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THE PETWORTH SOCIETY  
*Magazine*



NO. 128. JUNE 2007



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Cover design by Jonathan Newdick, using two Gwenda Morgan engravings, courtesy of John Randle, the Whittington Press.

Printed by Midhurst and Petworth Printers, 11 Rothermead,  
Petworth (tel. 342456) and Duck Lane, Midhurst (tel. 816321)

Published by the Petworth Society which is a registered Charity

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 £15.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:

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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 J. Crocombe, 19 Station Road (343329)

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

## Chairman's Notes

*I did flag up this last season of monthly meetings as possibly the best ever. I could be right. Accounts are inside. You'll find with this issue details of a visit to Charleston and the Annual Dinner in September. Charleston is an attractive prospect, while the Dinner has never yet been undersubscribed. First come, first served, as usual. Andy says the odd ticket for the Greenwich visit has become available. You will have to be quick if you want one.*

*Apologies for saying that David Pollard was the first incumbent since Thomas Sockett to die in office. I had forgotten Hugh Owen Jones. A combination of being away at the time and remembering Mrs Jones later living at Chichester. "Even Homer nods," they say, and I'm certainly no Homer.*

*You'll see below a tribute to Lorne "Dusty" Morrow and a photograph taken in 1995. The Petworth Society can have had no more loyal friend. It seems only yesterday that Dusty came with Jack Bunting to see me about a possible visit by the Toronto Scottish Regiment in 1985. Was it really 1984? What began as a makeweight became the highlight of the tour and the precursor of several more visits, as, too, of a Society visit to Toronto. Dusty lived Keith Kiddell's famous saying "Petworth is just around the corner." Time moves on, but the Society is the poorer for losing an irreplaceable part of its history.*

Peter 25<sup>th</sup> April 2007

## Lorne "Dusty" Morrow

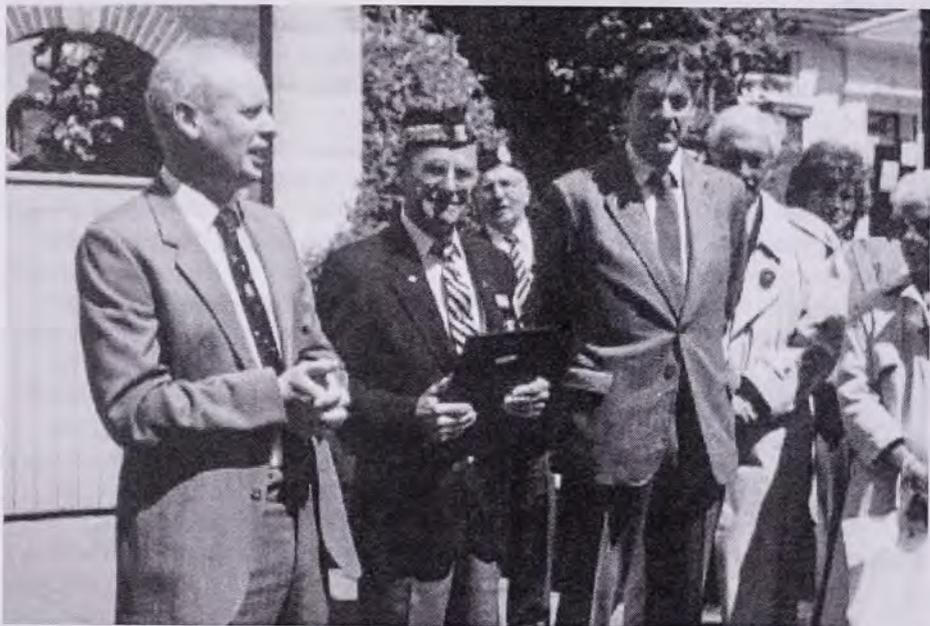
23-08-22 – 21.02.07

Lorne "Dusty" Morrow was one of the three veterans who made the nostalgic return to Petworth on April 28th 1985 their project. When they returned to Toronto they received 14 carat inscribed rings in appreciation from the T. S. Regimental Association. Everybody who was involved with that first visit since the bombing of the Boys' School, must remember the pipes and drums leading the parade to church, the service, afterwards in the Leconfield Hall and the happiness of the veterans and their families.

We were among the 40 Petworthians that in return visited Canada as guests of The Toronto Scottish Association in 1993, a trip that is etched on our memory and one that Dusty featured in prominently. During that trip we were billeted with Kathleen and Bruce Evans in Etobicoe and with whom we have shared several enjoyable holidays. In 1998 we had a return trip to Toronto and Dusty collected us for a day with him, after lunch at "The Bay" Mall, we went to meet Nora his lovely wife. When we went to his "den" it was like a museum, memorabilia about the wars. Photographs of lost friends, posters, books, mugs, a Petworth calendar hung on the wall, a Sussex badge tapestry, Petworth Primary School Tea cloth with

the children's sketches of themselves dated 1992-1993, and pride of place was the invitation to have tea with the Queen Mother at Clarence House on 29th April 1985. We spent quite a time here at his "bar" just reminiscing about events connected with Petworth and his time here especially during the war, he was a remarkable lovely man who we will never forget, or his words "There are such things as, Love, Honour and the Soul of Man, which cannot be bought for a price or sold with Death" Dusty "Carry On".

Ian and Pearl Godsmark



## Book review – Stuart West : Transported!

Family history is something that doesn't always travel happily outside its particular context, so Stuart West's account of his great-great grandfather's adventures isn't, on the face of it, promising. It's relatively short too, 70 pages of text with another 16 of transcription. Add to this that the Petworth interest is relatively marginal, appearance before the Petworth bench, spells in Petworth House of Correction. The brothers John and Robert West were rough-edged labouring men from Bepton in a harsh age. All that said this book is an absolute cracker. Moving from Bepton under something of a cloud, the brothers migrate to Westbourne from whence a less than subtle revenge raid on their former employer leads to arrest, sentence and

eventual transportation. Fifteen years. John would survive but his somewhat saturnine younger brother Robert would perish in van Diemensland (Tasmania). The context is vividly and accurately brought to life, the original offence, the hearings, the voyage out, the situation in Tasmania. Competent use of the extensive documentation and just enough imaginative reconstruction to fill in the gaps. In the confusion of gold rush times John managed to slip away; his sentence only half done. Given the poor communication between England and Australia officialdom never caught up with him but it was a risky business. Few transportees ever returned, fewer still illegally.

John died at Chithurst in 1906 at the age of 96. What a story he had to tell and Stuart has reconstructed it. John's photograph stares out from the cover. Family history narrow? Not this lot, as I've said the book's an absolute cracker. Only one complaint: the consistent use of "it's" for "its". I've read somewhere that it no longer matters but this pedantic reviewer thinks it does.

P.

This book was printed in a very small run. Stuart tells me he has a few left at £5 + 55p postage. Cheques to Stuart West at Little Barn, Higher Grants Farm, Exebridge, Dulverton, Somerset TA22 9BE.

## The Society Temperance Evening

It was January, cold with the threat of snow. The Town Hall would not have been the normal venue for a Temperance meeting - more likely the East Street Girls' School, or even, for the juniors of the Band of Hope, the rectory itself. A temperance evening was certainly a departure for the Society. It was something you couldn't quite ignore as you could a normal meeting. A temperance meeting? Had the Society finally lost all sense of proportion? We were now in the twenty-first century. A certain perplexity was in order. Cocoa or lemon barley with the refreshment biscuits, the ladies busily mixing the cocoa in the mugs beforehand. And a raffle without bottles - now that's a real tour de force! The Leconfield Hall does however have a resident piano, and we decided on a different layout, not using the raked seating but setting the chairs sideways on, facing east toward Austens.

But would anyone come? Ann Bradley's floral arrangements were superb. Even the Victorians would have struggled to compete but a hundred years and more ago it was as difficult to attract people in numbers as it is now. Perhaps you ended up preaching largely to the converted, or the meetings bolstered morale among the faithful. You needed either topical slides or a recognised turn, Mr. Stanton the Paddington dustman with his famous horse (what in the Girls' School?) or the rather more elusive Mr. Lovely, the Battersea navy - or, better, slides and turn. And you needed refreshments. Stint on that and even Mr. Stanton would struggle. When the Temperance people did try to work Petworth without props, they received a bloody nose. A chastened hierarchy recognised that you had to "sugar the pill".

And then there were the inevitable ambiguities, nineteenth and twenty-first century ones. The latter century, looking back, will perhaps see temperance as an exclusively non-conforming preserve. It wasn't. Keith's own memories will be of that tradition but such local information as we have is relentlessly Anglican, reflecting the activities of the CETS - the Church of England Temperance Society. Mr. Penrose, rector from 1906, was himself a temperance campaigner. Looking back, it would be all too easy to "send up" the whole thing - something we had neither right nor wish to do. Our own drug-ridden, drink-addled age has little enough cause to mock its ancestors.

But there was, too, another, contemporary ambiguity: the CETS (if not perhaps the non-conformists) had a dual (or alternative) platform, complete abstinence or moderation. Surely even a temperance enthusiast like Mr. Penrose needed, in the course of duty, to be convivial? As rector of a significant parish he had to entertain. Or did he? Perhaps entertaining guests need not involve alcohol? Florence Rapley certainly thought so. For her, and, one suspects, for the great bulk of non-conforming tradition, alcohol was taboo and that was an end of it.

"Rechabites," so the temperance people liked to style themselves, and Jeremiah chapter 35 was their key text. If the prophet was teaching a slightly different lesson, here still was strong scriptural backup. Looking to contrast the disloyalty of the people as a whole with the steadfast adherence of the Rechabites to the austere nomadic ideals of their ancestor Jonadab, Jeremiah had invited the Rechabites into a room in the temple and offered them wine, that quintessential product of a settled land. Jonadab had seen settlement as the root of all corruption and wine as the overmastering symbol of that corruption. The Rechabites had remained true to the nomadic ideal, living in tents, an anachronism if you like. Why then were they encamped within Jerusalem's city walls? In this instance the city was being besieged by the Babylonians and the sect had so far had to compromise as to camp within the walls. But there could be no compromise with the fruit of the vine. Was Jeremiah then tempting them? Hardly, he knew perfectly well what their response would be. Loyalty rather than abstinence was the cutting edge of the acted parable but the incident fitted the temperance cause perfectly. Modern Rechabites they were and so would remain.

But to return. Keith, as honorary curate, and suitably dressed, gave a heroic performance as spokesman for Miles' slides of the uplifting story of the bowl of cherries. Rosemary played for the two hymns, *Stand up, Stand up for Jesus* and *Onward Christian Soldiers*. The hymns probably stirred schoolroom memories as much as their martial accents clashed with modern day political correctness. Some just liked the interval cocoa, some loved it, some hated it. Cocoa's more demanding than tea or coffee each individual mug, of course, needing to be mixed in advance. Then comic slides, Mother Hubbard's rhymes so signalled that the audience had them before Miles put them on the screen. Some local Walter Kevis views occasioned much discussion, then Queen Victoria and the National Anthem. Unquestionably it had been different and we hadn't descended into bathos. In fact you had the feel that the CETS might have had a point. A few latter-day Rechabites might not be such a bad thing. What next? An old-fashioned jumble sale? A whist drive? Or perhaps we should heed the call to be temperate and get out while we're winning!

P.

## All the world (18th century) on stage

The experience starts as soon as you enter the Hall for an evening with Alison Neil. Friends to greet, yes, but the subdued lighting, and the set, already in place, curtains drawn back, heighten the sense of anticipation and curiosity.

The lights dim. A spirited orchestral rendering of Rule Britannia and we are in 1760, addressed by Mary Cowper De Grey, a 'lady of quality'. There is conversation between her, her mother and father, Elizabeth Boyd, the published poet and playwright - a rarity in the mid-18th century - and Lady Shaftesbury.

Mary has discovered the true Shakespeare, while it seems everyone else is belittling his work, 'correcting' it and performing but brief extracts to be included among a variety of skits and diversions. She persuades the others of her circle to set out to make Shakespeare fashionable again and the Shakespeare Ladies Club is formed, which soon draws David Garrick into the theatre as actor and manager of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

Alison's meticulous research, revealing the sparkling wit and intrigue which featured in the lives of the monied gentry, formed a free-flowing and entertaining first act.

A surprise and complete change of focus came after the interval, when Alison re-appeared, simply dressed, as Kate Worthing, a fictional representative of the servant class. She recounted her life story from her childhood on a small-holding on the land soon to be developed as Grosvenor Square. Found alternative, but far from satisfactory accommodation far away in Devon, with the disillusioned father drinking himself to death, boys, not yet old enough to earn a wage, Kate and two sisters, one deformed and the other simple-minded, crop failure, the family struggled. Kate escaped back to London with the intention of being able to send money back home. In her innocence, she was lured into prostitution, resulting in the inevitable baby, who had to be given over to the Parish as she was destitute. The child did not survive.

But a life-changing encounter with the evangelist, John Wesley, led to a determination to forge a better future, not before a spell in the debtors' prison from which she was rescued by an ex-prostitute friend who was, by then, prospering, having herself rejected the 'profession'. Further chance encounters, which included employment by Mary Cowper De Grey, led to her fulfilling an ambition to work for a charity giving a home and future to abandoned children. The 'ladies of quality' and their gentlemen were also giving time and money to help the poor.

The show took four hours to set up and another two to dismantle and load. Many thanks to Ian and Pearl who helped. We got home at a quarter to midnight! But this was more than entertainment in the hands of such an accomplished actress as Alison. Two hours of faultless dialogue - and what a memory!

KCT

## From Edison to Ipod

It is always good to have a meeting addressed by one of our own members on a subject dear to his heart and there seems to be a special atmosphere on such occasions.

So it was when Tim Wardle filled the stage with items from his collection reflecting the evolution of recorded sound. Moving from machine to machine, lowering and lifting pickups, adjusting volume controls and even angling his microphone to make the sometimes rather indistinct voices clearer, while maintaining the flow of information and explanation, laced with dry but warm humour. Tim held the attention of his audience throughout. And it was probably the largest audience we have seen, certainly for many years, with virtually every seat taken.

Starting with Edison, the pioneer, we heard his recording on foil of 'Mary had a little lamb' with his experimental phonograph of 1877. Wax cylinders followed with the voices of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and then Alfred, Lord Tennyson, the latter reciting 'The charge of the Light Brigade' in 1890.

Emile Berliner brought in disc recording, still through a horn, in 1887. To realise that we can still hear famous voices from the past is a moving experience, even of recent personalities such as Sir Harry Secombe, but to hear Caruso, Dame Nellie Melba and then King George V with this fatherly message to children on Empire Day in 1923, followed by Queen Mary's own contribution was special indeed. There were the troops singing their way to France in 1914, with 'Home, sweet home' and 'It's a long way to Tipperary', a 1916 recording of 'Roses of Picardy', specially for our Chairman and the original Dixieland Jazz Band with 'Tiger Rag' in 1919.

There were difficulties in recording speech and full orchestras. Violins had individual horns attached, but with the invention of electrical recording in 1925 came the great step forward, illustrated for us by two Paul Whiteman recordings, made before and after the introduction of the microphone. The difference in sound quality was impressive.

More delights were to come: Yehudi Menuhin, at the age of 16 in 1932, playing Elgar's Violin Concerto, with Elgar conducting; Rachmaninov in 1927, Louis Armstrong; A.A. Milne reading 'Pooh' to Christopher Robin; Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence; even 'singing' dogs and a recording of remarkable quality on cardboard made in 1932.

With World War II came vinyl records and 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm long players, followed by tape recorders – although the first experiments with these had been made as far back as 1898. Similarly, stereo was first demonstrated in 1881, but the first commercial records in the U.K. did not appear until 1958. Popular music became available on 45rpm. Now we have digital recording, the CD and the Ipod, a compressed version.

Extracts from records kept coming: Alma Cogan, Bill Haley and his Comets, Elvis, the Beatles. Max Bradley had brought along some vintage machines and accessories too, which added to the interest during the interval.

A hobby often becomes a passion, but to be able to share the emotion with others, especially a mixed audience of 130, is a rare achievement. Tim did it brilliantly – supported by Kate with a steady supply of relevant images projected onto the screen.

KCT

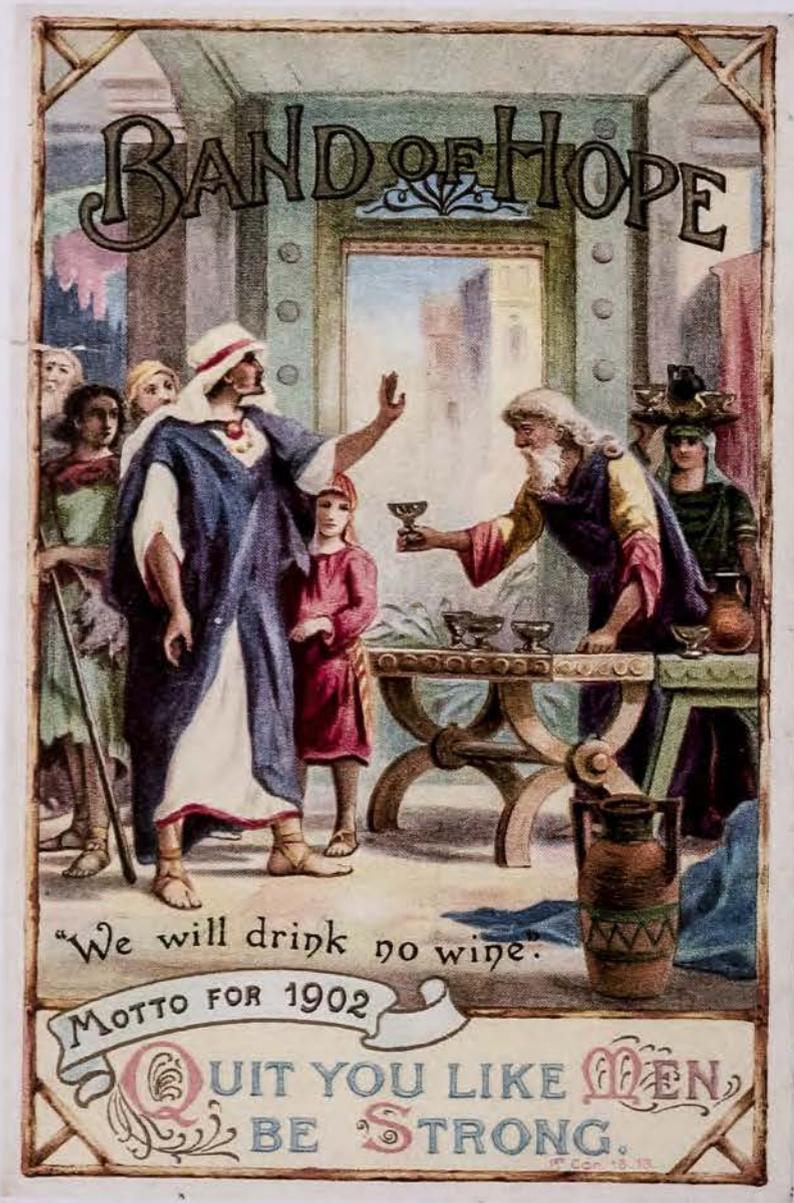


Devon Villas, FITTLEWORTH.

J. COOPER, G. MANVELL, F. BRIDGE, S. HARRIS, W. STEED, A. WHITTINGTON, J. H. HODGKIN, W. BAKYRTOLOV (Hon. Sec.), A. DILL, A. TUDADY, D. HILL, G. H. MOORE, T. THOMAS, C. BARTLETT, F. S. HARRIS, A. PELLER, A. WELLS.

G. DONOVAN, Photo.

*Petworth Football Club 1908-9 "Winners of the Wisboro' Green and District League Cup."*  
See "Football Focus" in Magazine 127. Photograph by G. Donovan. Courtesy of Mr Ian Christie.



Jeremiah tests the Rechabites. A Band of Hope motto card for 1902.  
See "The Society Temperance Evening."

## From beneath the stone – a Sussex botanical mystery

It was nine years ago that Dr Nick Sturt entertained and educated us in the then unrefurbished Leconfield Hall and so, with the audience in tiers instead of rows, it was a fresh experience for many this time, Nick included. But, as before, he started by taking Peter to task for the title he had given the talk in the Activities Sheet and on the posters. He also remembered that his first visit had resulted from Peter's 'leaving no stone unturned' in his search for speakers and here he was again, emerging from beneath his stone.

'Sussex Botanical Mysteries' had a wide appeal. There were the botanists, amateur and professional, familiar with plant names, both vernacular and botanical. There were those who revel in the beauty and detail of Nature, captured in photographs. And there were those intrigued by any mystery – not that Nick was able to solve them all by any means.

The botanists will not need me to quote the species involved and the rest of us would want more than a passing reference (in the dark) to register permanently in our memories. The second group were well satisfied, with the wider views of the plants in their habitats, illustrating the difficulty of spotting an unusual one in the general profusion; followed by a nearer shot of a plant on its own and then, the close-up of the miraculous details within the flower.

The mysteries? Nick posed the questions with examples of the plants concerned. Why do they suddenly appear and just as suddenly, disappear? Often there are answers, especially when human activity interferes, but not always. How do hybrids occur between species that have different means of pollination? What is the purpose of the water reservoir at the base of the teazle flower? Folk in the past have used the liquid as a cure for warts, but that is hardly an answer to the puzzle. Why are so many species common in West Sussex and not in East Sussex and vice versa? Why is the Arun Valley such a hot-spot for rare Sussex plants?

Global warming and man's interference do give cause for concern for the future of many scarce plants, even commoner ones, but change is inevitable and there are hopeful signs too. In one spot, Golden Dock appeared to have been wiped out by another introduced, invasive plant, but when a space appeared, the Golden Dock returned; dormant seeds had survived. Danish Scurvygrass, once confined to the coast, has now spread along roads and motorways, no doubt encouraged by a dose of salt each winter. New approaches to the management of downland pasture promise to bring back and maintain threatened species, including agricultural 'weeds'.

The final mystery is how Nick and Elizabeth, his wife, manage to carry out all their botanising, which currently entails listing all the plant species in Sussex, in 2km squares, alongside their professional careers in teaching. We must be grateful that there are still such people following in the steps of Arnold, Borrow, et al. and we appreciate having Nick back again to remind us.

No questions? Maybe because there are no answers – at present.

KCT

## Columbo's car? The March book sale

There's always something new to say about the book sale, that is if you peer just a little beneath that apparently unchanging surface. March is the 69<sup>th</sup>. The usual explosion of boxes. Boxes are as integral to the sale as the books themselves, bones to blood if you like. One or two minor adjustments in recent months. What comes in on the day, and it's a fair amount, goes into the side room for next month: it's too hectic behind the counter for fresh material to be sorted on the day. The smaller paperback fiction has become a fixture against the south wall, with the larger paperback and hardback fiction as far as possible on the central table. And these days the £1 table begins piled so high you can hardly see over it: watch it recede before your eyes in those first frantic moments. The stuff of legend if you like, but there's a harsh reality to being part of the initial crush. Too hard for some, who take care to arrive just a little later. And the abiding thought: in another month we've somehow to produce another such mountain. But the next sale is four, even perhaps, five weeks away.

The book of the quarter? This time it's *Madame Récamier and her Friends*.<sup>1</sup> No doubt a century and more will have blunted the fine edge of scholarship but that's no great matter. Here's Paris under the terror of the early 1790s, the coming of Buonaparte, and, eventually, drawn into Récamier's magic circle, Chateaubriand, precursor of the Romantic movement. Memories long ago of 'S' level French, and, identifying Chateaubriand as the author of a piece of unseen prose. Literary appreciation, I suppose it still exists. And Récamier herself, enchantress of a troubled age in which she lived sometimes comfortably, sometimes less so. But above all, the final act. An aged Chateaubriand, sometime something of a philanderer and Récamier old now and blind, sitting together of an afternoon, in silent meditation on past glories. "Where are the snows of yesterday?"

The intermission just after ten when the boxes are filling. Time for a quick forage. A pamphlet by Arthur James Balfour M.P. on insular free trade, 1903. For someone it would be a rare find. But for whom? And are they likely to be here? And here's a quiz book. To open at random and try a question. What was the make of Columbo's car? Haven't the faintest. I can never enthuse about quizzes. It always seems odd to me that an age that is determined to cast off all moral restraint should still cling, albeit, unconsciously to the Victorian notion that someone who knows that Asunción is the capital of Paraguay should be morally superior to someone who doesn't. Unless, perhaps, they're both Paraguayans. And specialist subjects? Bizarre. Some obscure pop group, some novelist no one's ever heard of. Where will it end? "Peter Jerrome 2003-2006 - the intemperate years". Could be challenging.

The till's waking up. It's approaching ten thirty. There'll be no further time to meditate. Over the whole sale we're averaging £2.50 a minute and most of it concertinaed into the first ninety minutes. You've got to look lively - very lively ....

Early afternoon. Clearly a very good sale. Desultory conversation. Would the Chairman be more dynamic if he were stuffed? It's hardly for me to enter into the discussion. Oh, and Columbo's car - a Peugeot 403 Cabriolet - well you knew that all the time didn't you?

P.

<sup>1</sup> H. Noel Williams (1901) reprinted 1925

## The Maxim gun wasn't required. First day at the Cottage Museum

I suppose you could call the 31<sup>st</sup> March a trial opening, the advertised beginning is April 1<sup>st</sup>. On the 31<sup>st</sup> you need to be sure everything's in place for the new season. As it happens it is a day of brilliant sun with the piercing wind of late March. The daffodils are full out in the right hand border against the wall while the wallflowers in the main bed are in tight orange bud. To hoe the winter tiredness out of the cinder path, the ash long since blackened by the close season rain. Marian shows round a mother with two extremely young children while I pull out speedwell and put it into the iron bucket. I wonder what the Museum has to offer to toddlers; you really need to be able to make comparisons, on however simplistic a basis, copper with modern washing-machine for instance.

In the parlour the fire's burning brightly and the room's a haven from the wind. Is it really a winter since the Museum was last open? It's clearly going to be a fairly quiet afternoon. Attention wanders to the frayed newspapers in the fireside rack. Here's the *Daily Mirror* for 4<sup>th</sup> January 1911. A facsimile but you'd never know. The Siege of Sidney Street, grainy evocative photographs and lots of them. Scots Guards, rifles at the ready lying on low platforms in what looks a very wet street. "Fitz" and "Peter the Painter" - the early reports were a little haphazard. Florence Rapley originally thought the men were Italian rather than East European. The Guards eventually brought up a Maxim gun but by that time it was all over.

Manchester United were top of the league that January while Bolton Wanderers and Barnsley had played in mid-week against select sides from Lancashire and Yorkshire respectively to help pit disaster sufferers. In the small ads a piano "won in the Avondale whist drive" is offered from an address in the Brixton Road. A couple of firms are anxious to buy old dentures. At St. James' Theatre Mr George Alexander is appearing "each day punctually at 8.30" in R.C. Carton's "The Eccentric Lord Comberdene". Matinees Saturday at 2.30.

The warm parlour gives no suggestion of the wind outside. The sun dazzles on leaves in the garden of Windmill House so that they could almost be white flowers. If you want the best results with sweet peas you do need to sow in January. Yes, the 4<sup>th</sup> is a little early, "E.F.T" concedes, but certainly within the month. The correspondence column offers opposing views on the vexed question, "Should Sunday cinematographs be closed?" A liberal objector takes the tongue-in-cheek approach. "Yes, close the cinemas, but oh! do spare the publics, the musical restaurants, the cigar shops, the fried fish shops, the rifle galleries, and other essentials to the due observance of the holy day." The "sweet of the year" is Clarnico Lily Caramels or so an advertisement would have us believe, while we are assured that Pinks marmalade is "pure with distinctive flavour." Queen Mary has made a surprise trip to Kings Lynn hospital in response to a letter from a little boy thanking her for a present of toys and asking her to visit. There's racing over the sticks at Gatwick and Australia are struggling against South Africa in the Test Match. Welcome to Mary Cummings' world you might say, or, perhaps more accurately, welcome to a world of which she would be at most partially aware. But then, are we, ninety six years and more on, any different?

P.

## David and Linda's bluebell walk.

April 22<sup>nd</sup>

Along the London road in the sunshine. At long last that uncouth monster, the Petworth Society, or at least the walking part of it, is sloughing off its winter hibernation. Turn off at Hoad's Common lodge and over that boneshaker of a cattle grid. Fields of rape in full bloom. Not as restful to the eye as the blue flower of linseed but very much part of the modern agricultural landscape. Whatever would George Garland's old characters have made of it?

A bluebell walk is always something of a gamble but this time we're in luck: the bluebells are absolutely at their peak. Right into the centre of Stag Park – we haven't visited for, perhaps, three years. We're going to walk a lopsided figure of eight crossing the single public footpath that runs from Raghm to the London Road. Most of the walk will be on private land. It's that window of opportunity for the spring flowers before the bracken takes over, the fronds are already appearing. Like an ape's hand I always think, although my knowledge of primate hands is, I have to say, a little limited. Stitchwort, celandine, bugle, primrose, dog's mercury, spurge, wood anemone, violet, yellow archangel, cuckoo pint, milkmaids, broom and even the occasional dandelion. But the woods are ablaze with bluebells. The scent hangs on the heavy air. It's humid, almost sultry, in the woods. And it's dry. Even the deep wheel ruts are dry and the stream parched. A tractor in the woods enjoying its Sabbath rest. They're thinning trees. Piles of sawdust. Are the doomed trees aware of that sinister red mark? All quiet – the animals are warned off by the sound of the walkers. A pheasant feather by the path, a deer glimpsed at a far distance. And over all that heady scent of bluebells, different vistas: an incline of pure blue studded only with some huge moss-covered boulders, or on the flat studded with the hard white of stitchwort. No sign of the pink champion, perhaps, we're a little early. Back from the very edge of the Upperton-Lurgashall road and off back through the rape fields to the Sunday afternoon road. Thanks very much David and Linda.

P.

## Solution to 127

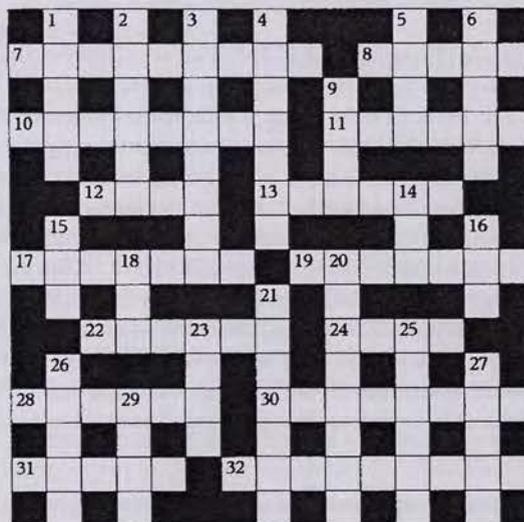
### Across

6 Tillington, 8 Stet, 9 Ogle, 10 Icon, 11 Harvests, 14 Yokel, 16 Antiques, 18 Meet, 19 Cast, 21 Road, 22 Empire Hall

### Down

1 Scots Crown, 2 Burton, 3 Statuary, 4 Bignor, 5 A Good Egg, 7 Lod, 11 Hikes, 12 Three Moles, 13 Maintian, 15 Lickfold, 17 United, 18 Merlin, 20 Baa

## Deborah's Local Crossword



### Across

7 & 8 Troubled P.C. might laugh on finding way to a traditional agricultural competition (9,5)  
10 & 15dn In Greek mythology its opening unleashed evil into the world (8,3)  
11 It's 49 miles away from Petworth according to the New Street milestone (6)  
12 Area of ancient woodland east of Petworth (4)  
13 A warm glow in December's dark days (6)  
17 Feature of the Pleasure Grounds at Petworth House presently undergoing restoration (7)

19 & 24 Fragments of an old pound remain in this part of the town (7,4)  
22 Enclosed – as the Park or town gardens (6)  
24 See 19  
28 It used to be where the Sylvia Beaufoy centre is now (6)  
30 Artist commissioned to depict 10 and 15 above the grand staircase in Petworth House (8)  
31 19<sup>th</sup>/20<sup>th</sup> century composer who lived for some years in the Petworth area (5)  
32 Large mirror sometimes used to fill in wall space in large houses (4,5)

### Down

1 Gather remnants after harvesting (5)  
2 Temporary fencing (6)  
3 Sang like the birds (8)  
4 Old-fashioned sweet (7)  
5 Where a farmer might store 2dn (4)  
6 Disabled farm vehicle produces a thespian (5)  
9 See 26  
14 A fixed pattern of behaviour typical of a stag (3)  
15 See 10 ac.  
16 Grove, Star or Stonemason's (3)  
18 She can always be found in sun and rain (3)  
20 Story or picture with a hidden meaning e.g. 30 ac.'s portrayal of 10 & 15 (8)  
21 Blissfully peaceful rural scene – could well describe Petworth! (7)  
23 Buy one in the Old Bakery (4)  
25 The St. Pancras area of Chichester was once a centre for making this basic tool (6)  
26 & 9 You should aim to join this Petworth society (5,4)  
27 An heraldic device (5)  
29 Young hawk (4)

## Editor's Postbag

### Mike Hubbard writes:

Reverting to Jesse Daniels' duties as an ARP warden (PSM 126). You ask if bombs actually fell in Upperton. I don't know, but I do know that a large bomb fell in 1942 at River. I was six at the time and, as the crow flies, River is only about a mile from Upperton. My grandfather, "Winkle" Ayling, the Lickfold baker and "bun king" was entertaining at a fête in Selham to raise money for prisoners of war. The fête was being run by the Red Cross and he took me along with him to recite "Albert and the Lion". It was my first public appearance as an entertainer. We had just got up on the stage when three German planes came over Selham. We ran for cover and they dropped bombs on River and Lodsworth. After the all-clear and when Grandad and I had done our turn at the fête we went up to River. We found that a bomb had dropped on the footpath from Lodsworth to River, well used in those days when there were fewer cars, and right between Ellen Pratt's pig-pen at Goldneys and old George Woodgate's W.C. The blast blew all the tiles off the W.C. roof. George was a lovely man, getting on in years and somewhat deaf. It is reported that he emerged and said to his wife, "Mother, I shall never eat baked beans again."

[Editor's note. The baked beans story was a great favourite of George Garland's. I have often heard him tell it. Possibly this is the original of it.]

### The Missing Seventeen Years

Brenda Foster writes:

My father was born at 1 Montier Terrace, Petworth on the 5<sup>th</sup> April 1920, his sister having been born at Midhurst in 1915. Both are still alive. Their mother Beatrice Hilda Green (née Formhals) was last seen at Petworth on 15<sup>th</sup> July 1922, a date which will always be remembered by her daughter as it was her birthday. Little did she realise that this would be the last time she would see her mother. Enquiries from the children in later life were resolutely rejected, but there seem some grounds for supposing Beatrice was pregnant by someone other than her husband. She was admitted to Petworth workhouse on 13<sup>th</sup> December 1922 and discharged on 13<sup>th</sup> April 1923. Did she have a child and, if so, did she keep it or give it up for adoption? After April 1923 she simply disappears.

My father's birth certificate gives his father Gabriel (my grandfather) as a motor mechanic, while his sister says that Gabriel was a motor-driver of the midnight mail. Gabriel clearly served in the war and was demobbed on the 20<sup>th</sup> November 1919 and transferred to reserve. Owing to mustard gas poisoning he was blind in one eye. He went on to have a new family and eventually married Olive Annie Rigden, a nurse. It is thought they may have met in 1919 while he was in hospital at Southampton.

But where was Beatrice from 1923? There is no trace of her except for a death certificate for a Beatrice Hilda Green dated 24<sup>th</sup> May 1940. She is described as having died at Barming Heath Hospital, but had come from Pembury Hospital at Tunbridge Wells. She

is a "spinster, domestic servant, and daughter of — Green, occupation unknown." Assuming that this is the same Beatrice, clearly the certificate is incorrect.

If I could find out anything about the missing seventeen years it would make two very old people very happy.

Thistledous, Top End, Little Staughton, Bedford MK44 2BY.

### Peter Laughton writes:

Rectory Gate House, Petworth, West Sussex GU28 0DB

Dear Peter,

As residents of Rectory lane we are interested in the photograph facing page 41 in your excellent magazine No 127 March 2007. On the left hand side, towards the middle of the photograph, is a largish house, now demolished, lying parallel to the old Rectory. The date of the picture is recorded as 1954, but from the clothes worn by the people outside Foxs' Shop and the vehicles parked in the lane, it would appear that the date of the photograph is more likely to be in the 1920s or early 1930s. It would be greatly appreciated if anyone could enlighten us about the history and date of the demolished building

[My information is that this is part of a series of photographs taken when the church tower was being topped in 1954 but I agree that the clothes and cars do look antiquated. Any ideas? Ed.]

### Tom Edwards writes:

14 Millfield Rd., Newport, Isle of Wight PO30 54RH  
tomed@onwight.net

Dear Peter,

Many thanks for your reply and the magazine which I enjoyed reading, so much so that I have decided to join the society so enclosed cheque for £11.

The family I am researching is EDWARDS who probably came from Slindon and mainly were at Sutton but the villages of Barlavington, Cold Waltham, Egdean, Gay Street, Coates and Wisborough Green are all involved. The female side PUTTICK came from River and I have micro fiche of the Tillington Parish registers for the marriage etc. The family of BISHOP from Petworth entered the scene from early 1870 to 1881, though I am sure no marriage ever came about.

Coates came into the scene as Mary Ann EDWARDS eldest daughter was a needlewoman at Coates Castle in the 1871 census, so I also enjoyed the Royal School of Needlework article. Who knows she may have had some input. Mary appears in the 1891 and 1901 census as living at Dammers Bridge which according to your magazine "was an area of less than adequate housing". It can't be that bad if she stuck it out for ten years or so.

If anybody in the society are following the above families I would love to make contact.

**Miles Costello writes:**

*Christine Chaundler*

Peter,

Could you please ask the Magazine readers if any of them remember a lady from Fittleworth named Christine Chaundler. Christine was born in Bedfordshire in 1887 and became a prolific writer of girls' school stories. Her heyday appears to have been between the wars, though her more popular works, which weren't necessarily girls' school stories, were still being reprinted in the early 1980s. I don't know when she moved to Fittleworth or indeed where in the village she lived. I do however know that she died in 1972 when, I presume, she was still living in Fittleworth. If anybody remembers her I would be interested in knowing a little more about her.

**Diana Knight writes:**

Uplands, Church St., Bowerchalke, Salisbury SP5 5BH

Dear Peter,

I wonder if you would be interested in these photographs which came from the album of the Reverend Henry Newman. They were taken at Sutton Rectory possibly during the twenties. I have always understood that two of the actors were Mrs Patrick Campbell and one of the Barrymore brothers — John or Lionel.

I think that Mrs Patrick Campbell must be the taller of two ladies — since she was 5ft. 9in. tall and very statuesque. I don't know who the other people are. Perhaps some of your readers could add further light?

Mrs Campbell's daughter, Stella was married to Mervyn Beech, son of the Rev. Howard Beech who lived in Sutton towards the end of his life, so she may well have had a link with the village.

**Roger Nash writes:**

Rudgwick Preservation Society has published a booklet on the Geology of Holy Trinity Church. This unique study, written by Roger Birch, documents the many different types of stone used in the construction of the church (including the Sussex Marble Font). This high quality, 16 page booklet has a pull-out laminated front cover with a photograph of the church showing where to find examples of the various stones, which include recycled Roman tile and brick. The booklet reviews the building of the church and takes the reader on a tour of the geological features of each of the stones and where they may have been quarried locally.

The booklet has been able to be produced at a very affordable price by sponsorship from Rudgwick Metals, Rikkyo School, Pennthorpe School, Baggeridge Brick, and Dornworth Financial Consultants.

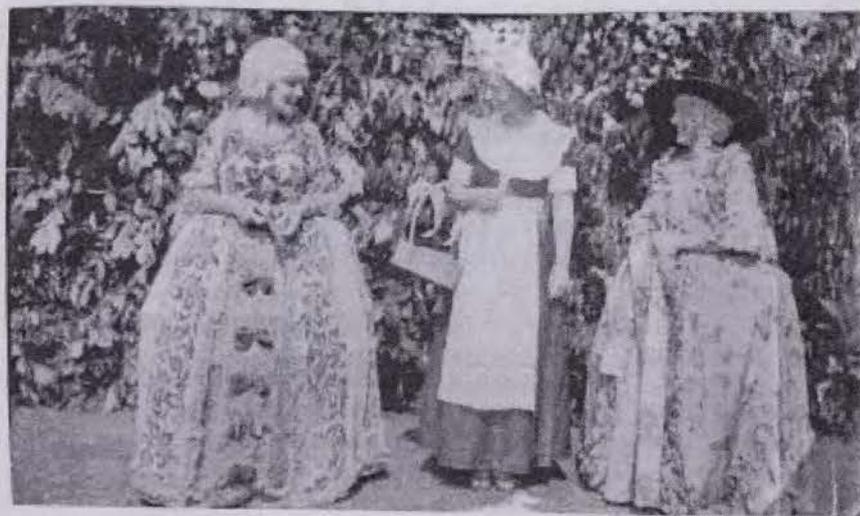
**Price £2.50 or £3.00 by post (UK)**

Obtainable from Leslie Hawkins (01403 822967,

lesliehawkins@tiscali.co.uk) or Roger Nash (01403 822581, rjnash@southdownhouse.co.uk)

[An interesting and very well-produced booklet on an unusual theme. Ed.]

Left. Rev. H. Newman  
Right. John or Lionel  
Barrymore?



Above Mrs Patrick Campbell,

**Terry Chapman writes:**

38 Amberley Drive, Goring-by-Sea, Worthing BN12 4QQ

Dear Peter

6 April 2007

The extract from the Sussex Agricultural Express of 13 May 1862 in Petworth Society Magazine No 127, related to the attempted murder of Jane Hill by her grandmother, Elizabeth Steer. I was prompted to find the outcome of the case by Steer relatives in Australia.

Jane Hill, whose throat was cut on 10 May 1862, lingered for some days, but could take no nourishment, and died on 22 May 1862. Next day, an inquest was held at the Angel Inn and, after hearing details of the gruesome happenings in the bedroom at Ayres Yard, above Mr Gadd's butchers, the Jury returned a verdict of 'wilful murder' against the child's grandmother, Elizabeth Steer. She was committed for trial at the next Assizes.

The case came up at the Sussex Summer Assizes at Lewes in August 1862. After considering the medical evidence the Jury found Elizabeth Steer was of unsound mind and incapable of taking her trial. The Judge ordered that she be confined during Her Majesty's Pleasure.

Sources: West Sussex Gazette of 15, 22 and 29 May and 7 August 1862.

[At time of press Terry sends relevant passages from the *West Sussex Gazette*. Ed.]

**Miles Costello writes:**

Peter,

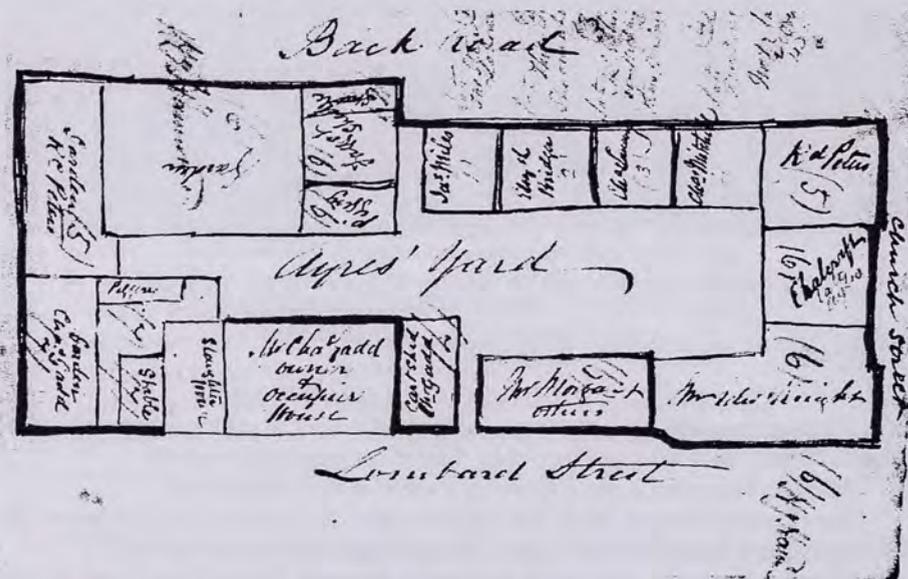
I read with interest the account in the last issue of the magazine of the assault on a young girl by her grandmother at Petworth in 1862 and thought that you may be interested to know a little more about the circumstances surrounding the tragic incident.

The victim, aged nine years, was Jane the daughter of Jane Wells and stepdaughter of George Wells the well-known Petworth receiving officer and registrar. The child Jane it would seem had lived with her grandmother Elizabeth Steer for several years, probably since her mother's marriage to George Wells. Jane and her grandparents lived in what was then known as Ayre's Yard.

For a short time Jane went to live with her mother and stepfather in Angel Street but for whatever reason she once again returned to her grandparents at Ayre's Yard. Clearly the situation was not ideal for the grandparents, not knowing if the child whom they had effectively raised, was to be removed once again. It would seem that this quite rational fear of losing Jane may well have unsettled Elizabeth Steer's mind and ultimately caused her to assault the child with such tragic consequences.

As recorded in the last magazine the circumstances surrounding the discovery of the assault are well known but what wasn't made clear was that the grievously injured child lingered on at the workhouse infirmary in North Street for five days before finally succumbing to her terrible wound. Elizabeth Steer was committed to stand trial at the next assize on a charge of murder. The outcome of the trial is unclear and I have no information regarding the fate of Elizabeth, however this would not be difficult to obtain from contemporary newspaper records.

Without wishing to alarm any current residents of Lombard Street it may be of interest to some to know where Ayre's Yard is. I have attached a nineteenth century plan of the area with names in the original hand. The narrow yard stretched about a third of the length of Lombard Street with access from both Back Road (the modern Park Road) and Lombard Street. The area covered by the yard coincided very roughly with that of the ancient Crown Inn, which originally stood in Church Street. It was an act of benevolence on the part of Richard Ayre in 1673 that established the name of the yard. Ayre bequeathed the former inn and six tenements to the use of the poor of Petworth. I believe that the charity still exists in one form or another though now amalgamated with similar Petworth bequests.



Moving from left to right across the bottom of the plan would be like travelling north along the upper part of Lombard Street towards the parish church. The property at the bottom right is at the corner of Lombard Street and Church Street; in relatively modern times it has been known as Clock House and was home to Ernest Streeter's antiques shop. In 1862 Edward Knight the baker and confectioner occupied it. The building would survive until 1899 when it was destroyed by fire. Most of the southern part of the yard was in the hands of Charles Gadd the butcher. Besides his shop he had a number of buildings including a piggery, slaughterhouse and faggot shed in the yard. The corner of Back Road and Church street was home to Richard Peters the blacksmith. The murder took place in the small property that bears the name Jas. Miles on the plan situated immediately above the 'Y' in Yard and which probably faced onto Back Road. The present Ayre's yard is not so dissimilar though it has been much subdivided in recent years. It is however still possible to identify the exact position of the property in relation to the present buildings.

Shirley Stanford sends this cutting from the *Daily Sketch* for 1st July 1936.



Some of the orchestra making and trying out their own pipes.

#### VILLAGE BOYS' ORCHESTRA OF BAMBOO PIPES

Church Music Or Jazz On Instruments

They Make Themselves

'DAILY SKETCH' SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

EIGHT boys of Petworth (Sussex) Church of England School have formed themselves into a pipe orchestra. They use pipes they make themselves from bamboo sticks.

Anything from church music to jazz is featured in their programmes.

The eldest boy is under 14 and the youngest eight. According to their conductor, Mr. C. Stevenson, a master at the school, they can make their pipes at one lesson.

They buy bamboo in long pieces one inch in diameter, cutting the pipe the required length. Holes have then to be whittled with tiny hack-saws and chisels at the exact spacing and size to produce the plaintive beauty of the bamboo pipe note.

Mr. Stevenson, a very keen pipe enthusiast, has coached the boys up to their present standard.

"I have always been interested in piping and when I came to Petworth I decided to gain the boys' interest, too." He told the DAILY SKETCH.

"Their response was remarkable. They now give demonstrations all over the southern counties. Recently they entertained the Sussex Agricultural Show."

A member of the Pipers' Guild said, "Bamboo pipes cannot be bought anywhere. Their chief attraction is that one has to make them and then play them. It must appeal tremendously to schoolboys. No pipe is supposed to cost more than 3d., that is, if all goes well in the making.

"Mr. Stevenson is a well-known member of the Guild, and is taking part in a concert in London early in October. Our 'pièce de resistance' is, of course, the Pipers' Guild

Quartette, the beauty of whose playing is equal to any string orchestra."

So entrancing is the note of the bamboo pipe, and so skilful the playing of these schoolboys, that efforts are being made to get them to broadcast with the B.B.C.

## The Divine and the Donkey

We reproduce a photocopy of an etching by C. Williams entitled the *Divine and the Donkey - or Petworth Frolics*. The cartoon appeared originally in the satirical magazine *The Scourge* in 1814. The Prince Regent and his friends are portrayed as playing an elaborate and boisterous joke at the expense of the then Rector of Tillington, himself no stranger to the Prince. The cartoon will be reduced by half here and I have reproduced the captions below. Spelling is in the original:

Come one more bumper to the Allies!

I'll drink another bumper to the Allies - Huzza have and wine for ever!!

Bravo my Boy - we have provided you an Allie for the night my Buck. I hope you will agree together.

Why Jenny you must not kick in this manner when you have your Bedfellow with you.

Come let's drink a Bon Repos to them.

Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall die with laughing! What will the Parson say when he finds what a strange bed fellow he has got.

What Margery - did you want to hear the News from the doctor's lips

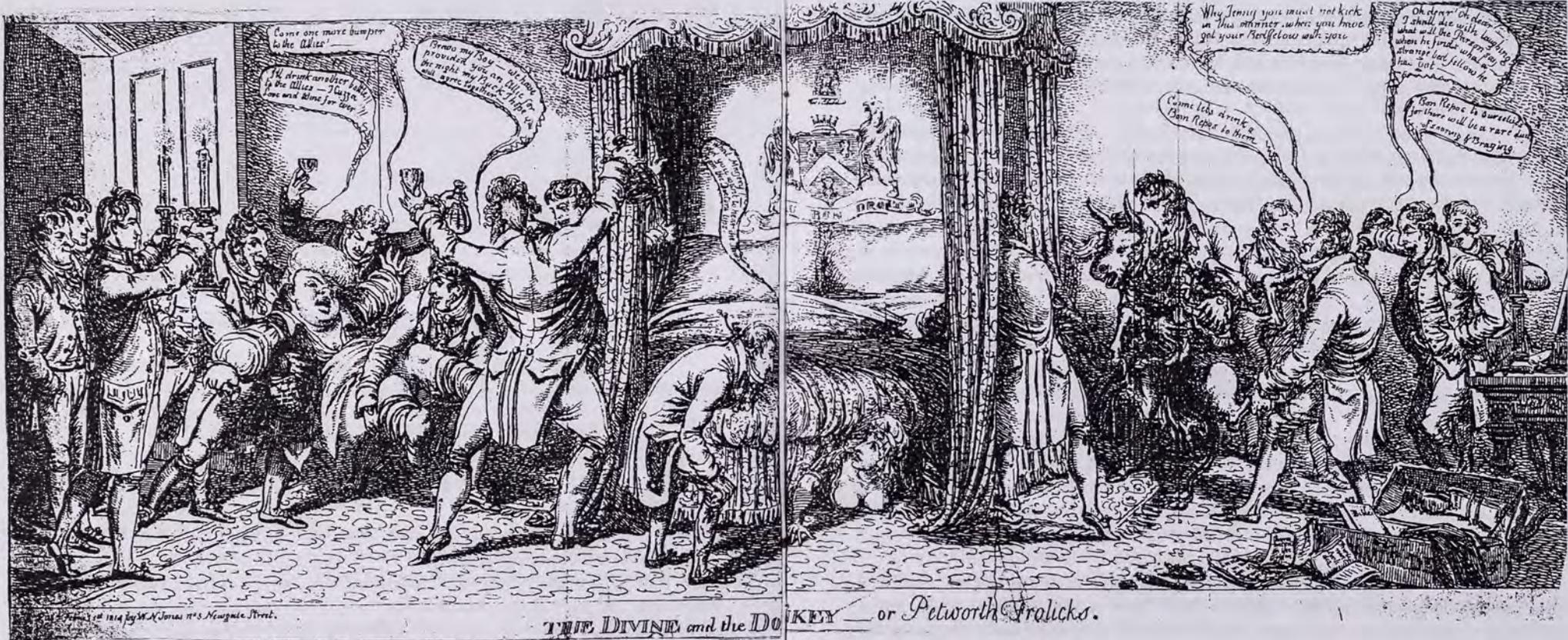
Bon Repos to ourselves for there will be a rare duet of snoring and braying.

## "Oh, it's art," he said and walked out

Jonathan Newdick's exhibitions in Petworth House have become almost a regular feature. He has shown his work annually there since 1997 in addition to his main exhibitions around the country and in Venice. Always at Petworth House there is a different theme. This year's, which was held over Easter, was devoted to his new book which he has called *The Red Handkerchief* and which was inspired by his travels on slow trains throughout Europe over the past few years.

Always on these journeys Jonathan has been drawing and writing the impressions of what he sees - views from the windows, headlines in other peoples' newspapers, overheard conversations (often misunderstood) - anything which interests him. These impressions have inevitably become combined with fragments of memory and *The Red Handkerchief* is the result of the amalgamation of all these things. I spoke with Jonathan about the work during a rare quiet period of the exhibition.

\* \* \* \* \*



Why a text in English and Italian? Well, from a purely practical point of view, a curator in Venice has taken a keen interest and that's certainly something not to be ignored. Perhaps as cogently, my journeys have been between England and Italy, and, not least, Fulvia is a translator, so a text in English and Italian makes a kind of sense.

I've been fortunate to have had the exhibition in Easter week, traditionally a busy time at the great house, and people have spent time, in some cases hours, with us. That's rewarding. The man who looked in, said, "Oh, it's art" and walked out was an entertaining exception. It may be time spent rather than money spent, but the latter's no necessary indication of success. There's something here for people to identify with, to make them think. Something articulated that might otherwise remain mute. The central conception may be a truism of a kind, that life is a journey made up of apparently unrelated incidents, but there's nothing wrong with playing a descant on a truism.

The framed drawings themselves will be on show in various galleries in England and in Italy while the images and texts will be reproduced in a limited edition book of 15 numbered copies at £340. A proportion of these are already ordered. We would hope also to produce a smaller trade edition at around £30. This latter will open out concertina fashion, all the images appearing extended rather like the carriages of a train.

Now the images. I like to think that it all began with the buzzard. Somewhere in Eastern France. Champagne perhaps. There's nothing uncommon about a buzzard, certainly not in continental Europe; almost any fence may host one, but this particular fence had a rag of red cloth impaled on it. A vision from a moving train, no sooner glimpsed than lost. Moving trains take no prisoners. For me the red cloth became a handkerchief – perhaps it was. It might have been: it might not have been. It became, like the train itself, a leitmotif, reflected again in the image of a young girl with a very short red skirt, another handkerchief if you like.

Which came first – the image or the idea? Neither probably, just a coalescence. The idea of writing out of long train journeys on slow stopping trains, the buzzard and the red cloth. Soon came the conviction that the pictures needed to be the same size, closely arranged around the room to suggest the carriages of a train. The way the images would be deployed was important. No wayward fancy this: so many people have said, quite unbidden, "Oh it's a bit like a train."

The broken windows – this was somewhere between Venice and Trieste, the sort of thing that somehow you only seem to glimpse from a moving train. A neglected factory or warehouse. You won't see that from a car; the train so often explores territory that the apparently ubiquitous, omnipotent car never does. And the connection with the whimbrel, bird of the tidal mudflats? That decaying building; broken windows, decaying brickwork links with a broken wall long years ago at the sea-edge. Hence the whimbrel. Dell Quay perhaps? It doesn't matter.

If the connections may seem originally tenuous, once made they become taut, chains of the mind. A stopped clock on a railway halt, probably long disused. No train stops here now but the clock somehow survives. You see the clock and invent your own story. Or this tobacco tin, suggested by a decaying poster at another railside halt. "Turret Flake." The tin

belonged to my grandfather. I still use it. In turn it makes me think of a friend telling me of letters reflecting a lost love. The letters burned but the ashes kept in just such a tin tobacco box.

Or a girl in a municipal park, glimpsed in an instant from a train. I have her dancing. Artistic licence if you like, she was probably just fooling about. Imagination transmutes fooling to dance and further to the figure of Justice on the dome of St. Mark's in Venice, almost twirling the scales of justice in her hands.

Or this lady, so smartly dressed in the latest fashion, bare arms, exotic gloves and a sizeable bandage on her arm. You match up the vision with a story. The train has already moved on. Of course the story will have no relation to objective reality. How can it? But it does have a reality that is personal to you. The phrase April Dancer comes to mind. Could be a horse, a character from a novel by Scott Fitzgerald, or an aide to fly-fishing. You create your own narrative, sparked by the bandage.

And what, I wonder, if I made the same journey blindfold, doing something similar with sound rather than vision? Something of a tour de force certainly – that peculiar call of the buzzard, the brief confused sounds of a stop at a railway halt. But that would be a different book and exhibition entirely.

Ed.

## Petworth Bells and Ringing

St. Mary's tower has contained bells down through the centuries.

There are records of bequests for "maintenance of the bells" back in the 16th<sup>c</sup> but the first recorded details are of 5 bells in 1724 and then of 6 bells being cast by Thomas Swain in 1767. Petworth seems to have been his only work in Sussex.

In 1827 this ring of 6 was recast into a new ring of 8 bells by Thomas Mears at Whitechapel London. The inscription on the tenor read; "George O'Brien, Earl of Egremont, built the tower and spire and gave the clock. The six old bells were exchanged for these eight new ones by voluntary subscription of the inhabitants 1827."

This eight were then recast by Gillett & Johnston of Croydon in 1924 to give the bells we have today. They do sound good and rate amongst the finest sounding bells in Sussex. The tenor which is the heaviest bell weighs just over 18cwt.

The Sanctus bell<sup>1</sup> over the St. Thomas's chapel has an interesting history. This was obtained for Lady Leconfield by Lady Max Muller who was at the British Legation in Warsaw..

She wrote:

"Dear Lady Leconfield, I have got the bell – a beautiful one at that! It was quite a hunt to get it, and I am sure that if it could tell its own tale it would be even longer than mine. One day

<sup>1</sup> On this see article and photographs in PSM 68.

when passing a church I saw hundreds and hundreds of bells, and, with the help of our clergyman and the Metropolitan, I found out that these were bells which the Russians had sent into Russia during the German invasion so that the Germans should not benefit by the metal, and the Bolsheviks had now returned them to this country'.

Its journey from Warsaw to Petworth was not without incident but it arrived late in 1924 and was hung for chiming on the east wall of the chapel. (The bell was actually cast in Yaroslav, a town NE of Moscow).

Down through the ages there have been ringers and some of the pieces we ring today would have been recognisable by those who rang the bells in the eighteenth century. Some of the newer pieces may have caused some head scratching though; they do to some of us! There was a band at the start of the last century Messrs Burdock, Howard, Lanaway, Summersell, Sutton and Vincent being members. There is a report of 'An Impressive Dedication Ceremony' when the new ring was installed, and the bells were then regularly pealed by ringers from the locality from 1924 through to the mid 30's. Then the war intervened and records start again in the 50's. We have a photograph in the tower of the Rev Hugh Owen-Jones (+ his dog) with the ringers in the 60's.

So it's quite a tradition and one we wish to ensure continues in this 21<sup>st</sup>C. In ringing there is always a ready welcome for anyone interested or would like to learn, so if you are inclined please come along. We meet on a Thursday evening, and of course continue the age-old ringers' practice of enjoying a pint after ringing.

Geoff Rix

## Crawfold

Over ten years ago I was asked to look over a number of houses in preparation for Peter Jerrome's history of Ebernoe. At the time I can remember driving past the turning to Crawfold on numerous occasions, but the received wisdom was that anything old there had been demolished. In fact the official listing misspells the name (Crawford) and is very terse and disparaging, although long experience has taught me to regard these records with some scepticism. Then very recently I was offered the chance to visit and record the house — and I rarely turn down such opportunities.

The house is clearly of several periods, and includes an L-shaped brick building containing the present front door. To the rear is a large tile hung wing, and these two elements are linked with a smaller tile-hung range; tile-hanging is almost always evidence for a timber-framed structure. All the details that could be seen at first pointed to the earliest survivals being seventeenth century, until a detail was spotted at ceiling height at the point where the timber-framed parts met the brick building. There was a three-foot length of moulded timber, painted in with the ceiling: the double roll mouldings and shape told me I was looking at part of the decorated beam that once extended across the dais or 'high' end of the open hall of a medieval house!



*This luminous photograph, possibly by Walter Kevis, reflects some unknown occasion probably about 1900.*



*The mummers entertain old folks at Tillington in 1939. Does anyone recognise them?  
See "The Fittleworth Mumming Play." Photograph by George Garland.*



*Fittleworth Tipteers 1951. Photograph by George Garland.*



*Petworth looking south from the church tower 1955. Photographer not known.*

Spurred on to first floor, and then into the roof space, it became clear that a complete quarter of a high-class early house has survived within the centuries of adaptations and additions. Among rare details are the unbraced crown struts of the roof and moulding along the underside of the collar purlin, suggesting a build date in the first half of the 1300s. It is also clear that a partition to confine the smoke to the lower bay of the hall (now gone) was in operation for some time, until a 'new' wing with a chimney stack replaced the lower end of the house in the early 1600s.

So who was connected with this building? Crawfold is a fairly extreme example of how early names become distorted and mutate. A clue lies in its spelling in earlier records, as Crafold; this was almost certainly a reproduction of an abbreviation, which would have appeared as CRA'FOLD. In 1296 Joan de Crabbesfolde paid tax under Ebernoe tithing, and this has to be the earliest record of this land-holding. Not only was the tenant a woman, almost certainly holding as a widow, but she was among the top third of the local taxpayers.

By 1348 the tenancy had been taken over by John Philip, when it was listed among the land-holdings of the manor of Pallingham, then owned by the FitzAlans of Arundel. Described as a virgate, he was paying £1 per annum making it one of the most expensive tenancies. This implied it was one of the largest and most productive of the farms, and it is probably about this time that the house was built that remains at the core of the present farm. Later records show that although the farmhouse and 80 acres lay in Kirdford parish, over twice as many acres lay in Petworth parish.

A Commonwealth tax levied in 1645 shows that Gregory Hurst was then the tenant, and he probably succeeded his father, as a man of the same name died in 1618. The Hursts probably replaced half the old house with a 'modern' wing. By 1668 the Eede family had taken over, and they were to remain as tenants until 1900, also farming at Battlehurst and Medhone. In the stock returns of the late eighteenth century, published by Kenyon (1950) the value and diversity of Crawfold is emphasised again:

12 oxen, 7 cows, 21 young cattle & colts, 86 sheep, 28 pigs, 2 riding horses, 6 draught horses, 3 wagons, 5 carts, 45 quarters wheat, 50 quarters oats, 10 loads hay, 28 loads straw, 2 carters, 2 stockmen

More research remains to be done on this farm, not least that there may be one or two surviving probate inventories, possibly taken room by room, that will give an indication of the size and form of the house before the changes made in the 19th century.

Annabelle Hughes

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## As to Grittenham

Grittenham, now a simple ancient farmhouse in the south-west part of Tillington parish, down by and a short distance inland, from the Rother, may well once have been a small village in its own right, like many another with "...ham" in its name; and as Upperton and River, in

that parish, still are. The English Place-Name Society's Sussex volume, Part 1 (1929, reprinted 1986), page 122, gives its earliest spelling known to the Society as Greteham. This is in the Domesday Book (1086), which records a quarry at Grittenham (I use today's spelling) worth 10s.0d a year. This was an enormous sum then, so the quarry must have been a big one; possibly short-lived. The place's name is either from Old English (the English spoken in the Norman era) "great" meaning "gravel", or gryten, "gravely"; or Old English "greet", meaning great, big, large - (by farm enclosure). Greatham, on the Arun south of Pulborough, has the same choice of name meanings (ibid. page 151), and is Grethalm in the Domesday Books, its earliest spelling.

Of the medieval former village, if any, there is now no sign; but old roads converge on the present farmhouse, from north-east and south; that from north-east is a hollow way going to Little Common and Dean, then north to Lurgashall. Boats could travel the river if flat-bottomed. And where was the quarry? It eluded the Place-Name Society whose word search did not permit a site-visit, but it is still there, for the observant. It is the hollow between Grittenham's garden pond and the field bordering the river; a long narrow oblong planted with poplars along its west side, with low banks gently sloping to its middle, about 800 feet long by 200 feet wide at south end, with a short distance to the river, to boat the quarried product away; or take it north-east by packhorse. What was it? Possibly stone, but more likely gravel, as the place name suggests. Why they were quarrying it in 1086, and how far its output went, are subjects for further research. It may hint at 1080s local expansion.

Jeremy Godwin

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## Chillinghurst

In my childhood for six months of a glorious golden summer and autumn, my family lived in Stag Park, in the Petworth area of West Sussex.

There were three joined cottages, rather off the beaten track, and fronting on to a flint-walled cattle yard, that was, in those days, always knee-deep in straw and cow manure. I remember that when I climbed up to look over the wall, the whole area would be steaming, and smelling, in the sunshine!

The earth-beaten path at the foot of our gardens followed this high flint wall and when it reached the little wood, it skirted a deep, dark pool, and then went on to the old barns, so big that when I looked up, their walls seemed to cut out the sky.

We lived in the middle of the row; on one side was a very elderly couple and, on the other, a large family consisting of a mother, father, and five children. To me, an only child brought up by a careful mother, that family was to prove a revelation.

With them I wandered the woods and fields and found a new way of life; learning to suck the nectar from primroses or chew stalks of sorrel when we were peckish. We followed animal tracks and knew where all the birds were nesting. In the woods we built hazel houses where we played "families" and at harvest time we piled the wheat sheaves into stooks and then

played hide-and-seek in and out of the straw tepees with their burnt biscuit, slightly musty smell.

We took glass bottles of cold tea or homemade lemonade with us, all drinking and sharing from the one bottle, a new experience for me as my mother was apt to frown on such unhygienic activities! She was probably right to do so, for it wasn't long after that, that we all went down with whooping cough and my discomfort was aggravated by a deep sense of injustice because I was kept in strict quarantine, while THEY continued to run wild, whooping it up in the woods!

From my bedroom I could hear the whole family coughing and whooping as they played. In that house my bedroom was long and narrow and had one small window so it was always rather dark even when the candle was lit - no electricity there!

My bed was a sort of half-four-poster with thick curtains around the head, and these, when drawn, not only kept out draughts but isolated me in an island of warmth and seclusion.

To one side of the room was a low wooden door that led into a side attic. As a rule, this door was kept firmly shut but on rare occasions my mother would tie a scarf over my thick, curly hair while Dad would bring a torch or a candle and show me the inhabitants of the attic - pipistrelle bats!

Little furry creatures, hanging upside down in a shroud-like covering of their own leather wings. I viewed them with fascination and fear.

Although our stay in that enchanted place was comparatively short yet it was rich in memories. One very hot day the next-door children went skinny-dipping in the dark, scummy pool. I longed to join them, even offering to wear my bathing costume, but my parents had seen and smelled that pond which was situated close to, and at a lower level than the cow-yard! Their answer to my pleas was a firm "No". So I watched from the bank, and being a tough bunch, the gang survived the experience!

Every school-day the children walked up through the woods to their village school at Northchapel. I continued to attend my old school at Petworth. This meant I had to traverse three meadows and climb two stiles before even reaching the road where I got a lift, either on the little 'bus or on my father's bicycle. Often when I returned, I would find the meadows full of Highland Cattle. I was never quite sure just where that herd would be and would nervously follow the shadow of the hedge, climb a stile, then suddenly, there they were!

Huge horns surmounting shaggy heads, small eyes peering at me with curiosity. Sometimes they would follow me, quite friendly, even playful, but, to an eight-year old, rather fearsome. I made myself walk slowly but it was always with relief that I saw my mother coming to meet me.

Memories of that summer must include the butterflies; I would stride through the tall grasses in my wellingtons and as I walked, clouds of blue and brown Skippers rose around me, while in the garden Admirals and Peacocks haunted the buddleia and we all waged war on the Whites in the cabbage patch.

When autumn came, it brought conkers, horse-chestnuts, bright hips and haws; we all tried chewing hips but found them strangely hairy inside and raw to our lips.

We invented a racing-game played from the branches of the ash trees; floating down the seed keys to see whose little propellers reached the ground first.

The family next door were great wine makers. One day some sweet sludge was left in a dish on the kitchen table and the baby, aged about eighteen months and very active, climbed up and ate the sticky mess. When his mother returned from hanging out the washing she found her small son very drunk indeed! He recovered, although rather young for such a hangover!

One bad memory remains from that time. At harvest the reaping machines would travel around and around the wheat fields, the patch of standing corn become smaller and small with each circuit, and full of small wild creatures, taking refuge there from the noise of the machine. We girls were kept busy gleaning or stacking the sheaves but the boys, even the small ones, stood around the corn path armed with stout sticks and waiting for the poor frightened rabbits to break cover and run for the safety of the hedges.

Then the boys and men would shout and run to hit the rabbits on the head. Another one for the pot!

A country child's life at that time was a mixture of innocence and paganism but even at that young age I think I sensed that our idyllic days there, were numbered and it gave them an intensity and served to heighten my awareness.

When we left at the end of the year, I had very mixed feelings, I was enriched, enlightened, and I am sure I was never quite the same after that enchanted summer and autumn when I learned the real meaning of "living in the country"

Mary Newman (Aitchison)

## "He would return carrying bowls of beef dripping"

My father Percy Pullen's recollections appear in PSM 59<sup>1</sup>. Born in 1898, he left Petworth in 1912 to work for the Post Office at Purley. He would not live in Petworth again but family ties remained and he would never forget his childhood in the Gog/Brinksole area. Around 1909 the family had moved from a cottage in the Gog woods wanted by the Stapylton family at Hilliers for a coachman of theirs, to Monument Cottage, just down the track from Montpelier. Monument Cottage was notable for its unusual ornamental brick battlements. It also had a very capacious garden. The family connection would endure for over fifty years and that garden play an important part in family life over these years. My grandfather John Pullen who worked as a forester on the Leconfield Estate would make full use of the garden as would his widow and daughter Annie, and later Annie with her husband Arthur Charles Caplin. Grandfather Pullen died in 1923 at the age of 64. I still have a number of Petworth and District Horticultural and Agricultural Association certificates of his. In 1921 he won 5 firsts, 9 seconds and 4 thirds.

Monument Cottage was remote. Just as Pulborough station was nearer on foot than Petworth

<sup>1</sup> *Growing up in the Gog*, March 1990

station, so too St Mary's Church stood at a greater distance than the little church at Bedham. On John Pullen's death Fittleworth Parish Magazine<sup>2</sup> noted of him, "Though he was not a parishioner he was well known to many. Sunday by Sunday, almost without fail he and his family could be seen in our little church at Bedham and always at the Holy Communion".

As I have said, my father, throughout a long life, kept a lively awareness of his birthplace. When he came back to visit he would walk from Pulborough station – there was little point in waiting at Pulborough for the local branch connection. When John Pullen died he bought a donkey and trap in Purley and drove down with it to Monument Cottage to give it to his widowed mother, still living at the cottage with her daughter Annie. She would use it to go into Petworth for shopping; as an elderly lady Petworth would seem to be a long way off. Horticulture was in the family blood and my uncle John (Jack) Pullen worked for years in the gardens at Petworth House. In this postcard he is pictured sitting on the left. I imagine



it is taken outside the bothy. The date is about 1906. Can anyone recognise the other men?<sup>3</sup> Before the 1914-1918 war, and in fact, before the move to Purley, my father would be sent with vegetables from the family garden to the Cottage Hospital. He would return carrying bowls of beef dripping for the family.

During the 1914-1918 war my father served in France, and after the war he joined the Legion of Frontiersmen as a volunteer. The Frontiersmen were an elite group of scouts and

<sup>2</sup> March 1923

<sup>3</sup> Photographs of gardening staff at Petworth are unusual at any time. [Ed]

# PRICE LIST.

**A. C. CAPLIN,**  
**Shimmings, Petworth, Sussex.**

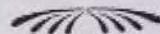
Plants advertised here are free from disease and of best selection.

Postage paid on orders of 5/-. Under add 6d. for postage and packing.

Chrysanthemum Cuttings in January and February at 1/3 a dozen.

Plants from February to June at 2/9 a dozen.

## JAPANESE VARIETIES.



Edith Cavell	...	Chestnut Bronze
Fred Green	...	Purple
Lady Stradbroke	...	Pale Heliotrope
Majestic	...	Golden Amber
Pocketts Crimson	...	Deep Crimson
Mrs. R. C. Pulling	...	Rich Yellow
Mrs. J. R. Ackroyd	...	Yellow

intelligence-gatherers and in a way the precursors of our present MI5. I have a photograph of my father dressed in the distinctive Legion uniform being inspected by King George V.

As I have said, the family connection with Monument Cottage did not end with the first generation. Granny Pullen went on living there with her daughter Annie and they would be joined by Charles Caplin who married Annie in 1932. In 1926 Charles was living in a cottage at Shimmings, where he started a nursery, specialising in chrysanthemum plants. It was a bold venture and Charles made careful plans. Unfortunately he ran into a particularly severe winter. The cost of fuel and the loss of much of his stock killed off the enterprise and he became a postman, retiring in 1961. In later years Charles and Annie moved to Watersfield. I wonder if any trace of the Shimmings nursery now remains?

One last point. This postcard, according to family tradition at least, shows a Leconfield Estate group. Where are they, what are they doing and who are they? I wonder if anyone knows.



Stuart Pullen was talking to the Editor.

## Washday at Upperton in the thirties

Last summer I was sitting in the garden on a sunny morning, and through the window I could hear my old washing machine trundling its way through the daily wash. It was a relaxing sound and my thoughts drifted back to a time when to sit down on washing day was unthinkable because when I was a child the weekly wash took all day and more.

In fact, in our family it started on Sunday afternoon when my parents took me, plus the family dog, for a walk in the woods surrounding our cottage.

There we would collect the dead wood from under the trees to stoke the copper fire the next day. I did my share and even the dog carried a piece of branch, as tail wagging, she led us up the path with that curious sideways gait common to all spaniels.

Our copper was built in a corner of the kitchen next to the cooking range. It consisted of a large pudding basin shape of metal set in brickwork with a channel underneath to take the faggots of wood that were lit to heat the water above.

On Mondays my father would be out very early, drawing up the water from our well, the deepest in the village, and I would lie in my bed over the kitchen and listen to the clanking of the chain and quiet splosh of the heavy bucket hitting the water so far below. Then there would be the creak of the handle as he wound the large double bucket back to the well-head where he could transfer its contents to our smaller galvanised buckets to be carried indoors and the contents used to fill the copper and a large, bungalow bath which would later be used for rinsing. By then I was up and dressed and able to join in breaking up the smaller twigs that, with lots of screwed up newspaper would start the fire. My mother crouched down, putting a match to the paper and coaxing the flames but if the wind was in the wrong direction the fire would not draw and she would mutter words I could not quite hear and her expression warned me it was better not to ask!

As the water warmed she added soap flakes and filled the copper with all the "whites"; cotton sheets, shirts and my father's heavy carpenter's aprons. The top was covered with a heavy wooden lid through which a soapy steam soon percolated, filling the kitchen with hot clouds. At intervals my mother would dip out bail-fuls of the hot water and pour into the old stone sink ready to hand-wash the coloureds and she would frequently stir and prod the boiling 'whites' in the hot copper with an old cricket stump, kept for the purpose.

"Keep back!" she warned, as she balanced the heavy steaming clods of cloth on the stump and slid them down into the cold water of the rinsing bath.

If I was good I was allowed to dip the square of Ricketts' blue, tied up in a cloth, into another rinsing bowl where the colour swirled through and at that age I could never understand how anything so blue could make things whiter!

As I got older I helped to feed the heavy wet bulk of the sheets through the rollers of the mangle while my mother laboriously turned the stiff iron handle, all the while saying, "Mind your fingers!" Wash-day dinner was always the same, a cut from Sunday's joint and 'bubble and squeak' from yesterday's cold vegetables, fried up in dripping.

Even after the washing was hung out there were still the heavy baths to be emptied outside and the wet brick floor to be mopped dry. Yes, washing day took up the whole day and was exhausting for all and I can remember a very bad time when the clothes line broke, depositing the clean clothes into the muddy potato patch and it all had to be done again!

No wonder my mother developed muscles and a philosophy that stayed throughout her long life and no wonder she regarded my washing machine as a minor miracle.

Mary Newman (Aitchison)

## Dialogue with a barn owl, February 2007

The hedge is made of all the wrong shrubs: field maple, quickthorn, spindle, hazel, oak, ash, travellers' joy, bramble and sweet briar tightly interwoven with ivy. It is a farm hedge and for a farm hedge it's very good. Maintained properly it would be stock-proof with little need for barbed wire. But there's no stock now and the ancient hedge is neglected and thin. Time and change have determined that this is now a garden hedge and these are not good plants with which to edge or hedge a garden.

For a garden the best of it is the ivy. The honours for the worst are shared between the ash, for it grows so fast and so thin, and the briar which, like the flame haired woman, can be both lovely and cruel. You cannot cut this hedge in summer or you will lose her blossom, nor in the autumn when you will forfeit the delights of her scarlet hips. It has to be a February job but by February the ash sticks are a couple of metres long, are woody and have to be cut individually with long-handled secateurs. They are all entwined with briar and bramble – the armed guards of the hedgerow. But it must be done. It is a frosty winter morning with a promise of spring sunshine. Already, as if they know this, the great tit and chaffinch have begun, but not yet perfected, their territorial songs. Yes, it must be done, the day is right and as soon as there is a good supply of short, dry sticks the imperative fire is started. You can't do hedging without the spit and crackle of twig and flame.

Soon, on the cold ground around the fire, there is a circle of green grass within the field of frost and you can understand how it was that our early ancestors so revered and worshipped the fire. A column of blue smoke in the cold air as blooded hands pull bramble, briar and wild clematis along with last year's brittle nettle sticks and dry goose grass to feed the hungry fire. This job will take all day and they say 'Let the farmer's contractor do it' and he would. It's tempting, but he would flail it all in ten minutes – an unselective cut – ash and ivy receiving the same rough treatment, but ash and ivy demand quite different approaches. The worst of the flail, however, is that the hedge would be cut horizontally across the top and would leave a surface of shattered sticks like stubble and so allowing, in the spring, all the nests – blackbird, song thrush, chaffinch, hedge sparrow, robin and the rest – to be clearly seen by crow and magpie.\* So I will cut my hedge the old way, the slow way. By mid day the job is half done and we have a bowl of garden soup by the fire. The frivolous breeze ensures we are kept moving, but it is a sweet smoke, for my partner is taking the opportunity to prune the bay tree.

From time to time during the afternoon the high-revving Japanese two-stroke trims out and brushes the small stuff but mostly it is hand tools – billhook, sickle, secateurs. By late afternoon the heap of hot ash has the form of a miniature volcano, an array of charred sticks radiating around it like cigars round a giant ash tray in a gentlemen's club. The light falls fast in February and, as we scratch the cigars to the volcano's crater I look up to see a great ghostly moth beating silently towards us. Seeing us, he suddenly wavers away at right angles and flops on to a fence post just over the now lower hedge. He is a barn owl and he lives in the

\* We are supposed now to call the hedge sparrow the dunnoek but I am happy with the less scientific name with which I was brought up.

unused hovel down in the shallow valley. The hovel was once part of a stockyard surrounding a fine timber barn but the barn was burned down and now there is only the hovel, as natural a part of the landscape as the brambles, burdock and elder that surround it. It has been the home of this owl for some years now but he is alone and I wish he had a mate. He has time on his side, I suppose – according to the Oxford University Press *Birds of the Western Palearctic* (nine volumes of dense and difficult text often as skilfully camouflaged as the subjects discussed) the oldest recorded barn owl was aged 21 years and four months.

I refer to this bird as 'he' although I haven't a clue whether he is male or female, the sexes being too similar for me to say. It is odd that I should read a creature so soft, rounded and female as masculine but I do. So do the Italians, with their gender-based nouns. To them he is 'barbagianni', 'barba' meaning beard and 'gianni' being Italian for John, but who was bearded John I couldn't say. The old baptiser?

None of this is of any importance as we stand by that late bonfire only ten or so metres from this bird so silent, so wise and seemingly weightless. Clinging to his post he stares at us with all the animation of a statue carved in marble – an all-knowing gargoyle. His white face almost the shape of a heart with large black interrogatory eyes. Then something distracts him at the base of his post, a beetle perhaps, or a vole, and he turns from us and peers down at this small disturbance. Although I say he turns from us it is a turn unseen. His head moves through ninety degrees but it is as a piece of film with a few frames missing and we take the opportunity to move further from the fire – my new Wellingtons are getting hot and there is a smell of burning rubber – and a little closer to the owl. He clicks back to us, missing frames again, the heart face with its black eyes piercing the thickening light, questioning us as if he is playing grandmother's footsteps with us. And again he turns away, this time through ninety degrees and further (the barn owl can turn its head through nearly 180 degrees without difficulty). Now the white face is replaced by a softness of honey over which a grey like the ashes from our fire has been thrown. And again he turns and returns his stare to us. Just checking. This continues for ten minutes and more and during this time his body and legs are motionless, only the revolving head betraying the knowledge that this is not the all-knowing and misplaced gargoyle. Then, for no reason that we can see, he flops from his post and silently, and surprisingly quickly, is flying along the lane, a pale shadow between the hazels in the deepening dusk. He turns and sweeps under the eaves of the hovel, his home.

A precious moment, this. A scene we see on television every Sunday evening but the difference is that with the telly the viewer is a voyeur whereas we were part of a dialogue. Another problem with the broadcast picture is that it is often better than the real thing and so becomes a substitute for a reality which seems increasingly hard to find. When we do find it, or when it finds us, it leaves a mark as indelible as a tattoo. A memory as long lasting as the television picture is ephemeral.

By the bonfire we turn and look to where the setting sun had been, the trees now black and twiggy against a still pale sky. The blue smoke from the fire hugging the ground low in the valley. We gather our tools and turn up to the cottage, privileged to know the beauty of simplicity. Already the frost is falling, but the fire we know, will glow all night and sometimes tiny sparks will dance into the silent darkness. No-one will see this.

J.N.

## “He was always known as Jock”

Father was a West Country man, born in 1904 in the little Somerset coal-mining village of Shoscombe. He was still quite a young man at the time of the General Strike and seeing no future in the pits – for his wages were lower following the strike – he packed his bags to seek his fortune elsewhere. He was just twenty-two when he arrived in Sussex staying for a while at Mayfield before eventually settling at Battlehurst Farm near Petworth. Mother meanwhile was of good Sussex stock and was in service in London and it was on one of her rare visits to her family home at Kirdford that she would meet my father.

Father was a straightforward man and wouldn't take nonsense from anybody. Mother recalled to me how when they were at Battlehurst the next-door neighbour took sick and the farmer asked my father to do double shifts to cover the other man's work. Father was at that time hand milking a large dairy herd but still managed to put in overtime ploughing, which was the sick man's job. Anyway when it came to settling up the farmer refused to pay the extra and father in a fit of temper told him what he could do with his job. In response the farmer took a sixpence out of his pocket and tossed it at father. He picked up the coin and walked into Wisborough Green where he recounted his tale to the landlord of the Three Crowns public house. When father had finished the publican said "I'll tell you what Jock" – he was always known as Jock despite never having been to Scotland – "I'll frame that sixpence for you and put it up behind the bar for it is far too valuable to spend and then I'll get you to play darts for it". Now the landlord knew that Jock was a very good darts player and it wasn't long before it had paid for a fair few pints, and father only took it down when the price of beer went up, and then he spent it. You must remember that this was a time when a farm labourer's wages were thirty shillings a week and a cowman might earn forty shillings for a fifty-hour week. Times were certainly not easy. There were no paid holidays then, that came in during the war and then most farmers did not give a week at a time unless they were decent.

Good Friday and Christmas Day were kept like Sundays, which meant that father could have time off between milking and feeding times. Good Friday was always a gardening day and it was time to plant the first potatoes. I suppose that most people still carry on that tradition today – I certainly do.

Before long mother and father had moved to Limbo Farm on the Northchapel Road out of Petworth. It was Leconfield cottage, 262 Limbo, where both my brother and I were born. Limbo Farm was then tenanted by Murray and Toby Balchin. In 1942 we moved to Brinksole. The cottage was deep in the woods up above Hilliers and the way to it was along a steep track opposite Oldham at the bottom of Fox Hill. The cottage was very isolated but you wouldn't have known it as the woods were full of hundreds of Canadian soldiers. They were very friendly and would often give my brother and me chocolate, which was quite a treat then. We had two 'evacuees' from London staying with us, brothers named Leonard and Roy. They arrived wearing just thin plimsolls worn through at the soles. Mother obtained new boots for them from the American Red Cross. It was very difficult getting them to eat anything, as they really weren't used to our food. Having been taken up to the farm to watch father milking cows

they refused to drink milk straight from the cooler for they insisted that it only came in bottles. Poor lads they really didn't know that milk came from cows. Needless to say the boys' appetites quickly improved once they had to start walking from Fox Hill to Petworth every day to school.

On one farm that father worked on mother was employed in the farmhouse. After she died I discovered a diary that she had kept. In it she recalled the time working in the farmhouse and she had written that on Mondays and Tuesdays the farmer's wife would preach religion to her while she worked and on a Wednesday and Thursday it was her brand of politics. On a Friday while the farmer and his wife went into Petworth to collect the wages from the bank mother would clean the silver. On returning the farmer's would count every piece of silver to make sure that none was missing.

From Foxhill we eventually ended up at Lakelands Farm on the Plaistow road out of Kirdford. We lived in the big old farmhouse or at least half of it as the other part had been badly damaged by fire and was uninhabitable. At Lakelands father milked by hand a herd of one hundred cows twice a day. No mean feat. My brother and I missed our friends at Petworth but little did we know that it wouldn't be long before we were moving again. Lakelands was owned by a businessman farmer from London who would just come down for the weekends to make sure that everything was to his satisfaction. Besides father there were two other workers at Lakelands named Jim and Charlie. Behind the farmhouse there was a large pond and one day my brother drove the tractor right into the water. Father, Jim and Charlie pulled the tractor out of the pond and then stripped down the engine to dry it out. When it was time to put the engine back together again they couldn't remember where everything went. My brother had been sitting watching things and he stepped forward and picked up a part and said that it went in a certain position. Well, sure enough it did and the tractor started up straight away. The day had been saved.

It was the end of the war and to celebrate VE day most people were having a day off. The businessman farmer told father, Jim and Charlie that if they didn't work he wouldn't pay them. Well father had a quick temper and he said, "You will pay I governor or I won't milk your cows". The businessman farmer conceded that he would pay father but not the other two. Anyway on payday father noticed that his wages were short and so he confronted his employer who told him that as he had taken most of the day off to join in the celebrations he wasn't going to pay him. Charlie was hopping mad and told father to get his shotgun – which he kept for rabbiting – and to shoot the farmer. Father thought for a minute and then said no for he had a better idea and there is more than one way to skin a rabbit. They agreed that they would kill one of the farmer's turkeys to make up or the lost wages. So Charlie caught and killed a turkey and they spread the feather on the common next to the farm. Well every Friday the businessman farmer would come down from London and one of the first things that he would do was count his turkeys. Of course there was one missing and he called out the police. The constable soon found the feathers on the common and suggested that the culprit was a fox. The businessman farmer was having none of this for he knew that if a fox had got in among the flock it would have killed more than one bird if not all of them. He had a good idea who the real culprits were but he couldn't prove it. The turkey was I believe raffled at one of the village pubs and the proceeds made up for their lost wages plus they had a drink on top of it.

When father eventually gave his notice in at Lakelands the farmer told my mother that her son would be killed in the next war with the Russians. This upset mother and when she told father he refused to work any longer and didn't even see out his notice.

We moved back to Petworth to a little cottage alongside the Horsham Road up by Hilliers, where the Shackerley-Ackers lived. Mother's old friends were pleased to see us back near Fox Hill. There was Mrs Lillywhite, the Walsh family, the Boxalls, Mr and Mrs Jesse Howard. Not far from our cottage was the grave of Zeke the dog who had been the Canadian soldier's mascot. Zeke had been run over by a lorry and the troops buried him in a lovely grave deep in the woods. After the war we often visited the grave and put flowers on it. I went up there last September and I was pleased to see that it was nice and tidy<sup>1</sup>.

Everything was rosy at Brinksole. It was 1944 but the war seemed to some extent to be passing us by. Suddenly everything changed, father came home from working complaining of a terrible headache, so bad that mother called Dr Druitt out from Petworth. The diagnosis was not good. Father had a blood clot near his brain and he was under strict orders not to work until it cleared. The danger was that if the clot went to his brain it would almost certainly kill him. Not only was mother worried sick about father but she also knew that we would not be able to stay in the cottage if father couldn't work. The farmer had made it quite clear to her. One-day father was sitting in the Shackerley-Ackers' park<sup>2</sup> when who should ride by but Lord Leconfield and he enquired of father why he wasn't working. Father explained his situation and that he had been given notice to quit the cottage. A short time later mother was called to the estate office in Petworth where she was told off for going to his Lordship when the farmer needed the cottage for a new cowman. Mother was flabbergasted for she didn't know anything about the conversation between father and Lord Leconfield. Clearly not happy the estate manager added that he had been instructed that under no circumstances were we to be put out of the cottage until father was fit and then we were to be given the tenancy of a cottage at North Street in Petworth.

Father made a recovery and we moved to 294 North Street. Mother said that this was the first time that she had lived in a free house, in other words a cottage that wasn't tied to father's work. Mother was happy just to pay rent.

We had so many happy times at 294 and father had given up working on the farms and was now working for William Press, a large road building contractor who did a lot of work for the council. Father would occasionally bring home some of the navvies who lived in 'digs' and mother would cook meals for them. This gradually became a regular occurrence, so much so that they would give mother their ration book.

Every summer my brother and I would be sent down to stay with father's parents at Shoscombe and mother and father would come down to spend the last week of the holiday with us, after which we would travel home together. One year father had been to Goodwood races with his mates and spent all of the money that was meant to have paid for our holiday. It goes without saying that mother was less than pleased with this and it seemed certain to my

<sup>1</sup> The Petworth Society tidied up the grave in 2005.

<sup>2</sup> Hilliers.

brother and I that another world war was about to break out. Anyway it was clear that we would not be able to afford to go to Somerset so mother took us kids camping up the Gog. It was a lovely hot summer and mother used to say that it was one of the best times that she had spent with us. Father of course was still in the doghouse for weeks afterwards and he had to get some extra work while we were up the Gog to pay for the money that he lost at Goodwood.

Goodwood week meant that it was time for the North Street children to go 'rusty coppering'. As the coaches and cars passed slowly up the street we would wave our handkerchiefs and shout out "throw out your rusty coppers", and the race-goers would throw out handfuls of pennies which we would scrabble for. One year I remember someone throwing out a ten bob note, which was a great deal of money in those days. The custom was eventually put a stop to when the Red Cross began collecting the money for themselves. It does seem a pity that the tradition didn't carry on as it was such fun and we used to look forward to it all year.

Granny Nineham would occasionally come up from Somerset to stay with us for a holiday. One year she had won quite a bit of money on Wilfred Pickles' radio show and decided that she was going to buy a new bed and a wireless. Granddad Nineham was having none of it and insisted that the money was his as in those days men always took charge of the money. Anyway Granny refused to hand over the money and came to stay with us for her usual holiday. The trouble was that when it came to her going home she refused to budge unless Granddad agreed to let her keep the money. Granny stayed with us for quite some time until eventually father had to travel down to Shoscombe to try and broker a truce between my warring grandparents. After lengthy negotiations Granddad finally agreed that Granny could keep some of the money and spend it herself. How times have changed!

I remember going to a Sunday school party in the Iron Room at Petworth. I believe that the troops helped put it on. I ate so much peanut butter that I was thoroughly sick. Mum said that it served me right for being so greedy. I have never liked peanut butter to this day.

After the war some of us North Street children would go down to the bombed out school at the bottom of North Street. It was strictly out of bounds but children tend not to take too much notice of regulations and we would have fun playing there. We would often play on the old laundry chute, sliding down it. There was a trap door at the top of the chute that had to be held open while we slid down. One day I was holding the trap door open while my brother got ready to slide down. I let go of the door too soon and it caught my brother's fingers quite badly. Needless to say Mum found out and we got into awful trouble for playing at the school. After all, several of Mum's friends had lost children there.

Mum said that living at 294 was the best time of her life. Sadly like most good things they have to come to an end, and it wouldn't be long before circumstances meant that we were on the move again.

Christine Bushell was talking to Miles Costello and Bill Eldridge.

## "What's two and six"

I was born "behind the wall" in North Street, my father having come to Petworth as chauffeur to Lord Leconfield, just after the 1914-1918 war I would imagine. My mother was a local girl, originally from Byworth, although she had gone into service and lived away as a cook. Certainly she was working at Kew at one time. I imagine she met my father somewhere where they were in service but I don't know. My maternal grandfather was a head carpenter on the Leconfield Estate and worked on until he was 93. I've a newspaper cutting about it upstairs somewhere. I don't know whether he did actually retire, certainly I can never remember him being at home during the day. Of late years he lived in Percy Terrace with his daughter, my Aunt 'Lal'. Formerly Miss Ford, she would marry Mr. Madgewick who was the local A.A. man. My father himself came from Norfolk but I don't know how or where he picked up his expertise with cars. Clearly for a position as chauffeur to Lord Leconfield he would need impressive references. He didn't only drive the cars of course, he maintained them, and there was an inspection pit at the garage. Dad drove the Rolls, the Humber and the shooting brake, while, at that time, Fred Taylor drove Lady Leconfield's Lanchester.

There were five of us Mayes children, all born while the family were living in the flat over the garage and it was inevitable that we would have a constant awareness of the great house. My parents were very strict about our manners and, looking back, I think this helped us a lot. The pleasure grounds were our playground and Lord Leconfield, with his dog Jet, a familiar figure. You'd never hear him coming because he always walked on the grass. As I have said, my mother was very strict about our manners and we were always told to address Lord Leconfield as 'my Lord'. When, in later years, my parents were living at Duncton, he'd sometimes come out to see them in the cottage that went with their smallholding.

On Christmas morning we children would be taken across to the House to see the joints and fowls roasting on the kitchen spits and the iced cakes in the stillroom. Mr. Baigent would be working in the scullery while it was all bustle in the kitchen itself. We knew Mrs. Cownley the housekeeper very well, with her inevitable bunch of keys. A stocky lady, she must have been very near the end of her time at the House. I don't remember Mrs. Leversuch who came to replace her in the mid-1930s. Again, our relations with the housekeeper were no doubt enhanced because of our parents' insistence on good behaviour. Or we might wander down into the Gardens to see Mrs. Streeter - Fred Streeter was always about, always with a joke "What's two and six?". If we said "Eight" he'd say "No, half a crown". If we'd said "Half a crown", no doubt he'd have said "Eight".

Goodwood Races always marked a significant point in our year. There were house parties and the chauffeurs parked their cars within the walls. The cars carried big identification numbers for Goodwood. We'd be allowed to put them on and pretend to be cars. Most of the chauffeurs we got to know quite well and we'd even call them "Uncle" followed by their surname (not the Christian name). They'd be put up over the road from us at the Wheatsheaf.

We knew that, directly Goodwood was over, Dad would be away until the end of September. He was never home for my birthday which fell earlier in the month. He'd take

the Leconfields to Cockermouth by car and when they returned up North Street he was allowed to sound the horn to tell my mother that he was on his way.

I went to the East Street Girls' School where I was happy enough. I've no particularly vivid memories of it. As we lived virtually on the doorstep we would go home for lunch which was nice. Like everyone else I remember the milk in crates set round the great stove to take off the winter chill. Oh, and Empire Day. The Union flag would be raised in the playground and girls (like me) who were Brownies or Guides were allowed to wear their uniform to school on that day. Miss Wootton would take the service.

Sunday school was in the afternoon. It was supervised by Mr. Cree the curate, who was killed at the very beginning of the war when his ship went down. As I had learned to play the piano, I played for the hymns which, with Mr. Cree's guidance, we picked ourselves, as we did the lessons. The piano would be brought out from the choir vestry to the chancel steps for me.

When I was about eleven my father retired from being chauffeur and my parents took a smallholding just off the Duncton straight. I left the Girls' School and spent my last two years at Duncton. I was also confirmed at Duncton. Mr. Hildebrand, the rector, giving classes at the Rectory.

Before I left school I already had a job, part-time, going up to Archway House to Colonel and Miss Mayne to prepare breakfast and supper for them. I'd cycle in from Duncton. Violet, my future sister-in-law, also worked there. Colonel Mayne was a lively old gentleman who died before the war but his sister lived on at Archway House for some years. Miss Mayne had a passion for missionary work and would hold exhibitions in the old Iron Room. One on Africa I particularly remember: Violet and myself both helping on the stall. It was there that both of us met our future husbands who were helping on another stall.

I certainly wasn't unhappy at Archway House but Mrs. Provis, the rector's wife, was looking for local girls to go with her to Limpsfield where she was taking over a girls private school. She felt that, if she could take some local girls with her, we could all work as a team. My job would be cooking and another local girl, from Fittleworth, went along too. Mr. Provis was retiring from the ministry: quite tall in stature, he was a very, very quiet man, his wife quite the opposite in temperament. I liked them both in their different ways. It would be the very beginning of the war and Limpsfield was in direct line as the enemy planes came over. With the girls on site, bombs were a constant worry. The school was a former manor house. Again I liked the job, but for health reasons I had to come back to Petworth. Mrs. Provis had been a good employer.

When I returned I took a job at the Post Office, delivering letters by bicycle along the London Road – Raffling Wood, Stag Park, Chillinghurst and as far as Snow Hill in the park. You couldn't get much more "country" than that and on a nice day it could be very pleasant. If it wasn't we had Post Office capes to ward off the weather and very efficient they were too. Mr. Dean was in charge of the Post Office at Petworth but Mr. Muskett the senior postman was my immediate boss. I came in at either six or six-thirty in the morning. I can't remember now but don't forget, to begin with, I was cycling in from Duncton. After a while I went to

lodge with my Aunt Lal at Percy Terrace. I knew my round and would go to the pigeonholes, sort my letters in delivery order, tie them in a bundle and put them, with any small parcels, in the pannier at the front of the bike, then strap it all in. When I left the bicycle to deliver, I'd take my bundle of letters with me; they weren't to be left unattended.

If I didn't have to go to the Blundens at Snow Hill in the Park, I'd come back up the London Road – if I did I'd come back through the Park and cut through the Double Lodges. On the day the school was bombed I was coming back up the London Road. The bombs had evidently just fallen. Someone, I always remember it as Johnnie Standing, but I could be wrong, was standing in the road. There was rubble everywhere. "Come on gal," he said, "let's help you over all this". The Post Office were already wondering what had happened to me as was my Aunt Lal in Percy Terrace. I think I came through before very many people had arrived on the scene. As the war went on, some of the older postmen came back to take up their old jobs and I went to work for a time behind the counter.

Lena Saunders was talking to the Editor.

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## "I keep an open mind ...."

It was my wife's uncle Toby Balchin who brought me to Upperton. I was about to be married and Toby had heard of a job with a house. The interview with my prospective employers, Mr. and Mrs. Powell, was actually in Midhurst. I gathered that they had recently returned from Africa. I was given the job and we moved in. It would be March 1959. The job involved some beef cattle and calves, two nurse cows, some tractor work, and some 250 chickens. I did all the farm jobs with Mrs. Powell coming in afternoons to clean and pack the eggs. I'd then take the eggs up to a collection point at the top of the lane that led to Westbrook House. The old name of our farm was "Oodgers", or so I was told. I was never quite sure how this was spelled, but we called the farm Upperton Farm, although this strictly applied to where Miss Hughes lived at the top of the lane.

Oh, yes, I knew Jesse Daniels, everyone in Upperton knew Jesse. He was gardener for Sir Ernest Pooley at Westbrook. Quite elderly when I came to Upperton but always having the time to talk. He lived just down the hill on the way to Petworth. I only ever saw his wife once: possibly she was a little retiring. I felt very sorry for Jesse after they brought in main drainage. The house stood high with a dry stone wall on the road. Jesse was told that the pneumatic drill's vibration would unsettle the wall, and that if he saw a crack in the soil it was holding in, he should keep it wet by hosing it. I don't know whether this would have worked but Jesse didn't do it anyway. Some time after the work was finished, and the men gone, wall and soil slid into the road. I think that Jesse was left to sort it all out.

Mr. Powell was working at Oglethorpe and Anderson, the Market Square solicitors, looking to qualify I think. At first we lived up at the top of the road where it turns off to Westbrook House. Then Mrs. Powell decided she would move in. We were to move further

up the road next to Mr. and Mrs. Hazelman. I was a little put out because I'd cleared the garden of stinging nettle and got it all as I wanted it. When our future in the new cottage began to look a little uncertain I left. I moved back nearer home territory at Alfold, working briefly for Lord and Lady Lyle at Loxwood, then when they sold up, I moved, to fruit-farming, Ironically my final years were spent not so much caring for apples trees as pulling them out!

Ah, that ghostly story we were talking about at the Ploughing Match. You reckon your readers will forgive it being more Loxwood than Petworth. Well we'll see. We had the feeling that something would pass periodically past the back window of our cottage. It was more visible in the dark but never more substantial than a shadow. One evening we had two friends of ours, man and wife, in for a cup of tea, and he said casually, "Someone's just gone past your window." We'd become quite used to this and said, "Oh, that's old Fred," it was our name for him. While we always saw Fred as a shadow, they were insistent that they'd actually seen a man. The lady was quite alarmed but Fred never had that effect on us and we lived happily enough with him. We became quite used to footsteps on the stairs. Once I heard three quick steps then a breath of air as of a coat flying open and a rat-tat on the banisters as if of buttons hitting against them. One night I was cutting up wood outside, the lights were on in the shed, one of my sons was feeding wood to me on the sawing horse, the other throwing the logs back into the shed. One of them said, "Someone's just walked through the coal shed door." There was no one there, but he was adamant.

One Christmas Eve my wife and daughter were in the kitchen making mince pies. I was sitting reading a book - about the slave trade as it happened - decorations and Christmas tree were up. Suddenly the tree began to move, tilting on one side as if someone were brushing past it. It wasn't as if it was insecure or falling over, I had a definite feeling of something being lifted. The two in the kitchen were somewhat incredulous but I got them both in to look at the tree. It was as I said.

Apparently the cottage had been built over a footpath and there was a gap in the hedge where the footpath had gone. Whenever I trimmed the hedge I used to tie the branches across to close the gap. Whenever I did this, by the next morning the ties would be loosened.

A little while ago I was talking about this to a lady in Billingshurst who said that as I was talking "Alfred" had been in touch with her. Well we'd always half-jokingly called him "Fred" but I hadn't mentioned this. He had been very fond of animals, she said. Well certainly our dogs never turned a hair.

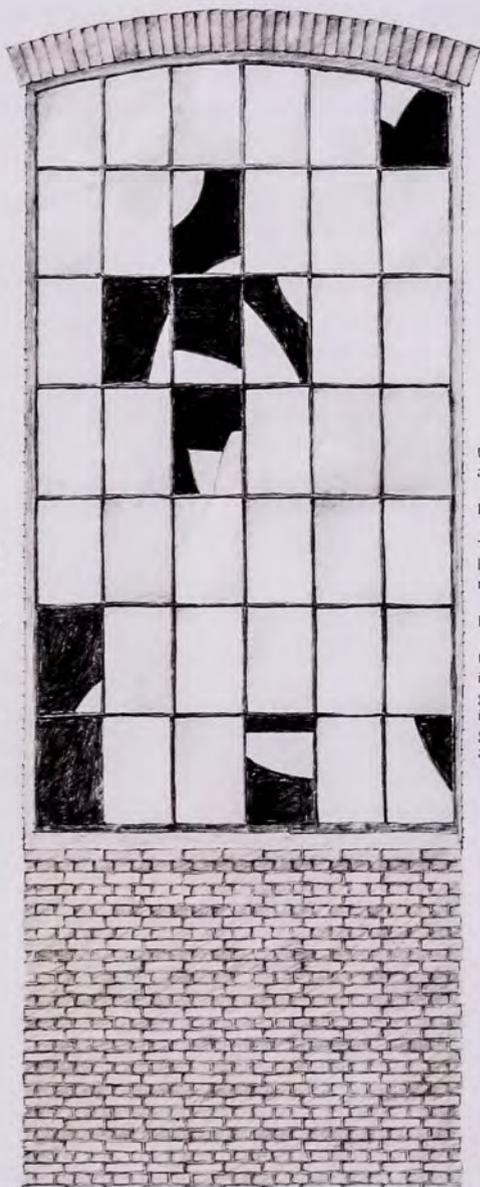
"Fred" never gave me a moment's unease, and I wouldn't say I'm particularly susceptible, but once at Alfold as a boy, I was really frightened. We boys used to go to choir practice, go into the church in the dark, hide, then make a clicking noise with the top set of organ stops. This would frighten the girls no end while we'd be sitting in pitch dark in the vestry chuckling to ourselves. Mr. Kenyon, the vicar, then appeared, or so we supposed. It was still pitch dark. "Good evening, Mr. Kenyon." He made no reply and walked straight past us and went out through the vestry door, apparently without opening it. This not speaking seemed quite unlike him, but we followed him and found the vestry door locked. Quite alarmed we ran to the village green. There was no sign of the vicar. We were in no mood for choir practice. I was so white that my parents became worried. My father folded his



All the land is black and white and grey in the falling snow. Grey pylons and grey poplars. A cold sewage plant. Someone walking by a river with a black dog. A grey-green umbrella between willows. Snowy headlights. yellow, describing the course of an unseen road on winter pasture. A ragged buzzard on a post. Black mistletoe on high branches and a city of pallets beside the empty tracks. A cloud of starlings. Someone has lost a red handkerchief.

La terra è nera e bianca e grigia nella neve che fiocca. Grigi i piloni e grigi i pioppi. Un gelido impianto di depurazione. Qualcuno passeggia con un cane nero sulla riva di un fiume. Un ombrello grigio-verde tra i salici. Abbaglianti innevati, gialli, segnano il corso di una strada invisibile sul pascolo invernale. Una poiana malconcia su un palo. Vischio nero in alto sui rami e una folla di pallet vicino al binario vuoto. Un nugolo di storni. Qualcuno ha perduto un fazzoletto rosso.

Page 2 of *The Red Handkerchief*.  
See: "Oh, it's Art."



A small station seems to have no name. There is no-one here

It has been raining

You hadn't seen a bright road or shining slabs of black marble in an empty cemetery

Polythene in a vegetable garden

A manufactory whose broken steel-framed windows are the hungry grids of unfinished crosswords. Glass crushed into gravel and a regiment of dull military trucks waiting

Una piccola stazione che pare non aver nome. Non c'è nessuno qui.

Ha piovuto

Tu non avevi visto una strada luminosa, né le lucide lastre di marmo nero nel cimitero vuoto.

Polietilene nell'orto

Una fabbrica le cui finestre rotte intelaiate di acciaio sono griglie affamate di cruciverba incompiuti. Vetri frantumati nella ghiaia e un reggimento di scialbi autocarri militari in attesa.

Page 27 of *The Red Handkerchief*.  
See: "Oh, it's Art."

newspaper away in that deliberate way he had and pressed me on what had happened. "And why weren't you at choir practice?" Eventually I had to explain. "Do you believe in ghosts?" "Well," my father said, "I've never seen one but I keep an open mind." I described the figure I'd seen. My father replied, "Well, I'll tell you something. Your description is just like the Rev. Grace who was here when I was young. I remember my father and mother telling me how when there was very deep snow only two congregation and two choir made it to church for evening service. He took them down to the Crown, asked the landlord if it would be all right to have the service there, and so he did. And never a glass raised while the service was on."

\* \* \* \* \*

I was born at Limbo Lodge on the London Road, my uncle Morris Balchin farming across the road at Limbo farm while my father, Percy, had had polio as a child and had little or no use of his legs. From the time I was four I'd walk into Petworth to school. Some children from the Pheasant Copse joined me at Limbo Lodge and more children further along the road at Adelaide Lodge, including the Cross children, so that a party of about a dozen of us would walk into Petworth, up North Street. Winters in the 1940s were harder than they are now and if there was snow on the ground we might use sledges. At first it was the Infants' School on the site of the present Public Library, Miss Wootton and Miss Bevis being in charge. The school had a big stove with a metal frame around it to prevent the children from getting too near. Those old 1/3 pint bottles of milk came in and the crates were laid near the stove to take off the chill. I went on, briefly, to the East Street Girls' School, then to the convent at Midhurst. My mother died when I was nine, and had left a little money to enable me to go to the convent for a while, then I went to the newly built County Secondary School at Midhurst. I left school when I was sixteen and the Monday after I left I was working as a children's nurse at Dedisham near Slinfold and living in.

Things I remember. Mr. Willmer's Youth Fellowship at the East Street Girls' School, and cycling in from Limbo. Dad knew what time I would be back and would be keeping an eye out for me. I'd catch the bus in for Petworth Fair, the fare twopence on the Aldershot and District. One fair night I spent all my money and was faced with getting Dad out to pick me up. Fortunately my cousin Ron lent me the twopence.

When I was about 13 I got an evening job working as an usherette at Petworth Cinema on the Tillington Road. The film for my first week was Genevieve and I'd cycle in every night. The usherette sat on a seat in the corner. The trouble was that I got so engrossed in the film that I forgot all about being an usherette and queues formed up behind my chair. I was sacked after a week. Sunday mornings I'd come in for Mrs. Beaufoys's Sunday School in the Town Hall, cycling in. As I got older I had a class of my own, a group of some half a dozen or more.

Ron Thatcher has some recollections of my father in PSM 124. Given the fact that Dad could hardly walk and had to use callipers, the range of his activities was amazing. He'd been trained as a shoe-repairer and very good he was too. But he also delivered newspapers around the villages. He had a little Ford car which he'd modified himself so that it had all hand controls. While he was delivering papers he'd pick up shoe repairs to bring back next time.

His control of the Ford was extraordinary - he could put the car into a deliberate skid at 40 m.p.h. He did a hospital car service but as he moved with such difficulty it always looked as if he were the patient! While he waited at the hospital he'd be always busy, hand-sewing soles or something like that. He was an immaculate craftsman. He would even pick apples, "climbing" into the tree by swinging his legs on the rungs of the ladder. As for gardening he'd put cut rubber tyres over his knees to act as pads, and, from a kneeling position, push the spade into the ground. Fortunately it was a good black sandy loam at Limbo. Eventually he moved to Southampton with his second wife where they ran a café in the town centre.

John and Chris Butcher were talking to the Editor

*I do not know the date or provenance of this. Can anyone remember either seeing or taking part in the Fittleworth play? From one of the main photographs it is clear that the play was performed in 1951, perhaps for the Festival of Britain - but after that ...? Was this version taken down in the 1950s?*

## The Fittleworth Mumming Play

### KING GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

#### Father Christmas

In comes I, old Father Christmas.  
Am I welcome or am I not?  
I'm sometimes cold and sometimes hot,  
But I hope old Father Christmas  
Will never be forgot.  
Ladies and gentlemen, I am here for a short time to stay  
But I will give you a little pleasure to pass the time before I go away.

#### Billy Twing Twang

In comes I, little Billy Twing Twang,  
Just come from the press gang.  
I am not very stout and not very tall,  
But I think myself the best man amongst you all.  
"Room, room" I pray,  
For I am the Noble Captain to lead King George and all his men this way.

#### King George

In comes I, King George, that man of courage bold,  
With my broad sword and spear I won ten tons of gold.  
I fought the Fiery Dragon and brought him to great slaughter,  
And by the means of this, I won the King of Egypt's daughter.

#### Turkish Knight

In comes I, a Turkish Knight,

Come from the Turkish land to fight.  
I'll fight King George, that man of courage bold,  
And if his blood's red, I'll quickly turn it cold.

#### King George

Halt, halt, you saucy cock, and don't you talk such vapour,  
Or I'll cut you down with my old rusty rapier.

#### Turkish Knight

Down on my bended knee I pray all for to be a Turkish slave,  
For I've been ragged, and I've been gagged  
From house to house, and door to door,  
And if I get out of this, I'll never get in anymore.

#### King George

Arise, arise you Turkish dog, and see  
That the champion of old England doth remain.

#### Valiant Soldier

In comes I, a valiant soldier, Bold Slasher is my name,  
With sword and buckler by my side, all to win some fame.  
I and seven more fought and killed eleven score,  
Marching men, Sir, men of war, better men than you are.



*Mummers at Fittleworth in 1937. Photograph by George Garland.*

Valiant Soldier (continued)

Twice through my head I've been shot,  
My brains they boil almost like a pot.  
My head is made of iron, my body made of steel,  
My sword unto my knucklebone I'll fight you in the field.  
Now broad you stand, you lousy Pole,  
And appear as men to men. Behold,  
I will neither bow nor bend,  
Neither will I take you to be my friend;  
And so that King George should have his will,  
You, saucy cock, I'd sooner kill.

Turkish Knight

For why? For why? Have I done you any harm?

Valiant Soldier

Yes you have, you saucy cock, and get you gone.

Turkish Knight

Saucy cock, sir. Withdraw your words. You ought to be stabbed.

Valiant Soldier

Stab for stab, I never fear.  
Point the place, I'll meet you there.

Turkish Knight

Well, across the water between four and five  
I'll meet you there if I'm alive.

Together (Hitting their swords)

Done for Done.

(DUEL. Valiant Soldier kills the Turkish Knight)

Valiant Soldier

Now, King George, you see what I have done,  
I have cut him down like the evening sun.  
Now for a doctor you must seek,  
While he lies bleeding at your feet.

King George

Oh, is there a noble doctor to be found  
That can do good to raise the sick, and heal the wound.

Doctor

Yes, there is a doctor to be found that you shall plainly see,  
As long as I've been doctor on the land and on the sea.  
Now I've come to behold King George's Majesty.

King George

Well, doctor, what can you cure?

Doctor

What can I cure?

I can cure Hippy, Cippy, Peasy, Palsy, and the gout,  
Pains within and pains without,  
Broken arms, broken legs, broken bones of any kind,  
And if this young man's neck is broken, I will set it, or I'll not  
charge you one farthing of my fee.

King George

And what is your fee, doctor?

Doctor

Fifty pounds is my fee  
To raise this slain man under thee.

King George

Try your skill.

Doctor

Try my skill, deuce a bit. Get my horse, John. I'll be gone.

King George

Step back, doctor step back. Fifty pounds I'll give to thee  
To raise this slain man under me.

Doctor

There now, you are talking something like a man.  
I have a little bottle in my pocket called Golden Lossy Drops. I put  
one drop on his temple and one on his chin, and that puts life into  
one leg. There, ladies and gentlemen, that puts life in one leg already.  
Now I have some reviving pills. I give him one of these and that puts  
life into his whole body. Now, arise, young man, and see how you can  
walk and talk.

Turkish Knight (rising)

There, ladies and gentlemen, you see what it is to be slain  
And have this noble doctor to raise you to life again.

Doctor

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I am not one of those quack doctors going  
about from door to door telling you as many lies in one half hour as  
come true in seven years. What I do, I do plainly before your eyes,  
and if you can't believe your own eyesight that is indeed a sad case.  
My father was the seventh son of his father, and I am the seventh son  
of my father, and I'll guarantee there is none can do the cure that I can.

The Prince of Peace

In comes I, the Prince of Peace,  
Bid all these wars to cease,  
So clap your hands together and let your voices ring,  
Long live King George and merrily we will sing.

(This is Ted Goff's version of the Fittleworth Mumming Play)

## “Getting up some theatricals” ... or the last years of Petworth Park Cricket Club

Walter C. Rhoades<sup>1</sup> vision of Petworth has a certain fascination about it, not least for its evocation of a magical Petworth Park “with its swelling uplands crowned with woods, its lakes, and, more than all, its two cricket grounds.” Clearly Major Maule and his team would have played on the elite ground in view of the great house. To what extent however does that vision, mediated as it is through the imagined eyes of schoolboys, collide with reality - how much and how harshly?

Earlier nineteenth century Petworth was certainly no stranger to aristocratic cricket. Petworth (with Hooker) were playing Storrington in the park in June 1819<sup>2</sup>, and, quite likely, other teams before this, while three casual survivals offer random sidelights on the club's later history. The fixture list may come near in time to whatever contact Rhoades had with Petworth<sup>3</sup>, while a printed book of rules (as revised in 1869) suggests a fairly exclusive gentleman's club, membership granted only following a secret ballot at a general meeting. Practice was taken seriously, at least at this time, probably the 1870s, Monday, Wednesday and Friday with fines for non-attendance, while any member seen smoking while during play is to be fined two shillings and sixpence. Payment (Rule xiii) of three shillings a day may reflect the recruitment of able players from slightly less privileged backgrounds rather than a general rule.

Was the club still playing on the upper ground near the House in the 1860s and 1870s? It would seem so. It would seem too that two cricket grounds would involve two separate Petworth clubs. Presumably this would still be the case as the century turned, the evidence for this being a single surviving minute book, which, laconic as it is, runs from the AGM of March 21<sup>st</sup> 1901 through to the winding-up of the club in 1906.

The Annual Meeting on the 21<sup>st</sup> March attracted an attendance of twelve. Match results and averages for 1900 were read out and a credit balance reported of £1-1-3. Fixtures for the season were agreed and Mr. de Fonblanque wrote to say he would be away from home during the season. Mr. Smith was unable to continue with the catering as he would probably be leaving the town. Mr. Bishop from the Swan Hotel was suggested. Some names of those present are familiar enough: some not. Among the former are the club captain, Dr. Beachcroft, and Messrs Pitfield, Wells, Dean and the Rev. F.A. Bromley, one of the curates. Mr. Weekes, the saddler, the club's umpire, is a link with the football club. Not many of the names seem to be those of players.

Rather as with the football club, the Petworth Park seems to have been dependent on outside sources for economic survival. It will be remembered<sup>4</sup> that Mrs. Upton's “theatricals”

<sup>1</sup> “Mirrors” PSM 127

<sup>2</sup> I owe this reference to Mr. John Mason. I assume that Hooker was a professional

<sup>3</sup> “Our fellows at St. Marks” was originally published in 1891. The fixtures, it will be noticed, are exclusively on weekdays, not promising times for the artisan

<sup>4</sup> PSM 127

had more than once rescued the footballers from financial disaster. So it seems with the Petworth Park, although perhaps not in this case Mrs. Upton. Sluggish renewal of subscriptions was to an extent redeemed by a donation of £15 from an unspecified “entertainment”. This year committee meetings are held bi-monthly at the Swan Hotel and another curate, the Rev. J.A.W. Bell, takes over as secretary. A roller is to be purchased, Mr. Bishop has agreed to take on the catering, permission is sought of Lord Leconfield to erect a standpipe in the Park and Mr. C. Hammond is to be appointed as groundsman. Mr. Weekes will house roller and hose, presumably during the close season.

In 1902 a March committee is told that finances are “rather unsatisfactory”. “It was agreed to be desirable to curtail match expenses if possible. The Hon. Sec. promised to try and secure some of the hitherto unpaid subscriptions of 1901.” Mr. Hammond was working as groundsman and contracted also to act as “ground bowler”<sup>5</sup> - all for fifteen shillings a week. Lord Leconfield would bring a team to play on Club day.<sup>6</sup> Use of the ground for sports and bicycle races on Coronation Day would be refused. Lord Leconfield would certainly object to the latter, while the former was not approved by the committee. Owing to pressure of other work Mr. Bell was looking to resign as Hon. Sec., but was barred from doing so without the approval of a general meeting.

By 1903 finances were once more a problem, there being a deficit of £23.3.3. “It was generally agreed that steps must soon be taken to wipe off the debt due to the Bank ..... but after full discussion it was decided to postpone action till the close of the season.” 1902 had been satisfactory from a playing point of view, but subscriptions remained a problem. Mr. Streeter would continue to supply conveyances at the former price of £1.7.6 the day and 7/6<sup>d</sup> for the station.

The committee was split over the reappointment of Mr. C. Hammond. It was time either to wire or write to ascertain his availability. On a ballot however Mr. J.N. Dean was appointed on the same terms as Mr. Hammond. A smoking concert would be held on 13<sup>th</sup> May, hopefully with Lord Leconfield taking the chair.

The Annual Meeting on 27<sup>th</sup> April 1904 is not recorded and committee business during the year is perfunctory. Mr. de Fonblanque would give an entertainment. Mr. Streeter has taken over the catering “if the Club would pay the licences” and, in a possible echo of the old Rule XIII, D. Hill will be paid four shillings a day or two shillings a day to compensate for loss of time - on condition that he pay his subscription! In July Mr. Dean asks permission to take the town contract for street lamp lighting and provided that this does not interfere with his duties as groundsman, the committee agrees.

By January 1905 the Club deficit is back to £15 and Mrs. Beachcroft is asked “to get up some theatricals”. By March the shortfall is reduced to 14/2<sup>d</sup>. The AGM passes off quietly enough but a general meeting on October 30<sup>th</sup> looks, at least in retrospect, an ominous sign. Nothing however is recorded of any great note except that the secretary is requested to remain in office, “until more subscriptions have been collected.” A further general meeting on

<sup>5</sup> Presumably for batting practice

<sup>6</sup> Annual holiday for Petworth Park Friendly Society

February 12<sup>th</sup> 1906 concludes with a proposal from Colonel Simpson that the Club be wound up. On April 26<sup>th</sup>, in return for a payment of £9.2.7 the effects of the late Club are handed over to the "new Committee". This is "carried nem. con. (after animated controversy.)" With this the minute book ends.

"Animated controversy". Why? The minute book does not explain. Who were the "new committee"? The town club existing side by side with the Park club? Why the sudden decision to wind up? Clearly reality was not quite as roseate as Walter C. Rhoades' vision of thirty years previously might suggest. The Petworth Park, like the Football Club, was sailing in very shallow financial waters. Perhaps the real enemy was apathy. The minute book is very reticent about the players, other than the perennial complaint over the slow return of subscriptions. There is the difficulty of finding a secretary and the sparse attendance at committees. Not perhaps the golden age we might imagine. This article like the minute book suggests more questions than answers. I haven't attempted to explore beyond the documents I had readily to hand. There is, I'm sure, much more to be said.

P.

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## New Members

Mrs. W. Batten-Foster	5, Chequers Court, Station Road, Petworth.
Mrs. P. Copus	Whitecott, Durfold Wood, Plaistow, RH14 0PL.
Mrs C. Corben	Weston House, Tillington, Petworth, GU28 0RA.
Mrs. M. Daley-Dawson	Marydale, 15, Park Rise, Petworth.
Mr. T. Edwards	14, Millfield Road, Newport, Isle of Wight, PO30 5RH.
Miss G. Ford	8, South Grove, Petworth.
Mrs. J. Fox	41, Peppard Road, Caversham, Reading, RG64 8NR.
Mr. & Mrs. P. Foster	Thistledous, Tepend, Little Staughton, Bedford, MK44 2BY.
Judith Grimwood	c/o 12, Grove Lane, Petworth.
Mr. J. Grimwood, MBE	4, Egremont Almshouses, Horsham Road, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. B. de Heger	Burton Park Farm, Petworth, GU28 0JT.
Mrs. J. Ms. S. Holmes	2, Herons Close, Kirdford, Billingshurst, RH14 0NF.
Mrs. J. Ifield	150, St. Andrews Road, Coulsdon, CR5 3HE.
Mrs. J. Lavender	Rose Cottage, Hillgrove, Lurgashall, Petworth, GU28 9EW.
Mrs. H. Mitford	Victoria Cottage, Hillgrove, Lurgashall, Petworth, GU28 9EW.
Mr. J. Older	George House, East Street, Petworth, GU28 0AB.
Mrs. R. Orrow	Rosewood, 8a, Downview Road, Petworth, GU28 0EU.
Mr. M. Paterson	Birch Walk, Fittleworth, Pulborough, RH20 2JE
Mrs. E. Peacock	Room 20, Abbas Combe Nursing Home, 94, Whyke Road, Chichester, PO19 8JF
Dr. & Mrs. R. Whitehead	36, Northend Close, Petworth, GU28 9NS.
Mrs. F. Uffindell	Beeches, Hollist Lane, Easebourne, Midhurst, GU29 9AD.

