

Miles Costello  
Petworth  
Collection



THE  
PETWORTH SOCIETY  
*Magazine*

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surprises. Everything will be open to the public; booking necessary only for The Pirates. Free entry : Souvenir Programmes may be purchased.

Posters and leaflets will appear soon with details.  
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#### GWENDA MORGAN

This obituary appeared in the Independent Newspaper of Saturday January 12th and is reproduced here by permission. P.

GWENDA MORGAN was one of the most accomplished and original wood-engravers of her generation. She was born at Petworth in 1908, and lived there all her life; the rolling Sussex countryside was her constant source of inspiration. Her wood-engravings with their downland farms and villages and the people and animals who inhabit them portray a way of life which has all but vanished as tractors and silos have displaced horses and hayricks.

Christopher Sandford once said that her engravings reminded him of romantic scenes in needlework, embroidery and tapestry. There is a sense of order and formality in her work that does indeed bring such scenes to mind, and the apparent simplicity of her composition and technique disguised a sure eye and a firm hand with the engraving tool.

In a rare excursion into auto-biography Gwenda wrote:

Just before war broke out in 1939 I joined the Women's Land Army and came out in May 1946. Many jobs in those days were done by hand that are now done by machine. During the first winter of the war I was mostly helping with milking the cows and cleaning out the cowsheds, but in the spring of 1940 I went to a farm where I did general farmwork including haymaking, harvesting, threshing, muck-spreading, singling sugar-beet in the spring and pulling, trimming and loading it in the autumn...

When the pigman left I had the job of cleaning out the Danish house where all the sows were kept.

My favourite job was harrowing with one of the horses.

From the fields there was a beautiful view of the South Downs. I have always loved the Sussex countryside.

After nearly seven years of farmwork I was glad to be able to get back to wood-engraving.



Petworth Fair 1990

- a) Harris Bros. "South Downs Gallopers".
  - b) Harris Bros. German built Chairplanes.
- Photographs by Peter Hammond : Basingstoke.





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Cover illustration "The Stable Yard" by Gwenda Morgan.  
Cover design by Jonathan Newdick.

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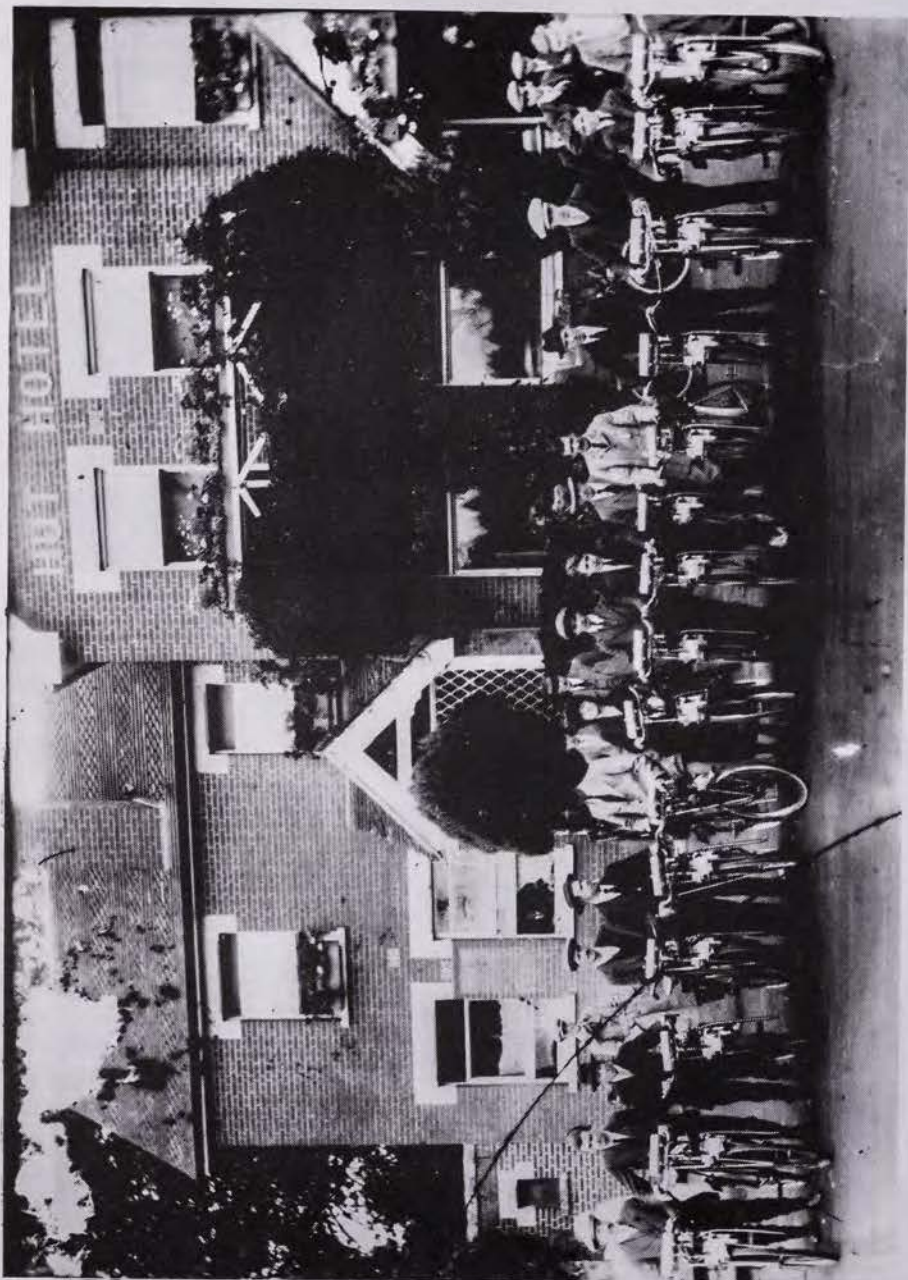
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This picture is probably by Walter Kevis and comes from the early century.  
Can anyone throw any light on it or recognise any of the people?  
(Courtesy Mr J.E. Rapley).

Gwenda Morgan studied at Goldsmith's College School of Art until 1929, and then went on to learn wood-engraving under Iain MacNab at the Grosvenor School of Modern Art. It was MacNab who gave her the encouragement she needed and Christopher Sandford records that MacNab wrote to him at the Golden Cockerel Press recommending her as his most talented pupil. He also put forward her name for membership of the Society of Wood Engravers (which had been founded in 1920) and the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers; and he introduced her to Joan Shelmerdine who, with her friend Flora Grierson, ran the Samson Press - which commissioned Gwenda's first book, *Pictures and Rhymes*, published in 1936.

Gwenda Morgan illustrated relatively few books, which is probably why her work is not nearly so well-known as it deserves to be. With characteristic modesty she recalled that she did few books because she always preferred to do prints for exhibition and to work for the Samson Press. Joan Shelmerdine had started the Samson Press in 1930 and in 1936 her house (and the press) were gutted by fire, and when she started printing again after the war at Woodstock, near Oxford, she turned to printing greeting cards and other smaller items on her Colombian press. It was these which she commissioned Gwenda to illustrate until she gave up the press for health reasons in the early 1960s.

Of the books which Gwenda Morgan did illustrate, *Gray's Elegy* (1946) is surely her masterpiece, and Christopher Sandford (who commissioned her to illustrate four books) looked upon it as one of his favourite Golden Cockerel productions, *Grimms' Other Tales* was published by the press in 1956. It was one of the last books published by the Golden Cockerel Press, and the blocks were over-inked and printed on unsuitably rough paper, much to the artist's disappointment, for they are among her favourite work.

Gwenda's father owned Austens, the hardware shop in Petworth. When her mother died he married again, and after his death Gwenda continued to live in Petworth with Una, her beloved stepmother, only a year or two older than Gwenda, until her death in 1987. Gwenda never really got over the death of her brother Owen, killed in a motorcycle accident in his twenties.

Gwenda Morgan was a most modest and self-effacing person, whose fame in later years (we published *The Wood-Engravings of Gwenda Morgan* at the Whittington Press in 1985) was almost a source of embarrassment to her. The confidence and sureness of line in her



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 £5.00. Single or Double one Bulletin delivered. Postal £6.50. Overseas £7.50. 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,  
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Mr. J. Taylor, Mr. E. Vincent,  
Mrs Linda Wort.

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

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Mrs. Adams (Byworth), Mrs. Hodson (Sutton  
and Duncton), Mr. Vincent (Tillington and  
River), Mrs. Harvey (Fittleworth).

#### CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

*There is again more to be crammed into this Magazine than the allotment of pages will bear, so that we may not have room for more of the "lost" Tales of old Petworth. I hope we do. Certainly we will include in this issue some more extracts from Florence Rapley's Diary. Events over the last quarter are basically covered in separate articles but there is no independent account of the successful combined meeting with the West Sussex Archives Society of December 1st. The Hall was well-filled with members of both Societies, exactly the point of the meeting.*

*You will note an increase in subscriptions this year. I hope no one will find this unduly onerous. The situation is that subscriptions alone do not really cover the cost of the Magazines and the Society's normal running costs are met effectively, not from the subscriptions, but from the various events it organises during the year, and numerous individual donations over and above the subscription itself. Even at the new rates this situation will still roughly obtain but at any rate the shortfall should be cut. An extra donation however small gives us just that little margin.*

*As you know ours is a very hard-working committee and we have co-opted Mrs Linda Wort to join us. It makes us one over strength for the time being, but I am sure Linda will be of the greatest help to us.*

*A number of members have died during this quarter but as you know we do not carry an obituary column. This is always well handled by the Parish Magazine. I feel it right however that in this issue we should particularly think of Gwenda Morgan who died in January. The 1991 cover has been designed by Jonathan to utilise one of Gwenda's characteristic wood engravings. Gwenda was an artist and illustrator of great talent, wide renown and some diffidence. Her work will always be a part of Petworth's continuing inheritance.*

*Peter.*

*1st February 1991.*

#### ADVANCE NOTICE

The second SEAFORD COLLEGE ARTS FESTIVAL will happen on March 16th and 17th. There will be exhibitions, drama, concerts, a production of The Pirates of Penzance, an Historical Exhibition and Tour of the College, Children's Hour, cafés, buskers and perhaps some



work will be a lasting memorial to a strength of purpose she preferred to keep to herself.

John Randle

Gwenda Morgan, wood-engraver, born Petworth Sussex 1 February 1908, died Petworth 9 January 1991.

#### CORRESPONDENCE

'Fernmead', 15 Marigold Close, Nettleham Fields, Lincoln LN2 4SZ

Dear Mr. Jerrome,

I found the article in the December issue of the magazine 'Working for Mr. Morais' by Bill Hall, very interesting.

I was born a 'Rapley', brought up at Heath End garage, so our interests are similar.

At the age of 4½ I went to Petworth Infants School, and later the Girls' School in East Street - to get to school I walked to the railway station and travelled to Petworth on Streeter's Horse Bus, and later in Mr. Morais' Crossley car, praying that there were not too many passengers to be picked up off the train, or I would have to walk! After school I waited for the same transport to the railway station and so home. For this journey, children had to wait outside the Bus office unless it was raining hard (I suppose as children we were too noisy). The time of departure depended very much on the punctuality of the trains, so in foggy weather we had to wait outside a very long time. Consequently, chilblains on hands and feet were constant in the winter months.

In 1926, when I was still only six, there was the General Strike - no trains - therefore no necessity for Mr. Morais' car - so we had to walk from Heath End to school in Petworth. During that strike I was picked up after school by our gardener, who brought me home on the crossbar of his cycle. Journeys of never to be forgotten pain! By 1929 I went to school by trains instead, to Chichester High School.

The mention of Charlie Francis was also of great interest, he had worked for my father all his life, and when I started to work in the garage in 1938 it was Charlie Francis who taught me to drive - in a 1926 Austin 20 Landaulette! Most of my 'lessons' were on the return journey of our School bus Hire contract to Upwaltham and the Benges. A journey of many stops and starts, as we picked up post and wireless accumulators - the latter for recharging in the garage. In 1939 this was a hire job I often did as the regular driver had joined the forces. Like Bill Hall I was soon picking up

fares from the station, and taking them (now in a Morris 20) to Graffham, Sutton, Duncton, Barlavington etc. I was also involved in driving the breakdown lorry, towing in cars - or delivering petrol in 2 gallon tins to regular outlying customers.

Yours sincerely,  
Margaret L. Thimbleby.

Old Bakery, Byworth

Dear Peter,

Regarding the article on the Bailliewick orange tree in the December Magazine. This orange tree was planted by my grandfather, Thomas Courtney shortly after he started to run the Bailliewick farm for Miss Alice Daintrey: it had been brought back as a sapling by one of the members of the Daintrey family on one of their many trips abroad. At that time the early 1890s there were not the strict regulations regarding the import of foreign plants. My grandfather took great pride in this rare tree, he nurtured it and it rapidly grew to a great height, much higher than is normal for an orange tree. He always said this was because it was an ornamental organe not a commercial one, he also knew that because of this the fruits would never ripen, no matter how hot the summer, they remained green and hard and always dropped green. This fact was not known by Jack Yeatman until some years after his futile attempts to ripen the fruit. It was my mother who told him the reason for his failure. My grandfather had however told Jack Yeatman nothing must be nailed to the tree because of its rarity, and indeed as he says in the report it was a good indication of the weather: no leaves or flowers appearing until all danger of frost was past. It is unfortunate that the tree was removed to improve the road for increased traffic; if it had been a few decades later the tree would have carried a Preservation Order and they would have had to by pass it.

Yours sincerely,  
Joy Gumbrell

#### NOT QUITE THE NONPAREIL! (January 9th)

The weather was very squally in the morning, and, as it turned out, in the evening too, so we were lucky to get out to Graffham in a relative lull. Miss Scott and Miss Samways had two trees of the local variety Bossom or Bosom (sometimes also called Bosham) the last possibly a corruption. The variety, known particularly from this part of West Sussex, seemed largely disappeared from



cultivation even in the great apple collections. The expedition was to take scions from the Graffham trees for Donald Johnson to graft on to strong stock in March. The scions or "slips" must be taken in mid-winter when the tree is quite dormant. They must be new growth and about a foot in length. They are then set in the ground on the north side of a nursery plot so that the spring sun does not dry them out. At the end of March grafting will take place, slits being made in the root stock to take the scion, which is then cut back to some 6 inches.



Taking scions from the Graffham Bossom (January 9th)  
L-R. Miss Scott, Miss Samways, Lady Egremont, Peter Jerrome,  
the Rev. Donald Johnson and Jumbo Taylor.

In truth the venerable trees were now almost horizontal to the ground, the trunks hollow and decayed and putting out but sparse new growth. The age of the trees could now only be guessed at. What growth there had been was fairly high but the ladies produced some long-handled cutters from the house and Donald was soon finding suitable scions, eight from each tree. The scions would be

grafted on when the root stock begins to shoot. Inside the house we were shown examples of the fruit: the Bossom is a large perfectly conical green apple, culinary or desert. The fruit were yellowing by now but still quite firm.

This is an important beginning: Lady Egremont will keep one of the Bossom trees at Petworth House, a first step in the work of rescuing Petworth's lost varieties of apples. On September 25th plans are in hand for the Society to mount an "apple day" in the Leconfield Hall when two national experts will seek to identify different local varieties brought in for them by the general public. In the evening there will be a lecture on different apple varieties.

Miss Samways pointed out a tree on the lawn as an unusual type; unfortunately no specimen of the fruit could be found. The tree's centre had fallen out on a calm summer's day and only an enveloping holly bush kept the old tree upright. The fruit would be a prime candidate for September 25th. Another tree "Sussex Blood" had

recently succumbed to age: too soon for saving scions to be taken. Does anyone know this variety? Or what about another rare Sussex apple -

Sussex Green Lanes? Donald Johnson tells me he has sent scions of the Graffham Bossom to the RHS at Wisley and to the National Fruit Collection at Brogdale, Kent, both bodies were very pleased to have samples of this rare variety. E.M. Venables wrote as follows on the Bossom some twenty-five years ago in the West Sussex Gazette.



## THIS WEEK'S APPLE

No. 49: Bossom



MR. Mullens W. Harrison, of Mersham (whose recent letters to the "W.S.G." on the origin of Cox's Orange Pippin aroused much interest) has written to me inquiring if the variety Bossom is still to be found. He tells me that it used to be "grown in the Petworth region" and was "available in the Northchapel area about the years 1904-1914," and that Mr. Simmonds, Secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society, had informed him that "a Mr. Slade, gardener to the Earl of Egremont, had sent specimens to his society in the year 1820." This links up with the letter written by Mr. J. P. Purcell, of Midhurst, published in the "W.S.G." last August, stating that the variety Egremont Russet "was first grown by the third Earl of Egremont at Petworth House where he lived at that time (about 1830). He died in 1837, leaving his estates to Geo. Wyndham, who was created Baron Leconfield in 1859." Incidentally, I was told by Mr. Edward Shoosmith that Egremont Russet was also known as Petworth Nonpareil.

I was glad to be able to tell Mr. Harrison that Bossom still grows in Sussex. A friend of mine in Walberton has several young trees grafted with scions from a venerable tree which only blew down last year.

having stood so long in her orchard that it was a big tree in her great-grandmother's time in 1828. The variety was catalogued by a leading nursery firm about 1924, appearing in their secondary list of obsolete varieties. It is not mentioned in the list of some 570 varieties in the Report of the National Fruit Trials 1921-44. The only book in my library which mentions it is H. V. Taylor's "Apples of Enaiand" where it is briefly described thus: "A round, regular, perfectly conical apple; pale green in colour, with russet markings. Eye large and closed. Stem short. Grown in Surrey, N.L." These initials means "not listed," that is not obtainable from any nursery firm. I have no personal experience of Bossom, but my Walberton friend tells me that it fruits both on spurs and tips, and that it crops well and regularly. It is a culinary apple for use in December and January.

I am greatly intrigued by the fact that Mr. Harrison gives "Bosham" as an alternative spelling. It is possible that this Sussex apple was originally named after the Sussex place, and is the accepted spelling merely a corruption based on the usual pronunciation as "Bos'am"?

E. M. VENABLES



It is doubtful whether the tradition that the Egremont Russett and the Petworth Nonpareil were one and the same can be maintained. A succeeding article takes up the story:

## THIS WEEK'S APPLE

### Bosham or Bossom

**M**R. Mullens W. Harrison's recent letter on the probable origin and history of this variety is so convincing that I am tempted to use the spelling "Bosham" in preference to the accepted "Bossom." We must all feel grateful to him for his erudite account. Since my recent note on Bosham appeared, Comdr. and Mrs. Aitchison, of Loxwood, have kindly brought me a basket of these apples from their century-old trees, and I am thus able to give a more detailed description of the fruit, for I have made a careful examination of the sample.

The fruits were very uniform in size, averaging just under 3in. diameter by just over 2½in. high. The shape is round, regular and decidedly conical. The apical basin is fairly deep and well marked, quite regular, without protuberances, and there is hardly any trace of ribs. The eye is of medium size, closed. The stem varied in the sample, being predominantly short, but in one specimen it was long enough to reach beyond the base of the fruit. At this season (first week of March), the skin

colour is deep creamy-yellow, with no flush. The skin is smooth and thin, very slightly greasy. There are slight traces of russet on the body of the fruit, as well as minute russet dots, on tiny tubercles just detectable by touch. There is a large basal star of cinnamon russet, the narrow, ragged rays of which are long enough to see from side view. The stem cavity is fairly deep and narrow, and the russet lining is scaly to the extent of tuberculation. The calyx tube is short and wide, the stamens median and the pistil persistent. The core is small, the carpels obovate. Fertile seeds, which are few, are rotund and red brown, and no abortive seeds were present. The flesh is cream colour, soft at this season, not over juicy, sweet and pleasantly flavoured. It cooks very well indeed, but is insufficiently acid to bake to a froth.

Even at this season the apples showed no sign of shrivelling. Comdr. Aitchison tells me that the tree is a spur-bearer, quite prolific, and that the pink-and-white blossom opens at mid-season.

E. M. VENABLES

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P.

### BOOK REVIEW : "KIRDFORD, THE OLD PARISH DISCOVERED"

by Janet Austin - Illustrated by Peggy Harman

Janet Austin has already done this Society a tremendous service by her discovery of the original text of the Tales of Old Petworth hidden away in the files of the old West Sussex Times and Sussex Standard. Her recent book on Kirdford will already be known to some members, but deserves the attention of anyone who is interested in this Society. Local history books can, as you know, be cheaply produced and badly presented: this one is not; being well presented on good paper and well illustrated. The book features not only a host of photographs from the Garland Collection

and elsewhere but also many old portraits and a large number of attractive black and white drawings by Peggy Harman.

Presentation aside, what distinguishes this book is the freshness and informality of its approach, Janet showing how anyone with a measure of determination and a degree of fortune can from sparse beginnings acquire an increasing stock of local knowledge. This questing approach would make the book interesting for its method alone quite apart from the obvious Kirdford connection. The first chapters read like a detective story and the book culminates in the great Kirdford Exhibition in the autumn of 1989.

Kirdford is a large and scattered parish and Janet deals fully with local traditions and records concerning the village itself before going on to the outlying farms - taking in by the way neighbouring villages like Ebernoe, Balls Cross and Plaistow. Janet worked very closely with this Society in the preparation of the book and some portions of the material will already be familiar to readers of this Magazine. It is good to see it set squarely in its immediate context. As I am myself aware, no one who sets out to write a book like this can avoid the occasional mistake and no doubt Janet will have heard of things that could be expanded or altered. That's just the whole point: books like this do not offer a final account of all there is to be known about a village like Kirdford; instead they offer a great stimulus to local thinking. The better they are the more extra information they will engender. Kirdford is a distinctive village with a spirit and an atmosphere of its own; the 1989 Exhibition showed that clearly enough and the book is a tribute to that spirit. It is available at local outlets but in case of difficulty from Mr L. Hayward, Lafaya, Chalk Road, Ifold, Sussex RH14 0UB. The book costs £5.95 paperback and £9.95 hardback but please add £1 for postage. Cheques payable to the Ifold Local History Society Book Account. Profits go to the MacMillan Unit.

P.

### PETWORTH FAIR 1990

The A.A. bollards running from Kingswood Chemists to the south wall of the Leconfield Hall marked off the island of the Square from the sea of traffic that lapped steadily past. Not the usual battered weary superannuated bollards: the A.A. variety looked crisp, business-like and a brilliant, if plastic, red. The fair had been largely erected by the previous afternoon, the big machines set up and tarpaulined and the smaller stalls packed in around them like



houses round a medieval castle. By morning there was no sign of rain, chances were it would be a clear cold night, ideal for the showmen, they don't mind cold - it's rain that nullifies the long hours of waiting. Fairs, as we have so often said, are about waiting. Long hours of preparation, then waiting, then hopefully an explosion of activity, then the long drag of dismantling. Never a second chance. It's either alright on the night or the long hours of waiting have been wasted.

The late morning sun shone off the green covers, preparation was long over just the waiting. In the Hall itself Keith had the tables all put out ready and the Society Tombola was going up. The helpers had fish and chips while Audrey had some peculiar concoction with nuts - I hoped she would be fit for the evening. The Tombola was good, very good, with a large proportion of high quality prizes. Plenty of bottles, some nice jigsaws, attractive books and games, even a train set with real smoke. In the event we ran out of prizes in the late evening, too many good prizes in proportion to small "bulk" items. The other stalls were still largely empty trestles much as Keith had left them but by three o'clock everything would be well under way. Slowly the covers would come off the Gallopers and the Chairplanes and the afternoon would begin.

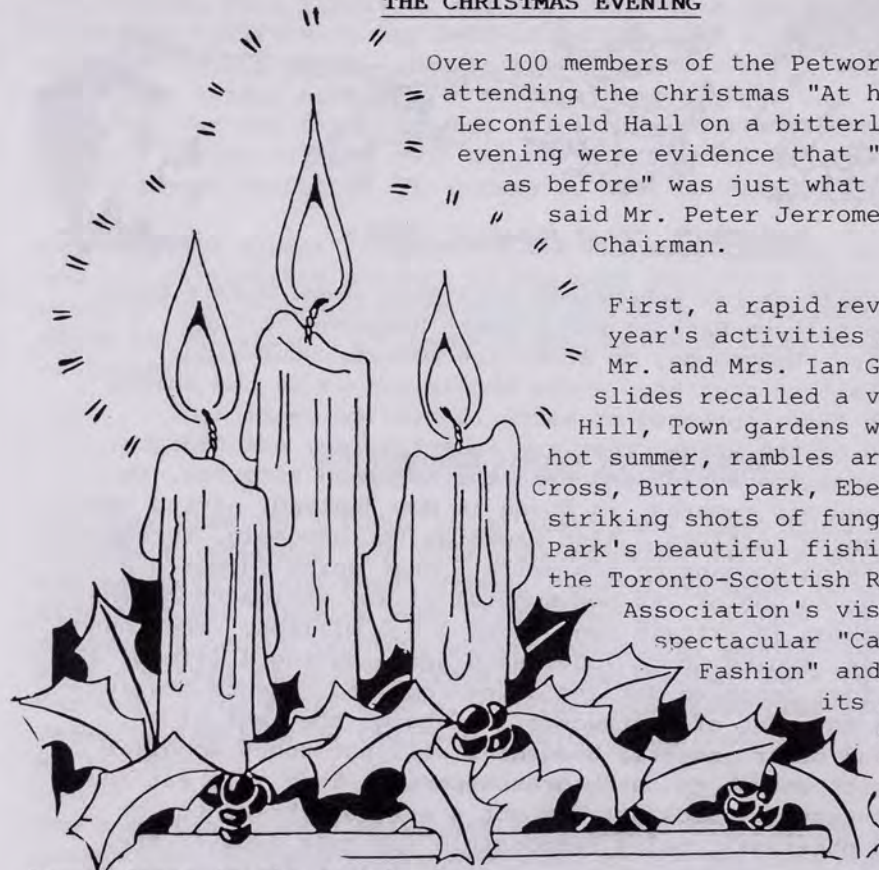
As the dusk came on Norman Hobb's organ started to play and the fair gradually sprang to life. As usual the Square was quiet one moment and then as suddenly full. It was very well attended this year. The evening went very quickly: a kaleidoscope of different stalls and entertainment. The lively Jonah-man Jazz by Petworth Primary School I saw in its entirety but only snatches of the Cyclones, the Seaford College Dance Band, the Edwardians or the Town Band. This year I was in the Square itself much more than I was in the Town Hall. Going up to the Red Cross Rooms I got mixed up in the long queue for Father Christmas, a very popular figure it appeared. We felt the stalls in the road leading to the Garage were as usual a little out of the mainstream - perhaps some kind of extra signing would help. There's always something to think of for next year. The A.A. signing had been relatively expensive but it had been expertly done - if heavy traffic insisted on making their way through the Cut they had at least been forewarned. Standing in the Square Fred Harris reminded us how much the old feudal lords had disliked the old "hiring" fairs where good men could be lured away to someone else's employment. Why are the Gallopers called Southdown? It's because, Fred explained, wherever the Harris Brothers go in Sussex and Kent if they stand on the top they can see the South Downs! See you next year - November 20th.

P.

## THE CHRISTMAS EVENING

Over 100 members of the Petworth Society attending the Christmas "At home" in the Leconfield Hall on a bitterly cold evening were evidence that "the mixture as before" was just what they wanted, said Mr. Peter Jerrome, the Chairman.

First, a rapid review of the year's activities recorded by Mr. and Mrs. Ian Godsmark on slides recalled a visit to Gore Hill, Town gardens walks in the hot summer, rambles around Balls Cross, Burton park, Ebernoe - with striking shots of fungi, and Stag Park's beautiful fishing ponds, the Toronto-Scottish Regimental Association's visit, the spectacular "Cavalcade of Fashion" and Fair Day, its atmosphere captured in the coloured lights on the rides and in the



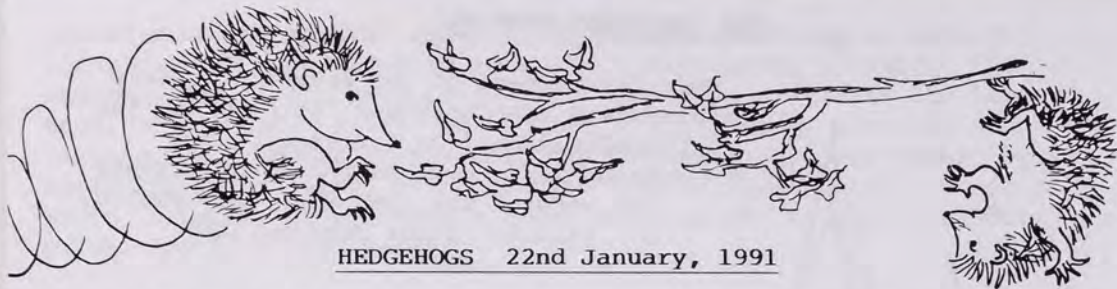
happy faces in the crowds.

Then came Petworth Edwardians in winter costume with a polished performance of unfamiliar carols, including two from Australia where the hot, dry Christmas season was reflected in the words. A poem expressing a more tongue-in-cheek view of Christmas and the legend of the robin's red breast linked the musical items.

As hot punch and mince pies were served, an ensemble from the Petworth Town Band appeared on the stage playing Christmas favourites at the request of members of the audience. The occasion ended with the grand raffle but it was evident that it was not only the 16 prize-winners who went home very satisfied with the evening's entertainment in congenial company.

KCT





HEDGEHOGS 22nd January, 1991

It was "house full" at the Leconfield Hall when Steve Harris gave an affectionate talk on Harriet and Herbert Hedgehog to the Petworth Society. Hedgehogs, he said, are modest, scurrying, friendly, inquisitive creatures - the Morris Minors of the animal kingdom - which first appeared on earth 15 million years ago. Distant cousins of the shrew, they are insectivores, not rodents. The 7 species span the world, and even the European hedgehog, to which he confined his remarks, is found in New Zealand, having been introduced by early settlers. Also known as the hedgepig, furzepig and hedge urchin on account of its prickly coat which supports a population of up to 500 of its own special fleas, estimates of the number of hedgehogs in Britain range from 2 - 6 million. The young have 3000 spines, adults up to 7000, each spine having a life of 12 - 18 months before dropping out and being replaced. Acute hearing can detect the movement of earthworms. Although they eat slugs, caterpillars and other insects, hedgehogs will not touch woodlice and are not quick enough to catch grasshoppers. They will eat the eggs of ground-nesting birds but are not a serious threat to partridges and pheasants, being responsible for only 1.3% of the total of eggs lost before hatching. Healthy wild hedgehogs may be fed bread and milk, but this is unsuitable for young, sick or tame ones. Dog or cat food is the most appropriate as long as it is not fish-based. Man is the hedgehog's chief enemy; despite being able to swim, it drowns in steep-sided ponds, it is speared by forks when compost heaps are turned over, becomes trapped in empty food cans because of its backward-pointing spines, and one has even been found wedged in a wellington boot. They starve when they fall through cattle grids. In Scotland, a ramp has to be provided, by law, to enable such small animals to climb out. Others die in lawn mowers cutting long grass or get caught in tennis nets. Although many are killed on the roads, we may over-estimate the number because the bodies are not removed by scavengers and so remain for all to see, often for weeks. Recent evidence suggests that hedgehogs are learning not to curl up on the hard, flat road surface, but to keep running and so it is thought that survival of

the fittest will result in the evolution of a change in instinct. A curious activity is the self-anointing with a creamy substance produced by the mouth. The reason is unknown but it always occurs after the animal has eaten a toad skin or a cigar butt! In days gone by, man has used hedgehog skin in various medicinal remedies, as well as for carding wool and as "aids" on the shafts of carriages to encourage the horses to trot correctly.

Mr. Harris's slides illustrated his humorous talk to perfection and his informative answers to the many searching questions were proof of the research which he had put into a fascinating account of an animal whose life he described as "more lucky than efficient".

K.C.T.

THE GARLAND FAMILY AT PETWORTH

For some time now I have, in my spare time, been hunting my own and my wife's ancestors. My wife's grandmother had the surname Garland and was born in Chertsey, Surrey. One of my first successes was to find that her forbears came from Petworth. Through the usual channels - census records, parish registers, genealogical index, etc. - I have managed to trace the family right back to a Peter Garland in the early 1600's, together with some progress on other Petworth families on the distaff side - Challen, Wait(e), Hampton, Mills, etc.

One recent discovery intrigued me. George Garland, my wife's grandmother's grandfather, gave most of his children conventional Christian names, except one, born in 1834, whom he christened Claudius Servais. Then I found that his brother Henry had done a very similar thing. Out of a largish brood only one had a strange name, a girl, Claudine Servais, also born in 1834.

I decided to visit Petworth - not difficult when one lives in Guildford - and among other things pop into the Public Library and look for any past information about the town and its people. Imagine my amazement and delight when I chanced on "Tales of Old Petworth" and read John Greenfield's account of dinner with the Garland family in 1812, when he was a boy of 10. Here were my wife's ancestors in person, Henry and Mary Garland (John Greenfield does not give their Christian names), and of their five children the one son who happened to be with them on that occasion (the other sons were older) was George, my wife's direct ancestor, who



later became the proprietor of the Swan Inn at Petworth, but at 18 was clearly the life and soul of the party and enjoyed flirting with the maid Betty Weedon. (It was perhaps not all that serious; he later married Anne Rose Challen of Petworth).

Then suddenly the Claudius Servais mystery is solved. John Greenfield tells us, as many of you may remember, that a Claud Servais had been cook to the Earl of Egremont and had amassed, perhaps by not entirely "above board" methods, quite a considerable sum of money. Having been a friend of the Garlands for many years he left his money to the Garland sons when he died in 1833. (One wonders whether the Garlands' cultivation of his company was entirely disinterested!). Clearly the naming of the next child to be born in two of the families after their benefactor was done in recognition and thanks for the bequest; whether it was actually required in the will I don't know.

At the start of John Osborn Greenfield's narrative the unknown first collator of his memoirs warns us against assuming absolute correctness of all that he says, and this is repeated by Peter Jerrome in his introduction to the book. All I can say is that on points where we can check his narrative against other evidence John Greenfield appears to have had a pretty accurate memory. George Garland was actually 18 years old at Christmas 1812; Greenfield describes him as "a youth of sixteen or seventeen". He tells us that Claud Servais died in 1833, and we know the children named after him were both born in 1834.

Claudius Servais Garland started work as an attorney clerk (aged 17) in Petworth in 1851 but after that I don't know what became of him. I know nothing further of his cousin Claudine - she was not recorded at home in the 1841 census, and may have died. The most successful of George Garland's children would seem to be Sharp Garland who went to Chichester to work in the grocery business and in 1860 took over the Grocery and Wine and Spirit Merchant business at 1, Eastgate St, reputed to be the oldest established shop of its type in the whole of England, having been in continuous existence since 1665. He clearly prospered and later became Mayor of Chichester (in 1878 and again in 1898). His son, Sharp Archibald Garland, followed in his footsteps both in the business and in becoming Mayor of Chichester (1911 to 1918). He was later honoured with a knighthood.

So far I have found no Garland descendents still in Petworth after

1861. William Garland, George and Henry's eldest brother, who never married, was still living in East St in 1861, aged 73, but Henry and family, who had previously shared a house with him, were now gone. George died around 1861. His eldest son, George Hampton Garland, was by now well established as a partner in Boorn and Garland, Grocers and Wine and Spirit Merchants, 43 Guildford St, Chertsey. Clearly the tailoring blood of the Garlands has transformed into a family penchant for the food and drink business.

I would be very interested to hear from any reader who knows what subsequently happened to the descendents of the Garlands who hosted what Peter Jerrome has called "the most famous meal in Petworth history". I would also be interested in finding out more about their ancestors. Mary Garland was born Wait in 1755. Other family names further back on both sides include Wharton, Hampton, Willard, Yalden, Petoe, Kelme, Groombridge and Coles. George Garland's wife was a Challen and her ancestors include the family names Mills, Bourne, Stillwell, Moon and Ball. If anyone knows about any of these families in and around Petworth in the seventeenth, eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries please get in touch with me, Eric Risness, 8 Orchard Rd, Shalford, Guildford, Surrey, GU4 9ER. Telephone Guildford (0483) 34581.

(Editor's note: George Garland the photographer is not connected with this family.)

#### A MEET OF SWANS

During the year 1923 I was sitting on a seat, "Round the Hills" at Petworth, chatting to old Mr. Thayre (whom I believe was an agricultural engineer in Petworth) when we heard a most uncanny sound. It was simialr to the old steam trains whistling through a tunnel, looking up we saw hundreds of swans, hovering over our heads, between us we counted one hundred and twenty eight missing many in doing so, as they (the swans) were flying in all directions. They continued to fly round and round over the valley their wings still making this uncanny sound. All of a sudden the swans broke off then in small groups flew away in all directions. The silence afterwards was weird, our ears still seemed to ring with this uncanny sound. Although very young I realised that I had seen a most marvellous phenomenon of nature. Mr. Thayre in a voice filled with what I would call emotion said, "My dear that which we have just seen is called 'a swans meet', I'm 84 years old and have never seen the like before, and I don't suppose you will again in



your life time". I am now 80 years old and have never witnessed such an event, it's almost an honour to have been granted that wonderful experience. I have spoken about it over the years but have yet to meet someone who has witnessed 'the meet of the swans'. Surely someone has?

K.A. Vigar (Mrs)

HYMN TUNE "PETWORTH"

This hymn tune "Petworth" was written by the eldest daughter of Thomas Leppard, the saddler whose shop at the corner of Angel Street and Middle Street later became Morley's. Nellie Elisabeth Leppard (Partridge was her married name) was born in 1875 in East Street and attended a small school which must have preceded the Misses Austin's school in Pound Street. She was a talented musician and at twelve years old was already the organist of the Congregational Church, continuing there until the family left Petworth in about 1895. She trained at the Academy in London and continued as an organist and music teacher throughout her long life but her love for Petworth and her many memories of the life there were never forgotten. Asked to write a tune to suit the words of Charter Piggott, the well known non-conformist preacher, for the Methodist School Hymn book, she called it "Petworth".

In her eighties, she often talked to me of Petworth and how, as a child she remembered driving in the ponycart out to Lavington with her father and being left to play in Botany Bay whilst he drove up to the Harness Room of the stables to repair or deliver work. Petworth had a strong Temperance Band of Hope and their outing to Lavington Park included a service in the church where she played the organ and then tea on the lawn was provided by Mr Wilberforce. Earlier memories were of taking her younger brothers and sisters for picnics on the Sheep Downs with water from the Virgin Mary Spring to drink with the bread and cheese they took with them and the chance of bringing back a bunch of wild thyme to their mother and earning a penny in return.

She made it seem a magical place, all her recollections of it were happy ones but there is still a hint of nostalgia in the tune. Listening to it, I am not surprised that she called this melody after her childhood home.

J.J.  
*Jocelyn Johns*

ADVENTURE

310

PETWORTH.

99.99. Irregular.

N. E. PARTRIDGE.

- 1 CHRIST rides to the holy war again,  
 Leading His own to a new campaign;  
 For love of God and for love of man,  
 Who will be with Him and lead the van ?
- 2 The Master leads as of old He led  
 The hero band of our hallowed dead ;  
 To help the poor and the overborne,  
 Who rides with Him in the breaking dawn ?
- 3 To free the body as once the soul,  
 Making life happy and sweet and whole,  
 To give to labour its heritage,  
 Who will with Him in the work engage ?
- 4 To give to the children smiles for tears,  
 Glad rest for care to the hoary years,  
 To woman peace, and to manhood power,  
 Who follows Him in the present hour ?
- 5 For Christ is out, and He turns not back,  
 Though fierce the war and though long the track,  
 Till He makes an end of want and woe ;  
 Who, then, is ready with Him to go ?
- 6 Yes, Christ is out, and when He comes in  
 He comes victorious over sin,  
 As Lord and brother of lovebound men,  
 Who will go with Him and stay till then ?

*William Charter Piggott, 1872-1943.*



EXTRACTS FROM FLORENCE RAPLEY'S DIARY : JULY TO NOVEMBER 1909.

July 15. Inclined to rain a little fell. A great funeral of H.E. Watson Esq; one of the head female servants came to Petworth the same day as he did, she died the same day and was buried in a grave beside his 2 hours before the dirt was removed from the side of Mr. Watson's grave the male servant of Lord Leconfield, and the grave filled with moss - it was a bare grave into which the woman was placed and the dirt left at side: yet each was eventually covered with Mother Earth.

July 16. A showery morning jam making. A submarine gone to the bottom of sea with 13 men some leaving young families.

July 23. A perfect day. Went to London. They were very kind to me and Mr. Rossiter took me, the treat of a lifetime a steamer trip to Southend-on-Sea the sight of the great battleships was wonderful and awe inspiring and the sight of the poor prisoners looking at us from deck and port-hole was heart-saddening. The Bell steamer was 9 hrs on the water, right by Greenwich Woolwich Gravesend and on to the sea. The first time I ever even saw any watercraft. I never thought I should go on the water. We saw the old wharves and storehouses by water's edge where Dickens loved to put his rogues and Mr. Rossiter explained everything and was a perfect gentleman. We went by electric railway to London Bdge and saw the wonderful Tower Bridge open its mighty arms for us to go through.

July 26. Hasty thunderstorms 4 of Mr. Dawtrey's horses killed by lightning last year he had four ricks burned.

July 27. Very wet in afternoon excellent weather for the hateful Goodwood races, a wetting will cool their courage and stop dust from flying into many homes; also prevent the children from coming out to yell "Hooray". "He that biddeth him 'God speed' is partaker of his evil deeds".

Mr. Bleriot a Frenchman has crossed the Channel on his flying machine this week starting suddenly and clearing the space in a wonderful manner with few conscious onlookers. Wake up England, but cricket and football is thought more of than national safety.

July 29. Waiting answers. A fine day. Such a number of people at races all of whom would be better employed. Cannot shake off cough yet. The destroyer Tenet broke the so-called defences of

Portsmouth with such ease that a glass of water was not spilled and the men felt no impact. Wake up Merrie England.

July 30. Fine. Last day of races dust and yelling children. I can hardly believe a week today I was out on the ocean sailing.

July 31. Rain threatened, great Naval Review at Portsmouth on the occasion of Cowes Regatta, one poor chap on the Temaraire had his arm blown off and died - three more seriously injured. Having an extra dust now the motors are quieter and hoping for a shower to lay dust. Dreadful suffering in Spain from war. Yet bull fights will be held tomorrow - Sunday. A fast would be better.

Aug 4. Very fine and warm; just right for the Agricultural Show in Petworth Park. People who never go out make unusual efforts to be present. I have found plenty of work with a big iron and preparing for my boys in blue who came tonight poor dears.

Aug 17. Close morning: glorious gentle rain in aft. it will stop harvesting for a time but there are others in the world and if fine weather continues for long it wears the men out. Day after day from 5 a.m. until 7 p.m. ought to be thought sufficient but is not. 9 p.m. is nearer. Then there are the dry ditches for poor animals and the patient donkey across the way who drags so much water up the hill for watering of gardens. Blessed soothing rain fall on.

Oct 3. Very showery. Five men to look after today. Got to Church between the showers at 11 a.m. only myself at Holy Communion beside the officials. If people only knew the rest it conveys a feeling as of taking off heavy clothes at home. A strange dog is at home here today how sorry his people must be.

Oct 12. Very wet after early morning. Heard today I should get my name up for discountenancing Sunday trading, told it is not the mark of a Christian - but those who chose the better way even before the Christian era were "men wondered at". I think an evil savour attaches to Sunday trading. "Ye shall hallow My Sabbaths" "I testified against them on that day when they sold victuals". "Victuals" not unnecessary bike stuff and smokes.

Nov 1. All Saints Day. It arouses thoughts of old times this day - days when I was stronger and had far less to do - when I feel less able to work my people bring another piece and put on. It is a foggy day as Nov should be. I got through the washing once more



I wanted to laugh aloud all the time. I must be so very tired but it would not do for me to yield to it although others may and be considered suffering martyrs.

#### Notes

- July 15th H.E. Watson - agent to Lord Leconfield. "One of the head female servants" - Lucy Lovell aged 74 years (Petworth Parish Magazine).
- July 23rd Mr Rossiter was a family friend.
- July 26th Mr Dawtrey's horses: Walter Dawtrey farmed to the north of Petworth at this time.
- July 27th He that biddeth him 'God speed'.... 2 John 11. Florence Rapley always criticises the Goodwood racegoers.
- Aug. 4th "My boys in blue" - her son Walt and his friend Algy both on leave from the Royal Navy.
- Oct. 12th "I testified against them on that day when they sold victuals" Nehemiah xiii 15. "Unnecessary bike stuff and smokes" items sold at her son Steve's shop in the garden.

Extracts courtesy of Mrs Kingsley : Westcliff-on-Sea.

#### FLORENCE RAPLEY'S EARLIER LIFE

Florence Annette Charlotte Tiplady was born on 25th March 1856 and baptised at Petworth on the 6th April 1856. Her mother Clara (née) Pannell came of an old Petworth family but of her father William Tiplady little is known. He does not appear a local man and the name Tiplady has northern origins. On Florence's baptismal entry William Tiplady's occupation is given as "17th Lancers". He appears to have been dead by 1878 when Florence married. The 17th Lancers had returned from the Crimea after the conclusion of hostilities and would be sent to Ireland in April 1856, thence to India in 1857 to help suppress the Indian Mutiny. William Tiplady may have been a new recruit: he is not mentioned in his regiment's Crimean Medal Rolls or in the Crimean War Muster Rolls. At the



*Pound Corner, 1967  
This and the following three wood engravings by  
Gwenda Morgan are reproduced from 'The Wood-Engravings  
of Gwenda Morgan' published by The Whittington Press, 1985.*





*The Shoemaker and the Tailor, from 'Grimm's Other Tales,' 1956*



*Fittleworth, 1953*





Sudden Storm, 1960

very least the regiment's movements at this time would make Florence's parents' life unsettled but, in the absence of any other information at all, we cannot really expand on this. The baptismal entry has Clara's maiden name "Pannell" written in, then struck out and Tiplady overwritten. Whether any significance is to be read into this or whether this is a simple error by Mr. Godden, the curate, seems at present impossible to say.

How much did Florence know of her parents? Her father she never once mentions in the Diary, her mother only in passing and then but very occasionally. On the 21st November 1909 she writes, "This was my mother's Birthday". On 14th March 1910 she writes, "I always think of grandmother who was really a mother to me because on March 14th she fell in a fit". It would seem likely that Mrs. Pannell died on the following day for on 15th March 1912 Florence writes "Grandmother died 40 years ago today". Did Clara Tiplady go abroad with her soldier husband leaving Florence in the care of her maternal grandparents? Or did she perhaps go into service? Or does the virtually complete silence about William Tiplady suggest that he left the family largely to its own devices? There does seem to have been another child, Florence's brother Will, in later years bandmaster with Petworth Town Band. Will does not appear to have lived with the Pannells and presumably lived with his mother, but where this was we have at the moment no idea. He was certainly living in Petworth soon after 1900 for he is a stalwart of the Town Band and visited, (somewhat infrequently) by Florence in the period 1909-1912. His wife was named Fanny.

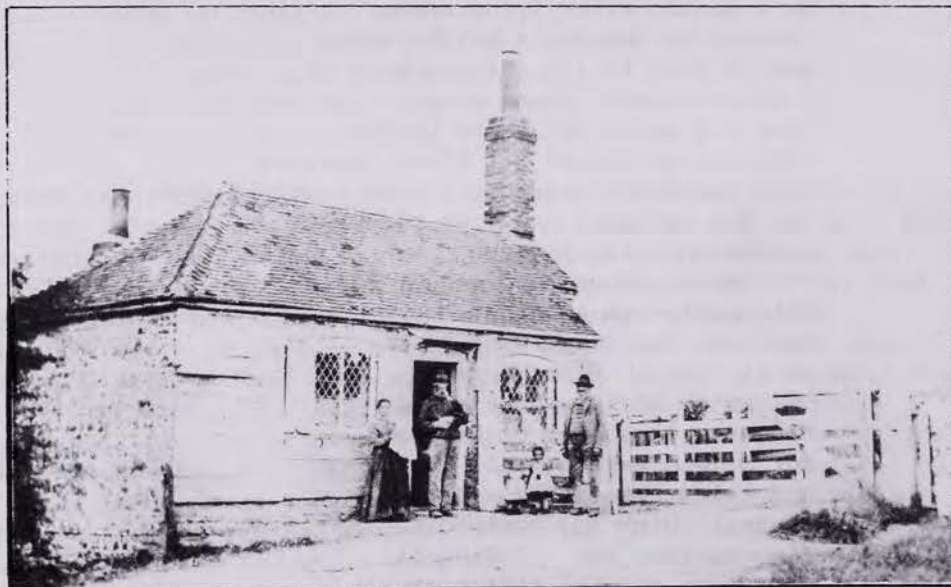
Florence appears as living with her grandparents in the census returns of 1861 and 1871. Obviously there is the possibility that on each occasion she simply happened to be staying temporarily with her grandparents but, given the general tenor of the Diary, this seems unlikely. References to Florence's childhood in the Diary are few and allusive. On 26th May 1912 she writes of a visit to St. Mary's for Evensong, "Petworth at 6.30 p.m. via Sheepdowns, the days and ways of old coming back to me". Sheepdown would have been a children's paradise in the 1860s. Grove Street at that time would have been dominated by New Grove at the eastern end, elegant home of John Henry Robinson, the distinguished engraver and his wife, and, further up toward Petworth, the great gaunt edifice of the gaol or House of Correction, demolished in 1881. In 1861 the census mentions the Fox and Hounds, a beerhouse on the site of the present Regency Cottage. It is difficult to be precise as to where



the Pannells lived, probably on the north side of the road near the Fox and Hounds. William Pannell was a labourer and the house doubtless by no means a grand one. It is less likely from the census returns that the Pannells lived in one of the three cottages across the road and known collectively as World's End. The indications are that Florence would have been an able pupil at school but no records survive for this early period. There appears in the Diary a definite but undefined connection with Upperton, so 11th April 1912 "went to Momument up road where my relatives walked daily - all my young life and the tales I listened to centred in Upperton". It would appear that the Pannell family had Upperton roots. In October 1912 Florence despite everything feels constrained to go to the Monument. "A finer day but on account of the weather and my weak back did not go to Monument" (2nd October). On the 9th however she writes, "Took my weak back and went to the Monument". An isolated reference to childhood seems to come on 22nd December 1909, "Elphick Nevatt is dead. He was always pleasant and he would call me one of his young friends". It would be very helpful to know who Florence's godmother was - of her she writes (2nd February 1910) "her kindness never failed me and she seems to be here today - it was remarkable".

Were it not for a single tantalising sentence at the Diary's very beginning there would be no reason to suppose that Florence Rapley had ever lived anywhere but at Petworth. She has after all a shrewd knowledge of the town and its inhabitants that no one could acquire without a lifetime's close contact. However on 9th July 1909 she writes apropos of a visit to Midhurst, "I met a poor orphan woman who knew Watlington and she was pleased to met someone who knew the familiar spots". Watlington is probably the small town in Oxfordshire, less likely the village in Norfolk. Florence was certainly in Grove Street for the 1871 census but her grandmother's death in 1872 may have led her to take a position in service in a great house - there are several possibilities at Watlington. Perhaps her godmother's influence was helpful ... perhaps. The truth is that the years from 1871 until she married Stephen Rapley in 1878 are a complete blank. The following poem written by Florence soon after she married reflects her life at the old tollhouse at Coultershaw, where she would live for some years before moving to Heath End further up the road.

The photograph shows Coultershaw Tollhouse in the late nineteenth century. The lady may be Florence Rapley but it is difficult to be sure.



My Home Feb 20th 1879

I have a dear and happy home  
 In the country's fine sweet air;  
 Far, far away from din of town  
 Or fashionable Square.  
 With bustle just enough to stir  
 The routine of my life;  
 And make me what I ought to be  
 A happy seven weeks wife.  
 Faces both new and old I see,  
 For the station lies hard by;  
 So you may judge how many folks  
 Are passing constantly.  
 I watch the train move in and out  
 Mid whistle and mid roar  
 Many are running "to and fro"  
 As the prophet said of yore.  
 And at the left of my loved home  
 There stands a busy mill  
 The ponderous wheel from morn till eve  
 Worked with successful skill.



By a gentle river lying near,  
Cheered by the sun's bright glory  
And telling in its shiny depths  
A great though silent story.  
Upon its water sails the barge  
With its wealth of jet black treasure  
From the Wharf near-by, if you have the cash  
You may purchase coals at pleasure.  
A pleasant view is seen  
Of horses, trees, and goodly fields;  
With pasturage so green.  
And when the river overflows  
As it does in time of rain;  
The water roars upon 3 sides  
Like the loved and mighty main.  
But He Who maketh small the drops  
And rules the raging water,  
Protects with His enfolding arm  
His unworthy son and daughter.  
And I can see the parish church  
Where we were joined together.  
I'll own it looks a long way off  
In the inclement weather.  
Yet to that church we'll try to go  
As often as we can.  
For there it is we hear it told  
How God loves sinful man.  
I have a little garden too  
And a very small flower border.  
I hope to see both very soon  
Put into neat trim order.  
I have six fowls whose love for me  
Is not disinterested.  
Our natures are as different  
As night is from the day  
He slow and thoughtful while I act  
In an impulsive way.  
And yet I think we are agreed  
To serve our God in Heaven.  
And though we very often sin  
Through Christ it is forgiven.  
So day by day we'll try to live  
No bitter anger feel  
But all within be calm and peace

When we together kneel.  
If called by death to leave my home  
I'll pray to be resigned  
And that the Comforter be sent  
To him I leave behind.

The poem takes up several themes that intensify over the thirty years that elapse between poem and Diary. Her friendship with Miss Bryan from Lombard Street may well date from early married days, probably even before. It was with Miss Bryan and her mother that Herbert Tugwell the curate lodged when he came to Petworth. Leaving Petworth in 1890 to serve as a missionary he would later become a bishop in West Africa. Even twenty years on Florence can write (15th March 1911) "sat at the back door patching men's clothes and thinking of Bishop Tugwell whose Birthday it is". She still corresponded with him on such special occasions. An echo of the early 1880s seems to be this entry telling of being given a lift home from an evening church function. "I got a lift back in a motor car with Jim Lambert a very old friend, one of the boys we used to care for in Mr. Tugwell's day". (7th March 1912.) It was Charles Holland the Rector "who gave me the great holiday of my life at Black Rock, Brighton where I was loved and my wishes and health studied not for the work I did but for my own personality". (26 April 1910.) The date of this holiday is not known - presumably it would have been before Florence married - perhaps as a schoolgirl in the late 1860s.

Florence seems to have known the various curates well and often mentions their Birthdays or occasionally some particular memory of them so (14th August 1910) "Very fine and hot the kind of day Mr. Bell loved". She would keep in touch with them long years after they had left Petworth. They would correspond and she would remember their Birthdays and send greetings. She wrote too to Herbert Jones, Mr. Penrose's predecessor who had moved to Hitchin, so 7th August 1911 "Wrote to Canon Jones for help with work" - he would of course reply.

The beginning of the diary seems to reflect a certain estrangement from St. Mary's which gradually eases over the period to 1912. She writes (29th January 1910) "Mrs. Steggle died, my church mate, we sat side by side so many Sunday evenings and we both left going to Ch. at the same time". The reason for this estrangement is not clear - but she would return only diffidently to St. Mary's in the early days of the Diary. By 1911 however she was attending



regularly, looking back on earlier days as something of a Golden Age. So (4th September 1910) "Went to Ch. at Petworth at 8 only 4 present and we used to have such a muster and a choral service". There seems a certain reserve in Florence's dealings with Mr. Penrose, Herbert Jones' successor.

Frequent mention is made in the Diary of Nell at Brinksole, apparently her aunt Ellen Pannell who had married Joseph John Chalcraft at Petworth in October 1862. He is probably the "Uncle Joe" she mentions on 16th August 1909 as having just died. A son Owen had been born in 1865 and there seems to have been a daughter "Raldie" (Esmeralda?) perhaps living with her mother.

Thirty years on from the idealism of the poem, relentless and uncongenial work has taken its toll. Florence is ill at ease with her three adult sons, Bert, Walt, and Steve, sees little of her endlessly working husband and laments the loss of four daughters, all dying relatively young. Instead of the idealism of the poem we have a tired awareness of adversity, assuaged only by a burning religious belief.

P.

30/12/90.

Since writing the above, we now have a few more pieces of information which will appear in the next Issue.

P.

30/1/91.

#### PAST AND PASSING AND OTHER MATTERS

At a guess I would say that Miss West bought Bedham Cottage, as it was called, when the Arundel Holt Estate was split up and sold in 1919, possibly however it was left to her a year or two after. I still have the sales particulars for the sale. The Whittington family were at the cottage in 1919 and the sales particulars mention them as tenants. Mrs. Whittington sold sweets there in the front room - hardly a shop at all. No, there was no counter, just a cupboard and some scales. The Whittingtons moved next to the Studio and finally to Fittleworth. Miss West was one of the new people moving into Bedham at the time - not a criticism - she was simply someone who didn't look to the village for her livelihood but lived away for the main part of the week. Miss Metherell came later and stayed at the Cottage too, she was a friend of Miss West and it was Miss Metherell who, under the pen-name Rhoda Leigh, wrote "Past and Passing" an account of rural life in Bedham as seen by an outsider.



HEATH CRANTON LIMITED, 6 Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

Part of the dust cover of "Past and Passing".



I don't know that Miss Metherell wrote any more books and in fact she was to die very soon after in very unfortunate circumstances in London. I never knew what Miss West and Miss Metherell did but they seemed connected with theatre and dancing in Brighton. As the years went by Miss West was increasingly troubled with arthritis and when she died Miss MacDonald, who had looked after her, took over the Cottage.

The book "Past and Passing" is known to everyone who lived in Bedham in the early 1930s. I can't say I've ever worried a great deal about it, but while the names are altered to disguise identities the book does keep very closely to actual life and actual people. You can certainly recognise people in it for the disguises are pencil thin. My mother who was housekeeper at Bedham Cottage is Mrs. Swift "a fair-haired woman of middle age with a very clean apron" (page 13). My father is Mr. Swift and I am Tom Swift. Rhoda Leigh mentions the local boys who looked after the extensive garden at the Cottage and indeed as boys my brother and I would clear the large paths in front of and behind the house. We would pull out weeds and go up to the farm beside the road to get sandy stone material. We shimmered it over the paths and very smart they looked when we had finished.

At the entrance to Spring Farm, opposite the turning to Warren Barn, there was a thatched cottage where Mrs. Puttick had a shop selling tobacco, cigarettes and sweets with the occasional bit of grocery. The sweets would be weighed out from jars. There was no counter, just a cupboard and a table. Mrs. Puttick didn't take kindly to the way the character representing her was described in the book. When Miss Metherell replied that she hadn't actually mentioned her by name Mrs. Puttick retorted, "You might as well have done". It made Miss Metherell cry. I think that in order to write the book at all she had to describe the older inhabitants of Bedham as if they were rustics. They weren't. Beneath that rural exterior many of them, like Mrs. Puttick, were quite shrewd and well able to think for themselves. We used to go into Mrs. Puttick's shop quite a lot. She had a wooden leg and walked with a stick, getting up out of her chair if anyone came into the shop. She always called Mr. Puttick "my chappie" and would often tell how when they were courting she had told him once that if he wanted to see her again he'd have to get a new suit. Next time they met he had one - no small expense in those days!

The thatched cottage is pulled down now but at that time there was

a pig-sty at the side and a gate guarding the lane going into Springs Farm and Nevilles Wood. We seemed to have more snow then than now and it would drift and pack hard. The way it had drifted meant that there was one strip that was hard enough for you to go up and walk over the gate. We were in the shop talking about this when Mr. Puttick said that he'd like to have a go at walking over the gate. When he hadn't re-appeared after a long time we went out to find that he'd chosen the wrong piece of snow to walk on and had disappeared shoulder-high into the drift. We had to get him out. The shop didn't really have set hours - it closed when the Putticks went to bed about nine o'clock. I remember being in the shop one evening when Mr. Puttick went out to fetch water down the path that led toward Nevilles Wood. There was a spring and you dipped the bucket into the hole beside the spring. Mr. Puttick came back in something of a state and without the water. "There's someone hurt," he said. It seemed unlikely but we set off back with him and, sure enough, there were very loud panting noises as if someone was choking. Trying to trace the eerie sound we came eventually on a fox that had been caught in a rabbit snare, jumped the hedge with the snare round him and ended up suspended over the hedge and effectively throttled. We could do nothing for the distressed animal but put it out of its misery. Mrs. Puttick had a donkey and, as she had no grass at the cottage, rented the meadows that went with Bedham Cottage from Miss West. Mr. Puttick would cut the meadows with a scythe on Sunday mornings. I remember one hot day he said that he'd sweated so much it was coming out of the laceholes in his boots. We never did work out how this could be.

Miss West was an early example of the people who were moving into Bedham as it offered a haven from "civilisation". You didn't need to be that wealthy, a cottage in Bedham might be bought for about £100 in the early 1920s. Cars were still not generally used and Miss West would commute to Brighton by bus, walking across Crooked Stile Field to the bus stop at Fittleworth, just quickly tidying up the cottage and leaving my mother to wash up and sort the house out. If the weather was bad the ladies would hire Fred Goodyer's taxi to take them to the bus stop. In the summer they would go away for a time because Miss Metherell suffered terribly from hay fever and would become very red-faced. They were very pleasant people Miss West and Miss Metherell and they had my father make some alterations at Bedham Cottage. There was a big front room with an old-fashioned down fire and on the other side a pantry and a smaller front room. My father took down the partition and enlarged the front room, putting a little fire in there.



Water was difficult - we had to get the weekend water for Bedham Cottage. Drinking water was stored in a large earthenware crock, being poured from the galvanised buckets in which we fetched it. Washing water could of course be left in the buckets. We'd be given a few pence for carrying water. In time someone gave me a yoke which I used for this purpose. There was no well but there was a pond at the side of the road by the present Studio; I remember when I was working coming from the farm with the horse-drawn barrel and bucketing water into the barrel. There was a pump at the school which closed during the time I was a pupil there, but the church, which shared the premises, went on for quite a time after that. The Aylwin family at Springs Farm were great supporters of the church and the son learned to ring the church bell as soon as he was old enough to do so. "Past and Passing" talks of the charcoal-burners but they never worked the Bedham woods between the wars. Rhoda Leigh's charcoal-burners are out Plaistow way although Mr. Kingshott had worked at Bedham years ago before moving northward. Charcoal was certainly made in Bedham Woods during the 1939-1945 war but that was long after "Past and Passing" had been published.

When I left school I went to work for Mr. Scammell at Bedham Farm. I remember taking produce to Pulborough Market in the horse and cart - butter and eggs, calves perhaps or little pigs. Mr. Scammell always sold the pigs as piglets. The eggs were carried loose in large wicker baskets but as far as I know I never broke any. For transporting cattle I'd take an ordinary cart and make a "false top" by putting up wooden slats round the outside, backing into the market between the present fish shop and the pub - then pop into the pub for a drink before coming out to check that the animals had been sold. Chicken and eggs went into a big corrugated room where later King and Chasemore would have a warehouse and auction room. We'd call in at the White Hart at Stopham Bridge on the way home. I remember the men who were working in the quarry at Harwoods Green would make the long walk down in the dinner hour 12 till 1. They would each buy a round and get back to Harwoods Green by one o'clock. Three pints and gone again. I used to wonder how they did it. In the evenings we might walk into Pulborough for a drink, coming back through Stopham, Nevilles Wood and Pallingham Quay. One old man who lived at Nevilles Wood would always give us a glass of rough wine. He called it "Swanky". It was so cloudy that it looked like soup. I couldn't touch it now and wonder how I drank it then. Wine could be strong; I remember coming out of a house in North Street with a friend after we'd had a large glass

and him walking straight across the road and into the wall opposite. I managed to get rather unsteadily back to Bedham and not a car passed us the whole way - my friend went off at Stroud Green.

Mr. Scammell would sometimes take on contract work. I used to get in the hay at Buckfold, the horses going back down the lane by Beechfields in the gathering dusk and picking their way expertly between the treacherous anthills that littered the two fields there. I remember cutting Hillyers for hay and Mr. Price giving us several crates of pint bottles of light ale. We only did that the once unfortunately. Some of the work was hard, hayloading for instance. Working on top of the cart was less strenuous than pitching it up I always thought but I recall making it to the top of the cart one late afternoon after several hours pitching, and then someone new taking over down below and pitching so hard and strong that I felt I had been better off down below. Grain stores were on steddles and lugging sacks was hard, 2 1/4 cwt. being the standard weight. Another hard job was scything the perimeter of a ten acre field before the binder went round. These fields were usually split, half wheat and half oats. It was always a relief to get to a spot where the rabbits had been at work - but they never ate as much as I would have liked them to.

If Mr. Scammell ran short of hay I'd go down to New Barn, out the Kirdford side of Battlehurst to see the hay-tier. "I'm doing some out at Billingshurst," he might say, "out by the railway bridge on the road to Coneyhurst. If you come tomorrow I could help you." I remember setting off for Billingshurst on this occasion with two horses, one on the front, one tied at the back. When I get there the hay-tier was in a hurry to go somewhere else so he helped load the cart but hadn't time to help me tie the ropes properly. Still I got home alright. Another contract job I remember was taking eight pigs to market for a man who lived in a house at Coldharbour - it doubled as a shop and post office in those days. They were hefty pigs and I needed two horses. It was a long way to Pulborough via Pallingham, Toat and Codmore Hill and when we got them there they didn't sell! So I had to bring them back again while the disappointed owner went ahead on his bike. He was a friend of Mr. Scammell's but would still have been well out of pocket.

John Hunt was talking to the Editor.



# The Petworth Society

Spring Programme. Please keep for reference.

Thursday February 28th

Mrs Pat Hill  
"English Wildlife"

Talk and Film  
Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m.

Tuesday March 12th

Mrs Marion May  
"The Society of Dependents"  
(Commonly known as Cokelers)  
After the interval we will  
look at one or two items of  
"Petworth Oldery" -  
particularly relating to the  
Dependents.

Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m.

Thursday April 11th

Maureen Davis-Poynter  
"The ever-changing scene at  
Chichester Festival Theatre  
Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m.

In conjunction with  
Petworth Players

Refreshments. Raffle. Admission £1

## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Wednesday May 15th

7.15 p.m. Leconfield Hall

SPEAKER Dr. Mike Pope  
"The coming of the railway and  
electric telegraph". Slides.  
(with especial reference to Petworth)

## WALKS and VISITS.

Sunday March 17th

Norman Thomas National Trust  
Administrator at Petworth House  
will show members how work is  
proceeding on the North Gallery  
Leave Market Square at 2.15  
Walk to Church Lodge

Sunday April 7th

Richard Chandler  
shows the Petworth Society  
round Shimmings.

Leave Square at 2.15  
NO cars.



Sunday May 12th

David and Linda's  
Stag Park Walk

Leave Market Square  
at 2.15 p.m.  
Cars

Sunday June 23rd

"The Coultershaw Beam Pump"

A special "at home" for  
the Petworth Society

Followed by short walk  
along the river.  
Cars leave Market Square  
at 2.15 p.m.

Please note:

SUNDAY APRIL 14th

PETWORTH SOCIETY CLEAN-UP OF ROADS AND VERGES

In association with Petworth Parish Council.  
Meet Car Park at 9.30 a.m.

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Also

SUNDAY APRIL 28th

"THE STREETS OF PETWORTH"

A guided walk around Petworth for the Wisborough Green Horticultural Society -  
but anyone else is most welcome. Meet in Car Park by the Arcade at 2.30.

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NOT TO BE MISSED!

21st, 22nd, 23rd March

PETWORTH PLAYERS PRESENT:

"THE SOUND OF MURDER"  
By William Fairchild

LECONFIELD HALL 7.30 p.m.

Tickets at Davids. £3 or £2 concessions.

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Peter.

12/2/91



THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

Annual Subscription 1991/92.

Subscriptions for 1991/92 are due on March 15th, and should be paid to the Hon. Treasurer:

Mr. P. HOUNSHAM,  
50 Sheepdown Drive,  
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or to the Membership Secretary:

Mrs. R. STAKER,  
2 Grove Lane,  
Petworth, West Sussex GU28 0BT

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E. Streeter & Daughter,  
Lombard Street.

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## A CANTEEN IN THE WOODS

It was May and we were looking for a house in the country. We had been given an address by an agent. We didn't know Bedham, had no connections with it and in fact had never even been there before. When we looked over the garden gate at the riot of wallflowers and forget-me-nots we knew instantly that this was it; we didn't even have to think. We stayed there some forty years. There was no water, no electricity and no telephone but this was part of the joy of it. It was its very remoteness that made Bedham attractive to us and to others. There had been a well at one time but this was now in serious disrepair and, on moving in, an urgent task was to have another one built. Mr. Trussler was the local expert and I remember his initial walk in the garden to divine where the water was. I saw the hazel twig twist in his hands as he located it. It was here that the well would be dug. It seemed whole months that Mr. Trussler worked, laboriously digging out the shaft by hand, letting himself gradually down on a seat with his mate drawing the excavated earth up in a bucket. The shaft would be bricked as it went down and would stop only when it reached the water.

Bedham in the late 1930's was hardly a village like other villages, more a collection of unrelated properties. Certainly a proportion of the older farm and woodland workers remained but many of us newcomers had a different outlook, having consciously chosen to live in Bedham because of its very remoteness. In the early century Bedham had played host to musicians like Elgar and literati like Ford Madox Ford, but by the late 1930's this phase had largely passed. Reid Dick the sculptor, famous for his Lady Godiva statue at Coventry, lived at Mockbeggars, but in fact didn't much like the country, preferring to live in town, while another well-known sculptor, David Gilbert, lived at Nobeys. There was little of the communal life of a village in this stragglng outpost and those who lived there probably little desired it. Bedham was not like other places.

The little church made a central place of sorts. Services were held once or twice a month on Sunday afternoons, the rector of Fittleworth officiating and one of the local ladies playing the harmonium. There was no shop but there were deliveries of milk, newspapers, bread, coal and groceries if you wanted. A car gave you an added independence and a wider choice. I rode a lot in those days and would often ride into Petworth from Bedham, through the woods into Flexham, (there were still charcoal-burners in the

woods then), across Kingspit Lane, through the Gog and up the hill into Barton's Lane. I wouldn't care to do it now with the streets of Petworth so clogged with traffic.

Bedham church wasn't used very much after the war but in the early 1940's Miss Wyatt from Harsfold, who later had a cottage near the church at Wisborough Green, conceived the idea of using the church to provide a canteen for the Canadian troops who were encamped in the surrounding woods. I particularly remember the Calgary Highlanders but there were other Canadian regiments too. Miss Wyatt was a good person to be in charge because she let you get on with the job and didn't interfere. We operated in what was effectively the church vestry with a primitive three-burner paraffin stove. There was of course no electricity. There were two of us volunteers on at a time and three or four of us on the rota, so that we were on duty very frequently. We opened six days a week (not Sundays I think) but only in the summer. It wasn't practicable to open in the winter: there was no lighting on the way to the church and I'm not sure that the troops were there anyway. They were in tents and could hardly have overwintered in them.

Our afternoons were frequently spent cutting sandwiches, to be sold in the evening for a penny each. Ours was a voluntary effort and it was certainly something of a struggle to get supplies in this time of rationing and austerity. We scrambled together what we could. The bread came from Knights of Petworth. There was of course no such thing as sliced bread then and cutting the bread for sandwiches was very laborious. The filling of the sandwiches? Well again it was a matter of what you could get hold of, you couldn't be too choosy. Things were scarce. Water was laid on at the church and there were urns and kettles which we heated up on the paraffin burners. There were no refinements such as a serving area; the men simply queued up at the vestry door and we passed the tea and sandwiches out to them. There was no organised entertainment or social side; the Canadians spent a great deal of time writing home and seemed to appreciate a haven of quiet to enable them to do this. There might be thirty or forty of them on a busy evening. They were very quiet and polite men, the Calgary Highlanders seemed basically from country and farming families: it maybe that we had those who didn't go to the pub. We opened from about six in the evening, closing between eight and nine, beginning as soon in the year as the evenings grew lighter and going on until they began to close in for the winter.



Basically the troops were being held here for posting. There wasn't much for them to do and some of them became rather rowdy. We never saw any sign of this. Our visitors never encroached on the altar area and were never less than polite. When they left for the Dieppe Raid we saw them going off in their lorries, leaving the camps virtually empty. We didn't know where they were going, and I don't expect they knew either. The night of the Dieppe Raid we had only two or three in and I don't think the canteen went on after the Canadians left. Other troops came later in the war but we didn't deal with them. I never saw any of the Canadians again, many of course were killed at Dieppe but who survived and who didn't of those we had known in the little church, I never knew. I usually go to the special Dieppe service held every year in Wisborough Green church and I always think of those polite young men writing home so many years ago.

E.

#### TWICE IS ENOUGH!

My father, Charles Saunders, started work driving a local doctor's pony and cart but before long went to serve in the Boer War. When he returned from the war he worked for Lord Leconfield as a groom. We lived at this time at Byworth where Mrs. Long's shop was later, but there wasn't a shop then and of course there isn't one now. We simply had a couple of rooms at the back. We would later move to the little cottage in the garden of what is now Windmill House in High Street. Mark Mills would later live there. As a Boer War veteran my father was on the Reserve and was, I believe, the first man from the town to be called up in 1914. A telegram arrived instructing him to enlist and he was off. He was noted for his smart turn-out, not surprising as his regiment was the 11th Hussars, the Cherrypickers as they were called. Once he left I didn't see him again until he came back on leave in 1916.

When he returned from the war he went back to his old job working in the stables with Lord Leconfield's hunters. His Lordship had some twenty hunters and each groom had charge of a couple of horses. There were a lot of men working there, Mr. Boxall, Mr. Pullen, Mr. Hill, Mr. Watson and Mr. Wakeford and that's by no means all. What did they have to do? They kept the horses exercised and cleaned them up and fed them when they came back from the meet. The harness too would need to be cleaned off with soap and water, ready to be shined up the next day. The horses could

come back late: there was no over time then and it could be 7 o'clock at night before the horses even got back to the stables.



Charles Saunders with Miss Elizabeth Wyndham, Petworth House 1920's.  
Photograph courtesy of Mr C. Saunders.

The men simply had to hang around until the hunters came back. There was no horse transport, horses came back on four hooves not on four wheels. Lord Leconfield, his huntsman and the whip had second horses specially taken out to replace their own tiring ones. No, the stable men didn't take the horses down to the meet, the huntsman, whip and under-whip would take the hunters down to the Kennels. The stable complex was a buzz of activity then: the tack room was on the left as you went in by the great gates, all the harness was in there and there would often be several men working away.



In the 1920s my father left the stables and went into the coach side at Petworth House under George Cross. When Cross went on to driving motors my father took over from him. Unfortunately he finally got into a difficult situation where Lord Leconfield forbade him to allow Lady Leconfield to drive the coach, Lady Leconfield insisted, and my father got the worst of both worlds when her Ladyship came to grief. After this my father still worked in the House but not on the coaching.

I too went on the Estate for a time - four years from when I was eighteen. I worked in the building department. There were so many different tradesmen and craftsmen on the Estate then, gatemens, plumbers, carpenters, bricklayers, painters, all kinds. In the building department we'd basically repair Estate houses but never went out of Petworth, that work was contracted out. We'd pull a hand-cart with materials out of the North Street yard. Ernest Card was foreman, going round to check that the work was up to standard.

In later years I worked for Peacocks who had taken over from Mr. Cooper, the Angel Street builder and undertaker. There was still the occasional vault burial in Bartons at that time and I had to get down into the vault to pull the coffin partially in as it was lowered. I'd stop there while the committal service was read over me. I did it twice and then said to Charlie Peacock, "Twice is enough!" It was an eerie feeling. There can't be many people who have had the burial service read over them twice and still be alive over fifty years later!

Charlie Saunders was talking to the Editor.

#### A BANK MANAGER IN THE BUSH

It is easily forgotten how important a thread emigration is in the tapestry of the town's history, not in the more obvious sense of the sponsored emigrations to Canada in the 1830s but in the more piecemeal spontaneous departures of the last century and the early part of the present. The following letter found among John Pitfield's private papers in the offices of Messrs Anderson, Longmore and Higham is of particular interest not only because of its content but also because so much is known of the Davies family's later life in Australia from Margaret Wansbrough's family history "The Davies Family" produced in 1984, a copy of which was presented to this Society by Mrs Inez Davies.

Edward Davies had been born at Christchurch in July 1848 and like his older brother Frank followed a career with the old London and County Bank. From correspondence quoted by Mrs Wansbrough it would appear that Frank was in Petworth in the 1870s and it is possible that it was this connection that prompted Edward to come to Petworth in the 1890s as manager of the Bank's branch here. He had previously been manager at Harrow in Middlesex. Edward had married Caroline Mackey in July 1884 and there were six children, Bryan, Katherine (Katie), Dorothy, Ferrand, George and Robert, all of whom would go eventually to western Australia.

In the early days the London and County Bank premises were at the old Bank House in Market Square with the manager's residence being Culvercroft in Pound Street. When the new Westminster Bank premises were built on the site of the former Half Moon Inn in Market Square the Davies family were the first to move in, living in the flat above.

In Petworth the Davies family moved in a fairly elevated social stratum, the children having a nanny and time with their parents being fairly strictly rationed (Davies Family pp33). The children were privately educated; the boys being tutored privately before being sent away to public school at Eastbourne at the age of ten. Robert, the youngest, who would eventually become a clergyman, still had a good memory of Petworth some sixty years after leaving it. George had in later years in Manjimup the "Knobkerrie" that his father had kept near his bed all night "to dong anyone robbing the bank." It was a heavy lead ball attached to a thick switchy plaited cane handle (Davies Family pp33).

Ferrand (19) and George (16) were very keen to farm in West Australia and in 1908 set off aboard the old "Orient" via Suez. It was the Orient's last voyage. They had a letter of introduction to Mr Frederick Slade Drake-Brockman of Guildford West Australia. In the same year Edward Davies retired from the Bank to live in Eastbourne. He was sixty years of age. Bryan the eldest son qualified as an electrical engineer in 1910 and went out to western Australia to join his brother, taking his sister Katie with him. Ferrand and George had already by this time worked for a year or more to gain experience before actually making an application for land of their own.

With half the family already in Australia and not looking likely to come back Edward Davies and his wife took the bold decision to go



out and join the rest of the family taking with them the two remaining children Dorothy (23) and Robert (15). As Mrs Wansbrough says, their life would be so vastly different from the sheltered orderly life of the Bank Manager and his family, with their trusted servants, their place in society, their relatives and friends (pp34).

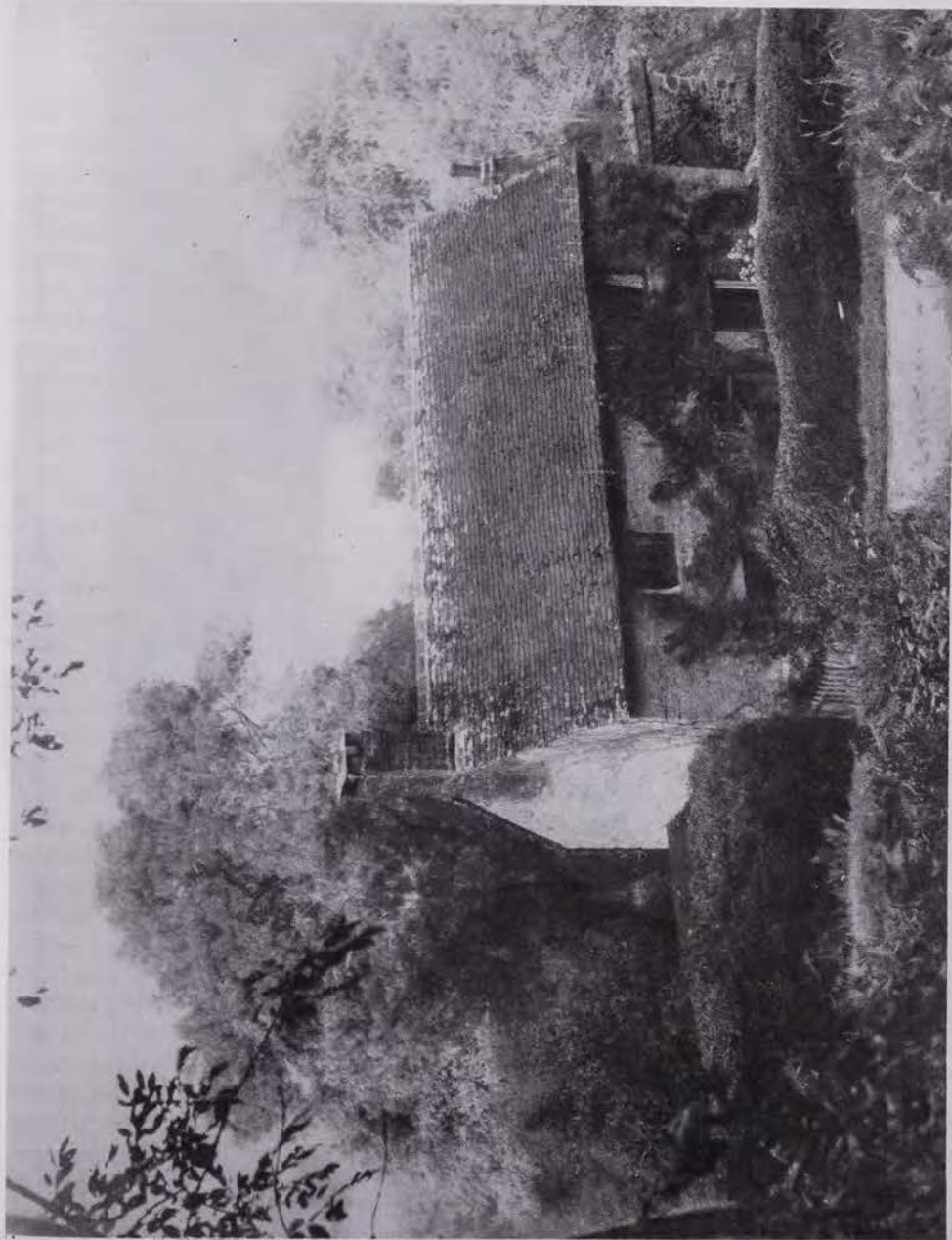
It is clear from the letter that the work was very hard, but the family persevered. "Duncton" the original settlement was sold in 1920 because it was no longer big enough to support the family. I do not think any of the original family that left in 1908-1911 ever returned to Petworth but one of the grandchildren came back in 1970 with written directions from Robert while Inez Davies came to see me in August 1982. The Davies family have always remained very aware of the Petworth connection. Edward Davies died at Duncton in 1918; his wife Caroline lived on until 1941.

Duncton  
Balburrup  
Via Bridgetown  
West Australia.

25 March 1912

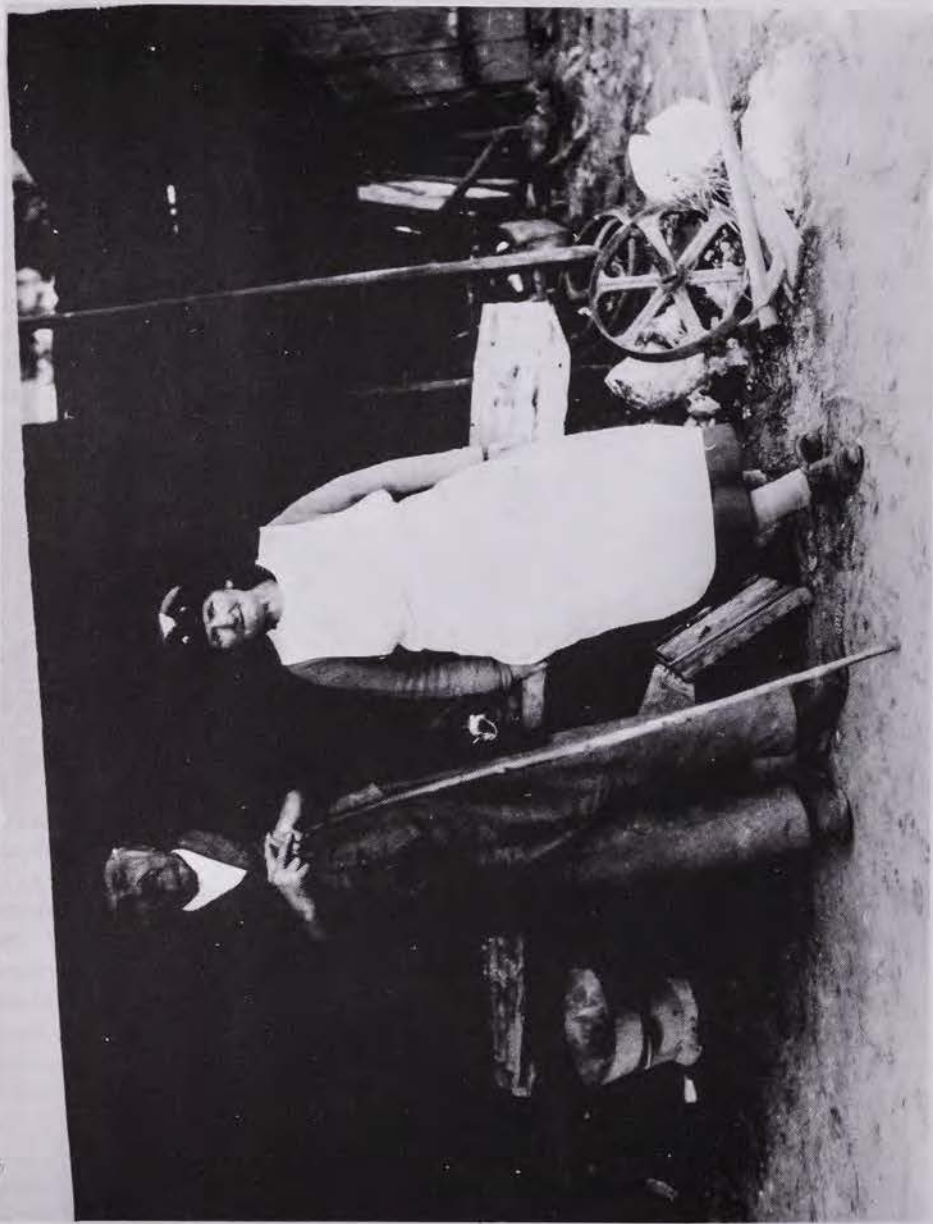
My Dear Pitfield,

I wrote you an account of our voyage out and first impressions of this Country and now we have experienced a summer in the Bush for after 3 months in the suburbs of Perth, the Boys had finished building this house and we all joined together, making a compact little household of eight. My wife, Katie and Dorothy do all the housekeeping etc, and I make myself generally useful, indoors and out to both them and the boys. I am out in the open air the greater part of the day. The climate in the summer is, I do not hesitate to say, about the best this old world can show. They say this has been an exceptionally hot summer but I have thoroughly enjoyed it. Owing to the drier atmosphere, I suppose, I have not felt the heat as much as I should have in England at 20 degrees less and then one wears any old clothes one has less such superfluties as collars etc. The sun is very powerful, but somehow, with a good helmet on head I loved to be out in it clearing, roadmaking or tramping around and needless to say feeling about 45. I fancy the winter is more or less wet, especially more, but the water fall is a very important matter. The River only runs



Bedham Cottage September, 1933.  
Photograph by George Garland.





Mr and Mrs Hunt - "Mr and Mrs Swift" in "Past and Passing". Bedham 1936.  
Photograph by George Garland.

for about 4 months and is dry for the rest of the year, excepting deep permanent pools here and there. There are two large pools in the land above ours and the owner lets us bathe in one and draw good water from the other, as much as we like.

There is great good fellowship between neighbours in these far out parts. Of course neighbours are pretty far off, our nearest 4 miles, the one I have just mentioned farms about 20 miles off. It is very funny having everything so far off. There is a small store 23 miles off but anything else, or Doctor, chemist etc is 40 - we drive once a month to a Sunday service : Wesleyan, 15 miles, but we have the C. of E. service by ourselves at home every Sunday evening. Two Sundays ago, we drove 20 miles to a C. of E. service, expecting the Communion, getting up at 5.30, starting at 7, with 3 horses and arriving in time for 10.30. The parson being a new man, didn't know about the Communion and so we were disappointed. We take our grub with us and have picnic meals.

We have put up another Water Tank, 5000 gallons, and are looking forward to seeing it fill up when the rains come. Once get this full, and our previous 1000 gallon alongside it for overflow, and we hope to keep ourselves permanently supplied. The Boys have just finished fencing a Paddock of 600 acres, 5 miles around, or the size of Petworth Pleasure Park with the Tillington paddocks. Doesn't it seem strange that they coolly turn their horses loose in such a space, thickly timbered, when they come in from a ride or drive. It is astonishing how well they catch them again, they wear bells on their necks. The last month has been an important period, the burning time, when they set alight to the Paddocks they wish to burn to clear off all the dead stuff off the ground, then when the rains come the green grass springs up. A paddock is burnt about every 4 years. The whole country is dotted with these fires, which often get well off into the Bush, making the air very hot especially at night. We have done a fair amount of burning including a firebreak round the 600 acres, we burn a line round the paddock in the outside Bush, which stops any outside fires from afterwards getting in. There is a wonderful fascination about the Bush life. Nothing but trees for hundreds of miles and yet one soon gets to love it. A pocket compass is an important part of one's equipment if one goes into the open Bush beyond the fences, as one can get "bushed" or lost in a very short space especially on a cloudy day, when one cannot take one's bearings from the sun. I have instituted myself Inspector General of Fences! and often tramp round the fences to see no trees have fallen on them and that the



kangaroos have not succeeded in smashing through them. There is a smaller species, sitting about 4 feet, called the "Brush" that is fearfully troublesome and seems to go crazy in its efforts to break through. The other day one knocked himself so silly that he came close to me and tried to get through at my feet, so I gave him a good hiding with my stick. He then had one more try at a safer distance from me and then decided to postpone further operations till he had had time to think things over a bit.

Fruit growing is developing much in this s/west part for the European markets especially London. The apples cannot be beaten anywhere but of course success will depend much on the care bestowed upon sorting and packing well. Apples, pears, peaches and nectarines etc. are the best ones. We have heaps given to us. K made 119 pounds of Peach Jam the other day from one lot. When they have satisfied domestic requirements with those too ripe for packing, they feed the pigs with them. Fancy hundreds of fine peaches given to the pigs! We have 30 or 40 acres of splendid land for orchard of which we hope to have several acres ready for planting this coming season.

The boys work hard and are as strong as navvies, you can imagine the sort of work it is to bring 1100 acres of virgin forest into cultivation. To put up the 5 miles of fencing to the 600 acres, they have first to clear the line before digging the postholes, then select and cut down the proper trees and split them up into posts and then cut a cart track all round to cart the posts to their places. This is only preliminary to putting up the wire netting fence. However they work splendidly together.

From what I see in our weekly paper, I think we are more comfortable far away out here than in the old Country. The Labour party is now bossing it out here, but they are finding out the great difference between gassing about an impossible millennium of man's manufacture, and having to really carry on government in a responsible way. The result is that they are not so bad as was feared (but I don't trust them in the long run) and that their labour supporters are always pitching into them about the ideals that they now shirk as impracticable.

I hear that there are no end of changes in Petworth. Half the people would not know me now, including all in the Bank but Stubbs. Remember me kindly to him please and other old friends.

Out here the invariable drink at meals, including dinner is Tea. How would that suit you? I draw the line at dinner and drink water.

The girls have become fine horsewomen. Katie bought her own horse before we came out, so I gave Dorothy a beauty, thoro'bred dam and Arab sire.

The Boys won't let me ride. It is too dangerous to take it up at my age with so little experience. An English horse would come to grief in no time here, either in saddle or harness.

I suppose Lord Leconfield's marriage has made a difference to Petworth. I always heard Col. Rawson very highly spoken of.

With kindest regards and remembrances from all of us.

Ever yours sincerely,

Edw. Davies.

"LOST" TALES OF OLD PETWORTH (2)

SUNLIGHT VERSUS STARLIGHT.

Oh, how I pity each ghost  
That's forced to wander through the night,  
And dares not quit its weary post  
Until the sky is streaked with light.

If after death, I'm doomed to roam,  
To expiate my sins in life,  
Oh! may I quit my silent tomb,  
When all the earth's with sunshine rife.

So much I love the sweet sunshine  
That naught can for its loss atone,  
For it my weary spirits pine.  
With it I never seem alone.

I would not with King Oberon live  
For all his power and wealth untold,  
Nor all the pleasures fairies give,  
Nor all the gems their caverns hold.

For all the pearls in Neptune's cave  
I would not leave the flowers of earth;  
I would not dwell beneath the wave  
For the sea's stores of priceless worth.



Earth's flowers to me are dearer far  
Than all the splendour of night's sky;  
Ah, sweeter than the brightest star  
That sparkles in its realm so high.

The sun, then, ever let one see:-  
In life or death I'd shun the night:  
And if a ghost I'm doomed to be  
Oh, may I wander in the light.

So says J.O.G.

I have read the following verse somewhere.  
"It is a thought whence comfort springs  
That ever o'er our head  
Are hovering on angels' wings  
The spirits of the dead."

To be continued.

#### NEW MEMBERS

Mr K.J. Archer, 16 Penarron Drive, Kerry, Newtown, Powys.  
Mrs S. Baker, The New House, Bartons Lane.  
Mr and Mrs Cox, 6 North Street.  
Mrs S. Farrar, Courtyard House, Petworth Road, Northchapel.  
Mr and Mrs P.G. Denny, 5 North Street.  
The Rev. David Grant, The Rectory, Petworth.  
Dr and Mrs Griffiths, 1 Little Common, Tillington.  
Dr S.R. Haines, 23 Friar Road, Brighton BN1 6NG.  
Mrs A.M. Hill, Upstairs, High Street.  
Mrs M. Keogh-Murphy, Biddlehook, Kirdford.  
Mrs P. Logan, Allumhurst, 27 Withy Copse West, Stoke Bishop,  
Bristol.  
Mr and Mrs R. Lucking, 17 Rothermead.  
Mr and Mrs D. Phillips, The Old Rectory, Stedham.  
Mr G.N. Philpott, P.O. Box 1585, Geraldton, W.A.6530, Australia.  
Mrs Rosewarn, 11 Churchwood, Limbourne Lane, Fittleworth.  
Mr and Mrs Sayers, Sayers Cottage, Lower Street, Pulborough.  
Mrs Thimbleby, Fernmead, 15 Marigold Close, Nettleham Fields,  
Lincoln.  
Mr R.T.R. Thompson, Downscombe, Kirdford, Billingshurst.  
Mr W.S. Ward, 25 Weaverhead Close, Thaxted, Essex.  
Mr R. Warrington, 21 Shepsted Road, Hathern, Loughborough.  
Mr and Mrs Weymouth, 45 Moorfield Road, Nailsea, Bristol, Avon.

Addresses Petworth unless stated otherwise.



