THE PETWORTH SOCIETY *magazine*

Issue No. 55
March 1989
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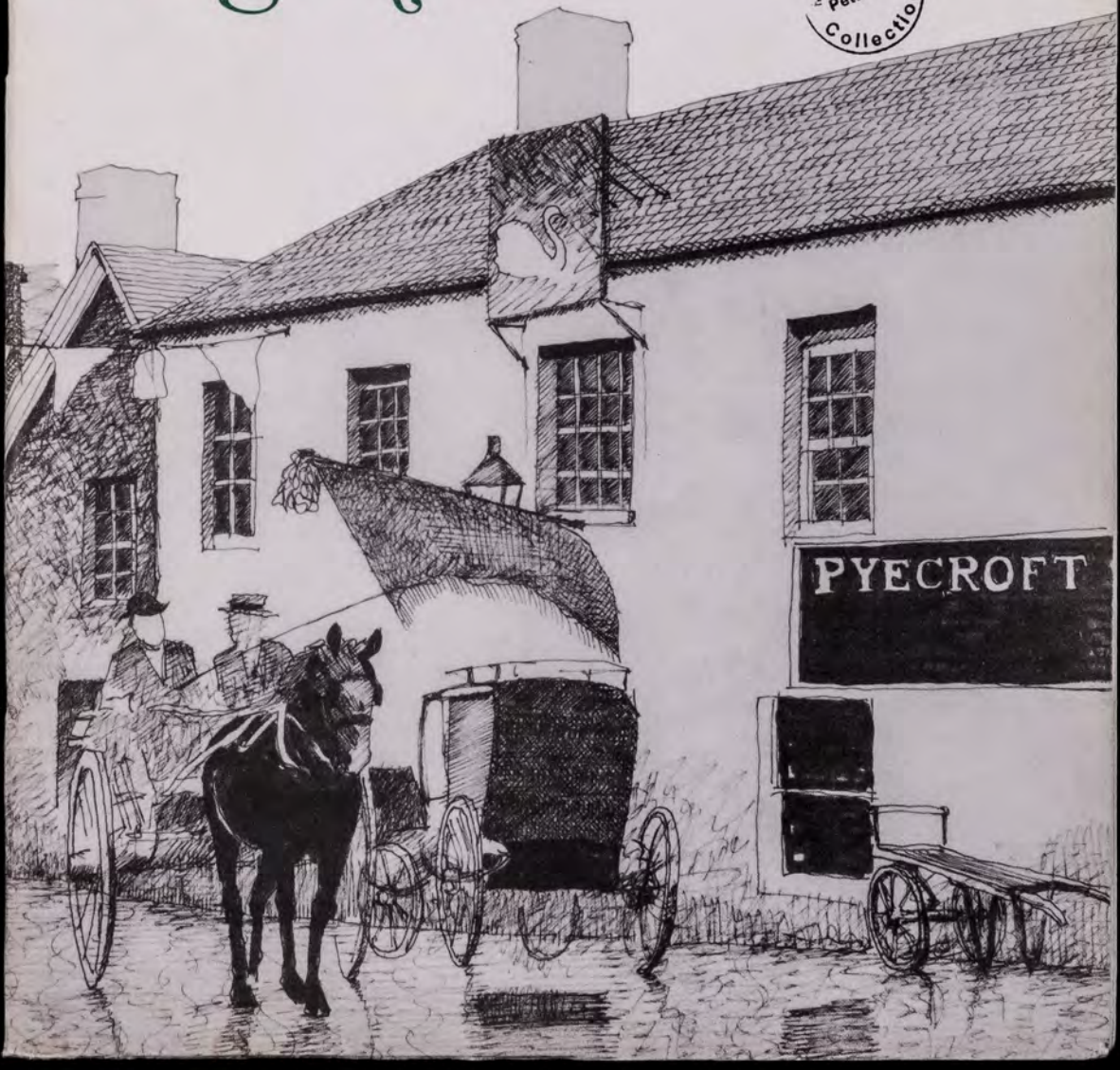

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Cover drawing and design by Jonathan Newdick
after an original photograph belonging to Mrs Barbara Calder
showing the west side of Market Square decorated for
Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897.

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The Petworth Society

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Winter and Spring Programme: please keep for reference.

* Special extra meeting: *

Tuesday 5th December **7.30 p.m.**

"THE PROSPECTS FOR PETWORTH HOUSE, PARK, and PLEASURE GROUNDS"

An illustrated presentation with David Sekers, Southern Regional Director, National Trust, and his staff.

Leconfield Hall. Refreshments. Open to non-members.

We would hope this presentation may become an annual event.

Monthly meetings: Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m. Refreshments, Raffle. Entrance £1

WEDNESDAY 13th DECEMBER

Petworth Society Christmas Evening.

Wednesday 17th January

Anthony Pletts:

"The Things that dreams are made of."
A travelogue with slides and readings.

Wednesday 14th February

Steve Harris:

"Hedgehogs"
"Henry and Harriet"
with slides

Monday 12th March

Trevor Seddon:

"Over that wall"
Petworth Park and Pleasure Grounds in the hurricane and after. Slides.

THURSDAY 5th April

Warden Swinfen
of Radio Sussex:

"Hidden Sussex"
Assisted (if available) by
David Arscott.

Walks: Cars leave Petworth Square at 2.15.

SUNDAY 26th NOVEMBER

Ian and Pearl's Balls Cross Walk.

SUNDAY 18th FEBRUARY

John and Gloria's early spring Walk.

SUNDAY 18th MARCH

Riley's alternative Northchapel Walk.

TORONTO SCOTTISH REGIMENT RETURNED SUNDAY 17th JUNE

* Volunteer Drivers urgently required to take out-patients to hospital.
Petrol Allowance 20p per mile.
Further enquiries Tandem : 0730 813962.

Merry Christmas!

Peter.

PETWORTH SOCIETY

SPRING AND SUMMER 1989

Monthly meetings: Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m. Refreshments, raffle.

TUESDAY 14th MARCH
ROGER FITTER of Messrs English Woodlands.
"The Role of Trees in Landscape and Forest".
(Slides).

WEDNESDAY 19th APRIL. ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
at 7.15.
FOLLOWED BY Mrs. V. BENNETT-LEVY,
"THE ROYAL MAUNDY".

WEDNESDAY 11th OCTOBER
Sir Francis AVERY JONES M.D. F.R.C.P.
Herbs: their importance - past and present.
(Slides)

Garden Visits: Cars leave Petworth Square at 2.15

SUNDAY 23rd APRIL
Visit to Manor of Dean
(by kind permission of Miss Mitford)

SUNDAY 25th JUNE
Joan and Marguerite's Fittleworth Gardens Walk.

SUNDAY 16th JULY
Anne's Petworth Gardens Walk.

SUNDAY 8th AUGUST
Visit to Coates Manor and Dale House, West Burton.

Walks: Cars leave Petworth Square at 2.15 (unless indicated otherwise)

SUNDAY 19th MARCH
Ian and Pearl's Spring Walk.

SUNDAY 14th MAY RILEY'S BLACKDOWN WALK
Cars leave Petworth Square at 10.40. Meet Northchapel Village Hall 11.00. Return about 3.30. Take picnic lunch.

SUNDAY 3rd SEPTEMBER
Audrey's Circular Whiteways Walk.

SUNDAY 10th OCTOBER
Audrey's improbably relaxed Bury Riverside Walk.

TWO IMPORTANT DATES*

*THURSDAY 13th APRIL. GRANGE CENTRE 7.30 for 7.45.
Midhurst Society Evening; "A real place in the mind."
Songs, poetry, prose-reading, on Midhurst and District. Refreshments.
Tickets £2 but there are 20 complimentary for Petworth Society members.
We will allocate these at Roger Fitter's talk on March 14th.

*SUNDAY 2nd APRIL

PETWORTH SOCIETY'S ANNUAL CLEAN-UP OF LITTER.
STARTS CAR PARK AT 9.15 a.m.
PLEASE MAKE THIS A RECORD TURN OUT!

Please support:

WEY & ARUN CANAL TRUST

OPEN MEETING

THURSDAY 16 MARCH 1989

THE LECONFIELD HALL, PETWORTH

Film, slides, refreshments, questions and conservation issues.

HELP!

Helpers are needed to assist the National Trust at Petworth House either looking after the rooms or stewarding. Work can be paid or voluntary. The Trust are particularly anxious to recruit from the local community. Previous knowledge not required. Ring Don Little or Norman Thomas on Petworth 42207.

Please note

On the **24 February 1989** the Record Office will close in order to move to new premises in Chichester. It is hoped that a limited service will be available from July onwards, but no original documents will be available until probably the beginning of November. Anyone intending to visit the Record Office in 1989 is advised to telephone beforehand.

Last but certainly not least: Bill Oakey of Byworth has donated his oil-painting of the Parfoot brothers working at Fittleworth Forge to the Society to raise money for the Magazine. This is a very generous gesture as the painting is valued at well over £100. With the agreement of Mr and Mrs Oakey the painting is being raffled at Society meetings during the year. Tickets will not be available otherwise. Tickets are 50 pence each and the raffle will be drawn at the Society's Christmas meeting. The painting will be on show at the various Society Leconfield Hall meetings this year, or can be viewed here at Trowels.

Peter.

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

Annual Subscription 1989/90

Subscriptions for 1989-90 are due on March 15th and should be paid either to the Hon. Treasurer:

Mr P. HOUNSHAM,
50 Sheepdown Drive,
Petworth.

or to the Membership Secretary:

Mrs R. STAKER,
2 Grove Lane,
Petworth.

Local members may pay direct to Anne at

E. Streeter and Daughter,
Lombard Street.

Rates are: Single Bulletin delivered, single or double membership £4

Postal	£5
Overseas	£5.50

I .....

of.....

enclose my subscription for 1989-90 £..... cash/cheque

and (optional) I add ..... toward the Magazine fund.
(delete if not applicable)

* If you have already paid for 1989-90 please ignore this reminder.

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 or residence, who is interested in furthering the objects of the society.

The annual subscription is £4.00. Single or Double one Bulletin delivered. Postal £5.00. Overseas £5.50. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:-

Chairman - Mr. P.A. Jerrome, Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth. (Tel. 42562)

Vice-Chairman - Mr K.C. Thompson, 18 Rothermead, Petworth.

Hon. Treasurer - Mr. P. Hounsham, 50 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth.

Hon. Membership Sec. - Mrs. R. Staker, 2 Grove Lane, Petworth.

Committee - Mrs. J. Boss, Mrs. Julia Edwards, Mr. Ian Godsmark, Lord Egremont, Mrs. Janet Ford, Mrs. Audrey Grimwood, Mrs. Betty Hodson, Mr. John Patten, Mrs. Anne Simmons, Mr. D.S. Sneller, Mr. J. Taylor, Mr. E. Vincent

Membership enquiries to Mrs. Staker please, Bulletin circulation enquiries to Peter or Bill (Vincent).

Bulletin Distributors - Mr. D. Sneller, Mrs. Williams (Graffham), Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Mason, Mr. Thompson, Mrs. Simmons, Mrs. Watson, Mr. Patten, Mrs. Adams (Byworth), Mrs. Hodson (Sutton and Duncton), Mr. Vincent (Tillington and River), Mrs. Harvey (Fittleworth).

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

A new year once again brings a new cover for the Magazine, and a new drawing and cover design from Jonathan. Changing the cover always seems to give us a fresh start. On the financial front the Committee have given very considerable thought to costings and have decided after much deliberation (and two meetings) to hold the subscription down this year and, if necessary, raise funds during the year. Your membership will effectively be subsidised this year as, in practice, it was last, by Society fundraising and by individual donation. The price of casual copies of the Magazine rises to £1 to resolve the previous anomaly that it was cheaper to buy four separate issues than to join the Society. The print run of 730 is raised to 800, copies of the last issue being so short that even my own private copy had to be loaned out for a while. We will mount a membership campaign as last year via local newspaper deliveries but this time we also include a form for you to pass to a friend who is not a member. Obviously the higher the membership the stronger the Society becomes. If you pass on the Magazine to someone else, please help the Society by this time simply passing on the membership application. We include forms too for postal members but we do know of course that many of you will not be able to help. Don't worry about this. Membership renewal forms are also enclosed. If, as often happens, you have paid early for 1989-90 please ignore them. We have a record of your payment.

So many of you have written in about financing that a few words should be said on the various options. Most correspondents suggested an increase in subscription rates. As you know we have opposed this in case there are any members who would genuinely then be unable to continue. What we have done however is to make provision for an extra donation towards Magazine funds, even if it is only fifty pence it will still help bridge the gap between subscription income and outgoing expenses. We have given considerable thought to advertising, an idea supported by some but disliked by others. The potential seems to be there, the feasibility is there. Quite simply if we need it, we can do it. At the moment is remains an option. Sponsorship remains a rather more distant option. No one has approached us and we have made no approach ourselves.

You will need no reminding that the Fair was a huge success and Robert Harris contributes an article in this issue. We also have photographs by John Rosser. A very very busy tombola is one reason

why the subscription has been held down. Keith appends an account of the Christmas evening, also of the January evening, both extremely well supported. The year's first walk will be John and Gloria's Duncton walk on February 19th.

Nothing has happened to affect the remarks I made in the last issue on car parking changes and the East Street Post Office's impending loss of Crown status. The meeting with Mr Burnside of Post Office Counters left only the impression that the change was inevitable and Mr Burnside's own room for manoeuvre extremely limited. It seems hardly worth while commenting on the car parking charge fiasco as the situation seems to change every week and it will be several weeks before you read these notes. The apparently abortive attempt to impose parking changes in Petworth but not in Midhurst appeared particularly insensitive and likely to generate a certain feeling between the two towns. Intangibles like this never seem to be taken into account when such decisions are made.

As I intimated in the last Bulletin Mrs Pritchard has retired as the Society's treasurer on her removal to Midhurst. We are very grateful for all her hard work over the last two years, wish her well in her new home and hope she will come over to see us often. The new treasurer is Phil. Hounsham and his address is 50 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth.

The short note that follows deals with the forthcoming referendum on a possible bypass route. As Chairman of this Society it would be remiss of me to ignore this, but I have to say that the Petworth Society, embracing as it does a vast spectrum of differing opinions, is unable to speak with a united voice. My own comments must therefore be seen merely as a personal contribution to an ongoing discussion in the town. As members you have a right to know what I feel, but every right also to disregard what I say.

Peter *28th January 1989.*

TILTING AT WINDMILLS

If you are a Petworth elector you will shortly be asked to answer two questions in a referendum. Does Petworth need a bypass and if so should it take a western route through Petworth Park? As Chairman of this Society I have to say that personally I have grave reservations about a referendum which is binding neither on the West Sussex County Council nor on the National Trust. The former

body have not initiated the referendum and have throughout adopted a reserved attitude toward it. The cost, over £1000, will be borne, as I understand it by the Parish Council. Concerning the attitude of the National Trust toward the referendum I have no information.

The initial question, "Does Petworth need a bypass?" effectively begs a number of other questions. "Does Petworth need a bypass?" is not the same question as "Does Petworth need relief from heavy lorries?" and ought not to be confused with it. There is probably no one in Petworth who does not think Petworth needs relief from heavy lorries, but there may not be a similar consensus for the drastic surgery of a bypass. How then does one answer the first question?

What concerns me above all is that the referendum, as far as I can deduce, will be so framed that Petworth people will be tempted to vote once again to renew the age-old confrontation with the National Trust and try to force a route through inalienable land. This is an argument which has gone on for thirty years. Protagonists have come and gone, no progress has been made and Petworth continues to be battered: walls are knocked down, foundations shaken, traffic snarled up and pedestrians endangered. The years of confrontation have produced nothing. They have not removed a single lorry from our streets. Few think they ever will. Vote for conflict if you like but do not be deceived into thinking this will help Petworth nor complain when there is no relief. Continued confrontation is a luxury Petworth can ill afford. The National Trust will fight, they can do nothing else and the strong likelihood is that they will win. The present day supporters of conflict will have retired from the scene and the people of Petworth will have suffered two more shuddering destructive decades of traffic that its streets were never framed to bear. You may be urged to confrontation but it is you and your children who will bear the weight of the battle.

What then? Surely it is time for the National Trust to relax their vigilant defence and talk constructively with the town as to how they might be able to help to control the heaviest lorries coming through. Cordial and integrated relations with the town must be their realistic aim. They are a part of Petworth and their long alienation from it must cease. They have the funds to take professional advice on the heavy lorry problem at the very highest level. They should do so and they need to be seen to do so. They

should be backed by the whole town, not just a segment of it; the Parish Council, this Society, the Leconfield Estate, the Police, the local organisations and above all the ordinary people of Petworth who have suffered for so long.

Addressing oneself to the heavy lorry problem certainly looks to be tilting at windmills but can it possibly be any more hopeless than the pointless internecine feud we have endured for so long to so little effect? Petworth at least would be united and any success however small would be seen and felt where it mattered - on the streets.

Peter 24/1/89.

THE 1988 CHRISTMAS EVENING

The Leconfield Hall was packed for the Christmas evening on December 15th when Doris Ashby presented colour slides showing rare snakes, lizards, toads, butterflies, fungi, orchids and other flowers, taken in the New Forest and other areas including North Wales and Yorkshire which she had visited on day (!) excusions from Sussex. As always, her talk was rich in first-hand information about endangered species, the unusual behaviour of both animals and plants, and spiced with the humorous aspects of wildlife photography within the constraints of poor light, rain and inaccessible habitats. Doris comes over as an enthusiastic but expert amateur whose contribution to the protection of the environment cannot be over-estimated.

After the now-traditional refreshments of hot punch and mince pies, served to Christmas music from an octet of members of Petworth Town Band, the raffle was drawn. Winners were Mrs. Southin, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Hestor, Mr. Hill, Miss Ashby, Mr. Hounsham, Mrs. Wadey, Miss Childs, Mrs. Mollett, Mrs. Farley, Mr. Vivian, Mr. Hunt, Mrs. Clark, Mr. Ricketts, Mrs. Harvey and Mrs. Christie.

Finally came the surprise item of the evening. Mr. John Patten announced that the Chairman had been in office for ten years. He had made the Society what it was, organising the monthly meetings and walks, reviving the fortunes of Petworth Fair and, above all, in editing The Bulletin. As a noted local historian, he was held in respect and affection by all. Mrs. Audrey Grimwood then presented Mr. Jerrome with a gavel and stand in a presentation box made by Mr. Bert. Hollingdale of Tillington, who was also present.

Peter, taken completely by surprise by the gesture, expressed his thanks, saying that he felt the gavel was a most appropriate gift, considering the difficulty he had in keeping the Committee in order. He added that he enjoyed working with the Society and considered The Bulletin to be the major achievement.

KCT

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY JANUARY MEETING

In view of the failure of the Midhurst & Petworth Observer to print reports of our activities promptly, accurately, fully, or even at all, we shall include them in the Bulletin.

A hundred members were in the Leconfield Hall for the January "At home" meeting, when the Chairman showed slides dealing with Petworth from the mid-19th century up to the 1920s. Starting with copies of old and rare postcards, he went on to show how the streets in the Town had developed and changed, with references as far back as 1541 when Henry VIII collected rents from most of the properties in the Market Square. With one exception (a shot of the burnt-out Coultershaw Mill in 1923) these were all pre-Garland photographs by F.G. Morgan (Petworth's first photographer), Walter Kevis, who followed him, and others, selected from 500 which had been put together in recent years. Petworth was unusual in having such a rich inheritance, Peter said, but he regretted that even so, much of value had been thrown away when residents had died and their possessions disposed of. There were few people remaining who could put names to the faces in the photographs. Nevertheless, he had a fund of anecdotes which gave the audience a true feeling of the simpler, slower and perhaps deeper way of life before the First World War.

The projectionist was Mr. Bill Vincent, refreshments were prepared and served by Mrs. Hodson, Mrs. Rendell and Mrs. Simmons, and the raffle was organised by Mrs. Hounsham and Mrs. Steel.

K.C.T.

THREATENED TRADITIONS

Our spirits rise when the Spring comes, the days get longer, the first swallows are seen and the trees come into bud. We may be site-clearing, doing mechanical repairs at our Ashington base, or

anything that will hold the firm together during the long winter months, but when Spring comes we know we'll soon be on the road again. My brothers and I are the fourth Harris generation to be on the road and the family fairground tradition goes far back into the nineteenth century when fairs in the modern sense of pure pleasure fairs were only just beginning. Before that fairs had a pleasure element certainly, but more importantly were centres for hiring or for selling. There might be just a single hand-turned pleasure roundabout.

Our first call of the season is at Sellinge in Kent, a steam-engine rally as are almost all our venues now. Leaving our home base at Ashington we are some time in Kent, "on the road" just as our family have been for a century or more, sleeping in the caravans. Hadlow Down is another steam rally as is Waldershire near Dover. Parham Park is much nearer home of course as is Findon in September. We may have from between a dozen to sixteen different venues in a year and we're not on the road continually: sometimes operating simply out of our Ashington base. We came once to the steam rally held in Petworth Park, putting up the Gallopers in the space between the House and the Upper Lake. A marvellous position for them and we thought the event had great potential. Steam fairs are something relatively new but they have become absolutely essential to our way of life, the old Flower Shows and Village Days of the period between the wars having largely disappeared, at least in their old form. Hospital Days are something else which is now just a memory. Events of this kind were an absolutely staple part of the business, operated almost invariably on a sole agreement. In those days the family would be on the road from Easter to the end of November and almost every village had some sort of festive day - if only a Saturday Flower Show or Village Day - or in the earlier century a Club Day. For the Harris family life was a pattern of moving slowly with the steam-engine from village to village, erecting on the Tuesday, opening perhaps Wednesday, moving on after the weekend. A few, a very few, of these old-fashioned venues remain but a mere fraction of what there once were.

Petworth is not like any other of our venues. The very few street fairs that still exist are held in a parallel street but we don't now have a single one on our itinerary. At a guess the nearest parallel to Petworth may be Banbury market, way outside our homebase in Sussex and Kent although similar fairs survive in the Cotswolds. Petworth is a very unusual fair for a number of reasons, and, as far as we are concerned, quite unique.

Christmas Evening 1988
Back Row: Phil Hounsham, John Patten
Second Row: Bill Vincent, Keith Thompson, David Sneller, Ian Godsmark
Front Row: Anne Simmons, Betty Hodson, Audrey Grimwood, Peter Jerrome,
Bert Hollingdale (who made the gavel and presentation box), Janet Ford, Ros Staker.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.

Just a section of the large audience for the Christmas evening.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.

Hurstpierpoint is the only one we have which is even remotely similar; like Petworth in its precarious clinging to life over the years but similar particularly in its being held in an enclosed space, in this case a small recreation ground. It's a tight venue with trees all round with the fair getting back an atmosphere from the enclosed surroundings. Trees are not buildings however and Hurstpierpoint cannot really compete with Petworth where the fair is hemmed in by the age-old buildings of the Market Square and the whole atmosphere is steeped in history and tradition. The fair's origins go back to the thirteenth century and it was already age-old when it was held over in 1666 because of the plague. There can be no setting like it in Sussex, if there is a similar one in the south of England at all. Certainly it's a peculiar time for a fair, "in the feast of St. Edmund the king" and a real "back-end fair" in the showmen's language: the last fair on any showman's itinerary and falling well outside any normal time. A strange time for a fair but not an impossible one by any means: the buildings afford a certain protection from the elements and the tarmac does not become muddy. Imagine a few hundred people walking on wet grass at Hampers Common in November! One of our former venues was Goodwood Airfield, three hundred acres of open grassland with no protection at all. Certainly not a venue for late November!

A further feature that is peculiar to Petworth is the Petworth Society back-up. It does help the fair in bringing together so many different sections of the community, coming perhaps to the Leconfield Hall or the Red Cross Rooms to see what's going on and ending up with a ride on the Gallopers. It means too that Petworth Fair now combines the atmosphere of a pure fair with that of an old-fashioned Village Day. For us it marks a staging-point, the last fair of the season before we set out on the road again in May. Petworth is a lot of work for eight to ten men; we leave Ashington at one o'clock on the Friday, getting home again at four o'clock on the Sunday morning. The trailers are covered in tarpaulin, the radiators drained, and the batteries taken off. They will not be used again until the Spring.

The Gallopers are perhaps our main attraction, and were first purchased by the family about 1920. They were made originally about the turn of the century. There is some evidence that ours were formed from two separate sets just after the Great War; one set being pirated to make up deficiencies on the other. Gallopers were invented about 1890 by Frederick Savage, an agricultural engineer from King's Lynn who had been asked by a client to design

a mechanical horse roundabout. Other makers like Robert Tidman or Walkers of Tewkesbury started to patent and develop various similar mechanical fairground rides. Previous to that there had certainly been roundabouts but they were smaller hand-turned ones, perhaps a third of the size of the present gallopers. They would be hand-cranked and turned by a couple of boys operating a short shaft and a bevel drive to a pinion. A lightly constructed machine of this type was known as a "swing-out lot". Such a ride would have no platform, the customer climbing on to the horses straight from the ground. The horses didn't go up and down as on a Galloper but simply splayed out at an increasing angle as it gathered speed. Such roundabouts were often run using a live pony inside. The pony would haul the machine round on a harness inside the roundabout.

The Gallopers have the original organ, now restored to full use. It was constructed in 1898. It's a German organ and reputedly a 65 key Black Forest Gavioli, rebuilt by Victor Chiappa of London in 1927. The Gallopers themselves are reputed in part to be a genuine Savage but very little paperwork exists as to precise origins, leaving us only to speculate about the two machines from which our present machine was put together. At a guess we may have a Tidman centre with Savage external workings. Savages had a catalogue from which showmen could order and this does provide certain points of reference. Buying such a machine was a considerable adventure, costing several thousand pounds even at turn of the century prices and was well beyond the range of most fairmen. The Showmen's Guild had arrangements with certain finance houses to help showmen with this expenditure.

How much would the Gallopers be worth today if they cost that much at the turn of the century? In practice it's difficult to say, "desirable", they may well be but they are costly to run, costly to erect and costly too to store, not to mention the "invisible expenses" like insurance or safety checks. Certainly there could be no question of replacing them. Just think of the hand-carved horses, five hundred man hours to each horse. There are craftsmen still capable of this type of work but think of the labour cost! The decorations of the Gallopers, and indeed fairground decor in general at the turn of the century, were profoundly influenced by Italian and French Gothic type faces, murals and carvings, richly decorated but basically foreign and reflecting a certain exotic atmosphere that the showmen were of course always keen to promote.

The chair-planes are not as old as the Gallopers, the idea being

first developed in the 1920s. Ours are German in origin and bought in only relatively recently. Chair-planes were a very early type of aerial ride and the present chair-planes a simple variation on the earlier ones. The original idea was not so much to sit in a chair as in a replica aeroplane, hence the strictly correct title "chair-o-plane". As you will imagine there is an equivalent amount of work erecting the chairplanes as there is in putting up the Gallopers. Every member of the family has a specific task to perform to see that every nut and bolt is carefully checked. For insurance purposes the chairplanes need an annual independent engineer's assessment in which the condition of the ride is thoroughly examined and instructions issued accordingly. Every year too, quite apart from the independent engineer's inspection, a different firm test for cracks in the various parts that carry the weight, the load-bearing structures and fixings particularly being subject to rigorous electronic scanning to check them. This last is to comply with the Health and Safety Regulations that govern fairgrounds. The Local Council Inspector from Chichester will require the relevant paperwork when he makes his formal inspection at the fair itself. You will see that the inspections and insurance are very tangible "invisible" expenses.

Two new pieces of equipment at this year's fair were Harry and Demelza's Old Time Amusements Rib-Tickler and also their "Striker". The rib-tickler is an illusion from the 1920s that involves sitting in a swing seat in a revolving drum. This totally confuses the ability to work out what's moving and what isn't. The striker was a regular feature at fairs of the 1930s using a hammer to attempt to ring a bell at the top of a pole. The Coconut Shy was an even more traditional part of the fair, in its origin a development of the old-fashioned Aunt Sally, when you tried to knock over wooden figures with a ball. The fairmen used coconuts originally because they were free, coming over as ballast on the clippers, and being collected from the docks when the ships came home. It's only recently that the showmen have actually bought in coconuts.

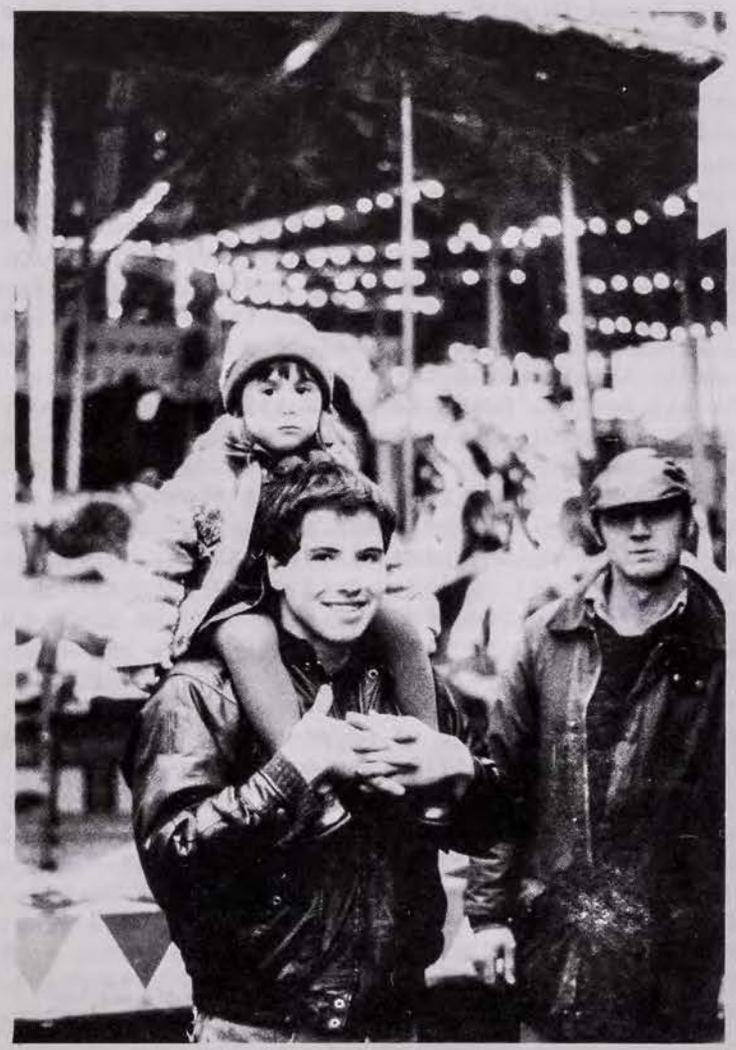
It's very important to remember that Petworth Fair is not as it would have been two hundred years ago, nor is it what it would be if it were a modern fair and set in a modern venue. The music is not modern, the setting it not modern, even the equipment is not modern, wood as opposed to steel, plastic and fibre-glass, old style attractions as compared with new. The fair is rooted in a particular time, the early years of this century, yet because that time is now long past, the fair is at the same time outside time

altogether, held if you like in a kind of warp. For this reason pictures of the fair all have the same timeless character about them, only changing fashions in clothes enabling a picture to be set in a period.

Petworth Fair is a survival and the showmen survivors too. So much has happened to decimate the English fairground tradition in this century that anything that remains is necessarily a "survivor". Changing public fashions, periods of social depression and deprivation and, above all, two world wars have wreaked havoc. Some ancient fairs like Adversane have simply died out; some were stopped for the war years and never restarted. At the outbreak of the last war the steam engines were stood up - in most cases to deteriorate until the war ended. Many showmen had neither the heart nor the capital to renovate and carry on. Lapsed charters could not be restored. Not for nothing did Mr. Arch Knight at Petworth put out a plank each November 20th to symbolise the continuance of the tradition. Some few fairs went on through the war. Bensons who now co-operate with us at Petworth, going through the war in the old cattle market at Horsham. We at Ashington were simply closed down for the duration. The Gallopers came through the war essentially unscathed although the paintwork was very faded by 1945. There was a brief revival in fairground fortunes after the war but another and even deeper cycle of decline set in about 1953. Takings were so poor that the Gallopers were not even taken out again until 1968! Many fair people simply went to the wall. The old stand-bys, Dodgems, Noah's Ark, swing-boats and sideshows continued but, in the face of steadily decreasing public interest, showmen were faced with a stark dilemma; modernise or give up. Having the Gallopers made it difficult for us to adopt the first course and we had to take the calculated risk of not modernising at all, our roots, as we saw the situation, being in the nostalgia people felt for the fairs of yesteryear. We held grimly on through the bad years but only just, and only by pumping in endless hours of work for little or no reward financially. Over a generation or more our equipment has now passed from being simply old-fashioned to being effectively timeless as I have said. The steam-rallies beginning in the mid-sixties have given us a lifeline replacing the old Village Days and Flowers Shows that were so much a part of life between the wars.

Nostalgia is a precarious basis for a livelihood and it's difficult to feel at all secure, but then part of the very essence of the showman's life is its insecurity. Think how easily a fair can fall

victim to the weather. With a fair it's quite possible to work all week in fine weather setting up for the weekend. Come the weekend there's storms and high wind and the event is cancelled. That's it. No return at all. Sometimes there can be a run of such weeks. Why do we do it? I think it's what the Harris family have been doing for generations and it's simply expected of us. People wouldn't think of us doing anything else. Where we go on our usual round people treat us as part of the local community.



"People treat us as part of the local commumity."

Petworth Fair 1988.

Robert Harris is on the right.

Photograph by John Rosser.

There are a certain few days in the year when we are always there. People have known different members of the Harris family over several generations and no one thinks we're going to take the chickens out of the hen-coop. Our long-established links with the local community also tend to defuse the problem of unruliness: quite simply people are less likely to behave badly with those that are known to them. We meet people who have married through first meeting at our fairs, they tell us about it and expect to see us every year. That's what fairs are about: a meeting place for everyone. It is all bound in with a sense of urgency: a fair is of its nature here today and gone tomorrow. It's no good saying you're busy this week but will try and go next week. You've got to go when it's there or not at all. This sense of urgency is difficult to explain but essential to the whole spirit of fairs.

Showmen as you know have a reputation for quick-temperedness. I haven't but I do understand why there are so many arguments. They spring almost entirely from the basic insecurity of fairground life. Fights between fairmen are essentially protective rather than aggressive, inward looking and in no way directed toward the public at large. The point at issue is that if your pitch is threatened, then your livelihood is threatened too and you must defend yourself at all costs. Hard times and the loss of so many fairground venues and operators this century have driven this insecurity into the showman's soul. Looking back to the earlier century, think of the difficulties faced by those showmen who, unlike us, had no permanent winter quarters. In a bad season they might not be able to manage a long-term winter renting. Recourse would often be had to the local publican because most country pubs at that time had a field which had formerly been used to graze the horses. The temptation for the showman would of course be to forget his problems in the hostelry. Before too long the publican was a new and different creditor and the equipment likely to be left in the publican's field in lieu of payment. The publican had little use for the equipment and still less expertise with it so he would sell it to anyone who would take it off his hands to defray what he was owed. If he couldn't get a taker it would deteriorate in the field until its only use was as firewood. The new owner would as likely as not have no idea what to do with what he had bought, have no respect for something for which he had paid so little, and probably wreck it through misuse. The metal would be pirated for scrap and the carved horses sold off to toy shops to make rocking horses.

This recurring situation was at least to some extent self-inflicted. In the face of two wars however the showmen were powerless. In 1914 both horses and steam-engines were commandeered. Fairs were stopped. Even in peacetime fairs were particularly vulnerable to periodical recession. If money is tight then you don't have to spend it at a fair and you don't. It has been a hard century for the English fairground tradition. Threatened it may be but it is our birthright and we are proud of it. The continuing social fabric of England would be the poorer if it were to die out.

Robert Harris was talking to the Editor.

A WORLD OF SURPRISES

When it opened in 1979 The Chalk-Pits Museum at Amberley may have been seen at least to some extent as an industrial counterpart to the already well-established Weald and Downland Open-Air Museum at Singleton. It would be able to retrieve vulnerable items from local industrial life that might otherwise have been simply discarded, and use them again to recreate that life. The basic idea of a museum in the open air was common to both foundations. It was fortunate that the old lime-kiln site at Amberley was vacant at just about the time that the idea of a Southern Industrial History Centre was beginning to take shape. Modern methods had spelled the doom of the age-old lime-burning process carried on without interruption at Amberley since 1840. The Pepper family had been dominant employers in the area for generations with local men working as carters or lime-burners and there was an extensive steam locomotive network on the site. By this time in the late 1970s the chalk pits had already passed from the Pepper family to the County Council and were seen as a large, secure site conveniently adjacent to a railway line.

From very small beginnings the Museum has prospered to the extent that we shall see our half-millionth visitor this year. Our aim is to reflect the working life of Southern England but with particular reference to this particular corner of it. One has to bear in mind that the area has always been a predominantly agricultural and forest one and that it is these two dominant concerns that have effectively shaped the lives of its village communities. The Museum tends to deal with the industrial history of the present century rather than with that of the distant past. Heavy industry in iron and glass the Weald certainly had at one period but this is

effectively too far removed in time for relevant artefacts to have survived. The sites themselves are now primarily archaeological. The material at Amberley comes largely from between the wars, some earlier of course, and some later like the collections of domestic applicances, radios and televisions; these latter reflecting a national rather than local tradition. While these are an integral part of our Museum it's often the smaller gifts that mean the most to us: period packaging, so easily thrown out at the time of use, so difficult to find afterwards, springs particularly to mind. If you're doing a recreation of a room or a shop, between the wars or perhaps even earlier, it is period tins or packages that impart the real sense of belonging to a time.

In this context one of our most popular exhibits is the country ironmonger's shop, poised as it is at an indeterminate period between the wars when such a shop would cater for an agricultural and a domestic market at the same time. Its sunlight soap, gas mantles, glass oil lamp chimneys, gruesome veterinary applicances, but, above all, overpowering smell of soap and paraffin create a tremendous rapport with visitors.

Perhaps the liveliest part of the Museum are the resident working craftsmen to be found at various places dotted round the thirty-six acres. They are self-employed, doing their own work on the site and selling it; operating to a considerable extent on commissions but to a lesser degree by selling at their workplace or via the Museum shop. The blacksmith's work may largely be making ironwork gates to specific orders but he will also turn his hand to pot-plant holders for local sale or to fire-tools for visitors. The boat-builder too works largely on individual commissions and there is a potter, a printer, a wood-turner, a glazier specialising in stained glass and an engineering shop. The craftsmen work through the winter when the Museum is closed, fulfilling individual commissions as I have said, but also building up stock for the Museum season itself.

Entrance is presently £3.00 for adults, £2.00 for pensioners and £1.00 for children but, this once paid, everything is effectively free, including rides on the trains and buses, unless of course you purchase something from the individual craftsmen at the tea-room or in the shop. There is an extensive narrow gauge railway exhibition including a half-mile track of passenger line and some industrial line too to highlight the important industrial use of the railways. As I have said, a feature of the chalk-pits when they were in

working use was the extensive steam railway system. Museum trains are run on diesel but steam-hauled on some Sundays and special days.

The Museum buses are an important means of conveying visitors round the 36 acre site. They are housed in a replica 1920s Southdown bus garage complete with booking and parcels office, a bus workshop and a foreman's office. Most days visitors are borne around the Museum in a 1920s open-topped Leyland double-decker and there is a profusion of bus-stops, bus shelters, roads, tracks and paths throughout the 36 acres. Where nature has regained her former hold there is a balance between industry and nature that lies at the very centre of the Museum's "philosophy". There are rare orchids at Amberley as well as industrial exhibits. Visitors should be aware that this is an Open-Air Museum and that four hours is a minimum stay. You can easily spend a whole day there, bring your own picnic or buy refreshments there. Dogs can be brought in on a lead. Amberley is a real museum but not a museum in the glass-case sense. Certainly there is an element of the latter for instance in the collection of television and radio sets, but perhaps more typical of the Museum's approach are the scenes from working life. There the visitor can step back not only in time but also to some extent in space, happening upon these scenes as a chance encounter while one explores some otherwise apparently insignificant track.

The Museum is a living and growing entity, always having something different either on site or in the pipeline. An instance is the wheelwrights's shop from Horsham, taken down at very short notice to be reconstructed at Amberley. Not only does the Museum have the wheelwright's shop premises and tools but all his account books too. Given the necessary finance it will eventually be possible to recreate the whole working environment of the wheelwright at a given period.

Permanent staff at the Museum are very few; the bulk of the work being done by volunteers, a very loyal team who are involved with every aspect of the Museum's life. They sell tickets, work in the museum shop or in the tea-room, or help with specific projects. There's something at Amberley for everyone no matter what their age or ability. Early-retired people find the Museum a lifeline, but equally of course they are a lifeline for us too. Everyone gains. Well-staffed as we may seem to the casual onlooker, we still need volunteers for the Museum quite simply runs on volunteer help. Of course we have a lot of visitors and take in admission money from

them but we get no other overall financial support. Think of the expense of advertising, or for fuel, coal and diesel for the locomotives, petrol for the buses - or maintenance on such a large site, effectively a miniature estate. We may receive grants for the occasional specified exhibit or exhibition or may, in some cases, receive a donation for a particular purpose but in practice are more likely to get a small donation of materials from an interested party towards restoring some specific item. It may be wood perhaps or paint.

My own job as curator basically involves every aspect of the collection. Often I go to see an item likely to be given by a potential donor. My brief is to see it, assess it, and if suitable arrange for transport, storage or, quite possibly, immediate display of the item. I am responsible too for the restoration and maintenance of Museum stock and for the safe operation of all the working objects. It's better if things are worked; machines deteriorate if they lie idle and our policy is to run them if at all possible to demonstrate their use. A guiding principle of the Museum is to fill the open days with things that are actually happening.

A feature at Amberley is the rapidly improving archive collection of photographs and documents and a library. At present these are available for research on request. There are photocopying facilities. At the moment it's necessary to fix up a time beforehand but I would imagine our ultimate aim will be to have these facilities available on a permanent basis. We also have plans of buildings we've been involved with, or account books like those for the Horsham wheelwright's shop.

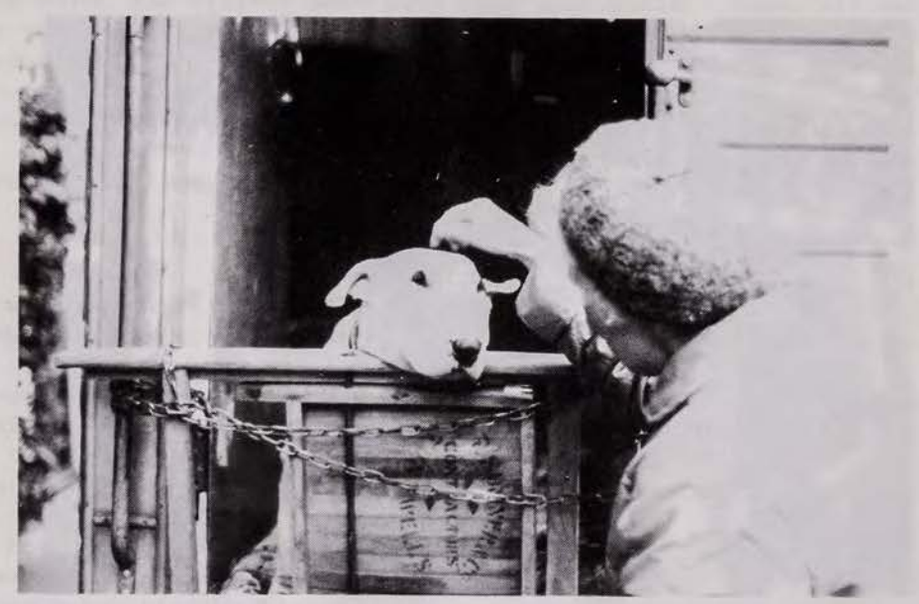
As an introduction to the Museum we have a small cinema with a short audio-visual slide and tape presentation every half hour. This year we have an entirely new show drawing together a lot of local interests in that the photographs are predominantly from the Garland Collection and background music and narration is by Bob Copper - no stranger to the Petworth Society! The thrust of the show is to look back at the working life of our area in the 20s and 30s.

Our aim is to make Amberley Chalkpits Museum a time-capsule full of unexpected surprises - a series of chance encounters with a different age. The Museum, if you like, is a kind of lost world. The old-fashioned West Sussex County Council finger-boards at the

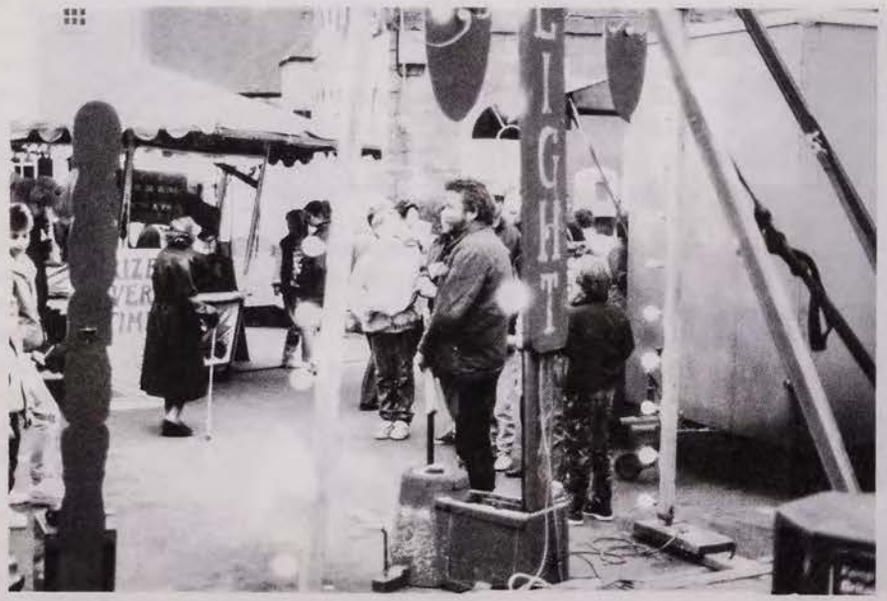
A ride on the Gallopers!
Photograph by John Rosser as are all the following.

Messrs Bensons kiddies ride raised over £140 for Children in Need

Deliberations!



Norman Hobb's helper!



At the Striker!.

On the Gallopers.

Harry and Demelza's Rib-Tickler.

Outside the Hot Dog Stall.

top point the visitor down into this lost world. Above all we rely on the goodwill of our team of volunteers, without them we should grind to a halt. Would you like to join them? Ring and talk it over with us and feel welcome to come to our annual volunteers' tea-party and rota-filling on Saturday March 11th.

Michael Wall was talking to the Editor.

THE TICKNER FAMILY

I wish to thank the people of Petworth for all their help and for making my visit to Petworth recently so interesting and pleasant.

I started researching my family in September, 1988 after finding, while going through my late father's papers a document relating to a 'Marriage Settlement' made for Sarah Tickner when she was married to David Rapley on the 22nd April, 1873, at Petworth Parish Church.

I found through searching through genealogists magazines that several other people were researching the Tickner family, one of them being Vincent Tickner, who has written two books on the 'Tickners'.

I contacted Vincent Tickner and made arrangements to visit him where he lives in Brighton, and I also decided to spend a few days in Petworth to try and find out where Sarah and the family lived.

After a long session with Vincent Tickner, he found there was a link with my family and that of a Mr. Eric Tickner who lives in Midhurst. This was very exciting, and I telephoned him straight away. We arranged to meet, and after studying each others 'Family Trees' we found that our great, great grandfathers, John Tickner and Richard Tickner were brothers. We were both so elated to find that we were actually related.

I decided to stay in Petworth a few more days, I had four addresses where some of the family used to live, two in Wisborough Green and two in Kirdford. Eric Tickner was also very pleased I had these addresses of our ancestors homes and was also very eager to see them, so after a very enjoyable lunch, cooked by Pamela, Eric's wife, we set off for the first address which was the home of Maurice Tickner at Daniels Cottages, New Pound Common, Wisborough Green. Then we found the house of Percy William Tickner, 'Farnigate' also at Wisborough Green. We then made our way to 3,

Horse Shoe Cottages, Kirdford, the home of Mary Maria Sopp who was the daughter of William Tickner who died in 1907. We continued on to 'Mackarals' also in Kirdford, and as the present owners, Mr. and Mrs. Leach were working in the front garden, I walked across to them and told them that I was a relative of one of the previous owners which Mrs. Leach immediately confirmed. She also very kindly invited Eric and myself into the house, this was very exciting, and we were shown an original bathroom and were told that the fire-place in the lounge was also the original one, and Mrs. Leach pointed out how it was worn down in the middle, and said "You can now picture your ancestors warming their feet in the hearth", what a wonderful moment it was, and we are so thankful to Mrs. Leach for her great kindness to us. There was another relative, Harry Tickner, who must have been the Station Master at Midhurst, as his address was L B & S C Railway Station, Midhurst which of course is no longer there.

The next day I went to visit the Parish Church where Sarah and David were married, and then to the solicitors, Anderson Oglethorpe which was originally John Pitfield and his telephone number was 10, which I thought was very amusing, not many people had telephone then.

Back at the Angel Hotel I was told, "You must go and see Peter Jerrome, he knows everthing about Petworth", so off I went to see Mr. Jerrome and to my great surprise and delight he produced a book he had written, "Petworth Time Out Of Mind" and there on page 87 was a photograph of my grandfather, George Tickner, as one of the helpers at the wedding of Miss Lola Austin, daughter of B.S. Austin the Ironmonger in 1894, and was taken in the garden of Somerset Lodge. This was unbelievable, what a wonderful find, and I was so pleased to be able to purchase the book from Mr. Jerrome. George Tickner, my grandfather was a Master baker.

I am very thankful to Mr. Jerrome for inviting me to write about my research, and if anyone has any information of the Tickner family and where Sarah lived in 1873, I will be very grateful if they will write to me.

I would like to thank everyone who were so kind and helpful to me during my very enjoyable stay at Petworth also everyone at the Angel Hotel and especially Mr. Harry Wragg who so kindly took my friend Catharine Brown and myself to Pulborough station and saw us off on our way home to Paignton.

I shall be back to Petworth to carry on my research in the spring.

Mrs. Joy Jeavons (Nee Tickner)
4, Waterside Road,
Paignton,
S. Devon. TQ4 6LJ.

(I'm sure someone will be able to help Mrs Jeavons. Peter)

TO EATON SQUARE AND BACK!

My father was the manager at Goff's Farm on the southern edge of Byworth so I went to school at Byworth. The school was at this time (in the late 1890's) run by two sisters. I didn't like school very much but when I left in 1902 at the age of thirteen ironically my first job was at the little private school the three Misses Austin kept at Boxgrove in Pound Street. I just did odd jobs like putting out the washing. I soon moved on from Boxgrove to be a housemaid for Captain and Mrs. Barwell at Barkfold House just outside Kirdford. The Barwells had two daughters, Miss Muriel and Miss May, and kept ten servants including three ladies maids, various undermaids, a cook, a butler, and a footman. I remained at Barkfold for some five years before moving to a house in Eaton Square in London as a housemaid. There they had, beside myself, just a ladies' maid, a butler and a lad who helped out generally. The family were friends of the Barwells and when I said I wanted a change the Barwells had recommended me to them. That was how things worked in those days. I was three years at Eaton Square before breaking my wrist-bone while spring-cleaning. I had to go to hospital and had the wrist in a sling for five months. It has been weak ever since.

Back once more at Petworth I began work as housemaid for Colonel and Mrs. Simpson at the Red House off Grove Street. As house parlour-maid I used to get up at about 6.30 in the morning and go round doing the dining room and drawing room grates before cleaning the scullery and kitchen, I'd then lay the table for breakfast. Ethel Puttick, the cook and I had our meals together in the kitchen. Part of the cook's job was to black lead the stove. I remember the house as having very high ceilings and fairly extensive outbuildings. I'd begin upstairs and work my way downstairs: cleaning was all dustpan and brush work in those days. The washing was put out to local people to be done as was the custom then in most large houses. Mrs. Simpson lived on at Red

House for quite a long time after she was widowed, I remember her coming to church for my wedding although I had left her employ by then. The Simpsons were nice people I always thought. Life was very ordered in such a household: visitors would come for tea, the vicar perhaps or one of the doctors. Occasionally one of the family would come down to stay for a few days. Mrs. Simpson insisted that we went to church on Sundays.

As my wrist grew stronger Mrs. Barwell from Barkfold asked me to go back to help out. The war was already on. I was to be "tween" maid, spending the morning upstairs and cleaning downstairs in the afternoon and evening. Things were already rationed but in practice the life of the great house went on largely unchanged, to all appearance at least. Barkfold had large grounds and rabbits were a staple food for the servants. We always reckoned to have rabbit once a day, either for lunch at mid-day or for supper. There were a number of variations in preparing it, as of course, if we were going to have it every day, there needed to be. Rabbit stew, rabbit pie, baked rabbit, stuffed rabbit were some of these variations. The family themselves of course never had rabbit, only the servants.

As was the general custom at the time Mrs. Barwell used to keep the key of the larder cupboard herself, the cook saying what she wanted each day and Mrs. Barwell giving it to her, then locking the cupboard again. The Barwells entertained quite a lot; there were frequent house guests and they were very involved with hunting. Once a month Mrs. Barwell would come round with our money, giving it personally into our hands. We weren't paid a lot as you can imagine.

Four or five of us would sometimes walk from Barkfold into Petworth of an afternoon, although we needed of course to be back for the evening. We'd walk round the shops, and buy ourselves a bottle of lemonade perhaps. One cook was far more adventurous and inclined to get up into Kirdford village and over-indulge herself at the pub. I've known her once or twice brought back in a wheelbarrow and smuggled in without Mrs. Barwell finding out! Church once on a Sunday was obligatory at Barkfold; those that didn't go in the morning would go in the evening. When the family were away all the spring cleaning had to be done. The carpets would be taken outside for the men to beat and all the curtains would be taken down and washed. The gardener and the oddman would beat the carpets in the garden.

Edith Sumersell was talking to the Editor.

EARLY DAYS AT AVENINGS

I was born at Avenings so my earliest memories are inextricably bound up with the house which I did not leave until 1937. One very early memory remains and that is of waving goodbye to my father when he was dying. This particular memory seems much earlier than all others. As young children we were taken once a year, myself, my elder sister Drusie and my brother George to Lombard Street, up the stairs to Walter Kevis' studio to be photographed. I still have some of the photographs now. We would be dressed up very nicely and Mother would wear her best clothes. We would certainly be quite young: I had been born in 1900 and Walter Kevis left Petworth in 1908.

One of my most vivid memories is of the annual jumble sale held in the garden of Avenings. It was in aid of Pearson's Fresh Air Fund, a charity for city children who would not normally have a holiday. The Fund sent them away to the seaside or into the country. As such things often do, the Jumble Sale had started in a small, almost casual, way. One year we ourselves didn't go on holiday but were given two shillings and sixpence each which we used to buy items for a bran-tub for the Pearson's Fund. It was very successful but we soon learned that if you had said the Sale was for Pearson's Fund then all the money had to go to that particular fund. As we wanted to make some of the money over to local charities we had to advertise the Sale in future years as "in aid of the Pearson Fresh Air Fund and other objects". The Sale, as I have said, was held in the garden at Avenings and it was open to everyone. It became, over the years, something of an institution. One year Mary Pickford the film-star was in England and donated a gold watch to whoever gave the biggest subscription to the Pearson Fund while she was here. Our Jumble Sale happened to be early that year and we won the gold watch; my niece still has it. The photograph certainly shows one of the very early sales. Mr. Jeffrey Dawtrey always took the gate and he is in the centre and I am to his left. My sister Drusie is kneeling at the front with the dog. Others are the Streeter girls, Amy and Dora Older and Mrs. Dawtrey. Young Jeff Dawtrey is on the extreme left of the picture as you look and of course my brother George to my left. I remember years later, at the last Jumble Sale we had, that my mother was very put out when her best dress, left hanging somewhere to dry, got mixed up in the Sale and knocked out for fourpence!

Mrs Mant's jumble sale about 1912.

When war came in 1914 we had soldiers billeted with us and taking over the whole top storey. Avenings is a big house. No I don't think we had to take troops; it just seemed the patriotic thing to do. There were two separate regiments billeted in Petworth at the beginning of the war, the Kings Royal Rifle Corps, and the Rifle Brigade, but it was soldiers from the former regiment who were billeted with us. There were thirty-six of them, twenty-four in one room, twelve in the other and it was our responsibility to feed them. They were with us for three months either side of Easter 1915, and, of course, many of them never returned to England. One, I remember, Sid Martin did come back to see us after the war, and another, Arthur Maginnis, was a bookmaker at Bognor and remained a family friend for long afterwards. When Mother died his wreath was the first to arrive at Avenings. I remember that Sgt. Edwards was the N.C.O. but I was still quite young and can't remember a great deal about that three months. The soldiers always referred to Petworth as "Wetworth" because it seemed to be forever raining.

My father died when we were still very young, having worked up the solicitor's practice operated at one time by Mr. Daintry. Mr. Staffurth bought the practice and the firm become known as Mant and Staffurth. My mother was left with three young children and no great amount of money. She had moreover various charitable commitments but the somewhat straitened circumstances in which she found herself on Father's death did not lead her to abandon these; if anything her charity work increased. Her position as Arthur Mant's widow seemed to leave her with certain responsibilities to the community which she did her best to fulfil. It was, by today's standards, a somewhat illogical situaiton whereby she might by paying interest on borrowed money yet, at the same time, giving money away for charitable purposes. My mother could see nothing illogical in this at all, "After all," she would say, "I am charged interest on anything I borrow. That is a strictly commercial undertaking. Charity is a separate matter entirely."

It was the custom for charity workers to be allotted a particular "district"; I think the Rector did this, and mother had the old Red Lion Yard as hers - a very popular area in those days. Taking on a "district" was no light matter although my mother seemed to have the light touch that was needed. A regular weekly visit, repeated over a period of years, meant that enduring friendships were formed. One family, I remember, always had a tart cooked for them, it was a regular weekly ritual. Mother never missed a weekly visit, knew who was ill, who needed help, how the children were getting on, in fact everything that a family friend would know. The Christmas when my father died he had bought blankets for Mother to give out to the "district" at Christmas but he said to her, "It's so cold, they ought to have them before Christmas". They did, but he died on the 20th December. Mother didn't let it make any difference to us children although she must have found it hard. I think that's why, as a family, we've always thought a lot of Christmas and I have never been able to understand those who say, "Christmas? I shall be glad when it's all over!"

In addition to her district Mother was a member of the Board of Guardians looking particularly to the welfare of Petworth Workhouse and its inmates. The regime there had become rather less austere and it would close in the early 1930s. Being on the Board of Guardians entailed regular visitis. Mother would sit on the bed and talk to those who were ill, her interest in a flutter on the horses being a constant topic of conversation. No, she didn't put the money on locally; it was always done by post with her old

wartime friend Arthur Maginnis; we still have some of his printed prepaid return envelopes. When Mother died the Petworth Workhouse had been closed for a few years but a great wreath of flowers came from Midhurst Workhouse, a most unusual tribute at that time and one she would certainly have appreciated.

Mother was a great supporter of women's organisations. The Petworth Women's Institute was the second in Sussex. It had been formed during the Great War to get women together and encourage them to put their knowledge and skills to a common use. The W.I. was always different from the Mothers' Union in that it was not directly related to the Parish Church. The Mothers' Union was a much older foundation and already well-established by 1914. I remember they used to run an evening canteen for soldiers at the old Girls School and, because they couldn't charge less than a half-penny, a cup of tea made quite a lot of money. Another thing I remember from that time were the penny readings in the Iron Room. Everyone did something, a recitation, a song or a monologue, and the funds, I always imagined, went to the War Effort. I wonder if anyone remembers this? In later years Mother was churchwarden at Egdean. The Rector of the time, Mr. Powell, particularly wanted her there. No, she didn't go to every service but the Rector often took her when there was one.

As I have said Mother had been left quite short of money but she had a position to keep up and she somehow managed to sustain the situation. My brother went to Lancing College, as father had wished, and my sister and I had a succession of home tutors none of whom contrived to stay very long. We always kept a cook and a parlour-maid - at least until the early 1930s. In the early days we had Mary Stemp and Alice Thorpe. My mother liked a milk pudding every night: it might be rice or tapioca or sago. The staff had alternate Sundays off - or at least the afternoon and another half day in the week. Alice Thorpe's father was gardener at Hilliers and, as girls, my sister and I were always allowed to go down there and pick daffodils. When we had the donkey-cart we had Joe Vine as handyman but later we just had Mr. Tickner to do the garden.

Downstairs at Avenings, which at that time extended to the New Street corner, was used as offices, part of it as a solicitor's office, but part too was the domain of Mr. Lawrence the Registrar. Marriages were often solemnized there and it wasn't unusual in later years for me to be called in to witness a marriage if the happy couple had omitted to bring witnesses. Registrar's marriages

were not uncommon even in those days; they are certainly not just a modern invention. Sometimes the reasons for a registrar's marriage were all too obvious and it was something of a joke to say that the big counter covered up a good deal that was best left unseen, but in fact even then some people simply had a registrar's wedding rather than a church one. The Registrar's room was the end room, now part of Allan's Fashions and entrance was by the front door of Avenings.

In those days it wasn't considered essential to work if you had the means not to and it wasn't really thought necessary for me to do so. There was plenty to do assisting with all kinds of local activities much as Mother did. During the war my sister and I worked however as agricultural volunteers, so many men being away at the Front. We were paid threepence an hour, the rate rising eventually to threepence three-farthings an hour. Miss Podmore was in charge of the volunteers and hoeing and dock-digging featured heavily in the work. I remember working at Strood and particularly at Fitzleroi. We had an armlet to show that we were volunteers helping the war effort. We'd bike in to the appropriate farm and often worked a long day. When my sister went to work in a London bank I went on with the farm work. Hoeing was monotonuous but there were other jobs too. At harvest time we would pick up the sheaves of wheat, putting them into shocks to dry. It was hot work and we'd bring a bottle of water to drink, standing it in a shock to keep cool. The problem was of course to find it again amongst the crowd of shocks, each one looking exactly the same! I remember the agricultural minimum wage coming in and the hardship this caused some sections of the population. You see, up to that time the farmers had employed all sorts of people at very low rates of pay to do odd jobs like bird-scaring, just turning a rattle periodically or clapping their hands. These were often people who weren't able to do much else. The legislation destroyed all that forever.

Dollie Mant was talking to Audrey Grimwood and the Editor.

BURTON PARK BETWEEN THE WARS

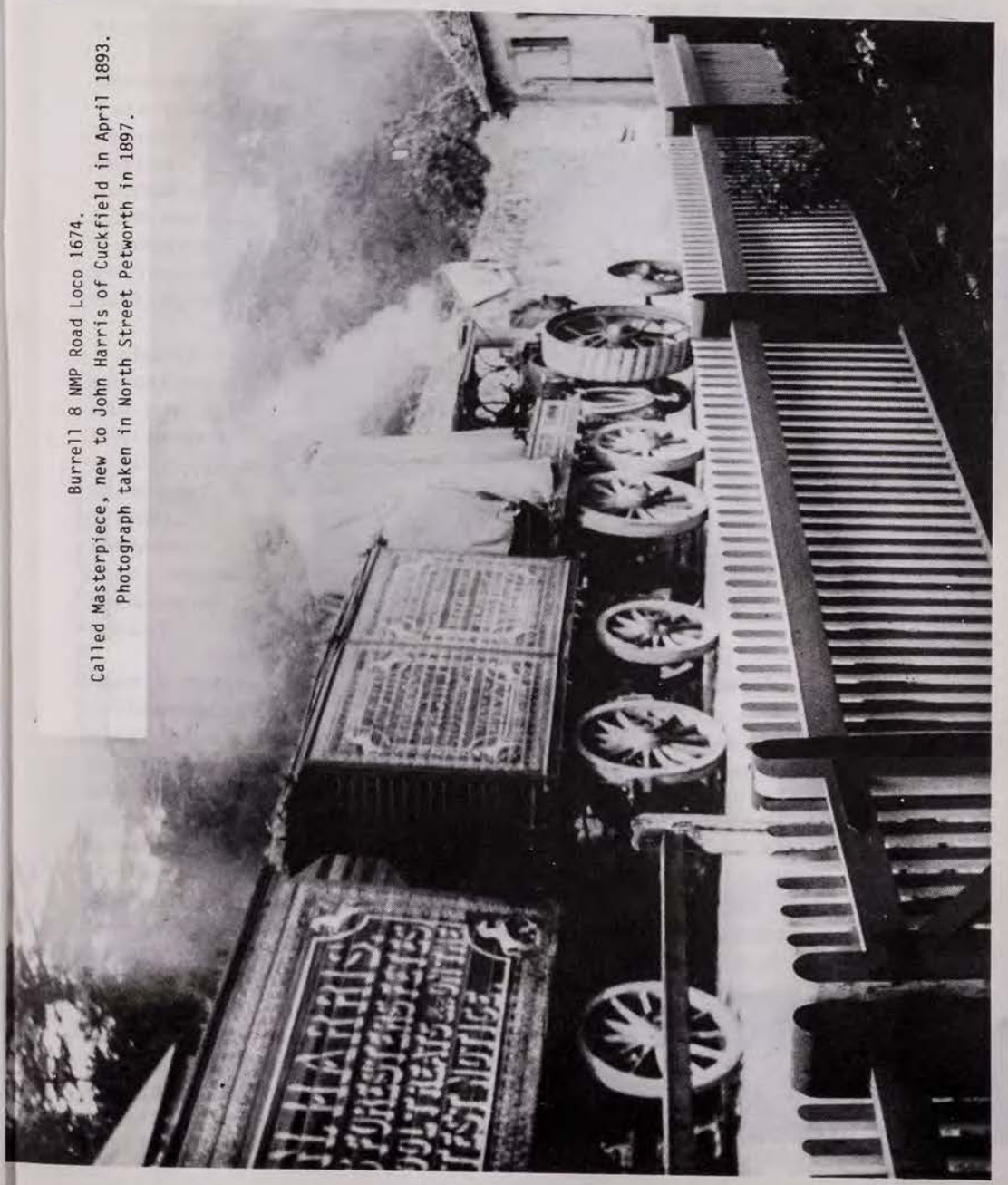
My first impressions of Burton Park come from the spring of 1919 and are of being driven round the grounds. My father who had joined up in 1914 was now looking to buy a house in the area and this was not too far from his friends the Hornungs at West Grinstead. I remember my mother not being keen on the idea of

buying such a large house. A large house it certainly was but my father had an architect's eye for change.

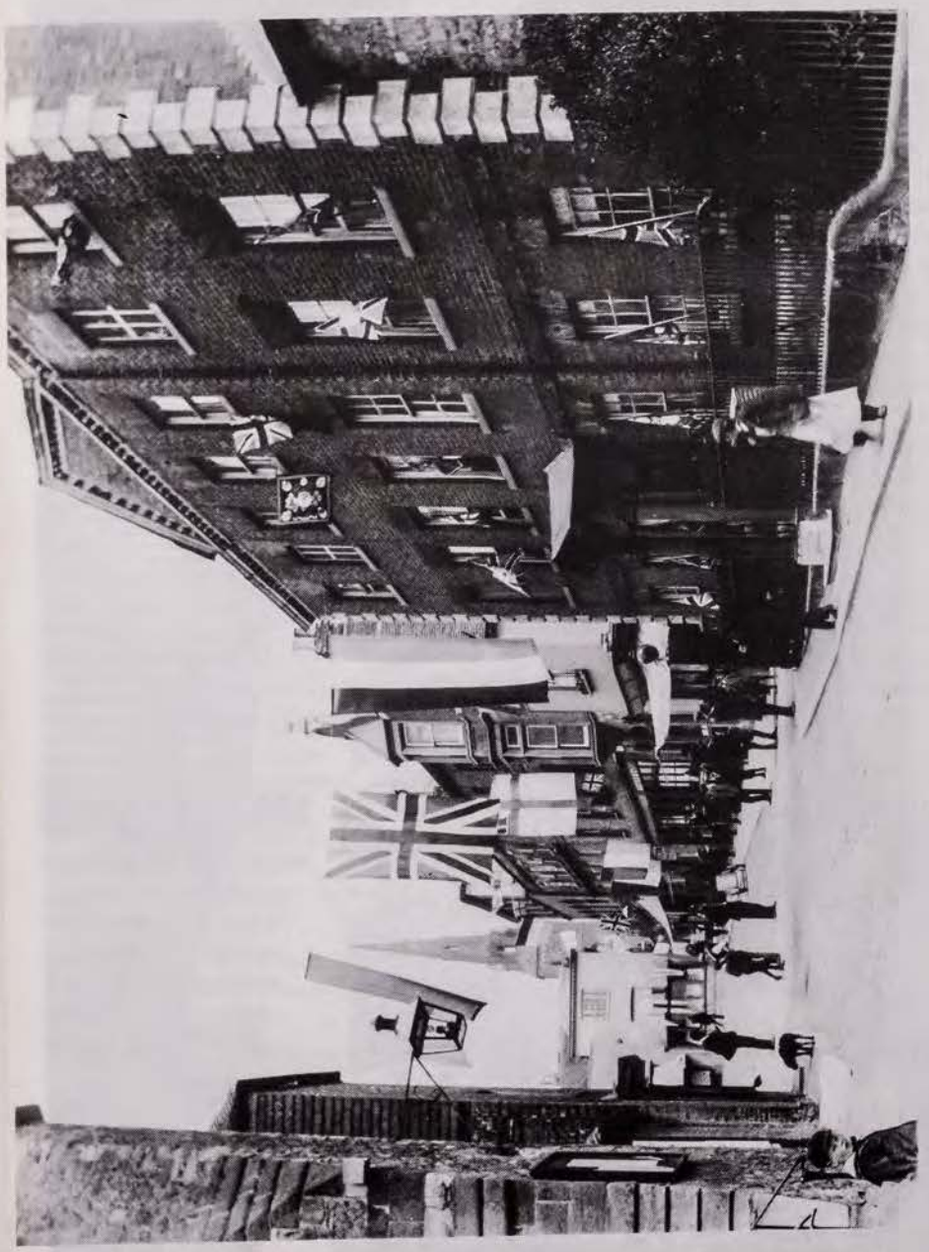
The Burton Estate had a long history, having been held for centuries by the staunchly Roman Catholic Goring family, the estate eventually passing by marriage to the Biddulphs. The original house had been up by the Catholic Church where the sportsground now is. The Biddulphs had moved up to the Chalet at Burton at about the turn of the century and Mrs. Biddulph was still there when I was a girl. I remember going up to visit her on several occasions. When Sir Douglas Hall took over from the Biddulph family the Roman Catholic succession was finally broken. It had been a long succession: I was told that the dairy building was very old and had been used by the monks from Hardham Monastery when they came over to take services in the church. The tiny church is very old with some eleventh century features. An unlooked-for side-effect of the Roman Catholic succession was that for a long period nothing had been done to repair Burton church; the Goring and Biddulph families, as if refusing to acknowledge its transfer to Protestant use at the Reformation, having denied access to the church for repair and renewal.

An early ally at Burton Park was Frank Holland, my mother's first cousin, who was brought in to act as agent. Sutton End was constructed for him from local materials, stone from the old quarry at Barlavington, bricks made near Crouch, mortar from sand at the end of the garden and tiles from old barns on the Estate.

The Burton Park estate was a composite of three different farms based respectively at Barlavington, Crouch and Lodge Green - the last effectively the Home Farm. My father and Frank Holland were not at all afraid of innovation, not for its own sake but in a practical and pragmatic way. In the early pre-mechanised days the estate farms were worked with Percherons, notable in having not "feather" i.e. not having, like Shire horses, a hairy heel. We reckoned this kept them much cleaner while working. The idea of using Percherons instead of Shires may have been suggested to my father by the Burrell family at Knepp. The Burrells were old acquaintances of his. Red Poll hornless cattle were another new import, good both for meat and milk and more usually found in the eastern counties. My father won many prizes with the Red Poll cattle. Equally unusual, but a feature at Burton Park for generations rather than an innovation, were the black and white Jacobs or Andalusian sheep, more agile than ordinary sheep and



Burrell 8 NMP Road Loco 1674.
Called Masterpiece, new to John Harris of Cuckfield in April 1893.
Photograph taken in North Street Petworth in 1897.



Avenings. Mafeking Day 1900.
Photograph by Walter Kevis.

needing a much greater degree of fencing. The Burton Park herd of deer was, like the Jacob's sheep, something we took over rather than brought in.

Encouraged by his friend Mr. Hornung, my father established a stud farm and racing stable at Barlavington. It was good ground for mares and foals and my father had a number of very successful horses, once coming second in the Derby and on another occasion second in the Oaks. His racing colours were primrose with light blue stripes. Eventually he was made a member of the Jockey Club, a considerable honour for him. The farm at Barlavington was run in conjunction with the stud farm and stables while the Red Poll milking herd was based at Crouch.

I should mention a curious crop at Burton Park: this was the so-called alder moor in Black Pond Copse - the pond is now dry. An old man used to buy the alder copse from the Estate, fell the alder and shape the wood for pattens which he told me were used by the mill girls in Lanchashire. He'd roughly shape the clogs and pile them up in a great stack. The cut alder wood was of course a vivid orange. I would often go and talk with him. I suppose he lodged somewhere while he was working at Burton Park. He came year after year, appearing mysteriously and disappearing just as mysteriously. Perhaps he came and went on the "Petworth flier" - the London train!

What a house the size of Burton demanded above all was staff; without staff you simply could not operate such a house. The house staff alone under Mr. Rayner the butler numbered ten or more at any one time - two footmen, an oddman (I was never very sure what the oddman was supposed to do) and a boy. There were also a cook and three young kitchen-maids, the latter often very miserable and homesick in such a faraway place. Mr. Rayner was imperturbable, a butler of the old school. I remember one of my father's changes was to take a stove out of the hall and replace it with a log fire. One evening he was not long home when Rayner appeared and announced in his usual voice, "Excuse me, sir, the house is on fire". It was indeed. The log fire had caught one of the beams and flames were licking up behind the sideboard. We soon set to and put the fire out. On another occasion a housemaid had left cinders in a wooden box and the box ignited. The house was certainly large but perhaps not quite as huge as it seems. There was a big central hall which took up a lot of room. There were a dozen bedrooms which were in fairly frequent use as guest rooms. My father liked having people

to stay: there were shooting parties and, on the Thursday of Goodwood week, a dance. Other people used to bring their own house parties and I remember one particular lady from Chichester appearing with a coachload! A distinguished visitor was Queen Mary, at Burton House for a few hours, and I remember walking nervously across the lawn with her while in her rather Germanic tones she asked me things like, "Had I come out?" Burton Park had formerly been part of the territory of the Leconfield Meet but was now part of the Cowdray. The Cowdray would meet at Burton Park from time to time, I don't recall it as a particularly frequent occurrence; the number of Garland pictures of this event probably suggest the Cowdray came more often than it did. Burton Park provided a very photogenic backdrop which George Garland used whenever he could. Other staff? The enormous gardens needed ten or more gardeners. There were two chauffeurs and Mr. Pullen who drove the farm lorry and van when they were needed.

The first general election after the Great War had seen a Liberal, Major Rudkin, returned as M.P. for the traditionally Conservative Chichester constituency. The Conservative cause had not been helped by the incumbent being caught out by news of the impending election and finding it impossible to get back from South Africa in time. For the next election my father was adopted as candidate with a mandate from the local party to recapture the seat at the next election. He did, although at this time I was away at boarding school and have little recollection of it all. My memories of elections come basically from the 1930s. In those pre-television days a candidate's personality was more important than it is now - at least in my judgement. It was essential for a candidate that he visit every village, every hamlet even, in person. People wouldn't necessarily come to his meeting, being quite content simply to give him a cheery wave from their gardens, but if he didn't come at all they would not be pleased. At election time this could mean as many as eight meetings a day, afternoon and evening. The candidate had to be seen to have remembered - no matter how obscure the outpost. At that time the Chichester constituency was, I believe, the second largest in the country, extending from the Surrey border to the sea and from the Hampshire border to the Arun. Election meetings had a greater vigour then that television seems to have sapped, there was even some heckling although nothing organised, more like an old lady at Littlehampton muttering about, "£10,000 a year talking to ten shillings a week!"

The declaration of the poll would be of course at the Chichester Assembly Rooms, my father coming out on to the balcony. Having won the seat back in the mid-1920's he was returned with increased majorities each election until he died. The Chichester declaration would be followed by a triumphal appearance at constituency centres like Littlehampton, Bognor, Arundel and Midhurst, finishing up in a packed Petworth Market Square. After a long day he'd return to Duncton and the estate workers would haul the car across the park with ropes. My father was a staunch ally of Churchill even in the wilderness period in the 1930s, often taking the chair as Churchill stumped the country arguing the cause of rearmament and non-appeasement. Long after my father died I remember being introduced to Churchill and him instantly saying, "Your father and I fought the India Bill together."

The coming of the war brought life as it had been at Burton Park to an end. As the war went on the house was used as a base for Marine Commando operations. It wasn't really requisitioned: the question never really came up. It simply wasn't practical to keep a house of that kind going without staff and with the war the staff of course disappeared. We soon had twenty-seven expectant mothers billeted with us from South London in accordance with the policy of getting everyone out of London before it was bombed. The trouble was that the ladies couldn't take to life in the country and were anxious above all to get back to London! I had to take them down to the maternity hospital at Lavington and they seemed to prefer me taking them to anyone else. When grandmother, who was ninety-six by this time, came down from Wimbledon we moved into the gardener's cottage. We would never move back into the big house.

Jeanne Courtauld was talking to the Editor.

DOWN THE GREEN (3): GRANNY ROWE

Her style of dress never changed, always a long black skirt and blouse, and white cotton apron, all these made by her own nimble fingers, for Granny was herself a dressmaker, so it was not wondered that Ethel at quite an early age, deftly handled the family sewing machine.

Granny was a tall upright figure, very conservative in her ways, and I think I can truthfully say she never showed any of us much affection, but we all treated her with great respect.

She still rented two meadows and the outbuildings, although had long since had ceased to be responsible for the haulage of coal and contracting of goods, and only one cow roamed the meadows. Peggy was a beautiful brindle beast, and we all loved her, and it was very rare that she was got in to be milked by Dad after tea, without one of us going to the gate and called her by name to which she immediately came.

Peggy produced many calves and there was indeed great excitement if Dad would say casually after the happy event had taken place, "Be quiet, and come along to the stable and you can see Peggy's babies. Old gal has two of "em this time". So off we would go Mother and Granny included to inspect the latest arrivals. "They look nice healthy calves Johnny", Granny would say, a smile creeping over her face. "What did you say they were, one of each, that's lucky. Come on now the lot of you and leave the old gal alone, you can come again tomorrow and see them. Did she have some warm mash to-night Johnny? Come on now" and at Granny's command we knew it was time to leave Peggy and her twins for the night.

Each night after school, as well as doing jobs for Mother, Granny had always got something for us to do. The chopping of the morning's wood was usually the task of either Kit or Molly to do, and jobs like this had to be carried out with real precision. The large pieces of wood at the bottom of the trug basket with the smaller sticks on the top, and all very neatly stacked, these she always insisted should never be cut more than six inches in length, otherwise they would not lay in her range, and enough room left at either side of the trug for a dozen or so fir cones, (these we had incidentally collected previously from the Common) these expeditions I will mention later.

I think I have given the impression that I was exempt from doing any little jobs for either Mother or Granny, but this was not so. I must agree I was not able to balance enough on my legs to chop the wood, but I often stacked it for the girls, neither was I able to scrub the cellar floor and stairs, but I was able to sit and clean the knives, forks, and spoons, for both Granny and Mother. I really hated doing the knives, for to my mind they were so hard to get clean, and as these were steel, they had to be cleaned by putting bathbrick on a knife board, and rubbing with all one's strength. At long last the stains were no longer visible, and all the cutlery was gleaming bright once more and could be put away tidily in the drawer.

Saturday mornings was mostly devoted to doing jobs for Granny, and for these we were paid threepence a week, which Mother shared out between the four of us after our 'pay' had reached a shilling or two. The cellar floor and shelves had to be thoroughly scrubbed each week, as Peggy's milk was kept down there, and also the cellar steps. Two used to do this, and Granny would come to the top of the steps if she heard Molly or Kit chattering too much. "Make sure you get the shelves clean, last week it didn't look as though you had touched 'em".

Peggy produced sufficient milk so that at least once a week, there was enough cream to make some butter. A barrel shaped churn was used for this and placed in the scullery, after about ten minutes vigorous turning of the handle and with aching arms, Amy or I would call. "Butter's come Granny". Granny would come along, lift the lid and peer inside. "Oh no it's not, and well you know it. Give it a lot more churning. Now then Amy don't go so fast the butter will never come if you do it like that. Steadier, and like this". So Granny took over the handle and give it a few turns, explaining to us once more the way she wanted it done. Eventually the handle would come even harder to turn, so we knew at long last we had reached success. "It has come now Granny really, you look", so once more the lid of the churn was lifted, Granny looked in and said "That's alright now move out of the way and I'll take over". She lifted the lovely golden butter out, drained the skim milk off in a big jug, and the butter was washed thoroughly in cold water several times, we would stand by her side and await eagerly for this to be weighed and patted up. We loved seeing Granny do this, and after the half pounds were neatly patted up and a design marked on the top, Granny would put one on a plate and hand it to Amy and say, "Take that one along to your Mother, she has paid me for it". So Amy would take it indoors with the words, "Here's your butter Mum". Very often a smaller pat was left over, so Granny would watch for Dad coming home for his dinner, and as he came along the courtyard would call to him, "Here's a bit of butter for your tea Johnny". I suppose she thought that Dad never had any of the butter we had indoors. Inwardly, I am sure this annoyed Mother but she was a very tactful soul and never showed it.

Granny was of a very impetuous nature, and one incident remains very clearly in my mind. One spring evening Granny met Dad with the words, "Johnny, the hedge by the rick yard has got a hole in it, it's not very big yet, but if something isn't done to it soon that cow will be out for sure, and it's the last thing I want to

see her get in there, 'cos that will mean trouble for us". "Right you are Mother", Dad replied, "I'll have a look at it in a minute, and see how big it is, and then I'll see to it tomorrow night if I can find some small mesh wire netting, I expect there's some about somewhere". Granny's expression changed, she hated to be kept waiting twenty four hours for a job she thought required immediate attention.

The next afternoon we could hear knocking and Mum looked out and there she could see Granny with wire netting hammer and nails, trying to fill in the small gap herself. "Don't she make you cross, she can't do it herself and your Father was going to do it for her tonight he told her so, and looks like its going to pour with rain any minute. Come on in Granny, Jack'll see to it tonight he said so". Anyway Granny carried on in spite of the shower, and then when she was satisfied that Peggy could no longer wander in the rickyard, put the hammer and nails away and came indoors to dry herself. Luckily the shower did not last long, but she had got quite damp before she took refuge. "Are you very wet Granny?" Mum asked. "No, and I've managed it, the old cow will be alright now, she may have got out if it hadn't been seen to, but I gave my hand a nasty knock, I shall have to tie that up. Well I'm blowed Amy, just you look". There looking over the gate was Peggy adorned with a halo of wire netting on her horns.

We were very tempted to laugh, but this we knew could not be so, but a deep grin passed over Dad's face when this story was told at teatime.

F. M. Rowe.

THE REV. ROBERT JACKSON LEAVES PENRITH DECEMBER 1888

(See Bulletin 53)

From the Penrith Observer 11th December 1888

On Saturday evening, the Rev. R. Jackson, late pastor of the Duke Street Congregational Church, Penrith, was presented with a purse containing 20 guineas, subscribed to by his many friends and admirers as a token of their esteem and affection. The rev. gentleman left Penrith Station yesterday morning for Petworth (Sussex) amid the good wishes of several who had gathered to witness his departure. On Wednesday evening, Mr. Jackson preached by special invitation to a large congregation, in the Wesleyan

Chapel. Before commencing his sermon he said it was to him a great pleasure to take that week-night service for the first and probably the last time in that beautiful house of prayer. He had had a wearisome day in preparing for his removal, but during his ministry in Penrith their ministers had been so kind and brotherly, and the christian people connected with that church had shown him so much sympathy, that he could not but feel indebted to them for giving him the opportunity of looking once more into their faces. He then preached an eloquent and appropriate sermon from the words - "And Johnathan, Saul's son, arose, and went to David into the wood, and strengthened his hand in God." Mr. Jackson also preached in the Primitive Methodist Chapel on Sunday evening.

From the Penrith Observer 18th December 1888

VALEDICTORY LINES TO THE REV. ROBERT JACKSON.

Written at the close of his last sermon in Penrith, Dec. 9th, 1888, delivered in the Primitive Methodist Chapel. His text was taken from Matthew xvii., 8.

"JESUS ONLY."

Untrained in flattery's worldly school
He acteth all on honour's plan,
Of that bright few who will and can
Apply to life truth's golden rule.

Such men are 'yond the poet's meed,
Their life-work needs no vaunting song;
They love the right and hate the wrong,
And for mankind's improvement plead.

Abjuring paths to selfish gain,
Denouncing avenues to pelf,
He preacheth Christ and not himself,
And proveth other treasure vain.

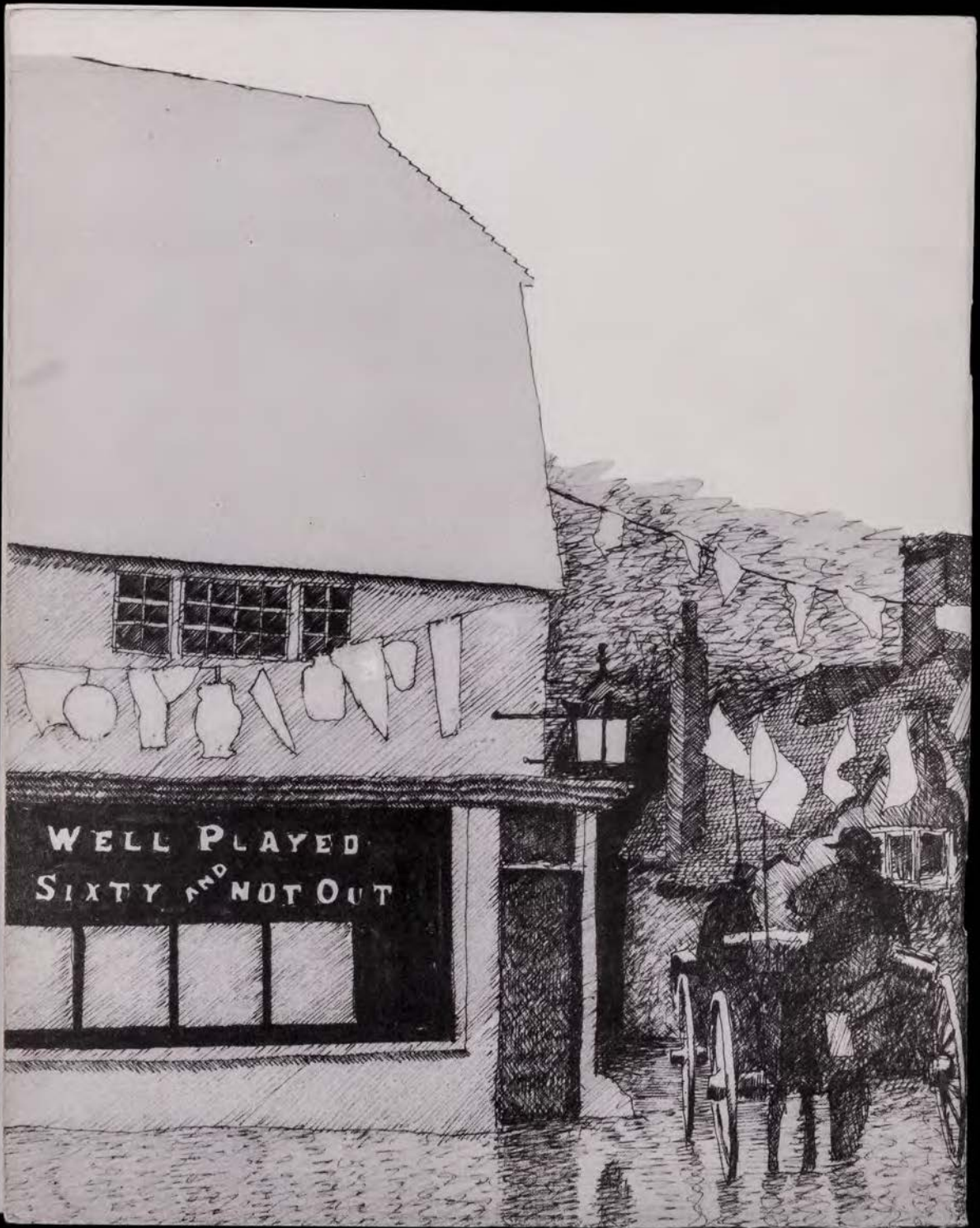
The casket's rent, the jewel gone,
His face again we ne'er may see;
But in the chain of memory
By brilliant link shall he be known.

Penrith. GEORGE DUDSON.

Robert Jackson was Congregational minister here from December 1888 until he removed to Brighton in 1895. These quotations courtesy of Jeremy Godwin (Penrith).

NEW MEMBERS

Mr J. ALLESTON, 340 Cherry Row, PETWORTH.
Mr and Mrs BENDING, 42 Queens Avenue, Meols, Hoylake, WIRRALL, Merseyside.
Mr BRYDER, The Gables, TILLINGTON.
Mr and Mrs BODILEY, Saxted House, 5 Tower Street, EMSWORTH, Hants.
Mr and Mrs CLARK, 113 Farhalls Crescent, HORSHAM.
Mr and Mrs DICKER, 4 Warragul Street, LAUNCESTON, TASMANIA.
Mrs S DODD, Bartons Cottage, PETWORTH.
Mr and Mrs DOWDY, 2 Farne Close, BIRDHAM, Sussex.
Mrs ELLICE-CLARK, Old Well Cottage, Lower Street, FITTLEWORTH.
Mrs T. FENWICK-SMITH, Archers, Stedham, MIDHURST, Sussex.
Mr and Mrs FISHER, The Almshouses, TILLINGTON.
Mr and Mrs FROLICH, 12 Shorton Road, PAIGNTON, DEVON.
Mr and Mrs GESINK, Hatchetts, BYWORTH.
Mr and Mrs GIBBS, Langhurst Farm, BALLS CROSS.
Mrs HAWKINS, Limbourne Lane, FITTLEWORTH.
Mr and Mrs HOLDEN, 29 Valentines Lea, NORTHCHAPEL.
Mrs J.A. JEAVONS, 14 Waterside Road, PAIGNTON, DEVON.
Mrs J. LEWIS, P.O Box 638, REVERSTOKE, BRITISH COLOMBIA.
Mr and Mrs MONIER-WILLIAMS, Downsview, DUNCTON.
Mrs MUGGERIDGE, 23 Willow Walk, PETWORTH.
Mrs RUSSELL, 31 Orchard Close, PETWORTH.
The Royal British Legion, Grove Street, PETWORTH.
Mrs J. SHORTO, c/o Mrs Gilhooly, Nobies, BEDHAM.
The Toronto Scottish Regimental Association, P.O. Box 75, CONCORD, ONTARIO, Canada.
Mr and Mrs UNDERWOOD, Potters, BEDHAM.
Mr M. WALL, Amberley Chalkpits Museum, Houghton Bridge, Nr. ARUNDEL.
Miss WALLER, 19 Pulborough Road, STORRINGTON.


WELL PLAYED
SIXTY AND NOT OUT