

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
Magazine

No. 172. June 2018



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Drifts of English bluebells, *Endymion non-scriptus*, *Scilla non-scripta* or *Hyacinthoides non-scripta* – botanists seem unsure of the scientific name, the last of these being the current choice. Many of the flower's early vernacular names related it to the foot of the crow: Crake feet (i.e. crow feet), Crawfeet, Crawtaes (i.e. crow toes), Crow-bells, Crow flower, Crow's legs and so on. A photograph taken in Stag Park by Linda Wort on April 22. See 'Linda and Betty's Stag Park walk' on page 48.

FRONT COVER

'At the farmhouse door'. A photograph taken by George Garland in about 1935 at Upperton. See 'Do you remember Jokari?' on page 45.

BACK COVER

The letter written by the builder Henry Cooper to potential customers after his taking over the Angel Street business of James Woods in 1909. See 'Old Petworth Traders No. 25' on page 44.

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

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 £14.00, single or double, one magazine delivered. Postal £18.00, overseas nominal £25.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following.

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CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

You will see a separate note concerning the Society Privacy Policy. We keep your membership details securely and do not pass them on to anyone else. Unless, for any reason, you do not wish us to have these details, there is no need to take any further action.

I am pleased to tell you that Mr Nick Wheeler had agreed to act as the Society Honorary Treasurer. We are grateful to Celia Lilly for helping us during the transitional period from Sue Slade's careful stewardship.

It is now forty-five years since the Society's foundation meeting in the Leconfield Hall in 1973 and there will be few now who remember that evening. Some kind of celebration seems in order and this year it will replace the now traditional dinner at Petworth House. I am hopeful that we will be able to continue the latter next year. Details in the September magazine, as too, news of the second Society outing of the year.

On the vexed question of the proposed skate park, I can only comment on a personal basis. It is hardly controversial to say that the suggested car park site is not ideal: there are obvious difficulties with safety, noise and supervision while parking space is increasingly at a premium. We do need to be careful: there is a considerable sum of money at issue, earmarked for the town's youth. Can we be certain that this is what they actually want? Their apparent silence needs to be broken.

Opposite. An unattributed press photograph from the mid-1940s of the church of St James and St John at Derwent, Derbyshire as the Ladybower reservoir was gradually filled.

Ghost villages and abandoned settlements

The Petworth Society March meeting. Keith Thompson

There are several ways in which villages become abandoned: disease, such as the Plague, changes in farming clearances, coastal erosion. We tend to think of this as something which happened long ago, but David Bramwell, concentrating on events occurring during the past hundred years, brought home the continuing nature of the phenomenon and its effect on us, even today.

Many villages have been sacrificed as valleys have been dammed and flooded to create reservoirs supplying water to industry and growing populations. An example is Ladybower in Derbyshire, where the villages of Ashopton and Derwent were drowned in 1943, the houses destroyed, the inhabitants relocated, leaving



only the church, whose spire eerily appeared during the drought of 1976.

Three thousand listed buildings have disappeared in these ways. In the natural course of coastal erosion, chiefly down the eastern coastline, Dunwich, once a port with the population equal to that of London at the time, has fallen into the sea.

People have abandoned their villages when life became unsustainable. Decline of local employment led to the loss of Tide Mills, near Brighton. Properties became 'unfit for human habitation'. Similarly, two remaining families on the Scilly island of Samson were found to be existing on limpets and potatoes, finally being taken to Tresco. It is not surprising that such situations have given rise to stories of ghosts, too easily dismissed as fantasy.

The MOD has been responsible for the loss of a number of villages in more recent years. Imber, on Salisbury Plain, is a well-known example, where the villagers and their descendants, given the promise of return when the second world war was over, can, even now, visit on only one day a year. A broken promise. Balsdean, near Woodingdean, is another, where just a cross marks the site of the church.

The villagers of Tyneham, in Dorset, suffered the same treatment. Its school-room has been preserved as it was left when troops took over in preparation for D-Day. Can the voices of the schoolchildren still be heard, as may the bells of Dunwich church?

Finally, David told of a village which he feels ought to have been lost. Six miles off the Norfolk/Suffolk coast and originally in international waters, a group of sea forts was constructed, linked by precarious walkways. When they were abandoned in 1956, they were taken over by 'squatters', among them, the pirate radio station Caroline, later to be replaced by Screaming Lord Such and his Monster Raving Looney Party and then, 'Prince' Roy, who declared it an independent principality 'Sealand', which continues today, even after a fire in 2006, profiting from the sale of passports and postage stamps. David had the full, almost unbelievable story, impossible to record here. He has a book.

This was David's third talk to the Society – remember 'The Number 9 bus to Utopia' and 'The Man Who Posted Himself'? He is a star speaker who conveys unusual interests, mystery and humour through his engaging personality.

More, please!

'It's good,' he said, 'but...'

Reg Withers in conversation with Caroline Egremont and the editor

It was 1st January 1949, my first Saturday at work and a half day. I was aged 15 and had left the Boys School at Culvercroft in Pound Street at Christmas and had three job interviews in prospect at the International Stores, the Post Office and the gardens at Petworth House. In the event I went first to the Gardens, and didn't attend the other interviews. I reported to the potting shed.

Compared with later years, there was still a significant staff, although not on the scale of pre-war years. Fred Streeter, already known nationwide as the 'Radio Gardener' was very much in charge with Harold Cobby, Reg Grist, Jim Steer, Arthur Prodger and Perce Berry working in the kitchen garden and tending the fruit and flowers. My immediate superior was Jim Chaplain working with Jim Pullen from Tillington, mostly under glass. David Wright was on a two-year course and would move on; he was a greenhouse expert and a career gardener. The bothy, so long home to unmarried men, was now unoccupied although Jim Chaplain had lived there relatively recently. Jim had a knack with peaches: no one, it seemed, could tend them as well as he. He was my mentor. He showed me how to tie and set me at work. When I was halfway through, he had a good look. 'It's good', he said, 'but not quite right.' To this day, I think he did it deliberately to see how I would react. Similarly, he had me sweeping the peach house floor and he'd point out a little piece of silt I'd left at the side. Another test of my temperament perhaps. If you were a greenhouse worker you stuck strictly to the greenhouses and rarely worked outside except you did do the flower borders round the greenhouse.

I'd walk in from Hampers Green to be at work at 7:30; it would be a fair while before Jim said to me, 'Have you got a bike?' I said I had and that was that. There was an hour for lunch, then work till five. Saturday till one o'clock, later relaxed to 12, then later to 11am. Weekend duties, originally one in six, would become more frequent as men left and were not replaced. Weekend duty centred around watering, venting and the greenhouse boilers, filling the hopper with coke; the boiler was fed daily and once a week it had to be fully cleaned out and cleared of clinker, this virtually meant climbing into it. I probably inhaled rather more dust than I should, but Health and Safety lay still in the distant future.

Fred Streeter was noted for his aversion to smoking; it was just about allowed in the gardens, but certainly nowhere near the tomatoes or peaches. I did smoke a little before being called up for National Service but soon gave it up. Fred

Streeter didn't usually appear in the morning: his radio presence attracted a huge correspondence which he attended to personally. He'd sit at his office at the end of the boiler house answering the morning's post, writing in his beautiful hand with his big flat nib ink pen. The occasional visitor would come to see him. One lady I remember bumping into him 'Where's Mr Streeter?' she asked. Clearly Mr Streeter had other things on his mind, 'Oh, he's just this minute disappeared up to the Pleasure Grounds' was the reply and Mr Streeter made off. To be fair I can only remember this happening once.

Lord Leconfield was often in the gardens. He always wore gaiters and had a black Labrador with him. He would always speak and liked to just pass the time of day with us. By 1949 he was already ailing and I remember him being wheeled around the garden by one of the Petworth nurses, either Reid or Allen. His lordship had a key to the Tillington Road entrance by the cricket pavilion so you'd never know when he might appear; woe betide anyone who might bolt that door on the inside! Lady Leconfield I never saw, she was, it seemed, unwell.

There were unusual features in the gardens but the overall impression was of decline. The glass badly needed attention and was not receiving it. The great days had passed. There were twelve greenhouses plus an Alpine house and a pit, essentially a sunken potting frame where we grew cucumbers and of course the famous cranberry bed – it had of course to be kept permanently moist. We gardeners had nothing to do with it – it was the exclusive preserve of Mr Streeter and Florie Hamilton who worked for the Streeters in the house. I never quite understood the need for a cranberry bed but it wasn't my business. Seakale? Yes, we grew this for blanching but initially outside.

Working together, Jim Chaplain and I needed to check everything when we came in in the morning: water, venting and the borders round the glasshouses. The boiler of course was crucial. But 1956 saw great changes. Jim Chaplain left and Arthur Prodger moved to work in the woods department. John Streeter, who had been partially blinded in the school bombing and had joined after me, left too, while Mr Shelley the land agent had some of the glass pulled down.

I had been called up for National Service in 1952. I was now in the RAF earning £1.7s.6d a week, clothing and food found, as opposed to the £2.8s.6d

Opposite: 'The flowers were sometimes cut arrangements and sometimes pot plants. We'd prepare the flowers the afternoon before to take them up early the next morning'. A tradition continues – these lilies were grown in the glasshouse in 2017 before being taken up to the White Library where they are reflected in the great pier glass between the windows and complement the lily-shaped lamp shades. Photograph © Tessa Traeger.



a week I had been earning in the gardens. I later found that as I wasn't living in a Leconfield house I was due an increase; for a long time the Estate 'rent' had been deducted. I would return to the gardens when National Service was over.

Jim Chaplain and I looked after the flowers both in the private house and in the still almost tentative National Trust section. When Jim left, Harold Cobby took over, and eventually I took it over myself. The flowers were sometimes cut arrangements and sometimes pot plants. We'd prepare the flowers the afternoon before to take them up early the next morning. Often it wasn't so much a matter of replacing as of simply checking or changing the water. I particularly remember the 'coolers', big square boxes formerly used for wine. Often they would take azaleas, maidenhair ferns and coleus. At that time Miss Harris the secretary coordinated the relation between House and Trust. Tubs with rhododendrons (*Rhododendron fragrantissimum*) were something else: they were extremely heavy and carried on long metal bars; we had to get help from the Pleasure Ground staff, (Ron Stanford, Bill Harrison, and Walter Webber who lived in the Double Lodges) to bring them in. I've known them bend the metal bars let alone my back. They would be placed by the window in the Marble Hall either side and one in the front.

Carnations were grown in pots and John Wyndham would always have one fresh on his desk every morning. The compost had to be freshly mixed and carry a proportion of clay always collected from Half Moon Piece by the Pheasant Copse. This was something like an annual event.

The glasshouses were referred to by numbers, although I don't think they were formerly numbered – we just knew which was which – melons would be in number six for instance. Cyclamens were a particular speciality although it was too warm in the house for them to thrive there. I would spread soot around the pots in the frame prior to their removal to the greenhouse.

Mr Spencer came in the 1960s ostensibly to take over from Mr Streeter. In fact, he never did. He came for a time, left, and returned. We exhibited at the RHS and at Olympia: sometimes I would go with him. We had a gold medal for grapes: we only exhibited white Muscat, never black. Cyclamen brought us a gold too I'm sure. The house mechanic drove us up once; it would be the late 1950s and he thought he'd lend a hand by rubbing the bloom off the apples in the fruit exhibit. Mr Streeter went absolutely mad. We would exhibit five of a kind on a plate, several plates with different varieties. One, I remember, was a tip fruiting apple. We had to start early to set up for judging at 11. As we were taking down, Harry Wheatcroft the rose grower asked me if he could take home five of the exhibit apples. He took his apples and came back with a large bunch of roses for my mother. On one such occasion Fred Streeter asked if I was going home with the Estate transport. 'No', I said, 'I'm going to Highbury. Arsenal are playing

Preston in an F.A. Cup replay'. He gave me £1. Cyclamen and choice fruit were exhibition standbys, and a stand of cyclamen could comprise some fifty plants.

The glasshouses were divided very roughly as follows:

The Top Range had six houses, numbered 1 to 6:

1. Grapes
2. Cyclamen
3. Peaches, nine trees with carnations on the staging
4. Tomatoes grown on the brick walls, no staging
5. Divided into three sections featuring gloriosa lilies and exotics like clivias.
6. Mixed pot plants, alternating with melons

The Lower Range had three houses:

1. Peach trees with plums on the back wall
2. Black grapes with fig trees on the back wall
3. Peaches, but was in very poor repair

The Bottom Range had three houses (opposite Mr Streeter's house) with access from the potting shed.

On the left as you entered from the potting shed:

1. Nectarines going over your head with camellias on the wall

To the right as you entered from the potting shed:

2. Figs going over your head with peaches on the wall
3. Peaches going over your head with nectarines on the wall

The peach trees would be manured taking care not to touch the trunk. Everything was done by hand in the old way; there was no mechanisation. If fruit was to be sent up to Cockermonth there were boxes specially made by the carpenters, divided into six compartments each capable of holding something like a single box of grapes.

Venting was crucial. Fred Streeter was very particular about the air in the grape house and I can still see him flying out of the office to adjust a vent, often he would insist on doing this himself. You never quite knew how he would react in any given situation. Once I was hoeing carrots and had the radio tuned to a test match, not exactly forbidden but something of a moot point. The radio was covered by my jacket. Mr Streeter appeared. He stopped. 'What's the score Tommy?' He called all the younger men Tommy. Useless to point out that's wasn't my name: he took no notice.

Harold Cobby had worked in the gardens for years and he was the most inoffensive of men. I only ever saw him riled the once. It was the year 1962/63

and there had been so much snow on the ground that the other estate workers had been given an extra day off. Fred Streeter took it on his own initiative to say that this didn't apply to the Gardens. When we queried it, he said he knew nothing about it. For once Harold Cobby was furious, and junior as I still was I queried it too, particularly as it so happened that my maintenance weekend had fallen on consecutive Bank Holidays, even if a weekend duty meant an extra ten shillings. When we said we were going to ask Mr Shelley the agent about it, Fred, and I can see him now, lifted his hat high above his head and shouted, 'If you want a week, take a bloody week. I haven't had a holiday for three years.' We took him at his word, although I only stayed away for four days. Fred Streeter did not like talking about time off or money.

I had been put down to play for the Leconfield Estate in a Saturday cricket match but I always worked Saturday morning until 12. Fred wasn't having any of that. I would go off at the usual time, after the match had started. Eventually he let me go at eleven and I changed quickly and arrived late. I think we found Fred Streeter unpredictable and I simply learned to live with him. He was more and more taken up with his radio work and of course in later years would appear on television. If he was going to London, on the train from Pulborough, he'd set out the jobs to be done, usually enough for three days work rather than a single afternoon. When he gave out the list we knew he was going to be away. Once he gave out the list as usual and then said, 'Actually I'm not going to be away today.' That was typical: you never quite knew what he was going to do, almost as if he needed to keep us guessing.

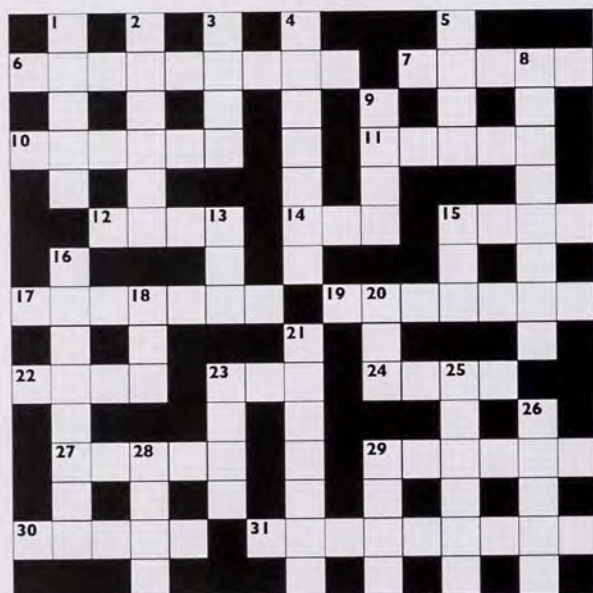
Mrs Streeter was nice and died some years before her husband. I remember her being taken ill and Bill Parsons the ambulance man, working on his own, not being able to get down the path to the house because of one of the arches. We had to help bring the stretcher along the track to the ambulance. Both arches are now gone. They were taken down in 1968 just before Angus Heron was taken on to run a market garden. Mrs Streeter had a parrot indoors and kept a kind of aviary at the back. She also had a tortoise. I once found a budgerigar in the garden and took it to her to look after. The Streeters tended to go in and out through the Armoury gate on Tillington road. They had a key for this.

Below. '...his radio presence attracted a huge correspondence...' Fred Streeter contemplates his post-bag in a somewhat contrived press photograph from the 1960s. Photographer unknown. See also page 40.



SUSSEX DOWNS CROSSWORD

Compiled by Debby Stevenson
Solution on page 22



ACROSS

- 6** The third highest down – one of the chain of beacons (9)
7 Bad news for hay fever sufferers on a breezy day (5)
10 Hard stones buried in the chalk, once extracted at 16 down (6)
11 Ancient weapon (5)
12 The last you will see of the rabbit! (4)
14 and **15** down 'Of all the trees that grow so fair, Old England to adorn, Greater are none beneath the sun than... and... and thorn' (Kipling) (3, 3)
15 To be on the summit of the downs (4)
17 Downland butterfly – with curls? (7)
19 They might be bee, butterfly or spotted (7)
22 Climb a tree quickly (4)
23 Conflict which has left its mark over the centuries (3)
24 Frequent feature of downland weather (4)
27 Empire which built 30 across (5)
29 Hill site near Storrington (6)
30 and **25** down. Ancient road to Chichester which crosses the downs (5, 6)
31 Downland birds once hunted almost to extinction (9)

DOWN

- 1** Visited by the Petworth Society in 2013 – home of the Gage family (5)
2 How one might describe the view (6)
3 English trees – now a rare sight (4)
4 Surround and hide – with 24 across perhaps (7)
5 Fallow – sometimes glimpsed on the downs! (4)
8 Water supply for Southdown sheep (8)
9 Vaughan Williams captured its soaring song (4)
13 Part of a golf course (3)
15 See 14 across
16 Hill above Storrington which inspired the poet Francis Thompson (8)
18 Snare or trap (3)
20 Strong drink – could have been part of 26 down (3)
21 Horse used for heavy farmwork (7)
23 Power for the turbines (4)
25 See 30 across (6)
26 Hidden contraband – John Olliver was said to keep his under his monument on Highdown Hill (5)
28 Source of 10 across (4)
29 Seaford or Beachy (4)

346 High Street – a glimpse at the 1940s

Peter Jerrome

The Cottage Museum reflects a distinctive period, 1910, and to an extent takes account of Mary Cummings' later tenancy. She left in 1930. The years from 1930 remain largely hidden from us, but have an interest of their own. The last incumbent had been the widowed Mrs Stee who died in the 1990s. Her husband Jack had worked as a plumber and in 1994 the central garden plot was down to rough grass with the border to the right much as it is now. There was no interior WC.

Echoes of an earlier period were stirred by the appearance of Mrs Jane Grady on a visit, not as it would appear, her first. She could remember 346 in the early 1940s when she would come to stay with her Geoffrey grandparents, Elizabeth and Gerald. Gerald worked locally as a gardener, while Elizabeth was very active in the town, taking cooking lessons in the Iron Room and elsewhere. She was also a very active member of the Women's Institute. An annual cup seems to have been awarded as a tribute to her. Jane had measles during one of her stays at 346. She slept in what is now Mrs Cummings' sewing room. What is now the parlour was used as a sitting room, cooking being done in the present scullery, probably on a gas stove. There was no range in the sitting room, this having been put in for the Museum opening in 1996.

As now 346 was divided from the house next door by a partition and Jane and the little boy next door devised a code that enabled them to communicate by tapping on the wall. Mr Whittington, the plumber next door was known to the children as Pumpy. He had an old Ford car in which the children were allowed to play. The Whittingtons had a large garden and kept chickens. They also had peach trees along the wall. Blackberrying was a favourite activity in the season and Mr Geoffrey would go down to the Virgin Mary Spring then pull down the high branches by the stream for the children to pick – also to keep an eye out for snakes. He kept two allotments – it was wartime and the accent very much on home produce. Jane had stronger memories of her parents living by the British Legion where her grandfather would later be steward. She had been very young when she stayed at 346.

‘Oh Tyre you have said...’

The March Book Sale. Peter Jerrome

By the time you read this the 200th book sale will have receded into fond memory. Time and book sales move on. Jonathan Newdick’s celebratory poster perhaps best reflects a memorable day with the Society town crier in jovial attendance.

In this centenary of the end of the 1914-18 war, Donald Maxwell’s *The Last Crusade*¹ caught my attention. Maxwell was a popular and prolific writer and illustrator between the wars. In writing the history of Ebernoe in the 1990s I made brief acquaintance with his *A Detective in Sussex*,² a light-hearted excursion into iron-working remains in East Sussex. He makes the cheerful admission in passing that the topographical detective ‘may sometimes follow a false trail’. A man, he observes can be a pretty good batsman and yet somehow be bowled out middle stump. The image seems particularly suggestive of the time. Mr Maxwell did not pursue his enquiries into West Sussex.

And here he was again. The dying embers of the 1914-18 war and the Turkish Empire in full retreat. Formerly in charge of an east coast patrol boat, Mr Maxwell had been directed by the Admiralty to devote his artistic energies to recording naval work in progress along the shores of the Holy Land. Palm trees for the monotonous mud-flats of Foulness. The eventual result would be a dozen chapters and a flurry of pictures, colour, monochrome and line, the while playing a descant on a biblical world that was still, to a limited extent, part of a diffused public consciousness.

Space here only to mention the port of Tyre; under the Phoenicians, once the greatest naval base in the world ‘now accessible only to H.M.’s trawlers and drifters’ or its companion Sidon, subject to the indignity of being policed by M.Ls.³ Had not Ezekiel’s old prophecies now come home to roost? It is a heady mix: lost empires, one still intact but crumbling fast. Mr Maxwell wrote regularly for the *Church Times* and is liberal with quotations from the Hebrew prophets. Tyre’s arrogance has brought its own reward.

‘Oh Tyre you have said
“I am perfect in beauty”’⁴

And finally in Bethlehem ‘I never thought,’ the corporal said ‘when I heard the missus and the kids singin’ fit to bust about the city o’ David that I should ever see it for myself.’

Below.

Two of Donald Maxwell’s watercolour illustrations in *The Last Crusade*: ‘Patrol boats off Sidon’ (top) and ‘M.L. 248’ entering Tyre at dawn’.

1. The Bodley Head, 1920. 2. The Bodley Head, 1932. 3. Motor launches. 4. Ezekiel 27:3.



E. Streeter & Daughter

No. 24 in the continuing series of old Petworth Traders. Miles Costello



E. Streeter and Daughter, antiques, clocks and watches, very shadowy to a schoolboy, certainly not a children's shop. Well after I'd left school I bought a couple of cheap wrist watches and a novelty pipe lighter... Mr Streeter himself had a work room facing the church and we boys would press our noses up against the small window. He didn't like this: small wonder, as we were blocking his light. ¹

Ernest Streeter traded from The Clock House at the very top of Lombard Street facing the Church for so long that it would be easy to assume that he had always been there. In fact he first began business in 1888 in a small shop in Saddlers Row before moving to a slightly superior property in Golden Square. It was, however, a calamitous fire on New Year's Eve 1898 that destroyed Remnants Bakery which gave Streeter the opportunity to move to new premises on the derelict plot. The Clock House was born and the shop became a prominent feature of both Lombard Street and Church Street. Streeter, an expert horologist, regularly serviced the clock on the parish church and built up a loyal and far reaching clientele in the large houses of the district. Besides clocks, for which Petworth had a long tradition, Streeter could possibly claim to have been the first established dealer of antiques in the town with the added credit of once having Queen Mary as a customer. An enthusiastic collector of early coins, his other great passion outside of work was entomology and in both of these subjects he became an expert. Just before the war his daughter Peggy, who had worked in the shop for many years, was offered a much deserved partnership and the business became E. Streeter & Daughter. Following her father's death in 1950 Peggy carried on the business until 1974. The property still retains the name given it by Mr Streeter and the exterior has remained largely unchanged since the day it was built.



Opposite. The tile-hung 'Clock House' on the corner of Lombard Street and Church Street in about 1910.

Above. A rare time-worn window poster from the mid-twentieth century using a manufacturer's photograph, showing a bracelet, ring, necklace and ear-ring, overprinted with E. Streeter & Daughter's details.

1. Jim Taylor in *PSM* 165.

The Molyneux Globe

Jo Cartwright, General Manager, National Trust, Petworth



Opposite and below.

The complete Molyneux Globe and a detail showing part of what is now South Africa.

Photographs © National Trust Images/John Hammond.



The Molyneux Globe at Petworth House may be the earliest extant English globe, dating as it does from 1592. It shows the contours of the new world as understood at the time and its alarming sea-monsters seem somehow to symbolise, even accentuate, the perils faced by the early explorers. Emery Molyneux, who dealt in compasses, hourglasses and kindred items, as well as globes, had himself been part of the Drake expedition of 1577-80, possibly too he had sailed with Cavendish in 1587-8. The two voyages are traced on the globe in red and blue lines.

Family tradition at Petworth has it that the globe was given by Sir Walter Raleigh to Henry Percy, ninth Earl of Northumberland, when both were confined in the Tower of London, Henry Percy allegedly for being implicated in the Gunpowder Plot of 1605. More probably King James had been looking for a pretext to confine the Earl in relative opulence in the Tower.¹ It is thought that the Earl kept the globe in his library at the Tower. The globe itself is fragile, made of layers of small pieces of paper overlaid with a coat of plaster, with the maps then pasted on. It has, no doubt, been at Petworth since the Earl's release from the Tower in 1621.

Dial Petworth 2104

Miles Costello

The globe is of national and international significance but does not, in its present position, receive the attention it merits. It is simply one of a number of important exhibits clustered together in the North Gallery, slightly 'suffocated' by its current display case I sometimes think. It will be the subject of dedicated fundraising starting in 2018, raising funds by National Trust raffle, collection boxes and private donation. The sum needed may well be in the region of £25,000. The National Trust at Petworth would like to redisplay the globe in a specialised display unit with sophisticated lighting, all the while conscious of the globe's fragility.

Ideally we would like to trace its history from its original position in the old Petworth House to its transferred setting in the new Petworth House of the Duke of Somerset. We hope inventories in the archives will provide the necessary clues. We will consult with a variety of specialists including curators, conservators, cartographers and globe experts. The possibility has been mooted of a high resolution digitised version that would enable the globe to be 'virtually' spun on its axis. Clearly this would attract a wider awareness of the globe. Appreciation goes hand in hand with effective display.

This project raises the possibility that other items might benefit from similar treatment. Think, for instance, of the unique Petworth House Chaucer manuscript.

1. See, for instance, Peter Jerrome: *Petworth from the Beginnings to 1660*, Window Press 2002, pages 79-80.

CROSSWORD SOLUTION

ACROSS

6 Ditchling, 7 Seeds, 10 Flints, 11 Arrow, 12 Scut, 14 Oak, 15 Atop, 17 Ringlet, 19 Orchids, 22 Shin, 23 War, 24 Mist, 27 Roman, 29 Harrow, 30 Stane, 31 Wheatears

DOWN

1 Firle, 2 Scenic, 3 Elms, 4 Envelop, 5 Deer, 8 Dewponds, 9 Lark, 13 Tee, 15 Ash, 16 Kithurst, 18 Gin, 20 Rum, 21 Draught, 23 Wind, 25 Street, 26 Hoard, 28 Mine, 29 Head

Occasionally something turns up that has survived either by incredible foresight, or possibly just good fortune. I would imagine that in this instance a telephone directory may fall into the latter category, for having hung in the office at Austens the Market Square ironmongers it has been obsolete for well over half a century and yet despite its fragile construction has remained intact.

Mounted on 11 x 15 inch cardboard the telephone directory (reproduced on the following pages) has clearly seen a good deal of use, the corners are rounded and in places the paper has almost worn through to the red backing card. It is, however, a time capsule of local information, made all the more interesting as it dates from the period just before the outbreak of the second world war and, with later handwritten additions, takes us right into the early days of the conflict.

The directory is essentially a list of subscribers to the Petworth Automatic Telephone Exchange which had recently been installed at the Post Office in East Street. The three hundred or so entries reveal a familiar list of names laid out in alphabetical order and beginning with Arthur Allison the Leconfield Estate water foreman and ending with W.J. Yeatman tenant of Bailiwick Farm. As would be expected many local traders appear on the list and include F.G.Fox the North Street draper on 2295 and Alf Money the Golden Square fruiterer on 3290. Harwoods Garage is in the Market Square on 2232 and will later move down to the old workhouse site in North Street. George Garland the photographer is, as would be expected, operating from The Studio in Station Road, then an isolated outpost with only the Littlecote Lodges and Lloyd George Cottages for immediate company. Mr Spurgeon the vet is at the former Brewery House in the High Street, while the Reverend Provis could be contacted at The Rectory on 3142 but would shortly be succeeded by Harold Godwin who would witness the Boys' School tragedy in 1942. A late pencil addition is Godwin's curate, the ever popular Mr Manners, then living at Fawley Cottage in Angel Street and who can be reached on 3118. Mr Mickleburgh on 3145, the headmaster of the evacuee school, will shortly take over from Mr Stevenson who tragically died in the bombing. Meanwhile, at the Catholic Church the long serving Reverend William Fitcher, having succeeded Father Burke in 1925, is at The Presbytery on 2169.

In stark contrast to present day Petworth there are just two antique dealers on the list, Ernest Streeter at The Clock House and Mr Denman in East Street. The

town had five butchers, Mr Biggs and the Lerwill Brothers in the High Street, Durrant in New Street, Holden in Saddlers Row and Payne in Lombard Street. There were four doctors, Druitt, Ball, Picton and Kerr and two fishmongers Messrs Brash and Dean. Three bakers, Hazleman, Knight and Tunks, while Mr Dale in Lombard Street was perhaps the sole survivor of a centuries old tradition of watch and clock making at Petworth.

Few of the listed businesses have survived to this day with the exception of Austens on 2104 and Bryders, the Tillington undertaker on 2174, both of which have retained their original number albeit with the addition of the local prefix 34. The Cottage Hospital 2106 has become a nursing home but still fondly retains its former title among older residents. Corralls the High Street coal merchant has long gone, as has the International Stores, only to be replaced by the Co-op who at the time of the directory operated from premises in Golden Square.

The outbreak of war would bring a whole host of new contacts to be added to the margins of the directory. Mr Davies the fire chief on 2146. Food Control on 2242, and air raid damage on 2222, which was also the fire brigade number, while the A.R.P. office could be called on 2214. The R.T.O. (Railway Transport Office) at Victoria 01740 would have been essential for deliveries of stock made all the more difficult with restrictions on fuel for road transport. P.C. Everest on 2186 is also a late pencilled addition not making the printed list.

Captain Briggs, 2176, the Leconfield Agent living at the now long demolished Littlecote was an important figure in the town and would have the ear of Lord Leconfield: it would not have been advisable for staff at Austens to use the private number though he could be reached at the Estate Office on 3202. Briggs would retire in 1946 to be replaced by Mr Shelley who had yet to make the directory. The Estate would have been a significant customer of Austens.

Grahame Hall from Four Winds in Grove Lane makes the list as does Claud Muncaster the celebrated artist at the same address on 3214. One and the same person, Hall would officially change his name to Muncaster in 1945, apparently to distinguish himself from his father, the artist Oliver Hall.

With thanks to Elizabeth Neve and the late Philip Neve.

A Sussex poem by Eleanor Boniface

Shaun Cooper

When I wrote 'The lost country of Eleanor Boniface' in this magazine in 2016, I said that she was never known as a Sussex writer. But now it seems I must eat my words, for I recently discovered a book called *Sussex Song*, published in 1927, which is a collection of Sussex poetry and includes two poems by Boniface. The book came out through the Empire Poetry League (1917-32) yet it's unclear whether she was a member. But that's a thing about Eleanor Boniface research: we know so little about her that there are lots of curious mysteries concerning her life and her work which cannot, as yet, be solved. As Peter Jerrome said, when he saw the book, it just raises more questions. Still, at least we know now that besides all her poems about Wales, she also had some songs for Sussex. Here is one of them.

House-proud

Yaas! my house be all my pride.
Would you care to step inside?
Mind your head then! beams come low.
Likes the air? You won't come? No!
If you sets just by the dure,
You kin smell my gilly flure,
And on rose vine you kin see
Buds a-coming one, two, three.

Blooms in summer hard to match,
Up the wall and 'crost the thatch.
Thatch be mouldy and 'tis true
Bits o' battens they comes through.
But scarce any of it shows,
'Tis near covered by the rose.
And not many folk there be,
As lives under a rose-tree.

Chimney he be past he's best,
But I says I lets 'un rest.
Don't matter much 'bout that hole,
For, of course, I don't burn coal.
Mortar's gone from 'twixt the bricks,
'Tis they birds, they comes and picks.
Stones be strong still, you agree.
Jest the shade of cream in tea?

Windows, they don't open much;
That one I don't dare to touch.
So that sill's the place to grow,
And to make geraniums blow...
Sometimes, on a stormy night,
Old house shakes, I gets a fright.
Gawd! I says and prays to He,
Let 'un last as long as me.

Drinking in summer with Rhoda Leigh

Shaun Cooper

Towards the end of *Past and Passing* (1932) by Rhoda Leigh there is a short scene in a pub called The Red Lion. This place isn't mentioned at all in the monthly series she wrote for *Sussex County Magazine* from January 1933 onwards, 'Last Month in Our Village', and as it is a fairly common pub name it may well have just been used because the pub needed a name in her book. However, a couple of months ago, two previously unknown stories by Rhoda Leigh came to light, and the first one, *The Week Enders* implies that The Red Lion is in a place named Rodfield. Curiously though, the name Rodford is also used, twice – suggesting a mistake. Yet a thorough reading of her work suggests that this might not be the case. Another fictitious place name she uses, Latstone (almost certainly for Kirdford) was probably coined by combining Wakestone Lane with Flatfield Road, which do meet on the way to Kirdford, but Flatstone was not quite right, so she dropped the 'F'. Yet despite this rather complicated construction, it always appears as 'Latstone' in 'Last Month in Our Village' and never differently. But another fictitious place name in the series is given first as Bradstone, then as Radstone, and then twice as Rodstone! It is possible that some of these are mistakes; or maybe they are clues, all indicating a place that she went to a lot – though she didn't want to say this. *The Week Enders* was published on 10 June 1933, and the June instalment of 'Last Month in Our Village' (in the July *SCM*) is the first in the series that mentions the fictitious place name Rodstone. So what seems clear from all this is that Bradstone etc. must be the same place as Rodfield etc. and as the former has a town hall, and the latter has a pub called The Red Lion, then the place thus disguised can only be Petworth. And in a way, that's not surprising, because as Mary and Ethel lived just over at Bedham, they must have been coming here almost every other day.

However, *The Week Enders* and the other recently discovered story are very interesting for other reasons, too. Both were published in *The Worthing Herald* in 1933 – and this is surprising, as hitherto all Mary's known stories were in *Sussex County Magazine*; and furthermore, she was writing 'Last Month in Our Village' all through that year for the magazine. So she wrote *The Week Enders* during the peak of that glorious golden time when she was known as a Sussex writer – and yet it did not have all the constraints, in terms of length and content, that writing 'Last Month in Our Village' involved. In a way then, *The Week Enders* is a crisp summer

out-take from the series, with a little extra zest mixed into the brew. This is quite apt too, because the best time to read Rhoda Leigh is in the summer, and the story was written in that season – and so what we have here is pure honeysuckle Rhoda Leigh, more in the vein of those little stories she wrote just before her first book was published. Alas, there was only the one book in the end, but she must have been thinking of another by about this time...

The Week Enders

'What I wants ter know is, where do they gaw Sunday marnings?' said Mrs Crisp, standing at her gate looking after the two ladies.

'Don't seem no sense ter me comin' here late Saturday nights, an' trudgin' off Sunday marnin' same as if a flea was bitin' 'em,' said her husband, cutting the hair of his eldest son with the help of a pudding basin and a fearsome pair of shears. 'Keep still can't yer?' as his offspring made an attempt to twist his head round to catch a glimpse of the retreating figures.

'Ah,' said his wife darkly, 'them quiet sort be allers the deepest so I've heard.'

'What yer means to say is they comes here quiet an' gaws an' carries on unbeknownst like?' suggested Mr Crisp.

Mrs Crisp nodded emphatically, then, the ladies being out of sight, she reluctantly retreated to the kitchen where she began to make pastry with the door wide open, the barber's operations being conducted in the garden.

Presently she had an idea.

'Ef you was ter take their bits o' laundry 'ome Sunday marnings, an' wait till they com 'ome, 'stead o' leavin' it Saturday 'fore they come, maybe us should hear where they goes.'

Her husband snorted.

'Don't you believe no sich thing, Jane, they be dark horses, an' likewise old maids, an' furriners, an' us never has no use fur any sich.'

'Miss Page give me a shillun when I did take the loaf an' groceries last week,' piped Tommy. Mr Crisp pulled a tuft of hair viciously, causing him to squeak. His mother paused with the rolling pin suspended in mid air, and assumed an injured expression.

'You never said nothin' abaht that afore,' she remarked. 'You did oughter give it yer Mum straightway – a whole shillun.'

'I never said nothin' cause I lost it comin' home,' said Tommy shame-facedly. 'Me and Bob was playin' heads an' tails an' it rolled down a rabbit hole in Pig-lane.'

'Sarve ye right fur takin' it,' said his father, pursing his lips as he scrutinised his handiwork. 'A shillun be a rediclus lot ter giv a boy like you, 'tis robbin' the ladies ter take it.'

'You don't want to scold the boy that way,' said Mrs Crisp. 'I'll lay ef they was ter offer you a shillun you'd take it fast enough, an' not say too much abaht it neither.'

'That be a different thing,' said her husband haughtily. 'Chilluns' money should be registrated careful in the post office an' what not.'

His wife uttered an exclamation of disgust.

'Such a lot o' talk abaht a shillun, an' that lorst. Here, you run ter the corner Tom an' see ef the ladies is comin' back field way.'

'Nerwone ain't coming,' said Tom sulkily, a few minutes later; his parents exchanged glances and nodded solemnly. Mr Crisp cuffed the three younger children who had assembled in the garden, boxed Tom's ears in a friendly fashion, and spoke in a jocular way.

'All you young shavers go and pick some hunger and thirst berries on the Common – off with you now.'

As the children ran away, two men and an elderly woman came in the gate. Mrs Crisp hailed them with joy and gladness.

'Ah, you can help a bit I reckon, Mrs Tobin. You does fer they week-enders at Field Cottage I knaws fer a fact.'

'Wait till I gits my breath,' gasped Mrs Tobin, who was stout and a bit asthmatical.

'Sit down, mother,' suggested one of the men, looking at an armchair laden with old clothes a little diffidently. Mr Crisp cleared the chair by the simple process of dumping the contents on the floor. Mrs Tobin deposited her large body thereon, and beamed on the assembled company.

'I does fer they week-enders, an' I must say they be wunnerful pleasant ladies ter wark for.'

'Ah, they must be,' said Mrs Crisp thoughtfully. 'They be pleasanter Saturday nights nor Sunday mornings I reckon, an' pleasanter Sunday arternoons than mornins.'

'Ah, I don't gaw Sunday mornins,' admitted Mrs Tobin. 'Wark Sundays I never cud bring myself ter do an' so I tells 'em.'

'They gaws out regular Sunday mornins,' put in her son.

'Us knaws that, but what we don't knaw is where they gaws,' said Mrs Crisp, looking at her husband.

'Us have heard say,' began Mr Crisp importantly, 'as the Red Lion be wunnerful full at noon Sunday mornings.'

'Yer don't mean to say?' wheezed Mrs Tobin in astonishment.

'Us sez nothin',' said Mrs Crisp solemnly. 'Least said as I've heard say, be soonest mended, but Red Lion be wunnerful full noon Sundays, an' he be three mile away. They week-enders to be 'ome reglar at ten past one all smilin' an' beamin', havin' walked past us 'ere at steady three mile a hour – so aperently – but there us don't want ter say nothin'.'

Mr Crisp interposed. 'Yer worst enemy couldn't call yer no mischief maker, Jane, but us hev eyes, an' can't help usin' em.'

'Yer'd hardly think they'd dare go drinkin' in a pub, such quiet old maids as they be an' all?' said young Tobin, spitting at a large snail, but missing it.

'There be private bars fer such as wish ter drink secret,' said his mother doubtfully.

'I never was so deceived in no one in all my borned days.'

'Now yer don't want ter say nothin',' admonished Mrs Crisp. 'Jest take my advice all on you, an' watch fer yerselves.'

'They never offered us nothink when we helped in with their sticks when they fust come,' said one of the young men thoughtfully.

'That be their artfulness like, maybe,' reasoned Mrs Crisp.

'They keeps half a dozen cider for gentleman friends,' admitted Mrs Tobin. 'But when I did offer them a bottle of my rhubarb wine Miss Page did say, "No thank you, Mrs Tobin, it do remind me of a vulgar boat-man." Now what do she mean by that saying I asks you.'

'Ah,' ejaculated Mr and Mrs Crisp at the same moment.

'One of their low friends they be shamed of I reckon.'

'Miss Leigh she did she say she had a cousin in Rodfield,' pondered young Tobin.

'You don't mind me askin', but did she say the name like?' asked Mrs Crisp inquisitively.

'Naw she never. Come ter think of it, it might well be landlord o' Red Lion or his wife. They be new ter these parts, havin' only been there a matter o' five year,' said Mrs Tobin.

'There, you dawn't say?' marvelled Mrs Crisp, putting her apple pie in the oven with a flourish. 'Anyway, us'll watch when they comes back an' likely pass the time o' day an' larn the rights o' the whole thing.'

'Fer two pins I'd bide along o' you,' declared Mrs Tobin. 'I do feel as if there

be too much to contain with. I allers looks up ter they two ladies, an' ef'tis as you says, why they be too artful fer words.'

'Bide an' welcome,' said Mrs Crisp warmly. 'I'll send childer down along 'ome ter tell ter keep yer dinner bilin'.'

An hour later young Tobin and his friend returned from a stroll; they both spoke at once in an excited manner.

'They week-enders be comin' along back as fast as maybe.'

Mrs Tobin rose wheezily to her feet. "'Tis close on one o'clock, 'bout time us reckoned. Seems as if you're right Mrs Crisp, but I wer never so deceived.'

'Mind you, I never said nothin',' said Mrs Crisp smugly.

Silence fell on the assembled company as the ladies walked smartly up the hill. One of them caught sight of Mrs Tobin, and stopped at the gate.

'Could you possibly come and get tea ready for us this afternoon, Mrs Tobin?'

Mrs Tobin dropped a speculative curtsy and remained warily silent.

'You see,' went on Miss Leigh, 'my cousin the Vicar of Rodford is coming this afternoon. We thought he seemed very tired when preaching this morning, and we want to all sit quietly in the garden so he gets a rest.'

Mrs Tobin found her tongue, and dropped an apologetic salutation in the direction of Rodford.

'And proud I shall be ter get tea fer you ladies and the gentleman,' she wheezed.

The ladies passed on with a smile and a nod.

The company stared at one another.

'Jest what us said,' bragged Mrs Crisp.

On Monday morning Mrs Tobin renewed her offer of rhubarb wine. Once more it was politely refused. The reference to the boatman not being forthcoming, curiosity overcame the would-be wine merchant.

'You don't mind my askin' of you miss, but didn't you say you had a boatman friend what liked rhubarb wine? Maybe you'd like ter take him a bottle?'

The ladies stared at one another blankly. Suddenly Miss Leigh collapsed in peals of laughter.

'I see. It's the wirelless talk we heard. Rhubarb, the man said, was the only possible thing which could have made the Volga boatman sing that song. Oh dear.'

Mrs Tobin is still very mystified on this particular point.

Rhoda Leigh is no stranger to this magazine. We may think of John Hunt's classic recollection in *PSM* 63, page 28; 'Naw Money', a story in *PSM* 114, page 43 and Shaun Cooper's article 'One last summer with Rhoda Leigh' in *PSM* 157, page 17 and *PSM* 158, also page 17.

See also Peter Jerrome, *Eleven Sussex Books*, Window Press, 2014, pages 55 to 64.

A busy evening

Peter Jerrome

Constant squally rain and a biting February wind. A Petworth Society evening that would attract only the brave. But the brave ventured out in some numbers. Where I might have wondered about simply walking up to the Leconfield Hall, some had come from a considerable distance. It was a rare evening without Keith with everyone wishing him a speedy recovery. Perhaps the local themes were popular: this is a 'Petworth' society after all.

I suspected we were trying to cram too much into the restricted format of a single meeting and this was in fact so. *Those that are never seen*¹ really demanded a full evening. I was constantly aware that the images deserved fuller explanation than I had time for. There was the lost world of 'below stairs' from 1880, a lighted candle in a darkened room. Formal studio portraits by Walter Kevis, the names little more than cyphers immured in glass, the very occasional flash of recollection coming only to emphasise the darkness. Mr Pattinson, the House Steward (not everyone liked the term 'butler') and the blue waistcoat knitted for him by the family. Did he really need to wear it on formal occasions? No one liked to say anything. And then 1918, the war in its final throes and the first oral account. A young Harriet Mapston had actually been there, a hundred years ago exactly.

Then Pearl Godsmark's film with a commentary in rhyming couplets. If she sometimes struggled with the rhyme, who would not? Petworth in the early 1990s. The commentary gave a certain piquancy. Easy to think it the seamless work of a day but her husband Ian explained that it was the product of many lunchtimes: Pearl was working in the council offices, then in Pound Street, piecing the film together in the evenings. A glimpse of old friends no longer with us. Raymond Harris, a newcomer who would find universal acceptance. Audrey Grimmond, at the very heart of an older Petworth, so many more and like them as soon seen as lamented. Then came examples of Pearl's time with the Petworth Society scrapbooks, started by Julia Thompson in the 1980s, continued by Pearl and now in the capable hands of Debby Stevenson. Has any society a record like this? Never formally a committee member, Pearl embodied the very spirit of the society.

But Miles Costello had a surprise up his sleeve. A fuzzy image of a cat gave way to Eric Wakeford the outfitter with his famous blinds, someone carrying a parcel across the square. It was the early 1960s. The Shimmings Valley – and was that Wilfred Bevis from Weavers jumping on to a Back Lane wall? We need another showing.

1. Available from Trowels, the Petworth Bookshop or at the National Trust, £17.50.

To cut a long story short

Dorothy Wakeford (née Miles) in conversation with Miles Costello

There were nine children in the house at Coxland, Maurice being the eldest and then Beatrice, Albert who was known as Nobby, Dick known as Alfred though goodness knows why, me, Stanley, David, and the two youngest Sidney and Gerald who I shared a bedroom with.

Cinema was very popular when I was growing up and I would occasionally go to the Regal at Petworth. I couldn't go on my own and so would have to accompany one of my brothers. Of course he would want to be with his friends and I would usually have to sit in the front row on my own. On one occasion I was struggling with my seat as it wouldn't go down properly, of course the boys all thought it was funny and I could hear them tittering and laughing. I was really angry, as much from embarrassment as anything, and I got up and slobbered one of the boys with my handbag. Though I didn't know it at the time that boy would turn out to be my future husband.

I was fourteen years old and had just left Tillington School when Mum told me that I would have to go into service as I could not stay at home any longer with seven brothers in the house and me having to share a room with the two youngest. Mum had got me a job at Tillington House, working for Colonel Sutton and living in. I hated it there and was terribly homesick, after all I really was very young to be sent out to fend for myself and given the choice, which I wasn't, I would much rather have worked with children than go into service. I remained at Tillington House until I was fifteen when by chance I met an old friend named Joyce Moody who lived at Little Common and had gone to Tillington School with me. Joyce was a little older than me and was working at Dedisham Convalescent Nursery School at Slinfold and suggested that I applied for a position as a children's nurse. I had an interview with Matron Sad and before I knew it I was at the school and beginning my training. Like Tillington House, Dedisham was a live-in job but this time I was in the company of many other girls who were in the same situation as me and I thoroughly enjoyed myself there.

I had been at Dedisham for about five years when I was offered a position back at Tillington as a nanny cum mother's help to Sheila and Jimmy Bennett at South Lane. I felt that it was time to go home and so I accepted the job. After a while I left the Bennetts and moved in with my brother who lived next door to my Mum at Coxland. He had got married the September before and his wife had just had twins

so I was able to make myself useful. My brother fell out with Mum because she reckoned he shouldn't have taken me in as I had a good job at Bennetts. Anyway, things were a bit awkward and so Mr Bennett moved us down to Sokenhole and I got a job in the cinema café at Petworth. Walking back and forward from work to Sokenhole was a long job, so it was fortunate that Mrs Chaffer who also worked in the café offered me a room at her home at Littlecote Lodge in Station Road. Mr and Mrs Chaffer were like a Mum and Dad to me, they were ever so good. Mr Chaffer was a blacksmith on the Leconfield Estate.

To cut a long story short I ended up getting engaged to John, the lad who I had clouted with my handbag, but like most things in life it wouldn't always run to plan. It was while I was working at the café that John came home from doing his national service. It was 1953 and he had spent two years in Egypt and we hadn't seen each other for nearly all of that time. Obviously I wanted to see as much of him as possible but working afternoons and evenings at the cinema made our courting rather difficult so I once again began looking elsewhere. A job came up at the International Stores and I jumped at it. Mr Whitcomb was the manager and he lived in the cottage at the back of the shop which is used as a store now. He was a real gentleman and rarely got cross although his pet hate was seeing customers having to wait and he would let his displeasure be known. Each counter had its own speciality and the customer would move from one counter to another before finally paying for their goods at the cashier's desk. We would often take orders and these would be wrapped, boxed and delivered to the customer's home. The 'Inters' was an old fashioned store even for those days and there was quite a large staff. Besides a few that I have probably forgotten there was Lofty Greenfield, Kath Hunt from Byworth, Dorothy Luff, Jean Horne, Joan Parker, Mrs Winters, Anne Sadler, Harry Howard who would go on to become manager, Mr Jeffries the delivery van driver, Lester Evans and of course Miss Morrissey and Rita Smith who worked at the cash desk.

We had arranged a date for our church wedding but unfortunately it clashed with the Petworth ploughing match which that year was being held at Willetts Field in Tillington. Now, Dad claimed never to have missed a ploughing match and he certainly wasn't going to miss that one, and what with some of my brothers also taking part it seemed pointless having the church wedding that we had planned and so we moved it to Midhurst Register Office where I was given away by my brother Nobby. Ironically 1955 was the only year that Dad never won anything which I suppose served him right.

A week after we were married we moved into 10 South Grove with John's parents. They had lived there since 1930 when the house had been built and John had been born there. We more or less lived upstairs and turned two of the bedrooms

into a small flat. It was quite comfortable and we had the middle bedroom as a sitting room and the little room as our bedroom. When our son came along there was no room for a cot and so he slept in a drawer on top of a chest of drawers. It wasn't long before the council suggested that John's parents moved into one of the recently built flats in Wyndham road which they kindly did and we took over the house. So we have been here 62 years now. Georgie Garland was next door in your house and Walter Ball was on the other side of us. Everybody knew one another but over the years there have been a great many changes. Most of the old families have gone but are not forgotten. Going around South Grove there were Tipladys at number one, Harmens at two, Garretts at four, Smiths at five, six and fifteen, Savages at seven, Fords at eight, Hills at twelve and fourteen, Gauts at thirteen, and Andrews at fourteen. Later would come new families such as Burdocks, Kings, Hodds, Playfoots, Kitcheners, Holdens, Tulletts, and Wasilenkos. Most of these have now gone and of course there have been many others, in fact too many to remember them all.

For an account of Dorothy's earlier life see 'From Paper Court to Coxland' in *PSM* 124.

What's in a Name?

Barton or Bartons Lane? Miles Costello

It may surprise some readers to learn that Bartons Lane has been shortened. Not in length, as it is quite short enough already, but it has been condensed in name. An adjustment has taken place by which the name of Bartons Lane has changed to Barton Lane. Exactly why this has come about is still not entirely clear although it does seem likely that an attempt has been made to justify the change on historical grounds. If that is the case then perhaps Lombard Street should revert to The Causey, the High Street could once again become Red Lion Street and Golden Square the Beast Market. Street names evolve over time as does our language but it is pointless to try to artificially alter history. What next, will Damers Bridge, Saddlers Row and Gunters Bridge all lose their final 's' and become Damer, Gunter and Saddler? Certainly during my lifetime the street has always been known as Bartons Lane, albeit with a nod to the earlier unofficial Craggs Lane which derived from the firm of plumbers whose premises were based there. But why is there any question over the name of the lane? There is, after all, no such ambiguity over North Street or Angel Street or even Park Road. While the lane has been clearly identified

as Bartons Lane on the street name plate for as long as anyone can remember the hugely informative town survey of 1882 identifies it as the 'Road to the Bartons', the Bartons being the old graveyard at the bottom of the lane.

Changing Bartons to Barton is not a huge modification by any degree but is an interesting example of how an established name can be altered, or indeed lost altogether if a process is not challenged in a timely fashion. The District Council has certain quite rigid guidelines for changing the name of a street, (few of which appear to have been followed in this case.) All the residents must agree, or at least not disagree to it. The application must be made through the Town Council, following which the District will then carry out the lengthy legal process which includes the posting of notices and putting the application before a magistrate. The District Council asserts that the changing of a street name will be done only in exceptional circumstances and only then if the existing name clashes with a similar street name and could cause confusion to the emergency services. (In this case it seems unlikely that due process has been carried out in a legitimate fashion, however only time will tell if the decision can be reversed.) However that may be, no amount of legal verbiage can erase the combined memory of a town and so that little road to the Shimmings will always be Bartons Lane to me.



Bartons Lane. Preserved for posterity on Google.

Plus ça change?

Peter Jerrome

If the appearance of a newspaper reporter in search of a feature on Petworth was once almost familiar, it is less so now. Sometimes it would fall to me to act as guide, not I might reflect, from any particular merit of mine but more of a last resort. In January 1989 Chris Somersett, writing a 'Village Life' feature for the *West Sussex County Times*, proved an engaging and perceptive companion for a glance at the town.

Visiting Billingshurst a fortnight earlier, Chris had noted a plethora of eating houses: not so Petworth. Here he found a surfeit of antique shops. While certainly picturesque, Petworth did not appear particularly opulent nor were its inhabitants 'obvious targets for sellers of period furniture and brasses and ancient artefacts.'

Clearly time to consult John Humphry of the Petworth Antique Dealers Association. John explained that visitors and local residents formed a relatively minor part of a trade that was, in fact, neither casual nor seasonal. 'We do as much business in the winter as in the summer because people know that Petworth in the past ten years has become the most important centre for antiques in the south of England apart from London... yes, we all make a living.' Much of the trade was between one dealer and another.

Chris asked me, 'What do the people of Petworth themselves think of this continued round of wheeling and dealing?' I could only reply in general terms that antique shops had existed in Petworth as long as anyone could remember but never in such numbers. The motor car had spelled the end of Petworth as a small market town serving a nucleus of surrounding villages. The proliferation of antique shops was not the cause but the effect of a wide-ranging change. For the future it would be crucial that incoming traders integrate into the social fabric of the town and take their place in the life of the community rather than existing as a race apart. It was too early at the moment to say whether this would happen. Thirty years on I think Chris and I begged a vital question. 'Who might we mean by "the people of Petworth themselves"?'

Memories of the great storm of 1987 were still raw. It was little more than a year on. Quoting *Petworth Society Magazine* No. 51, Ted Jemmett, the Leconfield Estate forester lamented 'the loss of nearly seventy years careful husbandry. A forester can only look for the future to the trees of the 21st century.' Trevor Seddon of the National Trust writing in the same issue of the Magazine was equally chastened.

'No concept for the future will see any real maturity for a lifetime...'. The work required would be the most crucial in the 400 years since Henry Percy first created a garden here.

Chris would make his last call on Lord Egremont, presiding over the 12,000 acres of the Leconfield Estate, and taking in dairy, beef and sheep farming, cereals, rapeseed and potato production, as too the ravaged woodland, some relatively unscathed. His relation with the National Trust was inevitably a close one. His response to the suggestion of a bypass route through Petworth Park was robust: Petworth Park had been left to the nation as an area of natural peace and tranquility. 'It would be totally out of keeping with that concept to have juggernauts roaring through it.' This despite a vociferous support for the idea in some quarters. Other suggestions included a tunnel under the park or a bypass to the east of the town, cutting a concrete ribbon through the Shimmings Valley. Chris commented that to an outsider it was not the sheer volume of traffic as the effect heavy lorries had on the physical fabric of the town that remained the problem.

FROM THE NATIONAL NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

Miles Costello

Fire at Petworth, *Brighton Gazette*, 6 April 1854

On Friday evening last the Town Hall was placed in some danger by the daring act of George Coote, a fellow who had been brought in custody from Hastings on a charge of deserting his wife and family, and leaving them chargeable to the parish of Rackham. He had been placed in the lock-up, and the police officer had not left him long when a dense body of smoke was seen to issue from the under part of the hall; and a cry of 'Fire' being raised, the constable went immediately to the rescue of the prisoner, who must, had the officer not been so near, soon burnt to death. We understand that the man had been very troublesome during his journey from Hastings. He jumped out of the cart, dragging the officer with him, and while in the public-house at Stopham, which they entered for refreshment, he attacked the relieving officer with a poker, and it was with the greatest difficulty he was prevented from doing mischief. The officers were obliged on starting from Stopham to tie him down to the seat of the cart.

The 'lock-up' at the Town Hall was a custody cell where the prisoners were held prior to appearing before a magistrate. On this occasion the offender received two months hard labour and would complete his sentence at the House of Correction in nearby Grove Street.

WED 60 YEARS WITHOUT A HONEYMOON

Radio gardener's diamond day

One of England's best known gardeners, Mr. Frederick Streeter, and his wife Hilda, of Garden Cottage, Petworth House, celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary on Monday.

They were married at Privett, near Alton, on January 10, 1906. The couple tried to keep the anniversary secret—"We don't want any fuss, I don't think even Lord Egremont, my employer knows," Mr. Streeter told the Observer.

Mr. Streeter's Sussex accent is well known to many thousands of people—for 30 years he has been broadcasting regularly on gardening topics for the B.B.C. and he has appeared on television gardening programmes on many occasions.

He has been a head gardener for 60 years the last 40 of which have been spent at Petworth House.

Mrs. Streeter, nee Burden, who is also in her eighties, was a teacher at Froxfield Church School before her marriage.

"We made it a rule when we got married that I would do the work and she would mind the house, and we have stuck to it," said Mr. Streeter.

They are unique among many couples in that they have never had a honeymoon. "We went straight back to work after we got married and we never seem to have found time to have a honeymoon since," said Mr. Streeter.

"All a holiday"
In the last 40 years they have never had a holiday. "I don't want one; life is all a holiday except when things don't go right," he said.

Mrs. Streeter has not enjoyed very good health in recent months and their celebration was a quiet affair with two friends.

Asked what advice he would give to a young couple just wed,

Mr. Streeter said: "Take an interest in the job first, and don't be too domineering. Take as well as you give."

Mr. Streeter's gardening talks are still broadcast weekly on the Home Service, and although he is now 86 he still does a full day's work, six days a week.

Since the National Trust took over Petworth House and a large part of the gardens, Mr. Streeter's work has been reduced and he now has five men on his staff instead of more than 20 as in previous years.

He still gets up early in the morning and gets to his office, just a short distance from his home, at about 9 a.m.

"Retirement is no good. The doctor's advice is to keep working. I have got ten years to do yet," he said. He continues to write gardening articles for several publications, and he writes his own scripts for the broadcasts which entail regular trips to London.

First broadcast

He remembers vividly his first broadcast 30 years ago. They put the mike in front of me. I rolled up my sleeves, pretended I was in the garden and started talking—and I have been doing it ever since," he said.

On only one occasion can he ever remember being stumped for an answer. A woman wrote to him and asked why her gooseberry tree died two years before—"that one had me beat," he said.

He still gets a regular stream of letters from listeners which he answers himself in longhand.

Born at Pulborough, he got his first job at the age of 12 as a trainee gardener at Colley, Reigate Heath, Surrey. He



MR. FRED STREETER

worked through the stages of improver, journeyman, foreman, and then became a head gardener.

At school he was a bright pupil and he won a scholarship to a grammar school. But horticulture had already fascinated him and he was determined to become a gardener. "I have studied gardening from the very start and I have been completely absorbed in this life."

"You must have experience and you must love the job. Take the plants as one of yourselves. Just because they can't speak does not mean they don't like a good life. If they are looked after they will reward you," he says.

Wounded

The only time he went out of horticulture was during the World War I when he joined the Army. He served at the Somme and after nine months spent the next two years in hospital recovering from the wounds he received.

As a gardener he has reached the very top of his calling, and he has been highly honoured by his fellow gardeners. He is an Associate of Honour of the Royal Horticultural Society, and a Life Member of the Irish Horticultural Society.

For his services to horticulture he holds the Victoria Medal of Honour, the highest award the R.H.S. can give. He has judged at all the Society's principal shows.

Flanders Fields

The Petworth Society April meeting. Keith Thompson

Melanie Gibson-Barton's great-uncle George died in 1915 in the First World War, aged 23, one of the first to be awarded the Military Medal. She determined to track down his grave, eventually finding it in the Essex Farm Cemetery near Ypres. This was the setting for the Poppy Poem 'In Flanders Fields'.

Simple facts, similar to those discovered by so many whose loved ones suffered the same fate, feeling the need to experience, as far as possible, the places and background to those terrible times.

So Melanie has put together a story of Belgium's involvement as the war began and proceeded, a war expected to be over quickly. The country felt, and indeed was, isolated while Britain and France decided whether to take military action or not and they held the battle lines with determined bravery.

We may be familiar with the photographs, paintings and accounts of the mud, the trenches, the shell-holes, the wretched soldiers and, finally, the vast, immaculately maintained cemeteries. 55,000 names are recorded at the Menin Gate. The faithful and meticulous rebuilding of medieval towns destroyed in the action and the preservation of sections of the front line are admirable reminders of Belgium's resolve that all may learn from the past and her pride in her heritage. This, for many of us, filled in a gap in our knowledge of such an important time in history.

As often happens when we have such an outstanding speaker, it is impossible to express on paper our reactions during the talk and on reflection afterwards. It was the right decision to have the talk and question time without an interval, to be followed by the raffle and refreshments. Apart from maintaining continuity, Melanie had to get back to Dymchurch! But we hope it won't be long before she is with us for another talk – she has more.

Opposite.

A cutting from the *Midhurst and Petworth Observer* from 1966 on the occasion of Fred Streeter's 60th wedding anniversary. On the back of the cutting in 'Pop News by Sue London' we can learn that Mick Jagger rates Patti La Belle and Her Belles as having 'the greatest girl voices I've heard'. A piece of ephemera whose very ephemerality endows it with a contradictory endurance. See also 'It's good', he said, 'but...' on page 7.

Too much to take in on a single visit

The Petworth Society at Penshurst Place on May 15. Peter Jerrome

It is a glorious day. I am sitting on a bench in the Italian Garden at Penshurst Place, lazily watching two of the gardeners cleaning up the beds, box hedge enclosing roses, filling yellow and blue plastic buckets and tipping the contents into a brightly coloured trailer. A faint breeze stirs the trees in the background. The two men work quietly on. It's a reminder that those magnificent gardens need constant attention. Elsewhere the massed peony border bristles with buds like a firework display about to explode into action. After all, it's only mid-May. The blue and yellow border, reflects the Sidney family colours. The Union Flag garden is being readied, dianthus and sweet pea for the red. A great orange splash of cheiranthus in another border and is that tansy in a clump? The Archer Sundial, the Orchard, the Magnolia Garden – too much to take in on a single visit.

'Summertime, Penshurst Park'. Stephen Thompson, 1875, courtesy of the British Library, London.



It seems almost perverse to look in the Toy Museum on a day like this but it's worth it. The Edwardian Doll's House furniture. The miniature animal made by Napoleonic prisoners of war. See if you can pair the animals for Noah's Ark but you'll have to do it behind the glass of course. Caldecott picture books – we occasionally have a battered copy at the Book Sale. Toys to help children to walk. Yootha Rose and her toy museum. . .

The Baron's Hall and State Rooms – the former sixty feet high and built in 1341 for a four-time Lord Mayor of London. Ashes in the vast fireplace. As usual Henry VIII is 'in the mix'. The Earl of Stafford with a direct claim to the throne, and giver of an extravagant banquet. Wealth and potential threat were a potent mix and cost the Earl his head. Edward VI gave Penhurst to his Lord Chamberlain and it has been with the family ever since.

The Penshurst visit had been much anticipated. If there were a few empty seats on the coach it was because Penshurst had limited numbers to fifty for catering purposes. I think the Society would settle for an excursion most weeks, but Debby and Gordon might have their own thoughts on that; excursions, like the borders at Penshurst, involve a lot of preparation.

An ornamental pond at Penshurst Place. Photographer and date unknown.



Henry Cooper

No. 25 in the continuing series of old Petworth traders. Miles Costello



Situated between the Angel Inn and the Catholic Church, the yard had been in the hands of local builders since the second half of the nineteenth century and would remain so right up to the 1960s. Henry Cooper had taken on the tenancy of the yard in 1909 upon the death of James Woods who had himself taken it on from an earlier builder. In a letter to potential customers dated 7 June 1909 and reproduced on the back cover of this magazine, Cooper writes: *Sir or Madam, The business of the late Mr James Woods, Builder and Undertaker &c. of Angel Street, Petworth, having been discontinued by the Executors of his Will I have arranged a tenancy of the Yard, Shop and buildings adjoining the deceased's house and to carry on the business there in my own name. I trust that you will favour me with the patronage you have for so many years given to the late Mr Woods. Your obedient servant, Henry Cooper.* As with most Petworth builders the firm relied heavily on the Leconfield Estate for work, and while not particularly lucrative it would sustain the business during lean periods. Henry Cooper was both a town councillor and chief fireman, though ironically the latter position would fail to prevent the disastrous fire that severely damaged his own yard in the 1920s. Cooper rebuilt the business before eventually retiring in 1933 and selling it to Charlie Peacock, a former employee, who is still well remembered in the town. Sadly his retirement was short as he died just three years later. Henry Cooper's legacy survives in the little group of houses at the lower end of North Street behind the present Stonemasons Arms public house. He had purchased a plot of land, then known as Brown's Field, and over many years, as other work ebbed and flowed, he built the houses that make up the present Northmead.

Do you remember Jokari?

Janet Duncton in conversation with the editor

I was born at Homedale in High Street in the early years of the war. My grandfather, Percy Hazelman, a master baker, had come to Petworth in 1910 from Dormansland near East Grinstead. My great grandparents had formerly been at Etchingham in East Sussex where my great grandfather was a police constable. They then had a small sweet shop in Crawley where my great grandfather also tended the grounds at a nearby convent. I imagine that Homedale was already set up as a bakery and that my grandfather did not install the ovens himself. It may be that Charles Oliver preceded him: Kelly's 1907 *Directory* mentions him as a baker in High Street.

I have been told that my grandfather would deliver bread by hand. By 1912 he had taken a lease on the shop on the junction of High Street and Middle Street that for decades would be known as Hazelmans. Later it would be Petworth Provisions, a bookshop and antique shop. It is now The Hungry Guest. The premises belonged to Matthew Taylor, the Northchapel farmer and auctioneer and the roof needed renewing. It was perhaps just before the 1914-18 war and Matthew Taylor decided to sell to his tenant. My grandparents continued to live at Homedale. My own parents married in 1939 and I was very young when we moved to Upperton to a shop owned by Amey's the brewers. I was often at Homedale and have vivid memories of my grandmother, who died in the early 1950s, and of my grandfather, a stalwart of the old Petworth Parish and Rural District Councils from which he retired in 1952.

For someone growing up in Upperton in the 1950s there was a definite community spirit and a social life that would be unimaginable now. Upperton could be quite lively. I can remember lying upstairs in bed and listening to the men talking as they drank outside – no drinking inside the off-licence of course. One liked to take off a well-known racing commentator. 'They're off...' We'd play records at the Bryders, next door to the mortuary or every Friday night join the Payne family for a sing-song around the piano. Wartime memories are vaguer and of Petworth. Soldiers, Canadian or American in the town and my saying, 'Got any gum, chum?' Often enough they had, or, staying at Homedale, my grandparents were still living there. Mr Smallridge, the manager and his wife had the flat over the Middle Street shop. By this time my parents also had the stores at Sutton, Mr Harland being the manager.

Petworth still had a cinema and we'd walk down from Upperton. And at least once a week the Southdown 22 Poole Valley bus would come up to the recreation ground and turn round. Upperton was half Leconfield and half Mitford Estate. S. J. Whitney rented Upperton Farm where his daughter Vera ran the dairy and had a local milk round – not the only one – Dick Robinson coming up from Petworth.

Mr Whitney was a great organiser. Upperton had its own bonfire night on Upperton Common with a parade of torches. He would organise charabanc trips – one was to Bertram Mills circus at Olympia but all would change when the Leconfield and Mitford cottages were sold in the early 1960s: some Upperton residents moving down to The Harrows.

In the 1950s there were regular dances at Lodsworth with Bert Speed from Petworth as M.C. We would go from Upperton in Mary Money's van. She rented what was popularly known as 'The Ranch' a smallholding that went with the Mitford Estate. Two cows, chickens, and the rest hard on what is now the dual carriageway.

For a while we'd meet in what is now Oakapple in Golden Square. Mr Hooper, the proprietor of the Golden Café gave us permission to clear out the cellar and install a juke box and fruit machine. We would buy Coca Cola and coffee from the café. The cellar had been used for rough storage and the stairs were at the side.

I wonder if anyone remembers Jokari. It was a game we played in the street outside the off-licence. There was a large heavy wooden box with a ball attached to it on a strong rubber cord. You hit alternately with a kind of bat. My mother loved it – she had been a good tennis player: it was not a game for children only. There was tennis up at the Rec. with Aubrey Vickery in charge.

I remember Charles Wilson who worked for Boxalls the builders: most local men seemed to work for the Boxalls. Despite a wooden leg he would cycle to and from work. Once I was trying to catch a pony in a field and Charles Wilson stopped to watch my antics. Good-humouredly, but I felt the more embarrassed the less success I had.

Tillington school was still going in the 1950s but, of course, the time came for me to move on to Midhurst. It wasn't the same. The school would close in the 1960s. At Tillington Mrs Payne was cook and Joy Dabson was the infant school teacher when I first went there. The W.I. hut was down the road by Tudor Cottage. We'd cross the A272 to watch half term police films about road safety. Ironic, perhaps, when we'd just crossed the A272 – not as busy then as now! Meals were served in the classroom and they were good: Mrs Page worked in the kitchen at the back. There were nature walks in Petworth Park and the usual school crazes, another taking over when we tired of the current one – skipping

ropes, bouncing balls, swinging on the school's metal rails. Miss Shuffleton was head when I first went there but Miss Bateson took over when Ebernoe school closed in the early 1950s. She still lived there, just by Wassell Mill and we would meet her as she walked up the hill. She'd come on the Anstey coach on its way to Midhurst secondary modern.

Very few people in Upperton had the telephone then and those that had usually shared a line with someone else. As I knew how to use the phone I'd go to the phone box to ring Petworth to give the number of bottles of milk needed for the day. The ice cream man would make regular visits to the school while Mr Brash with his fish and chip van was another visitor but not to the school itself. Three pen'orth of chips was a popular out of school treat.

Sophie Mitford at Manor of Dean was Brown Owl and I'd ride my pony up to the manor for meetings. There were twelve of us. A bungalow just across from Manor of Dean was vacant at the time and we'd meet there. Miss Mitford would take us to annual camp at East Preston where we'd stay for the week in the village hall. It's the swimming I remember most. The Brownies had a marvellous pixie toadstool. I'm not sure what it was made of but it was inscribed with our names. It was kept in a cupboard in the village school and was at one time, I believe, in the village hall. I'd very much like to locate it again if it still exists. Another meeting place, this time for Guides, was upstairs at the Horse Guards but I don't think the room's there now. Miss Mitford was a keen Guider and other troops would come and camp at Manor of Dean.

I don't recall a rector earlier than Mr Yorke although I was in the church choir for a time. He would, after a time, take charge of Petworth as well with Alan Wilmer as curate. Mr Wilmer would come to the school to give religious instruction. He would later be at Northchapel for years and of course knew Mrs Bateson well. John Podmore and his three sisters lived at Tillington Hill House and we'd go there to make Palm Sunday crosses – one of the Podmore sisters married Mr Blee who replaced Mr Yorke at Tillington.

The village hall was built in the 1950s and prior to that social events were held largely at the school I can remember bobbing apples at Halloween as too taking the accumulator down to Granny Bryder for the radio. The Monument was still empty and officially locked, but it was no trouble for us to get in. Mr and Mrs Dunstan had lived there formerly. They were upstairs in bed when they heard a noise on the stairs. Mr Dunstan went off to investigate to find a goat on the landing! Clearly the goat had found entry no more difficult than we would later.

I was twenty-seven when I joined the old Petworth Rural District Council, extending from Bury to Loxwood but not including Tillington. Petworth perhaps stopped at the double lodges. It was a contested election and I was the youngest

councillor anyone could remember. There were two meetings a month and it would be a while before I joined Petworth Park Council. The old Petworth RDC was disbanded in 1974 to become a constituent part of Chichester District Council. Again, the election was contested but I was elected for Petworth, the other wards having their own representation: Duncton, Plaistow and the rest but that, as they say, is another story.

Linda and Betty's Stag Park walk

Peter Jerome

Sunday afternoon, April 22, Petworth. The familiar weekday faces are nowhere to be seen, replaced by hurrying strangers looking for instant impression and, at the same time, memories to take away. The Petworth Society walkers seem a race apart. The car park's free today but you need a ticket and the machine is having a tantrum. Free or not, you have to display. A bemused couple approach us. What if they fail to display and a predatory warden appears? It's a question more for medieval logicians than innocent walkers. The couple decide not to risk it – leave the potential charms of Petworth for another day – or perhaps never.

Time to set off. North Street and then a procession of cars glinting along the London road. Left for Lurgashall, left again at the blind crossroads. Open the gate at Raghmagham and we're at least as far away in spirit from Petworth car park as we are from Peking. The familiar parking space by the barns. It's quiet in the woods: almost certainly we'll meet no one. We're here to see the bluebells and we'll not see the lakes or trouble any fishermen. It's just that short feast of colour, so quickly come, so quickly gone. Linda had found them in tight bud on Tuesday, but the soaring temperatures have brought them full out as it has also hardened the cavernous ruts in the marshy paths into steep ridges. Private Leconfield land with special permission.

Drifts of blue, islands of blue, carpets of blue, seas of blue – pick your own cliché. Young nettles on the verge in delicate green leaf and the classic spring combination of bluebells and the unrelenting white of stitchwort. A tiny electric blue butterfly flits across the path. Pooh-sticks for a moment under a strangely modern brick culvert. The stick rams the bank, clings for a while and is then borne downstream. Primroses here and there break up the solid blue, a solitary pheasant in the distance.

We haven't seen a single lake, a single person and the lone pheasant was, you may say, non-committal.

PETWORTH,

7th June, 1909.

Sir or Madam,

The business of the late

MR. JAMES WOODS,

BUILDER AND UNDERTAKER &c. of

Angel Street, Petworth,

having been discontinued by the Executors of his Will I have arranged a tenancy of the Yard, Shop and buildings adjoining the deceased's house and to carry on the business there in my own name.

I trust that you will favour me with the patronage you have for so many years given to the late MR. WOODS.

Your obedient Servant,

HENRY COOPER.