's tea, a packet meticulously made up from loose in a small brown paper parcel. Old Mr. and Mrs. Phillips were the resident caretakers in Market Square and I'd go into their kitchen of an afternoon to get the water for our afternoon tea.

I was christened, confirmed and married at St. Mary's. As a child I went to Sunday School where Marjorie Whitcomb was my teacher. Afterwards she'd take us all for a walk round the allotments. The annual Nativity Play was something of an event and Mrs. Godwin, the rector's wife, took great pains to get it just right. Later I joined the ladies' choir. I also belonged to Mrs. Daisy Whitcomb's dancing class, held in the big upper room at the Angel. Like Mrs. Godwin, she took the greatest trouble. If someone needed a little extra tuition (and I needed a little sometimes), she'd take pupils individually for tap dancing at her home in Percy Terrace. On Sundays we were allowed to go into the Park through the Grand Entrance, otherwise it was through the Tillington Road Cricket Lodge. No dogs then and no picnics either!

Before the war George Garland used to take me out to be photographed doing things like putting a ring of primroses round an old man's hat, or with the turkeys at Upperton. Obviously he had asked my mother and father if it was all right. Things were much more free and easy then than now. The worst thing I can recall happening is holding a baby turkey and finding something very unpleasant in the palm of my hand! In later years, of course, my husband Doug, who was a reporter for the *Midhurst Observer* had a lot to do with Mr. and Mrs. Garland: he had worked originally with the *West Sussex Gazette*.

I was still at the Midhurst Convent at Michaelmas 1942. I didn't know about the school bombing until I arrived home on the bus. We had merely heard that a bomb had fallen locally. It was the only time I remember my mother not being at home for me. Doris Pellett who lived next door, met me and explained. My uncle Bert had lost a son in the tragedy. Perhaps at that age it was difficult for me to take in the full force of the tragedy. My main impression is of how subdued everyone seemed.

I was in the Girl Guides and our captain was Margaret Wise, who worked as a groom for Lord and Lady Winterton at Shillinglee. During those war years we'd go out to Shillinglee for our summer camp. It was something I very much enjoyed. Lady Winterton would bring us out big bowls of stewed plums from the kitchen and we were allowed to take what we wanted for the day's cooking from the kitchen garden.

We had two evacuees at Kyttes but not at the same time. The first, Betty Aylward, was with us a fair while but eventually her mother wanted her back home, and she returned to London. After her there was a little boy called Ronnie; I can't remember his surname. The evacuees went to a separate school and when they left, as was so often the case, we never heard from them again.

Dad used to have his office in part of Mants, the Golden Square solicitors and before sirens were installed he had to switch the street lights to red if an air-raid was expected. Wartime dances were in the old Iron Room to the rear of the Westminster Bank. With so many Canadian soldiers about there was no shortage of partners. Dad, however, always made a point of waiting for me outside afterwards. Dances, certainly before the war, often had Roy Phelps' band. Three members with, I think, George Baxter on drums. The "pictures" were very much a part of wartime living. We could go three times a week - if we could afford it. Change of programme in mid-week and a different film on Sunday. Top price 3/6^d, then 2/9^d and 1/9^d. What seats did I go in? 1/9^ds I suppose. Happy days!

The fair ceased for the war years, but was kept alive by Arch Knight. From the solicitors' window we could see it being put up when it returned after the war. A curious job at the solicitors was trimming the cylinders on Mrs. Maude's dictaphone. It was said that she wrote novels under a pen-name. The Maudes shared Daintrey House in East Street with Miss Daintrey. The cylinders would come down to the Market Square office to be trimmed back and used again. We had nothing to do with the actual typing.

Petworth was undoubtedly a more bonded community then than now, looking essentially inward rather than outward. The shops seemed as if they had always existed and always would. Mrs. Knight at Gordon Knights on the corner of East Street, Harpers, the Saddlers Row tobacconist and hairdressers, all the different butchers or Cards at the Chinese Lantern in High Street with its lending library. Mr. Card was also an electrician and it was here that you'd take your accumulator to be charged. And the little things, Dad popping across Middle Street on Christmas morning to Hazelman's, the bakers, to baste our turkey. Several people would use the big baker's oven to cook their turkey: most home ovens were hardly man enough for the task.

When we were married we had presents from our Middle Street neighbours. A street was very much a community of its own then. And there was a present from Eagers, the drapers. Good sound business perhaps but nice all the same. Our first home after we married was with Miss Cooper at Grove House in Grove Street. We had the front sitting-room and a bedroom. We stayed with her three and a half years before we moved to Midhurst.

Beryl Pelling (née Speed) was talking to the Editor.

From Paper Court to Coxland

I was born at Ripley in Surrey the middle child of seven boys and two girls. Needless to say Mother had a busy time bringing us up but she made sure that we were never hungry or went to school dirty. Paper Court Farm where Father worked was near to the Wey Canal and we children only had to run across a field and by standing on the fence we could watch the brightly coloured barges go through the lock gates. I have a vague recollection of moving from Ripley to Tillington but I was still quite young and wouldn't in fact start school until after we had settled in at Coxland. Six of us children were born at Ripley and Stanley was the youngest but he wouldn't stay that way for long as Mother firmly believed in the old adage 'new house, new baby', and she proved it true on more than one occasion.

I don't know why we moved to Tillington, it might well have been just a matter of a few extra pence in Father's wage packet, who knows? Anyway we moved and Father carried on his job just the same as at Paper Court. He was a carter, a general man who could plough or bind or do just about any job on the farm that involved horses. I remember one particular team that he had at Coxland that were named Punch, Dolly and Violet. Strange how those names have stuck in my memory for he must have had many other horses over the years. Ploughing matches were big events in those days between the wars and I know that Father regularly entered them and I believe did quite well though the competition would have been strong even though horses were gradually being replaced with tractors. I have so many lovely memories of growing up at Coxland but perhaps the best I recall was coming home from school at harvest time, Mum and I would make up sandwiches and bottles of cold tea and then we would take them out to the fields for my Dad and we children would have our tea and play among the stooks of corn. Such idyllic days, sadly long gone now.

The tenant at Coxland when we moved in was Mr Bennett senior and it would have been him who sent Mr Yeatman of Bailliewick to come and fetch our belongings at Ripley and move us into the rambling old farmhouse at Coxland. The house has long since been demolished but it must have been quite important in its day for I have a cutting of a magazine article written by Viscountess Wolsley in which she mentions Coxland on a visit to nearby Soakenholes. Before we moved in the old house had been divided into two cottages and during our time there we had what seemed to be constantly changing neighbours. There were the Edwards, Worts and Linkhorns among others. Mr and Mrs Linkhorn lived there for quite a while. He was a rick thatcher for Lord Leconfield. We would call his wife Grannie Linkhorn and I would spend hours in her kitchen watching her make cakes and wine. Mr and Mrs Linkhorn had a daughter named Iris but she was older than me and was probably already working when we knew the family. Shortly after the Linkhorns left we also moved out and evacuees from London moved in for a while.

The old house was very dark with huge rooms. No electricity of course just oil lamps to provide light during the long winter months. No indoor toilet - just an earth closet up the top of the garden with two seats for sharing. Water was fetched in from the well at the back and we bathed in the old tin bath, all of us children using the same water. The house has gone

but the well has survived and was recently rediscovered by Leconfield workmen. The water is still just as clear as it was all those years ago.



This photograph of Coxland, taken by D.F. Merrett, appeared in the Sussex County Magazine in 1933.

As I said Mr Bennett senior had the farm when we first went there. He had lived at the farmhouse but moved out before we arrived and went to live in Ivy Cottage up near Tillington Crossroads. His son Jimmy was at college but would eventually take over from his father. There were of course other families living nearby, The Effamys were at Soakenholes along with a rather enigmatic Irishman named Leahy who lived around the back of the old house. My best friend was Anne Gibson; her father was the chauffeur at Petworth House and they lived at Park Terrace in Tillington. Anne and I grew up together and did the usual things, Brownies, Guides and Church choir. We have been firm friends for 70 years now.

There were three classes at Tillington School, infants, middle and older. Miss Stein taught the youngest children, she was very straight-laced and always wore her hair in a bun, she sat on a high stool and seemed very frightening to us small children. Miss Collins taught the middle children and lived in the Teachers Cottage near to the Post Office, while Mr Brown the headmaster took the elder children. Later Miss Ward would arrive and take over from Mr Brown. I liked school but if one of my younger brothers was poorly I would usually have to

stay at home to look after him so that Mother could work in the field, hoeing or suchlike. I loved singing at school and probably got this from my Mother for she was always singing one or other of the babies to sleep. To this day whenever I hear the hymn 'The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended' I am reminded of my mother singing it. One day during the war we were told to come to school clean and tidy and then we were marched off up to Pitshill where we saw the Queen – not the present one but her mother. She had come to inspect the Black Watch who were stationed at Pitshill at the time. This was an exciting time for us children with lots going on around the village, I suppose the fact that there was a war going on hadn't really sunk in to us. Another time I remember that we were collected in trucks and taken to the Pheasant Copse where the soldiers gave us a Christmas Party. We had a lovely time. I only ever went to school at Tillington. This wasn't uncommon then and I left at the age of 14.

Mr Campion was vicar at Tillington while Mr Chandler was organist. The village boys gave him the nickname 'Ghandi' but obviously not to his face. 'Ghandi' would get the boys to pump the organ during choir practice and if they got tired he would urge them on with a loud 'pump boy pump!' Mr and Mrs Bathe had the village shop and Post Office and Jack Townsend was the local postman. Later Nellie Peacock would take over the round and continued for many years. Mr Bathe eventually gave up the shop and retired to Station Road in Petworth.

We moved out of Coxlands into a new cottage that had been built on the big orchard that went with the house. In fact there were two cottages built, and most of the fruit trees were cut down - just an apple and a plum tree survived. The apple tree is still there I believe. Dad kept chickens at the new cottage and tended a lovely vegetable garden. Sadly the garden is now rather neglected and the cottages are mostly inhabited by seasonal workers. The cottage may have been brand new when we moved in but it had few 'mod cons'. No electricity or flush loos. We only had cold water but we did have a bath at last, though the water had to be heated in the big copper and carried to the bathroom. Really there were quite a few small improvements and no doubt they would have meant a great deal to my mother. Eventually electricity would come to Coxland and we would at last move into the twentieth century though by this time I would be grown up and preparing to leave the village.

Dorothy Wakeford (nee Miles) was talking to Miles Costello

Hornsland beheld

Winter is the time to visit Hornsland; preferably in a hard frost, as it was on 29th December 2005 when I was last there. In summer it is nettly. It is a former farmhouse at the east foot of the first low ridge north of the Rother, above a small stream, and south-west of Sokenholes in Tillington parish. The ground is sandy here. The house is in a plot (now wild) measuring some 60 x 50 yards, its 60 yards' length fronting an old path or track (public path) from Tillington Lane foot to Perryfields Lane head and the lane to Rotherbridge. The house fronts

this old track, near the north end of its plot, at the foot of its sloping garden. In the plot's south-east corner is a former horsepond, dry on day of visit. Enough of the house remains to reconstruct it in the mind's eye, though it now consists merely of foundations and one or two fragments of fittings. All its walls and masonry have evidently been removed for re-use elsewhere.



Hornsland a reconstruction

Look for a short length of stone wall some four feet high and 18 inches wide, with an iron hook, as for a hinge of a gate, at its north end. On the left end of this wall, the house's narrow oblong shape becomes clear. Its east wall has gone; its west wall is some 30 inches below the ground at back. Its north and south walls' foundations are visible, about 12 inches high and 24 inches thick. It was stonebuilt of local greensand, with one or two machine-made (i.e. mid-19th century or later) bricks as well. The wall's thickness and masonry suggest a date of about 1800, give or take a decade or two. It measures some 13 x 5 yards. No chimney foundations were seen in the end walls, i.e. the chimney (or chimneys) was further along, in the local manner. Along the floor, in two parallel lines, run two low mounds, i.e. supports for the floor-boards. On top of the north wall are some grey Welsh slates, of 19th century type, i.e. its roof. Its front door, some 4 feet wide (but narrower when in use, for this includes where the doorposts were), is some 12 feet from the north gable-end. Opposite it, in the "floor", is part of one of the roofbeams, complete with the vertical lesser timbers that rose to the apex; these fit into slots one inch high and 1½ inches wide (measured with pocket tape measure). The main beam length is 7 x 5 inches; the lesser timbers are two inches square. The beam's surviving length is some 6 feet. Two similar beams some 6 feet long and 8 inches square, lie outside the house's south-east corner, possibly near a second door (if it was one; some 3 feet wide). Outside, near the house's south-west corner, is a large metal water-tank upended, some

6 x 4 x 5 feet (20th century), and against it is a length of roof-gutter (iron, ¼" thick and 4½" wide including the two quarter-inches).

The farm may have been formed in the Corn Law heyday (early 19th century), as were probably also Handwright Farm (beyond South Dean) and Perryfields Farm, and also perhaps River Park Lodge Farm (now "Lodge Farm" simply) on the Cowdray Estate, but in Tillington (exchanged by Act, 1803, into Leconfield ownership). It will have struggled for the 1870s-1930s, a period of agricultural decline and slump, and have been abandoned as not worth renovation.

Possibly it was abandoned a century ago, possibly as late as 60 or so years ago. (Lodge Farm's house was used for target practice by gunners in the 1939-45 war). Perryfields' farmhouse has likewise gone, but was inhabited in the 20th century. The barns at Perryfields, Handwright, Parkhurst, all suggest early 19th century expansion to grow corn to sell at high protected prices. The barn in South Dean Lane is also of this era. Handwright Farm might have comprised the barn and farmyard only, without house; this is the basic "farmhold" unit (house optional). Another such is the farmyard and barn just east of Raghm Lodge in Lurgashall parish, near the Back Road, and on the right of way to Limbo. Another may be Coxland, at foot of Tillington Lane, near Fir Grove, north of Sokenholes. Sokenholes itself is much older; but, like Hornsland, its front door is not central but near one end. Hornsland was in being as house and land by 1775, so if what we now see is a rebuilding, it was done in the old local manner, as is natural enough. People like what's familiar to them. In 1775 it had also half an acre in the Upper Mead of Tillington, and belonged to Ann Rapley of Lodsworth, whose will was proved in that year.

In 1775 Hornsland was part of the Manor of Petworth; and its rent and services were controlled by the customs of that manor. By then, the rent was in the tenant's favour, being far less than any Estate would charge. Manorial rents stayed at their original medieval sums, varying from a penny or two to, say, 13s.6d. The higher the manorial ("customary") rent, the later the holding's start, is a rule of thumb. Services by 1775 were usually nominal, but one did have to appear in person (or proxy) to begin one's tenancy or to transfer it, or to be a possible member of the manor jury.

Jeremy Godwin.

TOWN'S FIRST BROADCAST - (August 1940) GIRL WHO NEARLY "STOLE THE BILL"

PETWORTH'S RED LETTER DAY

Thursday was a red letter day in the annals of Petworth's history, for on the evening of that day the little town celebrated its first experience into the realms of broadcasting.

From the British Legion's headquarters in High-street, the B.B.C., broadcasting in their series, "Parish Mag," introduced Petworth to the world on the Forces wavelength.

Produced by Mr. John Pudney and compered by "Gardener" C. H. Middleton, Petworth presented what is, probably, the best "Parish Mag" that has been done in the series so far.

At half past seven, when the broadcast was timed to start, Petworth's little streets presented a very deserted appearance, and there is no doubt that those who were able to do so were in their houses waiting by the side of their wireless sets. This, perhaps, accounted for the medium-sized audience at the Legion Club.

With one exception the cast was an all-local one, and this one exception very nearly "stole the bill." She was Margaret Osborn, a 13-years-old London school girl who has been evacuated to Tillington. Her singing of "Curly Headed Babby" won loud applause from her visible audience, and, over the microphone, the promise of a kiss from Mr. Middleton after the show was over. Incidentally this promise was fulfilled—and Producer John Pudney got a kiss as well!

After Mr. Middleton had introduced the place, Chum Whitcomb's Band (the "Clefs" Dance Band) entertained, there was excellent singing by the Tillington Social Club's quartet (Miss D. Collins, Mrs. C. Wilson, Archie Gibson and Jesse Daniels), with Mr. F. G. Chandler conducting; and then George Garland, in the character of "Bill Stubbins," told in Sussex dialect of the adventures as an L.D.V. of his mate "old Eli Enticknap."

Reg. Greest attacked the Darts record (at present held by Wiltshire in this series) and put up a very creditable show. Mr. F. Streeter (of Petworth House Gardens) made, as he has done before, a very able partner for his old friend Mr. Middleton in the gardening talk.

Tenant of the Tolls

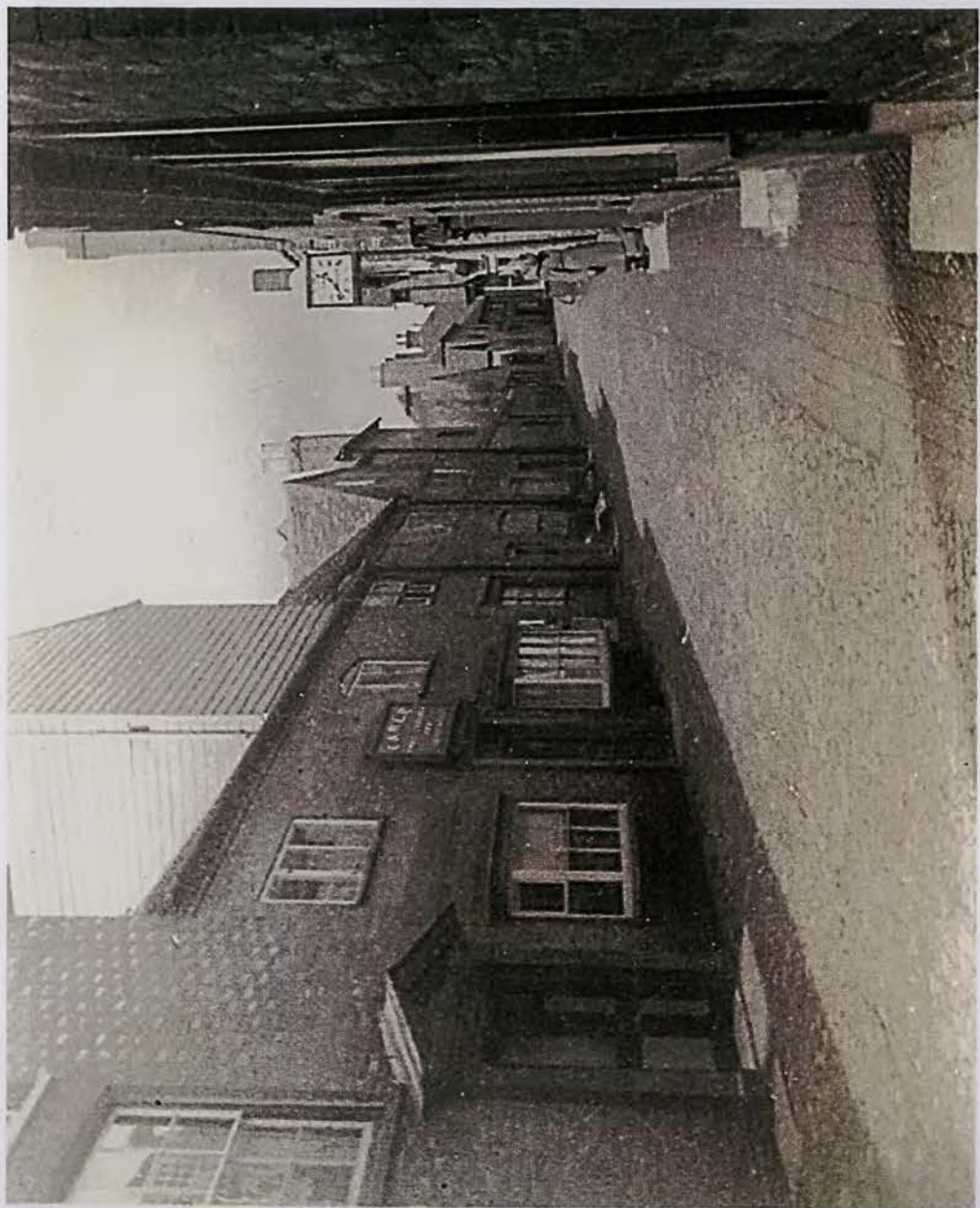
Mrs. King made all mouths water and won hearty applause when she told just how to make a "Sussex Dripped Pudden"; and after Margaret had charmed everybody with her very musical voice, Mr. Arch Knight told about Petworth's Ancient Charter Fair, and of the interesting privileges he enjoys in his capacity as "Tenant of the Tolls" in Petworth, an office which has been held by his family since 1887. Mr. Alfred Purser, an old Petworthian, told of his services in the last War, and sent Petworth's message of good luck to all local lads serving in this.

With the singing of the Tillington Quartet, Petworth's first broadcast came to an end. (*Sussex Daily News* August 3rd 1940)

Illustration: See main pictures.

This grainy sequence of four Lombard Street pictures, possibly taken by Mr Boss, comes from 1950 or 1951. As well as being atmospheric, they also reflect a crucial moment in Petworth's history. Lying upstairs in Mr Earle's shop and apparently undisturbed for forty years and more, were the priceless Kevis glass negatives, now kept at Petworth House in the care of the West Sussex Record Office. In 1951 they were rescued by George Garland. Despite the shop sign, Herbert Earle, Walter Kevis' nephew, does not seem to have practised photography, although he did sell local picture postcards. These prints courtesy of Arden and Anstruther Lombard Street.







Ten tons of Blackcurrants

Writing in the last magazine, Olive Larter, who is my aunt, recalled that her father had been killed in 1917. He had worked as gardener for Lord Woollavington and the family had Rose Cottage, on the right as the road to Chichester bends at the entrance to what is now Seaford College. As the gardener's cottage it was a tied house but the family were given temporary permission to remain there until the end of the war. My own father and mother were living at Rose Cottage, in fact I am told that I was born there. It wasn't long, however before we all moved to Ivy Cottage opposite Duncton Church.

After the 1914-1918 war my grandfather, father and uncle took a strip of land on Duncton Common with a view to turning it into an orchard, and it was there that my father spent the rest of his working life. Turning off the A283 at the Graffham turning, and passing Herringbroom Cottages on the right the orchard lay a little further on to the left. It was created from scratch although there was an existing cottage on the site: the men digging and preparing the ground themselves. They also took over an older, smaller orchard off Beechwood Lane which you reached by turning left as you came down off Duncton Hill. There was a long fruit-growing tradition at Duncton; the Turner family at Duncton Mill had always been known for their apples and the Knight family were noted wassailers, a long established Duncton tradition, as, of course, was stoolball mentioned by Aunt Olive and something I loved as much as she did.

The family grew all kinds of fruits, not simply tree fruit. My uncle Jack left after a time to join the forces, leaving as permanent staff my grandfather, my father, a cousin and another full-time worker. At busy times we took on seasonal pickers who would come regularly year by year. In the soft fruit season the orchard could be very busy indeed. Nothing was collected, my father would load the lorry and take down to Portsmouth Market the fruit that had been picked the previous day. Monday, Wednesday and Friday were his market days during the season. One year we took down ten tons of blackcurrants so you can see it was quite a sizeable concern. During the war when Portsmouth was being heavily bombed a journey to the market could be daunting but Dad always got back safely.

In the early days, just after the Great War, my father would have to take someone with him in the lorry because on the way up Duncton Hill he had to keep filling the radiator as the lorry struggled up the hill. Blackcurrants were packed in twelve pound chips, much heavier weights than today. You'd think that by the time they arrived at Portsmouth they would be jam - but they weren't. As I say, they had been picked the day before. Apples could be stored for a reasonable time: there was a store on the Graffham Road and they were kept in heavy two-bushel boxes, then loaded on to the lorry as required. You'd need to turn them over fairly regularly while they were in store but basically they kept quite well. It was storage really that killed off the orchard in the 1970s. You couldn't compete with the big cold stores and putting in refrigeration would have been uneconomic. Apples and pears in variety, plums, yes, the orchard grew most things.

The pickers were, as I said, seasonal and would come year by year, mainly, perhaps,

from Graffham. Picking blackcurrants was a sit-down job, the bushes were large by today's standards and you could sit on a box talking to the person next to you. One regular picker, I remember, had an alarming experience after which she never came back to us. There were adders on the common, although they tended to keep out of the way. We heard a scream and found that this particular lady had found an adder curled up asleep in the base of her bush. No, it didn't make any move, but she could never summon the courage to come picking again.

As fruit farmers we carried on the old Duncton wassailing tradition, certainly in the period between the wars. Perhaps we inherited the mantle of the Knight family. I remember the refrain at the end "Holler boys. Holler." Ale was very much part of the tradition and wassailing always concluded with a visit to the Cricketers. Perhaps the custom died with the war in 1939.

I went to Duncton School when I was three, after all it was only across the road. Then it was Chichester High School, bike into Petworth Station, leaving my bicycle at the porter's cottage. I had something of a reputation for cutting it fine and would often run across the single line, not electrified of course, to be hauled up on to the platform by my friends. We'd change to another train at Midhurst, making our way across to the other station - there were two stations at Midhurst in the early 1930s. Two tunnels too on the Midhurst to Chichester line, at Cocking and Singleton. Towards the end I seem to remember catching a bus from Midhurst. It may be that the Chichester line had closed by then. I wouldn't like to say.

Leaving school, I learned shorthand typing, going with Judy Upton (later Pennicott) on the bus to Chichester. Tuition was individual, with classes held in a private house but what I remember most is that twice a week as we walked back into the town to catch the bus, we'd each buy a big cream cake as a treat. By this time I was looking for work and answered a civil service advertisement for clerical workers. I went down to Portsmouth for an examination but didn't succeed. Looking back now I think it was probably just as well.

Living as we did at Ivy Cottage, my family and I saw a good deal of Duncton's long-serving rector Mr Hildebrand. He was, of course, a great friend of Lord Leconfield and for him, as for his lordship, hunting was very much a way of life. I can't say I've any particular memory of the rector, except of generally liking him. We all did; he was a very amiable man who was often at our house.

I was learning the piano with Miss Doris Botting and the rector was looking for an organist. He suggested to my mother that if he paid for me to have organ lessons, I might, after a while, take on the organ at Duncton Church. Miss Botting's sister was, at it turned out, a very competent organist and for about six months she came over from Loxwood to give me lessons. This was all very well but, of course, at the end of the six months, I had to show what I could do! It was sufficient - if no more. The rector and I would go through the services together, and often he'd leave it to me to choose the hymns. Mr. Hildebrand went very much according to the book - even if a psalm was a long one, we'd do it in full. No, I'm not sure what we did about Psalm 119!

War was imminent and I was looking for a job. I saw that Captain Tupper at Bignor was advertising for a farm secretary. I was given the job and began as a part-timer, cycling over to Bignor twice a week. The farm, however, was quite a large one, and growing, and after

a while I was going in from ten to five every day except weekends. Sundays, of course, I was playing the organ in Duncton Church.

At Bignor there was a fair herd of shorthorn milking cows and another of young stock. All were pedigree and each individual pedigree had to be kept. The pigs too were all pedigree. The milking cows had to have records of milk obtained, the cowmen reporting individual yields to me. Working on a farm was an exempt occupation so I was spared being sent off somewhere on munitions or other war work. Bignor managed to keep its agricultural workers and I did the wages on my own. Not long ago Mr. Tupper's son Jack came over and showed me one of my ledger books from that time, all neatly written by hand. He still keeps them - or some of them. No computers in those days! Gold leaf and leather bound.

A feature of those wartime days were the Italian P.O.W.s, kept in a camp somewhere over beyond Billingshurst. There were one or two Germans too and they were all paid piece-work rates. I was at Bignor for seventeen years.

During the war I'd cycle to work and often enough when there was a dog-fight going on overhead I'd jump into the hedge. I don't think the hedge would have given any protection but at least it felt safer. It was a fair way from Duncton to Bignor and when the war was over Mr. Upton used to give me a lift as far as West Burton from where I would walk in to work. After a while I bought myself a little Austin 7 but it couldn't take Bignor Hill so I went to work via West Burton and the Roman villa. Talking of the villa, on the odd occasion when the curator was away and there was no one else available, I'd be asked to take a pre-booked party round. I can't say I did this with an easy conscience: I always had the feeling that the visitors knew far more than I did - and I was probably right!

Petworth? Yes, living at Duncton I was very much aware of Petworth. I was a member of I.M.P.S.¹ and we put on the occasional variety show in the Town Hall. My recollection is of usually being in the chorus. Memories are vague now but I can certainly remember singing, "We are the Ovaltineys." Lady Shakerley had a lot to do with getting us into shape for public performance. I.M.P.S. also used to hold dances in the big room at the rear of the Angel. These went on well into the war years - Petworth being full of troops and not just Canadians. One last memory is of the soldiers' canteen at Daintrey House in East Street. I can't remember who organised it but we were, of course, all volunteers. Sausage sandwiches were our staple - plain bread and a sausage in the middle, but they were very popular with the troops..

Iris Robbins was talking to the Editor.

¹ Imperial League

The Welldigger's Arms, Lowheath

Hardly a Petworth pub at all, this distant outpost of the licenced trade has stood for almost two centuries on the Fittleworth Road at its junction with Kingspit Lane. Facing the wastes of

Low Heath and Brinksole and with its back to Byworth it is quite possible to imagine that little has changed here over the years. Certainly there is now less local custom than once for many of the cottages that were scattered throughout the isolated heaths and commons have disappeared or become gentrified, and while passing trade is essential to the survival of the modern inn it seems probable that has always been the case for the Welldigger's.

Continuity may well have been a significant factor in the success of the inn for it has had few tenants and even fewer proprietors than most. Owned for much of the nineteenth century and a good deal of the twentieth by the well-known Constable family from Arundel, the inn was naturally supplied by Constable's own Swallow Brewery.

SWALLOW  BREWERY.

Mr. Youlter
Low Heath, Petworth Dec 31^r 1881

Dr. to E. BRIDGER,
 AGENT FOR
 Constable's Fine Ales, Stout, &c., &c.

Families supplied with small Casks direct from the Brewery.
 All Orders strictly attended to.

1891

<i>Sep 25</i>	<i>6 Gall Beer 10</i>	<i>5</i>	<i>0</i>
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E. Bridger Paid
Jan 15/92

The earliest reference to the Welldigger's Arms as a named public house can be found in the 1837 Petworth tithe award map where the occupier is recorded as one Charles Pannell and the owner George Constable. After this initial record there are only sporadic references to the inn and then just occasionally it can be found in local trade and Post Office directories. One of the few entries is in the 1862 edition of Kelly's Directory. The occupier is Mrs Elizabeth Pannell and the pub is simply listed as Digger's Arms, Brighton Road. The relationship between Charles and Elizabeth Pannell is uncertain. The Pannell period has drawn to a close by 1867 when we find Alfred Bridger, who had previously been landlord of the Fox and Hounds beer house in High Street, Petworth, appearing as the new tenant of the Lowheath inn. Quite like the earlier Pannell era we now have a considerable period when the inn remains in the management of one family. Perhaps some ten years under Alfred and a further twenty years or so run by Emma Bridger, his spinster daughter. This second stage in the history of the Welldigger's will culminate around the turn of the twentieth century.

Amazingly a fixture, fittings and stock inventory has survived from the Bridger period and it helps us to build a picture of the interior of the establishment. Taken in February 1895 the inventory describes the contents of each room in the inn. Beginning in the rather comfortable Smoking Room with its eight spittoons, it moves through into the Tap-room with its basic facilities into the bar proper. This room has a stock of cigars, tobacco and biscuits, a cribbage board, chimney ornaments and wainscot knife box. An appropriate engraving entitled "Licensed Victuallers School" hangs on the wall, as does another picture described simply as "Baby". Fittings include a 3 pull beer-engine and the necessary piping. There is a large quantity of pewter and glass drinking vessels. Comfortable seating and the all-important matting on the floor, this latter item distinguishing the bar from the tap-room.

The cellar has a number of casks of differing quantities with all the items necessary for opening the barrels. The pantry has the usual items that one would expect to find in any Victorian property including three hams and two rabbits. The washhouse seems to be a repository for the paraphernalia that has no other home. A large umbrella, bellows, an old spirit measure and what the valuer describes as "sundry other items". Completing the downstairs is the backroom, sparsely furnished and probably little used, the fixtures including a stuffed cat and two conches, both items representative of an earlier fashion which by this time was slowly disappearing.

Upstairs there are four bedrooms all of which are very comfortably furnished suggesting that Emma Bridger was offering board and accommodation at this time.

Outside was a fattening pig and a heap of ashes. The latter probably to be mixed with soda for washing clothes. In the coalhouse a stack of fern, perhaps bedding for the fattening pig. In the cider house a number of casks including one capable of carrying 220 gallons.

Finally a valuation of the stock included 2 dozen bottles of best stout, 4 bottles of rum, half a bottle of cherry brandy, 9 gallons of bitter, 11 bottles of home made wine and half a gallon of peppermint. 18 gallons of 1/- ale and 27 of 1/6d. Even the lettering above the door was included in the valuation.

The first half of the twentieth century continues very much like the nineteenth with just two families, the Masons and the Harveys dominating this period. Emily Mason held the

licence for the first decade while John Harvey Holden who had previously been landlord of The White Hart in High Street, is at The Welldigger's before the outbreak of the Great War and remained there until beyond the end of the Second World War. Phil Sadler recalls this period when a cherry tree once stood outside the pub. The invalid daughter of the landlord would during the season sit by the roadside in her wheelchair and sell the fruit at sixpence a bag. Locals called this annual event "Cherry Fair" and it seems likely that the girl was the daughter of John Holden.

The fourth dynasty at The Welldiggers began in 1949 when Henry Whitcomb a Petworth builder decided to take over the Welldiggers. Nephew of the long serving landlord of the Wheatsheaf in North Street, Henry would in 1957 hand over the licence to his son Ted who holds it to this day.

Owners or occupiers of The Welldigger's Arms 1837 – 2006

Charles Pannell c.1837-

Elizabeth Pannell c.1862-

Alfred Bridger c.1867-

Emma Bridger c.1895-

Mrs Emily Mason c.1903-1909

John Harvey Holden c.1913 - c.1945

Henry Whitcomb 1949-1957

Ted Whitcomb 1957-

Miles Costello

A bored cicerone¹

Writing in *The Wonderful Weald* (1911)² Arthur Beckett offers an extended description of a visit to see the pictures of Petworth House, then, of course, a private collection. He tells how he and his wife were ushered into a long barrack-like room³ with rows of chairs set against the walls. On these chairs "about a dozen persons, visitors like ourselves, were seated." At the stroke of eleven there entered an old soldier, wearing medals. The visitors were taken to a little office where they signed their names and were then taken "through room after room containing hundreds of pictures, pieces of antique furniture and specimens of carving by Grinling Gibbons." The furniture was all covered with brown holland⁴ wrappings so that it was impossible to see the patterns of the upholstery. Beckett's companion, greatly daring, did however raise one cover to catch a glimpse of the fabric beneath. The breakfast room contained the remains of a meal - kidneys and bacon, eggs, toast and fruit. His lordship, it transpired, after taking his

¹ "A guide who shows the antiquities or curiosities of a place to strangers" (OED)

² Pages 341-343

³ Presumably the Audit Room

⁴ Brown holland is unbleached linen fabric

knbreakfast at 11.30 had disappeared. The morning, visitors were told, had been spent cub-hunting.

As with other visitors over the years, Beckett found the spectacle of so many pictures somewhat off-putting and, perhaps more than the usual visitor, the guide disconcerting. He writes⁵: "He was an excellent fellow in many respects: he knew all the pictures by heart and never failed in giving a correct answer to the numberless questions concerning them addressed to him by various members of the visiting party. He announced the subjects of the pictures and the painters' names in sonorous tones, and if he neglected aspirates the defect might be forgiven on account of the admirable manner in which he rolled his r's. Nevertheless, he considerably marred my pleasure by the constant and distinct signs of weariness which he exhibited: he hummed incessantly, played with his pointer, and once, even, yawned in our faces. Therefore, my recollection of the pictures at Petworth was, from that first visit, decidedly hazy."

Whether the public airing of such reservations in a popular book had any repercussions for the good sergeant is not known.

There survives, from the period before 1914, what in current usage would be called a job description, detailing the duties of the commissioner, With the Town Hall (now the Leconfield Hall) owned and controlled by Lord Leconfield, the commissioner had two quite distinct spheres of activity to reconcile one with another. Duties are outlined as follows:

Duties of Commissioner

Town Hall

To prepare the rooms for the meetings of District and Parish Councils, Petty Sessions, County Court and their meetings as required.

The large Hall to be prepared for Entertainments, Lectures and Political meetings. The chairs to be properly arranged. The platform and staircases to be kept clean.

A fire to be made in the large stove at least twice a week during the winter months.

To have the sole charge of the whole of the Building: to unlock the doors before Entertainments and see that they are properly locked at night after the entertainment or meeting is over.

The gas to be under the control of the Commissioner and great care is to be taken in lighting the large sunlights in large Hall and also in seeing the taps are properly turned before turning off the main.

To light and attend to the fires in the lower rooms as required.

Clear and keep in order the whole of the rooms, passages, walls (?) etc.

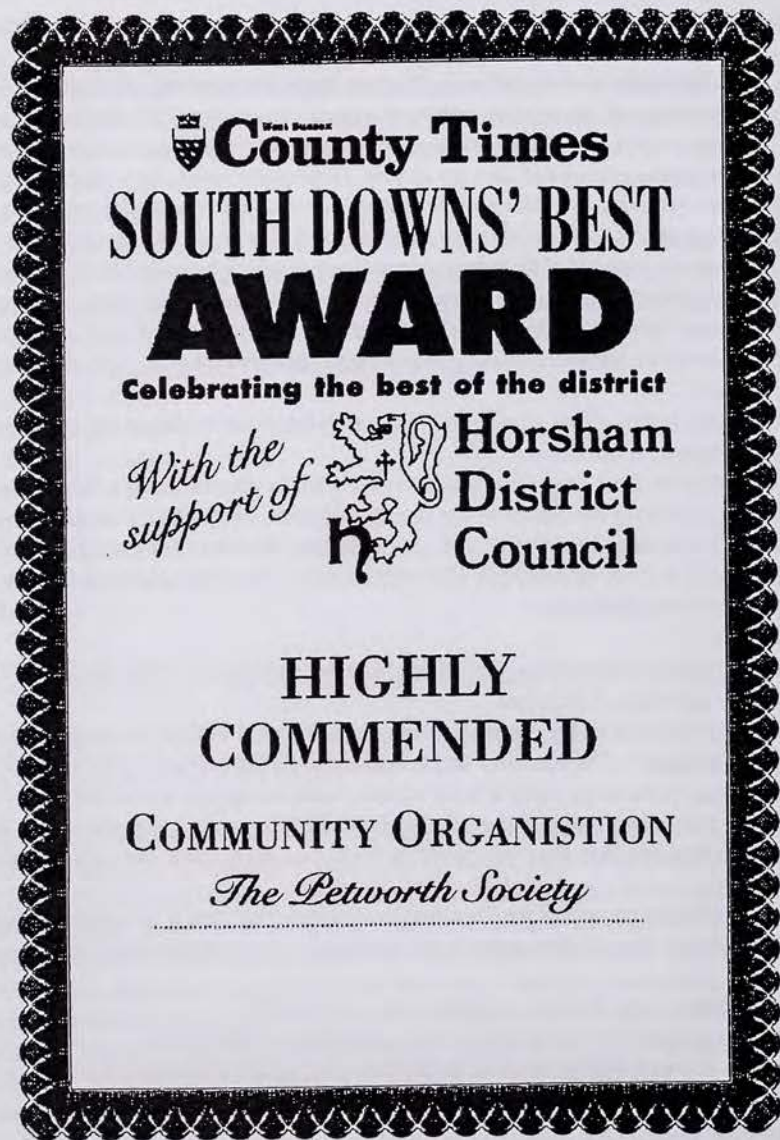
The sum of 3/- per week will be allowed for the hire of a woman to assist in cleaning the floor, staircases, passages, etc.

Petworth House

To show the pictures in Petworth House on Tuesdays and Thursdays in accordance with the detailed instructions but to take no gratuity for doing so.

To conduct Visitors by the route named on instructions but on no account to go into the other parts of House without special instructions.

⁵ *Wonderful Weald* page 343



Readers of the Horsham-based West Sussex County Times voted to give the Society a "Highly Commended" Certificate in the Community Organisation Category at an Awards Evening in Horsham on May 10th. This was to acknowledge the success of the Society's Fair Appeal for the Harris Brothers carousel.

The Estate Office

When not required at the Town Hall or for showing pictures in House, to make up time in, writing, or acting as "Messenger in the Office or any other work as required."

Generally

The hours for duty to be from 9.0 am to 6.0 pm each day with the exception of Saturdays when the Office is closed at 2.0 pm and when the Town Hall is required in the evening.

Wages 20/- per week and Cottage and Garden free.

One month's notice to be given by either side to terminate engagement.

Note: In her book *Freya Stark*⁶, Caroline Moorehead writes of Lord David Cecil recalling his first meeting with the writer and explorer at a Petworth weekend house party. "The House seemed full of printed notices telling the guests which rooms were open to them and which were not. The drawing room had a table with Dresden china clearly marked, 'Do not handle the china.' As the guests were filing in to dinner, Lord Cecil noticed Freya Stark, at that time a stranger to him. She was holding a piece of Dresden. 'You see,' she said, 'I'm handling the china.'

This incident would reflect the early 1930s.

P.

⁶ Penguin 1985 page 52

Thoughts on a gift list

Courtesy of the Petworth Society January Book Sale I have become the owner of a catalogue of the presents given to the Queen and Prince Philip on the occasion of their wedding in 1947.

Unsurprisingly gifts from members of the Royal Family come first (a necklace, earrings and a pair of Purdeys from the King) but otherwise the gifts seem to be listed in a completely random order.

Thus on page 182 we find:

- 1945 **People of all Races of North Borneo**
A large native brass bound carved wood chest with tray, and a small casket
- 1946 **Senior Hipolito Sanchez Ledesma**
A Spanish translation of "Romeo and Juliet" in two volumes in a leather case the size of a matchbox
- 1947 **Mrs Denise Wren and Miss Rosemary Wren**
Three coloured pottery jugs made by the donors

I am intrigued by the matchbox sized Shakespeare. It must surely have been printed in such tiny type as to be almost illegible so that it can't have mattered very much what language it was written in.

Mrs and Miss Wren were not the only loyal subjects to have made their present themselves. The catalogue paints a picture of post-war thrift: households up and down the country where people were busy making things. To mention but a few we have:

- 1736 **Miss Edith Eggins**
A pink knitted woollen bed-jacket
- 593 **Miss M I Clifford**
Handmade string bag
- 741 **Miss E Blogg**
Handworked tea cosy
- 1508 **Miss B Rosher**
A handworked afternoon tea cloth and a pair of hand knitted socks
- 1756 **Mr Reginald Guylar**
Brown felt hat made by the donor

Reading through the list of presents one senses a touching belief on the part of the givers that the Royal Couple would want these items. Perhaps even a Princess starting out in married life needs tray cloths, egg cosies, cardigans and waste paper baskets, but the Queen seems to have been inundated with these things and it is interesting to speculate how many of them were ever used, or are still in use. Some I suppose were put to use fairly promptly: for instance two chests of Keemun Tea from the Anhwei Tea Company Ltd., a flagon of eau de cologne from Vicomte and Vicomtesse de la Briere, 12 bottles of sloe gin from Mr Michael Farr and a turkey from Miss Julie A Alloro. A surprising number of people gave cheques. These, I suspect, would have been turned over to charity as, in some cases, the donor requested.

Prince Philip is less obviously favoured than the Queen. Many of the presents are suitable only for a bride, although he is presumably the intended recipient of several gifts of cigars, a collection of ties and quite possibly Mr Guylar's brown felt hat. When it comes to clothing there are at least thirty gifts of nylons, a precious commodity in 1947.

In some cases one detects an air of opportunism: "What on earth are we going to do with the Porphyry Tazza we were given for our wedding anniversary? - I know. Let's give it to the Princess."

Many regiments presented her with silver, and I suspect that this may have been a convenient and respectful way of paring down an embarrassingly large silver collection.

In other cases it is hard to believe that the gift was especially welcome, but difficult to tell whether the donor misjudged the couple's tastes and needs or was simply glad to off-load an unwanted gift. I wonder does the Queen still use her handmade plastic belt? Her automatic potato peeler? Her dart board? Her string tidy? Does she still admire her two framed pictures of the Diamond Jubilee celebrations at Slough?

The most opportunistic of donors are the authors. At least twenty-five people gave copies of books they had written themselves, among them Sir Winston Churchill and Lord Montgomery. Most of the works are unknown to me: "*Discs of Time*" by Mrs W H Bickley, "*A Princess in her Garden of Flowers*" by Miss F A Studley Lafleur and "*Mazdaznan Science of Dietetics*" by the British Mazdaznan Association. Perhaps these books will one day turn up in a Petworth Society Book Sale. There is also '*Feloniously and Wilfully*' by

Mr Ernest Wood, which sounds a bit racy; and it was kind of Mrs Logan Bentley of Philadelphia to send her book "*Wedding Etiquette Complete*" so that the ceremony could go without a hitch. Dozens of people contribute Bibles and Prayer Books. This I find puzzling, as it must surely have occurred to them that the Royal Family already possessed these items. Perhaps some of these donors were anxious to make a point. In any era there will be those who take the view that morals are in decline. How better to make a gesture in support of the old ways and loyalty to the established church than to give the heir to the throne a Holy Bible. Even in 1947 ethnic diversity was apparent. The Ahmediyya Community in Great Britain gave a copy of the Holy Quran bound in blue morocco. From India Mahatma Gandhi decided against a holy book, and gave instead a fringed lacework cloth made out of yarn that he had spun himself.

At any wedding extended family will do their duty and come up with a present, so it is not surprising that the first few pages of the catalogue of gifts read like the Almanach de Gotha. Many of the Royal donors had lost their kingdoms, but still came up trumps. Prince Tomislav and his brother Prince Andrej may by then have lost their chance to rule Yugoslavia, but they still bought a gold photograph frame. There were besides numerous gifts from Grand Dukes, the Shah and any number of Maharajahs. But of more interest is an analysis of the typical British donor and the organisations who clubbed together to buy a present. As some of the examples already show, many donors were not aristocratic, rich or titled but respectable citizens anxious to show their affection for the Royal Family. We do not know what prompted Miss Phyllis Seymour-Holm to give a riding crop or Mrs Humphrey Stucley to give two scented silk sachets but presumably they gave them out of the kindness of their hearts. Perhaps in 1947 they would have viewed their respect for the married couple as entailing some kind of a duty to give them a present, but probably they were part of the company of Royal Family enthusiasts that exists to this day, buying commemorative medals and preserving souvenir Royal Wedding colour supplements.

Most of what we might term the corporate gifts were from local authorities, businesses and organisations as diverse as the Royal Navy (a grand piano) the BBC (a TV set) Eton College (a bracket clock) and the company of "Annie Get Your Gun" (a silver sugar caster). Many Commonwealth communities stumped up - far more in fact than British ones - as well as the Anglo Danish Society, British Communities in Antwerp, Cuba, Bolivia and El Salvador and "devoted and humble admirers in Southern Ireland". It does not surprise me that expatriate groups wished to forge a link with the Mother country, but it is less clear what prompted some local authorities but not others to make gifts. The City of Portsmouth for example gave a chesterfield settee and cover and also a Queen Anne mirror. The Cities of Chichester and Guildford gave nothing. The county of Norfolk gave some silver, but Sussex gave nothing. Perhaps it was the Sandringham connection.

Business gifts tended to be of the goods manufactured by the business: Electrothermal Engineering Ltd., gave an electrothermal bed warmer (a fancy name for an electric blanket I assume). Hoover Ltd. gave (not surprisingly) a Hoover. Peek Frean & Co. gave a wedding cake. The Women's Gas Council gave an Ascot water heater. Who on earth were they I wonder? Respect for the Royal couple extended to workforces but as far as I can see there was

only one contribution from a trade union: a pale pink wool shawl from the United Wool Shawl, Fall and Antimacassar Trades Union of Hucknall & District. One feels that they must have been an especially loyal and not very militant union. It is certainly difficult to envisage a strike by them bringing the government down.

Perhaps it is inevitable that Royalty will get given quantities of unsuitable items. I imagine that the Queen's children have been similarly blessed.

Flicking through the 224 page book of the Queen's presents, I wonder whether the numbers will hold up when her grandchildren marry. Will they publish a list of their presents? Perhaps they will be posted on a Royal Present Website. But whether or not the crown retains its popularity, I hope it will always have enough supporters to maintain the fine tradition of eccentric present giving. May their hearts be warmed by the loyalty of those who are prepared to give such treasures as a miniature roll top desk; a model of a mediaeval chest containing miniature scroll, in silver filigree work, of the book of Esther, and a piece of condensed soup that formed part of the stores in H M S Victory at the Battle of Trafalgar.

Andrew Brooke

In search of Petworth Rifle Club

Petworth Rifle Club is by no means unique among local events and organisations in having lived dangerously over the years. Petworth Town Band and Petworth Fair are two other well known survivors. Like them the Rifle Club has, over the last century, endured some very rugged times: like them it is now relatively flourishing. The future looks safe and bright and the club seems well on the way to completing that most difficult of manoeuvres - reinventing itself and attracting newer, younger members.

It may well be that present members are happy enough with things as they are without worrying too much about the past; but the history of the Rifle Club, while undoubtedly a chequered one, remains something of an enigma. Origins would seem to lie in the "Volunteers", a local Territorial force, raised, it would seem, in July 1860¹ and certainly in existence in the 1870s. Ernie Court, John Robbins' great-grandfather, born in 1874, is remembered as saying that he had been a member of the Volunteers, presumably in the 1890s. Whether the Armoury in Tillington Road, always Leconfield property, was purpose built for the Volunteers or converted for their use is not clear. Certainly barred windows on the east side of the present building suggest that arms and ammunition were stored here at one time. The Rifle Club no longer leases the Armoury: the range lying to the rear and slightly to the west. It is a separate building altogether, long and relatively low and built onto the high stone wall of Petworth House Gardens. The east side is of brick the roof sloping eastward. John can remember from the late 1960s the old gas lights with open flames and no mantles. They

¹ See Miles Costello in PSM 99 and "*Ye doleful legend of ye volunteers*"

were no longer in use but still apparently, in working order. Perhaps their demise was connected with the advent of natural gas.

In the early years of the last century it would seem that the Rifle Club, rather like the roughly contemporary Men's Mutual Improvement Society² made more than a token effort to circumvent Petworth's rigid caste system. The Rifle Club movement was given great impetus by the perception that British marksmanship had been clearly inferior to that of the Boer farmers during the South African campaign at the turn of the century. Lord Roberts and others actively encouraged the growth of men's rifle clubs. The whole ethos was opposed to exclusiveness. As large a number of young men as possible were to be encouraged to learn the elements of rifle shooting at minimal cost to themselves. Rifle club constitutions are quite specific about exhorting her Majesty's subjects to obtain skills in the use of the rifle so that they may be the better fitted "to serve their country in time of peril." Outdoor game shooting, after all, was expensive and largely the province of the well-to-do. No one should be prevented from joining a rifle club because they could not afford it. There is, then, a democratic element built into the very concept of a rifle club. In theory at least, it has always been a place where men (and women) from quite different backgrounds could socialise and compete on terms of, at least, temporary, equality. Writing in November 1908 to her fiancé in India Kin Knight tells him that she has joined the Rifle Club³, a short step from her home in Pound Street adjoining Newlands.

What is curious at Petworth is that there seems no access to those faraway days. No records are known. A minute book goes back to the late 1940s, but makes no mention of pre-war days. A number of group photographs in the Club Room are from the 1930s. In contrast at Fittleworth there are group pictures from the early century as there are for tennis at the Petworth House court. At the Petworth range there is absolutely nothing. In the late sixties and beyond there remained a number of early century rifles, now discarded, which would have been a silent link with earlier days. Cups do not carry the story back beyond 1935. It is possible, but by no means certain, that older plinths were replaced with new and the names discarded. There is, however, a tantalising note in St. Mary's Parish Magazine for November 1910 which is reproduced below but even this has a determined anonymity that is impossible to pierce. There are no names at all. Clearly Lord Leconfield was a keen supporter.

"THE RIFLE CLUB. The Rifle Range re-opened for the present season on Oct 3rd, the old Lee Enfield Rifles have been replaced by new converted Martini's the excellent shooting of which is greatly appreciated. It is hoped members will join as soon as possible, that matches and competitions may be arranged under improved conditions which will prove an interest to them.

Everything is done to make the meetings on Mondays and Thursdays popular. The Club room is comfortable, the Range and appliances - thanks to Lord Leconfield's generosity - are hard to beat, and it only requires a little spirit amongst the young men of Petworth to show they are not unmindful of what is done for their benefit and amusement.

² For this see PSM 106

³ PSM 100 page 37

The cause is undoubtedly a good one and should appeal to every man who calls himself a patriot; the entrance fee and charges are very small, and probably few clubs founded on sound lines are so cheaply run.

The club does not aim at producing a few crack shots, but only looks to giving primary instruction in the use of the rifle to the greatest number. We are proud to think the members pay for their own ammunition and their competition prizes, and that no outlay from the funds is made to pay for conveyance, or other expenses. This is as it should be."

At least Petworth, like Fittleworth, survived the war. A rifle club at Sutton, of which little is known, does not appear to have done so. It is not even clear to what use the Armoury was put in the early days. Writing in PSM 107⁴ Owen Bridger recalls a tradition "that Jack Summersell's father who was a recruiting sergeant, lived in the Armoury and that Jack in fact was born there." This would be in the late nineteenth century. There is also a faint tradition of the "Gallipoli Club" meeting at the Armoury but this would have been after the 1914-1918 war.⁵

The surviving minute book begins with straitened days after the war. It was the late-1940s and ammunition was at once difficult to obtain and expensive to buy. The first entry is in fact concerned with the formation of an ancillary "Clay Target Club." Mr. Morton had offered the use of his ground at Burton Rough for a clay shoot "provided that the site was left clean." The first A.G.M. recorded is from February 1948, Mr. L. Martin being in the chair. It was held at the Swan Hotel and attracted ten members. "In spite of the cost of cartridges, it was decided to hold occasional meetings." Nothing more is heard until 12th March 1952 when seven members met to approve a proposal that "owing to the high cost of ammunition and small attendance the activities of the club should cease for a while." By March 1954 the Clay Target Club was defunct and such assets as it had made over to the parent club. It is 1959 before the club appears to be on its feet again.

Later reaches of the minute book reflect some very shallow waters but the Rifle Club has survived. Membership in 2006 is high and facilities much improved through a generous grant from the Leisure Fund. The traditional prone shooting can now be augmented with standing shooting. There are telescopes to check targets and the club room is well heated. The club competes in the local county league. Most important of all there is a good mix of younger and older members. Interested? Ring John Robbins on 344076.

The above reflects a conversation at the Range between John Robbins and the Editor. Clearly there are points which could be followed up, but we have as yet made little attempt to do so. Can anyone throw any light on the Rifle Club's unknown history?

P.

⁴ Page 19

⁵ See also Owen Bridger's note on "D" Company 4th Battalion Royal Sussex in PSM 107



Lombard Street just before the removal of the steeple in 1947. A drawing by Charles Leazell.

“He’s going to Bodmin. Keep an eye on him”

I have always lived at Fittleworth, but my father wasn't in fact a local man. He had been a groom for Lord Astor at Hever Castle in Kent and during the 1914-1918 war served as his lordship's batman in Mesopotamia. He was in the Devon Regiment: I don't really know how or why he came to Fittleworth but at the time I was born in 1927 he was in private service at Knoll in the village, as far as I know working with horses. Anyway, in that year he and my mother moved into the newly-built Council Cottages, at number 3, now renumbered as 16. I had in fact been born when he was still at Knoll. Perhaps, looking to improve his prospects, he'd answered an advertisement. I don't know. Anyway by this time he had left Knoll and was working for Bert Sayers, the local haulier, mainly collecting milk all round the district but also doing more general jobs like ferrying darts players to functions. My mother suffered terribly with rheumatoid arthritis and was often in hospital, even going to Bath in an effort to get some relief from the pain.

My mother's poor health meant that I spent a lot of time with her sister, my aunt Violet, who lived at Limbo Lodge, a mile or so out of Petworth on the Northchapel Road. Curiously I can't remember how I got from Fittleworth to Limbo but clearly I did. Violet lived with her husband Percy Balchin, her two daughters, Christine and Joyce, both younger than I was, and her father, Harry Greest, who was the nominal tenant. Harry was retired but had once worked as a blacksmith on the Leconfield Estate. At one time he had lived in Petworth itself, on the corner of Middle Street and High Street and opposite Hazleman's, the bakers. Curiously Petworth had two Harry Greests and both were blacksmiths. Very confusing.

An early Limbo memory is of the lake in Pheasant Copse being frozen and of Uncle Percy making a wooden sledge carefully sewn together with leather so that I could go on the lake. I had a couple of Uncle's bradawls with strong wooden handles and sharp points. I dug the points into the ice and pushed myself along. Winters in the late twenties and early thirties could be very hard. Another memory of the lake is of a purpose-made sheep dip at one end. The local farmers would use it, pushing the animals' heads down into the solution to make sure that everything was covered. Grandfather was quite elderly by this time and, as a youngster I was expected to take an afternoon nap on his bed. He had a large silver watch with two keys. The watch fascinated me and I would lie there and just look at it. I don't think that the Limbo Lodge gate was open to the public. It may well have been kept locked and certainly Grandfather did not act as a lodgekeeper. If Lord Leconfield appeared however, on his horse perhaps, the gate was opened pretty smartly.

Uncle Percy mended shoes. I think that, for preference, he would have followed the family farming tradition, but he had little use of his legs; I always thought this was the result of polio. He was however, a determined and ingenious man and his upper limbs were unaffected. I've known him climb trees for instance. He'd been away to learn shoe-mending and was an absolutely first-class craftsman in leather. He had a caravan just inside the gate



Petworth on the Air. A group taken after the broadcast in 1940, the author is seen sixth from the right

"Parish Magazine" August 1940. The front caption is Garland's own but probably affixed in the late 1950s. I can identify some half dozen of the faces. Can any one do better? [Ed.] See "Town's first broadcast".



*Sgt. Avant, the commissioner, in Market Square (top).
The lower picture appears to show his cottage. See 'A bored cicerone'.*

on the other side of the lodge. The caravan had a stove and a cobbler's last which was set into the floor. You might think that Limbo was an odd place from which to operate as a repairer of shoes, but he used to do a round of the villages - Sutton I particularly remember - originally with a motor-cycle and side-car, but then in a car. He'd pick up repairs and deliver them back and was a familiar figure in his leather apron. He also did a newspaper round. He was there in the 1930s and during the war when the Canadian and others were camped in the Pheasant Copse and he continued for some years after the war was over. The settlements along the London road, while separated, were very much of a little community. Adelaide was the next lodge on the road towards Petworth. Jack Cross, the keeper, and his wife lived in Adelaide Lodge with their children Nancy, Vera and John, while my uncle Toby Balchin, his wife and son Dennis were directly opposite. Directly opposite Limbo Lodge was Limbo Farm where, Morris Balchin, his wife and daughter lived. Morris had a son always called "Boy". He would be killed in the Petworth Boys' School tragedy in 1942.

I suppose I led something of a dual existence. Officially I was a pupil at Fittleworth School, but because my mother was so often away for treatment or simply ill at home I would spend quite long periods living at Limbo Lodge and attending Petworth Boys' School. I liked it even if now I can't remember a lot about it. I can't even remember how I got to school. Perhaps I simply walked along the London Road - remember the school was almost on the Horsham Road turning, and the traffic would have been relatively sparse in those immediately pre-war years. I left school in 1941, being almost fourteen. My main memory is of history lessons with Mr. Stevenson, the headmaster. The war was on and food difficult, but he always managed to conjure up some Horlicks tablets for the boys in his class.

Leaving school I went straight to Petworth Engineering in East Street (afterwards SCATS and now the Antique Market). It was run by Mr. Frank Calnan. I'd always liked tinkering about with batteries, accumulators and things electrical and there was a tacit understanding that my apprenticeship would be slanted towards electrics as far as possible. I worked under Cyril Holloway.

Mr. Calnan had some unusual cars. One was a Cluley. I believe only twenty-nine were ever made, of which I read recently that some nine still survive. This particular one had originally belonged to Dr. Druitt, one of the Petworth doctors. It had a movable canvas top and a dickie which was big enough to take the firm's well machine. I remember once that the radiator began to leak and was sealed up with cement. The Cluley had something of a mind of its own. One snowy day we turned right off the Wisborough Green road on the way to Bedham. Halfway up the hill there was a bang: the car stopped sharply and we had to sit in the woods until Petworth Engineering came out to help us. Another of Mr. Calnan's cars was an ancient Austin.

Cluleys weren't easy to stop, there were brakes only on the back wheels, coming back from Mrs. Bertram's at Bignor I remember having to actually stand on the handbrake to slow us down when descending Bignor Hill. I always wanted to drive the Cluley and just before I was due to join the Army we were coming back from a call at Mrs. Bertram's. I had a provisional licence by this time and Cyril let me drive back along the West Burton road. Not a word to Mr. Calnan!

On 29th September 1942 Cyril and I were making our way down Pound Street in the Cluley on our way to the Railway Inn (now The Badger). The pub used to manufacture their own electricity with an American Kohler engine and Petworth Engineering were employed to maintain it. We were going past what is now the Tasty Plaice, and I don't know now whether the red street lights were warning of a raid, but I heard an aeroplane and looked out of the car. Although it was a dull, miserable day we hadn't got the cover on. For a split second I saw a Junkers 88, crosses on the wings and bombs travelling horizontally from the plane - they still hadn't begun to drop. We travelled on down the road to the inn and told Mr. Green, the landlord, what we'd seen. We then got on with our work in the engine house. After a while a sombre Mr. Green came out to say that some bombs had fallen on the boy's school.

Mr. Calnan didn't come in until eleven or twelve in the morning but he tended to work through the night. I don't know why. I was often left to "mind the shop" on my own. Mr. Lanaway looked after the plumbing side of the business while Cecil Puttick from Grove Lane dealt with tractors. My friend Basil Pullen from Ebernoe was an apprentice like me, learning plumbing but under Mr. Lanaway. Sometimes I'd be out with Cecil Puttick, and many an afternoon I've spent in the fields following the binder and checking the knotting mechanism. Mr. Lanaway did a lot of work out at Sir Herbert Shiner's farm at Coldharbour, Sutton.

Wells were part of Mr. Calnan's business. Petworth Engineering had a winch with seat and belt. One man went down the well with two men working the winch. Wells tended to silt up and foul the pump. A fairly routine job was to go down and unclog the pump valve, shovelling the silt into a bucket and sending it up on the winch to be emptied. I only did this once and found it less than appealing. It seemed a very long way back to the top of the shaft. Oh yes, the obligatory candle was always lowered first. Frank Calnan wasn't one to take any chances!

A feature of the war years was the Air Training Corps or ATC. I still have a little docket signed by my Dad in 1942 giving permission for me to join. Here it is. Instruction was at Coultershaw Mill: we went up the front steps into Gordon Gwillim's office. Pinned up all round were pictures of German aircraft, pictures that would help us with their identification. There too were tappers on which to practise Morse code. We had a uniform and there was a pipe and whistle band, six I think, I wasn't in it. Some Sunday mornings, weather permitting, we'd march in Petworth Park under the eye of Sergeant Major Casey, who lived at Burton Rough. Occasionally we'd march through Petworth with the band playing. After we'd finished on Sunday we'd go off into The Star for a glass of ale. Sometimes on a Wednesday after work we'd cycle over to Ambersham where we'd split into three groups, Air Frames, Armoury or Electrical. The first dealt with aircraft rigging, the second with weapons. We had separate instructors for each.

At Ambersham Pilot Officer Moffatt gave us some of his time. Ambersham then had fully operational camouflage-painted hangers and Moffatt ferried aircraft to and fro from the base at Lee-on-Solent. I think Gordon Gwillim, who knew Moffatt, somehow worked it that the Petworth ATC boys were given the occasional short trip in a plane, usually a Fairey

Swordfish or a Walrus¹. I remember once going up over the Guildford road and looking down on a troop convoy, Moffatt tapping the side of the plane to draw our attention to it. There were no seats and no canopy, simply an open top. Once the pilot dropped his wing and then pulled sharply upwards. Basil Pullen and I felt as if we'd suddenly lost our legs. With the ATC we went once for a summer break - a week's camp at Tangmere - fully operational then of course. We were billeted in the stands at Fontwell racecourse and cycled back for meals. Another ATC troop from Mitcham in Surrey were there at the same time.

I had an uncle in London named Frank Barber who had a garage at Lexham Gardens in Kensington. He'd come down on occasional visits to us at Fittleworth. No sooner had he arrived than he'd be out over the road, bowler hat firmly in position, picking wild blackberries, well, in the season at least. When I volunteered for the army in 1945 the family were very anxious about my being able to make my way across London to Paddington Station. I was being sent to Bodmin in Cornwall. My uncle came down and took me up to London. When we arrived at Paddington he walked determinedly down the platform. He was a somewhat forthright man. Eventually he came to a compartment with a lady on her own. "Where are you going?" he asked in his brusque way. "Newquay," she replied. "He's going to Bodmin," Uncle said, "Keep an eye on him."

Ron Thatcher was talking to the Editor.

¹ The Supermarine Walrus was an amphibian with an overhead engine and pusher propeller

The following article is interesting as an example of George Garland's earlier journalistic work. I do not know if it was ever published. The original is hand-written and has a number of alterations. The content is relatively slight and my impression is that Garland found producing the article a little laborious. "Nemo" is an early Garland pseudonym, usually replaced in the 1930s by the more familiar "Nomad". The reference to 'our present King Edward' would seem to suggest 1936.

P.

On Collecting Horse Brasses

Making a collection is a fascinating pursuit and a taste for it is invariably acquired early in life. Most children have at any rate started one. Stamps, cigarette cards, old bus tickets and even match box tops have been made subjects for collection; in fact every imaginable thing has been collected, and very fortunately too, I think, for many interesting things may otherwise have disappeared, and much history may have been lost, in consequence.

Such is tending to be the case with "Horse Brasses", now that motor cars are fast driving our friend "Dobbin" off the road.

The collection illustrated in this short article is one of cart horse "face pieces", or "metals" as they are sometimes called. It is a small one and has no pretensions to being a complete collection.

Certainly, the different designs existing probably run into many hundreds, and the business of making a collection of them may well occupy a man his lifetime, and even then the collection may be found to be far from complete.

Many carters and agricultural workers can boast of quite a number of horse brasses of their own. These may have been in the family for many generations, and as many children of agricultural working parents grow up to follow their fathers' calling through many generations some of the brasses which one sees adorning "Dobbin's" head at a country ploughing match or horse show may be of great age. It is a mistaken idea always to imagine that the horse brasses which one sees on show on such occasions belong to the owners of the horses on exhibition. Invariably they belong to the individual carters, and they may have been in their families for many generations.

After the show is over they are probably carefully cleaned and put away until such time as they are needed again, for many of these carters take great care of their own little collection of brasses.

A cart horse certainly looks very smart with all his brasses, but they were not originally meant as simple decorations for his harness.

In the very earliest days charms or amulets were worn to propitiate gods or goddesses, to ward off evil, or to bring good fortune to the wearer. But the ancients were not content with the wearing of them themselves, simply to accomplish this. They placed them on their animals and dwelling for good fortune and to ward off evil spirits.

Although it may not be regarded with equal seriousness today superstition is still rife, and so the custom of carrying charms - mascots as they are sometimes called now - still exists, e.g. the placing of a horse shoe over the door of a house - and it must be fixed the correct way up or all the luck will run out through the open ends: - and most motorists boast of some particular mascot varying from a black cat to an elephant!

In horse brasses the most commonly found design - probably the oldest, is the crescent (moon) and many modifications of it.

In the old days the horse that was raced was placed under the protection of the Moon Goddess (Diana), whereas the driven horse sought the protection of the Sun God, thence we find representations of the Sun or its rays on some of the brasses.

In those days numbers possessed a significance of their own - even today thirteen is regarded as an unlucky number by many! - and eight was considered a lucky number; and so we find, combined with the crescent, stars, eight pointed very frequently.

The heart is almost as old an emblem. It was used by the Egyptians, and may have been evolved from the Lotus. Later we find the diamond, the spade and the club, as well as the heart.

The horse itself is not unnaturally very commonly found.

Recently various historical events have been commemorated by the "striking" of special brasses, e.g. Queen Victoria's Jubilee, the Siege of Mafeking, the coronation of King Edward as our present king, and lastly, perhaps, the declaration of Peace after the Great War.

In conclusion a word about the making of these brasses may be of interest. The older and now rarer ones were cast in a mould and are much heavier or more solid than the modern ones that are punched out of sheet metal.

There are, however, now reproductions of the old cast brasses, but the designs are probably not so good.

Those of you who set out to make a collection of horse brasses will find the pursuit extremely fascinating - perhaps by reason of the never ending character of the collection!

Nemo.

Ernest Bathe – a letter

We spoke briefly on the phone the other day about my hope to find out a little more about my grandfather, Ernest Bathe DCM (1880/81-1960), who was the Post Master at Tillington for many years. I'm not sure of the exact dates but he retired from the army as a Warrant Officer in 1922 and left Tillington, I believe in 1953.

I've taken your word about space and written as much as I can, and tried to give a wider picture of what Ernest's life was like before he found sanctuary in Tillington.

Ernest was a Wiltshire lad who - after a very traumatic time in his early thirties - married a Tillington lass by the name of Elizabeth Matilda Summersell (b 1886) on 28/1/1916. The couple lived with their son, Geoffrey (b. 17/3/1918) in Tillington until circa 1953 when Elizabeth died (she is buried in Tillington churchyard, close to the path) and Ernest went to London to take up residence as a Chelsea Pensioner.

Elizabeth was Ernest's second wife. His first wife, Ethel, had died in 1911 when they were both in their thirtieth year, leaving Ernest to work out how to best care for his four children - aged between the ages of 7 months and five years - when he was also a serving soldier in the Royal Garrison Artillery (Pack Battery No 2).

Ernest had fallen in love with and married South African beauty Ethel in Simons Town, South Africa in 1905 when he was on a tour of duty there but the army frowned on married soldiers, especially in the lower ranks, and only six in one hundred men were given permission to marry and have their wives live "on the strength" in army quarters; sadly, Ernest and Ethel were not among the fortunate few. Not that living in army quarters was anything like it is today: wives and children usually lived in communal barrack rooms with their husbands, a flimsy curtain all that separated them from the rest of the men, but at least they had accommodation, fed free on army rations and could enrol their children in the regimental schools. However, whilst conditions for these wives were difficult they involved less heartbreak and suffering than those endured by couples such as Ernest and Ethel who married "off the strength". The wives of these marriages were neither allowed in barracks, nor granted separation allowances, nor entitled to accompany their husbands abroad although this rule was sometimes evaded. Undoubtedly these women suffered considerably from the regulations imposed by the army and unofficial accommodation often known as 'married patches' comprising whatever small huts that could be cobbled together sprung up around encampments. Even with unofficial perks from Ernest's role as waiter and then Butler in the

Mess, living was still very expensive and cramped (a couple and three children under three years of age living in just one room) and it's hardly surprising that in 1909 Ernest decided to move his family back to England where at least they could take advantage of free schooling.

Tragically though, shortly after arriving in England, Ethel and Ernest had to bury their baby son, Harold, and not long after that Ethel found herself unable to cope with the damp English climate and contracted TB whilst living close to Puckpool Battery on the Isle of Wight. She bore her last child, a daughter, in 1911 whilst suffering from the disease and wrote home to South Africa that she knew she would not live to see her children grow up to adulthood.

As a regular soldier Ernest knew that he could not bring up the children himself and so when Ethel died a few months after giving birth to their only daughter his eldest children, Ernest and Fred (now aged 5 and 4), were returned to family friends in South Africa, the youngest son Victor (18 months) went to live with Ernest's family in Wiltshire and baby Ethel was adopted by friends shortly after birth. (A stipulation of the adoption was that she must be kept in contact with her brothers but sadly this did not happen). Each child was sent off with a photo of their parents as a memento and apart from a very brief meeting for three of the children in South Africa they were not to be reunited for almost forty years.

Ernest returned to his army duties but a few years later in 1916 he married Elizabeth Matilda Summersell from Tillington. Ernest had no family ties with Sussex so I'm not sure how they met but I believe that a member of the Summersell family also served in the RGA (there is a memorial plaque in Tillington Church) so perhaps he came to visit with an army friend. From this point on, Ernest's life is a bit of a mystery to me although I know that as Battery Sergeant Major he received the Distinguished Conduct Medal in 1918 for "exemplary behaviour under heavy shell fire ... his coolness and utter disregard for his personal danger setting a splendid behaviour to the men." (*London Gazette*)

Ernest was discharged from the army after 21 years service in 1922 and at some point he and Elizabeth took over the Tillington Post office. They had a son, Geoffrey, who may have been educated at Midhurst before following his father's footsteps into the army, going on to become Lt. Col. Bathe. Ernest seemed to receive some news of his former family over the years but for some reason did not gather his children back to him once settled in Sussex, perhaps thinking that after a parting of 11 years it would be cruel to wrench them from their new families. As far as I am aware he didn't see his eldest four children after 1911 until an unexpected BBC broadcast led them to be reunited c1947.

Sadly my grandfather died in 1960 when I was only three but because by this time he had taken up residence as a Chelsea Pensioner in London where his son Victor also lived, I did at least get to know him a little and even in that short time learned to love him a lot.

The tragedy of Ernest's early life and the splitting up of his family has had ramifications down the generations and if anyone has any memories or photographs of Ernest and Elizabeth, or can tell me anything about what life was like in Tillington in the years he was there I would very much like to hear from them.

My email address is sheamontana@yahoo.com, and my home number 020-7733 0326.

With best wishes,

Lareine Shea

71 Brixton Water Lane, LONDON SW2 1PH



Ernest Bathe (seated centre) with Royal Artillery friends in 1901.

New Members (as at 20th April)

Mrs. R. Allen	Beech House, S. Lodge Green, Burton Park, Duncton, GU28 0LH.
Mrs. R. Arlette	The Old Tanneries, Byworth, GU28 0HL.
Mrs. L. Berry	Birchfield House, Northchapel, GU28 9JZ.
Mr. K. Boxall	55 Blackburn Crescent, Ajax, Ontario, Canada, L1S 571.
Mr. & Mrs. M. Brazier	22B Luffs Meadow, Northchapel, GU28 9HN.
Dr. D. Brooks	Screech Cottage, Northchapel, GU28 9EG.
Mrs. A. Butler	Chandlers Cottage, Lickfold, GU28 9DT.
Mr. & Mrs. R. Chandler	Moor Farm, Petworth, GU28 0HB.
Mrs. R. Charles	Westacre, Burton Rough, Petworth, GU28 0JS.
Dr. J. Collis	Finches, Barlavington Lane, Sutton, RH20 1PN.
Mr. N. Covey	Little Brockhurst Farm, Lurgashall, GU28 9HA.
Mr. L. Dallyn	384 Strood Cottages, Petworth, GU28 0JN.
Mr. R. Davidson	Brookdene House, Graffham, GU28 0NL.
Mr. & Mrs. P. de Pass	Stable House, Grove Street, Petworth, GU28 0BD.
Mrs. A. Dunford	35 Wyndham Road, Petworth, GU28 0EG.
Mrs. A. Follis	Kitchen Court, High Street, Petworth, GU28 0AU.
Mr. & Mrs. J. Golden	4 Biddulph Mews, Burton Park, Duncton, GU28 0QS.
Mr. & Mrs. H. Green	Upper Mead, Byworth, GU28 0HN.
Mrs. M. Greensmith	Pound Cottage, Graffham, GU28 0QA.

- Mr. E. Harber Stringers Cottage, East Street, Petworth, GU28 0AB.
 Sir G. Heathcote The Coach House, Tillington, GU28 0RA.
 Miss L. Hoskin 7 Oakwood Court, Martlet Road, Petworth, GU28 0LW.
 Miss G. Huggins 41 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth, GU28 0BX.
 Mr. P. Hughes New Street, Petworth, GU28 0AS.
 Mr. G. Hurrell 1 Chequers Court, off Station Road Petworth, GU28 0ES.
 Mr. & Mrs. R. Lamb 9 Garden Mews, Burton Park, Duncton, GU28 0QS.
 Mrs. O. Larter 45 Fishbourne Road East, Chichester, PO19 3HZ.
 Mrs. C. Leech Hollihurst, Hollihurst Road, Lodsworth, GU28 9BT.
 Mrs. G. Miller Westlands, Upperton, GU28 9BB.
 Mrs. S. Morgan 5 Angel Street, Petworth, GU28 0BQ.
 Fr. P. Newsam The Presbytery, Angel Street, Petworth, GU28 0BG.
 Mr. & Mrs. Pelling Berlas, Park Crescent, Midhurst, GU29 9ED.
 Mr. J. Pullen Wells Cottage, Northchapel, GU28 9HH.
 Mr. S. Pullen 8 The Willows, Station Road, Pulborough, RH20 1RH.
 Mrs. L. Pearce 5 Orchard Close, Petworth, GU28 0SA.
 Mr. & Mrs. R. Thatcher 21 Greatpin Croft, Fittleworth, RH20 1MX.
 Mr. H. Thompson Glebe Cottage, Bartons Lane, Petworth, GU28 0DA.
 Mr. & Mrs. I. Wadey Butcherland Farm, Ebernoe, GU28 9JX.
 Mr. N. Williams Tillington Hill House, Tillington, GU28 9AB.
 Mrs. O. Beveridge Orchard House, Sheepdown, Petworth, GU28 0BN.
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 Mrs. A. Durrent 20 Littlecote, Petworth, GU28 0EF.
 Mr. & Mrs. P. Higgins Selham End, Selham, Petworth, GU28 0PP.
 Mrs. N. Hornsby Beech Cottage, Beechwood Lane, Lavington Park, Petworth,
 GU28 0NA.
- Mrs. D. Hunter Tillington Cottage, Tillington, Petworth, GU28 0RA.
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 Dr. T. Mant Skiff Farm, Kirdford Road, Wisborough Green, RH14 0DD.
 Mrs. B. Park 22 Valentines Lea, Northchapel, GU28 9HY.
 Mr. & Mrs. R. Parkinson Redhill House, Petworth, GU28 9NB.
 Mr. M. Till 36 Martlet Road, Petworth, GU28 0EZ.
 Mrs. S. Veasey 111 Sydenham Park Road, London, SE26 4LP.
 Miss D. Wakeford 13 Park Rise, Petworth, GU28 0HU.
 Mrs. M. Wakeford 9 Mant Road, Petworth.
 Mr. & Mrs. M. Wakeford 8 Horton House, Coach House Mews, Firndown, Dorset,
 BH22 9UY.
- Mr. & Mrs. C. Drayson Glebe House, Selham, Petworth, GU28 0PW.

