

Miles Costello
Petworth
Collection

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
Magazine

No.160, June 2015



The Petworth Society Book Sale Calendar 2015

**SECOND SATURDAY OF THE MONTH
Leconfield Hall – 10am–3pm**

June 13th

July 11th

August 8th

September 12th

October 10th

November 14th

December 12th

Books to donate?

Call:

Miles on 01798 343227

Peter on 01798 342562



PETWORTH SOCIETY ACTIVITIES SHEET

Summer Programme – please keep for reference

MONTHLY MEETINGS

Begin again in October.

ANNUAL DINNER

Wednesday 9th September:

Petworth Society Annual Dinner at Petworth House.

Please look at separate sheet.

WALKS

Cars leave Petworth main car park at 2.15pm sharp.

Sunday 21st June:

The David Wort memorial walk. Stag Park lakes. This is on private ground and is held by kind permission of Lord Egremont. Rescheduled from 17th May. ON THIS PARTICULAR WALK NO DOGS PLEASE.

Sunday 19th July:

David and Linda's midsummer walk.

Sunday 16th August:

David and Linda's late summer walk.

PLEASE NOTE:

"Players Reunited" – Saturday 27th June

See main Magazine page 6. Petworth Park from 4pm.

Debby hopes to offer another expedition in September!

See September Magazine.

Peter

13th May

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This rare postcard by White of Littlehampton may predate the 1914-1918 war or may come from the early 1920s. Does anyone recognise the location or know anything of the Bonfire Boys?

*Lower St
Fittleworth*

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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 objects of the society.

The annual subscription is £12.00, single or double, one magazine delivered. Postal £15.00 overseas nominal £20.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following.

CHAIRMAN

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Byworth, Petworth GU28 0HW.
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COMMITTEE

Mrs Dona Carver, Lord Egremont,
Mrs Carol Finch, Mr Ian Godsmark,
Mr Roger Hanauer, Mrs Celia Lilly,
Mrs Ros Staker, Mrs Deborah Stevenson,
Mrs Patricia Turland, Mrs Linda Wort.

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(Graffham), Mr Derek Gourd (Tillington and
Upperton), Mr Poole (Fittleworth),
Mr David Burden (Duncton), Mrs Brenda Earney
(Midhurst/Easebourne).

SOCIETY SCRAPBOOK

Mrs Debby Stevenson.

SOCIETY TOWN CRIER

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WEBSITE

www.petworthsociety.co.uk

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"For the first time in its history Petworth Ploughing Match had only two entries in the Horse Ploughing section. Frist prize went to Mr J. H. Wadey employed by Mr A. H. Retallick of stopham. Picture shows Mr Wadey in action." Photograph and caption by George Garland c. 1953.

Chairman's notes

Forty years of this Magazine, 160 issues. It's a production that may or may not interest the ever-changing chameleon that is Petworth in 2015. If, as editor, I can lay an uncertain hand on the past, I have little purchase on the present and no shadow of a claim on the future.

This Magazine is for those who subscribe and the silent minority (I trust it's a minority) who since 1974 have "borrowed someone else's." Subscription, heavily subsidised by the monthly Book Sales, means that the PSM can eschew advertising but also that the Magazine does not reach everyone that it might interest.

The keynote of a Magazine like this has to be continuity. By this I do not mean a relentless looking back to an illusory Golden Age or even a knee-jerk resistance to change. Continuity is the sober realisation that to produce a quarterly Magazine of this size and scope recourse is needed to some kind of communal tradition.

"Continuity" cuts both ways. To a newcomer it can suggest an entrenched, if perhaps, unintended reserve, a town protective of a lived past. Here Petworth needs to show itself for what it is: very largely open and welcoming. On the other hand, those who have made the conscious choice to live or trade in Petworth have the opportunity to reciprocate with a willingness to embrace a continuing shared awareness to which they may themselves become heirs.

There is, of course, an alternative, equally sustainable, or even a median position, neither one thing nor the other. In an age when the old boundaries have been obliterated and Petworth, like it or not, is simply part of an increasingly uniform world, continuity may not be a valid concept at all, or, put it another way, if continuity has meaning for some, for others, it is quite simply an anachronism. Your Magazine, you may say, bestrides a faultline ...

The quarter's events are as usual reviewed in the main Magazine. The Elsted visit comes after this goes to the printer. Debby's Bluebell Railway trip is already fully booked, while the form for the September dinner is with this Magazine. Debby plans a second trip in September – details in the next issue.

Peter
17th April



A kind of continuity.
A Garland study from the late 1930s.

“Players Reunited” – Saturday 27th June Petworth Park Sports Association

Owing to the success of last year’s “Reunion in the Park” there has been considerable demand from those who attended and those who missed, that the event be repeated. It is open to anyone past or present who has in any way played or supported sport in the Park in the past, whether football, cricket or stoolball. The Reunion will be in the Park from 4pm onwards. There will be a barbecue and light refreshments. The Association hopes that, as last year, there will be the opportunity to share memories, even pore over old team photographs and wonder “where are they now?”

Petworth at the edge of memory

People and often, places depicted in so many of our meetings have passed out of living memory, but this time, Peter brought images from the 1940s, ‘50s and ‘60s.

Many in the audience were reminded of events and personalities within their own lifetimes, some able to pick out friends and even themselves.

But for younger folk and the more recent residents, it was also an informative evening.

Questions arise from time to time. Who was Mrs. Beaufoy? Herbert Shiner? Lady Shakerley? Fred Streeter? The Speed brothers, one a butcher, the other Clerk to the Petworth Rural District Council? What about Colonel Maude, founder of the Society, father of Angus and grandfather of Francis, the politicians? There were shots of the late-lamented Regal Cinema, the public swimming pool, the Iron Room and the gas works as well as stages in the removal of the church spire and reconstruction of the tower.

Then there were the events and celebrations of the period: Petworth’s slant on the Festival of Britain, the Coronation, fetes and the annual parades commemorating Armistice Day.

Wartime memories: the Women’s Land Army pea harvesting, Peckham evacuees going into the Girls’ School in East Street, the W.V.S. canteen where the Fire Station now stands, the Polish camp in the Park, a mass of flowers outside the Parish Church following the bombing of the Boys’ School, a parade of the Home Guard in the Square, the A.T.C., Red Cross cadets and Girl Guides.

“Petworth was a sad place in the ‘40s”, Peter commented, but there were

enjoyable times too: victory celebrations, darts matches, square dancing, W.I. outings, a very large church choir, the visit by comedian Norman Wisdom to the Red Lion for a charity event and the plays put on by the Hampers Green Drama Group (now Petworth Players).

Stages in the removal of the church spire are on record, followed by the reconstruction of the tower. And the ever-present and evolving Town Band.

Contributions from the audience complemented Peter’s commentary and anecdotes – and ‘a good time was had by all’.

KCT

What did you do in the war, Daddy?

Great War Britain. West Sussex – remembering 1914-18 is Martin Hayes’ new book. He is the Local Studies Librarian for West Sussex and he came to speak about the Lottery funded research programme leading to the book’s publication.

One hundred and fifty volunteers researched 10,000 articles in the local newspapers of the time, 19,000 photographs held by the County Records Office, battalion war diaries, national papers and parish magazines.

Talks, visits to school and a travelling display have followed. Focusing on the home front, Martin was amazed at the phenomenal spontaneous response to locally organised fundraising, support for refugees, comforts for the troops – socks, gloves, tobacco, blankets, etc. Locally, Lady Buchanan at Lavington Park organised supplies of fruit and vegetables for the hungry in France and Caroline Lascelles at Woolbeding collected books for the soldiers.

Women were already demanding a greater role in public life and the absence of so many men in industry, agriculture, postal services and transport meant that they played a vital part in running the country. And there was the Women’s Institute, started in Canada, set up in Singleton in 1915, soon to spread nationwide.

A ‘Dad’s Army’ sprang up unofficially, later to become the uniformed and armed Volunteer Training Corps. Boy Scouts carried out a ‘Coast Watch’ Training grounds for the troops were set up at Shoreham with up to 35,000 men and Roffey. Shoreham Airport – the first in the country – was taken over by the Royal Flying Corps and new airfields established at Tangmere with Americans, Ford and Rustington.

Graylingwell’s patients were moved out and it became a specialist military hospital with over 1,000 beds and treating more than 29,000 wounded during the course of the war. Bignor Park became a rehabilitation centre.

With such a large military presence, social life flourished: concerts, dances, cinemas, whist drives and pubs still popular despite Government restrictions on opening hours. However, cases of drunkenness fell dramatically.

Lord Leconfield made land available for allotments to be established in Petworth. Lack of labour on the farms and the resulting shortage of food brought in 150 German prisoners of war to help out.

So the 'Home Front' played a massively important part in the war effort. But there were many drawbacks: severe food rationing, rising prices and Council rates; sports clubs were badly hit. There were 'white feather incidents' towards men perceived as cowards, although many were back, recovering from injury. The initial enthusiasm for the war, when wives were even encouraged to urge their husbands to volunteer for the forces, was waning in 1918. As the year moved towards its end, Prime Minister Lloyd George, ill at home in Danny House, held a cabinet meeting in his bedroom to formulate the terms of an armistice.

Much remains to be researched. What tales might emerge from the Petworth House archives, for example?

It was good to have youngsters in the audience, keen to supplement their school studies in our history. Martin and his volunteers have produced a valuable resource of interest and information for us all.

KCT

Is that a knock on the door?

Good Friday is cold as it so often is, with a steady drizzle. Afternoon at the Cottage Museum. I don't do Good Friday every year by any means but it is something of a private tradition. The threadbare carpet in the parlour is gone and the bare boards await a replacement. I wonder if it's just as well without the carpet. There's a minimal rise in admission. £4 with £1 for children. The 50p for children has been unchanged since 1996. Nineteen years of Museum life still doesn't add up to Mary Cummings' tenure of twenty-nine. There are primroses in the vase on the table set for tea. Richard's already got the fire crackling away.

Earlier in the week I'd put in another line of helenium to skirt the path, some rather modern perennial wallflower and a few overwintering gazanias which have improbably survived the winter at Trowels. A "greenhouse perennial" which I'm going to have to remove pretty smartly if the "experiment" doesn't work. It's the sort of thing that might perhaps have come out of the gardens at Petworth House a hundred years ago. Not very likely. Mary Cummings might have been friendly

with Mrs Cownley the housekeeper but this would hardly extend to the august figure of Mr Pull the gardener. I suppose you make up your own mythology. No more imaginative than the National Rose Society's "Enemies of the Rose" lying beside the hearth. 1910 – only the date seems right.

Is that a knock on the door? No, it's the fire making the metal expand in the grate. An early Easter tests the Museum's resolve: April and October are the so-called "shoulder" months. New stewards can become disheartened. The snap cards and the dominoes are having a somewhat forlorn Good Friday. The fire's going down. "If beer was a penny a pint ..." observes a cheerful voice coming down the stairs.

It's back down a drizzling High Street, thinking of the summer sunshine of somnolent afternoons, today there's only a sombre lustre on grey tiles.

P.

"Queen Anne is dead ..." – the March book sale

No one's going to buy it. No dust jacket, wearing cover, title rubbed off. The Book Sale doesn't favour the unprepossessing. James Maine Dixon: *English Idioms*, published originally, it seems, in 1912, perhaps a development of an earlier work in 1891. This version forms part of Nelson's Teaching of English Series (1927) and this is a reprint from 1941. Another reprint would follow in the mid-1950s. A pencilled 2/6d suggests a chequered past. 278 pages, each with an average fifteen "idioms", surprising, predictable, obsolete, thought provoking, hackneyed, take them as they come. Dixon was a Scottish academic, sometime resident in Japan, but afterwards in the United States. Born in 1856 he died in 1933.

Dixon quarries his favourite authors but quotes also a wide selection of Magazines and Reviews from the late 1880s. Often just the once. Dickens, Thackeray and Stevenson make frequent appearances as, too, other Victorian writers less known nowadays, Charles Reade (1814-1880), a particular favourite, Rhoda Broughton (1840-1920) from Wales, Sarah Tytler from Scotland (1827-1910) and others. In the compiler's quaint phrase, the quotations are "freshly gathered."

Biblical classical and Shakespearian examples are duly given but rather sparingly. All presuppose a greater familiarity with the text than would be the case today. Timothy's 'Money is the root of all evil' will be familiar enough today, even if the biblical echo is forgotten. "To go to Jericho" would perhaps now be unintelligible, referring, as it does¹, to the discomfiture of some emissaries of David, who having had half their beards shaved off by a hostile king, remained out of sight at Jericho

until their beards had grown and their embarrassment was, at least, muted. Used generally, it refers to keeping out of the public eye after a similar, if less specific vexation.

"Tell it not in Gath"² is perhaps a little more familiar. It suggests keeping an uncomfortable secret within walls, while Hosea's sow the wind and reap the whirlwind is perhaps self-explanatory. "Benjamin's mess"³ for a large portion is certainly not. To know a hawk from a hernshaw⁴ is a relatively rare Shakespearian quotation. It refers to someone who, in modern parlance, is "on the ball". Dixon is equally economical with the classics but Damon and Pythias, and Strepson and Phyllis are types of close friends and rustic lovers respectively, the reference now obscure rather than enlightening. The straight Latin "in nubibus" for "in the clouds" might even be easier.

The great strength of the collection lies at once with echoes of a world already passing when the book was in preparation and the sharp and often mordant wit of a society with rather more jagged edges than ours. To "lead apes" is an unsympathetic allusion to the curious superstition that unmarried women would be condemned to do this after death, while to "go from clover to rye-grass" is a sardonic comment on second marriage. "Carriage company" reflects social divisions, denoting, as it does, those wealthy enough to keep a private carriage, "Gig lamps" is a jocular name for spectacles or for the one who wears them. A modern equivalent for the latter would be "four-eyes". Dixon notes that a gig is a "tall, two-wheeled conveyance". The "husbands' boat" reflects the custom of London fathers making a Saturday trip to Margate to join family at the coast.

"Out of collar" is servants' slang for being without a place, while a counter-pumper is a shopkeeper's assistant. "John O'Nokes and John O'Styles" signify ordinary working men, while "Shake the pagoda" reflects Anglo-Indian days, and means gaining an early fortune. Who would now see December 21st as "mumping day" when the poor went round the country begging, or understand "the curse of Scotland" as the nine of diamonds. It refers to the winning card in a gambling game that ruined many Scottish families – or perhaps it was the card on the back of which was written the order for the massacre of Glencoe?

"Box Harry" is a phrase once used by commercial travellers to avoid a hotel meal and economise by having something substantial elsewhere at tea-time, while "scarlet fever" is a wry comment on supposed feminine preference for military men. Dixon observes, "The British military colour is red". "Pott and nails tea", denotes a brew with a number of stalks floating in it.

Mare's nest, hornets' nest, pigeon's milk, penny gaff, swear like a trooper, get the canvas (ie the sack) ... some survive, others fall by the wayside. "Queen Anne is dead." (I've heard it before) or, "the man in the moon". Dixon glosses "an

imaginary person who inhabits the moon and is supposed to be ignorant of worldly affairs". "Shoot the cat" is a vulgarism for being sick that I last heard in the Army, and, lastly, "Stir-up Sunday" for the Sunday preceding Advent. The Collect for the day read "Stir up, O Lord, we beseech thee ..." Schoolboys eager for the coming vacation would "stir up" or poke one another in the side. But what, you may say, of the March Sale? Don't keep worrying me about that or you'll "rattle my cage". Language as Master Dixon was all too well aware, moves on. Mercifully perhaps this one came too late to be "freshly gathered".

P.

1. 2 Samuel x 4, 5.
2. 2 Samuel i 20.
3. Genesis xliii 34
4. A kind of heron.

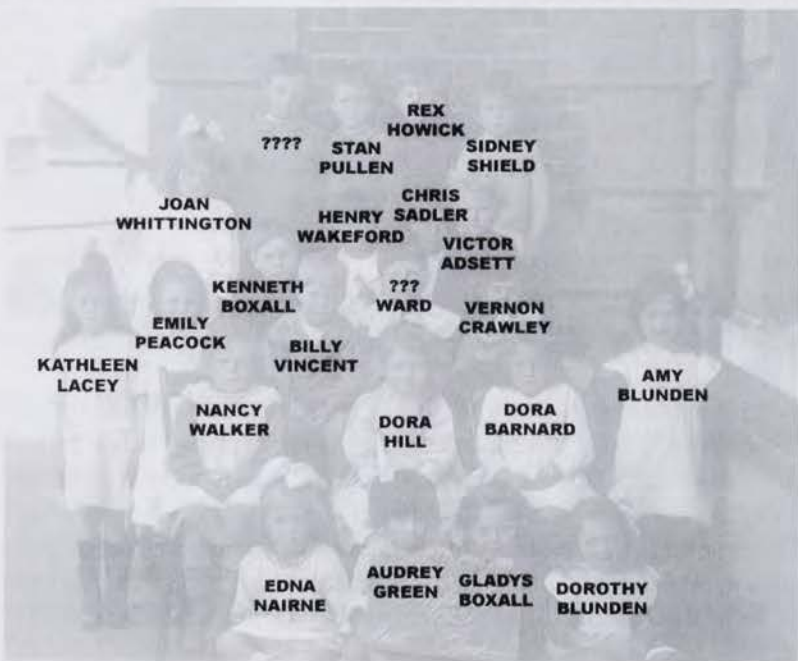
A photographic medley

Mr John Connor sends a selection of photographs from which I have picked out three quite different ones. No. 1 shows a group at Petworth Infants School (on the site of the present Public Library) in 1921. Unusually, all but one of the children are identified and there are some familiar names and figures including one much-lamented stalwart of the Society Committee. I have a few notes but would be interested in any comments for PSM 161. No. 2 is a standard Garland group showing the Queens' Head darts team in High Street in the 1960s. Suggested names:

Back: L-R Noah Stansmore, Bill Parsons, Reg Smith, Ron Barnard, Jim Rainbow.
Front: L-R Reg Johnson, Gerald (Jinks) Humphrey (landlord), Arthur Connor.

No. 3 is a probably unique picture of the old PRDC rubbish dump in the old quarry behind the Cottage Hospital in the late 1950s. "Rubbish might be collected or taken up personally. There was one tip for household rubbish and another for larger scrap like car pieces and builders' material. Before the war boys would salvage glass jars and take them to Mrs Bowdidge in Lombard Street or perhaps Whethams in High Street. ½lb and 1lb jars were worth a penny, 2lb jars twopence. They might be used locally for jam or returned to the manufacturers." (J.T.)

Photograph by John Connor.

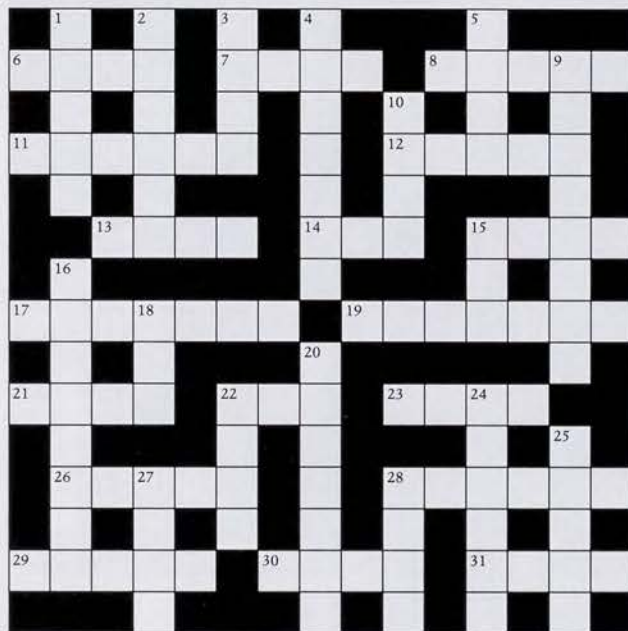


This I think is behind the Queen's Head pub in High Street. My father, Arthur John Connor front right, 'Jinks' Humphries, the landlord, centre front. Have I got that name right? Mr Johnson, the farmer from Frog Farm front left. Year ??? Subject – obviously darts league.
 Photograph by George Garland.



A picture of the Petworth Rubbish Dump, in the old quarry behind The Petworth Cottage Hospital, around 1957/8 perhaps.
 Photograph by John Anthony Connor.

BESIDE THE SEASIDE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 6** Open air swimming pool (4)
7 & 24dn A plaque at Selsey beach commemorates this composer (4,6)
8 One half of a feisty seaside duo (5)
11 Canute's daughter is buried in this village (6)
12 He might be lazing on the beach (5)
13 Prophetic sign on the promenade? (4)
14 Cool down with this (3)
15 You don't want the beach to be this (4)
17 William Blake's cottage is here (7)
19 Poet whose first Sussex home was in Rottingdean (7)
21 See 28ac
22 Cinque port overlooking Romney Marsh (3)

23 How to eat 15! (4)

- 26** Number of sisters at Birling Gap (5)
28 & 21ac Highest point on the South Coast (6,4)
29 Go round by bike (5)
30 Rope which supports a mast (4)
31 Turn the tide – correct! (4)

DOWN

- 1** He guides ships into harbour (5)
2 Wealthy hatter who founded Bognor, after whom a park is named (6)
3 Ship's wheel or tiller (4)
4 Sussex saint who taught the Saxons to fish (7)
5 Noisy bird (4)
9 Consort of George IV who lived in the Royal Pavilion (8)

- 10** Trot along the beach – by donkey? (4)
15 A bird hiding in your towel! (3)
16 It had a Roman fort, a castle and its own mint (8)
18 Walk softly as you paddle (3)
20 Nautical racing event (7)
22 Hire (4)
24 See 7ac
25 Brighton pier replaced by the Palace Pier (5)
27 His electric railway still runs on Brighton seafront (4)
28 I hear they can float on water (4)

SOLUTION RIVERS CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 7 Newt, 8 Inns, 9 Lethe, 11 Wey And, 12 Sprat, 13 Idle, 15 Rue, 16 Arun, 18 Tarrant, 20 Wettest, 23 Stow, 24 Oar, 25 Left, 28 Algae, 30 Brooks, 31 Ferry, 32 Holt, 33 Deft

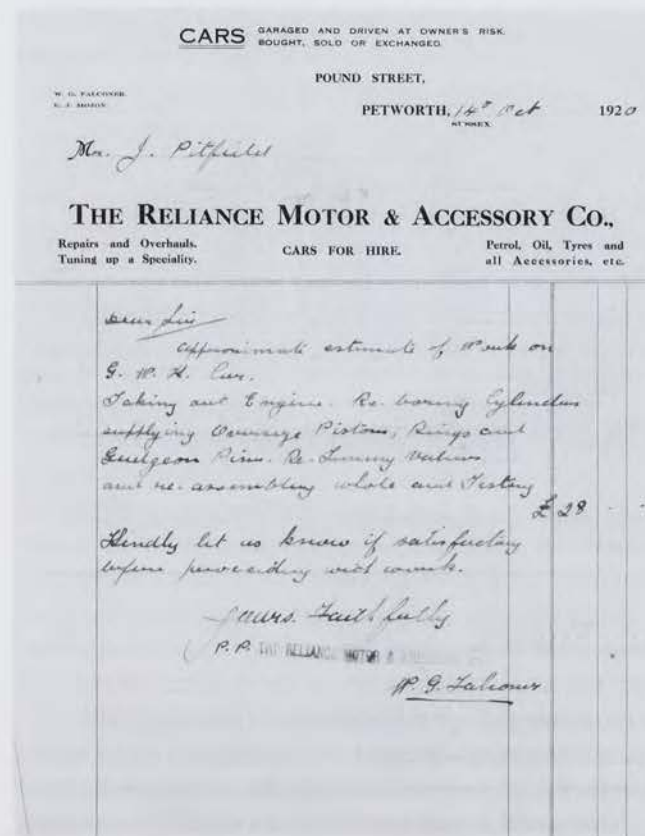
DOWN

- 1 Revel, 2 Strand, 3 Wild, 4 Anglers, 5 Weir, 6 Chithurst, 10 Isle, 14 Eon, 16 Aft, 17 Raft Races, 19 Row, 21 Eel, 22 Trotton, 24 Oxen, 26 Floods, 27 Skiff, 29 Gyre, 30 Bats

Old Petworth traders (16) The Reliance Motor and Accessory Co.

We reproduce an estimate for Mr Pitfield, the Market Square solicitor's, rather embattled GWK car. Often the series Old Petworth Traders profiles a business that endured for years, even generations, but this seems a very early venture on the old Pound Garage site at the junction with Tillington Road, before the days of George Knight and Vic Roberts and almost immediately following the 1914-1918 war. Messrs Falconer and Mojon seem to have left little mark on history, certainly less than Mr Pitfield's famous car and they do not appear in Kelly's 1918 directory. Did Mr Pitfield accept the estimate? We do not know.

See Bill Wareham PSM 67 March 1992 page 23-26 and photograph opposite page 23. Miles Costello: Mr Pitfield's motor-car PSM 111 March 2003 pages 35-42.



“See a pin ...”

My mother was born May Howkins, the eldest of eight children, at Petworth in 1885. She died in 1971, having left Petworth as a girl, to move nearer to other family members at Kingsley Green, near Haslemere. On leaving school she would go into service, possibly at Handcross. She would not live in Petworth in later life.

She would often talk about childhood days at Petworth, although one memory may sometimes merge into another. She remembered her father working at some time for the Leconfield Estate as a groom, but she also remembered him as driving the mail between Petworth and Guildford. A vivid recollection was of lying in bed as a small child and praying that her father would return safely – also that he would not take too much liquid refreshment to keep him warm on the journey! There was a dim impression of one of the young men from the “bothy” – presumably that in the gardens of Petworth House – calling to ask for breakfast.

Mr Howkins also drove the private Leconfield Estate fire engine and it would seem that the two jobs as groom and mail driver reflect different periods of employment at different times.

Perhaps my mother’s most enduring memories were of school in East Street. One was of a visit to the dentist, with nothing then to relieve the pain: she simply took to her heels and fled. A teacher at the school, seeing her struggling with a piece of sewing, told her bluntly that she would never make a needlewoman. It was ironic that while my mother was in service an old cook taught her to sew, and she discovered an aptitude. She was very proficient in later years. She also recalled being in a line of girls in the playground and seeing a bright new pin. Mindful of the old adage, “See a pin”, she stepped out of line and picked it up, something for which she received a severe “telling-off”.

Incidentally, I have heard my uncle Percy Balchin had a baker’s shop in Angel Street. Can anyone confirm this? It would be in the early century.

Mrs Fairlie Carter was talking to the Editor having made an enquiry to the Cottage Museum.

George Aitchison’s Sussex

‘South of Petworth stretches a country of open moorland and dark forest that makes this the Scotland of Sussex. Away on the north, to the east and to the west, the dark pine woods march in far flung battalions from the distant hills, or lie in ambush in mystic hollows. To the south a tender livelier green fondles the swelling

sides of the Downs, and clothes them with verdure to their lofty limits. There are few scenes at once so spacious yet so intimate, so charged with poetic romance, as this of the commons of Ambersham and Graffham and the heather-clad slopes and the pine-encircled lands all around. You may travel for miles without sight of a human thing, or else, in the dark recesses of those enchanted woodlands, where the tall boles of the pines are so closely set that between them you cannot see anything but other pines, you may happen, with surprised delight, upon veritable houses of fairyland. Here are dwellings of steep roofs and black beams where Hansel and Gretel might be living with the witch or with fairy godmother, while the air, imprisoned in those dark groves, is heavy with the spell of ancient peace. Some find the pine woods gaunt and austere. To me a cluster of fir trees silhouetted against a sunset sky brings something of the emotion that Adelaide Procter endeavoured to express in ‘The Lost Chord.’ A bare scene is ennobled, a beautiful scene is made all the more beautiful, by a crown of firs, by a plantation of larches, or wherever a dark cohort of pine trees marches over the distant hills into the middle landscape. Be that as it may, I know that for me the surpassing charm of this triangle of West Sussex is its romantic diversity of colour and outline ever haunted by the fragrant solemn beauty of the pines.’

Of the various books simply titled *Sussex* there are two which are better than most, the one by John Burke, published in 1974, and that by George Aitchison, from which the above quote comes, 1936. George Aitchison was the Editor of the Brighton & Hove Herald, and *Sussex* was his second book. In the Foreword he writes: ‘Of the making of many books about Sussex there is no end. I know it. I know it, perhaps, better than do most people, for I have read most of those books. Yet to me, Sussex born and Sussex bred, it has seemed that there are things to be said about Sussex which have not been said in these books. In the following pages I have made an attempt to say what I feel ought to be said ...’

Aitchison was living in Graffham when he wrote *Sussex* and much more of the book is devoted to West Sussex than to East. Indeed, of the twelve chapters, only the last three concern East Sussex, and as a reviewer in *Sussex County Magazine* puts it: ‘In Mr. Aitchison’s eyes West Sussex is the Best Sussex. I judge that somewhere a mile or two from Fittleworth Mr. Aitchison comes mighty near to the heart of all things. It is a good judgment, for within a circle of six or ten miles radius thereabouts you may still find more of the unspoilt and – in some ways – the most beautiful, of the ancient Sussex – Sussex of the Good Old Days.’

The earlier book, *Unknown Brighton*, came out in 1926 and got a full two-page review in the very first issue of *Sussex County Magazine*, in which it says: ‘his book proves once again that the most palatable writers of local history are journalists ... The book is rich in stories of local celebrities of the past, and

hitherto unrecorded incidents gathered from the byways of Brighton history.'

In *Sussex* though, Aitchison calls Brighton 'a canker in the Downland' and worse! He was born around 1878 in the Preston area of that town, where his mother's family, the Maynards lived. His father, who worked as an upholsterer there, was a Scotsman. George was the first of seven children, the others being four girls and two boys. He went to Brighton Grammar School and then got a job on the Brighton & Hove Herald, where he worked for more than fifty years, eventually becoming Editor and even a director of the newspaper. For fifty-five years he was a member of the Institute of Journalists, of which he was made a Fellow in 1925. He became president of the Sussex Poetry Society, and was a member of the Critics' Circle for more than forty years. He also became president of the Brighton and Hove Archaeological Society, read papers on travel and literature to the Association of Free Lances, and contributed articles to *Sussex County Magazine* and other periodicals.

His wife Edith Mary was from Worthing and the couple lived in Hove, and then Southwick, before moving to Graffham. Later, he would look back upon the years he lived at Graffham as being the best and happiest time of his life. Yet he loved the whole county. He ends his Foreword for *Sussex* by saying 'I have wandered in no hurry through every county in the British Isles, and in many countries, but Sussex has my heart.'

And he wears his heart on his sleeve in his *Sussex* writing. Even the reviewer in S.C.M. noted: 'for the most part the book is panegyric – the laudation of a lover in the true lover's spirit.'

Here, for example, is what Aitchison has to say about Petworth. 'There to the west, climbing up the sides of the deep valley of green, rise the red roofs and timbered fronts of Petworth, tier upon tier, with the tall graceful steeple of the church crowning all, as in a picture by Albert Dürer ... its labyrinth of narrow, cobbled streets, full of delightful bits, so twisting and so confused that the local legend has it that years ago a hay wain lost its way in them and has never extricated itself to this day.'

Indeed, there are other things which he feels should be said about North-west Sussex: 'One cannot deny, alas! that the frontiers of this delectable country are shrinking, and one does not dare therefore give them the exact delineation of a map. Best to forget about its frontiers, and consider it from its physical and spiritual centre, Petworth. Petworth is the capital of West Sussex feudalism, a picturesque stronghold of a picturesque medievalism. Her feudalism, of that worshipful kind that regards the land it owns not as a commercial asset but as a patriotic trust, has guarded with a strong hand and stout heart the precious inheritance of beauty. Democrat in towns, in Petworth I bend my knee to the

lords of the countryside for their preservation of this fair realm of ours.'

Maybe he says too much, for the review in S.C.M. ends somewhat mysteriously by noting that: 'Mr. Aitchison himself comes, all unaware, within an ace of surprising one hidden secret' – but what is meant by this I cannot say.

Sussex, which seems to have been published only once, includes thirty colourful paintings of Sussex landscapes and villages by Wilfrid Ball, R. E., two more by Sutton Palmer, R. I., and a map of the county. Aitchison had a strong interest in folklore and ghosts, and the book, as well as his article 'Some Sussex Apparitions' (S.C.M. December 1940, pages 421-424) both tell of a witch at Graffham. Curiously, despite the pages he devotes in *Sussex* to describing a journey to Petworth and what the place is like, the brief tale of a witch-hare bothering a horse is all he has to say of Graffham in the book; but in 'Graffham – Village of Seven Hills' (S.C.M. May 1950, pages 197-201) which also includes local legends, he doesn't hold back at all. Perhaps it was because he was over seventy by then, and knew that his time in this beautiful realm was nearly at an end.

'Graffham, like Rome, is set upon seven hills. What is more, the Sussex village can boast that its seven hills are bigger and better than those of the Imperial City. Graffham Down and Woolavington Down, the hills that rise up like a green wall to form the southern boundary of Graffham, are among the giants of the South Downs. These are all part and parcel of the great wall of chalk that divides the Weald from the sea, and as things are to-day, they are the most abundantly wooded of these wooded Downs ... Much poetry might be written concerning the revelation one gets on these cloistered altitudes of the primeval, smiled upon by the spiritual. As you tread the softly contoured green, the trees stand in serried ranks on each side of you to guard you from all knowledge of the world far below. This, as all Downsmen know, is one of the subtle secrets of the Downs.'

Aitchison spent the last few years of his life back in Hove and he died 30th April 1954. His obituary in *Sussex County Magazine* described him as 'a man who deserves an honoured place among the most knowledgeable and able of contemporary journalists.'

At the end of *Sussex*, he writes: 'In East as in West, in Downland and in Weald, Sussex is still *selig* – blest home of ancient peace.' His ashes were scattered at Graffham, and his spirit may yet be singing there, even now. I hope so.

Shaun Cooper

[For George Aitchison see also *Personified Pines – or Finding a new friend*, PSM 99 (March 2000) pages 17-20. Ed.]

The night watchmen

One of my earliest memories of life at Petworth when I came to live here in 1978 was the curious life that went on in the house at night. This activity was about to come to an end when I arrived but I am pleased to have known it.

Between the hours of 10pm and 6am when the house was asleep the corridors and rooms were patrolled from basement to attic by a single night watchman. He began his circuit from a sitting room in the basement called the Butler's Room. From here he set off on his round every hour of the night, a leather bag on his shoulder which contained a heavy metal box with a lock in it.

At each one of 30-40 key stations, placed at intervals throughout the house, there hung a numbered key on a chain. At each of these stations the watchman inserted the key into his box. This turned a dial which gave the hour of the visit and at the same time punched a record on a paper scroll within the box. At the end of the night's watch the paper scroll was fed into a 'control box' which was placed in the Butler's Room for the purpose of keeping a record.

The circuit usually took half an hour to complete which gave half an hour's rest in the armchair before the next round. The moment that the watchman set off on his round he would set a clock, like an egg timer to sound an alarm after one hour. This was in case he did not return having either fallen down stairs or been apprehended by an intruder. The alarm went off in the house as well as in the Petworth police station.

The night watchmen, Arthur Hill, Percy Bradfold, Jim Reeve, Frank Carter, Frank Whittington, Reg Wakeford and Mr Keating were retired estate workers. They were not in their first youth and it is difficult to imagine the outcome of an encounter with a determined burglar. As far as anyone can remember there was no encounter of any kind to cause alarm.

One of the number, in order to give himself courage for his shift and the duties of the night ahead had a habit of going for a drink in The Star in Petworth. He often then fell asleep in the chair in the Butler's Room and somehow failed to meet his time settings. The alarms sounded all through the house, the police came round and after some time calm was restored. This happened on several occasions. Subsequently he relinquished the duties of night watchman.

Henry Wakeford, Reg Wakeford's son who is now in his 60s, has reminded me that when he was a young man between the ages of 16-19, he acted as relief night watchman. On occasions, particularly when the family was away he found the house frightening at night. There was a rule that no electric light could be switched on so his journey was made by torch light. The shadows loomed particularly in the abandoned bedrooms that had not been used since before the



Petworth Boys' School in North Street about 1905. Members of the Penfold family are arrowed. The photographer is unknown but such groups may have been taken on a fairly regular basis. If they were, few examples survive. A hundred years after the 1914-1918 war, we can only wonder how many of the group are remembered on the town's Roll of Honour. Note the Masons' Arms in the left background.

Photograph courtesy Mr A. Penfold.



Petworth Boys' Garden Class 1907. George Penfold fourth from left holding the hoe; his best friend Billy Parker second right front row with spade. Photographer not known. Photograph courtesy Mr A. Penfold.



A very unusual and otherwise unknown view of Preyste House in North Street about 1900. Courtesy Mr Simon Watson as are the three following images.



Grace Hoare in a domestic setting. A sepia photograph has been carefully cut out and set against a water colour background. See: A Holland family album.



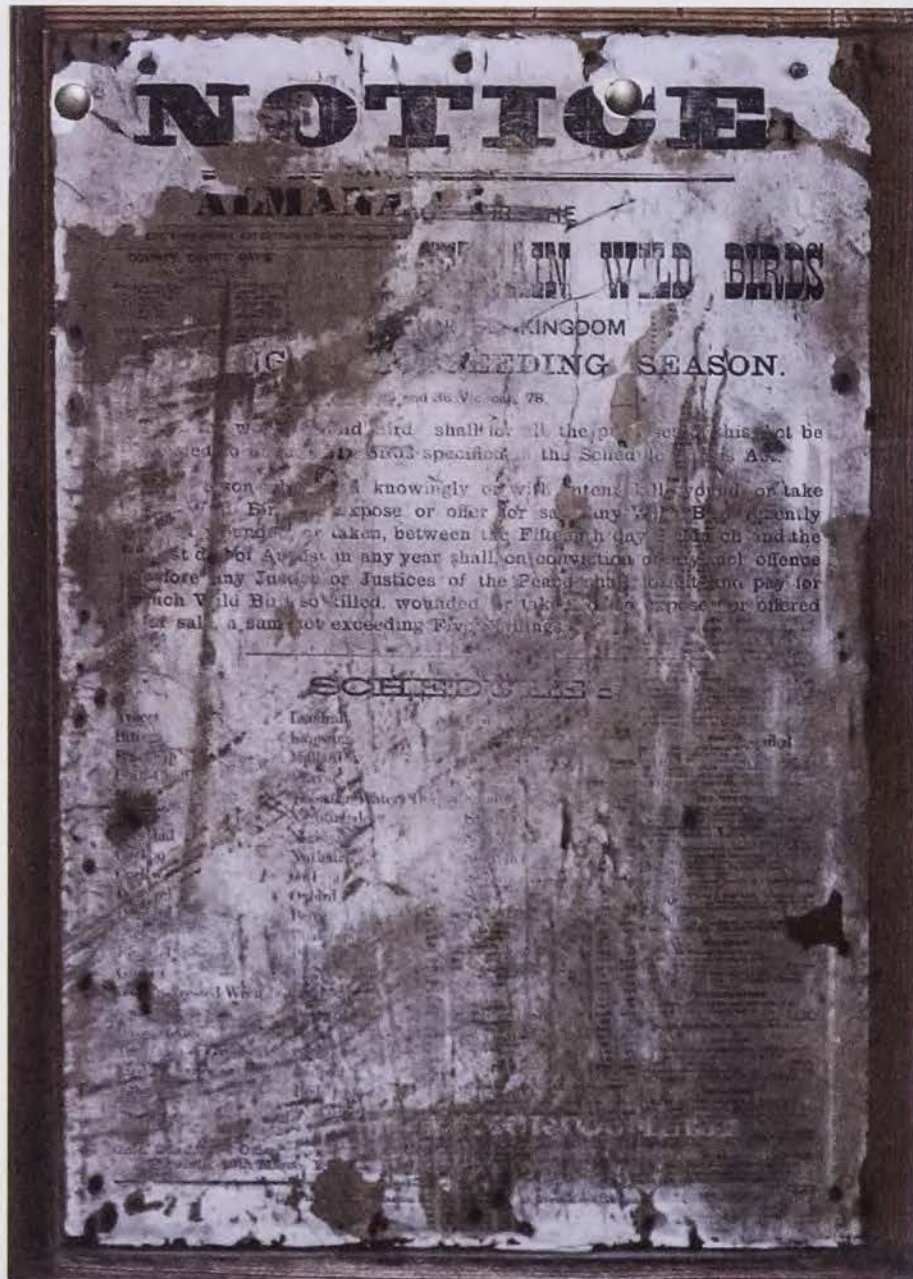
Another example of cut out figures set into a water colour background. Intricate and difficult work. Clearly the annotator is working at a distance in time: one figure is unidentified. See: A Holland family album.



The Rectory Farm about 1900.
See: A Holland family album.



George Aitchison's *Sussex* was published in the 1930s but he added atmosphere by using Wilfred Ball illustrations from before 1914. This shows the old bridge at Pulborough and is reproduced from an early century postcard.



Andrew Howard has done what he can with this!
See Protected Birds.

war.

The floorboards creaked and the occasional bat skimmed overhead. His heart skipped a beat on shining his torch up the Old Library stairs where on the half landing hung the large picture by Northcote of the murder by a large sinister figure in armour of the two royal princes asleep in the tower. This picture faced you as you climbed the stairs. Our children found this staircase both horrifying and fascinating and would tiptoe past the picture holding their breath. The Princes in the Tower by Northcote now hangs fairly high up in the North Gallery too dimly lit to frighten the public.

The Great North Room holds a particular fascination for all of us because most people feel that the room has a strange atmosphere. Reg Wakeford said that he always felt apprehensive when visiting this bedroom on his rounds. I have never found the house to be creepy at night and am happy to wander into most of the rooms but I do not like going into the Great North Room alone. My husband, Max, remembers as a young man what a comfort it was to come back to the house in the early hours of the morning after a party to see the light on in the Butler's Room and the night watchman dozing in his chair waiting to go on his rounds.

The nursery at night is not a frightening place for children. The rooms on the east side are never completely dark as the lights from the town give a faint glow. Once our daughter Constance, aged about eight was up early and walking from her bedroom to the nursery wearing no clothes when she met the night watchman head on. There was a brief hesitation before both passed each other, looking straight ahead, neither making any comment. I asked Constance about this later and she said she had not wanted to make any fuss and it was her fault for not wearing a dressing gown.

These nightly rounds would soon come to an end. It was in the late 1970s that a modern alarm system was installed with its locked doors, panels of buttons and false alarms. I felt it was a pity because no longer could there be free passage through the downstairs rooms after 5.30pm when the alarms were turned on. I felt this especially on late summer evenings when I used to walk through the enfilade of rooms filled with golden light from the setting sun.

This glorious moment is missed by everyone now as the public have left the house by 5pm. The house at night is very silent. One can clearly hear the geese on the lake settling themselves down for sleep on the islands and the occasional alarmed cry when a fox passes. It is comforting to look down and see the sleeping forms of the deer beneath the window, visible in the moonlight. They often sleep close to or on the terrace. They make useful guards because when I see them fast asleep I know that no one is prowling round.

On windy nights, the house can feel like a great ship at sea when the prevailing

south westerly winds catch the front full on making the long windows rattle and the chimneys howl and sigh. I like to imagine from the comfort of my bed that I am out at sea in a storm.

Caroline Egremont – to be continued.

[This article appeared originally in the, now discontinued, *Petworth House Spaniel*. Ed.]

A sub-literary genre (2)

James Embling appears in Pigot's 1826 Trade Directory, listed as Plumber and Painter. Born at Faringdon¹ in 1779 he would spend the great part of a long life in Petworth, dying in 1871 at the age of 92. He would have been ten at the time of the French revolution and twenty-six at Trafalgar. He may well have been in Petworth already at this time for a son, also James, was born in the town in 1809. The reasons for Embling's move to Petworth cannot now be known. Consecutive census returns place the Emblings, father and son solidly in East Street, a widowed James Senior in one house and James Junior in the next but one. The precise location is not established. A James Embling was a member of the Old Blue Friendly Society² based at the Angel Inn, and served for some years as a member of the monthly committee that met to approve benefit payments: as respected local tradesmen both father and son would probably be members. James Junior was employing two men and two boys in 1851. He was a subscriber to the Petworth circulating Book Society in 1839. See Miles Costello in PSM 103 (March 2001).

In writing of Petworth account books³, I noted that, while most of those I have are late Victorian or Edwardian, one is considerably earlier, covering the years 1869-70. I reproduced the impressive list of goods available from A. M. Challen's emporium. Interleaved with pink blotting paper, the book is now very fragile. It has the gilt-embossed coat of arms familiar from later examples, and bears the legend: A. M. Challen, Grocer, Maltster, Seedsman, Corn, Hop and Spirit merchant. Inside we learn that Mr James Embling is in account with Master Challen. There is no mention of Mrs Embling. It is reasonable to suppose that Challen is operating out of the traditional Challen heartland on the west side of Golden Square, long associated with the influential religious group of "Independents". The B. C. still inset into the frontage is a memorial to their patriarch Benjamin Challen.

Clearly the book is a continuation of an earlier one, now discarded, in which a

residual sum of £5.13.11 is reduced by a counter bill, presumably for services rendered. £3.12.7 clears the account. The new book begins on the 1st July 1869. The Challen stock, exotic as some of it may appear, has a range of dry goods and hardware that would be unusual today, and James Embling will make few inroads into it.

July's entries are sparse, a mere seven entries of which five are single items. Butter, vinegar, currants, bacon, salt and soda are purchased while four single items are paint pots, presumably for Embling's work. The July total is 3/8½ d. It would seem that, even allowing for a certain frugality, Challen was not James Embling's sole supplier. August sees rather more activity with eight single items, three of two and one each of three, four and six, one being for three paint pots. Otherwise we have butter (8) in either ½lb or 1lb portions, coffee, bacon, cheese (cheddar) 3lbs, sugar, soda, saltpetre, eggs, baking powder, lard, currants and marmalade. The total for the month is higher, too, at £1-1-10½ d. As the book advances, the three pounds of cheese remain a significant item. There is a tongue (pickled or smoked?), sausages, a bath brick (?), candles, hemp seed and, as winter comes in, trusses of hay at six shillings, three in November, three in December usually with the much cheaper straw. This significant item continues until April and the winter is past. Clearly James, as many other tradesmen, kept a horse.

Other items often occurring just the once are a heath broom, caraway, cocoa, sausages, mustard, cloves, flask (of oil ?), short bones (?), allspice, lamp black, cayenne, tapioca and, just once in April, an unexpected flush of greengrocery: parsnips, beans, carrots and parsley. A bottle of Worcester Sauce, seems a touch expensive at a shilling, while a tin of lobster and a salmon (tinned?) are obvious luxuries, as, on a rather humble level, is a clay pipe. The regular 3lbs of cheese and the paint pots continue as before. The book closes suddenly in September and the account of £11.5.8½ d. is settled with deductions on November 2nd. Instead of the usual ink signature over the revenue stamp there is a definitive "PAID" stamp to mark the closure of the account.

The book probably raises more questions than it answers. How much did James Embling use Challens in comparison with other retail outlets? Did Challens retain the book or did James carry it with him? Did he bring the goods away or have them brought to East Street? The errand boy was a staple of Victorian (and later) society. There is no mention of a woman and the large consumption of cheese may be an indicator of some kind, or, then again, it may not.

James Embling must remain a name. We can only pick up the book and know that James will have handled it from time to time. He would note it, if at all, quite un sentimentally, as a functional if insignificant adjunct to a busy working life.

Formal records suggest more than a fair share of sadness in James' later years. His wife Catherine had died in her mid-forties in 1865 and James' only daughter,

Lucy, having married into the well-known local Milton family in 1863, died six months later. The nonagenarian James Embling Senior would survive the rest of his family by a mere matter of months.

P.— with some help from Miles.

1. Berkshire, now part of Oxfordshire.
2. PSM 47 (March 1987) page 35. "Lombard Street" appears to be an error.
3. PSM 158 (March 2015).

1869	Not over	5 19 4 1/2
Dec 13	Opt. Sausage	4
14	1/2 Butter	1 3
	1/2 Sultana	3
14	2 Hens Hay	5.6
	1 Straw	1
	4 1/2 Potatoes	3 2 1/2
18	1 Pipe	6
	1 Sausage	10
22	4.6 Cheese	2.5
	3. Lump	1
	13 salt Petre	1/2
	1/4 Sugar	1
	6 Pot of Ham	10
	13 Cloves	2
24	2 Hens Hay	5.6
	2 Straw	2
		7.5.6 1/2

James Embling in account with A. M. Challen – pre Christmas week 1869. Note the hay and straw.

Telling tales of the Wraffhurst Witch

In the chapter about witches in *The Folklore of Sussex* (1973) Jacqueline Simpson writes: 'Of another reputed witch it was said that the most wicked thing she ever did was to immobilize the Rector's pony and trap all day, not releasing them till eight o'clock in the evening ...' However, Simpson gives no indication as to where this incident took place, noting only that the witch's 'name and home were disguised, to spare the feelings of her daughter, still alive in 1943.' Fortunately though, there are references at the back of the book.

The original story is told in 'The Wicked Old Woman' by A. R. Milton, in the February 1943 issue of *Sussex County Magazine* (Volume 17, pages 47-49) and this begins with a short introduction: 'The author of the following writes: "This account is true in all details – the fact that Betsy Shardlow's daughter is still alive has made it necessary to conceal real names – the name of the village is also disguised."'

Disguised they may be, yet the article is laced with clues. The story of the Rector's trap begins when: 'The Rector was driving his horse and trap, being in a hurry to get to Midworth.' This involved going along a lane that went over a hill. The horse went up the hill at a good pace and the descent down the other side was unremarkable too, but before it got to the bottom, the horse suddenly stopped, and would not go on, no matter what the Rector did. He gee'd it up, shook the reins, even used his whip – but all to no avail.

Cursing like a trooper, the Rector got down from his trap and began pulling on the horse's reins, swearing at it. Passers-by stopped and suggested different things he might try. None had ever seen a horse so obstinate. A ploughman stopped his team in the field, and came over to try and get the Rector's horse to move. But nothing worked. By now, the Rector was seething, and he took a box of matches from his pocket, lighted one and put the flame underneath the horse's belly. No good. He did it again, but it made no difference.

After a while, he gave up and walked back home. Later he would be had up in the court at Midworth for lighting matches under the horse's belly. The horse and trap remained in the lane until 8 p.m. when some of the villagers saw the witch leave her cottage, which was near where the horse had stopped. As soon as she opened the garden gate, the horse suddenly began moving forwards.

Milton notes that: 'She was the wickedest old woman of Wraffhurst. She lived half-way between this village and Welham on the main road.'

'Wraffhurst' and 'Welham' are, like 'Midworth,' fictitious place-names. Elsewhere in the article though, Harting is mentioned when some of the villagers go there for the hopping. Note how the writer says "this village" in the last quote –

indicating that he, or she, lived in Wraffhurst itself.

This Wraffhurst has a pub called The Woodman's Arms. Now Sussex only has one pub with that name, at Hammerpot, just north of Angmering. You could assume then that this is where the witch lived; but it's a long way to go from there to Harting. Graffham on the other hand, used to have a beer-house called The Woodman, and later, when that had gone, a pub called The Forester's Arms. So it would seem that the writer, who lived at Graffham, just put the two pub names together to produce 'The Woodman's Arms' and that Wraffhurst is, indeed, Graffham. Not convinced? Look at the fictitious place-names of the villages again: Wraffhurst and Welham. It can be seen that 'Wraffhurst' and 'Graffham' have the same five letters in the same order in them, and that this is also true of 'Welham' and the name of the hamlet near Graffham, 'Selham'; and so 'Midworth' is not Midhurst (which is even closer to Harting) but Petworth, because in each case, five letters of the real place-name appear in the same order in its fictitious equivalent.

Let's look at some of the other clues. We can dismiss the name 'Betsy Shardlow' as being of any relevance, although the surname 'Shardlow' does mean 'a cleft on the side of a hill' and the witch did live on the hillside. A look at the author's name yields little, too: he or she never wrote any books, nor wrote anything else for *Sussex County Magazine* (1926-1956) and appears – after much research – never to have written anything else anywhere; which is odd as, quite apart from the cleverly constructed fictitious place-names, the article is very well written. This suggests that 'A. R. Milton' is also a fictitious name. And that is not that surprising, for a close reading of the article seems to show that the witch herself was still alive at the time of its publication, and indeed that its author knew the family quite well – probably even lived very near them.

The old man who tells the tales to the author states that when the witch was very old, her husband died; and at the end of the article, the author describes how the old man gave him a glass of elderberry wine, which his widowed daughter brings in for them. The fact that the witch became a widow is pertinent to one of the stories about her, but the fact that the old man's daughter is a widow has no bearing on the article at all; unless the author knew she was the witch.

All in all, it is a very cleverly written article, which only seems to suggest that the witch was dead, when she wasn't, and only appeared to disguise the name of the village where she lived. And whoever wrote it knew that Graffham once had a beer-house called The Woodman, and so, almost certainly, the author lived in that village – probably very close to where the witch was living.

The story of the Rector's trap has two almost shocking elements in it. Firstly, of course, is the Rector lighting matches beneath the horse's belly, which is at once both macabre and slightly comical; but the real shocker is the fact that the witch could wield her power so effectively against a man of the cloth – and thus against

the Church. There can't be many witch legends about that sort of thing. I hoped of course that the Rector in the story might have turned out to be Cardinal Manning, as he is well known; but a bit of research quickly proved this was not the case, as he was not Rector at Graffham at the time when the incident was alleged to have taken place. At one point in the article, the old man says that it was about a quarter of a century earlier which, if accurate, would place it as having occurred just after the First World War.

Another witch-legend that has a macabre and slightly amusing element is one of two related by George Aitchison, in the May 1933 issue of the 'Notes & Queries' quarterly of the *Sussex Archaeological Collections*, and although Aitchison does not give the name of the village concerned, he does state it as being in West Sussex. A horse that belonged to a certain farmer whom the witch didn't like was 'overlooked' by her, so that it became "quite helpless."

"Why, it couldn't even die. They got a gun and shot it through the head, but even then it couldn't die. It did not die till they got her to let it die. She only wanted to do Master--- harm and she was satisfied when she had given him all that trouble."

The first of the two stories concerns how a man of well over eighty saw a woman who lived near him turn into a hare: "I knew a witch myself in this very village," the old man told Aitchison. "Her daughter is alive still." It is implied that the witch who became a hare is the same one who bewitched the farmer's horse.

Then, in 1940, Aitchison's 'Some Sussex Apparitions' was published in *Sussex County Magazine*, and towards the end of the article, he writes: 'In all seriousness a villager at Graffham told me of the witch he knew who changed herself into a hare.'

George Aitchison, who lived at Graffham, was the editor of the *Brighton and Hove Herald*, and also wrote two books, one about Brighton, and the other, *Sussex* about the county as a whole – although it's mostly about West Sussex. He also wrote poetry. One of his poems is in *Another Book of Sussex Verse* where it is credited, oddly, to 'A. C. Thyson' – even though in the book's Preface it is implied that this is a pen-name of George Aitchison. Notice how this pseudonym has a lot in common with 'A. R. Milton.' Both are made up of two initials, the first of which is 'A' – and a six-letter two-syllable surname which ends with 'on.'

In his book *Sussex* (1936) Aitchison only mentions witches twice. Once is when he notes that there used to be witch-hares at Plaistow, and the other is this next tale. Note how the informant, like the one above, is around eighty years old – which suggests it was the same man. This, in turn, suggests that the two tales which Aitchison put in *Sussex 'Notes & Queries'* in May 1933 concern the same village.

'They do, indeed, tell here circumstantial stories of witchcraft. An old friend of

mine, who lived eighty busy years at Graffham, has told me in his most matter-of-fact tone how he surprised a hare worrying a horse he was tending, how he chased the hare down a lane, saw it leap through a hole in Mother G----'s hedge, and following into the house, found Mother G---- in bed, gasping and sweating as one who had run for her life.'

S. Cooper

A Holland family album

Victorian families, well-to-do or otherwise, could be large. Readers of the December Magazine¹ will remember the extended family of the 2nd Lord Leconfield, while Charles Holland and his wife Emily, visitors and constant dinner companions at the great house, had a family of eight. In both cases, subsequent marriages would produce a proliferation of cousins, nieces and nephews, at first sight bewildering to an outsider and of interest perhaps mainly to the family historian.

Anyone considering later Victorian Petworth will soon encounter the lapidary presence of Charles Holland, rector from 1859 almost to the century's close and hardly a young man when he came to Petworth from Shipley. It is something of a historical quirk that the last years of Holland's incumbency are more accessible than his first quarter century, in that St Mary's Parish Magazine, beginning in 1884, offers Holland's regular monthly reflection on matters of the day. Like other Victorian clergymen, Holland has an absorbing interest in the vagaries of the weather and a tendency to see the Hand of Providence where a modern counterpart might see a greater play of cause and effect. In retrospect his last years seem now a prolonged meditation on mortality. "My time is getting short. A ministry of twenty-five years cannot last much longer, my account with my Master will have to be sent in. Help me to close it well." In fact Holland would play variations of this theme of human frailty for some fifteen years until, with Charles in failing health, the Hollands retired to "Watchers" at Lynchmere². An anonymous correspondent of the time writes³, in the course of exhorting his younger readers to feed the birds in winter, and referring to his own words. "Bear them in mind when you have put me under the ground, and when your parents and I have been turned, as Mr Holland told us last Sunday into gas and water vapour and dust." The passage seems redolent of the last years of Charles Holland's ministry.

Preserved in the Holland family is a scrapbook, time-worn, battered, but still

very much intact. It is the work of Charles Holland's second daughter, Catherine Louisa and was begun, possibly as the old century turned, perhaps a little before. Catherine Louisa had married Charles Augustus Durrant, curate at Petworth, one of a number personally trained by Charles Holland over the years. Marrying in 1881, the couple moved to Wetherby in Yorkshire a few years later where Charles Durrant would remain as incumbent for some years. The scrapbook has a long newspaper account of the wedding loosely attached. The beginning has been lost, but sufficient remains to record that the officiant, the Rev. F. Bourdillon of Brighton, the bride's uncle, had had his address drowned out by the triumphant pealing of the church bells. The report is notable otherwise for a rare mention of Walter Kevis, the Lombard Street photographer, few of whose wedding photographs have survived. After the ceremony and now returned to the Rectory, "The bridge and bridegroom, the bridesmaids and 'friends and neighbours' were taken in charge by Mr Kevis the photographer and a picture taken as a memento of the event". Curiously it does not appear in the scrapbook.

The scrapbook, in some ways a variation on the simple photograph album, can, as in this case, combine photographs and ephemera. Catherine had an artistic bent and was clearly a keen water-colourist. She also seems, at least in the early stages of compiling her book, to have incorporated such older material as she could find, although it is difficult now to separate older from contemporary material. The early photographs, often cut as ovals, are not in elaborate floral water-colour frames and backgrounds. As the book progresses, Catherine adds water-colour paintings⁴, clearly made while on holiday in the 1890s – Cornwall, Wales, the Lake District and elsewhere. Two Cockermouth Castle views show a continuing link with the Wyndham family. In the later stages of the book photographs dominate and the Petworth perspective gives way to aspects of the careers of Catherine's numerous cousins, nephews and nieces.

An obvious comparison is with the scrapbook of "Mrs" Cownley chatelaine at Petworth in the first decades of the new century. Mrs Cownley's book⁵ begins roughly where Catherine's ends and continues somewhat fitfully into the early 1920s. Of its very nature, Mrs Cownley's world focuses on the domestic hierarchy at the great house rather than on family matters. A notable feature of both books is the cutting out of figures from older photographs to reassemble as a kind of montage, usually of an artificially formed group, painstaking and laborious, but hampered by the fact that the resulting cut-outs fit so uneasily into the reassembled group. Two of Catherine's efforts in this field have clearly been taken from older material. One seems to portray an impromptu entertainment at Burton Park, a picture that although clearly later may be related to one of the oldest of all Petworth photographs⁶. A recreation of a Petworth cricket team

against a water-colour marquee is a similar effort⁷. Catherine is clearly struggling for the names but has all but one.

The Holland family bestrode a somewhat rarified social pyramid with the great house at the top, and would be linked by acquaintance, or sometimes, marriage with the upper echelons of local society, names like Eardley, Blagden, Burrell, Bartelott, Wilmot and de Gilibert are just a few culled from the scrapbook. Catherine is careful to identify although a later hand⁸ sometimes follows a name with a pencil question mark.

A series of snapshots, usually sepia, portray the Rectory and its immediate environs.⁹ The "farmyard" may be Glebe Farm on the Horsham Road, others show the Rectory Gate, the Rectory itself, and a (somewhat elite) haying party at Hilliers. Some sepia shots of the Rectory gardens and one of the Virgin Mary Spring are so faded now as to be irrecoverable. Cut-out photographs of Grace and Katie Hoare against a water-colour domestic background may reflect an affectionate mistress-servant relationship but the names are not otherwise known. The context suggests Petworth rather than Wetherby.¹⁰

Victorian photograph albums, particularly where identification and location are missing, can give a depressing sense of mortality. Catherine's light touch with the paint-brush, and her preparedness to annotate make the scrapbook a fitting parallel with "Mrs" Cownley's slightly later venture.

I have written of Charles Holland in *So Sweet as the Phlox is* (Window Press 1993) pages 27pp and in *Petworth from 1660 to the Present Day* (Window Press 2006) pages 165 to 169. I am grateful for the help and advice of Mr Simon Watson to whom the scrapbook belongs.

P.

1. PSM 158 (December 2014)
2. Hammer would be more accurate.
3. *West Sussex Times* 30th January 1892.
4. There is some doubt whether the floral frames and holiday pictures come from the same hand. The holiday paintings seem inferior work to the floral backgrounds.
5. See account of this in PSM 86 (December 1996) pp 24-27.
6. See P. Jerome and J. Newdick's *Petworth Time Out Of Mind* (1982) page 11.
7. See reproduction in the present Magazine.
8. Catherine's daughter (?).
9. See main photographs in this Magazine.
10. There is an alternative suggestion that members of the Hoare banking family may have dressed up as servants for some kind of charade.

Protected birds. 1870s

NOTICE
(illegible) **CERTAIN WILD BIRDS**
UNITED KINGDOM
DURING THE BREEDING SEASON
(Illegible) 36 Vic. Cap. 78)*

Illegible Wild bird shall for the purposes of this Act be
Illegible To include birds specified in the Schedule of this Act.

Illegible knowingly or with intent kill or wound or take
Illegible wild bird, or expose or offer for sale any wild bird recently
Illegible r taken, between the fifteenth day of March and the
last day of August in any year shall, on conviction of any such offence
Before any Justice or Justices of the Peace shall forfeit and pay for
Such wild bird so killed, wounded, or taken, or exposed, or offered
for sale, a sum not exceeding Five Shillings.

SCHEDULE

Avocet	Landrail (<i>corncrake</i>)	Redstart	Thicknee
Bittern	Lapwing	Robin redbreast	Titmouse, long-tailed
Blackcap	Mallard	Ruff and Reeve	Titmouse, bearded
Chiffchaff	Martin	Sanderling	Wagtail
Illegible	Moor (or water) hen	Sand grouse	Warbler, Dartford
Illegible	Nightingale	Sandpiper	Warbler, reed
crossbill	Nightjar	Sealark (<i>ringed plover</i>)	Warbler, ?
Cuckoo	Nuthatch	Shoveller	Whaup (<i>curlew</i>)
Curlew	Owl	Siskin	Wheatear
Dotterel	Oxbird (<i>dunlin, or stint</i>)	Snipe	Whinchal
Dunbird (<i>yellow wagtail?</i>)	Pewit	Illegible	Whimbrel
Illegible	Phalarope	Illegible	Widgeon
Illegible	Pipit	Illegible	woodcock
Godwit	Plover	Illegible	Wild duck
Gold-crested wren	Plover's Page (<i>Dunlin/Scotland</i>)	Illegible	Woodlark
Illegible	Pochard	Illegible	Woodpecker
Greenshank	Purre (<i>little stint</i>)	Illegible	Wood wren
Hawfinch or grosbeak	Quail	Illegible	Wren
Hedge sparrow	Redpoll	Illegible	Wryneck
Kingfisher	Redshank	Illegible	

Chief Constable's Office

Petworth 10th March 18(?)?)

The Chief Constable in the later 1870's, if not earlier, was Peter Drummond. He was based in Petworth, as was the West Sussex County Gaol. Petworth is central to West Sussex, with good road links in all directions.

The poster is superimposed upon a copy of the West Sussex Advertiser's Almanac which cites inter alia Judge W. Furner's attendance at Petworth Court. Online research shows him as presiding over a court case in Brighton in 1862, and in Hastings in 1859. The poster can be dated accurately to 1866.

During reorganisation of a workshop at the Leconfield Estate yard, an old wooden cupboard became surplus to requirements, and was broken up for disposal. My son, a knowledgeable and enthusiastic birdwatcher, was amazed to find this notice posted to the inside of the cupboard door, and superimposed over an even older notice. The passing of some 150 years has left both notices too fragile to be read in parts, let alone to be removed, I have transcribed as much as I can. The posters survive attached to their piece of the door.

The notice was issued as a result of provisions contained in the Gun Licence Act of 1872. The first legislation aimed directly at the preservation of birds *per se*, rather than in the context of game shooting, was Wild Birds Protection Act of 1880, which took on many of the provisions of earlier Gun Licence legislation.

The schedule of protected birds is of interest, as it uses many old-fashioned, traditional, local names. I was familiar with some but not all. For instance, an oxbird is now known as a dunlin, a common small wading bird seen in great numbers during winter in Pagham Harbour, feeding on mudflats. Why oxbird I cannot imagine; a dunlin is very unlikely to encounter an ox (or even a cow). Whaup is another name I needed to research. Again, the word sounds as if it ought to be onomatopoeic, but not so. We now know it as curlew, which is indeed onomatopoeic. Thicknee is the old name for a stone curlew, formerly much more common on farmland than now. The name survives in the closely related Senegal thicknee of Africa. The alternative name for hawfinch is given as grosbeak. Today we only know of the pine grosbeak, a rare visitor from northern Scandinavia. Spellings have changed; shoveller has lost an "l", widgeon its "d", and pewit has gained an "e". The titmice have shed their "mice" appendage.

Why just "owl"? There were four species recognized in 1872, little owl not being successfully introduced from Europe until a decade or so later. Why just woodpecker? Three species were resident in 1872. Treatment of the warblers is strange as well. Why specify just Dartford warbler and reed warbler, but then generalize with "warbler"? Why not specify garden, sedge, grasshopper, and willow warblers? Wood wren is included; we know it as wood warbler, a very similar species to willow warbler. Sandpiper is another non-specific name, and embraces five regularly seen species, common, green, wood, curlew, and purple.

The most curious inclusion of all is Sand grouse. The species was only recorded in the UK for the first time in 1859, followed by a brief influx of some 300 in 1863, and several further irruptions later in the nineteenth century. Since then records have been rare indeed, with just four birds noted in the entire twentieth century!

Apparent omissions from the schedule are just as curious. Maybe great crested grebe is the illegible entry just before greenshank. One hopes so. The species had been hunted to the edge of extinction by 1860, to feed the demand of milliners for

its crest and under-pelt. Its disappearance was a major stimulus in the development of the bird protection movement, culminating in a flurry of legislation.

By 1872, the date of this notice, wild birds were undoubtedly in need of some serious protection. Food markets routinely offered large numbers of wild birds for sale. Wheatears were regularly caught for the table on the South Downs in large numbers, using clap nets. Ornithologists would search the market stalls looking for rarities amongst more common species. Those same ornithologists collected specimens with their shotguns, to stuff and mount behind glass. "Not knowing what it was I shot it" was the phrase used of the Sussex bird book author William Borrer, of his first encounter with a pied flycatcher in 1853. He goes on to say "it is now in my collection". A Mr. Knox had killed another at Halnaker in 1837. "Taken", "collected", "obtained" were all regularly used euphemisms for "shot", but then they did not have the optics that we have today. "What's hit is history, what's missed is mystery" was the catchphrase. Furthermore, those same ornithologists were amassing huge collections of birds' eggs, whole clutches at a time, and the rarer the species, the greater the desire to acquire. So thank goodness for the enlightenment that began to spread around the time of our notice.

Andrew Howard

Reference sources:

- "Wild Birds Protection Acts 1880 - 1896" by Marchant and Watkins 1897
- "The Birds of Sussex" by William Borrer 1891
- "Birds in England" by Brown and Grice 2005
- "British Birds - their Folklore, Names, and Literature" by Greenoak 1997

My mother (1)

My mother - Mary Louise Simmonds, nee Tombs - was born on 7 November 1874 at Winkfield, one of 13 children. Her mother, Sarah Frances Chase, was 17 years old when she married George Tombs at St Giles Church, Reading in November 1858.

Mother was their tenth child, two daughters previous to her birth had died in infancy. There were, however, seven children living. Her father, George, was a blacksmith and ran a prosperous business. He was also known as a Job Master which was the taxi service of that day; he owned horses and carriages and had several men working for him. Sarah, his wife, worked by his side - she kept the

books, took bookings for the cabs (no telephone then, all had to call at the house) and planned the various journeys the drivers had to make. Mother remembers being carried in a wicker basket to watch her father work in the blacksmith's shop. It so delighted her to watch the sparks flying. Two more children were born after Mother so she was part of a large bustling family.

All this was told to Mother in later years because when she was six years old her father died suddenly of a heart attack. Her mother at this time was carrying her thirteenth child and with the burden of all her problems died giving birth just six months later. The baby lived only two days. So in the churchyard of Winkfield Church in the year 1880 George, Sarah and baby were buried.

The family, by necessity, was split up and Mother was 'adopted' by an Uncle and Aunt in London who had two daughters of their own. Mother was happy but the Aunt was not; she felt her husband was giving more attention to "little Polly" (the name Mother was always known by) than he was to his own two daughters and when, some months later, he was away on business she placed Mother in an orphanage at St John's Wood. Other members of the family were appalled at her vindictiveness but papers had been signed and the order had to stay. Mother was just seven years old.

The rules of the Home were very strict – the girls were all dressed alike in plain brown dresses and Mother was always getting into trouble for talking in class. The punishment was either to lie flat on the floor to do the lesson or stand in front of the class with your hands above your head holding a slate; every time you bent your arms another slate was added. Poor Mother was holding ten and dropped the lot so she was in great trouble. She also remembered a religious picture on the wall with one large eye which they said was the eye of God who was watching them all the time which really frightened them.

One ray of sunshine in Mother's life at this time was a gentleman called General Waddington who was on the Board of Governors. He took a special interest in her and would take Mother and a friend to his home for tea on occasions – a great treat.

The food at the Home was very plain and the same meals were served every week with perhaps a piece of cake on Sunday. One of the laundry maids slept in the dormitory and Mother would stay awake on Kristie's day off in case she had brought back sweets.

As the girls reached thirteen years of age they could put their hair up. They had to work in all departments – kitchen, laundry, housework and the sick bay. Mother liked looking after the children and they would often send for her if they had a difficult child who was ill.

When Mother left the Home a position was found for her in Dorset as a

nursery-maid under a very strict nurse. There were several children and it was very hard work. She stayed there for almost six years.

Holidays were few and far between but when Mother did have time off she visited her sister at Highgate. Frances was married to the son of the owner of a horse carriage business and she ran the ladies riding school attached to it. Mother too tried riding but not very successfully she told me. She did not fall off but she did lose her hat! They had great fun together.

Longer holidays were spent with another sister Lizzie who was also married and lived at a lovely old Mill near Kirtlington in Oxfordshire. Lizzie was the eldest of the family and had married soon after their parents died so she had nieces and nephews there only ten and twelve years younger than herself.

On one of Mother's visits to Highgate, Frances told her of a family – a Mr and Mrs Forshall – who wanted a Nanny and who lived in Sussex in a tiny village called Iping. The year was 1901. Mother had a big change in her life and so did the country. Queen Victoria died, she had been on the throne for 64 years – some peoples' whole lifetime.

What a life for Mother after living in London to go to the country to a house right off the beaten track. After a while she came to love it and the children in her care, who ran wild through the woods and common. There were six children of all ages, sadly little Beth was killed after her pony bolted and threw her. It took a long, long while for them to recover from this tragedy.

My father, Oliver, was born at Iping near Midhurst; he too had no parents living. His mother died when he was nine years old and his father when he was thirteen. He then had to go to work to keep himself with the help of his eldest married sister. He had had various jobs but at the time of their meeting he was working as a groom at a place nearby and would coincide to exercise his pony at the time Mother was out with the children. That was how it all began and then they were walking out together quite openly. Father used to say he had a hard job to get Mother to say "Yes", as he was several years younger and his family did not really approve which made it rather difficult for them.

Eventually they set their wedding day for 5 August 1911 and were married from The Mill, Kirtlington. The family were so good to her then – her nieces helping to choose the wedding dress and arranging the reception etc. The weather at that time was so hot it was very difficult to find flowers for Mother's bouquet. They were married at Kirtlington Church.

Their home was to be in Lodsworth where Father was working at that time.

After all the celebrations they set off on their journey to Sussex which took them about seven hours as there was trouble of some kind on the railway. When they reached Selham Station, they found all their provisions had been left behind

and they still had a couple of miles to walk to Lodsworth. On the way Father found he had a nail in his boot so had to sit on the side of the road and knock it down with a stone. They reached their little cottage about 11pm just as some friends were locking up thinking they were coming the next day. They had nothing much to eat in the house and it being Bank Holiday the neighbours came to their rescue with vegetables and a little piece of meat which Mother cooked altogether in an old iron pot. They ate it off tea plates as their things had not been unpacked! So began a long and happy marriage.

Betty Simmonds – to be continued.

From a series of articles in 'Outlook' the Lodsworth, Selham and Lickfold Magazine. They were published in the 1990s. I am grateful to the current editor for permission to reproduce here and to Rob Smith for drawing my attention to them. Ed.

An Ebernoe childhood (5)

We rarely came into contact with strangers and so it was a novelty to see soldiers. I have always had a soft spot for the Military. I married a soldier and was in the ATS for over four years during the last war, and I am left with some happy memories. The other two services have a more glamorous life but the soldiers are tops for me. One of my brothers was killed at Anzio during the war, and my younger brother had served in the Grenadier Guards, but sad to say he was invalided out with TB, and died whilst in his twenties. Another younger brother joined the Navy but now lives in New Zealand. I do not recall Mother having her favourites but she was especially fond of Johnny as he was always happy go lucky and made her happy, and goodness knows she did not get much joy. It seems to me she loved us best when we were babies. I lived with her and Father for a time after I was married and could see her with grown up eyes, and appreciated her more. At the time I have in mind she was nursing my daughter who was about a year old. I said to Mother, "Put her down in her pram" as she had fallen asleep; she replied, "No, she looks so sweet it would be a pity to wake her up". I realised then that though having borne thirteen children she still had plenty of love and time left for them. It was not long after that I left them to join my husband who was stationed in Tripoli. While I was out there she passed away. Although it was not unexpected it came as an awful shock, and it was hard to imagine what life would be without her. On the other hand Father stayed fairly fit and lived on his own until he died suddenly. He was quite capable of feeding himself. He always kept chickens and

during the war when bacon was rationed, he bartered the eggs for bacon and other food. He kept a shooting gun all his life and so no doubt he kept the pot going with rabbits or any other edible animal or bird.

They had left the farm some years prior to these events. I was not at home when they moved out. It was all done in a hurry. I heard Father had got very heavily into debt, owing the rent and other bills to the butcher, grocer etc. They moved to a cottage a good many miles away, a job went with it. However, they moved a few times after that. I was working not far from one of these places, and went to see them on my days off. It was a very worrying time for Mother as the bailiffs were trying to move in but they managed to evade them by going out every day when the heat was on. I am ignorant with regard to these affairs, but at that time, the bailiffs could not evict them unless they were actually at home. They were very lucky to get away with it though. They had another move after this, and seemed then to have been safe. One of my older brothers lived at home and was the breadwinner. By that time only about three of the youngest of the family were living at home. My father did odd jobs like cutting hedges and clearing out the undergrowth of copses, though no doubt he kept the proceeds as pocket money for himself. In spite of all these troubles, they appeared to be much more contented and happier. They had a pony and trap and often went out for rides. A local farmer's wife said they were like Darby and Joan. If only they had known the kind of life it had been before for them. Of course with the pressures of the farm and all it entailed, and with most of the family flown (chucked out of) the nest removed, they were left fairly free.

At this particular time I would often go home for weekends, or my time off and Mother and I would go for walks through the fields which were all around us, and I remember the lovely smell coming from a field of broad beans which were in blossom. Sometimes we went for bike rides and she enjoyed these jaunts. Sometimes she treated herself to an afternoon off to the cinema. It meant a long bike ride to the nearest bus then half an hour's ride. She liked especially to see the "Ginger Rogers" and "Fred Astaire" films. Father did not object but I was there to get his tea, so he could not use that as an excuse to stop her enjoyment. It was nice to know that she could get out and enjoy herself, after all the years of drudgery, even if only for a few hours.

Once we had a day out by the sea to Littlehampton, this meant going by train and this was a rare treat for both of us. Mother was not born and bred in the country as Father and rest of the family were, and I often think she would rather have lived in the town. Her roots were in Birkenhead, and she used the short "a" in words such as brass and grass, and we often took delight in mimicking her.

While at the farm Father went quite often to the various markets round that

area. He looked quite a dandy when he was dressed to go, as he wore well polished brown leggings and boots, a bowler hat, a collar and tie. Of course he never cleaned his boots and leggings himself. He never believed in keeping a dog and barking himself. He usually went out on Sunday mornings and wore the same kind of clothes then. I think it was the only times when he shaved. Sometimes he cut himself and he would get a cobweb (there were no problems finding one!) and he would stick it on the cut.

I remember many times on his return from market he was the worse for drink. Some people become merry when over indulging but with him it was the opposite; he became bad tempered and would find fault and criticize, my elder brothers in particular, for something that he said they had not done right while he was away. One day my brother got angry as he had been working hard, while Father had been enjoying himself. In fact it ended up by them coming to blows. Father would have got the worst of it (being unsteady on his feet). He was saved from harm though as my mother got between them holding a pole. I distinctly remember this happening in a cart shed, and sometimes I wonder why, as there can be no doubt that he deserved what would have happened to him, and I do not expect he appreciated what she had done.

A favourite remedy of father's was turpentine. He used this as an embrocation for his rheumatism, and a few drops on a spoonful of sugar for toothache. He never went to the dentist in his life. Likewise he never had his eyes tested, and bought his reading glasses from Woolworth's for sixpence.

Although it was unknown for the doctor to visit us or vice versa, there were occasions when this was really essential, but medical advice was not called on, probably because of the fees which would have to be paid out. One of my youngest brothers injured his back while playing football at school. He did not receive any medical treatment and he was left with a twisted spine. In spite of all its shortcomings, we have got a Health Service nowadays which was not in existence then, and if the right action had been taken he would almost certainly have been none the worse for it, and his life would have been somewhat different, though who could say as to whether it would have been for the better or worse.

One of my sisters cut herself badly on the instep whilst cutting reeds with a fag hook, and even now I remember how much it bled. I was sawing wood one day when the saw slipped and I got a nasty cut on my left hand. On the same day after this happened my father gave me an errand to do. Mother objected as she said I had cut my hand and he said, "It's only a little scratch". We never got any sympathy when these accidents happened. Luckily we did not seem to have suffered any bad after effects or it would have been a different story. All the same, we still have the scars. Mine is a ragged scar about an inch long.

One day we children were given a rather unusual job. A sow was wandering about in the long grass in the orchard when she should have been tucked up in her cosy sty. She was farrowing, and we had to hunt for these little pink pigs. Some of them were dead, but a few lived. I expect Father gave Betty a good lecture next time he talked to her, but sorry to say I did not know why it happened. All these things happened over sixty years ago, and how times have changed, not all for the better.

Life was much harder but there was not so much crime. As children we were safe to play on our own away from the house, and walk to and from school with no fear of being picked up or taken away by strange people. We knew all the people with whom we came into contact and they knew us. I feel sorry for the children of today; they have more opportunities (apart from unemployment) but they are more confined, and compared to our childhood, childhood today is not nearly so interesting. Their enjoyment is laid on for them whereas we found our own, and in my opinion there is no comparison between being cooped up, as they are to a certain extent, and having fields and woods and the freedom which we had to look for birds' nests, play in the ponds and brook, and all the other pursuits.

There were some very unhappy times, mainly because of Father's drinking problem. I know it is wrong of me to criticise him, but if he had behaved otherwise, the farm would have been a success and my brothers could have reaped the benefits. He did not believe in modern machinery which was available at the time, and that would have made life easier and more interesting for my brothers. So it is not surprising that they lost heart and left home, then everything fell to pieces. They wanted to make a better life for themselves with good wives and to bring up a family of their own. As it happened, they are still happily married and have been for over fifty years, with ever increasing great grand children. If we were ever able to all get together it would be very interesting, what a lot we should have to talk about!

Life in those days was more down to earth (for us anyway) and of course at a much slower pace. Sometimes it seems to me people do not give themselves time to do anything really worthwhile. They get into a rut through the demands of every day life, though to be fair, it is not always their own fault. It would be nice if we could go back sixty years or more just for a week. I daresay we would probably be glad to return to our familiar humdrum boring lives, if only for the modern conveniences. However, we shall always have our memories but it is silly to try and live in the past. I try and make allowances for the younger generation, as things have changed so much since our young days including the "living in sin" aspect which seems to be quite normal nowadays. As the saying goes "that's progress". No doubt in the years to come some of these good old fashioned ideas will return,

I like to think so anyway.

I sometimes wonder what Granny would have thought if she had been alive today. Things which I thought were normal were all wrong to her, and should not have been allowed. I remember telling her of our new school teacher who was married, she did not agree with married women going out to work and was quite disgusted. I agree with her in one aspect, especially if it means leaving the children to their own devices, very often the only reason why they go out is to have extra spending money. I don't know what Mother's ideas were, she was always so occupied with all the work she had to do she could not have given much thought to it. Sometimes she gave me the impression that even she thought Granny (her mother) was old fashioned. My children probably think I am old fashioned, as their children will in turn think they are old fashioned, and I sometimes wonder how advanced can the human race become, with regards to fashion. It is probably a vicious circle.

Sabina Melville – concluded.

We have, despite our efforts, been unable to trace the copyright owner.

P.



This postcard from John Connor may show a very early Garland picture but carries no identifying stamp. Has anyone any suggestions?

