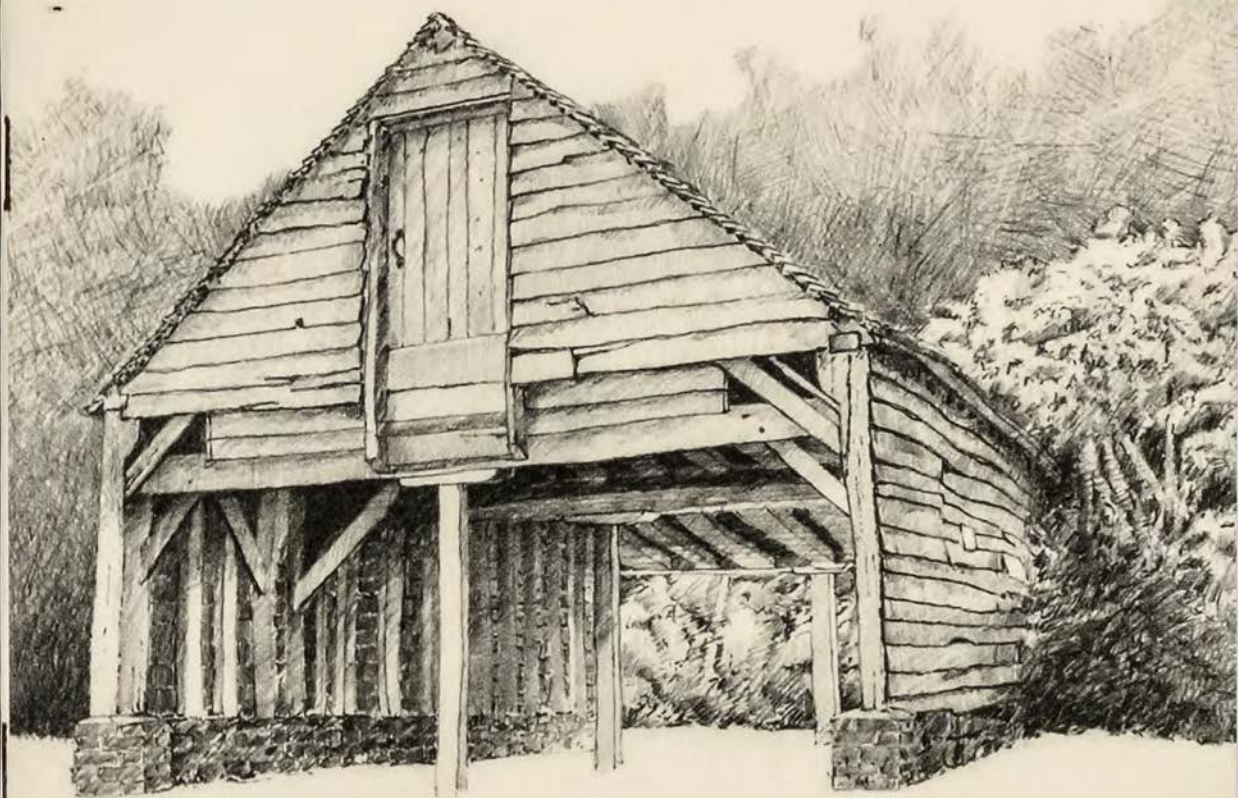


Miles Corbett  
Petworth  
Collection



THE PETWORTH SOCIETY  
*Magazine*

NO. 136. JUNE 2009

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

## Constitution and Officers

The Petworth Society was founded in 1974 "to preserve the character and amenities of the town and parish of Petworth including Byworth; to encourage interest in the history of the district and to foster a community spirit". It is non-political, non-sectarian and non-profit making.

Membership is open to anyone, irrespective of place of residence who is interested in furthering the object of the society.

The annual subscription is £9.00. Single or double one Magazine delivered. Postal £11.00 overseas £15.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:

### *Chairman*

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

### *Vice Chairman*

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

### *Hon. Treasurer*

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

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For this Magazine on tape please contact Mr Thompson.

### *Society Town Crier*

Mr Mike Hubbard 343249

## Chairman's Notes

*The mixture as before? After some thirty-five years I'm always looking to ring the changes, both in this Magazine and in the programme, with what success only you can judge. The annual dinner is on Wednesday September 9<sup>th</sup>. Originally a "one-off", it's proved so popular that it remains an integral part of the programme. This time we'll have access to three connoisseurs' rooms, the Wyndham, Belzamine and Trellis bedrooms, courtesy of Lord and Lady Egremont. In a way the dinner heralds the beginning of a new series of monthly meetings and we've some seriously attractive items lined up for you. The mixture as before? Well, we do try.*

*Now excursions. For August we have a reprise of the Godalming narrow boat trip we made five years ago, see report in PSM 117. Cream tea, inimitable commentary by Chris Hawkins, give us a sunny day and what more could you ask? The Westminster trip in July was hopelessly overbooked. Andy could have filled two coaches and then some. The fact is that we're limited by the venue to two separate parties of twenty with nine going simply for the London trip. Another limitation is the availability of the M.P. Andy has plans for early next year with preference for those who applied for July and were not successful.*

*"First come, first served". We do adhere very strictly to this but it's not a panacea. We send out the postals two days in advance of local distribution while most local distributors deliver the same day that they receive. It's not perfect but we do what we can.*

Peter

24<sup>th</sup> April

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**DARE TO BE DIFFERENT!**  
**JOIN THE COTTAGE MUSEUM TEAM.**  
**INSTRUCTION GIVEN.**  
**ONE AFTERNOON A MONTH**  
**2.00 to 4.30**  
**ENQUIRE Peter 342562.**

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Plus ça change .... The Society are in London in July but George Garland also made the very occasional visit. This is the Lord Mayor's Show in 1930.

## The Forgotten Paintress

I suspect that I was not the only one drawn to Richard Smith's lecture on Margaret Carpenter (1793–1872) through curiosity and a measure of mild interest. Hers is certainly not a household name, even in artistic circles, so why has she been forgotten?

Mrs Carpenter had shown exceptional talent from a very early age, as she drew portraits of her siblings, progressing to watercolour and on through training, to oils. We were treated to exquisite examples, not only with slides, but also numerous prints on display at the interval: beautiful ladies, gentlemen of great character, costume, jewellery and military decorations in realistic detail. Even the naturally portrayed landscape displays a versatility extending beyond portraiture.

Although of somewhat humble background, Margaret was soon moving in more elevated circles, painting portraits of the aristocracy, which led to further commissions by recommendation. Richard's extensive researches have revealed many fascinating links with the families of eminent Victorian personalities such as Charles Dickens, Jane Austen and Wilkie Collins. She commanded large fees and by 1830 her annual income was equivalent to £60,000 today, far more than her husband's. At that time, she was painting portraits of Eton College masters and pupils, over a hundred in total.

The Petworth connection? In 1860 she visited New Grove, the home of John Henry Robinson, Queen Victoria's engraver, whose engraving of Britannia appeared on bank notes for many years. She was there to carry out commissions for Mrs Robinson.

Highly acclaimed in her time, so why is she forgotten now? Why did she never become a member of the Royal Academy, despite making two applications? Richard suspects that the male dominance in Victorian times may have been an issue, but the lack of recognition in the present day remains a mystery.

A fascinating lecture by 'one of our own'

KCT

## Deep thinking – especially if you lisp!

From the age of eight, Rob. Goldsmith has been gripped by the story of the sinking of the Titanic. He told us about the effect it has had on his life.

At primary school, he made a model of the ship and has since made and collected many more. Four years ago, he had the experience of a lifetime when he won a competition organised by Sky TV's History Channel. His prize was to actually dive down to the wreck, 2½ miles beneath the Atlantic.

There had been 30,000 entrants, whittled down to a short list of 6 by random selection, from which he emerged the winner after a day of interviews.

Dives are made by two Russian-owned submersibles, each holding a 'pilot' and two

passengers. To take part as an ordinary tourist costs £40,000, excluding travel to and from Newfoundland and board. While sailing out to the site there is an intensive programme of lectures between sumptuous meals which remain an outstanding feature of the trip in Rob.'s memory – his father, who accompanied him, put on 2 stone during the fortnight!

Rob. started his talk by recounting in detail the construction of the Titanic, during which the number of lifeboats was scaled down from full provision for passengers and crew to less than half. Titanic was unsinkable!

There followed the now familiar timetable of the collision with the iceberg and the sometimes bizarre incidents culminating in the ship breaking in two and disappearing below the quite calm surface.

Rob. could then show his video of the submersible being lowered into the sea above the wreck, the descent and the tour around the remains, some remarkably well-preserved: the prow, just as it appears in the block-buster film, undamaged windows and light fittings, plates, cups and a lady's shoe and the giant propellers. All the more impressive on the large screen, this was a presentation of the highest standard, viewed in awed silence by the audience.

End of talk. Refreshments. Raffle and questions afterwards. Was this a rash move? Suppose there were no questions. No need for concern. Never has there been so many and all answered with the authority of one who had 'been there, done that'. A tragedy through a combination of incompetence and bad luck. An evening to remember.

KCT

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## Growing interest in Russia

Harvey Stephens, Head of the Savill Garden, told us about the great gardens of Russia, illustrated by slides depicting spectacular scenes of landscape and architecture.

Harvey had spent three years in the late 90s restoring Moscow University's Botanic Gardens.

Peter the Great and Catharine II had introduced European trends into Russian gardens in the 18<sup>th</sup> century to complement their grandiose palaces.

After slides of familiar buildings in Moscow, the talk turned to the Peterhof Palace, the most visited of Russia's palaces, where 250 acres of reservoirs supply water to the numerous fountains, cascades and other water features in the formal gardens, with borders of salvias, pelargoniums, calceolaria and many varieties of marigold.

On to Pushkin, Catharine II's palace and gardens of a more natural parkland design, with interesting follies and 'hermitages', where guests had views of the gardens and were entertained and dined on tables set on the ground floor and raised to the second floor by an ingenious pulley mechanism.

The third palace shown was Pavlosk, built by Catharine for her son, Paul, who rejected it as a home. Nevertheless, the gardens survive and since the fall of Communism, are being restored and developed, as are many of Russia's great gardens, with the help of sponsorship

from foreign commercial investors.

Back to Moscow, where the Academy of Sciences' Moscow Main Botanic Garden is the headquarters of over 30 botanic gardens across Russia. Tremendous efforts are made to preserve plants, even those from the tropics, during the harsh winters. Financial restraints, theft (including an entire rose garden), have led to tasteful inclusion of retail and residential blocks while retaining the gardens.

Lastly, the private gardens in dachas, now largely ornamental, but originally for fruit and vegetable crops which were taken back to the town flats and 'deep-frozen' outside on the balconies, for use during the winters.

An evening full of interest, cultural as well as horticultural.

KCT

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## With David and Linda in Stag Park. 25<sup>th</sup> April

Advertised as Pheasant Copse in fact the walk was still over Leconfield land but in Stag Park. Writing on the morning after I realise how fortunate we were. Today it's pouring with rain but Sunday was a glorious day. Walks are unpredictable and not only because of the weather. We don't do quite as many now as we once did. Age catching up? Possibly, but there are more summer activities and the season's become shorter. Remember those November teas with Ruby and John at Langhurst Hill? And as the summer advances turnout can vary wildly. Certainly no problem today – 28 appears to be the count, including children but not dogs on leads. First walk of the season, a lovely day and the promise of bluebells. It seems that Britain is home to a significant proportion of the world's bluebells.

Down a sunny London road, all the busier it seems for the weather. In at Last Lodges over the cattle grid and a brief stop for David to ensure that everyone's actually arrived. Sharp right after a while, the dovecote diagonally away in the left distance. Lambs in the fields, the countryside a symphony in green, the cliché simply mocks the impression. Eventually we park by the barn at Rogham. It's dry underfoot but there is still water lying in the deep cart ruts and the occasional muddy patch. And the sight and smell of the bluebells, the two aspects are inseparable. David calls attention to a lone chalk ball, one of a set fashioned by Andy Goldsworthy for the Downs. A monster left to ruminate and discolour in the woods. Thoughts turn to night walks on the chalk path, lit only by the moon and walkers going off at one minute intervals. Who was it said they'd seen a puma in the woods?

Young foxgloves all still in pale green leaf and there are squat spires of bugle on the woodland paths – *Ajuga reptans* (I think). You often see plants in garden centres. Attractive enough in the wild, but hardly, I would have thought a garden plant. Dog's mercury on both path and verge and of course the inevitable white of stitchwort blending with the bluebells. It's quiet in the woods. I miss an orange tip butterfly and then a brimstone. At intervals there

are sheets of corrugated, a survival, David thinks, of earlier days. Pheasant pens have largely rendered such makeshift shelters redundant. Might there be a snake sheltering under that impromptu roof? David tentatively lifts the sheet. There's only last year's khaki dried leafery.

But here's a slow worm, smooth, could be made of leather or even copper, save, that is, for the writhing movement. We've been lucky, caught the bluebells just right. Tomorrow it will be raining and all too soon the magical woods will offer only bloated green seedheads. Thanks very much David, not to mention Linda, mobile phone at the ready, keeping up the rear.

P.

## Do you have a pile? The March book sale



*A selection of "the usual suspects". Putting up the February Book Sale.  
Photograph by Pearl Godsmark.*

February broke all previous records with a great deal to spare. To try to emulate this in March would be, at best, unrealistic, at worst arrogant. A month on, looking back it's still as difficult to account for as it was on the day. People coming out after a hard winter, the recession working in reverse, exceptional stock? Well, as to the last, it was good but we've had as good. It's all a far cry from that tentative one-off experiment in January 2001, not repeated until April. A single room with prices low enough to deter some donors from offering us books at all. The standard 50p charge would come in only in later years. We loaded in private cars then - however did we manage without the van? One thing doesn't change: it was hard work then, it's hard work now.

And that famous embattled beginning. Surely it wasn't like that eight years and more ago? No doubt the "£1 table" really was just that - a single table. Now it's usually four with books piled feet high over the legendary Rupert Bear tablecloths. How many times have visitors sought to buy them? They're part of the mystique of the sale, as is the till, £10 at an auction. In those early days we had a plastic mixing bowl. "Embattled beginning." An exaggeration surely. Polite jostling with the occasional elbow movement. So many people wait until the initial period is over so we're not talking myth here. The problem is that coming later you find the sharpness of the opening stock has been irretrievably blunted. Dealers have eagle eyes. Dealers, oh yes, acknowledged or unacknowledged they're the lifeblood of the sale. If you're handling books in this quantity you need buyers of quantity.

A voice in the Square, a splash of red. Mike's crying the sale today - not something we ask him to do normally. Good wine needs no bush you might say. The sale draws people to Petworth from a wide area. It's certainly no insular Petworth event. The Society crier, kitted out from Book Sale funding, as of course in a different sense, is this Magazine you're reading. Such luxuries can come expensive. Early spring visitors, and there's a good sprinkling, look on with interest, awe perhaps. Petworth is clearly a characterful place. The crier makes the Square appear en fête. Déjà Vu have raised £300 for Red Nose Day, the Cottage Hospital. Mainly Marmalade sale is in full swing across the road.

It's 1040 and the Hall's still jammed full. To weave around the room is a work of art. Piles of books are still mounting precariously behind the counter, they're on the floor, in the window recesses, on chairs and under chairs. Customers need to remember which collection is theirs, while the polite enquiry from our side of the counter must always be, "Do you have a pile?" Never, "Do you have piles?"

Hardly time to think of an absent friend, the putative recipe book from Petworth House<sup>1</sup>. Whatever would the redoubtable Mrs. Cownley make of today's scene? The book will clearly remain here. Leeks à l'étouffée, bouchée moulds. A tammy would appear to be a cloth sieve. Fairy toast, a Racine knife, Cox powdered gelatine and Atholl Grove, apparently equal parts of whisky, cream and brandy. An adjunct to haggis. And what about Russian Ice in those laborious days before electric refrigeration?

"Two good handfuls of leaves from a blackcurrant bush - young are the best and pour on to them 1 quart of boiling syrup and leave for 6 hours. Add the juice of 6 lemons and freeze.

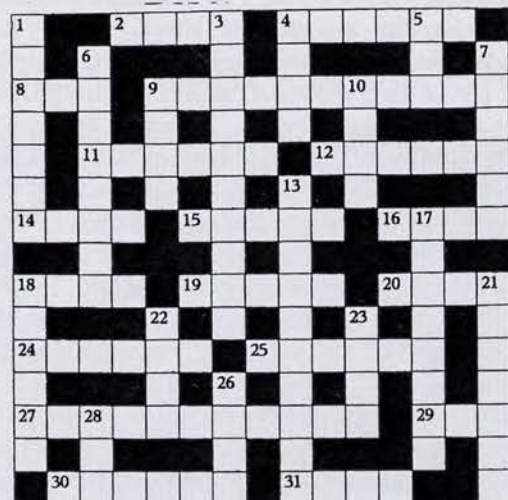
<sup>1</sup> See *Crustaceans. Frustrations* in this Magazine

Serve with compôte of blackcurrants and langue du chat. Syrup ½lb lump sugar to a pint water and boil ten minutes.”

Oh I nearly forgot. How did we do? Within striking distance of February. Well, I did say that challenging that would be unreasonable - didn't I?

P.

## Deborah's Downland Crossword



### Across

2 Finds it really cool – looking for archaeological remains (4)  
 4 One of seventeen protestants commemorated on Cliffe Hill (6)  
 8 Tree once called the Sussex Weed (3)  
 9 Fortified down, near Lewes (5,6)  
 11 Dialect word for shelters (5)  
 12 Bothy on the Slindon Estate that shelters walkers (6)  
 14 Historically a labourer tied to his master (4)  
 15 Flies high – like one of 7 dn (5)

16 Like camp fire dust (4)  
 18 River that flows to Newhaven (4)  
 19 They dance on summer evenings .... (5)  
 20 .... while these never seem to stop working (4)  
 24 Village famous for its September Sheep Fair (6)  
 25 Constellation that turns the earth (6)  
 27 Can we stay in these old paths (7,4)  
 29 Downland deer (3)  
 30 Roman Stane Street crosses the downs over this hill (6)  
 31 Famous old trees which grow from Kingly Vale up Bow Hill (4)

### Down

1 Downland provides a habitat for many rare ones (7)  
 3 Sussex sheep (10)  
 4 Legend (4)  
 5 Sounds like one of the flock (3)  
 6 Downland birds whose song has inspired poets and composers (8)  
 7 Essential for walking the South Downs Way (6)  
 9 Harvests (4)  
 10 Another river - that flows to Littlehampton (4)  
 13 Flirty liar catches the butterfly (10)  
 17 “Softly along the road of evening, In a twilight dim with rose, Wrinkled with age, and drenched with dew, Old Nod, the -----, goes.” Walter de la Mare (8)  
 18 Into vegetarian food near Plumpton (6)  
 21 Seven siblings at Birling Gap (7)  
 22 Crosspiece used when driving oxen (4)  
 23 Puts around – they're part of the flock (4)  
 26 Just one part of 25 ac (4)  
 28 Our county town – briefly (3)

## Solution to 135

### Across

2 Swing, 5 Kersey, 8 Wheelwright, 10 Ham, 11 Merino, 12 Canada, 14 Ling, 15 Riots, 16 Amos, 18 Apse, 19 Elegy, 20 Knap, 24 Tennis, 25 Belong, 27 Err, 28 Marionettes, 30 Bedham, 31 Eerie.

### Down

1 Fox Hill, 2 Shimmings, 3 Inward, 4 Greenfield, 5 Kale, 6 Egg, 7 Straws, 9 Real, 13 Stag Beetle, 17 Menagerie, 18 Autumn, 21 Penrose, 22 Biro, 23 Dowser, 26 Team, 29 Rye.

## Editor's Postbag

Terry Lucas sends three aerial photographs of Petworth taken some three years ago, of which we include one with this note. Terry writes that they are taken at a height of 1,000 feet, lower flying not being allowed. This particular one shows Fairfield with the Grove trees in the foreground.



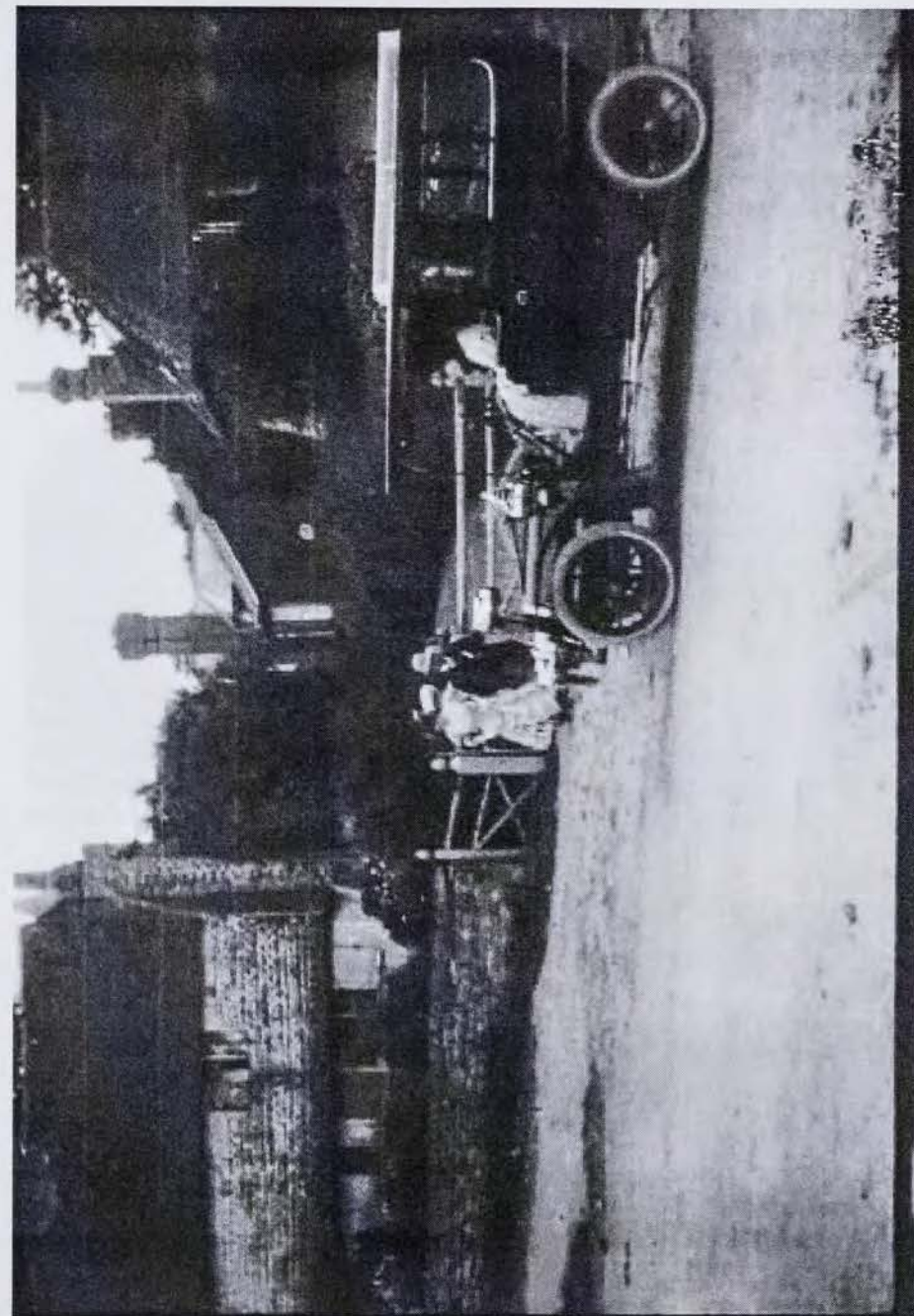
Shirley Standford writes:

Dear Peter,

Upstairs, looking for something completely different, I came across this snapshot



of smartly dressed ladies at the seaside and recognised it to be from the same set shown in PSM No. 133 on Page 20. My Granny, Florence Knight of East Street is on the left in my photograph and second from right her youngest sister Emily Collins always known as Auntie Ted, who lived with her, but I can't identify the others. I wonder who the photographer was? My father, Cecil Knight played in Gladys Whitcomb's band before starting his own dance band. That's him in the other photo playing the banjo and attempting to look like Rudolph Valentino!



See page 14.



Pam Bruce has been given this photograph of Northchapel in the early years of the last century. Note the gate across the drive to the church. The location is on the main road through the village and opposite the Half Moon pub. There were very few motor cars in the village in the first years of the century, although early parish council minutes express concern with speeding traffic through the village as early as 1903! The speed limit had been increased to 20mph and the parish council drew the attention of the A.A. to "the exceedingly dangerous and particularly crooked road" and asked for caution boards to be erected at either end of the village to prevent an accident occurring. The figures may be members of a wedding party or even friends of Mr Bright the rector. Has anyone any ideas?

**David Claisse writes:**

148a Bellemoor Road, Southampton SO15 7RA

Mr P.A. Jerrome  
Trowels  
Pound Street  
Petworth,  
Dear Mr Jerrome

I received my copy of your excellent magazine recently and thought that I would write to you about the scouts photograph in the previous issue.

The 'lad from Byworth' is me and no.8 cub is my brother Douglas. The unknown cub is probably Freddie Wright who was an evacuee from Portsmouth who stayed with Mrs Doris Pullen at Byworth for much of the war.

We were living in Brighton when war began and my father rented a cottage in Byworth when France surrendered. We had four and a half very happy years there and I have so many memories of them. Most of the scouts in the photograph I remember well. It was good to hear of Neville Green. I was friendly with his brother Trevor. I wonder if there is news of him?

I look forward to the arrival of the next magazine and in the meantime send you good wishes,

Yours sincerely  
David Claisse

---

## At Encounter On My First Trip to London (or is it only a Summer Tale?)

To start my tale I must first explain my grammar and spelling is not perfect.

My early education was at Sutton C of E School, (you know the High School on the hill) but I must say I did know my prayers and National Anthem sang and said most mornings.

The encounter I am writing about took place at Petworth Railway Station in the late 1940s.



*This photograph of Lodsworth brickyard carries the enigmatic caption: "Two Spooners two Boxalls". It would seem to predate the 1914-1918 war. Any comments?*

It was my first trip to London. I was going to stay with my wartime pal, Keith, who had been evacuated with us at Sutton End. My holiday was to be for two weeks, in which time I was promised a choice to visit different events each day, ending with a day watching the Test Match at the Oval. I selected the lightest leather suitcase we had and for security reasons fastened it outside with a strong leather strap.

Taking luggage I would have to walk from our bungalow at Sutton End to the station, so decided on the shortest route – up the drive, across the common at Sutton End then through Burton Park, passing the Waterfall and Black Pond taking the short-cut through Burton Rough then the footpath beside the main road and finally down the wooden steps to the Railway Station.

I had arrived early; my steam train departed at 7.25am to Pulborough where I would have to change to the London bound electric train. There was a small queue at the right-hand ticket pigeon hole – the left was closed. This office was located in an enormous waiting-room; leading off from this waiting-room I could see another large room and written on the door LADIES WAITING-ROOM – I could not understand its necessity.

Having bought my return ticket I decided to go onto the single platform by going through two large doors from the waiting room. Upon one step through a Porter's arm shot out "Tickets please" said a very loud voice. He took my ticket and with his clippers bit an enormous piece out of the cardboard leaving very little of LONDON (my destination) visible on the ticket. "You be going to London then boy? – be you returning?" he said. As there was a large R in red on the ticket, I thought he could not be very bright – probably went to school at Duncton or Petworth!

I walked quickly to the south end of the platform as I wanted to see the train arrive out of the tunnel with its black smoke and steam. The Porter, all this time, kept looking at me from his position at the waiting-room door; this was also the official exit from the platform. He then decided to come along the platform to where I stood – then said again "You be going to London then boy?" "Yes," I replied (he already knew this, of course). I gave him my ticket – another enormous bite came out – my ticket was, by now, nearly in two parts. "The reason I have come to you again boy, is I don't understand if you be going to London, why are you taking that giant trug basket filled with those large red plums?" "I thought it was obvious," I replied, "As you already know I am going to London. The King lives in London" "Yes," he replied removing his cap. I then told him "I've been singing every morning all these years at school – God Save The King, send him VICTORIAS – so instead of sending the King Victorias, I am taking some to him." The Porter replaced his cap and walked away to the sound of the approaching train's loud whistle.

Brian Verrall



Two "upstairs" pictures at Petworth Cottage Museum.

1) Mrs Cummings in her sewing room.

Photographs by Louise Adams for the Chichester Observer Series.



2) Bedroom at Petworth Cottage Museum.

## How big is your spread? Thoughts of a town crier

Except for buckles on my shoes, and I'm working on that, I'm in complete working order, uniform-wise at least. Yes, I'll be crying the Book Sale on Saturday. It's not something I do on a regular basis, the Sale is more than capable of looking after itself. Crying the Book Sale is a relatively brief job: other engagements can take the whole day. I'm thinking for instance of officiating at Ivan Wadey's Golden Wedding celebrations at Ebernoe last year with its accent on the MacMillan Appeal. Charitable work is never far away where crying is concerned.

Other events can be less clear cut. Take, for instance, Sussex Day, June 16<sup>th</sup>. As far as I know it's something of an innovation and last year we had only a day or two's notice. Just a day or so to rustle up a presence in the Square. In the circumstances we made a reasonable show and ended up singing *Sussex by the Sea* to a somewhat bemused Market Square. I'd look to do a little better this year.

A crier needs to keep his wits about him. For, to foreign visitors particularly, he can appear an example of English eccentricity at its most extreme. Take Sussex Day last year for instance. I was by the Arcade when a coach pulled in, and I was using the opportunity to urge my hearers to put in their swede seed. A German lady issued from the coach and thought I was announcing the coach's arrival. "We are not Swedes, we are German", she insisted. I tried to explain and became more deeply involved. "So you are a farmer. Why do you dress like this? How many pigs have you? How many cows?" I then tried to explain that so far from being a farmer I had only a cat and dog and this made things worse. "How big is your spread?" killed the conversation completely. For one German lady at least, English agriculturists are a breed apart.

Effectively my first function on taking over from John Crocombe (a hard act to follow) was the 2007 fair. I hired my robes for that. It was an atrocious day. This time I was in the street and urging people to sow broad beans – is this horticultural slant a good thing? I might wonder. A stretch limo pulled up and down came the window. "Say, buster, What's all this about broad beans? Are you the mayor of this town?" I explained that I was simply a minor official, if that. My new friend wasn't having any of that, "Don't put yourself down, you're clearly big in these parts. You tell everyone what's going on. Anyway I'll buy your bell. Give me a figure. How about 180 smackers?" I explained that the bell wasn't mine to sell and in any case part of the town's history. My friend put up his window and drove on, much to the relief no doubt of the cars piling up behind him. I seem to remember reading in the local paper that the Midhurst town bell, not used since the 1920s, was recently sold by auction, being bought, I think, by the Midhurst Society. I'm very aware always that the Petworth bell was used by Arch. Knight and probably his predecessor. It will certainly be a century old.

Crying is never a chore, although a prolonged spell can take its toll on the voice. John Crocombe found that. I've had some very enjoyable days - Bignor Park open day, house and gardens open for two days. I mixed in crying with folk singing. Catherine and Michael

Perschke's wedding anniversary celebrations raised over £3,000 for their designated charity and I was delighted to be a part of the proceedings. And how else would I have got to escort Dame Vera Lynn out of St. Mary's and to her car, myself on one arm, David Jacobs on the other. "Mike," she said to me, "You've a lovely clear voice." Could you have a better recommendation?

Rather less august, but very enjoyable all the same was an appearance at the monthly dinner, usually held in the Audit Room but on this occasion in the U.R.C. Hall. I "cried", did a few jokes and a song, we all sang *Sussex by the Sea* and the fish and chips came round in a wheelbarrow.

These are just a few events that come to mind. People sometimes ask if I'm paid by the Parish Council. In fact I'm not paid by anybody. I've nothing to do with the Parish Council: my uniform was paid for by the Petworth Society and I'm the Society crier as my sash indicates. I'm very conscious of this; robe, tricorne hat with ostrich feather, jabon, ruffs – everything is funded by the Society.

Two last thoughts. Crying when there's no-one in the street. Parts of the town can be very quiet of a weekday morning, but it's amazing how quickly curtains begin to twitch. I was crying to one deserted street when a window opened and an irate voice bellowed, "B .....r off. I'm a night-worker and I've just gone to bed." Well you can't win them all can you? And the lady who stopped me and asked why I was taking on the job of crier at my age. It was kind of her to be concerned but I reminded her that Gladstone was well into his eighties when he became Prime Minister for the last time.

Mike Hubbard was talking to the Editor.

P.S. I ought to thank Margaret Gibson for making my costume and my wife for seeing that it always looks absolutely right. It takes the best part of an hour for me to get fitted up!

## Ice Age and On

It's all too easy to take flint for granted, jagged pieces on country tracks and paths, chunks large and small in ploughed fields. This is flint country. Flints obtrude physically and there, you might think, it ends. I've always had a passing interest in prehistory, Stonehenge for instance, but without more than a feeling that some day I'll explore further. A slight relaxation of the working schedule and a chance remark in a Richard Williamson *Observer* article set me thinking. Williamson noted that on his regular walks he has learned to look out for pieces of worked flint. They're not uncommon and signs of working can be quite obvious. "Worked" flint identification can run on a scale from "arguable" to "incontrovertible". Natural damage often mirrors human activity. A chance clearance lot at a local auction was opportune. It had amongst a collection of shells a few pieces of seemingly worked stone. A word with the Chichester District Archaeologist confirmed reworking even if there was nothing particularly unusual. Remember the obvious point about flint: it predates the working of metal. Think of

boiling water without metal. Earthenware won't hold up under direct heat. You need to heat "pot-boilers", round stones to a high heat and then drop them into the water.

A worked flint has certain distinctive features. It will have a smooth striking surface or "platform" at one end. This can be quite small but it's always there. Breaking will be done either by a "hard" hammer - another flint, or a "soft" hammer such as an antler. At about a 90° angle from the platform, and bulging from the smooth surface of the broken flint, is the "bulb of percussion", while radiating from this are the "ripples", curving away from the bulb rather as waves curve away when a stone is thrown into water. A "core" will remain which is either discarded or perhaps used as a hammer. In either case signs of working will be evident.

Petworth lies on the greensand and Sussex in general is rich in flint: other parts of the country are much less prolific. Indeed the clay Weald is not flint country. Flint offers a pageant, a succession of human pre-history going back well before the Romans, well before metal, some 10,000 years to the end of the last Ice Age, indeed as we shall see, before. This familiar countryside was once host to generations of nomadic people for whom their flint implements remain their quiet memorial.

Before the Ice Age? Certainly. But such remains are at once rarer and less obvious. There are for instance the hand axes and other artefacts at Boxgrove. Such survivals have a distinctive patination and can be much more difficult to find. I know of one find recently at Fittleworth. Palaeolithic survivals in our area can be anything up to 500,000 years old.

Sussex was a centre for flint-working on a considerable scale. The classic site is Cissbury near Worthing, now part of the National Trust, but there are other sites travelling west from Findon and extending as far as Earham. All are now on private land. Flint was used for axes, arrow-heads, scraping tools, whatever was needed in a pre-metal culture. Pollen analysis offers more clues. An analysis of pollen remains associated with worked flints on Iping Common suggests the use of fire to clear woodland and thus facilitate the hunting of animals.

A one day course run by the Chichester and District Archaeological Society was a step forward, and I am well on the way to acquiring sufficient expertise to enable me to play a modest role in excavations. Last year I helped at Beedings near Nutbourne, a site reckoned to be pre Ice Age and late Neanderthal perhaps some 35,000 to 40,000 years ago. For such an excavation the top is opened up with a digger which takes off the top and excavates a shallow trench some ten metres in length and sufficiently wide to enable working with a trowel to inspect the sides and bottom of the trench. Mesolithic (post Ice Age) remains may be embedded between top soil and subsoil while much older artefacts may lie concealed at a lower level. As the Ice Age came to an end and the permafrost began to open up the rocks, artefacts could easily fall into the resulting fissures.

Springs, a magnet for the nomadic, are important indicators. Who knows the long pre-history of the Virgin Mary Spring? In the Bronze Age weapons were ceremonially deposited at such places. Or what of the famous lynchets in the Gog fields, medieval no doubt, but might not their origins go further back?

We've talked only superficially and in very general terms, but hopefully we've said enough to suggest that the landscape has rather more to tell us than we might suppose.

From a conversation between Bob Kowalski and the Editor.

## Uncle Tom's Cabin

I was bought up at 290 Horsham Road, Flathurst at Petworth. Father went into the army at the outbreak of war and sadly was killed at Casino in Italy. When the farmer that owned the cottage heard that Dad was not coming back he told Mother that we would have to leave as he needed the house for a new farm worker. Needless to say we didn't have anywhere to go so Mother decided that we should stay put. The army had taken over Flathurst and so the Barnes family who had lived in the house moved in with us, it was something of a squeeze until eventually they were found another cottage.

There were a lot of American and Canadian troops stationed at Flathurst. As each lot of soldiers were moved out it was customary for them to throw out all of their English money, after all they wouldn't need it again. We children would scabble about in the hedgerows competing to find the coins that had been tossed out. The soldiers were good to us local children and I would spend more time at the camp than I did at school. I recall that we got all of our cups and plates from the soldiers and Mum had a full service of army crockery. As I grew older I spent more time up the camp than I should have and Mother couldn't really do anything with me. Eventually Mother told my teacher to cane me if I carried on playing truant. Needless to say I got the cane.

Meanwhile the farmer who owned our cottage was getting impatient and one morning the bailiffs arrived and put us and all of our furniture out onto the road. Mum had no money whatsoever as Dad's army pay had been stopped and the only help that she got was some coal from the Red Cross.

Lady Shakerley - who lived at nearby Hilliers - got to hear about our plight and somehow managed to get us a cottage at Upperton. I don't know who it belonged to but no doubt she managed to pull some strings as she had a good deal of influence in the district. The cottage was just outside the park wall and very close to the Monument, in fact the postal address was 519 Below Tower Upperton. A strange address but it perfectly summed up the location. When we arrived at the cottage there was a board nailed above the door which read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'. The cottage was a little bit better than the famous cabin though it had no electricity, water was from a well and the only toilet was in an outside shed which consisted of a bucket under a wooden board with a hole cut through it. The name 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' stuck with the cottage all the time that we lived there and we still call it by that name when talking about it, after all it is a bit less of a mouthful than 519 Below Tower Upperton.

I was seven when we had moved to Upperton and even there we weren't a lot better off than at Flathurst. Mum earned some money as a mid-wife and many of the local children were delivered by her. As I grew older I would earn money helping Mr Dewey at the farm beneath the Monument and also Ray Wadey at River Common. Mr Hazelman kept the shop at

Upperton and just before bonfire night he would make up packs of fireworks and these could be bought in the shop, the size of the bags and the number of fireworks depended upon the number of children in the family. The bonfire would be on Upperton common and we boys would clear the gorse while Mr Whitney from Upperton farm would bring up great piles of hedge trimmings to make the bonfire.

Despite the war things were good at Upperton. I would go beating on the Mitford estate to earn a few shillings and in my spare time I would go fishing with a stick and a bent nail as a hook in the stream that runs across River Common. Children's games depended very much upon the season but we boys would spend much of our time either in the Park or on the Common.

Besides being a farmer Mr Whitney - who helped built the bonfire - also supplied milk to Upperton and right out to Petworth. The milk would be ladled out of a churn into jugs and it had a lovely taste to it. Now and again I would help on the milk round. I worked for Mr Whitney when I left school, he was a good employer and we would often work together making hay and straw ricks. Upperton Farm had a tractor that was driven by Sid Smith but we also had two big cart horses. The horses which were named Prince and Pride were used for dung or mangle carting as Mr Whitney firmly believed that what came out of the back of a horse was better for the field than what came out of a tractor, and he had a point.

Mr Whitney had two brothers both of whom were farmers. One of them had Rotherbridge Farm at Petworth and at harvest time Sid Leggatt and myself would have to go over and help with threshing.

591 Below Tower Upperton was one of a row of three cottages though now I believe it is one big house. The Wickham family lived next door to us and June Crook who used to work in Weavers lived on the end.

Miles Costello and Bill Eldridge were talking to Dave Bushell

### A Foundling and a Drifter

My grandmother Durrant who was born in 1872 was friends with the Dunctons of Milk Churn Alley at Balls Cross. Gran reckoned that a foundling was discovered abandoned on top of Duncton Hill and for want of a better name they called the child Duncton and that's how the family name got started around here. And I believe that is true.

I remember Mum having an altercation with a lady in Kirdford. The lady hadn't lived in the village five minutes and was quite vociferous about a local matter that she clearly knew little about. This rubbed Mum up the wrong way and she terminated the disagreement with "*you bain't but a drifter Missus, first you drift in an' then you'll drift out*". This was quite an insult coming from Mum but she had a point.

Mum told me that one afternoon she was in Petworth Square waiting for a bus home when she saw a prosperous looking gentleman and two women come out of the Star public house. The Square was very quiet and Mum fell into conversation with the gentleman who told her that he believed himself to be the last person to be publicly flogged at Petworth. He had now returned to the town in the hope of finding the person who had carried out the flogging as he wished to thank him for setting him on the path to prosperity. He said that he had left Petworth immediately following his punishment, had joined the army and set out to make his

fortune, which he did with some success. Mum reckoned that as the old man was probably in his ninetieth year or more the flogging must have taken place in the 1870s.

A trio of anecdotes related by Christine Bushell to Miles Costello

## Crustaceans Frustrations The tribulations of a chef

During the 1990s we featured several very detailed reconstructions of life in the (now restored) Petworth House kitchens, largely from the 1930s, toward the limit of oral recall. Few, if any, of these interviews would be possible today. A serious flaw was our acknowledged inability to peer beneath the surface. The servants' block principals, whether in charge of ladies maids, kitchen staff, stillroom staff or pantry could appear to juniors only as Olympian figures, largely immune to the petty frustrations and jealousies of everyday life. But were they? Junior staff had neither time nor stimulus to appraise the interplay of strong personalities operating each with his or her own powerbase within a narrow, often pressurised, context.<sup>1</sup> Here, in close proximity, but each confined within ordained boundaries, were powerful, dominant personalities:<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Cownley the redoubtable housekeeper, no stranger to these pages, and incumbent from before 1914 to the early 1930s, her successor Mrs. Leversuch, the chef, secure in his impregnable kitchen fastness and, a little removed perhaps, the butler, monarch in his own domain.

Such, possibly heretical, thoughts are occasioned by a book of recipes, more than a little weary now, in condition at least, and written in black ink in a forceful forward hand on some forty pages of lined paper, the remainder of the book remaining blank. There are in all some hundred recipes, clearly the work of someone well versed in kitchen matters, the cooking directions being sparse.

Handwritten recipe books coming into the monthly Sale are hardly unusual, and attract minimal interest, particularly, as here, in the absence of obvious provenance. The book is one of a number of general books once belonging to the late Elizabeth Wyndham, adopted daughter of Lord and Lady Leconfield, and kept, it would seem with others, for some years in an outhouse. While certainly not pristine, our book seems to have escaped the worst ravages of damp and white mildew. Minimal interest? Very possibly.

Certainly there is a decided French slant to the recipes, although not exclusively. Lady Leconfield, we know, had a preference for French cuisine. Croustade à la Heilda, Canapés à la Reine, Croustades Espagnol, Canapés bonne homme, are early entries in a succession. We

<sup>1</sup> See PSM 92 page 25 "It is in the nature of things that we have been able to talk only with those who were junior members of that now exclusive world."

<sup>2</sup> See the two letters from Fred Streeter to Mrs. Leversuch (1939) transcribed in PSM 92 pages, 28,29

are clearly dealing with cooking for a sizeable household with a penchant for entertaining but there is nothing that necessarily suggests Petworth. As is usual with recipe books, the anonymity appears impenetrable . . . . Baba au rhum, Bridge rolls, Crème choisy, Crevettes au crème de fromage. David Hunter Blair's recipe for Haggis at least provides a name, if little more . . . . Potage Cyrano: "Take the carcass of a wild duck and cover with some good stock. Simmer three or four hours without reducing then pour the liquor off and pass the flesh from the carcass through a thin sieve. Return to saucepan, thicken with port wine, two yolks of egg and a little cream. Serve with a julienne of celeriac, carrot, onion and croutons." We seem to be looking at ambitious and labour-intensive cooking here, certainly a large house scenario, but nothing more.

Savourie meat pie takes matters a little further: "Butter casserole and put [in] 2lbs raw minced beef and pepper and salt then put a layer of minced fried onions and a layer of peeled and covered apples that have been partly fried in butter - cover with stock or water then cover with potatoes that have been passed into it with a potato presser.<sup>3</sup> Put into the oven and bake for 1 to an hour - the top should be nicely browned and when served at a shooting lunch will be much appreciated especially if it is a cold day." Served at a shooting lunch . . . . clearly we have cooking on the grand scale but still no break in the anonymity . . . . chevalière au laitue (note the acute accent instead of grave. Surely no native French speaker could make a mistake like that!) . . . . Cocoanut ice, Potage Florenzo, Potage Grenade, Date chutney . . . . Mrs. Cownley's recipe for Mocha cake. At last the cloud of anonymity is clearing: there must be a Petworth connection of some kind. Mrs. Cownley, as we have seen, was housekeeper from before the Great War through to the early 1930s and is a constant revenant in these pages.<sup>4</sup>

"1lb sugar, 6 eggs, 5ozs best flour, essence of coffee. Mix sugar and eggs as for a sponge cake add flour and coffee.<sup>5</sup> When cold cut in halves put thick layer of coffee butter and put together again then cover with coffee butter and sprinkle over with browned almond chopped - this recipe is wrong and was given in this state to let me down the old cat."

And there was war in heaven. Perhaps the Olympians were only human after all! Such a note would not be for the eyes of a 1930s teenager - nor, one suspects, for anyone but the writer himself. What other way for him to vent his frustration.

Royal icing . . . . Truite saumonée Nantacienne: "Cut open a salmon trout in a well buttered dish adding salt, pepper and chopped shallot. Moisten with half bottle white wine and put in oven to cook. When it is cooked remove the trout and place a dish on which it will be served and keep warm."<sup>6</sup>

Now put the liquid in a saucepan or casserole and simmer till only two thirds remains of the original quantity remain then add 4 yolks of egg and a knob of butter and whip till a frothy constinacy (sic). Pour the sauce over the trout and garnish with crayfish soufflé.

Serve hot not waiting outside the dining room door for ten minutes."

<sup>3</sup> Does anyone remember this particular piece of kitchen equipment?

<sup>4</sup> For her scrapbook see PSM 86

<sup>5</sup> Underlined beneath this word "not coffee"

<sup>6</sup> Obviously in a warm place although this is not made clear

More than a hint of frustration. It's all too easy to sympathise. Here is an intricate dish involving a great deal of trouble and care, then ruined by being served lukewarm.

Christmas cake, Marrons au café, Canapés Bengal, Butter biscuits and Chocolat cake with one last personal note Mrs Shakeup? The handwriting, always a little uneasy, finally defeats the reader.

Mrs. Cownley, shooting lunches, a long wait outside the dining room. Even allowing for due caution, we seem to have a chef working at Petworth House. English speaking to all appearance. The forward hand will hardly be later than the 1930s, but, realistically, could come from any time in the early century. Mrs. Cownley will provide a rough terminus a quo of about 1910 but this is surely too early. Born in the early 1920s, Elizabeth Wyndham would certainly have known Mr. Grant who died in 1938. It's impossible to say more. A number of crosses in red pencil may indicate a later use of some of the recipes.

P.

For ease of reading I have occasionally made slight modifications in punctuation and use of capital letters.

## Tods of Wool and Barrels of Cider

One of my earlier forays into trying to relate the Domesday record to the locality led me to discovering the 'lost' entry for Treve (aka River) manor. Now I have to report that I have been pursuing another entry, where another Domesday manor seemed to fade away, if not disappear entirely, leaving its name to survive on just one farm.

For some years I had been trying to find a way in which I could approach the occupants of Glatting Farm. On the Downs south of Bignor and Sutton, I had eyed it whenever I was nearby ..... visiting the Roman Villa, working on other houses in the villages, just eating sandwiches while enjoying the landscape.

Why was I so interested? Well, Glatting is one of those places actually '*mentioned in Domesday*'; not a house, that is, but the manor or estate, and so well worth attention. Its land holding actually compared with Treve (four hides), and it had been also held by a number of free men in 1066, but there were some noticeable differences. Although the demesne (home farm) seemed to be about the same size with a similar number of servants (slaves) there were only five tenants and less than half as much arable, and there was no meadow or woodland, usually vital elements of the manorial economy. What was going on?

Among a variety of references, Glatting turns up in the 1140s, when tithes of its produce were granted to Lewes Priory; it was held with Burton by the lord of Hunston manor in 1332, when there was at least one plough team of oxen; when a Chichester 'gent' died in 1629, it was part of his legacy to his two daughters (along with Felpham); bought by the Duke of Somerset in 1718, it was among the endowments of the Somerset Hospital in 1746, and its rent still goes to the Somerset charity. But it was always described just as Glatting, or Glatting



The town crier "in full cry". Photograph courtesy of Chichester Observer Series.



*This Garland photograph seems to come from the late 1950s. Some possible identifications — can anyone improve on this?*

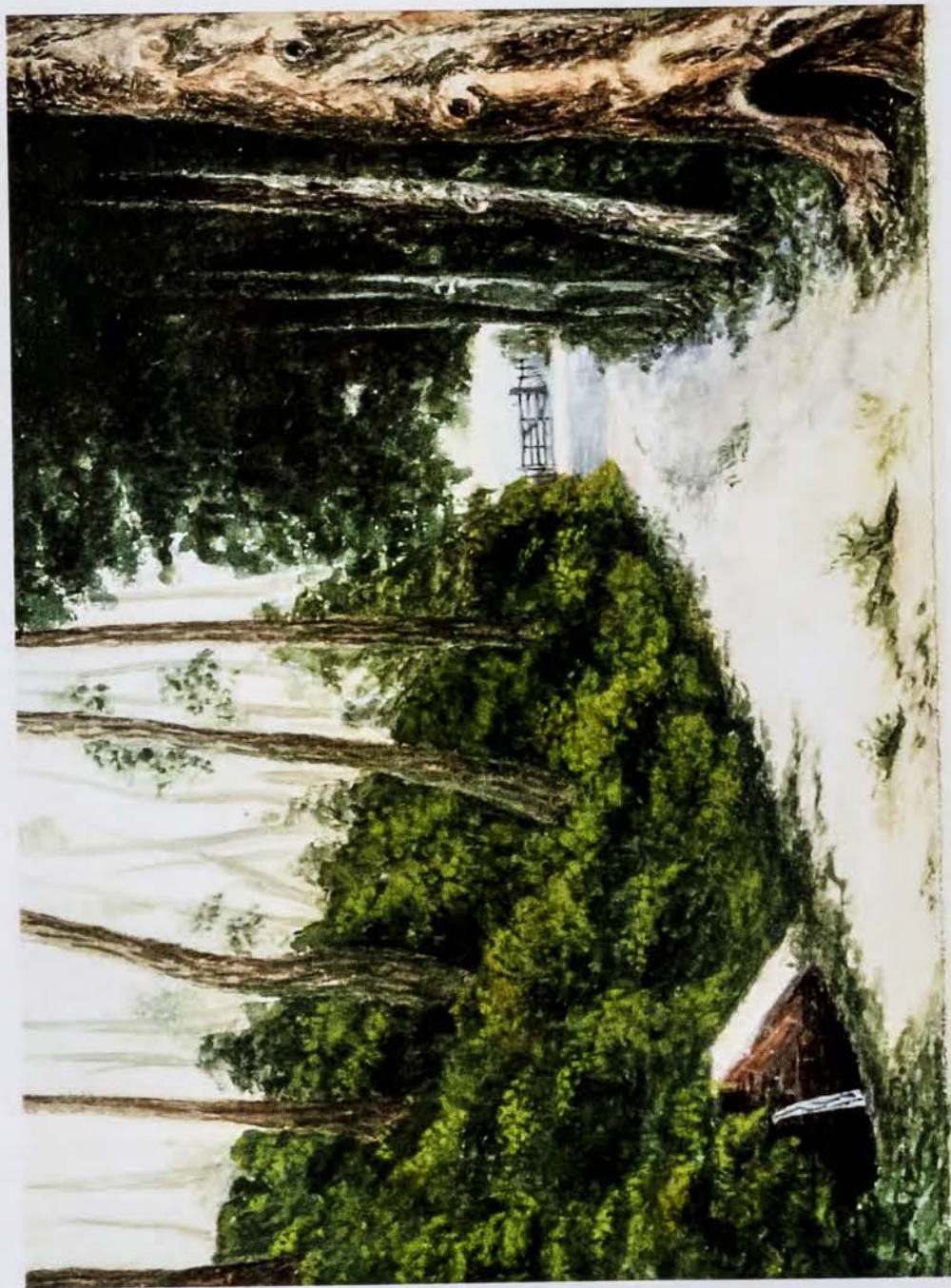
Front Row L to R —

1 Jack Penfold; 2 Elsie Penfold; 3 Mrs Brash; 4            5 Annie Benham; 6 Mrs Thayre; 7 Mrs Crook; 8 Mrs Andrews; 9 Mrs Smith; 10 Mrs Graveney; 11            12 Rector Jones; 13 Mrs Jones

Back Row L to R —

1 Mrs Willmer; 2 Mrs Beaufoy; 3 Beat Hamilton; 4 Mary Minton 5            6 Mrs Moore; 7            8 Mrs Clifford; 9            10 Mr Crook?; 11





The Virgin Mary Spring. A prehistoric watering place? See "Ice Age and On".

## Truite Saumonée Nantuoienne

Cut open a Salmon trout in a well  
battered dish adding salt, pepper, and  
chopped shallot brochet with half bottle  
white wine and put in oven to cook

When it is cooked remove the trout and  
place a dish on which it will be served  
and keep warm

Now put the liquid in a saucepan  
or casserole and simmer till only  
two thirds remain of the original quantity  
remain then add 4 yolks of egg and  
a knob of butter and whip till perfectly  
consistency pour the sauce over the  
trout and garnish with crayfish saffle

serve hot not waiting outside  
the dining room door for  
10 minutes

Receipe for Truite Saumonée Nantuoienne(?). Note comments at bottom.

*Farm*, not as Glatting *manor*, although there is a building and homestead of some significance.

Examining the nineteenth century tithe maps threw up another detail about Glatting that possibly lay behind the ambiguity of early references. The farm and its land were divided almost equally between the parish of Sutton and a detached piece of Burton; in fact the parish boundary cut across the corner of the house. The lord of Hunston who held Glatting in 1332, also held Burton,<sup>1</sup> where there was another plough team. Glatting appears to be one and the same as a purchase he made the previous year of a house with about 290 acres 'in Sutton by Bignor'.

Eventually, through a series of odd coincidences, I discovered the identity of the resident, received a warm invitation to visit and examine the house, and it was well worth the wait! A large part of the building is significantly medieval – possibly dating from the 1300s – and of some quality, and it is fairly certain that this was built against something even earlier, which was largely (but perhaps not completely?) replaced in the 1860s. This must be the site of the 'manor' house.

Having brought together the fragments of documentary evidence with the remains of a fine building, I have been trying to understand some of the puzzles. For instance, what made Glatting so desirable that it swung from Bignor to Burton, and its assets were divided between Burton and Sutton? Why did so much survive except its status as a manor? How far back should I be looking?

During the twenty years after the Norman Conquest, most of the native landowners were dispossessed and replaced by 'incomers'. This was the fate of those four free men who had held Glatting ..... and of another three who had held an adjoining four hides, that became Bignor. Both Glatting and Bignor manors were granted by the lord of the Rape of Arundel (Roger de Montgomery) to his sheriff, Robert fitzTetbald, and he in his turn granted them to Ralph Caisneto (a name which later become Chesney). Bignor had all those things Glatting was missing ..... meadow, woodland, fourteen tenants, and even a quarry and a church ..... so what had Glatting to offer that made it desirable? Its situation and two elements that recur in later records may go part way to answering that:

- The farm is sited on the north slope of the Downs close to a water source.
- Featured among the assets in 1332 were over 60 sheep; at the end of the seventeenth century there were 580 sheep and over 1500 pounds of wool stored in the 'wool chamber'; in two of the nineteenth century census returns there was a live-in shepherd at the farm.
- In 1332 five casks of cider were among Glatting assets; there are numerous entries to cider in the printed Petworth ministers' accounts (1347-53) and Bury records, underlining its importance in the local economy; at the end of the seventeenth century there was a press in the 'sider house', John Goble owed money for three hogsheads of cider, and a quantity of barrels, hogsheads and hogsheads of cider and vinegar were stored in the farm house; is shown on all nineteenth century mapping.

So although Glatting lacked the range of elements that would have guaranteed its survival as a manor in its own right when it formed part of a portfolio of property it had ample supplies of two products of particular importance – wool and cider. In broad terms it appears that at first it was held with Bignor, then with Burton, and finally passed to Petworth.

<sup>1</sup> A five-hide manor in 1086

Two incidental pieces of information about Glatting are separated by over six hundred years. In 1297 the bishop of Chichester tried to depose the prior of Hardham for 'misrule, incontinence and adultery', but failed, in the face of pressure from the prior's influential contacts. Two years later, the Archbishop succeeded, and the prior was banished to Tortington, then a local 'sin-bin' for recalcitrant religious. In spite of this, the prior managed to pull strings and get himself appointed prior of Shulbrede by the end of 1300, to the appalled amazement of the bishop. And who was this well-connected prior? Robert de *Glottynges also Bodekton* (Burton).

I was also tipped off that it was once home to Martin Ryle, the Astronomer Royal and Nobel Prize winner who died in 1984. Further investigations confirmed that the Ryle family had indeed lived there before 1948, for some twenty years or more, at a time when there was no electricity and water had to be pumped up to the only bath. They had succeeded three farmers all called John Reid, who had died between 1915 and '25. As Martin was born in 1918, he must have been there as a young boy, although he went away to boarding school. The Ryles later moved into Sutton, where their perceived left-wing views made neighbours rather wary. Martin Ryle's widow still lives in Lewes, her son in Rodmell. Any more information about the twentieth century tenants would be gratefully received.

Annabelle Hughes

## A view of Bury

We moved to Bury in 1947. We lived first at Hollow Farm at the foot of the Hollow, renting half of the farmhouse. Barbara Stapeley ran a kennels from the other half, as well as managing a small herd of Jerseys. Later we moved to Jessamine Cottage, reputed to be the oldest house in the village and primitive even by the standards of the time. As Stella Morton, my mother was a full-time writer with seventeen full-length novels to her credit, all published by Hodder and Stoughton. Her work had a considerable vogue, not only in this country but also in most of the major Commonwealth countries, the United States and, after the war, in Germany.

In the early years Barbara Stapeley would bring her small herd of Jerseys along the low road (the first turning into Bury as you come from Petworth, and the old road into the village) over the "water splash", now running under the road. Private transport was very far from universal: there were buses but few cars. We had an Austin 10, and would sometimes take locals to Chichester as there were no direct bus routes. There was electricity but neither mains gas nor main drainage – the village still does not have mains gas.

In 1959 we left Sussex and after a number of moves finally returned in 1976 to West Burton and then to Bury where we lived opposite the Dog and Duck at Kesters House.

Bury was noted for its immemorial ferry but times were changing. Bob Dudden, the last ferryman, was living with his wife at Ferry Cottage. I remember once having to go down there in the depths of winter. It was early evening and already dark. Bob and his wife, Minnie, were huddled round a small fire in the light of a single naked electric bulb. Their lodger, Sam Withers, was with them. They were just sitting there: not talking, no radio, no television. I'm

not sure when the ferry actually closed; it originally formed part of the Arundel Estate, the Manor extending almost as far as Petworth. On one occasion, when the river Arun flooded right up the lane as far as the church gate, Bob rowed me out over the floods so that we were able to look back at the church and the Manor (now Dorset House) reflected in the water which by then stretched over the Wildbrooks to Amberley. The huge expansion of private transport would make the long walk round the lanes a distant memory and the ferry an anachronism. The old charge for the ferry was a penny a head for locals and twopence for strangers. Coal was no longer brought in to the wharf, but for a time barges still put in with cargoes of sand or wood. The rise of motor transport saw grass growing over the wharf, the barges going out of service, and such river traffic as there was simply for pleasure.

Minnie Dudden didn't usually dress up, but when my mother took her to Chichester to shop for Christmas she always dressed for the occasion, very grand with a terrifying hat. As for Sam Withers, at the end of the working day one could see him clumping down the lane from Bury Manor, often with a huge scythe over his shoulder in the manner of Father Time. Sam was reputed to have come to stay with the Duddens for three weeks, but actually stayed for 30 years, working as a gardener at Bury Manor along with others, including Mr. Brown, who lived with his wife in what was then a much smaller and more primitive cottage opposite Ferry Cottage. In those days the front of Ferry Cottage sloped right down – there were no dormer windows overlooking the lane, but at the back there were beautiful sash windows, which gave an outlook across the river – no raised banks to spoil the view – to Amberley Mount.

The vicar, Bertram Davies, lived in what is now the Old Vicarage, then a somewhat draughty large building inadequately heated. The present vicarage had not been built. Further up the lane lived Fred Maynard, the local hedger and ditcher, one of those who, with Bob and Sam, frequented the White Horse most evenings. Next door but one to the White Horse lived Dabby Penfold – very tall and thin. He was the village undertaker and solemnly preceded all the funerals dressed in an ancient black, fading to green, coat, carrying an even more ancient top hat – an awesome sight. Coffins were made in the village by Dabby's brother, Sid, who was the wheelwright. They were perfect in every way, lined with silk. I can still see the giant cartwheels which would lie outside the farrier's workshop (now transformed into a shed) halfway up the Street, waiting for the iron to be shrunk round them.

The village shop, known universally as "Grinsteds" was a thriving centre of village life. With old-fashioned counters all round the main part of the shop and walls covered with shelves laden with everything one needed (even when rationing still existed), groceries were still weighed out and wrapped up as they had been for generations – one could still even buy "broken biscuits" for a small price. But beyond the main shop which stopped a few feet to the left of the doorway, one could venture through into an Aladdin's cave – wellington boots, candles, mouse-traps, saucepans – you could nearly always track down what you needed. Opposite the shop lay Slate Cottage, in those days with a stable door nearly always half open, with Mrs. Livesey companiably chatting to one or other of the passers by.

When I was growing up in Bury the Dog and Duck was another centres of village life, reigned over at that time by the wonderful Mrs. Aldridge, it became almost a club at lunch time when hungry residents would arrive for delicious but simple meals prepared by the best cook

in the area. At night all the farm-workers and others returning from a hard day would stroll up, either to the Dog and Duck or the White Horse for a pint of beer or a game of darts or whatever – the Black Dog and Duck had a thriving darts team – and at the end of the evening the footsteps would return, perhaps rather more uncertainly, to their homes. In summer, crowds would sit at the tables or on the grass outside (in Goodwood Week it would be packed to the doors) and occasionally the Morris dancers would take over the grass and the road for an hour or two, taking one back into history.

Although a cider licence is extant from 1423, tradition has it that, when the railway between Pulborough and Arundel was being built, the navvies wanted somewhere to drink and the Black Dog flourished as an alehouse. At that time the pub was on the old main road coming down through the Hollow, past the Dog, to continue on up Bury Hill. A writer in *Bury News* (1997) recalled, "one good customer, an old sailor, showed how many pints he'd drunk by his legs – closed he was stone cold sober and, as his legs spread into a nautical rolling gait, so the number of pints consumed could be estimated. "The Black Dog" on the inn's sign was originally a curly coated retriever taken from the dogs bred by Barbara Stapley. Edward Grinsted, writing in *Bury News* in May 1969 recalled that, as a Free House, the inn was noted for its home-made cider. "Quantities of cider apples were purchased locally and many were grown by the landlord in two cider apple orchards. Great activities were carried on at cider making time, putting the apples through the press, the juice put into vats and tubs for fermenting and afterwards stored." The Dog and Duck played host to charabanc parties, weekdays and Sundays, stopping for lunch on their way to Littlehampton and Bognor; often returning in the evening for another meal. "These outings were mostly factory and club efforts."

From a conversation with Jenny Dover and with acknowledgements to *Bury News* and the *Bury Women's Institute Centenary Book* (1958)

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## From a train window

It is true to say that much of my current work owes a great deal to train journeys – usually between London and Venice or Berlin. I have often mused upon the thought that within a few hours I will see a greater number of different images than the average medieval labourer will have seen in a lifetime (assuming of course that he was not pressed into some kind of military or feudal service). Out of a myriad of images it may be just a single one that strikes a personal chord and inspires me to write or draw. It's an unconscious selection process, a sort of editing before there is anything there to edit. And I use the words 'write' and 'draw' advisedly, because the moving train offers neither the time nor the permanence for successful drawing but intellectually, for me, there is no difference between writing and drawing. Jotting down a few words is a form of drawing, a way of keeping the image in the mind's eye, something to develop later. It may be a single word, a phrase, a sentence, even a paragraph but it's something for the mind to fix on. Ammunition for the future. The inspiration will not

be random; it will be an image that will resound or pick up echoes of something half-forgotten in my own psyche, my own past.

The conventional book is a practical mechanism for sharing thought, but I see my books as a development of this, a gallery of pictures in word and image, an exhibition within covers and one that can travel. The contents are a meeting of fleeting images combined with echoes from a personal past, often hovering on the edges of conscious recollection. I can't simply invent *ex nihilo*; an image must reverberate with something in me and the coalition of external image and internal connection is crucial to what I am trying to achieve. The result can be, on a superficial view, surreal, but it doesn't have to be. In one of my stories a man becomes a mermaid. Now, I grant that this is, to put it mildly, a somewhat unorthodox proceeding: I accept that men don't usually turn into mermaids, but that does not affect the reality of the image for me, even if, on a conventional level, I reject the idea as absurd. But it is not an invention as much as a development of something I have felt and have therefore 'seen'. I can't invent. If someone says to me, 'Draw me a cat' I can only reply 'Show me the cat' and I'd then draw that particular cat. This art, this writing, is about embellishment (and embellishment can mean simplifying) and development, but the kernel has to be there first.

The new book. It's called, rather unimaginatively, *Thirty Very Short Stories*. But it's an accurate title, for short they are. Average 300 words or so and not one of them extending to more than a page. I think of them perhaps as fairy tales without fairies (although some would appear to have ghosts, which probably only I can recognise) and I have deliberately employed simple phraseologies and repeat motifs. There will be fifteen numbered copies priced at £5.00 each. You raise your eyebrows and I know what you are thinking. But think on, Peter. Take time into account and the quality of the materials I am using and my hourly rate will be well below the national minimum wage. Furthermore, due to the way I make the illustrations, each copy of the book will be unique. I'd better try and clarify why this is.

There is one illustration to each story – thirty stories, thirty illustrations. But these are not illustrations in the accepted sense – each is an individual and unique artwork. I am working from photographs, twenty-eight of which are entirely new while the remaining two are re-photographs of existing images. One of these is of Alma Mahler, wife of the composer Gustav Mahler. While my story is not about Alma it has echoes, resonances perhaps, of her fabled adventurous love life. Her temporary attachment to Oskar Kokoschka, the Austrian painter, gave way to a liaison with Walter Gropius and poor Kokoschka's despairing creation of a life-size replica of his lost love is well documented. My story is not about Alma at all and the illustration is a resonance, not a reprise. The other second-hand image is a pin-up from a vintage 1950s *Playboy* magazine which I picked up (I may say) from a Petworth Society book sale. You never know what you'll find!

The remaining photographs have all been taken by me, one of which is of the rarely used upstairs bedroom fire at the Petworth Cottage Museum. Fired up with coals it drew well, fortunately with no jackdaws' nests in the chimney. While waiting for the glow to be just right for the photograph I felt I was being watched by the ghost of Mrs Cummings from her sewing table in the next room but it was only Ann Bradley and when she saw that you, Peter, were keeping an eye on things, she knew the museum was in safe hands!

Anyway, back to the technique of illustration. The original photographs will be printed commercially by offset-litho, each image being printed about a hundred times. Although I need only fifteen copies of each image to complete the run of books, I need plenty of leeway to allow for the uncertainties of my mode of production which I refer to as solvent transfer. Offset-litho is vital. It's expensive for such a short print run but no other form of printing will allow successful solvent transfer which in simple terms is this: the printed image is treated with a chemical solvent which releases the printing ink, destabilising the image so that it becomes fluid. It is then pressed on to the appropriate page of the book and is therefore, as its name suggests, a transfer process. Each image in each book is unique. No image in any book will be the same as any one image in another.

The process didn't originate with me; it was pioneered in the United States in the 1960s by Robert Rauschenberg, but it remains little used. The reasons for this are clear enough: it's difficult, it's time-consuming and the potential for getting it wrong is enormous. Serendipity is all very well, and the chance event in art is important but with this process one has no real control over the outcome.

Then there's the paper. It has to be of high quality to successfully receive the solvent transfer images and of course it has to have a long life. These books are of museum quality and the paper I am using is especially imported from one particular mill in the United States (a mill, incidentally, which produces all its electricity from water power. I like this. It makes me feel slightly happier, though not entirely so, about the air-freight question). This paper is dense, white, heavy, even-grained, completely stable and 100% acid free. It has the quality and feel of vellum and has a lovely surface for reproduction. Yes, it is extremely expensive, but it's right for the job. I will typeset all the text and it will be run out using a proper traditional typeface, computer generated but indistinguishable from the real thing – unlike most of the rubbish that is produced by the average personal computer. The book will be hand-printed by me and originally I had in mind to bind the books myself too, but I'm running behind schedule and to have the finished books ready for my Petworth House exhibition in August I will have to ask my bookbinder friend to help out. I will, however, be personally on hand with her during the labour-intensive binding process.

How do I sum up? Fifteen numbered copies. In one sense expensive, in another, not. A book or a work of art? Don't know. It's a false dichotomy, being at once both and neither. Thirty very short stories with accompanying images. Exceedingly short stories and the more difficult to write because of the extreme brevity demanded by the chosen format. A sense of suggestions for the reader to follow, to explore in any way he or she chooses, perhaps walking a road I had not envisaged – that's the reader's prerogative. Another train journey, perhaps.

Jonathan Newdick was talking to the editor. His exhibition In Petworth House runs from 8 to 19 August. (Usual house opening times). The full text of the stories can be found on his web-site ([www.jonathannewdick.co.uk](http://www.jonathannewdick.co.uk)). Also on the site are some of the drawings for his exhibition of lingerie (in association with Guilt Lingerie of Petworth) which will be held at Baileys Contemporary Art in the Market Square throughout the Petworth Festival. See also 'I've stopped working on it, but . . .' in PSM 125.

THE BALLET SHOES

*Naples, Italy*

One morning as he was going to work a man found on the stones a tiny ballet shoe. It was a shoe so small it would have fitted only a child and yet it was well-made in white satin and very finely stitched. The sight of the pretty little shoe on the dirty stones was somehow pathetic and it made the man sad. He was quite a sensitive man and would have liked to have been a poet but he worked at the post office. He picked up the shoe, put it in his pocket and went into the newsagent to buy a post card and a roll of adhesive tape. He then wrote on the card that he had found the shoe, added his telephone number and taped the card to the wall.

The following day he found another shoe in the same place and it was exactly the same as the first. As before he picked it up and was about to amend his post card from 'one' to 'a pair' of ballet shoes when he saw that the change had already been made. The man thought this to be very odd, which of course it was and as he was standing there wondering what to do a little barefoot girl appeared wearing a white tutu.

The girl was alone, indeed there was no-one else in the street and as she stared up at the man he thought her quite the prettiest girl he had ever seen and that such delicate shoes must surely belong to her. But as he put his hand in his pocket to give them to her she began to laugh. It was a piercing and very loud laugh and echoed all along the narrow street. Then, still laughing, she turned and ran on her bare little feet away and around the corner and long after she was gone the man could still hear shrill laughter from far away.

After a while he took down his post card, put the little shoes on a ledge and decided the best thing to do was to forget all about them and the pretty little girl. Yet he couldn't forget her and the reason was that as she ran from him he could see that, although the stones were filthy, the soles of her feet were the purest white.

*Ballet Shoes*



*The ballet shoes – illustration.*



*The housekeeper – illustration.*

#### THE HOUSEKEEPER

*Buckinghamshire, England*

A woman was polishing a dining table in a very big house in the country. The house which was very beautiful with landscaped gardens and two lakes belonged to a rich man who was often away for weeks at a time. The woman was his housekeeper and he had given her her own cottage beyond the rhododendrons. She had not always been a housekeeper. Some years before, when she was still quite young, the rich man had rescued her from a life on the street. Although rich he was kind and compassionate too and besides, from time to time he would visit her in her cottage when she would return to her earlier trade.

As she was polishing the table the woman became drawn to a huge oil painting which, of course, she had seen before, but she had never really looked at until now. There was a half naked man in a cloak, some leopards and some naked women and the rich man had told her that it was nearly 400 years old. She didn't really believe him but today, leaving her polish, walking over to it and stepping over the vacuum cleaner cable, she found herself captivated by it. Enveloped by its aura. It was as if she could walk through the wall and into its Arcadian landscape.

When the rich man returned to his house he found the polish and vacuum cleaner where they had been left and, curiously, he found his housekeeper's clothes on the floor below the painting. And then he noticed that a figure of a woman had been added to the painting. The paint was still wet. What tricks was she playing? But it was so immaculately painted, she couldn't have done it, surely? He would interrogate her when he found her. But he never saw her again and he had the figure removed by a professional restorer.

Years later the National Gallery asked to borrow the painting for an important exhibition of Italian art. As part of the agreement they would have it cleaned and x-rayed. In doing this they found the figure of a woman which the old master had painted over, and the extraordinary thing was that it was exactly the same figure as the man had had removed all those years ago.

*Housekeeper*

## The Herbert Shiner School 1961–2008: R.I.P. (2)

Drama and choral speech, a fashion show with pupils as models, folk dance festivals, games matches against other schools, visits to the ballet and Southampton Docks, inter-House Arts Festivals and speech competitions soon featured in the school's programme.

It would have been during the big freeze of early 1963: heavy snow had fallen on the day after Boxing Day, 1962, and temperatures didn't rise above freezing for 6 weeks. Roads were passable but treacherous by the time term started and male staff travelled on the school buses armed with spades to dig them out if they slipped off the road.

The first headmaster and his deputy moved on to even greater things, to be replaced by Mr Arthur Barnett and Mr Frank Dunn, but even as early as March, 1964, Mr Stirling had been called to County Hall to discuss plans to make the school Intermediate (10+-13+) with Dr Read.

Mr Stirling was a deep thinker and a 'dour Scotsman'. He could often be seen in his study in pensive mood, elbows on the desk with finger tips touching in front of him. He felt that standards were a matter for the individual and would vary according to the ability, not for general imposition. He was a great believer in second chances and making a fresh start, even with a new, clear exercise book to replace the one bearing all the marks of failure. Using his experience in the North, Mr Stirling set up the West Sussex Science Teachers' Association and I became secretary, booking speakers and arranging venues for lectures and visits for a number of years until the Science Adviser felt that it had served its purpose. In any case, increasing demands on teachers' time, both in school hours and beyond, had resulted in falling attendances and difficulties in finding committee members and office-holders.

Twenty of the initial intake of pupils had reached the end of their time at the school by April, 1965, and left to take up work. Others remaining would stay on to take the new Certificate of Secondary Education, grade 1 being equivalent to G.C.E.

It was through having to mark C.S.E. exam. papers with the aid of a marking script that I came to understand how to mark effectively and constructively. Hitherto, I had formed an overall opinion of a piece of work and awarded a mark according to my pre-conceived ideal. Now, I ticked every correct fact and valid conclusion, so that after marking a number of books, I had an idea of a reasonable total and could produce a percentage or a mark out of ten. Invariably, far more ticks than crosses and far more encouraging. I remember receiving a piece of homework from a pupil in my days at Freshwater with a note attached: "Dear Sir, if I have made any mistakes, would you please not mark them in red, but note them down on this piece of paper and then I can correct them myself". I'm still in touch with her.

The first educational cruise to the Mediterranean was enjoyed by 28 children in November, 1965 and, in the same month, the Governors agreed to a request by the Deputy Director of Education, Mr R.M. Parker, that the proposed Intermediate (10+-13+) plan be

implemented as soon as possible – perhaps 1967-8. It was felt that many children in their final year at the small village schools would benefit from the teaching of the specialist teachers at the Herbert Shiner School.

When in 1961 it became known that I was moving to Petworth, someone said, "Ah, Petworth: fogs, frost and floods". Perhaps we don't see as much of the fog and frost as the world warms up, but the floods recur still. It was in the '60s that Petworth became cut off, although the school buses managed to bring the children in. Not all the staff made it, however, and those of us living in Petworth, five at that time, found ourselves with over 300 children, whom we re-organised into the five year groups, each with one teacher. The headmaster, returning from a course somewhere, got as far as Bushey (Herts.) from where he phoned frequently, convinced that the world was about to end and that we would be unable to cope without him. We managed. I rang County Hall where no one seemed to be aware of the situation or were in the slightest interested. I explained what had happened and asked for advice or at least, confirmation that what we were doing was in order. The voice at the end of the phone said, "Just carry on".

Many educational visits were taking place at this time, with school camps, a fishing contest and concerts. A laboratory assistant had been appointed at 5/- an hour. A secretarial course was established and a Work Experience Scheme for 4th and 5th year leavers set up on the initiative of Mr Roy Gristwood, who was later to succeed Mr Dunn as deputy headmaster. He is remembered for his firm but fair discipline. The scheme was closed down as a result of a Ministry directive two years later. The headmaster commented, "We regret this retrograde step and hope that the Ministry may sanction it". Representation was made to the Department of Education which, 19 years later, was proposing to set up Works Experience Schemes. Their idea!

With 350 pupils on roll, two temporary classrooms were erected. In July, 1968, a major event, in the opinion of the headmaster, "One of the greatest experiences in the history of the school", the production of 'The King and I'. Mr Barnett expressed "a tremendous pride in belonging to a profession able to achieve such a standard which gave much pleasure to everyone concerned".

In March, 1970, Mr Christopher Chataway, Minister of Education, opened a 4 day exhibition marking the centenary of the 1870 Education Act, attracting 1,500 visitors as well as children from the contributory primary schools. Mr Barnett added, "I have often thought of Myra Gristwood (teacher) falling asleep on her feet in the corridor and gradually sliding down the wall to the floor after a week of so many hours preparing her Victorian classroom down to the last detail. My fondest memory is of Christopher Chataway and Lord Egremont (father of the present Earl) spotting him and calling out, "Good gracious, it's young Chris. – Hey, Chris., if you want the loo, it's up those steps to the right!" to which the Minister replied, "Hello John, I'm all right for now, thank you". For me, it was a moment of intense embarrassment when a boy couldn't get his circuit board to work for the Minister, only to find when he'd moved on that the battery wasn't making contact.

The school became The Herbert Shiner Intermediate School on September 8th, 1970, when two intakes, of 10+ and 11+ pupils arrived. Second and third year pupils transferred to

Midhurst Grammar School, leaving fourth years and the fifth form at Petworth.

A major catastrophe occurred on September 14th, 1970. I set off as usual from home in Wyndham Road and soon came across the local pupils for Midhurst Grammar School waiting for their bus in Dawtrey Road. Someone said, "Hello, Sir, the biology lab.'s burnt down". Not to be fooled, I said, "Oh yes" as nonchalantly as possible – it wasn't April 1st. "It has, Sir". "Oh yes, pull the other one". So it was quite a shock to arrive at school 3 minutes later to see the most perfect layer of grey ash with brick supports poking through where the biology lab, a temporary wooden classroom, had stood. The wood store had gone too, the end of the woodwork room and the corner of the science lab., just scorched and yet the heat had been so intense that no recognisable equipment was left and even the glass in the door had melted into a grotesque lump. As I stood there with one or two others, Mr Rolfe (biology teacher) drove in, a bit later than usual because he had been to a pet shop in Bognor to collect the school's first pair of gerbils. He got out of the driving seat and, with his back to us, leant over to the passenger seat to lift up the biscuit tin with the gerbils inside. He straightened up, turned round- and there was no lab. to go to! We laugh now, but it was clearly a great shock to him then and in the subsequent 6 months during which he taught biology in the dining hall, sharing with another class taught by other teachers, was no picnic. Incidentally, the lucky gerbils (their fate if they had arrive on the previous Friday can be imagined) found a home in the science lab. and neither they, nor their many offspring ever transferred to the new biology lab.

The official report: The school caretaker informed the headmaster at 4.45am that the biology lab. was abalze, together with the woodwork store. The Fire Service and the Police were in attendance. Both were completely destroyed (sic!) with all the contents, together with windows, guttering, electrical cables of the adjoining hut and the fascia board on the roof of the woodwork room. The fire was discovered by Colin Greenaway, whose father, Mr. H.S. Greenaway, the school caretaker, informed the Fire Brigade and Police, who informed Dr. C.W.W. Read, Director of Education. The Headmaster recorded his appreciation of the prompt action and subsequent clearing-up work of the school caretaker and Mr. Smith, the school groundsman. Lucking Bros., builders, were called in to make safe and reglaze 16 broken windows and were most cooperative reglazing some 16 broken windows to prevent injury and weathering of the language laboratory and woodwork room. The County Authority was informed, but up to 6.30pm no one from the County Architect's Department had called to see or assess damage. The headmaster and volunteer pupils reorganised the dining space into two teaching areas to include Form 3/3 for Mr. Rolfe to use as a form base. The caretaker had some misgivings about a strange young man of 22-3 with dark hair, who stated that he saw the blaze from the Waterworks road at Byworth and had come to see whether he could be of any assistance. The caretaker referred him to two firemen and wondered how he came to be about at the hour of 4.15am. .... There was a bus strike that morning and some 84 Petworth pupils were left behind at the Dawtrey Road picking-up point for Midhurst Grammar School. Mr. A.W. Hill, headmaster of the Primary School, dealt with them. .... A very full day!

The following January saw the cost of school dinners rise from 9p to 14p. By July,

the deputy headmaster is recording his concern for staff showing signs of strain brought about by covering absences through illness, attendance of courses, visits, camps and interviews. The headmaster was on secondment to the British Council Overseas Development Course in Malta. Mr Brian Knowles (music) and Mr Michael Nuttall (geography and English) left to join Roger Whittaker's backing group, Saffron, together with Karen Chapman and 'Rusty' Welch, who lived in Petworth. They returned in July 1972 with Roger Whittaker in the December to give concerts to the school.

Orienteering had appeared on the school timetable, combining geography and map-reading skills with physical exercise. One pupil went missing in Charlton Forest. A forestry worker, joining the search, came across him, but was deceived into thinking him an adult by his mature build and dress (obviously not in school uniform – he was too large!). The forester asked him if he had seen the lost boy. He said he hadn't. He was later found by a teacher.

K.C.T.

To be continued.

## Lurgashall Churchwardens' Accounts

### Introduction

The churchwardens' accounts for the parish of Lurgashall span the first half of the eighteenth century with thirty-six sets of annual accounts extant between 1694 and 1752.<sup>1</sup> Sets of accounts for West Sussex parishes covering this period are few and far between, and the run for Lurgashall is reasonably good, given there are some gaps – principally between 1697-1703 and 1722-25 – and four are incomplete or partially damaged. While the accounts are essentially concerned with routine matters of income and expenditure relating to the church and its fabric, they do warrant a close look, as they can help to throw light onto the contemporary concerns of parish life and the wide-ranging duties undertaken by churchwardens, which included not only proper accounting for church funds, but also maintaining the fabric of the nave and churchyard, poor relief and keeping an eye on the conduct of their fellow parishioners. The office carried considerable responsibility and during this period churchwardens were invariably drawn from the ranks of the yeoman farmers and the more well-to-do husbandmen or tradesmen who were property holders in the parish.

Lurgashall is a rural parish of around 4,850 acres in the north-western corner of Sussex where the local geology of low weald clays and greensand ridges underpins a patchwork of small fields, commons and woodland. Like many parishes in the Weald a scattered pattern of settlement has evolved, with outlying farms, cottages and hamlets – such as Hillgrove, Windfall Wood or Roundhurst – and a picturesque village centre clustered around the church and green. In the north of the parish the land rises steeply over the wooded slopes of Blackdown, which at 919 feet is the highest point in Sussex. Past artists and writers – such



as the poet Tennyson, who built his house 'Aldworth' on Blackdown – have celebrated the local landscape which now lies within a designated area of outstanding natural beauty and the proposed boundary for the new National Park.

Lurgashall parish church is dedicated to St Laurence, and is Saxon in origin. The present Lord Egremont of Petworth is the patron, but in the early eighteenth century the advowson lay with the Montagues of Cowdray. The living was not a wealthy one, with a small glebe of three acres adjoining the church.<sup>2</sup> The Montagues owned the Tudor iron furnace in Lurgashall, which was almost certainly operated by iron master William Yaldwyn when this part of the Western Weald was noted for its iron production. The Yaldwyns operated other local concerns, including Frith furnace in Northchapel, and in the 1640s the family built Blackdown House and established themselves as the local gentry in Lurgashall. However, by the early eighteenth century the area's iron-making heyday was over and, like its neighbours Northchapel and Kirdford, Lurgashall was not prosperous, although mixed farming and woodland provided a modest agricultural living.<sup>3</sup>

Traditionally the parish church provided a focal point for rural communities. During the Civil War period Lurgashall's incumbent was a fervent Puritan, Nehemiah Beaton, while the Yaldwyn family were staunch supporters of Cromwell. But by the end of the seventeenth century religious turmoil had subsided into a period of relative calm, and the Anglican Church was to focus on the maintenance of the established order rather than religious enthusiasm.<sup>4</sup> In many country parishes the clergy were non-resident and there was often only one service held on a Sunday, with holy communion administered three to four times a year. Lurgashall, however, appears to have been more active than some, with two services held on a Sunday and with communion administered at least four to five times a year. Perhaps the influence of two long-standing incumbents played a part. William Cobden MA was installed in 1698 until his death in 1724 and was followed by James Bramston MA until his death in 1743, although towards the latter part of his life Bramston acquired several other benefices besides. By the eighteenth century the Anglican clergy tended to be well educated, and James Bramston, who went to Christ Church, Oxford, was also a distinguished poet known to Alexander Pope.<sup>5</sup>

The local incumbent naturally played an important part in the administration of religion, but it was the parish officers who shouldered much of the burden by effectively running things at grass-roots level. The Lurgashall parish registers and accounts show that two churchwardens were usually elected afresh every year at Easter time. After their election one of the first duties involving expenditure was their attendance at the visitation in Chichester to be sworn in. People travelled rather more than we might imagine, despite the legendary reputation for the 'impassible remoteness' of Wealden parishes,<sup>6</sup> but nonetheless it was a fair journey from Lurgashall to Chichester and back, and the fees of the Church Courts and expenses incurred at visitation took a good slice of the parish income. In 1704, for example, fees amounted to 8s 6d; in 1715 expenses amounted to 14s 4d, with an additional shilling for the 'hier of a hous (horse) to goe to visitacion'.

Other payments for presentment bills, at 4s per bill, are also itemised. Traditionally churchwardens were required to keep an eye on the conduct of their fellow parishioners, and

if they were guilty of offences – such as failure to attend church regularly, brawling or sexual immorality – to make presentments to the courts, often at times of visitation. For example, in 1666 two villagers in Lurgashall were presented for '...revelling, drinking and absenting themselves from divine service and abusing the officers of the church for admonishing them to the contrary'.<sup>7</sup> So, conscientious churchwardens were by no means always popular! However, by the eighteenth century the power of church courts was in decline, and presentment bills generally relate to the smooth running of church affairs rather than illicit behaviour of parishioners.

#### **Income**

The upkeep of the parish church was a continual concern. During the upheavals of the preceding century the fabric and furnishings of churches had, not surprisingly, been badly neglected and by 1686 a survey of parish churches in Chichester Diocese showed that many were in need of repair. For example, in the neighbouring parish of Kirdford 'the bottom of the seates are broken and undecent...the chancel wants healing...'<sup>8</sup> Unfortunately nearly all of the entry for Lurgashall has been lost, but the accounts from 1694 onwards reveal that a substantial part of the budget was spent on general maintenance, and that, like today, there were times when major repairs were unavoidable.

Income was derived principally from the church rate collected from property-holding parishioners. Around the turn of the century the annual collection in Lurgashall amounted to around £4 to £5.<sup>9</sup> In 1694, for example, when churchwardens Christopher Fielder, of Brockhurst, and Edward Lickfold of Hillgrove, both yeomen of some standing, drew up their accounts, £5 1s 3d had been collected. Annual expenditure amounted to £4 17s 9d and around 20 percent of this budget was spent on fencing the churchyard and a new latch for the church gate. In 1704 much the same level of expenditure went on general upkeep and furnishings, including new communion rails and a new parish chest, for which 12 shillings was paid to the village carpenter, Thomas Coombs.

#### **Maintenance of fabric**

By 1724 we have a good idea of the state of the church building from Bishop Thomas Bower's survey of Chichester Diocese, conducted in the summer of that year.<sup>10</sup> The chancel, rectory and outbuildings were all reported to be in good repair, but the steeple was clearly in need of attention. James Bramston was installed in March 1724, and the following year there was a surge of activity. The accounts of Thomas Cooper and William Challen, churchwardens for 1725, show that the considerable sum of £42 9s. 1d was spent, and that around £38 of the budget went on materials and wages to repair the steeple. This was originally built in the 1450s and is topped with a 'cockeral' weather vane, which the current *Visitor's Church Guide* points out 'emphasises the dedication of the church to St Laurence' being 'the emblem of his martyrdom at the hand of the Romans'. In 1725 major repairs to the steeple required scaffolding for the workmen and one, John Rayford, was paid 5s for the precarious task of 'Taiking downe ye Wether Cocke and for putting it up againe'. Clay tiles were used for roofing the church but wooden shingles were used for the steeple – typical in woodland districts like Lurgashall – and the 'Shingllers' were rewarded with two bushels of malt, costing 6s 6d.

Again in 1730 further repairs to the church roof and a new window incurred major expense – over £16 – and there was considerable work done to the chancel. Since this was the responsibility of the patron or the incumbent much of the expense was taken care of by James Bramston – with his generosity duly commemorated for posterity on a plaque inside the church porch. Following this spate of major renovations the inside of the church was then limed and decorated with whitewash.

### Bells

Church bells and bell ropes also required ongoing attention and funding. David Cressy's account *Bonfires and Bells* underscores the crucial part played by church bells as their ringing '...summoned worshippers to service, marked weddings and funerals, midsummer, New Year and the major Christian holy days'.<sup>11</sup> In addition to routine ceremonial ringing, church bells warned communities of critical occasions, they were rung when monarchs were proclaimed crowned and by the seventeenth century the bells celebrated numerous new secular, dynastic and patriotic anniversaries. George Elphick's study *Sussex Bells and Belfries* – which includes information on Lurgashall bells – explains that the new demands made on bells and fittings meant that by the eighteenth century many Sussex bells needed to be remodelled or recast.<sup>12</sup>

The bells at Lurgashall are chimed rather than rung full circle, as the type of bell frame is not equipped with a full wheel to allow for change ringing, but nevertheless the churchwarden's records reflect the important part the bells played in parish life. They show that the bells were rung to mark special occasions – for example at the Coronation of George II in 1727, for the King's birthday and, a major landmark in the Protestant calendar, on the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot. In the early decades of the eighteenth century seldom a year passes without payment for a new bell rope, for oiling, new leather or for one of the bells or pulleys requiring to be mended. Before 1728 the bell-ringers were not paid in cash, or in beer, but rather unusually in malt – as are the shinglers who repair the church steeple. A bushel of malt cost 3s 3d in 1725, and many people would have brewed their own beer, either in a domestic or communal 'brew-house'. The ringers' efforts were also rewarded in kind with tobacco and a 'pennyworth of pipes'.

In 1742, after much wear and tear, the old church bells were taken down and three new bells were cast at the Whitechapel foundry. The accounts of the churchwardens for that year, Henry Tribe, yeoman and blacksmith of Parkhurst farm, and George Wheller, show that the various expenses incurred made considerable inroads into parish funds. The task of taking down the old bells, carting them up to Guildford and bringing the 'new' bells back to Lurgashall amounted to £9. Another £1 5s was paid to Mr Wilkins for 'the watter Carige' as, presumably, the heavy bells were transported via the river Wey between Guildford and Whitechapel. The well-known bell founder, Thomas Lester, was paid £44 0s. 10d and a further £14 4s 0d was paid to Jonathan Nobell for hanging '...the bells and things belonging to them'. Thomas Lester died in 1769, and eventually the firm became Mears, London. Lurgashall now has a ring of eight bells, for in 1935 a bequest allowed for two of the 1742 bells to be recast and five smaller ones to be added.

### Stock

The provision and care of church plate and vestments was yet another parochial responsibility. With the changes in Church policy and the sale of goods following the Reformation the use of rich vestments died out, but the Canons of 1604 had ordered that the surplice was to be provided at the expense of the parish<sup>13</sup> – Lurgashall's was dutifully washed five times a year, and occasionally mended. The church plate, consisting of a flagon and silver chalice for the communion wine, is also regularly scoured and cleaned. Until 1715 holy communion was administered four times a year: at Christmas, Palm Sunday, Easter and Whitsun, but thereafter the accounts show that communion was also celebrated at Michaelmas. Quite a high sum is spent on wine. For example, in 1704 the sum of 12s 5d was spent on bread and wine, with wine costing 1s 3d a pint. In 1724 Bishop Bower's survey lists 'about 34' communicants out of 64 families: the following year 13s 3d was spent on bread and wine; in 1730 expenses rose to  $\square$ 1 6s 8d.

Churchwardens were required to make sure that there were books of Common Prayer and a Bible available in church, and that all books were kept in good order. The parish registers needed to be kept up to date by the parish clerk or incumbent, parchment had to be supplied and transcripts, signed by one or more of the churchwardens, were sent annually to the Bishop, although not all churchwardens in Lurgashall appear to have been literate. Regular payments of around 1s were made, presumably to the parish clerk, for 'righting the Book' of accounts.

### Poor Relief

A particular area of concern common to every parish was the care of the poor. Elizabethan legislation had ensured that parish officers were responsible for collecting and administering the poor rate, which was levied on property holders. The Lurgashall parish records include overseers' accounts extant from 1714, with an earlier indenture from Margaret Boxall, dated 1679, bequeathing her cottage to the churchwardens and overseers '...for the only use, comfit, succour and harbour of some of the poore...'<sup>14</sup> The overseers administered relief to the settled poor of the parish, but itinerant paupers were reliant on charitable relief administered by churchwardens. The accounts show the funds that were collected for 'Charitable uses' every year – in the early 1700s this amounted to  $\square$ 1 6s 8d – and relief payments to 'travellers' or 'passengers' are itemised. Travellers or passengers 'with passes' (settlement certificates) were not necessarily requiring settlement in Lurgashall, but they needed to be sustained on their way through. 'Maimed' soldiers, or 'distressed' poor sailors also had a claim on funds set aside for charity and the churchwardens were responsible for payments – usually of a shilling or two. In 1743 for example, 2s was given to 'saylers in distress' and a further 2s 6d was paid out to 'thirteen saylers that was on(e) the road'. The number of relief payments in the accounts begins to rise after 1727, reflecting the wider problems of the settlement system and the increasing number of labouring poor seeking seasonal employment.

### Proclamations and orders

Other items of expenditure detailed in the accounts include regular payments made to the apparitor, who was the diocesan official of the Church Court sent out to individual parishes

with official proclamations and orders. Before people in the countryside were generally literate, notices or advice could best be published by reading in church with, for example, the Lurgashall churchwardens paying 1d to the apparitor for bringing a proclamation 'against all vices'. The apparitor brought 'orders for prayers' for the accession of the Sovereign in 1714, for the 'Prince of Wealls (Wales)' and for 'the Prines and Thear Ishew' and was paid a shilling on each occasion. Parishes throughout England were linked with celebrating national anniversaries and observances and not only prayers, but also church bells were rung and bonfires were often lit at the receipt of joyful news. David Cressy's work explains that bonfires 'galore' greeted the Hanoverian dynasty, thus creating '...light in the darkness, warmth in the cold, and a vibrant visual focus for a crowd'.<sup>15</sup> Lurgashall was in line with the national mood of celebration when, to mark the ascent of George II in 1727, a hundred faggots costing 7 shillings were purchased for a parish bonfire, as well as six bushels of malt to aid the festivities, on 'Crownation Day'.

#### Miscellaneous items

Miscellaneous items relating to a number of civil duties appear in the accounts. For example, parish officers were generally supposed to keep a degree of law and order in the community, punishment for misdemeanours could be a very public affair, and in 1730 a new pair of 'whipping stocks' were purchased at a cost of 9 shillings. The early eighteenth century was a considerably harsher age in many ways. Like almost every country parish at that time Lurgashall also employed a 'dog-whipper' – almost every farmer or cottager possessed a dog to help him control livestock – and dogs habitually attended church with their masters.<sup>16</sup> The dog-whipper was a minor parish official whose business was not to stop all the dogs from coming into church, but to chastise and remove those who behaved badly. In 1728 the churchwardens paid 4 shillings for a new 'dog whip' while the 'dog-whipper' was paid 5s.

#### Conclusion

These accounts cover a period of relatively stability after the upheavals of the previous century and the far-reaching changes of the next. Apart from two cursory sets for the years 1751 and 1752 - showing that bell ringers were by then paid in cash rather than 'kind' – they do not survive beyond the death of the rector, James Bramston in 1743. In the early eighteenth century a small country parish like Lurgashall was still almost entirely self-governed, and, as the accounts show, the churchwardens ensured that their church and churchyard were maintained and that craftsmen and bell-ringers were paid in cash or kind. They also kept a degree of social order among their fellow parishioners – with the provision of stocks for the more recalcitrant! – and, in the ancient church tradition of almsgiving, distributed money to the itinerant poor. Clearly the role of churchwarden was not one to be taken on lightly, and at that time in Lurgashall it was widely shared year on year among the local farmers and craftsmen, who also had to cope with the harsh realities of making a living. Yet, despite the relative remoteness of Lurgashall, the accounts illustrate that horizons extended far beyond the parish boundary and that people were not cut off from the wider world. They rode down to Chichester to visitation, they made the journey to Guildford and London to re-cast their bells and national events, such as the Coronation of George II, were celebrated at local level.

During the later eighteenth century wider social changes and rising rural poverty would make an impact on parish affairs. The pool of those considered eligible to serve as churchwardens narrowed and the larger farmers were re-elected with increasing frequency.

#### Sources

- <sup>1</sup> PAR 130/9/1 West Sussex Record Office.
- <sup>2</sup> PAR 130/6/1 Account of Glebe terrier and tithes Dec 27<sup>th</sup> 1635 (19<sup>th</sup> century copy).
- <sup>3</sup> Mp 3528 'Population Change as Shown in four West Sussex Parishes 1660-1831' Robert Campling Unpublished MA Dissertation for University of Sussex 1985. After a significant decline in population between 1642 (estimated pop. c 452) and 1676 (c 270) there was then a gradual rise by Bower's visitation in 1724 to estimated population of c 343.
- <sup>4</sup> J.H. Bettey *Church and Parish* (1987); Hilda Johnson, *Sussex Record Society Vol 19*.
- <sup>5</sup> James Sambrook, 'Bramston, James (1694?-1743)', *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* OUP 2004.
- <sup>6</sup> GH Kenyon *Sussex Archeological Collections Vol 89 & 93*.
- <sup>7</sup> EP1/22/1.
- <sup>8</sup> Wyn K. Ford 'Chichester Diocesan Surveys' *SRS Vol 78*.
- <sup>9</sup> This was a fairly substantial sum. The equivalent value of the contemporary pound was around £84. See: Equivalent Contemporary Values of a Pound: A Historical Series 1270-2001, Bank of England Public Enquiries Group HO-1,2002.
- <sup>10</sup> N. Caplan, *Sussex Notes and Queries Vol XV*.
- <sup>11</sup> David Cressy *Bonfires and Bells* (2004).
- <sup>12</sup> G. Elphick *Sussex Bells and Belfries* (1970).
- <sup>13</sup> W.E. Tate *The Parish Chest* (1983).
- <sup>14</sup> PAR 130/37/4.
- <sup>15</sup> D. Cressy p80.
- <sup>16</sup> J. Charles Cox 'Churchwardens' Accounts' *The Antiquary's Books* (1913).

Pam Bruce

## Green Energy at Coultershaw

A 22kW Archimedean Screw turbine in the wheel pit of the old corn mill at Coultershaw could generate enough electricity for 18 houses, save 70 tonnes of CO2 and produce a gross income of £12,500 per annum. The findings of a Design Report by Derwent Hydro confirm the feasibility of a turbine installation with greater than expected power generation. Derwent Hydro is a specialist company in mini-hydroelectric engineering commissioned by the Coultershaw Trust with the help of a grant from the South Downs Joint Committee Sustainable Development Fund.

An Archimedean Screw is in the form of a giant cork screw set an angle in the wheel pit through which the water flows. The Screw is slow turning and drives a generator at

1500rpm through a gearbox. The Archimedean Screw is fish friendly and requires only a coarse screen to collect floating debris which can be removed manually. The generator will be connected into the local supply network through a meter and the power generated sold to an electricity company.

The Trust believes the turbine will add to the education value of the site. The turbine will be contained wholly between the walls of the wheel pit. Protected by a steel grating visitors will be able to look over the wall and see the turbine operating. The Design Report will be the basis for a Planning Application, licensing agreements with the Environment Agency, the brokerage of electricity sales to an electricity company and detailed proposals from a specialist contractor for the alterations of the wheel pit. The estimated cost of the installation is £150,000 which will be a hard sum to fund from grant aid sources.

The Beam Pump first Open Day in 2009 was held on Sunday 5 April. Visitors noted the clearance of the river banks round the mill pond, the old coal wharf and upstream along the line of the Navigation. It is now possible to visualise the activity that must have taken place at Coultershaw when the mill and the Navigation were working. The Jack Rapley seat has been bolted to a concrete base on the south side of the pond; the base has been set at summer flood level and the river bank will be raised to this level in due course. A second seat has been placed by the fountain.

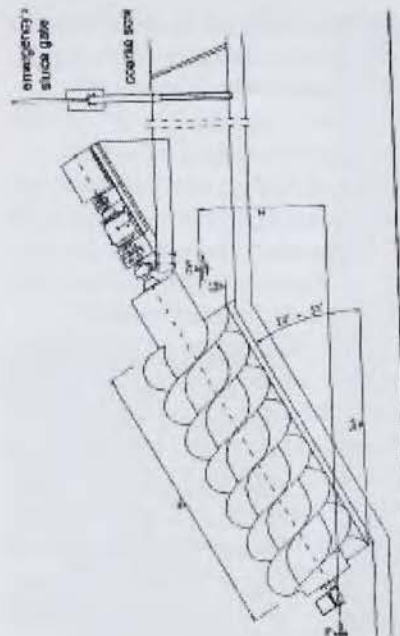
The timber for a new staircase in the Pump House was generously sponsored by a grant from the Society and has been built by a volunteer. A new pipe rail barrier has been fixed round the pump with materials sponsored by the SIAS. JK Engineering has generously provided a hand rail to the outside steps. Grant applications have been made towards the cost of providing two lectern type 'you are here' interpretation boards to be placed on either side of the mill pond. The Petworth Parish Council has made a contribution.

Planning continues for the conversion of one of the warehouses into an education room with toilet facilities and the conversion of the engine house into a gallery for George Garland photographs, with improved access. Planning Applications will be made in due course and assistance with funding sought from the Heritage Lottery Fund.

Steve Boakes has resigned as a Trustee after many years of support for the Beam Pump; the Trust is grateful for the work put in by him and Di and look forward to seeing them at the pump as visitors. Robert Mynors has been appointed a Trustee and taken over as Treasurer from Andy Henderson who has looked after the Trust's finances since it started in 2002. Andy remains a Trustee and is the main link between the Trust and the Society.

The Beam Pump will be open as usual on the 1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday in the month until September. In addition the Pump will open on Heritage Sunday (13 September) – admission free. All members of The Society are welcome to the Open Evening on Wednesday 15 July – come and enjoy a glass of wine and see the improvements for yourself. Make a regular donation and become a Friend of Coultershaw.

Robin Wilson



Archimedean Screw Turbine



Jack Rapley's Seat



New Stair case in Pump House



This faded postcard has the caption "Repairing Mr Valentine's Machine ... Horsham". The date is not clear and gives no year. We seem to have an early century flying machine of a type of which we have several graphic descriptions in earlier Magazines. Does anyone know of Mr Valentine?

Ed.

## The Last of the Harbour-Masters

There was a deep blue sky over the marshes the night they closed the Ferry. The scarred face of the chalk-pit at Amberley was rose-lit with the last rays of the westering sun. The tide was full, the river a gun-metal ribbon between the silent fields.

I sat beside Bob Dudden, the last of the "Harbour-Masters" on the old wooden seat on

the river-bank as the rose light faded to a purple dusk. Behind us the church pointed its shingled spire to the one herald star that had appeared high in the sky.

"Fourteen hundred years since first there was a Ferry across that bit of river," said Bob quietly. "It's a long time. Now it's over."

My mind groped back down the centuries, seeing the long procession of the men who had "taken the boat across" from the time of the coracles right up to this, the final day, when the last of them looked out across the stream to the mooring mast on the Amberley shore; men who, like Bob himself, were men of the village, men who loved the river, who understood the river in all its changing moods.

Fourteen hundred years .... but now ill-health had laid its hand on the seventy-five year old Bob, and the motor traffic which could slip round the lanes to Amberley had made the old Ferry a useless anachronism. For the greater part of those fourteen hundred years the Ferry-boat had been the property of the Earls of Arundel and later the Dukes of Norfolk who owned the village, and until thirty years ago, the grass foreshore on which we sat had been a miniature wharf where the barges had put in with coal, sand, timber and other freight for the village. But the barges too had had their day and passed into history and now only privately-owned pleasure-craft swung to their moorings as the tide ebbed.

"I've seen some changes ...." came Bob's voice out of the dusk, and as a thousand stars joined the lone star above the church, he told me of them.

He told me of the thatched lamp-lit cottages of his childhood and of the six-mile walk to Arundel for stores. He told me of the fishermen who left Worthing beach in the early dawn to sell their catch in the village in time for breakfast. "You could hear them call their 'Herring-o' way across the Brooks," he said. "And they sold 'em for sixty a shilling and glad to get it." He told of the 'Old Pub', now a piece of waste ground in the centre of the village, which had been a busy coaching inn where the London coach changed horses, long before the first bus chugged its way up Bury Hill. He told of 'Old Mr. Penfold', the coffin-maker who, so it was said, never needed a measuring tape for his work, for he knew to an inch the size of any man, woman or child who had died. He told me too, of the willow-ringed, spring-fed Manor Pool, a few yards behind us, whose waters, so 'the old people' of his boyhood declared, healed defective eyes.

And finally he told me the story I had heard from him so often, and of which I never tired, of the days when, as a youth, he had left the village and the river to join the Navy. India, China, Japan, the Seychelles; he had visited them all. Once he had escorted the Prince and Princess of Wales, later Edward VII and Queen Alexandra, to Bombay in the old *Renown*; once the Duke of Windsor to the Far East.

Thirty-two years ago in 1926, he had come home, home to the cornfields climbing the hillside, to the wildfowl on the marshes, and to the river. With him he had brought a Blue-fronted Amazon parrot from Malta, as a gift for Minnie his wife. For twenty years the parrot had perched on the branches of the willows and the apple-trees as though it had never known the hot sun of the Mediterranean. But the parrot, too, had grown old and died and passed into legend.

The mist was rising from the river now, wreathing about the silent pennons of the reeds, hiding and revealing again the dark stream and the dusky outline of Amberley Castle.

"Better get in, I suppose," Bob said, and we walked slowly back to where the wood-smoke from his cottage fire drifted up into the night.

Sadness was in my heart for that link with the long past of the village which, today was broken. The future? No man could answer that question. The church spire was gun-metal now, thrusting into the multitude of the stars. In its shadows lay the earthly remains of the villagers over the centuries .... the priests, the farmers, the labourers, the carpenters, all those who had gone before us and left us, the present inhabitants, so rich a tradition of beauty. And with them too, were the "Harbour-Masters" .... the men, who for fourteen hundred years, had "taken the boat across" to the Amberley shore".

But the church, to which they and we would come at the last, remained the symbol of all our striving.

From the *Bury Women's Institute Centenary Book* (1958)



*Bury Ferry* – illustration from the *Bury Women's Institute Centenary Book 1958*.

## New Members

Mr. S. Barden	6, Egmont Road, Easebourne, Midhurst, GU29 9BG.
Miss G. Costello	4, Old Pond Mews, Hamper Green, Petworth, GU28 9NP.
Mrs. M. Donner	26, Langdale Close, Rainham, Gillingham, Kent, ME8 7AQ.
Mrs. Ghika	Oxford Cottage, Grove Street, Petworth, GU28 0BD.
Ms. C. Irvine	25, Orchard Close, Petworth, GU28 0SA.
Ms. C. Knight	Boxall House, East Street, Petworth, GU28 0AB.
Mrs. S. Lee	The Spinney, Dragons Green, Coolham, Horsham, RH13 8GD.
Mrs. S. Martin	19, Abbots Street, Walsall, WS3 3AZ.
Mr. D. Wakeford	Ivy Cottage, 21, High Street, Pengain, Blackwood, Gwent, NP2 1SY.
Mr. R. Wakeford	Tanbwlich, 24, Glanrafon, Bontnewydd, Caernarvon, Gwynedd, LL55 2UW.

