

THE
PETWORTH
SOCIETY

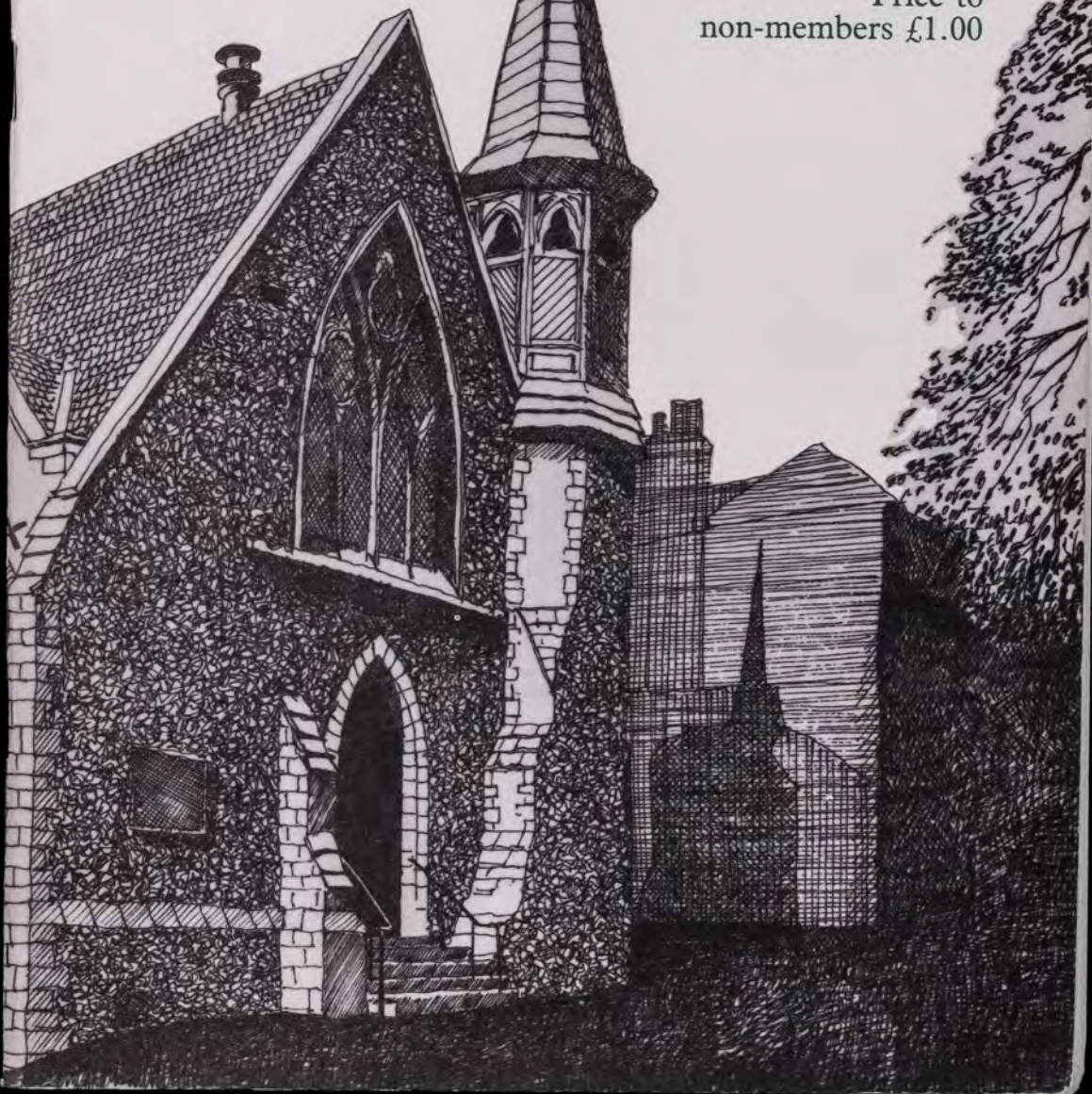
magazine



Issue No. 50

March 1990

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Cover drawing and design by Jonathan Newdick

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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:-

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River), Mrs. Harvey (Fittleworth).

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Once again a New Year and a fresh Magazine cover. I am very pleased to have Jonathan's drawing of Golden Square and particularly the United Reformed Church. This is the U.R.C.'s 250th anniversary year and the cover can be seen as part of this Society's own tribute to the U.R.C. as a distinctive and continuing force in Petworth life. More on the anniversary in the June issue.

Issue No.58 sold out and with the Society membership increasing all the while we have raised the print for this year to 850. I hope we have judged the number to keep pace with the Society's projected growth. Subscription rates remain the same this year as last but, as last year, a small donation over and above the standard subscription works wonders financially. A Magazine of this quality takes a good bit of financing. I cannot sufficiently stress how much work for Phil. and Ros. is saved by your prompt payment. This year there will be reminders in June and September and then in mid-October an individual letter to members who have not paid, pointing out that they will not receive the December issue until the subscription is renewed. I think this is only fair to the vast majority of members who pay almost immediately. In effect we are looking for a close season for subscription payment from mid-October to March. During that period incoming subscriptions will basically be from new members. Everyone will receive a reminder with this Magazine. If you have already paid for 1990-91 please ignore it.

The dominant events of the last quarter were Petworth Fair and the meeting with the National Trust in the Leconfield Hall. The Fair begins to take on a significance far outside Petworth itself and a separate note is appended. The meeting with the National Trust, successful as it certainly was, is but part of a continuing process of improved relations between Town and Trust. Petworth House and Park are as integral to Petworth as any other part of the town and it is right that the Town should be among the very first to share news of the Trust's imaginative and sensitive plans for the future. The transparent determination of David Sekers and his team to build bridges conveyed itself to a capacity audience who in their turn preferred constructive questioning and discussion to recrimination. The Trust will continue discussion with the County Council about the town's intractable traffic problem. If there is the glimmer of a solution, then, as I have so often argued in the past, an alliance between Town and Trust will be a powerful one, but the

difficulties of course remain. I cannot think that even the exponents of a western or Park route have much to lose from a closer dialogue with the Trust.

The squabbling saga of the Lombard Street cobbles goes on and it is anyone's guess what will have happened by the time you read these notes. While the parties to the argument fall over themselves to disclaim responsibility for the fiasco the fact remains that Lombard Street is not as it was. Cobbles need skilled laying; they have been put back properly before and need to be put back properly now.

The experimental closure of the Cut or Twitten by the Gateway Store will probably occur during the period of this Magazine. Like many others I have doubts as to the wisdom of this as a means of alleviating traffic problems. Certainly parking in the Square will become much more fraught in the context of a steady traffic flow. The Cut has always been dangerous and great care always taken by pedestrians in negotiating it. Its very narrowness acts as an impromptu speed limit especially for larger vehicles. If these different cautions are relaxed in the less confined space of Market Square there could be serious consequences. I hope the measure is seen as a genuine experiment and that there is adequate local consultation before a decision on final implementation is taken.

Lastly a matter in which I have of course a direct interest but which may have escaped your notice : the imposition on commercial premises of the so-called Uniform Business Rate or U.B.R. This means that in addition to the standard community charge of "poll tax", those who occupy commercial premises pay a special rate. Over a period of five years many business rates will rise several times over. You may think that this will have no effect on you if you have no commercial premises but this may be wishful thinking. The indirect effects of this rate may be serious. Petworth has always been a town of little shops, some more efficient than others, some more profitable than others, some perhaps more interesting than others. Interest, efficiency and profitability are often uneasy allies. It is this mix of different tradesmen that has given historic Petworth much of its charm. To an extent it still does. I fear that many small tradesmen will not live with this new imposition and as Chairman of this Society am concerned that this measure may have the direst consequences for change and decay in Petworth and other small towns like it. I hope that all members who have Petworth at heart will, over the ensuing months,

follow a discussion which will surely have the greatest consequences for the town.

A final postscript. Don't forget the Toronto Scottish will be here on Sunday 17th. They will not always come back to Petworth: each succeeding visit has a certain finality about it. The bond between Petworth and this of all Canadian regiments is a very strong one indeed and I would look to give them a marvellous day. If you have a special idea let me know. We are already discussing the day's events with the Royal British Legion.

Peter.

1st February 1990.

REFURBISHING THE NORTH GALLERY

The North Gallery at Petworth House is essentially an extension to the main house, and conceived by the second Earl of Egremont as a home for his treasures, particularly the ancient sculptures he had brought back with him from the Grand Tour. In fact he died almost before the marbles were unpacked. Work would eventually be resumed by his son George Wyndham, third Earl of Egremont, who inherited Petworth as a boy of twelve. The first alteration was an enforced one: the Gallery had to be extended simply to accommodate the second Earl's collection. In course of time the square bay at the end would be added too. The original roof-lights were lantern lights with sloping sides and vertical tops but these were replaced by sky lights with vertical sides in about 1840 after the death of the third Earl. It is intended to replace the present industrial type roof-lights with lantern lights of the later design. We do have drawings by Thomas Upton, clerk of the works at Petworth and made between 1824 and 1840 from which the lanterns can be reconstructed and a study is currently being undertaken by both computer modelling and dimensional modelling which should predict the amount of light which will enter the Gallery.

A serious problem in the North Gallery is deterioration in the building caused by the ingress of water over the years. It was decided that making the Gallery watertight would be our overriding concern and that the opportunity should be taken to create the correct conditions for the paintings in respect both of relative humidity and temperature. In short the refurbishment of the Gallery is not only a matter of preserving the building fabric but also an exercise in environmental engineering. With the all-important installation of the period roof-lights the Gallery will

at last be seen as was intended by its original designers. We do not know of any architect appointed to design the North Gallery, it seems in fact to have been the product of collaboration between the House building staff, Thomas Upton, and Thomas Phillips the resident painter who will have been concerned above all with the lighting. Francis Chantrey the Sculptor also had his say and even the Rev Sockett was involved. The transformation will be total. As it was until November last year the North Gallery contained fifty five pictures and the sculptures. When refurbished it will hold one hundred and nine pictures, the extra fifty four not taken, as might be expected, from elsewhere in the House, but loaned expressly to the Trust by Lord Egremont from his own personal collection. Many have been in store and will be on show for the first time for many years.

We have tried out the pictures in situ and have photographs of the lay-out as we would eventually like it to be. I am also looking forward to the rearrangement of the sculptures; two large figures at present in the Audit Room are due to be moved to the North Gallery but I am not sure at present how we are going to carry out this move. The figures in the Audit Room are no lightweights! The North Gallery will be closed all this year to visitors and the projected reopening date is April 1991. I shall however be more than pleased to take the Petworth Society round, show them the work in progress, our photographs of how we think it will look when completed and the way in which we intend to create a controlled environment for the pictures. I hope a Friday afternoon in October will be convenient for you. I should mention too that on the exterior of the Gallery we are going to restore the fenestration panels to make them more realistic, repaint the windows and take out the ivy that has encroached from the wall.

Two points not directly connected with the work on the North Gallery. As you know we used to open the Park Gates at 9.00 a.m. and close them at 9.00 p.m. or dusk whichever would be earlier. Now, in response to a question from the floor at the Leconfield Hall meeting, and consultation with Lord Egremont, all gates are open at 8.00 a.m. and in some cases earlier.

In response to a further question at the meeting, yes, we very much regret that Petworth people had so little chance to acquire tickets for the summer concert and firework display last year. This will not happen again. On Saturday 30th June the Philharmonic Pops are in the Park followed by a firework display and on the 1st July we

have Big Band night, again followed by fireworks (unless we find that fireworks are not allowed on Sunday evenings). This time there will be an allocation of tickets available specifically for Petworth people on either night. An allocation is certainly necessary: last year the posters were late coming and we were in the curious position of putting up all posters and sticking "sold out" notices on them at the same time as we put the posters out!

Norman Thomas

Members may like to reread this piece from Bulletin 24 (June 1981) concerning earlier redecoration in the North Gallery.

Peter.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE QUEEN OF RUMANIA

I used to be seconded by Mr. Arthur Vincent my employer to do the Petworth House paper-hanging and I would often be working there as much as five months in the year. When we were working in the North Gallery we had to work on high platforms in order to protect the statues and because of the danger of tools falling from the platforms (scissors always seem to fall point downward) a big notice was always put up warning everyone to keep clear of the North Gallery. Despite this as I was paper-hanging I looked down to see an elderly lady obviously a member of the house party, walking calmly in the Gallery and quite undisturbed either by the work in progress or by the warning notice. I clambered down from the platform, went over to the lady and pointed out the notice forbidding anyone to enter because of the work being done in the Gallery. The old lady smiled graciously and left. A few minutes later my father who was kitchen man at the House rushed in in some consternation and said, "Do you know who you've just turned out of the Gallery? That was the Queen of Rumania!"

C.F. Baigent.

PETWORTH FAIR

Sunday the 19th was a dull mild day and the fairmen early in: so much so that when I went up in mid-afternoon preparations were already well forward. Positions are becoming defined; this is the fourth fair the Society has hosted and it was surprising how the showmen manoeuvred such large vehicles in such tight conditions. The heap of sand outside David's didn't seem much of a problem on

the day. The construction of the Chair-planes was well-advanced and the next task would be the Gallopers. Robert Harris would remain in the caravan overnight but Bensons would probably return to Dorking. Caravans are no longer the functionary vehicles they were in Arch Knight's time. People were walking about: the fair is something to look at and talk about; Petworth Fair especially, a turn of the century fair in an age-old setting that is probably unique in the South of England. By late afternoon the Gallopers were up too and the big engine was being backed down into the Car Park. "Brilliant", said Doug Harris, the weather had been very kind for late November. The Gallopers were in place, now tightly overcoated with their tarpaulins. A few youngsters stood around and there was an eerie quiet about the Square. "Fairs are to an extent about waiting", said Robert, "putting it all up and waiting. There's a lot of time spent waiting".



"At the Gallopers". Petworth Fair 1989.
Photograph by Peter Hammond.

Monday the 20th was a good day too, dry and clear. You can certainly have evil weather "in the feast of St Edmund the King" but not this year. Petworth is the latest fair of all, the "back-end" fair to end all "back-end" fairs. Whoever heard of a fair at the end of November when it's time to sow broad beans for next year?

The afternoon started quietly enough but that is the way of fairs. Waiting is integral to them. Anne Bradley's refreshments went a long way to diminish this. The Leconfield Hall was slowly getting into its annual swing, stalls of every kind here and in the Red Cross Rooms. We were pleased to welcome one or two newcomers. The darkness began to intensify and the lights glowed the more brightly. The Chairplanes and Gallopers whirled round and people milled about the side-stalls, the organ music reinforced the message that the fair was here. In the Hall and the Red Cross Rooms the local organisations were being kept busy. On the stage the entertainment had started: first the Petworth Primary School Dancers, then quite a break before the Seaford College Swing Band played Glenn Miller. This was new but a huge success, part of the tradition of the fair almost before they were finished. The Edwardians were next with their polished medley of songs from the 1920s, and the entertainment was rounded off as usual by the Town Band, a full band playing in their home town before a packed audience. Petworth Fair is intensely local, the quintessential Petworth event, but is more than that. The protective loyalty that Petworth people show toward their fair and the back-up provided by so many local organisations, makes it at once insular and national. If Petworth can revitalise its age-old fair, other towns and villages might do the same if they had a mind.

Peter.

There is an extensive article on Petworth Fair in World's Fair 8th December 1989 and a video of the setting-up of the Fair on the 19th and the events of the 20th. This was made by Mr and Mrs Rowland of Horley and the Society has one of the three existing copies.

IAN AND PEARL'S BALLS CROSS WALK

It was a marvellous afternoon for late November and the farmyard at Langhurst Hill was full of cars. The last walk of the year was going to be very well supported. We set off through the woods on the opposite side of the road, the ground still frosted and fallen

crab apples shining in the whitened grass. It wasn't long before the group split into two large parties only tenuously linked on the narrow woodland path. Nothing unusual for the Petworth Society. The leading group simply waited by Sparkes Farm. We would skirt Ebernoe Common (this was an edge of the common I knew less well than some others), then go along a narrow tarmac road to Palfrey. Here there was a big friendly black dog and a lightly frozen pond with large ducks on it - Muscovy ducks someone said. Veering away to make the circle we could see balloons coming up from their base at Little London, one in dark crimson rising over the hill like an elongated blood red sun. Over the brow of the next hill a balloon was descending - it was apparently part of the training - to bring the balloon down and get it fully airborne again. As if to emphasize the stately progress of the balloons a Cathay Pacific Airliner went over gleaming silver in the sun.

This was the reverse version of another walk we had made the previous year, again from Langhurst Hill. Looking away to our right was a great green vista of sown fields. After a while we made the road again, straight over and into Witley Copse. It was darker in the woods and as we turned left back toward Langhurst Hill the light was fading fast. We looked away over the open fields and the gathering mist. Some could still make out Five Oaks, the less enterprising the towers of Wisborough Green and Billingshurst. It was getting cold now as well as dark but Ruby had tea ready in the farmhouse. An army of abandoned wellington boots waited patiently outside for their owners to reappear. It would be a fair wait. The table in the large beamed room groaned under the tea. Not much fun being a table at Ruby and John's! After a leisurely tea Ian showed slides of walks and visits over the past year or so, Fittleworth, Bury, Petworth, the Downs, Blackdown, Hill Grove - all over the place. What better place to end a year's walks and visits than at Langhurst Hill!

Peter.

THE CHRISTMAS MEETING

Despite 'flu, poor weather and several other events in the town, there were 70 members at the Annual Christmas Evening in the Leconfield Hall. First, they enjoyed a showing of slides taken by Mr. Ian Godsmark, of walks and visits by the Society over the past two years, ending with local scenes under frost and snow. The Chairman commended Mr. Godsmark's expertise in achieving results of such outstanding quality before presenting Mr. and Mrs. Tim. Bodiley

with an inscribed Armada Dish in appreciation of their gesture in giving the Charles Leazell collection of paintings, drawings and prints to be sold to the people of Petworth. £1600 had been donated to Shelter, the organisation for the homeless, and a similar amount to the funds of the Society. A surprise appearance of Father Christmas heralded the long-awaited draw for the painting of Fittleworth Forge by Mr. Bill Oakey. Mr. Michael Pope of Chichester was the winner. The audience was then served with hot punch and mince pies provided by members. After the 16 prize Christmas Raffle there was a lively programme by Petworth Edwardians; songs and dances of the '20s, guitar solo (Len McCormack), a Christmas reading (Maureen Purser), clarinet solo (Patricia Petter) and a selection of lesser-known carols and familiar ones to fresh tunes, ending with a spirited version of "We three kings of Orient are" composed by local musician Brian Knowles. Finally, the Petworth Town Band made their traditional appearance playing carols for all to join in. The Chairman voiced the appreciation of all for a delightful evening and wished the members a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

K.C.T.

THE THINGS THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF

Ruth Pletts' son, Anthony, came "home" to give an illustrated talk about his travels over the past ten years. He describes himself as a "travel addict" - for him, travel becomes a retreat in which the worries of life fall into proportion. Man has always felt a need to travel, which today leads to communication between people across the world. The word 'travel' comes from the same root as 'travail'. Anthony works hard to finance his trips and travels the hard way, 3 - 4 months at a time, sleeping out or in hostels rather than in hotels, carrying a rucksack and immersing himself in the places he visits. He has found that he sets out to see places, but ends up finding people.

He related anecdotes of his journeys, starting with the U.S.A., coast to coast, at the age of 19, then Europe on Inter-rail - Venice, Milan, Florence, Vienna and Berlin at the height of the Cold War. The next tour, to Russia with art students, started with his arrest on arrival, due to a misunderstanding over the contents of the luggage of another passenger who had collapsed and for whom he had been ordered to carry it. He came away however, with an overwhelming sense of the touching Russian hospitality. The first

solo venture, when he was 23, was to China for 3 months, returning via Thailand and Sri Lanka. This gave him a powerful sense of independence and he was invited to address students about his work in special effects and model-making for television, about life in the West and his opinions of China and the Chinese. This personal interest became evident in all the countries he has visited. A working trip to Australia allowed trips to Melbourne, Sydney, the Great Barrier Reef - when he qualified in skuba diving, Ayers Rock and a four-day "walkabout" near Katharine in the Northern Territories. He continued on to Japan, where the longer he stayed, the more alien he felt. Japan is however, ideal for hitch-hiking, as the lorry drivers are so keen to practise their English, even arranging the next lift (and English lesson) by radio-telephone. The next excursion was to Tibet via Bangladesh, starting with aircraft engine failure over the Himalayas and then, partly by bus, partly by lorry and partly on foot from Katmandu to the capital, Lhasa, which itself has no roads. In fact, Tibet's second "city" is only the size of Petworth. The country retains its Buddhist culture despite the Chinese occupation. There were brief references to a visit to New York with two friends when, posing as journalists, they obtained first-class hotel accommodation, to Mexico and to Spain.

The evening ended with three extracts from Anthony's journals, which gave a philosophical and emotional, as well as factual account of the journeys - 6-7 pages written very day - and an opportunity to ask questions and look at scrapbooks and photograph albums.

This was a most unusual and expressive travelogue, worthy of the chosen title "The things that dreams are made of" and we look forward to the time when Anthony will have more travels to tell us about.

KCT

ANY MORE FOR ANY MOORE?

Somewhere around Petworth in 1848 my Great Grandfather, Thomas George Moore, was born. When he was twenty-one or two he married Harriet Elizabeth, probably Charles and Caroline Ayling's daughter from Tillington. The first children were baptised there - Emma Caroline in 1870 and Frank in 1872.



"Some limbless and blind". Disabled Servicemen from St Dunstons marching through Midhurst in the 19305.
Photograph by G.G. Garland.



Leconfield opening meet 1934. Photograph by G.G. Garland.

Family legend has it that Thomas George spent some time on the restoration of some of the beautiful ceilings at Petworth House. He was certainly recorded as lodging at Petworth Park when his third son Arthur was baptised in 1875. Perhaps he had been apprenticed to a local painter in the years before his marriage - at any rate, he was always documented as a painter.

In the 1881 Census return Thomas and Harriet had another son aged three with the unusual name of Naldrett. His baptism isn't recorded in Petworth so perhaps work had taken the family to another parish. However, in 1881 they were settled in Back Street - later to be known as High Street - with baby Ethel Maria, eight months old. In 1883 the last member of the family, my maternal Grandmother was born. Helen Edith was baptised on October 5th that year. Tragedy was soon to overtake the family though. Six months later on April 15th at the age of thirty-five, Thomas George was buried. Four days later his thirteen year old daughter Emma Caroline was to follow him.

In 1900 Helen Edith or Edie, as she was known in the family, married a young hairdresser - James Augustus Barnard. They very soon had a daughter Sybil born at Pound Place. Then they moved to Chichester where my mother Queenie Isobel was born at 1 St. John's Street. Two years later in 1909 they were living in King Street, Emsworth and running a Hairdressers business in the High Street.

Two photographs in the care of The Petworth Society and inscribed 'Copy for Mrs. Moore, High Street 1893' show a young soldier with his horse, probably in the 16th Lancers. Could this be Arthur? He'd be about the right age. His only other documented appearance so far is at Edie and James' marriage at Christchurch, Greenwich.

What could have happened to Frank, Naldrett and Ethel. Mr. Durrant remembers Granny Moore living in the High Street.

Can someone else throw light on any more Moores please?

Mrs. S. PASSINGHAM,
"Meadows",
36 Summerhill Road,
Cowplain,
Portsmouth,
Hants. PO8 8XE.

POPPY DAY

Once again we remember
That day in November
When slaughter
And carnage was over;
When men out of mind
Some limbless and blind
Returned to
The White Cliffs of Dover

They had all volunteered
Since everyone feared
The jackboot might
Echo our streets:
They all lived like moles
In their secretive holes
On hard tack
And no special treats

At places like Ypres
Many a warrior sleeps
Killed by the gas-laden bomb,
And then thousands more,
As if in encore,
Gave their life
In one day
On the Somme

Some had seen
Their friends slain
In steel-riddled rain
As they ploughed through
The mud and the stench
But what kept them sane
Were the photos they had
Of a wife or a comely young wench

Again we remember
That day in November
When we had the foe
On the run
We had won the Great War
And so never no more

Would our men
Ever shoulder a gun

And yet politicians
In highest positions
Thought the death toll in France
Was but few;
And the men who knew best
Sat back like the rest
And so then began
World War Two

Again we're victorious,
Happy and Glorious,
The dead live in
Crosses in rows
For it was the plan
Before life began
That man only reaps
What he sows

We know war's no fun
And now that it's done
I wonder
Is peace here to stay?
As in all the past years
I set here in tears
I hold on to my poppy
AND PRAY

Ken Wells.

LAST VALENTINE'S DAY

Bob Lewis remembers this hunting song as being sung to him by his mother. It would certainly seem to go back to the mid-nineteenth century and is probably local. It would have been sung after the conclusion of a hunt and is one of a number of examples of this kind of song each particular to a particular hunt. Bob Lewis sang it himself when the Copper family were last in Petworth in the autumn of 1988. The essential character in dating and locating is Jim Norris "who cared not a pin". Does anyone know anything of Jim Norris, or has anyone ever come across the song before? Any light on it would be appreciated.

Peter.



1855

**COLONEL WYNDHAM'S
FOX HOUNDS.**

MONDAY Jan 13 *Selhurst Park*
TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY 17 *Mitchell Park*
THURSDAY
FRIDAY
SATURDAY 20 *Clonville Park*

Each day at Half-past Eleven o' Clock.

A fixture list from 1855. Courtesy of Mrs Barbara Calder.

LAST VALENTINE'S DAY

Last Valentine's Day bright Phoebe shone clear
We had not been a Hunting for the space of one year.
Last Valentine's Day bright Phoebe shone clear
We had not been a Hunting for the space of one year.
I hunted Black Clover that horse of great fame
For to hear the horns blow and the cry "Tally Ho".

Ho, Ho, Ho, Ho, Tally Ho!
Hark Forward, Huzzah! Tally Ho!

Hark, hark, into cover Col. Wyndham he cried
He had no sooner spoke than a fox he espied
Hark, hark, into cover Col. Wyndham he cried
He had no sooner spoke than a fox he espied
There's a cry of the hounds and a crack of the whip
And that being the signal our hounds they let slip.

Ho, Ho, Ho, Ho, Tally Ho!
Hark Forward, Huzzah! Tally Ho!

Then up stepped Jim Norris who cared not a pin
He pushed at the stream and his horse tumbled in.
Then up stepped Jim Norris who cared not a pin
He pushed at the stream and his horse tumbled in.
But as he crossed over he spied the bold Ren
With his tongue hanging out turning back to his den.

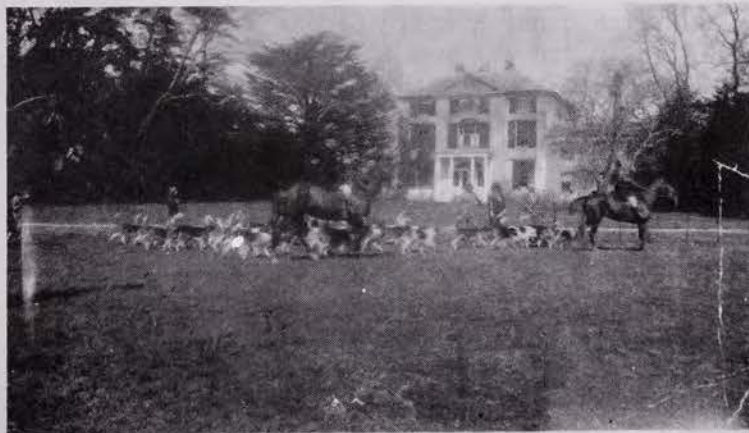
Ho, Ho, Ho, Ho, Tally Ho!
Hark Forward, Huzzah! Tally Ho!

Our horses and hounds they all were so good
As ever broke cover or dashed through a wood.
Our horses and hounds they all were so good
As ever broke cover or dashed through a wood.
So raise up your glasses and round let us drink
For while we are hunters we never shall shrink.

Ho, Ho, Ho, Ho, Tally Ho!
Hark Forward, Huzzah! Tally Ho!

WITH THE LECONFIELD BETWEEN THE WARS

My memories of the Leconfield Hounds go back before the 1914-18 war. I was about nine when my sister and I first went out with my uncle Colonel Osmaston. It may have been 1910, my memory is patchy about exact things but I can remember it vividly. Our idea was to keep near the Master and never lose the hounds. We succeeded only too well: Lord Leconfield eventually exhorting my uncle in his usual forthright way to "keep your children in your own pocket".



Lord Leconfield's
Hounds at Ifold
House c1911.
Lord Leconfield
(centre) with
Fred Napper and
Sam Speed.

Even then I didn't think it was his Lordship that frightened us so much as Uncle's possible reaction to our disturbing the Master. We'd often cycle out to meets and the photograph is certainly pre-1914. On one occasion we'd brought a camera with us.

Much later, when I was married, my husband and I would come down to my father-in-law's home at Lea Place for weekends. My father-in-law kept a hunter especially for me to take out on Saturdays. The Leconfield met regularly on Saturday and at least one other day in the week. I remember after a while Lord Leconfield giving me the hunt button to wear. The Leconfield was a private pack and the button was in the gift of the Master. You didn't then subscribe to the Leconfield Hounds. My father-in-law always wanted me to ride side-saddle and said, "His Lordship has given you the hunt button on condition that you ride side-saddle". I didn't like riding side-saddle so I felt I couldn't wear the button. In due course Lord Leconfield stopped me and asked why I wasn't wearing the button. "Because I'm not riding side-saddle," I replied. "What silly nonsense is this?" said his Lordship. He hadn't actually said anything about riding side-saddle; it was my father-in-law's way of getting me to do so! Lady Leconfield always rode side-saddle wearing a long skirt called an "apron" with very thick heavy material. She disliked the apron very much, in latter years wearing just the riding breeches without the apron.

Many of the followers were quite elderly but they liked hunting. Mr. Constable from Coates Castle was one. I remember my horse once startling his at Coates and bucking him off: he lay still on the ground for a while but eventually came round - to my great relief. He didn't complain at all; it was one of those things that happen.

I would sometimes go out with other hunts; people had a lot of horses then and might ring up and ask you if you'd like to take out their horse. You'd go along to their stables to collect it. The farmers tended to hunt then. I particularly remember Bob Myram from Steepwood and Buggy Wadey from Newbridge. When hunting on Leconfield territory was stopped because of foot and mouth they'd run from Adversane to Lea Place effectively like a point-to-point. How did we get to meets? We rode. Very few people had transport in those days. Some people would have a second horse but we'd ride or "hack" to meets.

I remember particularly the puppy show. We always had a puppy or two to bring up for the hounds and some of the farmers did this too. We kept it for a year until it joined the hounds. This was known as "walking a puppy" and the phrase was that the puppies were

"out at walk". We always had a puppy we'd "walked" in the Show. No, I don't really know how it was judged: the shape probably and the way it stood. The Master of a neighbouring hunt would usually judge and there was a silver cup.

Lord Leconfield was certainly a character and used a number of unusual expressions. To the outside observer he might seem somewhat alarming but, as is the case with many apparently abrasive men, I always found him very kind. "Don't crowd around," he'd say, "you're like pigs in a hurricane". That was a favourite expression of his. The Rector of Duncton, the Rev. Hildebrand was a great friend of his Lordship and would often be out hunting with him. He was always referred to as "the Dean" although I'm not sure how he came by this name. He was a very genial man who had the curious habit when sitting at table of pushing his hands out of the back of an open-backed chair. I remember someone once tying his hands together for a joke. He was especially fond of a quick stop at the Welldiggers and I recall him once asking Lord Leconfield the way to some meet or other. "Well, Dean," said his Lordship, "When you come out of the Welldiggers you turn right..."

The first time I went to dinner at Petworth House it was a little daunting. My father-in-law knew Lord Leconfield well and as a new guest I had to go in to dinner on Lord Leconfield's arm, sitting between his Lordship and "the Dean". There was no problem with conversation because the Dean kept us all entertained. As guest of honour I sat to his Lordship's right but on later occasions of course I sat down the table. His Lordship would be at one end of the long table with Lady Leconfield at the other. At the end of the evening we all played cards. It was a kind of gambling game but no money actually changed hands. There were several tables as the dinner party comprised some thirty guests.

Lord Leconfield had a brusqueness that was disconcerting until you got to know him. I remember going to some charity tea at Petworth House and my friend being greeted by his Lordship. "Hello," he said to her. "Have I got your place, your Lordship?" she said to him. His Lordship looked her straight in the eye and said, "My dear lady, if it comes to that, all these places are mine," and strode off again. And of course it was so. The pictures at Petworth House were then his Lordship's own and he would occasionally give his guests a private conducted tour, his Lordship showing them, not the guide. I can remember this well.

Mrs. Helme was talking to the Editor.

A FAMILY TRADITION

It wasn't surprising that I should have spent the first part of my working life as a gamekeeper: it was something my father had done and my grandfather before him, coming up from Dorset and working for Mr. Baker at Dickhurst near Haslemere. We lived at Fisher Street when I was a boy and for a year I went to the old school at Northchapel just up the road from Northchapel Stores. My father had been called up very quickly for the 1914-1918 war because he had some previous military experience, but when he came back he found his old gamekeeping job was gone and for a while he went on the building. A woodman he met casually told him that Lord Leconfield was advertising for a gamekeeper, so he got on his bicycle and cycled into Petworth to apply without delay. He was given the job which was at Bridgefoot, Kirdford, a row of four Leconfield cottages as you come into Kirdford from the south; not the best house for a gamekeeper who keeps such peculiar hours - he's best with a house on its own. After two and a half years at Bridgefoot Dad was moved to Waltham Park where he stayed some forty years until he retired. It was the accepted thing on the Leconfield Estate to move gamekeepers often because otherwise they would settle into the neighbourhood, become friendly with the locals and fail to do their job. Dad however remained the rest of his working life at Waltham Park: I think that at this time the old idea of moving gamekeepers on was perhaps softening a little.

While, as a boy, I would help my father with ferreting I had nothing to do with the pheasants and it was only later that I would begin to help my father with them. It seemed then natural enough that I should go with the family tradition and work as my father's assistant.

A keeper's concern was pheasants: everything he did was in some way connected with them; raising pheasants being his prime job. There were two possible methods; one was to make an aviary, collect the birds and put them in to breed. This was comparatively easy and something my father had been used to, but it was not Leconfield policy. I never knew why Lord Leconfield was opposed to aviaries but my father reports the following conversation with his Lordship which probably gives a clue as to his Lordship's opposition. His Lordship said to my father, "If I give you an aviary, where will you get your birds?" I said, "Not in the middle of the beat, for there they're useful to me, so I'll get them on the outside," meaning on the edge of the Estate, where it lay along

someone else's land. But his Lordship said: "That's why I won't let you have an aviary. I'm a foxhunter and if you take birds from land adjoining the outlying Estates, you'll upset my neighbours and they'll stop me hunting their land." (Quoted by Noel Streatfeild in "The Day Before Yesterday" (Collins 1955)).

With aviaries forbidden we had to find the eggs where we could in hedgerows and undergrowth, tramping everywhere looking for them, spending whole days in March and April doing this. Pheasants are sociable birds and tend to get beside a road or ride where there's company. There's not a lot of use looking in the depths of the woods. When we'd got enough eggs we'd go round the local farms to buy sitting or broody hens, paying five shillings each for them. You'd always leave some eggs in a nest: if there were fourteen or fifteen eggs in a nest you might take ten, you wouldn't take them all or the birds wouldn't lay there any more.

You'd put the eggs in hatching boxes, keeping them at home in the garden where you could keep your eye on them and putting earth into the boxes to keep the eggs moist. You'd get the hens used to sitting on china eggs first. The young ones could be a bit wild but the older the hens were the quicker they took to the real eggs. You'd wire the bottom of the hatching boxes to keep the rats away and line the boxes with white grass: I found this better than straw as it seemed to discourage fleas. You'd get your hens together and put down about five or six hundred eggs, nineteen to a hen, twenty-one perhaps if it was a large bird. Every morning you'd take the hens off to look at the eggs, feed and water the hens and give them a chance to walk about. A cord was attached to the hen's leg with a stick to hook the cord on to. You had to be fairly quick going down the line as you wouldn't want the first lot of eggs to get cold. Twenty minutes was quite long enough for them to be left. Hatching took on average about twenty-four days and we'd look for this to happen by mid to late April. Nesting in the wild began also in April and the earliest date I can remember seeing young pheasants was April 1st. Four or five hens might lay in the same nest but they'd soon start to fall out and there'd always be another nest somewhere. As to the chicks raised in captivity, once they hatched they would be given no food for the first twenty-four hours, then I'd start them off with hard-boiled egg rubbed, shell and all, through a fine sieve. The shell would give the young birds grit.

It would now be time to get the field ready, put out the coops and

the four-foot wire netting that would surround them. Initially the birds would need to be fed four times a day, at seven in the morning, eleven in the morning, three in the afternoon and seven in the evening. The basic food was a proprietary brand of biscuit meal called Carta Carna. I'd go round too and kill rabbits, cut them up and cook them, scalding the meat with the rabbit juice, then grinding up the rabbits in a mincer. If you could get plenty of rabbits you could mix the minced meat with rice, the biscuit meal, or oatmeal. The chicks would be put out in the field at a week old and by the time they were a month old you'd cut the feeding down to three times a day, seven in the morning, one o'clock midday and seven in the evening. A familiar task during this period was to get the young chicks back into their coops at night for fear of predators. On hot evenings they would sit on the base of their coops not wanting to go inside, and you'd get them back into the coop moving as stealthily as you could so as not to alarm the others. It was a tedious and time-consuming job shutting up the coops for the night. If the birds were left out they would be vulnerable to aerial predators as soon as it was light. During the day you had to have someone about the enclosure all day, most likely a young lad in his teens with a shotgun looking out for hawks, magpies and stoats. There wouldn't normally be trouble with foxes in the daytime. As the birds grew we'd keep feeding them twice a day but only corn. When the chicks were eight weeks old we'd wire in some ground in the copse and put them in there, propping up the wire to let them get out but putting it back down at night. The young pheasants would soon take to roosting in the trees. Moving the birds into cover was quite a task; we'd go to the coops in the wired enclosure, put a sack to the front of the coop, move the coop gradually onto the sack, then put the whole thing on a kind of stretcher, shutting up the coop and moving the whole thing. You'd need two for this of course.

Poachers? No, I never had any trouble: perhaps the odd person in a car might have a gun, take a quick pot at a bird and make off. You couldn't do a lot about that. When I married I moved away from Waltham Park to Winters End between Lodsworth and Lickfold, still Leconfield of course, then to High Hoes. Winters End was just off the road: gamekeeping was a solitary job, you were left to work on your own to get on and do it. It was a job you had to like because in the season it was daylight to dark - an eighteen hour day.

The keeper had to be on duty for a shoot, making sure the beaters drove the birds in the direction of the guns. There would always



Chairplanes at Petworth Fair 1989.



Part of Ray Sadler's display of model gypsy vans and Gavioli organ.
Petworth Fair 1989.

Photographs by Peter Hammond.



Seaford College Swing Band at Petworth Fair.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.



The Edwardians at Petworth Fair.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.



Petworth Town Band at Petworth Fair.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.

be a big shoot for the Christmas House Party at Petworth House but Lord Leconfield, while he certainly shot, preferred hunting, invariably being out with the hounds on Boxing Day. Lady Leconfield came shooting for a while but it was something of a male preserve. Partridges? I never raised them: this was done at Perryfields, just up the river from Rotherbridge.

Vermin had to be kept down because they preyed on the young pheasants and would take the eggs too. Magpies particularly had to be kept down. I remember once running out of cartridges when I found a place where magpies were roosting. Hawks again had to be watched; there was little or no legislation then. Rats I didn't find a great problem. You'll always get them where there are chicken but poison seemed to deal with them quite adequately.

Rabbits it was a keeper's duty to keep down; they'd eat away at new growth and Mr. Wilcox, the woodreeve, kept a keen eye on the rabbit population. If there were a lot on your patch a letter would come from the Estate Office pointing this out. Once a month we'd go in to collect our money from Mr. Whitcombe at the Estate Office. If we wanted cartridges or anything like that we'd get a chit from the Office to take to Austens. No straighter man than Mr. Wilcox ever lived. I remember my father wanting to pay him for a hundred faggots we'd had. "Arthur, I don't take money," he said and he never did. Shooting ended on the first of February and there was a brief "close-season" before the annual cycle of pheasant-rearing began again. This was the time to really have a go at the rabbits. Yes I remember the old game-cart. It was used for mac's and cartridges and, for a small shoot, birds would be hung on the hooks. For bigger occasions Arthur Adsett had a larger cart invariably drawn by a mule.

After the war I went back to High Hoes for twelve months but when, in the following spring, Leconfield wanted me to move back to Winters End I left. It was just too isolated. There was no water there then, just a well on the common. It wasn't only the water: after all there had been a ninety-three foot well at High Hoes. Tommy Keen, a retired gamekeeper, lived next door at High Hoes and I used to draw the water for him. I often saw him with his ingenious rubber tubing invention, a gadget that pulled the saw back for him on the return stroke so that he could work on his own, cutting up logs. He was a clever old chap, making all sorts of different things and was well over ninety when we were at High Hoes.



A SUSSEX WORTHY: Meet Mr. Thomas Keen who hails from the Petworth district and, despite the fact that he is in his ninetieth year, continues with the craft of laddermaking at which he is an expert. He is seen here being watched by an admiring youngster as he shapes a new rung

Mr Thomas Keen, a photograph taken from a Magazine.
The photographer is very probably George Garland.

Things went to pieces during the war: the pheasants had been poached and the stock had largely reverted to the wild. It would take some years to get back to what it had been, and in some ways it never did - look at the number of magpies you see about now!

Arthur Bryer was talking to the Editor.

SOME MEMORIES OF MY FATHER'S TIME AT KIRDFORD

My father (Rev. E.M. Sidebotham) came to Kirdford as Vicar in 1938, from being priest-in-charge at St. Peter's Crawley, where for four years he had been preaching to some of his former milk customers having farmed at Ifield for ten years after the First World War.

Father, the dairy farmer

It was his farming experience that led him, all through the years of the Second World War, to keep six cows on the Glebe land adjoining the Vicarage, about five or six acres, I think. The old stable block was altered to accommodate three cows. The little herd consisted of three Channel Island cattle and three Dexters, the latter because they are a very hardy breed which can stand out in all weathers.

Dexters are fairly short in the leg, and I can remember one, Jael, (all our cows had Biblical names) had an udder which nearly touched the ground, and it was quite difficult to get a bucket under her at milking time.



Mother and Father milking the cows.
Photograph by George Garland.

My parents had a Land Girl to help them.

Firstly they had a relation of my father's, then when she joined the ATS, Elsie Charman, who lived just across the road at Malthouse Cottage, came to us. It was while Elsie was with us that a funny thing happened, a story which travelled all over the world.

The Drunken Cows

One day Elsie came to find my father, having just got the cows in for afternoon milking, to tell him that they seemed very peculiar, and were staggering about and could hardly stand up. Father sent for the vet, who took one look at them and asked where they were grazing. That day they had been in a field just beyond the old school. The vet went to have a look, came and told us the cows were drunk! It seems that they had put their heads through the wire strand which separated the field from the Kirdford Growers premises, and gorged on a pile of rotten apples the Growers' side of the fence. I think they had a hangover for three days! My brother Peter sent the story up to one of the national newspapers, and it was reported in many different far-away places. It even appeared, with a poem and cartoon, in the Eighth Army newspaper in the North African desert! Somebody at Plaistow had a son serving with the Eighth Army, who sent the cutting home.

The Pigs

We also kept pigs. Father had a couple of sties built on to the side of the walled vegetable garden. On Saturday, a visiting clerical friend was admiring two new arrivals, and

ADVICE TO A VICAR

(Alarmed by the appearance of his two Guernsey cows, the Rev. E. M. Sidebotham, of West Sussex, called in a vet., who pronounced them drunk. They had been grazing in a field strewn with fermented crab apples.)

Come reverend sir, a deanery
No doubt is what you're after—
The story of your Guerneys
shook
The bishop (not with laughter).

When next you turn your cows
adrift,
Remember what that stir meant,
First see the state your fruit are
in—
Your aim should be pre-fer-
ment.
—HUGH BARTY KING.



Poem and cartoon which appeared in Eighth Army newspaper.

suggested we call them Hannah and Peninnah. In church next morning, it was all we could do to contain our mirth at the opening words of the Old Testament reading .. "Now Elkanah had two wives, Hannah and Peninnah..." Father was thankful that Sir Edward Howarth was reading the lesson that morning, and not he himself!

Making our own hay

With six cows to provide with fodder all through the winter, we needed extra land for hay; we rented a couple of fields from the Miss Adams, at Little Eden, and also made hay from the churchyard grass. The latter involved quite laborious work; the hay was all collected in a small high-sided trailer which was towed behind the old Jowett car we had, and while we could drive the car into the fields, the trailer had to be man-handled all through the churchyard.

Following the practice of many farmers in those days, we grazed the cows along the side of the road, and all adjacent commonland. Many a time have I sat out on my pony with a book, on the Forester's Common, while the cows munched away for a few hours. It is interesting to note nowadays how much commonland is completely overgrown since the practice ceased - Langhurst Common and Pound Common, to name but two, were quite clear of all undergrowth in those days.

Father takes on another role

Soon after we came to Kirdford, my father purchased a pony and trap. During the war years, when petrol was rationed, he did much of his visiting on horseback, or using the trap. Then when Mr Thompson's van driver was called up to military service, Father undertook to make the twice-weekly deliveries to the outlying parts of the village, and all round Strood Green and Hawkhurst, to people living in the woods leading up to Bedham. In those days there were still quite a few occupants of the cottages up in the woods. He also drove to



Stephen Sidebotham and Jane Raphael haymaking in Kirdford Churchyard 1942.

Billingshurst Station early every morning to pick up the newspapers for the shop.



Father's other talents

A talented musician and entertainer, his Friday evening 'Socials' were popular at the village hall. These evenings were a mixture

of dancing, games and singing, with Father at the piano, entertainment to suit all ages. Mother started a branch of the Girls' Friendly Society (GFS) and there are many still living in the village who look back on their years of membership with affection, and talk about the fun they had. At a time when youngsters seldom went out of the village, it really catered for their needs. When it was decided to have girls in the church choir, Mother and the older members undertook to make all the robes for them. The vicarage 'Nursery', above the kitchen, was a hive of activity.

Refugees from the War

Like many in the village with room to spare, we had evacuees during the early war years. We also took in some Jewish refugees from Dantzig, who were eventually able to settle in America.

My mother's parents, living in Cheam, gave up their home and came to us permanently.

Grandfather is able to do 'his bit'

All through the war years my Grandfather had a regular Monday morning job in term-time - to go down to the school to carve the weekly joint for the school dinners, and make the most of the meagre ration. Like many of his generation, he had been taught to carve properly, and did an excellent job. I think Miss Lily Durnford was the school cook then. She and her mother had come to Kirdford when their home in Southampton was bombed. They lived in part of what is now Pennygate. Grandfather had his own special carving knife, which also had to be sharpened up with the knife powder each Monday morning. He really enjoyed feeling that he had a useful role to play.

Water supply to the Vicarage

When we first came to Kirdford, there was no mains water supply. We all had wells. The Vicarage well was opposite the cowshed, and while there was a motorised pump there, it still had to be hand pumped in the house. I can remember standing in the scullery, pushing the handle backwards and forwards, counting away. I forget how far we had to count to fill the tank. (My husband's comment - 20 times each time one flushed the 'loo.) I also remember that the well ran dry the very first Christmas we were there. I think the main water supply came to the village in 1939.

Father as a bellringer

Father also enjoyed ringing the church bells. On one occasion the "stay" of his bell broke, allowing the bell to swing right over and lifting him off the ground. It was only Mr Sopp's quick action in grabbing hold of him which averted what could have been a nasty tragedy.

The pantomime

As well as putting on plays and musical shows with the GFS in the village and surrounding places, a very ambitious project, a pantomime, was performed in the old village hall. Those who

remember the size of the hall will remember what a feat it was to get a cast of 40 on the minute stage for the finale. With hardly any room behind the stage, most of the chorus of children were ferried to and from the Vicarage between appearances. "The Babes in Bedham Wood" (originally Ifield Wood) had been written by friends of my father, and my parents had written all the songs and other music when they lived at Ifield.



Jane Raphael, (refugee) and
Stephen Sidebotham haymaking

We are pleased to reproduce here this article by Mrs Morrish which was originally written for the "Discovering Kirdford" Exhibition last year. (Ed).

"I'M SORRY, YOU HAVE TO BE TWELVE YEARS OLD"

Pound Place wasn't called Pound Place when I first lived there during the 1914-18 war: it was just Pound Street, although some people called it Gosden's Yard, an old name which has just about died out. There wasn't much traffic about in those days so that I could just wander out of the yard and into Pound Street itself. Fanny Knight's sweetshop was on the right and what odd pennies I had I'd spend in there. It was very dim inside the shop and it always seemed an age before the old lady came in. No bags then: the sweets would be weighed out and then Fanny Knight would roll a

sheet of paper into a cone, put the sweets in and then turn in the top of the cone. Sweets were always loose then and I remember she always had broken chocolate for sale as other shops had broken biscuits. On the other side of the alley was Mr. Payne's the butchers but as a small boy of course I didn't go into the butchers as I would the sweetshop. I can still see the huge blocks of ice that were delivered and left on the Pound Street pavement. They would be hauled into the butchers with large metal tongs and put into the ice room. Just down the road was Wests fruit and vegetable shop and next to that Mr. Todman the piano-tuner's shop. It was often closed because he was out tuning pianos but I was always fascinated by the small display of musical instruments he had in the window, a banjo, a flute or two, a clarinet perhaps. I recall him coming to tune our piano; he had a little Gladstone bag with his tools and he'd take quite a long time lifting the front off, then the back and tightening the strings. After a while Mr. Todman gave up the shop and just went out from his home in East Street.

When I was nine or ten I didn't have a part-time job but I had a friend who did and I would go round with him. He delivered evening papers. We'd go up to the Bus Office in Market Square - it was as much a waiting-room as an office in those days - to wait for the papers to come in. They'd be brought up on the bus that met every train. By this time Mr. Morais at the garage up the road had taken over the Bus Office. There was no Southdown then of course, but Henry Streeter, who had run the horse-bus for years, was still about. When we arrived he was usually sitting by the fire, twiddling his thumbs in the way that he did, half-asleep. I expect he was waiting for the next bus to take him back to Coultershaw where he kept the Railway Inn. By this time there was a Crossley ex-ambulance doing the run from the station but Charlie Mullins sometimes still took the horse and cab. Mr. Henley or occasionally Mr. Morais would drive the Crossley.

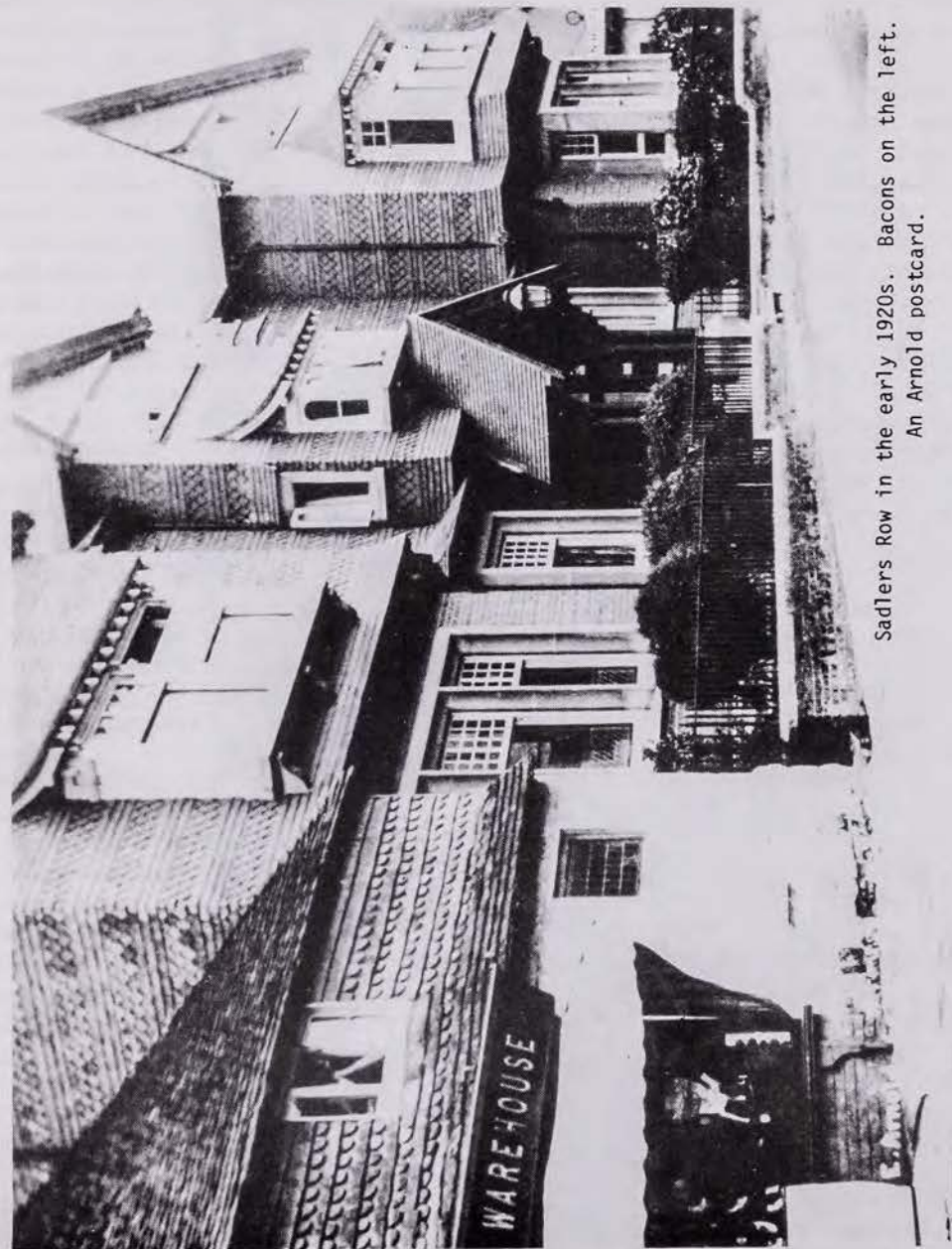
When the papers were in Mr. Weaver would come across from the shop and cut the bundles open, counting out so many for each boy. All the papers were delivered. We'd go round to Dr. Kerr's at Culvercroft, then to the Swan, put one in at the wine merchant's in Lombard Street, another at the business men's club opposite the Church; we had to go in there rather than put the paper in the letter box and we'd often see the members playing snooker. Next stop was George House, then the Rectory, then Dr. Druitt's at North House and Bob Whitcomb at the Wheatsheaf. That was as far down

North Street as we would go. Then we'd go to Miss Gould at Stringers Hall, Mr. Staffurth at Ryde House, then finish up at Grays in Angel Street. It took in all about three quarters of an hour. In the winter we'd go home, in the summer go off round the Sheepdowns.

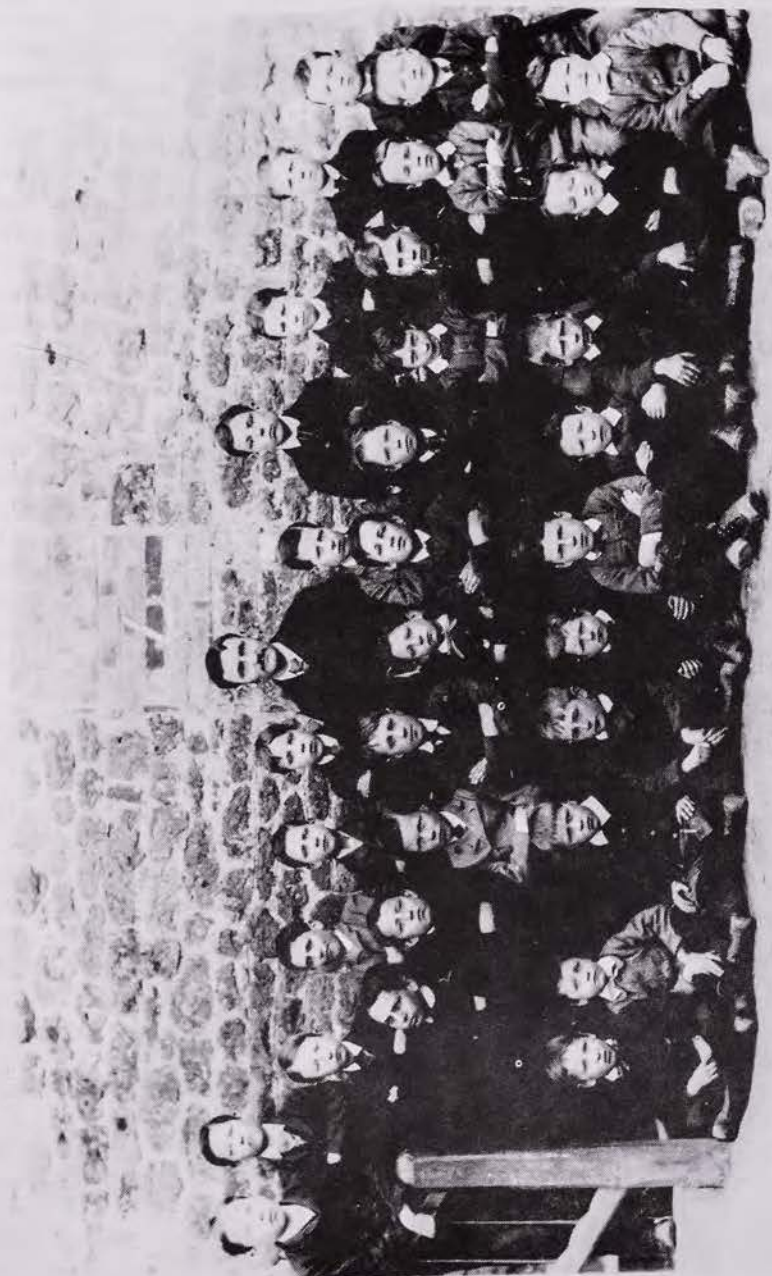
My brother had a little job working Saturdays and evenings for Mr. Dancy the outfitters in New Street and I wanted something similar. My mother often used to go up Mr. Letchford's shoe-shop on the corner of Saddlers Row and eventually Mr. Arch. Pullen who managed the shop for Mr. Letchford suggested that if I were looking for a job there would be something up there for me Saturdays and some evenings. The next Saturday morning he introduced me to Mr. Letchford the proprietor and Mrs. Letchford and I was shown what I would be expected to do. The first thing was to clean Mr. & Mrs. Letchford's shoes. He always insisted on having the instep polished underneath. I soon settled in but after a week or two the Schools Inspector came round to see my parents and say that as I wasn't yet twelve I wasn't old enough to work. I was very put out as little jobs like that weren't easy to come by. Mr. Letchford said he was very sorry but I would have to go, but I was afraid someone else would get the job. Anyway Mr. Letchford said they would be quite happy to wait the five or six weeks until I was twelve, so it wasn't long before I was back. Among other things, I was expected to sweep the shop out before closing time, deliver shoes that had been repaired, and clean the windows from time to time.

A great difference between then and now is that Mr. Letchford had two men, Mr. Clear and Percy Balchin at work repairing on the premises. They were in a room at the back, reached through a door from the fitting room on the left. It was a small room with an outside door now, I think, bricked up. Into here the hides of leather were delivered. Part of my job was to help make the templates: when a shoe was to be repaired you'd put a piece of paper over the bottom and go round the shoe with a fine rasp. It was a job to be done when there was no one in the shop; it gave a pattern for the repairers when they cut the leather.

Shoes when they came in for repair had to be labelled up, the names being tied on to the laces to indicate to whom they belonged. Obvious as it may seem, this was absolutely vital: otherwise there would be chaos when the shoes came back from the repairing room. Shoes when repaired might be collected from the shop, or sent out



Sadlers Row in the early 1920s. Bacons on the left.
An Arnold postcard.



Petworth Boys School perhaps in the late 1890s. Mr Wootton centre.
Photograph by Walter Kevis.

by carrier, Mr. Saltmarsh for instance from Sutton. I didn't see much of the carriers as I wasn't there during the day. Shoes for Tillington and Upperton were collected by Mr. Sid Whitney when he came to Petworth to deliver his milk. He'd turn right into Saddlers Row, there was no one-way system then, and park outside the shop before going up to the Square to park outside Eagers and deliver his milk. Alternatively I would deliver locally in the evening when I had come home from school. Occasionally I'd take shoes to Mr. Turner at the Westminster Bank. I'd go up to the side-door of the flat, ring the bell, and after a while one of the sash windows would fly open above me. The maidservant would then lower a wicker-basket on a cord. I would put the shoes into the basket and she would haul them up. It saved her coming down to answer the door. Another trip would be to Miss Nevatt in Sheepdown Lane; she had lodgers, the curates often staying there and they had their shoes repaired at Letchfords. Sometimes I'd go down to Station Road and walk up through Howards Meadow and the allotments to the agent's house at Littlecote. I might perhaps be sent up to Mr. Steggle the chemists to buy Evening Star cigarettes or on my way up from school I might have been told to call in at Dr. Druitt's at North House to pick up some repairs.

Saturday mornings in summer I'd help put out the sunblinds, they were on brackets and more like curtains to today's way of thinking. You had to get them absolutely right or they'd end up the wrong way round. Saturdays, if it were busy, Mr. Pullen might settle with a customer, then move on to another one, leaving me to parcel up the shoes and tie up the parcel. Mr. Letchford wasn't often in the shop when I was there but he would sometimes be in the little office on the right, still much the same as now. As I have said, the great difference then and now were the men at the back, you could hear the muffled sound of them working as a kind of background noise. At quiet times we'd alter the window: the display changing of course with the seasons, and Mr. Pullen would pull back the big sliding glass panels and climb up into the window. He had the shoes ready for display and I would hand them up to him in the window. All shoes were leather-soled in those days: I think the first rubber soles "Uxhide" came in while I was at Letchfords. They couldn't be repaired: once they'd worn out that was that.

Shoes would normally come up from the Railway via Mr. Ricketts the carrier. They'd come in large wooden crates which were emptied, re-addressed and sent back. They would be left outside the shop

for the carrier to pick up. Letchfords seemed quite a busy place when I was there and Bishops, the town's other shoe-shop, did a good trade too. It was in Lombard Street. My impression was that they did more in boots, particularly heavy workmen's boots, than we did. Mr. Bishop also repaired gaiters, something we never did.

Wooden crates were not the only thing we had outside. For outside display we had wooden poles with hooks on the top so that instead of taking all the shoes off when you brought them in, you could just lift the part with the shoes as a whole and put it on a pole inside the shop until the next day. We'd only bring them in during the day in very severe weather. Saturdays I'd go off at six o'clock. Mr. Pullen would get some football tickets and give me a few, "See if you've won a prize," he'd say.

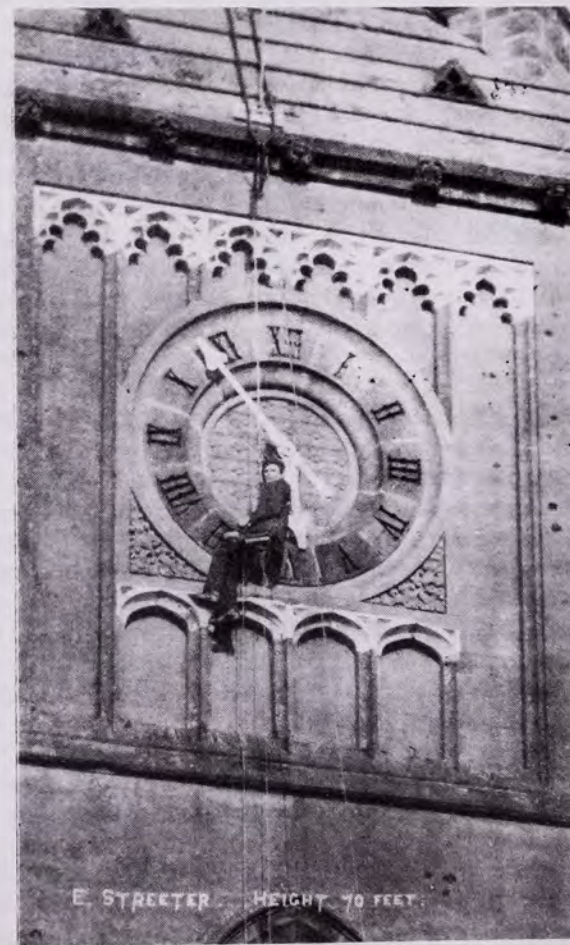
Hides and leather had to be stacked up in the room at the back. Sometimes the repairers would send a pair of shoes back into the shop if they'd been worn down to the inner sole. They were good craftsmen and they'd say if they couldn't do a good job. They might simply have to clamp another sole on; this was known as a "clump-sole". They'd sort the leather out to suit each repair, obviously there was a difference between what was needed for a workmen's boot and what was needed for a lady's special shoe. The repairers would do what they could but sometimes shoes brought in were beyond anything. "Just look at these, Bill!" Mr. Pullen would say despairingly. If someone wanted a job done quickly Mr. Pullen or I could put on a Phillips rubber heel: that is assuming the heel didn't want any building up. Sometimes if someone bought a pair of new shoes, we could put on an extra sole to make them wear better.

Very occasionally the mantles on the gaslights would go and I'd be sent up to Mr Cragg in Middle Street for a new one. There was no electricity then, it was all gas. Dickie Carver the lamplighter looked after the street lamp on the shop corner. Traffic? Normally there simply wasn't any and it was two way everywhere. Goodwood week was quite different, "specials" were on directing the traffic and there were long lines of charabancs and motor-cars through Petworth morning and evening.

Bill Vincent was talking to the Editor.

PETWORTH PREFERRED

I haven't really lived in Petworth since I went away to school in 1908 but I've always wanted to come back there to live and I would still come back if I could. Obviously when I was at school I came back for holidays but I never actually lived here again. I was quick at school and I had an uncle and aunt at Wandsworth who had an only child so that, when I was eleven, I went up to Wandsworth to be a companion for him. Childhood was a happy time for me for my father Ernest Streeter had such an infectious enthusiasm for all kinds of things that this shines through what I can remember of those early years. He was above all a great collector - of moths, butterflies, stamps and coins, all sorts of things. He'd often take me out bird-nesting for instance. Father had wanted to go on the stage but my grandfather was having none of that and sent him to be an engineering apprentice in Brighton. Eventually father and his brother, who later had an antique shop at East Grinstead, worked for my grandfather who was a clockmaker and repairer at Wisborough Green. They'd go out on the old boneshaker bikes doing clock work. By 1888 they had set up in a little shop in Saddlers Row and after a year or two moved to Golden Square to the shop that is now Hennings. After the baker's shop on the corner of Church Street and Lombard Street had burned down, Dad bought the site and built the Clock House about 1904.



By this time he was on his own, the two brothers having decided by now to go their separate ways.

An early job for my father was the restoration of St. Mary's church clock, about 1909 I think. He worked with Wally and Joe Stedman, father and son, the other Petworth clockmakers, from North Street. Father made to scale an exact replica of the church clock and kept it in his workshop. It always kept perfect time. The picture shows Dad seated in a cradle adjusting the clock hands. They had all been gilded prior to being put back. I remember Wally Stedman was a portly man who had a little difficulty with the belfry steps.

Father was an ingenious man and when war came in 1914 he made two dummy machine guns for the Kings Royal Rifles to take to France; he was paid £5 each for them. They were intended to alarm the enemy I suppose but they show also a certain lack of preparations. Dummy guns wouldn't be much help in a battle would they? Lady Prinzip from Trofts at Byworth was an acquaintance and, when my father produced a particular kind of bullet that he thought would pierce the skins of the German dirigibles or Zeppelins, she took some samples up to the War Office. Her husband had some position there I think. I did the drawings myself. The idea was that the bullets would pierce the skins before the explosive got in; bullets fired hitherto had simply bounced off. We never heard any more of this invention.

Lord Leconfield had a coach "Old Times" and he would, on occasion, take selected tenants for an outing. I remember Dad going once to the Metropole at Brighton. A tenant? Yes, although he'd bought the Church Street property he found the going difficult in the early years and sold it to Lord Leconfield. For a time he was an Estate tenant. When things picked up again my sister Peg. suggested he approach the agent to buy it back and Leconfield sold it back to him! Eventually my sister wanted the business named changed to E. Streeter and Daughter: it was a very unconventional thing to do at the time and visitors to Petworth House would often stop and stare at the shop name painted above.

Before 1914 the House would be open in the season on Tuesdays and Thursdays and people could go over the rooms in conducted parties, looking particularly of course at the paintings. There were set times 11-12, 12-1, 2-3, and 3-4 and parties were restricted to thirty at the most. Sgt. Habbins was doing the job at this time. I remember he always said, "This is the Van Dyck room but there are

no Van Dycks here." They were, of course, in the other rooms. We used to put visitors' bikes in our store-room and charge them sixpence a time. Years later during the 1939-1945 war Dad would go over to the House to tell Lord Leconfield if there was any news. His Lordship wouldn't have a wireless in the House.

Goodwood Week was a week to look forward to. Dr. Beachcroft from George House would use it as a means of raising money for charity - usually Petworth Cottage Hospital - and we, and other families like the Mants, would get nets and stand at various points of vantage to collect coins thrown out by the returning racegoers. One year we raised £70 in the week, a vast sum in those days. The real highlight of the year was Petworth Fair. We adored it and remember Golden Square too was filled with stalls in those days. Andrew Smith the showman would always come up to Mother before the Fair and ask if she had got any of our old clothes to spare. In return we always had an aspidistra; because of this there were always aspidistras at the Clock House. The Square was crammed with stalls: there was always a shooting-booth and, at this time, hooplas were just coming in. Watches were on offer but the fairmen made them very difficult to win. If you did manage to win one you'd probably bought it through the number of goes you'd had.

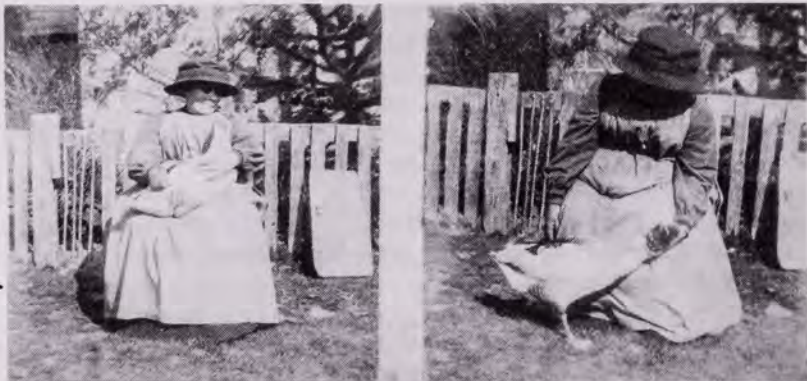
We weren't allowed to go to everything that came to Petworth. Some marionette players came to Hampers Common and we were mad to go and see them but weren't allowed. It was the melodrama East Lynne and it wasn't considered suitable for children. There was, we heard, a big stage in a tent and the travelling players worked the marionettes and of course spoke as they moved the figures. The Nigger Minstrels were a different thing altogether and Dad used to play Bones. Mr. Death the auctioneer was another of the minstrels and there was great sadness when he went down in the Titanic. I remember there was boxing in the Iron Room but particularly the "waxworks" got up by Dr. and Mrs. Beachcroft. A number of children would be picked to represent a concept like Spring and each child would be a flower or a tree or something like that. You had to be perfectly still. Yes, it was a kind of tableau. Receipts went to charity: the Waxworks being, like the Goodwood collecting, got up to aid a specific cause. The Iron Room was a very useful venue, built to house the Church services during restoration in the early century. I was told that the original brown rafters in the Church had death-watch beetle. When the new ceiling had been put up with the present white panels people didn't much like the change. "Like a wedding-cake", they said.

Living at the Clock House gave us a fine view of the Church. I often think of the three Miss Daintreys coming along to Church from East Street looking like three tall stately galleons in their old-fashioned bustles, Constance, Alice and Edith. Coming up from Park Road as the bells rang would be the three little Misses Austen from Box Grove in Pound Street. Constance Daintrey was a well-known painter and painted a fine picture of Barnsgate Farm at Byworth where my mother's family lived. One day she came into the Clock House and said to my mother in the rather brusque way that she had, "Your name is Constance, my name is Constance. This is your house and I think you ought to have this." I still have the picture of old Barnsgate Farm hanging on my wall here.

In 1929 Queen Mary came with the Princess Royal and the King of Greece to lunch with Lord Leconfield, the King being at Bognor. As it happened we were bringing my mother back to Petworth after a short stay with us in Surrey and had no idea of what was going on at Petworth. On the way back I said, "I think Queen Mary is going to come into the shop today," but we thought no more of it until we arrived back at the Clock House. We were met by Dad who told us of the impending royal visit that afternoon - the chauffeur's hat was already on the hall table. We went upstairs and I can vividly remember one of my nephews sitting on the floor and saying, "I'm sitting on the Queen!" Queen Mary bought two articles from the shop, one a very nice antique tea caddy.

As I have said, I left Petworth when I was eleven but I can remember people from those days as if it were just yesterday. Mr. Bromham had a second-hand shop at the very bottom of High Street, he had, as I recall, a white beard and my mother, who had a good eye, would often buy

things from him to sell again. I don't expect there are many who remember old Mrs Webb at the Gog lodges. She was blind but had a pet goose which would take her



Mrs Webb and her pet goose.

for walks in the woods, rather like a modern guide dog. I took the photographs and developed them in the cellar at the Clock House. Then there was Charlie Bishop at the shoe shop in Lombard Street. His brother would always say to him, "Going up the Gog today, Cha.?" Knights the Lombard Street bakers made marvellous breakfast rolls. "Can we have some of Fran's rolls?" we'd ask our parents; then when we had them we'd pull them inside out to make a boat and put the butter in the middle. Mants at Avenings were good friends for years, Mrs. Mant making my wedding cake. It was just after the 1914-1918 war and she asked my mother if she could make it for me. Things were so short then however that we had to save up sugar and eggs to help her: there were simply none about. She also gave us a Mrs. Beaton's Cookery Book. Years earlier I can remember going to a party upstairs at Mr. Dancy's the draper's shop at the bottom of New Street. Everyone had to shout their sweetheart's name up the chimney and I can still hear Mrs. Dancy joining in and shouting "Samuel, Samuel" up the chimney.

Bat Nevatt the tailor was another character. He had the shop in Pound Street that is now Howards. I remember once he was making a coat for me but it was taking a long time. I was going off to college and going down Pound Street in the horse bus to the station to catch the train. Bat knew I would be in the bus and stood outside with my coat as if to show he had it in mind. A lot of good that was! He was still working on it! I used to take the 9.36 out of Petworth and alight at Clapham Junction. If there were a lot of people they'd run a bus from Market Square, if just a few it would be a fly. It wasn't invariably on time. I can remember being in the bus at the top of Stony Hill and seeing the train going out. I got to know the regular travellers on the train after a while as I made the trip fairly frequently.

Another shop I always liked was Miss Burnett's toy shop in East Street or, a little way down just by the Post Office, Miss Bryant's dear little shop which had lovely writing paper, postcards, Valentines and drawing paper. I loved to get in there. Dad was always very particular about supporting local shops. "You're not to shop at the International," he'd say, "shop with the people who live in the town. It's only fair to the people who keep the town going."

Ena Lee was talking to Anne and John Simmons and the Editor.

GROWING UP IN THE GOG

I was born in one of a pair of cottages lying in the Gog and up the track from Hilliers but when I was ten years old the family moved to Monument Cottage, an unusual house with brick ornamental battlements just down the track from Montpelier. The Stapylton family from Hilliers wanted our old cottage for a coachman who was getting married. I never knew why our new house was called Monument Cottage. To go to the boys' school in North Street I'd walk down the lane from the cottage and out on to the Horsham Road at the bottom of Fox Hill. When I was a little older I'd ride my father's solid-tyred bicycle. I wasn't allowed to take the bicycle into school so I'd leave it at the cottage at Flathurst. There was just a cottage on the road: no dairy there then. Mr. Wootton was headmaster at the boys' school, an old-fashioned teacher of the very best type. He took the senior school, teaching the seniors every subject in the curriculum. Mr. Sutton took the middle forms, again in every subject, and Miss Wilde the Juniors. There was one small classroom for the Juniors and a big room, shared between senior and middle school, but not partitioned. Mr. Wootton lived in the house that stands right on the junction between North Street and Horsham Road, while Mr. Sutton lived further up North Street, by the Wheatsheaf. My father tended to suffer from asthma and there was some question of my having to leave school at thirteen so that I could help the family. To enable me to do this I took the "Labour Exam". If I passed I would be allowed to leave before the statutory age of fourteen. I passed but my father's health improved sufficiently for me to stay at school until I was fourteen. In June 1912 I left school to go up to Purley to work for the Post Office and never actually lived in Petworth again. Curiously I met two of my old school friends in France during the 1914-1918 war, Frank Cooper and Joe Hooker, the former on the night before the Armistice was signed!

While walking home from school one summer evening along the Horsham Road with a friend we came across a policeman with a white flag on a stick. Being inquisitive we asked him what was wrong, he said it was a motor speed trap. Not knowing what a speed trap was we asked if we could watch, and he said if we promised to be quiet and keep still we could. Motors were few and far between in those days. We were near the driveway to Moor Farm and in due course we saw a car coming in the distance from Petworth. We all dived through a gap in the hedge and waited. When the car got to us and passed nothing happened. The policeman said he was too slow to trap, so we waited

for the next which was some time. It was a sports car and the driver had a long leather coat, goggles and cap reversed but no wind screen. We dived back through the gap in the hedge. As the car passed us, the policeman waved his flag to the second policeman who was near the Hilliers Lodge to time him. The driver could not of course see us behind the hedge. We waited and then came the signal that he had been stopped. The policeman got his cycle out of the hedge and rode up to the other policeman leaving us boys to run up. They had compared their watches and decided he had broken the 20 m.p.h. speed limit. He would appear at Petworth Magistrates' court in due course. I was very late home from school.

I was still at school when I saw the first aeroplane to land near Petworth. It will have been 1910 or 1911 and it was probably a Saturday or Sunday as I wasn't at school that day. We often followed balloons and so we chased in the direction of the slow-moving aeroplane. It landed eventually near Tillington and it turned out that the pilot was the son of Colonel Kennett from Tillington. The plan had a metal structure with canvas wings and a motor-bike engine. It was all open with no cockpit and the pilot pulled levers to control it. What I remember most clearly was that you couldn't put your hand anywhere on the fuselage without finding someone's signature there. I ended up by signing myself as well!

In 1911 I was in Petworth Square when Lord and Lady Leconfield returned from honeymoon. All Petworth seemed to be there to meet them. I can't remember where the Boys School were, probably up at the top by the tailor's. The Junior children were lined up on the east side by Eagers, the solicitors and Austens. I was told that when the carriage got to the bottom of North Street the horses were taken out and the firemen pulled the carriage up North Street, through East Street and New Street and into the Square.

Monument Cottage was far enough from Petworth to make the town seem a little remote. My mother used to walk into Petworth over the Gog fields to go shopping but only once a week. A baker delivered weekly and coal came periodically. We used a lot of wood of course, my father working in the woods. A tree that had blown down would keep us in wood for a good time. I'd have to cut up faggots to make kindling wood, a trug-full every night. No, we didn't have pimps for kindling, they cost money! Father kept the garden immaculate. He'd grow tomato and celery plants in his cold frames and people from Petworth would order them. I would deliver the



Lord and Lady Leconfield return from honeymoon in 1911.
Note the fireman on the extreme right.

plants when they were ready. Father also kept pigs and chicken and would walk into Pulborough to buy his pigs. Petworth people walked in the Gog on Sundays and father would chat to them and take them for a walk round his garden. There was a lot of woodland work in the Gog and the hanger below us was often sold off for a man to clear the chestnut coppice on it. I still have a walking-stick given to my father by someone working in the woods, although Petworth was by no means a centre of walking-stick making.

When we killed a pig we'd get the copper going and immerse the carcass in boiling water before we set about scraping the bristles off the hide. Mr. Duncton from Elkham would kill the pig for us. There was a big fir tree opposite the cottage and Mr. Duncton would put a gambrell through the animal's legs and hang him up on a branch of the fir tree. It wouldn't be more than a foot or two from the ground, hanging head down. The purpose was to cool the carcass down after its immersion in the boiling water. Mr. Duncton would return in the evening and cut the pig up, taking out the entrails as it hung. The ham and hands would be smoked for bacon at Montpellier just up the road: they had a chimney that would take

bacon, but could of course burn only wood on their fire. Some of our joints would eventually be sold to supplement the family income. At that time water for the cottage came from a well in the garden and it wasn't until after the second world war that water was brought from the reservoir across the field.

Mrs. Webb lived on the other side of the Gog in the right hand of the Gog and Magog lodges as you look toward Petworth. She used to rear turkeys. She was blind but I can't actually remember the pet goose leading her round the Gog pathways. Mr. Welland the woodreeve lived across the road at Low Heath. After I left to live at Purley I would buy a National Sunday League ticket, half a crown return, get the train to Pulborough then walk home. Pulborough station was nearer than Petworth for us! There was little point in going to Fittleworth on the train because that involved a long delay changing trains. I'd set off back to Pulborough the same way.

Living where we did the big house at Hilliers was an important part of our lives. The Stapylton family lived there then and their daughter ran a Sunday School at the big house. This was in the afternoon. In the morning I would go to Petworth Sunday School, walking there and back over the fields. Mr. Penrose was Rector and Bishop Tugwell, now retired but formerly a missionary in Africa, would often help with the services. My father went to Bedham Church on Sunday afternoons, this coming into Fittleworth parish.

Mr. Thorpe the gardener at Hilliers had four daughters and as children his daughter Dolly and myself would work together in exhibiting at Petworth Flower Show. It was held in the park in those days in a big marquee and my father would enter produce in the Cottagers' Class. There was another, professional, class for gardeners at the big houses. Mr. Thorpe would help us with our exhibits and we would usually win with our selection of grasses, held in incisions made in stiff paper and carefully labelled below. Mr. Thorpe had a lot of books and we could usually find the name even of the rarest. Dolly would usually win the first prize of half a crown and I would usually win the second prize. One year we entered our grasses at Fittleworth Show and I remember the two of us running most of the way to Fittleworth to find out how we'd got on. Other children's classes were a plate of blackberries or a bunch of wild flowers. Gardening was very much in the family, two of my older brothers were already working at Petworth House and living in the bothy, the first step to a higher position in a large

house. My elder brother would eventually work in Lancashire as .
deputy head gardener to Lord Derby.

Percy Pullen was talking to the Editor.

NEW MEMBERS TO 26/1.

Mr. E. Andrews, 1 Glebe Villas, North Street.
Mrs. Auld, 50 Sheepdown Drive.
Mr. and Mrs. Bulland, "Widden", 1 Market Square.
Mr. G. Berry, 49 Sheepdown Drive.
Mr. K. Boxall, 3 Cedar Court.
Mrs. S. Brydone, 42 Parsons Green Lane, London S.W.6.
Mrs. Chalton, 3, The Heys, Wharfedale Drive, Eastham, Merseyside.
Mr. R. Chandler, Woodpeckers, Pinewood Way, Midhurst.
Mr. Clark, Field Cottage, Bridgefoot, Kirdford.
Mr. J. Forwood, Roundabouts, Pulborough.
Miss C. Ganson, Badgers Cottage, Byworth.
Mr. B. Goldsmith, 12 South Grove.
Mrs. Groat, Ivydene Lane, Ashurst Wood, East Grinstead.
Mr. Gillett, Bacchus Gallery, Lombard Street.
Mrs. Hatislow, 11 Orchard Close.
Mrs. J.L. Hill, The Wabe, 13 Grenville Park Road, Ashted, Surrey.
Mr. and Mrs. Humber, Upper House, West Burton.
Mrs. Huttly, Homestead, Stroud Green, Wisborough Green.
Mr. and Mrs. Huggett, Allendene, North Mead. (Petworth Players)
Mrs. F. Johnson-Davies, Brackenwood, Telegraph Hill, Midhurst.
Mr. and Mrs. Lampard, Pannell Cottage, High Street.
Dr. and Mrs. Leigh, 402 Soanes, Haslingbourne Lane.
Mr. M. Morton, c/o Midhurst and Petworth Observer.
The Rev. and Mrs. Morris, The Rectory.
Mr. and Mrs. Morrish, Allfields Farm, Balls Cross.
Mrs. S. Passingham, 36 Summerhill Road, Cowplain, Hants.
Mr. A. Peacock, "Petworth", 37 New Garden Street, Stafford, Staffs.
Mr. and Mrs Price, Box Cottage, Balls Cross.
Mr. Strudwick, 1 St Martin's Crescent, Scawby, Brigg, Humberside.
Mr. E.A. Surfleet, Surfleet Transport Books, 97 South Street,
Lancing.
Mr. and Mrs. Wareham, 54 Hampers Green.
Mrs. J. Wood, South View, South Lane, Houghton, Sussex.

This does not include former members who have rejoined.

