

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY *magazine*

No. 180. June 2020



International Horse Show.

BRIGHTON AND LONDON

On and after 1st MAY, 1914.

LONDON TO BRIGHTON
Monday, Wednesday & Friday.

BRIGHTON TO LONDON.
Tuesday, Thursday & Saturday.

Miles.		Time.	Miles.		Time
	Hotel Victoria, Charing Cross	10.15		Brighton. Hotel Metropole	10.45
8½	*Roehampton (<i>King's Head</i>)	11.10	7½	*Newtimber	11.35
14	Worcester Park (<i>The Plough</i>)	11.45	12½	Henfield (<i>White Hart</i>) ..	12.0
17	*Ewell (<i>Spring Hotel</i>) .. .	12. 5	13½	*Mockbridge (<i>Bull Inn</i>) ..	12.15
18½	Epsom	12.15	16½	Cowfold (<i>Red Lion</i>) .. .	12.35
27½	*Dorking (<i>White Horse</i>) arr.	1.10	21	*Manning's Heath (<i>Dun Horse</i>)	1. 5
	(Lunch, 40 minutes)	1.53	23½	Horsham (<i>King's Head</i>) arr.	1.20
31	Holmwood (<i>Post Office</i>) ..	2.20		(Lunch, 40 minutes)	2. 0
36	*Kingsfold (<i>Wheatsheaf</i>) ..	2.50	28	*Kingsfold (<i>Wheatsheaf</i>) ..	2.30
40½	Horsham (<i>King's Head</i>) ..	3.15	33	Holmwood (<i>Post Office</i>) ..	3. 0
43	*Manning's Heath (<i>Dun Horse</i>)	3.30	36½	*Dorking (<i>White Horse</i>) ..	3.25
47½	Cowfold (<i>Red Lion</i>) .. .	3.55	45½	Epsom	4.20
50½	*Mockbridge (<i>Bull</i>) .. . arr.	4.15	47	*Ewell (<i>Spring Hotel</i>) arr.	4.30
	(Tea, 10 minutes)	4.25		(Tea, 10 minutes)	4.40
51½	Henfield (<i>White Hart</i>) ..	4.35	50	Worcester Park (<i>Plough</i>)	5. 0
56½	*Newtimber	5. 0	55½	*Roehampton (<i>King's Head</i>)	5.35
64	Brighton, Hotel Metropole	arr. 5.50	64	Hotel Victoria, Charing Cross	arr. 6.30

* CHANGE HORSES.

† NEAR RAILWAY STATION

FARE 15s. : BOX SEAT, 5s. extra.

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
magazine

No. 180, June 2020



For humanity 2020 is proving the most difficult year for generations, yet nature, not only immune, appears to be thriving. When these bluebells were photographed in April, nightingales were singing, woodpeckers were drumming and a handsome dog fox was trotting confidently past – and all little more than a mile from the centre of Petworth.

FRONT COVER

From the Hotel Victoria at Charing Cross after breakfast to arrive at the Hotel Metropole in Brighton in time for dinner by 'Lord Leconfield's "Old Times Coach"' for fifteen shillings in 1914. A detail from a post card of the same date.

BACK COVER

'Snow 23 Oct 1859'. A brief graffito by an unknown hand on the wall of the Leconfield Estate carpenter's workshop suggests an unusually cold autumn in 1859. See 'A carpenter's pencil' on page 30.

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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The Petworth Society supports the Leconfield Hall, Petworth Cottage Museum, the Coultershaw Beam Pump and the Friendship Centre.

WEBSITE

www.petworthsociety.co.uk

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CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

July 1st 2020

By any standards 2020 has been a difficult year. The June magazine appears in mid-July while issue 181 will appear later in the autumn. Hopefully, 2021 will see the return of normal Society activities as too, the Book Sale.

We very much hope you like this issue of the magazine; understandably, owing to social distancing we have not been able to do our usual interviews, relying instead on those we had conducted prior to the epidemic. Thank you very much for your understanding.

If, unsurprisingly, subscription renewal has slipped your mind, perhaps you could use the renewal form enclosed to pay.

The Annual General Meeting had to be held over but there will be a summary of the financial position in issue 181. While the effect of the epidemic still has to be assessed, a successful 2019-20 should have put us in a reasonable position for the future.

Petworth remembered with Miles and Peter

Julia Edwards

A very good number of members attended Miles' and Peter's showing of old Petworth photographs, some Petworthians through and through, others, like myself, not born and bred, but feel as though we are; and others much newer to the town.

The evening had a warm and informal feeling to it, with many of the audience interacting and contributing to the commentary provided by Miles and Peter.

Miles has created a Facebook page where he posts old photographs of Petworth and this has meant that a younger generation is adding to the history of Petworth. Photographs taken in the sixties that, to me seem modern, are creating interest. On a personal level, what has been particularly good about the Facebook enterprise is that people I haven't seen since I was in the Girl Guides in the early seventies, have been brought together again.

Another evening like this would be very much appreciated, please, Miles and Peter.

Bulletin days

Peter Jerome

I have taken here a random selection of material from Bulletins 1 to 25 (May 1974 to September 1981) to illustrate the diversity of the magazine from its earliest tentative beginnings. In fact the title 'Magazine' would emerge only with issue 50. In the early days we sometimes re-used published material although our preference was always for original writing. The pieces here do not appear in the order of publication and choosing could be endless. On occasion I have added a short explanatory note. Appropriately the last piece introduces an in-depth interview, the first of many that would effectively come to define the later magazine.

BUST OF WILLIAM III ON THE LECONFIELD HALL

The condition of this unusual bust by Honoré Pelle has recently been causing considerable concern. The bust is one of the few examples of this artist's work in England and was described in the guide to Sussex by Ian Nairn and Nikolaus Pevsner as 'one of the best pieces of Baroque sculpture in England'. Part of the nose is broken and there has been much fouling by pigeons and growth of green algae and even some grass over it. Its attachment to the pediment has also been described as dangerous and so the trustees of the hall have decided that it should be taken down with the greatest possible care and stored under cover until suitable renovation can be made.



Left.

The Honoré Pelle bust is now at Petworth House, and its old position on the Leconfield Hall is occupied by this replica, safe behind its protective pigeon netting.

Honoré Pelle (c.1641-1718) is thought to have spent his early years in Marseilles, and is likely to have trained under the French sculptor and painter Pierre Puget (1620-1694). Before coming to England Pelle, a Huguenot, seems to have spent most of his early working life in Genoa and Modena, where his commissions were mainly ecclesiastical. The 6th Duke of Somerset employed numerous French Huguenots, including Daniel Marot, to whose designs Petworth House was probably rebuilt.

JACK PURSER ON BROADCASTING SEED

We would broadcast seed by hand from a seedlip and we were very skilled at this, almost always managing to work the quantity out right and always getting a nice even germination. Clover seed was particularly difficult to broadcast. My father had a saying about sowing:

Drunk to sow peas
wild man to sow tares.

I think that he meant that you couldn't make much of a job of sowing peas unless you were drunk, nor much of a job of sowing tares unless you were angry enough to give the seed a good strong cast. Tares were like a climbing vetch, a tumbling sort of plant that would be cut with a faghook. It wasn't much use for hay but if we did have a few seeds over we'd throw them in with the hay.

FROM THE TENTH EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND'S EQUESTRIAN EXPENSES, 1651.

(PETWORTH HOUSE ARCHIVES)

£8 is paid to George Taylbie, harnessmaker, 'for a sute of new raines and for oyling and mending the harnesse this yeare'. Taylbie appears in the two previous accounts including in 1650 '... a paire of large bootes to the velvett travailing coach with 5 yards of kersey to line them'. A 'boot' was an uncovered space on or by the coach steps on either side of the vehicle where the attendants sat facing sideways. Kersey was a kind of coarse ribbed cloth.

CROPPING THE VERGES ON THE LONDON ROAD. MRS W. WADSWORTH

I suppose that we are the last small-holders in the stretch of road between Petworth and Northchapel to graze cattle on the common.

We moved to Grinsteads in 1922 and, having only five acres, we had not enough grazing for five cows and a horse and to put meadows up for hay, so the cows had to be 'minded'. I well remember the day, soon after we had moved in – the first day that I should have been at school – it was too wet to go to school in the morning but about 11 a.m. it cleared and I was sent out to mind the cows. We were between Grinsteads and Limbo Farm when the school attendance officer came along on his motor-cycle and wanted to know why I was not at school. On my stating that it had been too wet, he made the obvious reply that it was evidently not too wet to mind the cows and that I was to go to school that afternoon.

All sorts of people passed along the road. Once I was reading some old comics when a string of gypsy caravans passed. This was not unusual of course, what was different this time was that a small boy came out of a caravan and asked if he could buy the comics. I explained that they were only old

ones, (they had been given to us). 'That don't matter' We ain't read them' he said, and gave me two pence.

THE RELIEF OF MAFEKING. (PETWORTH PARISH MAGAZINE, 1900)

The relief of Mafeking was received in the town with the heartiest acclamations of delight. On Monday, when the official news was received, the Bellringers rang a jubilant peal, and the Town Band paraded the streets and played dance music to a large gathering of people in the meadows below Grays. The whole town was decorated with flags and banners, and on all sides was plentiful evidence of the universal delight with which the good news had been received.

GWENDA MORGAN RECALLS THE MISSES AUSTINS' LITTLE PRIVATE SCHOOL AT BOX GROVE IN POUND STREET

The school was run by Miss Fanny Austin and her two sisters and Elsie Whitcomb also taught here. It was 'Miss Whitcomb' who guided our hands when we were at the pot-hook stage.

After the beginning of the first world war I remember that in a small room where we used to put our outdoor clothes there was a long table covered with clean sheets of newspaper and one of the other girls said to me: 'You see all those pages printed with names? Well they are the names of the men who have been killed in the war.'

In the school-room there were long tables, and forms to sit on and a piano, and in the winter a good fire in the grate and a row of little woolly bobbles hanging from the mantelpiece.

We worked on slates and the squeaking of the slate pencils on the slates was enough to set one's teeth on edge.

One day I injured an arm on the hinges of a gate and had to wear a sling for some time and when I arrived at school each morning, Miss Fanny used to ask, 'How is your arm this morning?' 'It's alright, thank you,' I would reply. 'If it is alright, you would not be wearing a sling. You should say "It is better."' But every day I forgot and said the wrong words.

Gwenda Morgan would become a highly-acclaimed wood engraver.

A WITCH AT BURY

Among the Church Court deposition documents in the County Record Office is a roughly written note from February 1603 containing allegations about the activities of one Mother Scutt of Bury.

According to this: 'Mother Scutt of Bury is reported to be a witch and that she hath taken it upon hir to cause younge women not maryed being begotten

unlawfully with childe to be delivered unto herself' . . . she then 'destroyed ye children and some of ye mothers.'

PETWORTH'S OLDER BELLS. (THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE SCRAPBOOK).

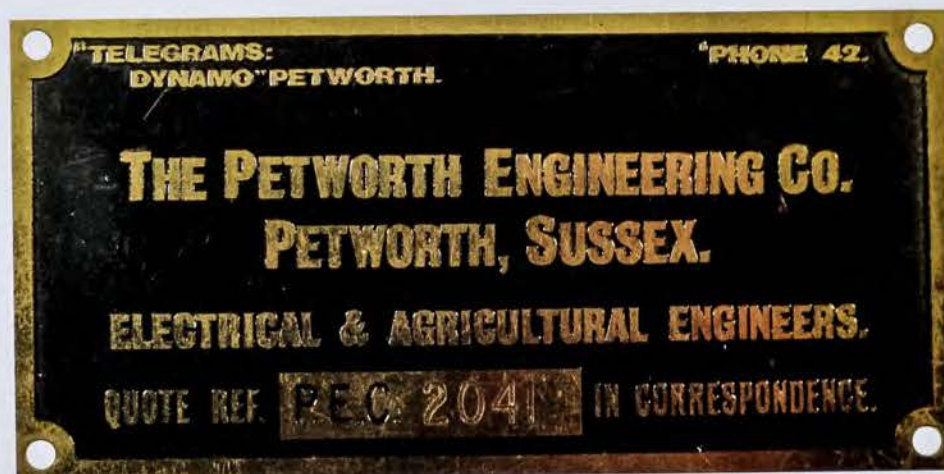
'Shoemakers Bell' was rung every morning at 6 o'clock but this roused too many from their slumbers and was given up many years ago.

'Curfew' was rung at 8 p.m. until 1914 when war stopped it. It was rung in the form of the Angelus, starting three times with three strokes.

'Dishing Bell' was rung directly the sermon was finished on Sunday mornings so that the baker and housewives might know that it was time to dish up the dinner. Some old people still remember it.

A GIRL TRAVELS FROM CHESTERFIELD TO WORK AS A HOUSEMAID AT PETWORTH, 1920S

The housekeeper at Petworth House had given me detailed instructions about coming from my home in Derbyshire, down on the train to Kings Cross, then by taxi across unknown London to Victoria. I had the exact time of the train to Pulborough, where I had to change to go along the branch line to Petworth, watching at each of the little stations to see which would be Petworth. There I would be met. And so I came to Petworth – just a name to me then. The other travellers alighted and disappeared, the train moved off and I was left alone. After about five minutes a horse-drawn carriage pulled up and a voice said, 'Are you the new housemaid for Petworth House?' I would know the driver later as Bill Barnes. We set off for Petworth House up the slight hill from the station and into the old town.



Petworth Engineering Co.

No. 33 in the continuing series of old Petworth traders. Miles Costello

Now long forgotten, The Petworth Engineering Co. traded out of the premises in East Street which would later become the Petworth branch of SCATS, the agricultural merchants and is now home to the Petworth Antique Market.

Owned by Mr Frank Calnan, the business was established in about 1921 and took over the building which had previously been used by William Maybank who ran his coachbuilding business from there. Among many other things the business was a dealer in Chevrolet cars and Wallis tractors, both American brands, and one of the first local garages to serve petrol from a pump. Jack Holloway joined the business as a fourteen-year-old in 1923 and recalled that

... they dealt in all manner of machinery, tractors particularly, and specialised in country house electric lighting, installing and servicing the engines that drove the plants. It was a very diverse business which included well-work and this latter was my main job, working with Cecil Puttock and also Charlie Grace from West Chiltington. We would go down to repair the pumps, sometimes descending seventy or eighty feet on a winch with a seat attached. We would drop a candle down to see what the air was like. If it went out we'd plunge a sack of hay up and down to create a current of air, and then try the candle again. Alternatively we might pump fresh air down a hose pipe using one of the big old-fashioned blacksmiths' bellows. If you could see a haze as you looked down the well you'd know better than to go down. In those early days of mechanisation Petworth Engineering Co. did contract ploughing with tractors but also had a thriving electrical side. George Cargill in Angel Street had a charging plant to replenish spent wireless accumulators. Part of the East Street yard was enclosed and offered a display of stationary engines. Petworth Engineering Co. also sold petrol. I remember Mr Payne the butcher had a motor-cycle without a kick-start and it wasn't unusual after he'd filled up with petrol to push him to the Post Office before the engine started, once or twice even as far as Pound Street!

A recollection from *PSM* 50, December 1987. The Petworth Engineering Co. finally closed its doors in 1945 when it was taken over by SCATS.

Opposite. A brass plate from The Petworth Engineering Co., perhaps from a Wallis tractor.

We wore bright yellow jackets

Keith Russell in conversation with Miles Costello

It was 1962 and I was 18 years old when I was approached and asked to join the band. The Triffiks were a Petworth band with Gerald Humphrey on lead guitar, Colin Winter on rhythm, Malcolm Shepherd on bass and having agreed to join them I would be on drums.

Before I came on the scene Gerald, Martin Hayler, Malcolm and his dad had formed a band to play for the Hampers Green Drama Group, mostly to provide musical accompaniment for their productions. When Martin dropped out Colin Winter took his place and they decided to become a dance band calling themselves The Perpetrators, that would have been early 1962. It wasn't long before the boys decided to change their style of music and become a beat rock group which is when Malcolm's dad stood down. Shortly after that they changed their name once again when their manager 'Jinx' Humphrey came up with The Triffiks and it was then that I joined the band.

The new band was based at The Queens Head pub in the High Street at Petworth where our manager Gerald 'Jinx' Humphrey was landlord. The upstairs sitting room of the pub served as a rehearsal room and as most of us couldn't read music we would buy a record that we were interested in and play it over and over picking out the chords while one of us wrote down the words, needless to say the rehearsal evenings were very important.

Jinx generously supplied a Commer van which was used to ferry us and our extensive range of equipment around our engagements. The van would later be replaced by a newer and importantly more reliable mini-bus with which Jinx would do a school run in and occasionally hire out. Jinx was a jovial, friendly and outgoing sort of person – as befits a pub landlord – and like the rest of us was convinced that we were always on the very verge of making the big time. If truth be known he probably spent too much time and money on us and would even guarantee the loans we took out to buy instruments and equipment. My original drums were the cheapest we could buy but were later traded in for a better set. Of course we had to buy amplifiers and all of the other equipment you would expect us to have.

Our first engagement was probably at The Swan Hotel in Petworth. I believe that it was either a football or cricket club do held in the upstairs function room and as we only had about five songs in our repertoire it was important to stretch them out. One of the popular songs at the time was 'Bits and Pieces' by The Dave

Clark Five and we must have played it half a dozen times during the evening. We soon progressed from The Swan and Jinx got us bookings at various village dances, pub, social clubs and even weddings. Initially we wore bright yellow jackets though later as fashions changed and groups got scruffier we decided to just wear our normal clothes. The band were really quite busy and we were still having to fit in our day jobs, of course we were all still quite young and managed the late nights and early mornings remarkably well.

One day Jinx announced that he had enrolled us into a national beat competition organised by *The Melody Maker* newspaper and we travelled up to The Wimbledon Palais in South London to take part. This was probably the summer of 1965 and though we took a couple of coachloads of local supporters we were sadly unsuccessful. There were some seriously good groups performing and we really couldn't compete with them though it was a great experience and certainly the biggest crowd that we were likely to ever perform in front of. It was around the time of the Palais trip that we decided that the band should have a permanent singer. Gerald's sister Pam had occasionally sung with us but we really needed a dedicated singer as that was the trend with most successful groups at the time. Our first lead singer was a guy from Kirdford named Sargent who we called 'Sarge'. He came up to London with us for the competition but didn't stay long with the band. When Sarge left he was replaced by a Pulborough lad named John 'Tango' Tangstrum. It was at that time that we became known as Tango and the Triffiks. Tango fitted in well and would remain until the end.

Jinx was getting us plenty of bookings including a couple of seasons at the Earnley Bay holiday camp near Bracklesham. We would drive down once a week and just treat the session much like a rehearsal evening and for which we received the princely sum of ten pounds for our troubles which only just about covered our costs. Of course each booking put fresh demands on us and we would have to play music to suit the venue. Weddings were always difficult but fortunately Malcom also played a piano accordion and so if a waltz was called for then we could do it. Army camps on Salisbury Plain were another gig and we even had two trips to a long forgotten university in France. Sailing from Portsmouth we would arrive at Le Havre and then have a two hour drive to the venue staying overnight in a back-street hotel. We occasionally played at what were known as A.B.C. dances which were very big in the area during the 1960s, there was one at Cranleigh village hall where we supported Bobby Johnson and The Atoms who went on to have considerable success with their rhythm and blues style of music and released several records. There were other A.B.C. dances at Petersfield, Haslemere, Godalming, Guildford and at Petworth in The Leconfield Hall.

I remember on one occasion we played at a polo party in Midhurst. We were told that Prince Charles and the Duke of Edinburgh may be there and while

we didn't see the Duke, Charles did stick his head in and do half a dance before disappearing with his entourage. One of the lads put a handmade sign in the gents loo saying 'The Duke of Edinburgh sat on this throne'.

Colin and Malcom left in about 1966 or 1967 and they were replaced by Ken Foster on rhythm guitar and John Katon who played the bass. We would continue until about 1970 when a number of things conspired to make us give up the band. Most of us were beginning to settle down, having steady girl friends or getting married. Jinx had given up the pub and moved to The Fox and Hounds near Wisborough Green. We had to find a new place to rehearse and fortunately we were able to use a room at the back of The White Horse at Sutton. This was quite handy as Colin and Gerald's girlfriends came from the village. Times were changing; there was no longer the demand for live acts. Discotheques were coming in and it was cheaper to hire a guy with a record player and a pile of records than it was a band. We were effectively outpriced.

The band was together for the best part of ten years and I must say that I enjoyed the time. It was certainly not easy playing a couple of evenings a week and still holding down a day job – I was a carpenter for a West Chiltington builder for over thirty years – but I wouldn't change a thing. We eventually went our separate ways though even after all these years I am still in touch with a couple of the band members.



A late photographs of the Triffiks after they had abandoned their bright yellow jackets.

On the left, Gerald Humphrey (lead guitar), at the back and looking a little uncomfortable, John 'Tango' Tangstrum (vocals), and at the front from left to right John Katon (bass guitar), Keith Russell (drums), and Ken Foster (rhythm guitar).

The style of the photograph is typical of that of 1960s pop groups – a combination of carefree youthful high spirits with a hint of world-wearyness and a suggestion of anarchy.

From Facebook

Miles Costello

COULTERSHAW MILL

A photograph of a young woman working at a sewing machine repairing flour sacks at Coultershaw Mill in 1949 was seen by Linda Carter who identified the machinist as her mother Rose who was 23 years old at the time. Robert Spreadbury and his family lived for some years in the farmhouse next to the mill and was once asked how they could live there with the constant rumbling of the machinery the truth was that after a short while they didn't even notice the noise. What's more as the mill didn't operate at weekends Robert and his friends would be free to wander around inside the huge building, a fascinating if not somewhat dangerous playground.



Rose Carter repairing J. Gwillim flour sacks at Coultershaw Mill in 1949. The Gwillim family had operated the mill from the early twentieth century until its closure in 1972. The practical but ugly steel-framed concrete building, which had replaced the earlier mill after its destruction by fire in 1923 was dismantled in 1973. The site is now occupied by the Coultershaw Beam Pump.

PETWORTH CARNIVAL

A George garland photograph of the W.I. float at Petworth Carnival in July 1969 generated considerable interest. The float appeared to represent an Edwardian bathing scene with many of the participants appropriately dressed for the occasion. Trish Golkowski née Clake remarked that she had never seen the photograph before but was able to identify her Mum, her Nan the landlady at The Masons Arms pub in North Street, and a cousin. After a great deal of discussion and a lot of to-ing and fro-ing between several continents almost all of the performers on the float were identified, no mean feat after half a century!

PIG SWILL

A local newspaper article from 1971 with a photograph showing Stan Green cutting hair in the bar at the Black Horse pub at Byworth brought back memories. Stan was a member of the Green family who had run the pub for years and was also the barber at what was then Pelletts in the Market Square. Sharp-eyed Jennifer Bell née Salter spotted her father Roland Salter in the photograph and pointed out that Peter Sadler, the gentleman having his hair cut 'used to castrate our piglets with a penknife and a pot of Germolene'. Of course Roland or Rolly as he was better known kept pigs for many years in the field next to the pub in Byworth. He would collect swill from the local schools and stale bread from Petworth bakers. John Vincent pointed out that 'the baker was Fred Knight from the Tavern and the bakery was down in Golden Square at the back of Money's the grocer. I remember your dad boiling up the pig swill and the pigs running up the field for their feed'.

POLISH LAKE

Childhood memories of bathing on the Rother and in the Polish Lake in the park generated a flurry of comments. Julia Edwards née Thompson revealed that she used to swim at Coultershaw Mill and would love to do so again. Janet Duncton née Hazelman recalled walking across the fields from Selham Bridge and swimming in the Rother where 'we even had a sort of beach'. Janet was clearly a keen bather and would also make the trek across the park from Upperton to the Polish lake. 'We used to climb the wall at Upperton as there was no gate there then. I remember Joan Fines' daughter getting her foot caught in weeds but no problem because we freed her quite easily. No dressing rooms and all that stuff just in, swim, and out

and dry off. Great fun. When people talk of Upper and Lower Lake I always have to think which one is which because we always called it Polish Lake.' The Polish Lake was also the favourite swimming place for Hampers Green kids and no doubt children from The Polish Camp. On hindsight it was incredibly dangerous what with all of the underwater obstacles and that is without the huge amount of munitions that were dumped in the lake after D-Day.

TWO SPECIAL LADIES

The sad deaths of Jill Wilkinson née Sutton and nurse Pat Turner were widely commented on my Facebook page. Mrs Wilkinson taught domestic science at The Herbert Shiner School for many years and was a popular teacher which as expected was reflected in the response to her death. Susan Duncton kept her comment rather succinct 'I always called her Miss Sutton whenever I saw her'. Trish Golkowski née Clake wrote 'Miss Sutton, I still think of her when I'm cooking. We found a bottle of mead in the classroom pantry. OMG, I still won't touch the stuff. Such a nice lady sad to hear she's gone'. Jan Carver née Hamilton also wrote 'Miss Sutton taught me cooking in 1961 when the school first opened; she was one of the very first teachers there. I still remember lots of things she taught even today when I'm cooking, she always said "Tidy as you go".' Sue Roberts, Maureen Adsett née Baigent and Kathleen Bridger née Williams offered similar sentiments.

Pat Turner was a district nurse for many years and lived at Hampers Green. Betty Johnson said 'She was an amazing nurse. I had four children when I lived at Hampers Green and she helped me with all of them'. Gill Madgwick wrote 'Pat came to us when we all had chicken pox bringing lollipops, lovely lady'. Linda Hedger recalled 'Pat delivered me almost 58 years ago after being newly qualified and had remained a much loved family friend ever since, a very sad loss'.

AFTERTHOUGHT

While I certainly remember Pat Turner from years ago my special memories are much more recent, in particular her regular visits to The Petworth Society book sale. She would occasionally bring in a bag of carrier bags for us to use. The bags were neatly folded like newly ironed handkerchiefs. I would tease her about it. A lovely lady, I tried on several occasions to get her to talk to me for this magazine to no avail, confidentiality was everything to her.

IMPERIAL SOUND SYSTEM.

PICTUREDROME PETWORTH

PHONE 147

Monthly Programme FOR October 1936

PROGRAMME SUBJECT TO ALTERATION

NIGHTLY AT 8

WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS AT 6 and 8-30

Proprietors: J. K. COLLINS

Strike me pink

Some Petworth cinema programmes from the 1930s

The Picturedrome programme in October 1936 was little more than a notice board but two years later the Regal had recognised the influence of Jazz Age style. Gary Cooper and George Raft apparently glance somewhat uneasily towards The Misses Westlake (millinery, gowns, undies, wools, baby linens and children's wear) of New Street, Petworth and C. E. Line (coal and coke merchant) of Street Farm, Fittleworth. The programmes would have been a valuable advertising outlet for local businesses.

With thanks to Chris Vincent from whose collection these programmes were loaned.

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in
THE EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS

From the book by Baroness Orczy, the world-famous creator of "The Scarlet Pimpernel".

with
ROBERT YOUNG, MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
FRANK MORGAN & HENRY STEPHENSON
ALSO
NANCY BURNE & JACK LIVESEY
in
WHEN THE POPPIES BLOOM AGAIN

THURSDAY, APRIL 29th, FOR 3 DAYS.



Gary Cooper and George Raft, who co-star in Paramount's marvellous motion picture, "SOULS AT SEA".

with
FRANCES DEE, HENRY WILCOXON
HARRY CAREY & OLYMPE BRANDA
ALSO
WILLIAM BOYD, GEORGE HAYES & MURIEL EVANS
in
RUSTLERS VALLEY

From the North Gallery to the Leconfield Hall

Roger Wootton in conversation with Caroline Egremont and the editor. Part three

In the early 1990s the Leconfield Estate building department were retained by the National Trust for a very considerable project, so extensive that we were forced to pull off work at Uppark (see *PSM* 179) to concentrate on it. It involved complete internal and external refurbishment of the North Gallery in Petworth House, and the removal of all exhibits: only the massive Flaxman statue remaining, and that was securely boxed in. The pictures were taken to the North Bedroom, the floor was taken up and replaced with oak boards, and the apex roof lights were replaced by lantern lights much closer in style to the originals. Two large sculptures were relocated from the Audit Room, their sheer weight necessitating a concrete runway below floor level to avoid damage to the floor. A new damp-proof system was introduced; dehumidifying equipment for this and other rooms being ducted from controls in the 'iron' cellar below. This had been a long and rewarding project, during which the visiting public could see what was being undertaken via a covered walkway from the Chapel Passage doorway into the North Gallery around to the Red Room doorway.

In the Square Dining Room the main beams supporting the first floor Trellis Bedroom and Dressing Rooms were in danger of collapse due to infestation by death watch beetle and overloading in the past. An architect-designed holding system was introduced. This involved inserting a set of steel 'A' frames from which one-inch suspension rods were hung, some of which passed through the studwork wall at the head of the bed, and at the foot of the bed others were inserted into dummy columns. These then passed through the floor where they were clamped to the main beams of the Square Dining Room. These works, which were all carried out by the Estate team, successfully relieved the loading on the Square Dining Room roof beams and the project created surprisingly little disturbance. Finally, the Trellis Bedroom was redecorated with a pretty 'sweetpea' pattern wallpaper copied from Lady Egremont's house in Scotland.

Another urgent project was to reconstruct the oak staircase in the Oak Hall, and strengthening it with steel where necessary. On taking up the floor, parts of the original Percy staircase, a relic of the medieval house, were uncovered. We took the opportunity, once the strengthening was complete, to create an access hatch in the wall so that the old stairs could be seen again if required. While in the Oak Hall we stripped off the 1950s emulsion-covered wood-chip wallpaper which had been pasted over an earlier paper, probably dating from the 1800s. By

careful removal of some of the remaining fragments of the earlier paper, Allyson McDermott, working with the National Trust, was able to copy it and make a replacement. Allyson is arguably the world's leading authority on conserving, recreating and hanging historic wallpapers and was formerly Head of Sotheby's Conservation Studio. Currently working from her studio in Cockermouth, she was, at this time, conveniently situated in the old Battery House in the Petworth House Cowyard. Making the paper was one thing – hanging it quite another (the drop was 32 feet) and the three decorators led by Ian Cox, discovered in trials that the conventional paste dried too quickly for the bubbles and creases to be brushed out and a specialised paste was imported from Italy. This performed much better and the project was successfully completed.

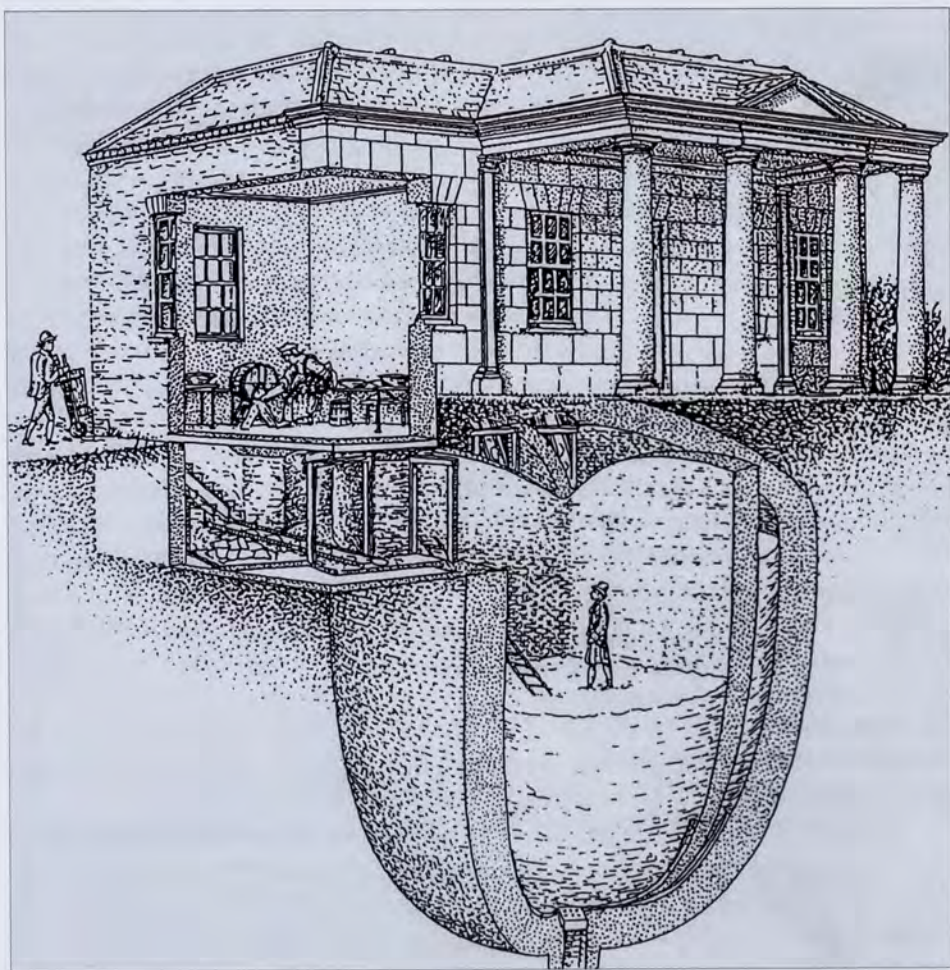
It had now become clear that a similar problem to that which we had tackled in the Square Dining Room was becoming apparent in the Red Room where urgent holding repairs to the ceiling were required. Many of the chestnut and oak laths had been attacked by woodworm and the plaster had lost its key and was somehow holding itself up. The laths were packed very close together with a sparing use of plaster which could easily come adrift. We wished at all costs to avoid replacing the old laths and after vacuuming out the loose material overlaid it with a stainless steel mesh to which we attached a mix of plaster of Paris.

There was a similar problem in the Percy Chapel where the beams had been eaten away over the years and were in desperate need of support but access for the extensive materials required was, on the face of it, difficult and, in practical terms, seemingly impossible. However, under the supervision of Tim Jemmett thirty tons of steel strengthening, which were supplied by the local engineering company Males & Co., were brought in and lifted with a giant crane through a single small pane in the magnificent window in the Turner library above. They were then re-assembled on site. In the Chapel, as so often, the damage could be attributed to water leaking in through the roof. We were relieved to have managed the restoration without damage either to the window or to the fabric of the chapel itself.

In 1997 we restored the Petworth House Ice House which is under the Fire Ladder House in the Cow Yard. This undertaking was for the National Trust who were planning to open the Ice House to the public but the underground building had been neglected and unused for years and, apart from clearing debris, we had to repair and renew timbers, repair brickwork and upgrade the antiquated electrical system. New doors to the tunnels were constructed in elm, a wood which is so resistant to damp that hollowed elm logs were used in the distant past for underground water pipes. It was ideal for the prolonged damp that is inevitable in an ice house. The old days when ice was brought in from the lake in Petworth Park are now long gone and no one has skated

on the lake since the mid-1980s. It is difficult not to think in terms of global warming.

The private part of the House had always had a single access via the Marble Hall, there being no access from the south via the private gardens and the Park. Between 1997 and 2002 we created an embankment to the level of the



A cut-away drawing of the Petworth House Ice House with its classical columns and portico. At the left a worker is wheeling in a load of ice from the lake in the park. He will take it down the steps and shoot it down to his (presumably very cold) mate below. Also in the drawing is a milkmaid churning butter in the dairy which, sensibly, is placed above the ice. The drawing is by Peter Brears and is reproduced courtesy of the National Trust.

house windows and erected a stone bridge from which a new doorway was formed from an existing window opening. This was made in our workshops by the head joiner John Staker. The original centuries-old chamomile turf was taken off and carefully re-laid in the protection of a wall in the paddock for three years. For the embankment, original Hythe stone was used, found in a seam at Cowdray, quarried at Easebourne and transported to Shropshire to be cut into rectangular pieces. It was then worked on in the stables at Petworth. The stone had to be left for some three months and more to dry out before being used. Two new Bath stone urns stand proudly now on site. They are replicas of the seventeenth-century urns in Alexander Pope's garden at Twickenham – with a difference: the narrow necks at the foot of the pedestals, vulnerable in such an exposed position, have been drilled through with steel rods to strengthen them.

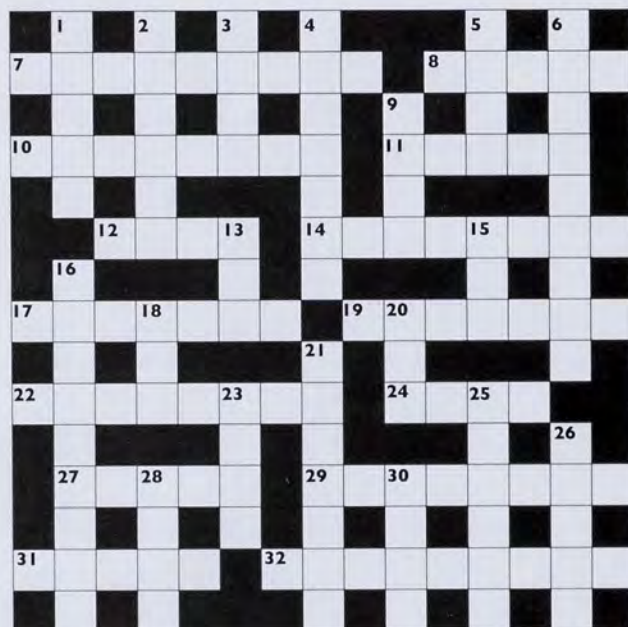
Next for attention was the taking back of the Carved Room in Petworth House. It had been re-modelled in 1870 by Henry and Constance Leconfield. The idea was to go back to the Third Earl of Egremont's original conception of 1828 and return the Turner paintings to their old positions, removing a later dado and re-imagining the Third Earl's dining room. The Ritson wood carvings would be loaned back by the family and replaced in their original positions. John Hart almost miraculously married up the carvings with their original nail holes.

Between 1996 and 2002 we were working at Lodge Farm at River. This was an extensive conversion of redundant farm buildings into a modern office complex for the then Sofa Workshop. However, before we were able to make a start on the buildings we had to upgrade the existing access – a farm track – and to rebuild and strengthen its bridge over the river Lod to take heavy construction traffic. We worked to a Sofa Workshop design by the local architect Duncan O'Kelly and converted the two barns to ground- and first-floor offices; a cart hovel became a board room, a set of stables and cattle boxes were transformed into a reception area and toilets, and a granary became a staff canteen. All the works were undertaken by the Leconfield Estate Building Department and all the new woodwork for windows, stairs etc. was in oak and was manufactured in the Estate workshops. High-specification fire protection was, of course, essential and on completion of the project it was entered, and won, its category in the Best Conversion of Buildings 1997/99 Sussex Heritage Award.

The restoration of the Leconfield Hall as the decade ended was contracted to the Leconfield Estate, under the direction of Raymond Harris. This involved repairs to the stonework and roof and we acted as the main contractor with the assistance of G. T. Stemp & Sons Ltd., of Northchapel.

CROSSWORD

Another chance to solve Debbie's first ever Petworth Society Crossword from PSM 100 – twenty years ago! Solution on page 45



ACROSS

- 7 This infamous plot resulted in The Wizard's spell in the Tower (9)
 8 I hear this is the way things used to be done on the old Petworth Estate (5)
 10 Countrywide – an organisation one can trust to look after historic buildings (8)
 11 A refreshing room now – where the Estate accounts were settled! (5)
 12 Elizabeth Percy's short-lived first lord – one with an eye for the ladies? (4)
 14 & 21 DOWN & 20 DOWN Once a heavenly sight for thirsty customers in Market Square and a nova which shines

- a welcoming light there today (4, 4) and (3, 4, 3)
 17 Those in desperate need who might have had to resort to the workhouse (7)
 19 Superbly gifted craftsman, who lived temporarily at 22 across (7)
 22 Eve's wrong about that large house on the edge of town (3, 5)
 24 Armed force commanded by the 10th Earl of Northumberland (4)
 27 Neither one place nor the other, to the north of the town (5)
 29 Almshouse named after the Proud Duke (8)
 31 Poet, artist and engraver

greatly admired by the 3rd Earl's wife, some of whose works hang in the House (5)
 32 Enjoy all the fun of Mr. Harris's on Nov. 20th (4, 5)

DOWN

- 1 William Cobbett's rides through Petworth and other country places (5)
 2 see 25 down
 3 Ex-inn and posting house with ornithological connections (4)
 4 Like the long-lived 3rd Earl: hale and somewhat hearty (7)
 5 Come listen to it – playing a leading role in most Petworth events (4)
 6 They heralded the arrival of mail coaches (4, 5)
 9 Initials scratched in stone are all that remains of it (4)
 13 Lend one to 5 down (3)
 15 Disorderly rabble – the 4th Earl of Northumberland was killed by one (3)
 16 Artist whom the 10th Earl of Northumberland commissioned to paint 'The Younger Children of Charles I' (5, 4)
 18 Area between Bedham and Shimmings, also one of two guardians of the gates! (3)
 20 & 21 see 14 across
 23 Confused old English old boy might be found playing one (4)
 25, 30 & 2 DOWN A healing site for sore eyes (6, 4, 6)
 26 Victorious, dance around – have a jolly good time (5)
 28 Yankee Ayling's famous donkey for instance, as referred to in the Sussex dialect (4)
 30 see 25 down

A sardonic crow and other matters

The February Book Sale. Peter Jerrome

From 2001 the monthly Book Sale has prompted a look at some item, a book perhaps, or even a piece of ephemera, plucked from the never ending mass of printed material destined for 'the collector' and a decidedly uncertain future. Originally a throwaway comment on a particular sale, this would develop over years into a regular feature. Although uncertain as to its general appeal I often spent as much time choosing and reflecting upon this particular feature as I did on longer and apparently more significant items.

Here's Helen Waddell's *A Book of Medieval Latin for Schools*. (Constable and Co., 1931). A fraction of gummed label points to a history that is now past deciphering and the book might best be described as 'dog-eared'. Its purpose was to use short passages from later Latin texts to provide a change from Caesar and other traditional 'easier' texts seen as 'dull and remote from the life and interests of younger minds.'

We are plunged into a strange new world where history, legend, biblical translation, poetry and medieval religion come together, sometimes a little uneasily. A solitary saint befriended, a wild boar who becomes his first disciple. He is soon joined by other animals, a fox, a badger, a wolf and a deer. Predictably perhaps, the fox breaks the rules of the little community and absconds. The badger returns him, now penitent, to the fold. The little community seems to prefigure later monastic settlements. A sardonic crow deploys his power of human speech to summon a host of travellers looking to reach the university city of Bologna. They are left waiting for a promised transport which will never come. On a more solid historical base we have Robert FitzStephen's eye-witness account of the murder of Becket. We have a snatch of medieval songs and the Latin texts of the *Te Deum* and *Oh Come All Ye Faithful* or Peter Abelard on sleeping out of doors. There is the death of King Saul in the Latin Vulgate version and St Paul's concern writing to his friend Philemon about the runaway slave Onesimus. Hebrew and Greek rendered respectively into Latin. St Columba and his white horse, St Brendan seeking the Isles of the Blest, or St Paul protesting that he as a Roman citizen has the rights of a citizen. Here is a world where lions, if treated like gentlemen, behave like gentlemen and even like the sardonic crow, have the power of human self-expression.

Helen Waddell offers no translation and only the sparsest of notes but an extensive glossary is provided. If the Latin is elementary, sometimes even simplified, it still presupposes the rudiments of the language. It presupposes also a teaching presence and a context not easily available in 2020.

Church or prison?

Tillington School in the late 1800s.



This post card of Tillington School probably dates from the late 1800s. The formidable looking stone-built school with its Gothic windows and which is gravely out of character with the rest of the buildings in the street looks to be an uncomfortable hybrid between a prison and a church. Indeed, for the pupils, that may have been how it felt. It stood where Linton House (itself aesthetically inappropriate) now is and it was demolished in 1969.

According to the Tillington National School Log Book for 1894 to 1904, on November 19, 1894 there were 110 pupils attending school in the morning although this had risen to 112 by the afternoon. Truants were frequent, usually when children were needed to work for their parents – or for local landowners.

For November 21, 1894 the Log Book recorded that sixteen boys were absent because they were 'stopping' for Colonel Mitford although only one of them was legally old enough to do so. Despite the relatively high number of pupils there were only four members of staff plus a caretaker at around the time this photograph was taken.

'...a rather worn bowler hat'

Life at a Petworth solicitor's in the 1980s, part one. Andrew Brooke

My father's family were from North-east Essex and my mother's originally from Staffordshire, but my father's work took him to Worcester and I was bred and born there. (Worcestershire people are always bred and born, not born and bred.) Until my twenty-seventh year all I knew of Sussex was from annual Easter visits to a great aunt in Bexhill.

What brought me to Petworth in 1979 was work as a solicitor with Anderson Longmore & Higham in the Market Square. I had applied for other jobs, but all through the same employment agency and it was only later that I discovered that this agency only covered Sussex, so that I had destined myself to work there.

I well remember my interview with Patrick Anderson, the senior partner, in his book-lined room with the Petworth marble fireplace and the row of Victorian chairs that no one was allowed to move, let alone sit on, as they were likely to collapse. I remember also the pile of copies of the *Law Society's Gazette* which rose from the floor to the height of his desk-top. I later found that he could never be prevailed upon to throw them away, even though he rarely opened them. The interview itself was one of those interviews which would nowadays be very much frowned upon, if not actually considered illegal, in that it mostly consisted in checking that I had been to the right sort of school. It was followed by lunch at the Petworth Park Hotel – a rarity for Mr Anderson who seldom ate out. I presumably managed to use the correct cutlery and avoid eating with my mouth open as, a week later, I heard that I had got the job: assistant solicitor on £3,000 a year, starting on 1st December.

At the time I recall the cheapest house you could find in Worcester cost £9,500. In Petworth it was £19,500, so finding somewhere to live was going to be a problem. Doubtless I could have found cheaper in Horsham or Chichester, but it never once occurred to me that I might live anywhere but the place where I worked. (I am one of the few people who has never commuted to work.) One of the secretaries suggested I should apply to the Leconfield Estate for a cottage, and so I called to see Antony Dickinson who, in his roundabout way, told me that the Estate's policy was not, as a rule, to let to 'outsiders'. There was, however, a single-storey cottage in Grove Street, number 329c, which was currently so substandard that the Estate would be ashamed to offer it to any of their own people. And so I took it, at a rent duly registered with the local authority Rent Officer of £5 a week. It was to be my home for over three years. 329c is an address which has disappeared

as a result of the modernization of the block it was in. Then it consisted of two rooms and a tiny corridor leading to the coal shed and outside WC. This corridor contained a stone sink and a Baby Belling cooker. The only heating was an open fire, and as there was no insulation, winter mornings were particularly grim.

I had no telephone, but wrote home once a week. My mother kept the letters, and re-reading them I am struck by the frequent references I made to what an old-fashioned place Petworth was. Worcester was not exactly the glass of fashion, but it had moved on from being a 'traditional' cathedral city. Whereas in Worcester you might struggle to find a single traditional butcher's shop, in Petworth then there were three.

And yet there were signs that the march of progress was catching up with Petworth. I was surprised, for instance, to find that the firm had its accounts written up on a computer. In Worcester it had often been my job to write them up by hand, using carbon paper to make sure that cash book entries corresponded with ledgers. Admittedly the firm didn't actually own the computer, but sent details of its transactions by post each day to a computer bureau in London, receiving updated copies of its books two days later, by which time the financial situation had inevitably changed. Other 'modernities' were an office Tannoy, on which the receptionist Mrs McClory delivered messages fortissimo; and some electric typewriters. Some years ago I visited a typing pool in Sri Lanka where all the typists were still using manual typewriters; it was quite nostalgic to hear their noisy clatter, which in 1979 could still be heard in some parts of the office. But there was then no email, no mobiles, no fax. The law you looked up was in books, not the internet. It was considered the height of modernity to have a quick and efficient photocopier. Here I'm afraid Anderson Longmore & Higham fell short. In a dismal lobby about ten feet by five stood an early Xerox machine. It occupied at least a third of the room and took about half a minute to deliver one sheet of photocopy. There was great rejoicing soon after I joined the firm when Robert Longmore undertook to get a more up-to-date replacement which was a quarter the size and ten times faster.

It would be misleading to suggest that because Anderson Longmore & Higham adopted the use of some modern office equipment, its working methods were particularly up-to-date. By today's standards no legal office was, of which the following are a few examples. Solicitors were not allowed to advertise, and you could be disciplined by the Law Society if, for instance, you suggested to a person who was not already your client, that he might like to seek your advice, especially if he was already the client of another firm. There was consequently little incentive for solicitors to give competitive quotations over fees; indeed it was considered vaguely improper and rather vulgar to discuss the subject at all, though clients would insist on doing so! In real terms conveyancing charges were

probably four times what they are today, and effectively subsidized the other types of work which the firm undertook, some of which, such as litigation funded by Legal Aid, tended to pay very badly, or even to be loss-making. Things moved at a slower pace. It was unusual for a conveyancing transaction to take less than eight, or at the least six, weeks, as virtually all communication with the solicitors on the other side of the transaction was by letter. On completion of the transaction the purchase price would be paid by a banker's draft (a sort of unstoppable cheque rarely seen these days) delivered by hand, and a bundle of deeds would have to be collected from the vendor's solicitors. This might entail a trip to Hampshire, Surrey, East Sussex, London or Kent, taking half a day, and it was only when it had been done that the client could move into his new house. A client of mine, waiting for news that the 'keys had been released' once asked his removal man what happened if five o'clock came round and there was still no news that the transaction had been completed. 'That's quite simple, sir' said the man, 'We send the customer off to phone his solicitors to see what the problem is, and if the house is unoccupied we break a window to get in.'

Office procedures at Anderson Longmore & Higham were, I suppose, fairly typical of the era. The day began with 'morning prayers', when the staff assembled in Mr Anderson's room not to pray, but to collect their post. Either Patrick Anderson or Robert Longmore examined each item of incoming mail and might raise questions about it: Why the delay? Should this dispute be sent to counsel for his advice? Had the client been properly warned about the risks of X Y or Z? If Robert Longmore was the examiner of an incoming letter, he would cover its margin with careful notes, often involving the abbreviation KiV – Keep in View [some legal point or other]. Patrick Anderson was inclined to be less fastidious and would often confine his remarks to comments like 'What a ridiculous letter-head that firm has. It doesn't look like a letter from a solicitor; it looks as though they're running a dress shop.'

The morning was generally spent dealing with the more routine correspondence. Telephone calls were regarded as an unwelcome interruption but a necessary evil. (Patrick Anderson could recall when the office had had only one telephone – half way up the stairs.)

At lunch the whole office shut down for an hour – as did many shops – and many of the staff went home for lunch as the majority lived in the town. I usually bought a sandwich from The Tavern, across the square, but still took a full hour off. Patrick Anderson would sit in the window to eat sandwiches which his wife had made for him, and to read the paper. Robert Longmore would have walked into work from Byworth with his dog, which spent the morning sitting under his desk occasionally barking at clients it didn't like. At lunchtime Mrs Longmore would collect them both and he went back to Byworth for lunch by car.

Lockdown at the Cottage Museum

Peter Jerrome

Closed for the season? Possibly. 2020 is a year like no other. What might Mary Cummings think? She would have lived through the pandemic of 1919, immediately following the 1914-18 war. She might perhaps feel a certain relief from a posthumous celebrity she had never sought. Mrs Cummings this, Mrs Cummings that, an attention that has nothing to do with an elusive historical personality.

Hot days in May. The museum garden baked hard under a cloudless sky. Already the lupins are turning to brown seed pods. Shorn of visitors, 346 High Street is a haven of quiet and shade. Content to be itself and no more. The helenium leaves flag in the heat and the freshly planted gazanias await visitors who will probably never come. The heavy metal watering can takes an age to fill in the stone sink. The ever faithful house plants in the kitchen window get a drink and the water spills into the saucers underneath. A dual perspective: they are veterans of 1996, the museum's opening but their job is to look further back to 1910. 346 was very much the creation of Ann Bradley, a dream realised.

A noise outside in the road. It's a lockdown supermarket delivery. People make their way up Grove Street. 346 can live with being taken for granted, a certain local indifference perhaps ... Yes 2020 is a strange year.

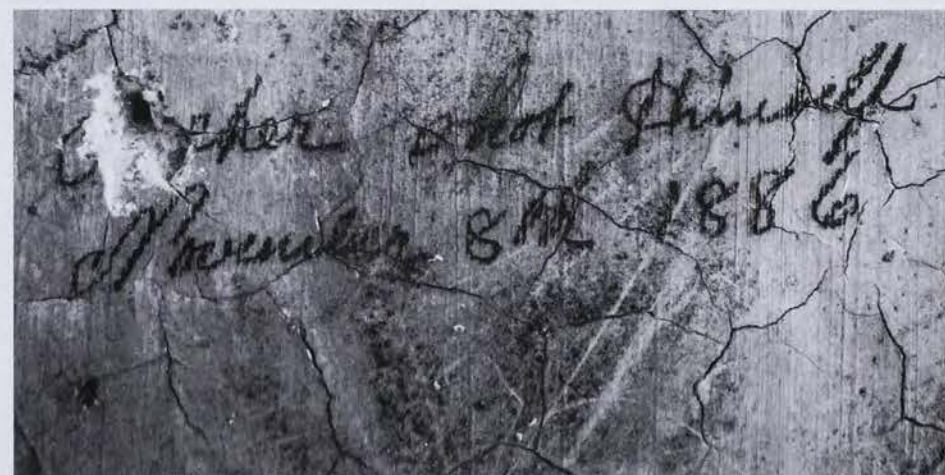
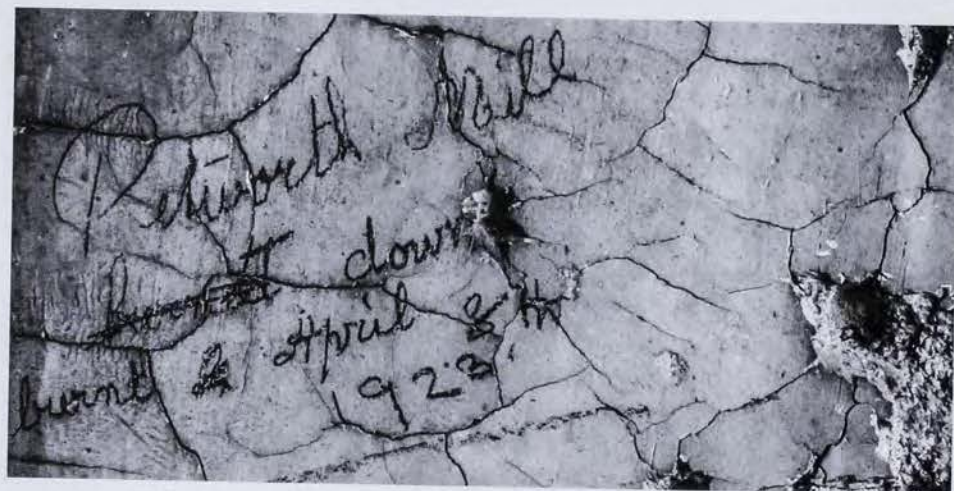
FROM THE NATIONAL NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

The Newcastle Courant 5 November 1737

Last week seven persons, besides a great number of hogs, &c, were bit by mad dogs at a little village near Petworth in Sussex. These accidents happen through a too great tenderness for these animals, as was the case here; for the person to whom one of the dogs belong'd, perceiving some symptoms of Madness in him, instead of knocking him on the Head, tied him up; and in a Day or two, being seemingly better he turned him loose again. But he had not been long at Liberty before he bit the Man's own Daughter, and several of his Hogs, and then ran off, and before he could be Killed, bit several other Dogs, one whereon soon after run Mad, and did a Great deal of Mischief. – This should be a warning to all who keep Dogs, never to Spare their lives, when there is the least Appearance of madness in them, since an unseasonable Compassion for a Brute may prove the Greatest Cruelty to a Christian.

A carpenter's pencil

Miles Costello



We have known about the graffiti on the wall of the carpenter's workshop in the Leconfield Estate yard for years but probably haven't paid it the attention it deserves. Written mainly in the thick graphite of a carpenter's pencil the short scribbles appear to be a chaotic assortment of fleeting accounts of local and national events. The writers, there are several different hands, remain anonymous, and the purpose of the graffiti is probably forgotten. Any intended permanence seems unlikely as the pencil can have only a limited durability; however the naturally dry atmosphere of the woodworking shop has unintentionally helped to protect the writing from the effects of time. There appears to be no rationale or criteria to the selection as notices of social events compete for space with the winners of long finished horse races. Births and marriages sit uncomfortably alongside suicides, royal abdications and tragic accidents. Each record is important in its own right though the meaning of some are now lost. Fortunately Jonathan Newdick has managed to record on camera the surviving graffiti and I have attempted to explain the relevance of a few of them. Of the several examples that I have illustrated the first (above) is easy to explicate while the second (opposite) is less so.

The burning down of Coultershaw Mill on April 8th 1923 was a significant event at Petworth. Such was the shock to the community that hundreds of people turned up the following day to see the effects of the fire and the obvious inadequacies of

both the Petworth and Leconfield Estate fire brigades which would lead to a good deal of soul searching and eventually a certain amount of modernisation of both brigades.

The second example leaves the most important question unanswered, who was the victim? Was he local, no obvious name appears in the parish magazine of the time, but is that surprising; after all would the burial of a suicide be recorded by the church? A thorough search of local newspapers has failed to turn up any report. Was it purely coincidental that someone drove a nail into the wall at exactly the spot where the name was recorded, was that a deliberate act of vandalism or an attempt to conceal the identity. So many questions that we are probably unable to answer.

The following report of the fire at Coultershaw Mill appeared in the *Chichester Observer* of Wednesday 18 April 1923.

The tranquillity of Petworth in the still early hours of Sunday April 8th was disturbed by the ringing of fire bells, calling the brigade to Coultershaw Mill, which was the scene of one of the most disastrous fires in the Petworth district for many years. The mill was regarded as one of the oldest in Sussex, and was the property of Lord Leconfield. It was occupied by Mr John

Gwillim of Fittleworth Mill and North Mill, Midhurst.

An employee named Horace White was on the premises until 12.30am and there was nothing amiss when he left. The first intimation that anything was wrong was when P. C s Whitehead and Weller noticed while they were at Byworth a glare in the sky. The time was about 1.45 and they were about two and a half miles away. They proceeded in the direction indicated, and on reaching the mill, found it well alight. Several civilians were there, including a man named Bachelor, his son, Mr. Challen (head porter at the railway station) and Mr Jack Moase of Coultershaw Farm. Someone in the neighbourhood had noticed the reflection in the sky about two o'clock. The mill was burning fiercely, and there was serious danger of buildings situated close to it connected with Coultershaw Farm, and the farmhouse itself catching fire. The tar was melting, and the tiles very hot and water obtained from the river nearby was thrown over the building. In the meantime Mr Leazell of Petworth had seen the reflection of the flames in the sky, and notified Superintendent Alce, who proceeded to the mill with P. S. Knight and P. C. Trott. The town and [Leconfield] Estate fire brigades had also received the alarm, and eventually P. S. Simmonds of Pulborough came on the scene to help.

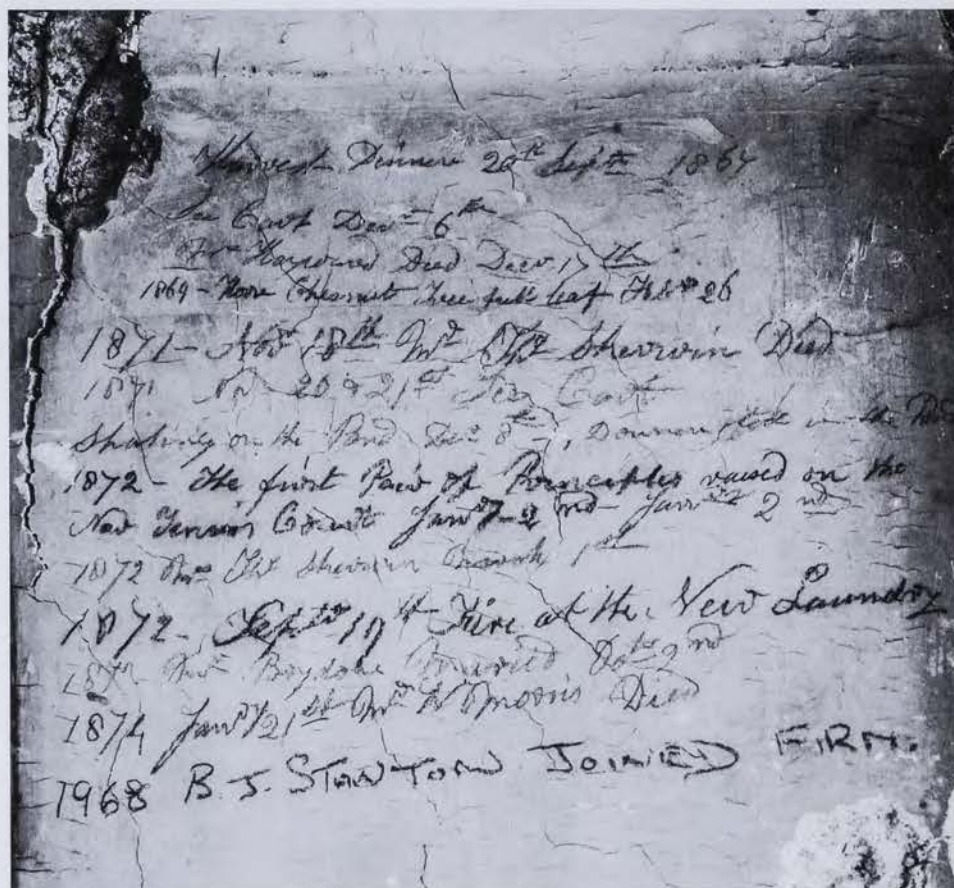
Arriving about 2.25 Superintendent Alce and his men, with assistance of several civilians, formed a chain across the road and bailed out water which was thrown over the farm buildings, until the arrival, about 2.45, of the Estate brigade with their steamer. They got their hose to work, and there is no doubt that the combined efforts of the police, civilians and brigade prevented the fire from expanding to the farm property. The town brigade, under Captain Stedman, quickly arrived with their manual, and played on the flames, but the building burned so fiercely that it was practically hopeless from the first that anything would be saved.

The selections of graffiti on the following pages give a flavour of the cross-section of the events that were considered noteworthy at the time and to some degree indicate a continuing tradition. If any readers can help to fill in any of the gaps please contact the editor.

Among the graffiti opposite are:
Petworth Boys School Bombed by Germans
Sept 29 1942. 32 Killed.
My Wife Miss Carried our baby 10/11/85
K. Bowman.
John Brown Shot himself July 20th 1855.
J. H. Pullen Dec 20 1927.

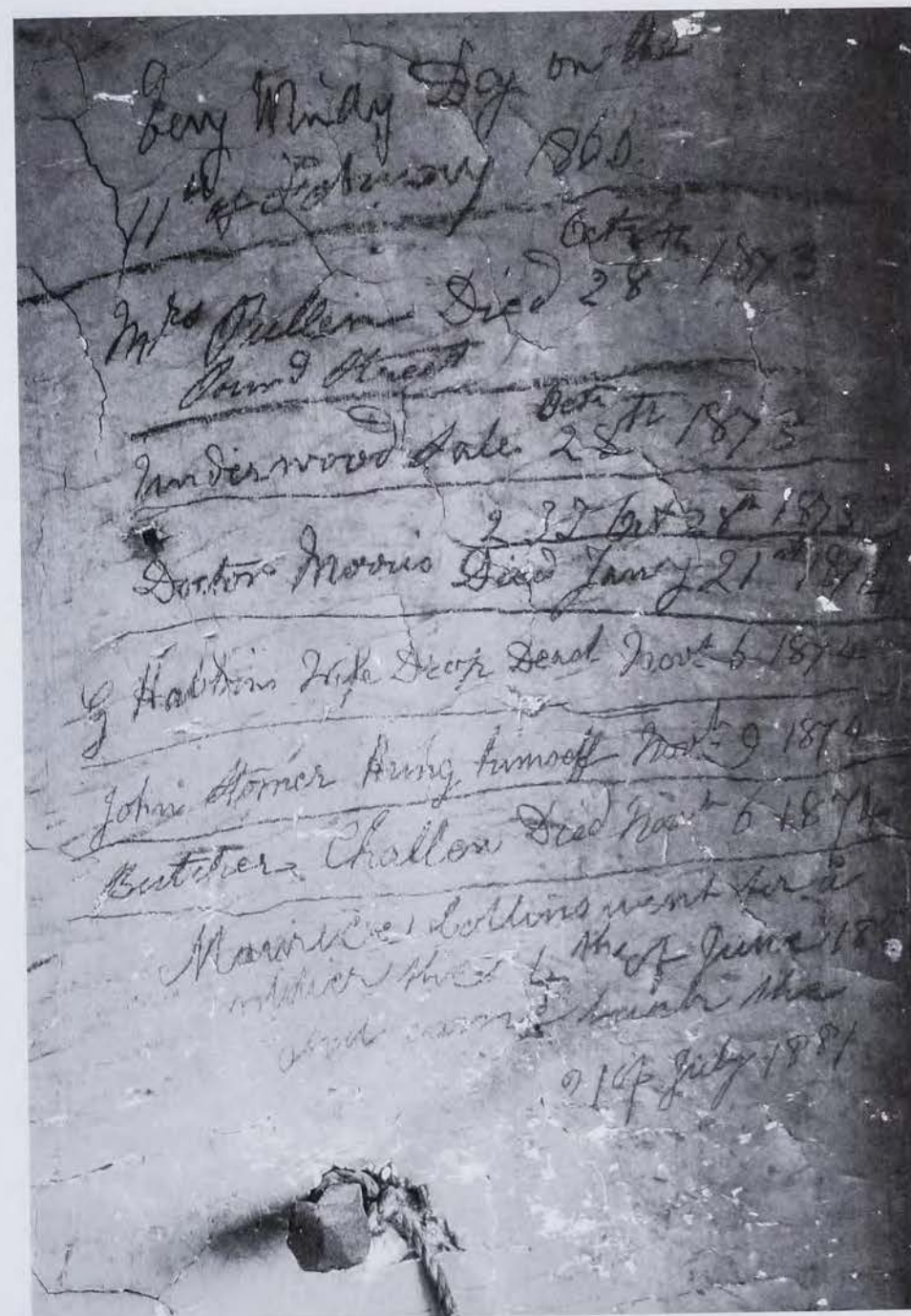
A. Newman arrived Oct 24 1940.
L ——— married June 17th 1919.
Henry Whitcomb Nov 3rd 1921 Buried 5th.
C. Sadler came ——— Dec 31st 1933.
K. Boxall came here on March 16th [1935].
H. Foster died Dec 5th 1919. F. Hill (——) died
Feb 28th 1921.





Above.
 Harvest Dinner 20th Sept 1867.
 ——— Dec 6.
 Mr Hayward Died Dec 17th.
 1869 Horse Chestnut Tree full leaf Feb 26.
 1871 Nov 18th Mr ——— Sherwin Died.
 1871 Nov 20 & 21st ———
 Skating on the Pond Dec 8th, ——— in
 the Pond.
 1872 The first Pair of Principles [i.e. rafters]
 raised on the New Tennis Court Jan 2nd.
 1872 Mrs ———
 1872 Sept 19th Fire at the New Laundry.
 1872 Mr Brydone Married Oct 2nd.
 1874 Jan 21st Mr W. Morris Died.
 1968 B. J. Stanton joined firm.

Opposite.
 Very windy day on the 11th of February 1866.
 Mrs Pullen died Oct 28th 1873 Pound Street.
 ——— wood sale Oct 28th 1873.
 Doctor Morris Died January 21st 1874.
 G. Habbin's Wife Drop Dead Nov 6 1874.
 John Horner Hung himself Nov 9 1874.
 Butcher Challen Died Nov 6 1874.
 Morris Collins went for a soldier 4th of June
 1881 and came back the 21 of July 1881.





Here, among other information on these two fragments we are told:
 1860 Goodwood Cup won by "Sweetsauce" (English horse). Goodwood Cup won by Eley [Ely]
 1865. 1859 Goodwood Cup The Promised Land.
 John Staker 1993. Tom Carter 2006. Chris Staker 2018.



Of foxes-brewings, foxes, and fox-fire

Shaun Cooper

'We went to our special place, just up in the wood,' Albert said, pointing at the trees with his walking-stick, 'and tried not to make any plans. I had my knife with me and cut our initials in the bark. There was an odd smoke-like mist in the hanger opposite, rising up through the beech trees. Shona said it was "foxes-brewings". I wrote it down in my diary. Foxes-brewings, I'm sure of it.'

The quote above is from *A Song from Ironwood*, which is set in the Sutton and Barlavington area, and although it was published just last year, it could well be the *only* novel that describes this mysterious phenomenon. Foxes-brewings is the local name for a certain kind of mist sometimes seen rising from the beech hangers along the northern escarpment of the Downs.

When foxes-brewings turn to Cocking,
Then foxes-brewings will come a-dropping.

This is an old Sussex saying, used by people who lived near the escarpment, between Bury and Cocking. Possibly the earliest description of it is in the first volume of *The History of Sussex* (1870) by M. A. Lower, and the quote was also given in a letter in *Sussex County Magazine* in 1934, after one reader had written to ask what the saying meant:

A curious phenomenon is observable in this neighbourhood. From the leafy recesses of the hangers of beech on the escarpment of the Downs, there rises in unsettled weather a mist which rolls among the trees like smoke from a chimney. This exhalation is called 'Foxes-brewings,' whatever that may mean, and if it tends westward towards Cocking rain follows speedily.

The reply in *SCM* was from someone who lived at Cocking Rectory, and after the end of Lower's description, they added: 'I can confirm this abundantly from observation.'

The letter also includes the saying as Lower gave it: 'When Foxes-brewings go to Cocking, Foxes-brewings come back dropping'.

An item about it in the *Chichester Observer*, 4th November 1925, rehashed Lower's description of the phenomenon and gave another version of the proverb: 'When Foxes Brewings go to Cocking, Foxes Brewings come back dripping.'

In her article 'Sussex Weather Lore' in *Sussex County Magazine* in August 1940, Miss L. Candlin also rehashes Lower's description of the phenomena, somewhat imprecisely – 'When the weather is unsettled a thick mist like smoke lies among the thick leafy beech trees on the sides of the Downs' – and, curiously, adds: 'But if the mist rises slowly straight up the hill it is a sign of a hot day or a spell of fine weather.'

She, too, gives a different version of the saying: 'When Foxes Brewings go to Cocking, Foxes Brewings come home dropping.'

Various Sussex writers have mentioned or even described foxes-brewings, but most of the others who also lived quite far from Cocking tend to be somewhat vague about it. For example, the author of the 'Mrs. Paddick' tales lived at West Wittering, and the one where Mrs. Paddick talks of 'foxes' brewings' – in March 1946 – is, alas, not really worth even quoting here, because all she says is that it's something to do with dark clouds over Cocking Down. Similarly, Cecile Woodford, who was from Crowborough way, just writes in *Portrait of Sussex* (1972): 'The "locals" of Cocking say that when a mist arises from the foliage of the beech trees and rolls across the downs like a snake from a chimney, it is a sign of rain; this they call "foxes brew".'

Clearly she had read Lower's description, yet she gives it a different name and does not even quote the saying. And Tony Wales, who lived at Horsham, is another writer who must have known the saying, yet he did not record it in either edition of *The West Sussex Village Book* (1984; 1999) – instead, just writing that an unusual natural phenomenon seen near Cocking used to be called 'Foxes-Brewings' – note the past-tense – and that: 'This was a mist in the trees which was supposed to foretell rain if it rolled westwards towards Cocking.'

However, it's got to be said that the majority of books about Sussex do not mention foxes-brewings at all, and from the twenty or so Sussex newspapers that are in the British Newspaper Archive there are only three items concerning it – and the reason for this dearth of references to it is probably because these strange rising mists have been recorded only between Bury and Cocking. There is also a non-Sussex book that notes the saying:

The Dictionary of Proverbs by G. L. Apperson – again with reference to Lower.

I came across the version I know over twenty years ago and cannot remember where. But in Lower's description, notice the words 'rises', 'exhalation' and 'westward'. That last word is interesting because it shows us that this mysterious phenomenon does not seem to occur over the hangers *west* of Cocking Down. The other two words are noteworthy because they emphasize the point that, whatever causes foxes-brewings, it rises upwards; and so if we are to assume, for example, that foxes-brewings consist of masses of tiny droplets of water, as the proverb implies, then what force is it, what are the natural actions in the ground or in the trees themselves, that cause all this water to rise up in the air? Steam rises; heat rises – yet the mention of 'unsettled weather' in the quote does not really imply a hot summer's day, and in any case, foxes-brewings can be just a few feet wide, and so they are not at all like the vast invisible heat thermals that rise from hills in hot weather – beloved of buzzards and hang-gliders.

Notice too the word 'dropping' in three of the couplets, when rain is usually said to be 'falling'. On this note, there is an interesting sentence in the second chapter of *Wildlife in a Southern County* (1879) where Richard Jefferies writes:

The general deficiency of moisture characteristic of these chalk hills is such that it is said agriculture flourishes best upon them in what is called a 'dropping' summer, when there is a shower every two or three days, the soil absorbing it so quickly.

The meaning of the 'foxes' of foxes-brewings remains a mystery though. In his book in the 'New Naturalist' series *Pedigree: Words from Nature*, Stephen Potter notes that the meaning of the name of the foxglove is 'the (Little) Folks glove', and he also mentions some other fox- names, such as a type of grass called fox-tail, and fox-mange. But these have nothing to do with fairies. However, Potter also notes that 'fox' is the word used to describe a sickness which affects beer, and as beer is brewed, then perhaps there is some connection between that and foxes-brewings – but I'm just hazarding a guess here. In *The Englishman's Flora* though, Geoffrey Grigson states that: 'foxglove means the glove of the fox, and not the glove of anything else (Old English *foxes glōfa*)' – but he admits that the foxglove is widely reputed to be a fairy plant, throughout the country. He also gives a huge list of local names of the flower, and many of these include fairy words, such as Fairy Bells (Somerset), Fairy Gloves (Somerset, Dorset, Ireland); and there are also names which indicate a fox connection, for example Fox-Docken and Fox-Fingers, both in Yorkshire, and another Somerset name, Fox-Flops, which indicates a belief that the flower

grew where foxes had left their droppings. It is perhaps worth mentioning though that none of the Sussex names for the plant include fox or fairy words, they being: Finger Boot; Tiger's Mouth; Lion's Mouth (a name used for other plants in the county); and Dragon's Mouth.

Yet although Grigson is a very respectable writer of countryside subjects, I have to say I am inclined to suspect that the 'foxes' of foxes-brewings may well be a corruption of the word 'folkses', because this is how Sussex dialect speakers would have pronounced 'folks' in the past. In Sussex dialect, the plural forms of certain words that have an 's' near the end of them tended to be pronounced with an extra 's' on the end; thus 'ghosts' would sound like 'ghostses'; and 'wasps' sounded like 'waspses' or even 'wapses'; and 'clasps' (ie. the tool) would be 'claspases'.

Stephen Potter also writes that the corruption of *folks* to *fox* in 'foxglove' is: 'evidence of the waning of the belief in the Little People', and this I think seems to be the most likely explanation for the name of foxes-brewings. Fairies were believed to make food and drinks, and indeed Mr. Lower records a tale from over Arlington way about a little fairy baking bread. And there is nothing in English folklore about foxes that were believed to brew beer, or even tea, or to make any kind food – indeed, foxes are usually portrayed as sly and cunning, more apt to steal any food that might be available. However, on this note, it should be added that there is an old farm at the foot of the Downs, just this side of the River Arun, called Foxes Oven.

But maybe the 'foxes' in foxes-brewings means something else entirely. When there's a brief shower during a hot sunny day it is called a fox's wedding. The term monkey's wedding is used by some people, but the fox's wedding form is the older one. Such a day is also called a fox's wedding in Japan and Palestine, whereas in India it is called a jackal's wedding. The implication is of course that such an occurrence is curious and doesn't happen often. Yet, along with the name foxes-brewings, it is almost as if these notions could be the last relics of some long forgotten shamanistic mapping of nature lore, which once divined a connection between foxes and certain changes in the weather.

To understand, perhaps, a bit more about what we're dealing with here, it is worth looking at the descriptions of other strange mists which have been seen in this part of the country. For example, in her book *All About Bury*, Lilian Brown mentions that one old woman was fearful of going near Bury Combe at night, because she was certain it was haunted. Miss Brown writes:

Later I learned this supposed haunting of the Combe was due to a spiral of whitish vapour that under certain weather conditions could be seen up-twisting from the tree-density of the long, steep slope.

Notice the odd term 'tree-density', which reminds us of the 'leafy recesses of the hangers of beech' in Lower's description, and of the 'thick leafy beech trees' in Candlin's – yet, curiously, there is no implication anywhere in the book that Miss Brown had even heard of foxes-brewings. A similarly thick wooded hollow is also described in the next quote, which is from *Forest Tithes, and other studies from nature* (1893) by the author who called himself 'A Son of the Marshes'; and it is also given in *Literary Originals of Sussex* (1936) by the brothers G. and R. Thurston Hopkins, a book which is mainly about identifying real places from the fictitious names used in Sussex literature. In this, the hollow that is described below is said to be at Heyshott, just to the east of Cocking, and directly under the quote the Messrs. Thurston Hopkins thoughtfully add Lower's description of foxes-brewings and the proverb about it as well.

The hollow was wide and deep, and its sides were covered with trees from top to bottom, and tangled thicket undergrowth ... The spot answered the purpose of a barometer for miles around, for in winter if a change of milder weather was coming you would see the hollow filled with clouds of rising vapour as if the place were on fire. After rain and before rain it rose. That was why the rustics named it Smoky Hollow. In fine settled weather it was perfectly clear and bright there.

A strange phenomenon seen on the other side of Cocking though, possibly generated by the same natural forces that caused those rising vapours, was recorded in *Sussex County Magazine* in 1939, reported by old hop-pickers who used to work at Bepton.

Another tale is of the curious fire which was said to cross the road by the Shamrock Inn at Bepton. Coming from a dark pinewood the flames and smoke spread slowly across the road, and into the trees on the other side, to disappear into the night.

Note how the quote has no indication of things getting burnt, and note also the words 'which was said to' which imply that it happened more than once. Yet that seems to be all there is on this subject. I'm no scientist, but I suspect that some sort of chemical reaction is what causes these strange 'fires' and maybe also foxes-brewings, something being released from the ground – as if they might be different forms of the phenomena known as will-o'-the-wisp, or fox-fire.

I saw some fox-fire once. It was an evening in August 1982, and I was in a field which had recently been harvested. I noticed something move by my feet

and, glancing down, I was surprised to see a small blue flame, sailing steadily away from me. It was like a tiny bright turquoise blue flame, about an inch high, just above the soil, and heading straight towards Great Bottom Wood. Imagine half a bubble, or a piece of extremely fine material, shining brightly blue and constantly changing shape, flickering, and apparently moving determinedly in a more or less straight line. No wonder people thought they were fairies, luring their victims away from the path, to become hopelessly lost in the darkness. Little is known about these curious solitary flames, but it is supposed that they are caused by a gas such as hydrogen phosphide which ignites when it meets air – according to *The Shell Country Alphabet* by Geoffrey Grigson; and he also writes that the phenomenon occurs in fens, marshes, bogs, especially peat bogs, and in ditches, on warm damp nights in summer and autumn. That's how they are described in other books too. But the field I was in is near the top of Bignor Hill. I had never seen a fox-fire before, and didn't then know that they are associated with marshes and bogs, but now, having read about them, I wonder what the one I saw was doing up there at the top of the Downs.

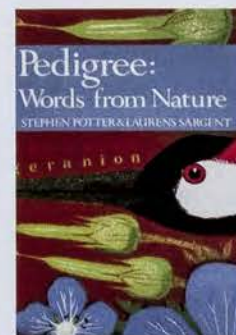
Perhaps the gases escaping from the ground which cause fox-fire and maybe the strange 'fires' seen near Bepton, are also responsible for generating the odd rising mists in Bury Combe and Smoky Hollow, and the foxes-brewings of the beech hangers along the Downs: something to do with the earth here, and possibly even the woods as well – for it's worth noting that these mysterious rising vapours have been reported only in very wooded areas, and indeed I have been unable to find any mention of other such singularly odd mists being seen in fields and pastures or on open hillsides. Another factor though may be to do with the high heights, or the steepness, of the Downs along the escarpment in this part of West Sussex, for many of those west of the River Arun are significantly higher than most of the Downs in the rest of West Sussex, and there only two or three really high ones in East Sussex.

These are just speculative suggestions though, for it's got to be said that, aside from M. A. Lower's description, almost nothing has been written about foxes-brewings. And this is curious, because there is a surprisingly large number of books about the beech, as well as others which are about trees and woodland in general, and yet none of those I have read, in the last two decades, mention anything even remotely like foxes-brewings. A good book about beeches and other trees as well is *Beechcombings* by Richard Mabey, and in this he quotes from various studies of the beech, but nowhere is there any record of strange vapours rising from them; and so, bearing this in mind, one has to ask whether the phenomenon known locally as fox-brewings occurs only in beech hangers along the Downs between Bury and Cocking? And,



if this is indeed the case, then why is it just in this part of the country and, seemingly, nowhere else?

One of the reasons that foxes-brewings will not be forgotten here though is that there is a house, used as a retreat, called Foxes-Brewings, at the southern end of Cocking, and it even has a plaque which features Lower's description of the phenomenon. And, of course, foxes-brewings are still rising from the woods along the escarpment of the Downs in West Sussex, and may even be seen turning towards Cocking, now and then.

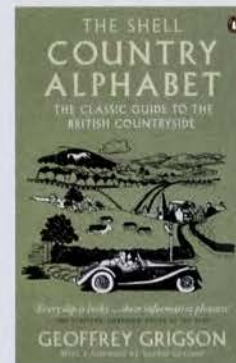


A Song from Ironwood by S. K. Cooper, via Country Books, is a romantic comedy strung through with Sussex history and folklore, set in 1987 and 1914.

Pedigree: Words from Nature is by Stephen Potter & Laurens Sargent (1973).

The Shell Country Alphabet by Geoffrey Grigson was first published in 1966, and must be quite the best encyclopaedia there is about the British countryside.

The Englishman's Flora, also by Grigson, is mainly about the local and dialect names of flowers, as well as their folklore.



There is something about foxes-brewings in a paper written by Mr. Philip Mainwaring Johnston, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A., in the *Archaeological Journal* (vol. LXXVIII Nos. 309-312, 2nd series, vol. XXVIII Nos. 1-4 pp. 174-204, 1921) which I have not read – but it is worth noting that although the letter from Cocking Rectory indicates that the paper quotes M. A. Lower's description, as can be seen in *Sussex County Magazine*, Vol. 8, (1934) page 590, the writer does not give any other relevant quotes concerning this mysterious phenomenon.

Opposite.

Two areas of rising mists that might be described as 'foxes-brewings' photographed from Glatting Farm, south of Sutton in late March 2020.

CROSSWORD SOLUTION

ACROSS

7 Gunpowder, 8 Manor, 10 National, 11 Audit, 12 Ogle, 14 Half Moon, 17 Beggars, 19 Gibbons, 22 New Grove, 24 Navy, 27 Limbo, 29 Somerset, 31 Blake, 32 Fair Rides.

DOWN

1 Rural, 2 Spring, 3 Swan, 4 Healthy, 5 Band, 6 Post Horns, 9 Gaol, 13 Ear, 15 Mob, 16 Peter Lely, 18 Gog, 20 Inn, 21 New Star, 23 Oboe, 25 Virgin, 26 Revel, 28 Moke, 30 Mary.

'There can't be anything to lose...'

David Whitby in conversation with Caroline Egremont and the editor

My long stay at Petworth, approaching four decades now, came as such things so often do, by chance as much as by design. With a qualification in business studies and a degree in economic statistics from Kingston University, I was lecturing at the Hampshire College of Education, Winchester, with a special interest in the economics of game control and wildlife management.

While at Winchester, I had renewed acquaintance with an old friend and mentor of earlier days, Fred Courtier, now heading the Forestry Commission. I was happy enough at Winchester, the job was going well, there was a reasonable prospect of advancement to head of department and the chance of some original research. In conversation Fred confided that he had heard from Jim Appin, head keeper at Petworth, that the position of deer warden was becoming vacant. Might it interest me? On the face of it, no. I was settled at Winchester, but the idea was on my mind. Driving in the country, I stopped the car, went to a telephone box (no mobile then) and rang Fred. 'There can't be anything to lose by having a look.'

And so I came to Petworth, hardly more than a name, if that. It was a thoroughly miserable drizzly day and the Park seemed quite empty. It was a revelation. Compared with this, the security of Winchester faded into insignificance.

I had stalked sika deer in Ireland, but here were fallow and roe in abundance, and the opportunity to gain knowledge of them at first hand. An interview followed with a relaxed Lord Egremont, anxious to set the deer operation on a formal economic footing. Petworth had, and has, a magnificent fallow herd, arguably the finest in the world. There was a considerable potential demand for breeding purposes and for venison. Previous attempts to export live deer had struggled while the sale of venison was capable of development. It would be an important part of my job to see to this. I early made contact with potential outlets, among them Marco Pierre White and Lord Stirling of P & O. During my years at Petworth the price of venison has fluctuated violently. On an index-linked basis it is much the same now as it was in 1983. The Petworth herd was in demand for breeding purposes and an efficient system of humane capturing and transporting home and abroad needed to be implemented and set to work. The Petworth Park deer herd had to pay its way.

I was brought up in Walsall, an unlikely urban context for a potential deer warden but there were, in fact, a number of large estates within striking distance,

but threatened now by urbanisation and bisected by major road schemes. Shooting and game management were part of my family background. My father had connections with the local Kenhill Estate while my grandfather, Norfolk born, had kept at the Hilton Park Estate.

On leaving Kingston I had thought of a career with the police or even trying for a commission in the Royal Marines but decided in the end to take a gap year in Ireland. Previous to that I had placed a 'Situations Wanted' advertisement in the *Shooting Times*, received a reply from a Mr Schwind at Balsham in Cambridgeshire and spent some time working there. If my formal qualifications were a little thin, I had kept two ferrets and a labrador in my lodgings at Kingston and had been asked to cull pigeons at Tolworth Tower.

A year in Ireland led to a prolonged stay. It was the time of the Troubles and I was based in the Republic. The countryside all around was being devastated by destructive vermin, hooded crows, wild goats and, above all, Japanese sika deer. As an 'English fella' in Southern Ireland I attracted a certain amount of curiosity, even receiving a threatening anonymous letter. I was slightly reassured to be told 'The IRA don't send letters.'

One night there was a knock on the door. I opened it to be confronted by six burly Irishmen. 'You're the English fella, you've been shooting crows. Would you like a job?' They wanted me to supervise a desperately needed cull of sika deer which were literally ravaging the countryside. In the end I was working for the Irish Forestry Service trying to stem the havoc caused by the deer and an abundance of wild goats eating anything and everything within reach. The venison could be of some commercial value but did involve some heavy lifting although there was no demand for goat. As is so often the case the sika deer plague went back to man's own mismanagement and negligence. Some five animals had been imported into Ireland from Japan as a gift and the present population were descended from escapes.

I was happy in Ireland but I now had children approaching school age who would become Irish subjects. After some deliberation I applied to Winchester and was accepted.

At Petworth my initial plan was to stay for five or six years and move on. I soon came to grips with capturing and transporting live deer and began to think about the obscure origins of the herd. Fallow, it seemed, had become extinct as a native species at the end of the Ice Age, and perhaps had been re-introduced by the Romans or possibly by sea-borne Phoenician traders. The origins of the Petworth herd, probably originally completely wild, were lost in time.

Pheasants have to be part of a gamekeeper's life. The Leconfield Estate sustains one 'home' shoot and a number of 'let' or syndicate shoots which do

not come under my direct control. As with venison the value of pheasants can fluctuate, and again, as with venison there is a risk of over-production and a subsequent glut on the market. The Leconfield home shoot is not run for profit.

Part of a gamekeeper's job, in fact the essence of the job, is to bestride the delicate balance between sentiment and harsh reality. A gamekeeper cannot be sentimental if he is to retain his position and do what he is employed to do. Vermin have to be controlled. Game has to live in a controlled environment, but there is a place for sentiment, affection even.

After living for some years at Shepherd's Lodge on the edge of the Pheasant Copse I have now moved to Lodsworth but still almost on the borders of Stag Park. We have Brocky the badger, found by the road at Lodsworth, orphaned and weeks old at the most, his mother probably killed by a passing

car. We took him in – he would never survive in the wild – and he lives in the house. He never messes and he does not smell. He is a solid comforting presence. And there are the two fallow deer in the paddock, picked up as fawns by well-meaning visitors to the Park and taken to the National Trust. They cannot ever return to the herd and we have named them Dama and Isla. And there's Cronky the disabled raven. Ravens may be a protected species but they can be a terrible pest to young lambs. While there is a certain malevolence about Cronky we wouldn't be without him and he would have no chance of survival in the wild. Our stout and somewhat petulant turkey is another survivor. I am as happy with my rather curious menagerie as I am that I took up Fred Courtier's somewhat throwaway remark nearly forty years ago.



Left.

David Whitby with one of his 'curious menagerie', Mika, a fox cub who became very tame and lived with the family for many years.

23 Oct
J. M. W. 1854