

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY *magazine*



NO. 67. MARCH 1992

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Cover illustration illustrating Gray's Elegy by Gwenda Morgan.
Cover design by Jonathan Newdick.

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Spring/Summer Programme. Please keep for reference.

TALKS for Winter/Spring season 1992. Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m.
Refreshments. Raffle.

Wednesday March 11th. Pat Hill: "Otters and other animals".
Pat's cine films of animals were very popular last year and we're pleased she can come again.

*Tuesday April 14th. Brian Blunkett: "Downland Flowers".
Brian will bring plants of the chalk raised from his own stock plants to include flowers like oxlip, cowslip, small and field scabious, dropwort, cheddar pink and fritillary. Members will be able to purchase if they wish.

*Note change of date made to accommodate Petworth Players.

Wednesday April 29th. Tony Moss: "The Silver Screens of West Sussex"
West Sussex cinemas (including Petworth) with slides.
Tony is Vice-President of the Cinema Organ Society and President of the Cinema Theatre Association.

Wednesday May 20th. Annual General Meeting. There will be no outside speaker but we will try to give an account of the Society from its inception in 1974 with slides, tapes and other materials.

*VISIT Sunday May 10th
The Petworth Society visit Costrong at Apple Blossom time
Cars leave Petworth Car Park at 2.15 p.m.

WALKS Leave Petworth Car Park at 2.15 p.m.
Dogs on leads for these walks please - or at least for part of them.

Sunday March 22nd. David and Linda walk in New England.

Sunday April 26th. David and Linda's Stag Park Walk.

Looking further ahead

Anne's Petworth Garden Walk will be on Sunday June 28th.

SUNDAY August 2nd visit to Shimmings Farm.

Toronto Scottish Regiment return in August - while we hope to have another apple event in September/October.

ANNUAL CLEAN-UP OF
ROAD AND VERGES

In association with
Petworth Parish Council

Meet Car Park
Sunday April 5th
9.15

Peter.

A SURVEY OF THE AGRICULTURAL DIALECT OF PETWORTH

The aim of this survey is to ascertain to what degree the agricultural dialect of a small Sussex town has survived through the rapid changes in society and education which have occurred since the second world war.

The following questions are so designed as to cover many of the different tasks which the general farm worker may be called upon to perform. It is unlikely that any person taking part in the survey will be able to answer every question, and indeed only those questions which the participant has a genuine knowledge of the response should be answered.

Many of the practices mentioned in the survey are of a purely historical nature and as such only the older informants will be able to make accurate responses to them.

Having completed the survey it would be appreciated if it could be returned to either of the following:-

Miles Costello	or	Peter Jerrome
38 Hampers Green		Pound Street
Petworth.		Petworth.

1. What do you call the short-handled tool with a curved blade used for hedge or brush trimming?
2. What do you call the two-handled blade used in trimming and shaping paling?
3. In stake making, what do you call the tool which might be used for opening and levering the pole so as to split it?
4. What do you call the short handled tool used in cutting underwood etc?
5. What do you call the brace-like instrument for twisting up the hay and straw bands for tying?
6. What do you call the stone for sharpening a scythe and carried in a loop on the mowers belt?
7. What do you call the tool for cutting off the beards of barley?
8. What do you call the beards of barley?
9. What is your word for putting sheaves together in the harvest field for drying?
10. What do you call the bottom-end of a sheaf?
11. What tool was used for threshing before machines came in?
12. What do you call a mixture of oats and barley sown together?
13. What do you call the grass of a meadow after haying?

14. What do you call the grass or partly dried hay, raked into rows for fully drying?
15. What do you call the straw of peas, beans, tares, etc?
16. What do you call the strips of land at the sides of a field, left until last before ploughing in?
17. What do you call the raised parts in a ploughed field?
18. What do you call the type of plough used for turf-cutting?
19. What do you call the pointed wooden tool for making holes for seed sowing?
20. What do you call the very small potatoes the size of marbles?
21. Where do you put the potatoes when you store them in the fields for winter?
22. Where do you put mangolds when you store them in the fields for winter?
23. What do you say of a lettuce that has run to seed?
24. What do you call the smallest pig of a litter?
25. What do you call an open-sided cattle shed for shelter?
26. What do you call a pet lamb, brought up by hand?
27. What do you call a large wooden hammer or mallet?
28. What do you call the spare or odd-job horse on the farm?

It is important that every participant completes the following questionnaire.

Date of birth.

Place of birth.

Have you ever lived outside of the Petworth area?

If yes to the above give locations.

Occupation/s.

Would you be willing to take part in a more extensive survey of the dialect of Petworth? If yes please give your name and address below.

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 £5.50. Single or Double one Bulletin delivered. Postal £7.00. Overseas £8.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:-

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

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

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

*Hon. Membership Sec. - Mrs. R. Staker, 71 Wyndham Road, Petworth.

Hon. Bulletin Sec. - Mrs. B. Hodson, The Cottage, Whitelocks,
Sutton.

Hon. Social Sec. - Mrs. Audrey Grimwood, 12 Grove Lane,
Petworth.

Committee - Mrs. Julia Edwards, Mr. Ian Godsmark,
Lord Egremont, Mr. John Patten,
Mrs. Anne Simmons, Mr. D.S. Sneller,
Mr. J. Taylor, Mr. E. Vincent,
Mrs Linda Wort.

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

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

* Note change of
address.

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

I am very pleased with the new cover and particularly to have another Gwenda Morgan woodcut to accompany us through the year. You will see too that we have a miniature by Gwenda on the back cover. It shows Egdean Church. I append accounts of the Society's recent activities but for reasons of space have passed over the Fair and the Christmas Evening without especial comment. No one who was present will need to be told that these were very successful events.



The Seaford College Dance Band playing in the Leconfield Hall on Petworth Fair night.
Colour photograph by Mr Robert Sadler.

Regarding the former the weather was again kind to us, while for the latter what is there to say? The mixture as before; Pearl and Ian's marvellous slides of the year's activities, then the Edwardians with a brilliant routine giving us carols as different and thought-provoking as the Town Band's following carols were familiar and reassuring. A perfect Christmas mix, the better for being so intensely local.

There is a fifty pence rise in subscriptions this year. I don't like this but it is relatively small. Without this marginal increase we should effectively be paying you to remain members. Almost all the money we take goes on this publication and other activities effectively have to fund themselves.

Many of you will be aware that this has been a sad year's beginning for me. I can only say that as a family we have been much affected by everyone's kindness. Nothing will assuage the pain of loss but the kindness of so many has helped us to bear it and will continue to do so. So very many members too will be sorry that we have lost Riley Shotter this quarter. So often we have walked with him over the years, good weather, foul weather and indifferent. So masterly was his interpretation of the woods and fields he knew so well. We shall miss him and so surely will the countryside he loved.

Lastly you will see the questionnaire on local dialect painstakingly compiled by Miles Costello. Please do what you can with it. No one, I suspect, can answer all the questions but even if you only do one or two it will help. No doubt we will collate the results in a later issue, the first step perhaps in a much larger survey.

Brian Blunkett's talk on Downland Flowers has been rescheduled for Tuesday April 14th at the request of Petworth Players. It was to have been on April 9th.

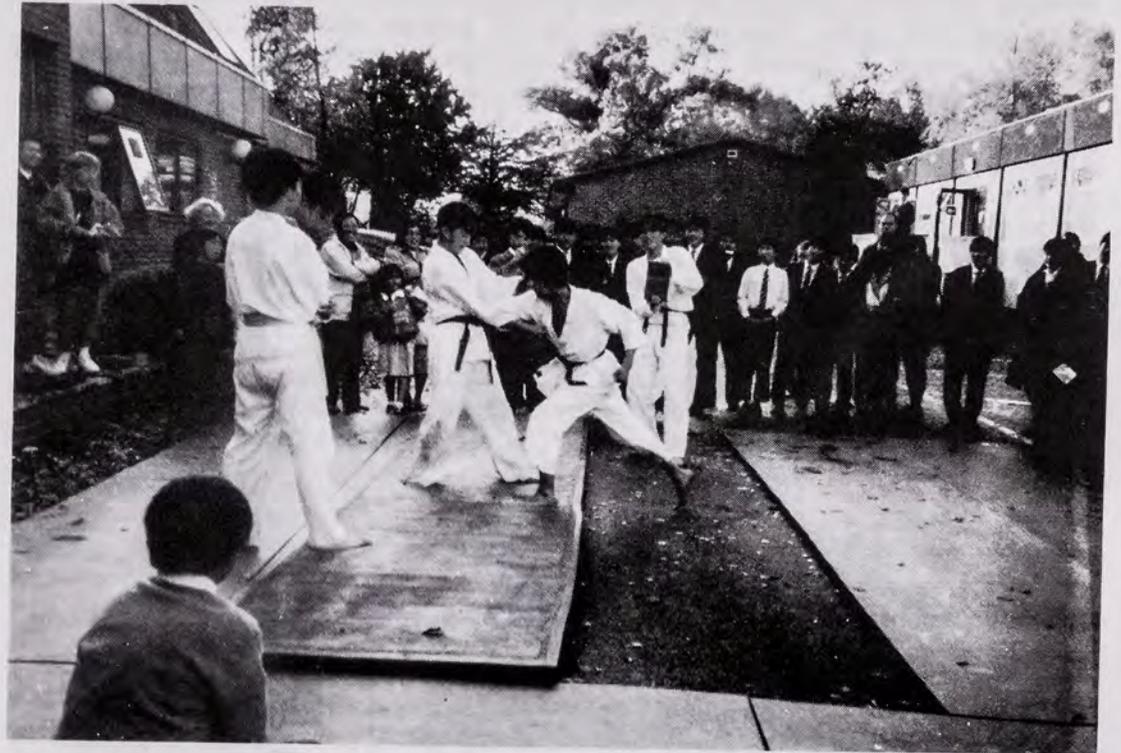
30/1/92

Peter

P.S. Chapter 4 of A Miller's Daughter will appear in the next Magazine.

19th. OPEN DAY - RIKKYO SCHOOL IN ENGLAND

Eighteen members had assembled in the Square by 1.30 and then made their way by various routes to the Rikkyo Japanese School between Bucks Green and Alfold in response to an invitation to the open day. They found themselves in an extravaganza of culture and commercialism which had been going on since 10 a.m. and so it was not surprising that Keith could only find 12 on arrival to be privileged with a conducted tour round the exhibits by Mr. Hirokazu Kaneko, physics teacher at the school for the past ten years. Others found the party en route, while some preferred to remain independent - in all, we think 21 of us were there.



At the Rikkyo School Open Day : colour photograph by Audrey Grimwood.

We were prepared for surprises and mystery and were not disappointed. We were able to learn something of the school: Rikkyo is Japanese for St. Paul and there is a daily Anglo-Catholic service for all 350 pupils, conducted by the chaplain, a retired Japanese bishop, whether they are in fact Christian, Buddhist or whatever. The daily routine is long and rigorous, from running three times round the tennis courts after reveille at 7, through lessons with minimal breaks for meals and sporting activities until after 9, to 'lights-out' for the oldest students at 1 a.m., presumably after they have completed 'prep'. All the pupils are boarders and Japanese, with parents working in England, mainland Europe or Africa.

There were exhibitions explaining Japanese history and culture - Sumo wrestling, traditional games, Buddhism, Bushi (knights) and Bushido (chivalry), Budo (the Martial Arts) and the Tea Ceremony;

others of school social studies, investigations into smoking, fashions and fads, sports, convenience stores and cooking, and pure entertainment - closed circuit television, a haunted house, UFOs and extraterrestrials (some of our number came close to suffering heart attacks when one of the 'aliens' sprang to life!), a lottery and stage productions including variety and rock concerts and versions of Uncle Tom's Cabin, A Midsummer Night's Dream and Treasure Island. We were disappointed that time did not allow us to see anything on the stage, although David and Sue reported that the lighting and costumes were most impressive; neither were we able to experience normal school routine at first hand.

Everything we saw was organised with great efficiency, from the special tracking laid down to protect the playing fields used for car parking to the courteous patience of Mr. Kaneko as he shepherded us through the crowds and dealt with our, no doubt naive, questions.

Our guide's name:

浩和 金子
HIROKAZU KANEKO

1st. name 2nd. name →

But in Japanese it is written down the page with the surname first! The text is written from right to left and from the back of the book to the front.

金子
浩和

KCT

THE GARLAND MEMORIAL LECTURE

As a good indication of the respect in which Mr. Peter Jerrome (Chairman of the Petworth Society) is held as an authority on the noted Petworth photographer, the Leconfield Hall was full for the



inaugural George Garland Memorial Lecture on an evening when gales and rain must have deterred many of the potential audience. There were two inter-weaving themes - Petworth Fair, the proper signing for which the lecture has been instituted as a fund-raising event - and the life and times of George Garland, whose work featured the Fair throughout the middle years of the century.

George Griffin Garland was born in 1900. His father, a seaman, died in Australia when George was very young and his

mother took the post of housekeeper to Henry Streeter at the Railway Inn, Petworth (now the Badger and Honeyjar) whom she later married. George attended the Misses Austens' private school in Pound Street (known as Miss Fanny's) and went on to Midhurst Grammar School. He became friendly with an Irish Franciscan monk at Burton who taught him photography. Examples of this work date from 1915. His mother, however, wanted a career in banking for him and he went to work for a short while at Fleet. He was a man of paradoxes - a dreamer, yet down to earth, careful with money to the point of meanness, disliking a strict routine, Quixotic and a chess player of County standard. Mr. Jerrome described him as "a poet in pictures; a rural paparazzo". Disliking the more lucrative portrait work, he cycled or motor-cycled the countryside, taking photographs which he thought would appeal to newspapers, of farms, floods, society people (especially hunting scenes) and bathing beauties ("the more there is bare, the better they sell"). This was a precarious occupation and with no base, it is said that he was once seen washing prints in a horse trough!

In 1927 he married Sally Knight, a supply teacher at Duncton. They made a complementary couple and she became the backbone of the business, most efficient, methodical and very popular. She kept scrapbooks from the 1920s until her death in 1965, from which her husband never really recovered. Before his marriage, he was set to emigrate to South Africa, but the uncle he was to join there died and the plan was abandoned. During the '20s, which Mr. Jerrome termed the Silver Period, his favourite, Garland's work depicted an enclosed world in which the same men, tractors, fields, etc., appeared again and again. Most people prefer the '30s, the Golden Age when he became well enough known to send pictures direct to

editors and not through agencies. Farming subjects were taken by "The Farmer & Stockbreeder". Hiking pictures were popular with the national dailies - slightly risqué, with Mrs. Garland and other young ladies in shorts. Vernon Hawkins of Fittleworth commenting on this, described him as "a free spirit". Charles White, the late Midhurst photographer, worked for him for a time without pay "for experience". There were contrived rustic photographs with the familiar props. of crook, smock, hat and gaiters, producing a world that an urbanised readership thought had disappeared. He also wrote country articles in a light style at 1d. a line under the pen-name "Nomad". One suspects that they suffered considerable editing and Mr. Jerrome regrets that the Petworth Society Magazine did not then exist to print them in their entirety. Finally, there was the wedding photography, still remembered by many in the audience.

George Garland had been too young for military service in the Great War and too old in the 2nd World War, but his friendship, through chess, with Prof. C.E.M. ("Brains Trust") Joad resulted in his being commissioned to work for the Ministry of Information, taking "intelligence" photographs. The melancholy of Petworth in the '40s affected him - he had to photograph the Boys' School after the bombing - but he also compiled quizzes for The Pioneer magazine. His preference for female assistants led to the appointment of a lady, now living in Reading. She had applied through an advertisement and Garland interviewed her in Wallace Heaton's in London, a sharp contrast to the spartan conditions she found in the Station Road studio, a wooden hut with minimal services. She has written a first-hand account of working there. By the 1960s, work for the national dailies had dried up and his photographs appeared chiefly in the local papers. Strangely, for a self-styled press photographer, he never had a telephone in his home and anyone wanting him had to ring the Jerromes, who then went to a local hostelry with the message. He entertained on radio and at local functions with a yokel act as "Bill Stubbins" and kept a file of jokes, mostly in note form and therefore incomprehensible to the uninformed reader today. He gave talks at National Farmers' Union meetings, etc. and as he grew older he became the custodian of Petworth traditions - Kevis negatives, the Tales of Old Petworth, and so on, much as the Petworth Society seeks to do today. He had never set out to produce work for posterity and if he had, it is unlikely that it would have survived in the way that it has. From 70,000 negatives, Peter Jerrome has compiled five books to date, making the work of Garland available and Garland as a man, better known than he ever was in life.

JEREMY MCNIVEN'S MEXICO



How can one give an adequate account of a three week visit to Mexico by such a knowledgeable, fluent and interesting traveller as Jeremy McNiven, illustrated by 350 slides projected in rapid succession to leave the audience fascinated, educated and not a little "jet-lagged"?

This was Jeremy's third talk to the Society and he is a well-established favourite, launching the new year's programme to a packed hall.

The trip was organised by the Association for Cultural Exchange, based in Cambridge, which provides its clients with reading lists beforehand and lectures during the tours. The first week was spent looking at Aztec culture around Mexico City, the second centred on Oaxaca, concentrating on Zapotec and Mixtec sites and the third, further south still, in the Yucatan Penninsular - Palenque, Uxmal and Chichenitza - where the Maya civilisation flourished. Here, the culture collapsed 6-700 years ago and the buildings and writings were destroyed by the Spanish in the 16th century, but the descendants live on today among the 70 million population of modern Mexico - a "Second-World" rather than a Third-World country. The ancient civilisations centred on religion dominated by the worship of the gods of rain and warfare. Human sacrifice was common and this was what appalled the Spanish. The priestly sites were supported by the surrounding populations, a precarious existence always threatened by crop failure and epidemic. It is hard to accept that such extensive and massive sites could remain buried and unknown until about 1850. Excavation has been generously funded by the United Nations and tourism is a rapidly-developing industry.

The kaleidoscope of temples, palaces, courtyards, shrines, tombs, pyramids and mysterious ball courts, together with Jeremy's confident commentary, opened the eyes of the audience to cultures and a variety of scenery ranging from desert to luxuriant tropical forest so far removed from our own. Even after such a comprehensive programme there were questions to be answered and then John Patten expressed our enjoyment and appreciation in proposing a vote of thanks.

KCT

EDITOR'S POSTBAG

Regarding Isolation in the 1920s, Magazines 65 and 66 Mr J.E.R. Rapley writes:

Dear Peter,

Re Mrs Vigar's letter on isolation: I did have occasion to discuss the matter with Frank Speed when he was Clerk to the Council. I was given to understand that the facilities provided were donated for the purpose of remedy and isolation by some benefactor on land made available by Lord Leconfield.

As during the 1920s these facilities were replaced by the first two council houses at Heath End it could be possible that some record of these transactions is available at either the Council or Estate Offices.

Regarding the Old House at Home, Magazine 66, a very large number of members contacted me to say that the pub was at Ambersham, and well-remembered by many. We have a photograph (from a different angle) in this edition.

Re Mr D.G. Martin's enquiry: William Wickenden the clock-repairer is listed in Kelly's Directories of the 1860s as being in Chichester.

Re Mrs Vigar's query concerning Southdown sheep at Stag Park: Mr Henry Whitcomb recalls that Mr Baigent at Stag Park would often show the Estate flock at County shows. He can well remember the wool being picked off the hedges. Miss Westlake in particular would bring such wool back eg from the Gog meadows and spin it into garments. The W.I. did the same.

Some queries for this Magazine:

I have a correspondent who is most anxious to trace any recollection of Mrs Rhoda May Weeks who was briefly resident at the North Street workhouse early in 1929. A girl was born to her on April 25th 1929 and registered as from Lee Cottages, Stopham. Mrs Weeks (b.1901) would later move to Ashington. Please contact Peter in the first instance.

Mrs Rapley in the diary so often mentions the curates of her time (1909-12): W.H. Mainprice and Carey Knyvett. Has anyone any recollection of them, a picture of them, or even remember them ever coming back to Petworth? Mainprice went on, I think, to Loxwood, Knyvett went to Sheffield in 1914 eventually becoming suffragan bishop of Selby. I would appreciate any help on this.

Mr H. Gesink writes from Byworth:

Dear Peter,

I wonder whether any of the readers of our Petworth Society Magazine can give me any information about Hatchetts. Apart from an estimate of the building date - around the turn of the century, according to Miss Gumbrell, and a guess that the present building was originally a block of two or three cottages, I know nothing of its origins. I am particularly interested in the origin of the name Hatchetts with 3 T's!

NOT INTO LAMPSHADES PLEASE

What to do when presented with the deeds of your house.

Peter has asked me to write a few words on the subject of old deeds and legal documents as there have been some recent developments which, if we are not careful, may lead to deeds of historic interest being lost or destroyed.

Most property owners leave it to a solicitor or a bank to look after their deeds and have no idea of what the deeds even look like. Sets of deeds can indeed vary enormously. Sometimes there will be a huge bundle of folded paper and parchment going back to the 18th century or even further. One property I know in Wisbourough Green has deeds going back to the reign of Charles I. More often a house will have been built on part of someone else's land and the original owner will have kept the deeds when it was sold off. In such cases all you will have is a photocopy of the earlier deeds, or an "abstract" or abbreviated copy copied out by

a solicitor's clerk if the original sale pre-dated the days of photocopiers. Houses formerly belonging to the Council or the Leconfield Estate are obvious examples of cases where the most you are likely to have is an abstract.

In Victorian times a decision was made to register all the land in the country. The idea got off to a slow start but is now in full swing. The idea is that the old bundles of deeds should be "traded in" for a standardised certificate issued by the Government rather like a car log book, showing the boundaries of the land and stating whether there are any rights of way etc., affecting the land. It was obviously too great an undertaking to compel everyone to register their land at once so certain areas were designated compulsory registration areas. Chichester District became a compulsory registration area on the 1st April 1986 and since that date anyone buying property in Chichester District must, at the same time, apply to register it. The solicitor usually attends to this as part of the conveyancing work.

When land is registered the Land Registry stamp the old deeds to show that this has been done and they then return them with the new certificate. Obviously the Land Certificate is vital proof of your ownership of the property. What should you then do with the old deeds? Well the first thing I have to say is do not destroy them. The system of land registration is not perfect and it may sometimes still be necessary to refer back to them because they disclose some important fact which has not found its way into the Land Certificate. If you have a mortgage then your bank or Building Society will almost certainly wish to keep the deeds as security for their loan. The trouble is that they have storage problems and would prefer to pretend that the old deeds are of no importance, as this saves them the trouble of looking after them. Their instructions to solicitors frequently state that only the Land Certificate is to be sent to them, not the old deeds. The solicitor often has limited space for the old deeds and may be glad if you take them away.

Now you may be delighted to have the old deeds; they may be written in fine copperplate script with carefully drawn and coloured plans in the margin. You may even want to frame them. The thing to remember is that all of them, whether attractive or not, may one day be important. As I have already said, there may still be cases in which they remain of legal importance. They may also be important as a source of local history, so please do not throw them



Fruit Trees at Costrong.
From a colour print by John Nash.



The Cowdray Meet at Ambersham 15th February 1949. This shows the "Old House at Home" from a different angle compared with Mr Johnson's sketch in the last Magazine.

Photograph by George Garland.

away when you get tired of finding they are taking up valuable space in the chest of drawers. Do not turn the parchment ones into lampshades and, if you move away from the area, try to make sure that they find their way back to someone in the locality on your death. Even the old ones are unlikely to be of any monetary value.

In particular each County Record Office will be happy to have old deeds or indeed Wills or other legal documents relating to its County. The address of any record office can be found in the phone book under the name of the County Council concerned.

Of course, before you send your old deeds to anyone you need to be quite sure that they have been superseded by a Land Certificate and you need to remember where to find them if for any reason you do have to refer back to them in years to come. If you think your documents may be of historical interest then Peter or I will be glad to look at them to see what they are and what they may tell us about the past. Any enquiries to me out of office hours please.

Andrew Brooke

HAY AND HARVEST. Recollections of Darcy Ayling. Part II

As well as parish and estate roads there were also the wagon roads, which most of us would think of as green lanes. One highway led from the common at Plaistow through to Steers Common in Kirdford. A metalled road went as far as the turning to Rumbolds. Further down the wagon road, was another turning. This led to Sware Farm which possibly once belonged to Shillinglee. Even in those days, no-one was living there, and it later fell to rack and ruin. But across a little paddock was one of the finest springs of water in those parts. Before the days of piped water, these springs were most important, and as Darcy says you would be surprised at the number of springs around Plaistow. There was one at Spring Hill, where all those living along the Loxwood Road got their water from. Another near Nuthurst which served those in the Rickmans Lane area. The village pond was the watering place for all the animals and that and with the wells, somehow they managed.

Further on down the Wagon road to Kirdford, was Hedgelands and then 'Edergees' (a name which so far the Record Office have not been able to confirm). At Edergees, years ago they dug a lot of the old Sussex marble. It was beautiful and it was said that when it was dug, it came out as if it had been lain.

The other principal wagon road in Plaistow, went from the Church, up to Plaistow Place and far beyond. Plaistow Place, another of the big estates, belonged to Squire Lee Steere of Ockley. It was rented out, and the people living there were members of the Society of Dependents. They were called Cokelers because when they became religious, he said, they gave up carrying beer and cider to work, and instead carried 'cokeler'. The boss was Richard Nightingale. He was a nice old man who had lost an arm and had a hook. The other two single men living there were Harry Turner, a carter and John Holden. John Holden looked after the stock, bullocks and pigs, and Mr Nightingale was in charge of the sheep. There were also three single ladies living in the house and looking after it. Also living with them was the Rev. Hildebrand, the curate of Plaistow, whose brother was vicar of Loxwood.

Of Plaistow Church, Darcy said that the entrance was at the west end. The porch entrance to the south had been bolted up so that it could be used as a vestry. When it was done, it had caused quite a stir, and some of them gave up going to church!

The fascinating facet about Darcy Ayling's tape is that in a few words like that he manages to convey the characters of the villagers. However his thumbnail sketches of some of the people living in the village speak volumes.

The Sun Inn opposite the church was the only one of the three public houses in the village to be fully licenced. It was run by Darcy Pullen who was not a bad chap, but he used to boast a lot. He was a quartermaster in the Sussex Yeomanry, and had two jolly nice horses stabled at the pub. He was noted for his homemade wine, especially parsnip, and cider. During the cidder making season two men would make 120 gallons every day for six weeks.

Near to the Church and the Sun is the village school. The children called the headmaster Boss Eyed, but his real name was T. C. Hyde. He was not a bad old stick. One day he was reading the old West Sussex Gazette with his back to the schoolroom fire, when his wife popped her head round the door to let him know that Rev Birrell the vicar of Kirdford had arrived. As the school was a Church of England School and the vicar was a Governor, Mr Hyde hastily slapped his paper down on the top of the stove. By the time the vicar arrived there was a fire outside as well as in the stove! Mr Hyde lived in the house on the common. He had a family of nine. Well boys will be boys, as Darcy said.

The village store, which still exists today was run by Walter Pennicard. Mr Pennicard was one of those people who if he could catch you out in anything, he was all right, but he did not like to be caught out himself. When Darcy's sister Annie and her friend Annie Luff went into the shop one day, he said to them "Well you two Annies, how did you sleep last night?" Promptly they both replied "With our eyes shut."

However the two squires were not quite as quick as the two Annies. During the South African war he told Mr Constable of Ifold that there was a jolly good picture of General de Wet, one of the Boer generals noted for escaping capture, in the West Sussex Gazette. "I cannot find it Pennicard", Mr Constable had replied. Old Mr Pennicard looked through the paper and said "Well I am damned if he hasn't escaped again." On another occasion, Lord Winterton from Shillinglee pulled up on his horse, and of course the old man went out to him and after chatting a while he said "Beg your pardon your Lord, your horse has not got all his shoes on his forefeet." The old gentleman looked down and looked again. "Yes he has, Pennicard. What are you on about?" "No Sir," he said, "he got two on behind."

However, Mr Pennicard did a lot a good. The family living next door would have often gone cold and hungry but for him. One of Mr Pennicard's sons, young Darcy, came to a tragic end. Young Darce had gone up to Durfold when they were threshing. They had drained the water from the steam engine on to some cables. The boys were playing around and unfortunately Darcy Pennicard jumped on to the cables and got badly scalded, and never lasted the night. Besides Darcy, Mr Pennicard had two other sons who eventually took over the business. About the time of the war, the telegraph line was put on to Plaistow. Dennis Pennicard had to learn the morse code, and they had to employ a telegraphist. The first one soon took ill, but the next one Miss Ireland stayed and saw all the Pennicards laid away, and then the business was hers.

Pennicards was not the only shop in the village. Goodeves was the other general shopkeeper. There was also a butchers shop which belonged to Thomas Elliott the farmer, but no butcher as such in the village. Pennicards and Goodeves both sold meat but the beef would come down by carrier's cart from Guildford. Pigs were home killed. The shops also used to make bread. There were two classes of roll, a lardy roll and a plum heavy. The lardy roll was bread dough with lard added, and the plum heavy had sugar and dried

currants as well. Goodeves and Pennicards sold nearly everything, including paraffin, ironmongery, clothes etc. Eli Herrington, one of the many Herringtons', had a drapers shop, and there were two shoemakers in the village as well.

In fact Plaistow had practically everything in those days. There was a blacksmith, and also a farrier who once put up a board to say he was an animal surgeon, but he had to take it down as he had no certificates. Nevertheless, he was a firstclass farrier and if anyone had anything wrong with a pig or any cattle, they always sent for Old Jim. The village midwife was excellent. Her name was Mrs Cooper, but her husband had not been related to any of the other Coopers in the village. The carrier was old Billy Foster. He went to Godalming two or three times a week. He also traded in coal. As well as the Sun Inn, there were two other beer houses, the Fox and the Bush. The Bush was kept by the Gumbrell family who also owned a stable and shed on the other side of the road which they sold to the Cokelers who built their first meeting house in Plaistow on the site.

This tape is full of little gems of information like that, as well as who were Cokeler, a fact which is added in a matter of fact way as an afterthought. Darcy also mentions houses which are no longer there, old names of houses and whether in those days what is now a single house, was one, two or even three dwellings. He also remembers what jobs the people did and where they worked if, for example, it was in the Foxbridge Brickyard or the Walking Stick Factory in Fisher Lane. A good example of how much information he gives would be Old Barkford, one of the many good properties in Plaistow. It was once three cottages known as Hells Corner. A widow woman and her two sons lived in one. Mr and Mrs Charlie Cooper had the other two. They lived in one with three of their four sons, the fourth son lived in the other cottage. The daughters were married. Of the three sons living at home, two sons were copse cutters and hoopmakers. The third son was also a copse cutter, although he preferred the rabbit snare and the catapult to doing any work!

Darcy also remembers who was related to who, which was quite a feat as they all seem to be related to each other. As he says, you would be surprised how often the names of Cooper, Herrington, Remnant, Durrent and Ayling crop up. This, of course, may be the reason of the village nicknames. Old Thomas Ayling was old Smoke-Em, and Willie Wooldridge, Smoker.

This tape is an amazing record of Plaistow at the beginning of this century. This account is only a soupcon. The typescript of the recording is 16 A4 pages. As Darcy Ayling says at the end of the tapes:

"Hoping you have enjoyed and been able to follow our walk and talk around the village of Plaistow, which is to me the finest village, in the finest county, in the finest country in the world. So I will sign off now, wishing you all the best from Ex Sergeant D R Ayling, DCM late of the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment.

Cheerio, God Bless."

I did enjoy it and hope others reading this will have enjoyed reading this serendipity.

Janet Austin

A WEALDEN FRUIT-FARM

It is said that in medieval times Kirdford was the centre of a large cider producing area. The industry seems however to have declined so that by 1845 the cider apple acreage had shrunk to some forty acres dispersed at random over many different farms. Costrong, situated midway between Kirdford and Plaistow, is mentioned in an inventory of 1798 made in face of the impending Napoleonic wars. It was tenanted by a widow Grinfield, was 77 acres in area and boasted a cow, four young cattle and colts, three pigs, four horses, a waggon and a cart. The house in fact has Elizabethan features and may have been built originally to house two separate families. Lying as it does on heavy clay, Costrong was always a marginal farm, changing hands with all the frequency of marginal farms. Except for some interchange of fields with neighbouring Foxbridge, the acreage has remained much the same over the years. With a continuing decline in cider production corn was the staple Kirdford crop through most of the nineteenth century but after about 1880 Costrong, like so many other local farms, went over to providing hay, predominantly for London stables. Presumably it would be taken to London by the Kirdford carrier.

A great change came with the farm's purchase by Bill Fowle in 1925. It was a time when there was much talk of growing apples on the Kirdford farms. A Wisborough Green farmer, A.J. Carter, had sent some apples up to Covent Garden where they were seen by Dr. Hatton, at that time director at East Malling Research Station. He was

very impressed with the quality of the apples and suggested that the Kirdford area be developed for fruit-growing. Farms were selling cheaply enough at that time; £20 an acre, less sometimes, and a number of other potential fruit-growers came in to join Bill Fowle. Messrs. Baker, Napier, Spence and Holdsworth all bought local farms and set about turning them into orchards. Hugh Kenyon came in 1928 and the Kirdford Growers were formed, initially as a Friendly Society but soon as a fully-fledged Co-operative. In its heyday the Co-operative numbered some twenty local members with one or two independents as associate members. A full member is expected to buy shares in the Co-operative and agree to abide by a written constitution. Costrong's code letter was "A", a letter it retains to this day.

Bill Fowle planted Costrong predominantly with Cox and Bramley and continued there until he emigrated to New Zealand in the late 1950s. The farm was bought by Colonel A. H. Cave, M.B.E. who undertook an extensive replant. He had been in the Army Catering Corps and afterwards worked extensively in commerce, being the first to trade with mainland China at the very height of the Cold War. New as he was to fruit growing he threw himself into it, becoming in the course of time Chairman of Kirdford Growers and eventually of the larger Home Grown Fruits at Canterbury. He tile-drained the entire farm and had two huge reservoirs built. He was initially looked upon as an eccentric, and Costrong as a farm was widely seen as severely over-capitalised. It was a time when there was still a tied market to Christmas and every apple you produced you could sell. Investment of this magnitude was considered unnecessary. He put in sixty acres of overhead frost protection, the largest such area in England at that time, and grew predominantly Cox on the then ultra-modern hedgerow planting system, the trees being grown on a dwarfing rootstock and the crop per acre being much increased. Colonel Cave made astute use of available grants for summer irrigation and his far-sightedness, considered rather overdone at the time, was put to the proof during the wicked frosts of 1990, equipment designed for two or three degrees of frost withstanding seven or more. It's from the green cluster stage in mid-April that the crop is at its most vulnerable: frost doesn't necessarily kill the apple but can be the cause of extensive russetting and splitting later.

In fact Colonel Cave put Costrong in a strong enough position to survive the difficult years which were to come. One by one the old fruit farms succumbed to the difficulty of growing a uniform Cox on

heavy clay. Difficulty? Had not Dr. Hatton so long ago recommended the area for apple-growing? He had - at a period when taste was all-important and colour too. Times were changing however and uniformity was becoming important. On heavy clay the Cox produces an apple of superlative flavour and colour, but no great size. The Cox does not have an extensive root system and, once dry conditions occur on clay, the tree comes under drought stress very quickly. The advent of the Common Market had its effect too: it meant that there was no longer a safe pre-Christmas market, even that was subject to standardised overseas competition. Modern commercial needs too left the farms on the rich soil of the Kent Weald at a definite advantage, trees which take five years to fruit in the Kent Weald take a good two years longer on the clay of the Sussex Weald. If you consider that a modern fruit orchard lasts fifteen to twenty years, in Holland less than ten, this two years becomes important commercially. Young trees provide the large fruits that the supermarkets want and large apples attract a premium price. Small apples fetch a much reduced price and with packing, storing and marketing costs constant, small apples are often not worth putting on to the market. Many of the old Kirdford apple farms have reverted to general farming.

Sadly in December 1983 Colonel Cave died and left his widow, Sally, with the terrible dilemma of either selling or continuing the work that Harry Cave had started. She decided that it would be criminal if the dedication and foundation work that he had laid down were to be lost. Little knowing the daunting task ahead, she decided to continue with the guidance, help and support of her Farm Manager, John Nash, and all her staff.

Eight years on and with many grey hairs she has succeeded in maintaining the standards that Harry Cave first introduced into his Fruit Farm - and still has all the same staff.

Costrong had been planted up predominantly with the old type Cox to which were added Egremont Russett, Crispin (a Japanese variety also known as Mutsu), Ingrid Marie (a Scandinavian apple), Discovery, Worcester and a few Blenheim, with Grenadier and Bramley as cookers. Michaelmas Red was tried and discontinued as a dessert apple because the fruits were so small. We also had the usual pear varieties: Conference, Comice and Buerre Hardy. We used the glasshouses for winter and summer lettuce, tomatoes and cucumber and about 1970 began a small help yourself trade selling tomatoes with an honesty box for the money. From such small

beginnings it was a logical step to sell a few apples in autumn, the vast majority as still happens going off to the packhouse. The next step was to expand the shop and make it all the year round with someone to man it and to put in greengrocery purposely bought in for resale. At the same time we altered the cropping plan of the greenhouses to give less quantity and more variety: peppers, aubergines, grapes, French beans, early runners, early strawberry and bedding and pot plants. We also extended the range of apples to include Miller's Seedling, King of the Pippins, Idared and Granny Smith, all these purely for the farm shop. More recently we've added newer varieties like Fiesta, Jonagold, Jupiter and Katy as well as the older Lord Lambourne.

It was about this time that we began to realize that there was a growing interest in older varieties, noticing how often people exclaimed with delight when they saw a Russett or a Blenheim. Some years ago there was a postal strike and, for some reason, one of the national papers, apparently taking our name at random out of the Farm Shop Directory, asked us how the postal strike was affecting us. It seemed a funny sort of question and we could only say it hadn't really affected us at all. Another different reporter phoned to ask us the same question and we began to think. Despite our disclaimers, people still seemed to think we sent apples by post, so we decided to try a little advertising. We had orders from all over the British Isles, many from Scotland where apples aren't grown a great deal and English commercial varieties tend to be Cox and Bramley only. For a few years we did a fair trade in postal supply, but it was expensive. The boxes needed extensive packing to keep the fruit from damage and that put up the cost of postage to such an extent that it tended to equate with the cost of the apples themselves.

What this venture did show was there there was a definite interest in older varieties and that it might make sense to grow a selection commercially using a modern rootstock. I went to Harry Baker at Wisley and gave him a short list of promising varieties and he in turn provided me with scions. We then grafted a dozen or more of each on to 106 rootstock, ready for planting in the Spring. Old varieties they may be, but they will be grown in the modern way on spindle centre leader trees, giving nothing more than three years old above the centre platform. We have a base platform of some four or five permanent branches while the centre of the tree is kept clear and allowed just three or four cropping laterals. As you can imagine pruning is central to the whole operation, summer

and winter, and we have three craftsmen pruners on permanent staff. It's a labour intensive operation. Our chosen varieties, with their approximate date of raising in brackets, are:

Bess Pool (1824)	Lady Sudeley (1849)	D'Arcy Spice (1785)
Cox's Pomona (1825)	Barnach Beauty (1840)	Nonpareil (1550)
Duchess's Favourite (1700)	Devonshire Quarrenden (1678)	Autumn Pearmain (1500)
Court Pendu Plat (1613)	Gravenstein (1669)	Adams Pearmain (1826)
Cornish Gilliflower (1800)	Gladstone (1868)	Orleans Reinette (1776)

These varieties will be grown to sell in the farm shop and their progress will be monitored. The range may be extended and unsuitable or unpopular varieties dropped. Certainly they will be of no use to supermarkets: they take apples by the ton at their centralised warehouses and it would be very risky to grow one of these varieties in that kind of bulk in case it failed to take off. Supermarkets need a container load, two or three tons. As I say if one or more of the unusual varieties fails with the general public it will have to be replaced. Economics must have their say, it's not a museum and the trees have to crop and at least break even.

The English apple crop has been traditionally Cox-based. The Cox is an apple of temperate climates and the further south you go the more difficult it is to grow. The search for an alternative to Cox is an old one. For a time Spartan was considered as much but it is a variety that is terribly prone to canker and three-quarters of the Spartan originally planted have now been grubbed up. Crispin is another apple sometimes touted as a Cox substitute. It can easily outcrop the diffident Cox, even produce 1500 bushels to the acre, but tends to be too large for commercial acceptance. Idared is another candidate, a magnificent keeper with a tough red skin but rather short on flavour. It's a very heavy cropper, sometimes grown for "Intervention" purposes, i.e. where farms are paid a subsidy for the apples they dump. If you're growing for that you may as well have a heavy cropper. Fiesta is a Cox/Idared cross with similar looks and taste to a Cox and similar keeping properties to Idared. A serious commercial drawback is that it looks like an over ripe Cox, Cox colour on a yellow background. Jonagold is one of the better flavoured newer varieties, growing very big apples in the first two to six years of cropping. It's a very late cropper too, well after Cox. It's an uneven ripener like Worcester, a variety you "pick over", leaving others to ripen on the tree.

A word about our use of sprays: over the last ten years we have operated a system of "supervised" or "integrated" control. Instead of spraying at random we look first for the pest or disease. We know what to look for and the time. Red spider time for instance is warm mid-June. We go into the orchards and on fifty random trees we count the number of red spiders on selected leaves. Only if we count up to a threshold number do we spray. Spiders damage leaves and can cause them to drop so that in a very bad infestation trees can lose all their leaf. The codling and tortrix moths are those that give maggots in apples; while the tortrix maggot chews away at the surface of the fruit, the codling goes to the heart. You will know the old saying, "There's only one thing worse than finding a maggot in an apple finding half a one".

For control we use a pheromone, the scent produced by the female moth when she comes into breeding and which can be picked up by a male moth up to a mile away. We have in the orchards a number of what look at first sight like small bird tables, each with a little waterproof lid and a sticky platform at the bottom. At the centre of the platform is a little rubber plug impregnated with a specified amount of synthetically produced pheromone or scent. The males home in on the pheromone and finish stuck on the platform. We then count how many moths we've caught and are able to calculate to a nicety the likely moth population, codling or tortrix: fortunately each species has its own distinctive pheromone. If the infestation isn't sufficient to be damaging commercially we don't spray. There is a table of acceptable levels for different pests; for instance, an average of five red spiders per leaf is acceptable over a run of fifty leaves. On such an incidence there is no need to spray. However if there are, say, thirty spiders to a leaf then you must spray. Certain pests have a penchant for certain varieties. For red spider it pays to look at the Worcesters - if you haven't got red spider on the Worcester crop then you won't have red spider at all. The longer you spend looking for a particular pest the less likely it is that you will have to spray. Spraying is much lighter now than it was a generation ago and we try to use specific rather than general sprays i.e. Pyrethrum is an organic chemical but it kills everything, including our friends the predators, so we avoid it. All sprayer operators now have to have certificates and know about the chemicals they are using, while very detailed records have to be kept and held available for government inspectors to see.

Lastly picking. Apples of course are now grown on lines of dwarf



Duncton Village Hall have a mounted print of this group "Cricketers in Burton Park".

The mount is embossed "G.G. Garland" and has Garland's copyright stamp on the back.

In fact the print is by Walter Kevis and appears to come from 1883.

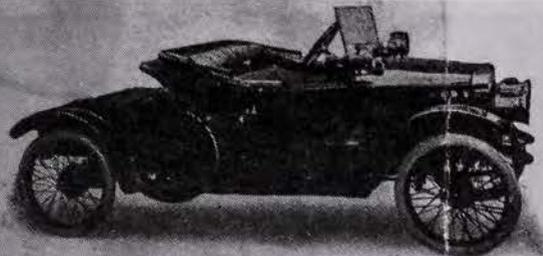
Can anyone throw any light on the teams or the individual players?



Walter Nash of Loxwood.



An archetypal Garland character. Master Tanner of Upperton in the mid-1930s.
Photograph by G. G. Garland.



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Mr Pitfield's G.W.K. car. A page from the 1915 G.W.K. catalogue. Reproduction may be poor because the original is on tinted paper.

trees which look more like hedgerows than the orchard trees we remember from childhood. The fruit is picked into large bins, taken straight to the packing house and is in the cold store within an hour or two of picking. We have forty to fifty pickers, all casual, some of whom have been with us for 25 years. We now have the grandchildren of some of our original pickers. It can be a muddy old job on the Sussex Weald, it's not always golden autumn sunshine. It's a strange feeling when the orchards are empty of fruit and pickers and it's time to take a brief rest before the year's cycle begins again.

John Nash was talking to the Editor.

THE SOCIETY VISIT COSTRONG AT APPLE-BLOSSOM TIME - SUNDAY MAY 10th

"NO, I'VE SHOWN YOU ONCE"

I was thirteen when my father was posted to Petworth Police Station in June 1924. He would retire six years later, having served previously at Chichester, Steyning and Sutton. When promoted to sergeant he had moved initially to Horsham. As an ex-Grenadier Guardsman he had been seconded to Guildford Barracks as a drill-sergeant for a time during the 1914-18 war. Being thirteen I had just one year at the North Street Boys School before I left to go to work. By chance this was Mr. Wootton's last year at the school and I remember him coming down later that year to the garage where I was working, recognising me and introducing me to his friend. "Yes, we both retired together didn't we?" I said without really thinking what I was saying. Mr. Wootton and his friend were both highly amused by this.

The garage job? This was at the Pound and something my father had fixed up for me, just asking me briefly if I wanted to work there. I think I went there immediately the school term finished but I can't be sure now. The wages were two shillings a week. George Knight was the proprietor, employing a mechanic Stan Goodsell and myself. Both men came over from Pulborough on their motor-bikes; Stan had a Zenith Gradual Gear while George Knight had an old belt-drive Raleigh. Hours were eight o'clock until five unless there was an urgent job to finish. Mr. Knight I addressed as "Mr. Knight" or "Sir" but I have always tended to think of him as "Nunc". He was uncle to George Jennings who worked at the Westminster Bank and George always called him "Nunc". George Knight wasn't my uncle of course and, in any case, if I had been so

familiar he would have boxed my ears, something he did do on occasion.

I liked him. He was a quiet, almost contemplative, man who spoke little. He was often in late as he seemed to do something at Killicks the Pulborough bakers before he came in but I never really understood about this. He was a patient man who would always show me very carefully before he expected me to do something for the first time, for instance working the lathe or taking a tyre apart. However once he thought I'd grasped something, nothing would ever induce him to show me again. I shall always remember my first tyre. It took me all day to do it and despite all my appeals for help George remained adamant. He had shown me and that was that. The tyre was of the old, rimmed type that bolted on to the wheel and had to be pulled apart. A ring lifted over a little protrusion with a nut holding it all together. I just couldn't get it right and "Nunc" wouldn't help me. "No, I've shown you once," he said firmly. "Think boy, think," he'd repeat. Eventually I did put the tyre together unaided but I always remember that first effort.

The workshop premises were a large barn (now demolished) on the south perimeter of the Pound Garage site. The barn had large double doors facing north while on the west side, running parallel with Station Road, was a smaller door. Cars went in through the double doors. Inside there was a bench on the right and a working lathe, while the natural incline of the ground and some judiciously placed steps gave us what amounted to a pit. Alternatively of course you would simply jack a car up to work under it. The Pound Garage site was a busy one at this time; from here Vic Roberts carried on his carrier's business while Stan Collins had his cinema in the north-east corner. Across the middle of the site were a line of sheds or garages. Some old cars were stored in there, "vintage" they would now be called. I didn't have the impression that they were used - just stored. There was a Britton van - all brass and aluminium at the front - and an old Standard with an outside gear-change.

Mr. Knight's workshop was no place for the finicky. I remember going down there on my first day with bib and brace overalls looking like a new pin and going home in the evening black as your hat. There were no washing facilities at all, you simply cleaned your hands with paraffin. It was only in later years that a toilet was put in. My initiation into workshop life was a gradual one:

servicing petrol being the first, and in some ways easiest, job. Petrol was kept in two gallon cans in the garden at the back, the present house premises not yet having been built. I had to stand on a beer crate to pour it into the car. There was a funnel of course. If the customer wanted less than the full two gallons I had to measure it out first. Mr. Knight had a petrol pump put in after I'd been there a year or two: it stood right on the north-west corner of the site adjoining the lane. As apprentice I was soon given engine parts to clean in a paraffin bath. I'd make the tea or of course sweep up. It wasn't long before I was dealing with tyres although, as I have said, the first one I did on my own caused me the most terrible trouble. Mr. Knight was patient: but firm. He showed me how to work the lathe to make bushes and pins, or how to skim off pistons when they were being rebored. We had to make a fair bit of our stuff, spare parts not being the business it is now. I would remetal bearings too, scraping them to fit round the crankshaft.

Then there were the odd jobs, like going up to the garages by the Roman Catholic Church to start up Mr. Pitfield, the solicitor's, G.W.K. car for him. Or taking something up to Mr. Thayre in Bartons Lane; he had the first welding plant in Petworth. Springs might need to go up to Harry Geest the blacksmith to be set up. Mrs. Henly at the Queen's Head in High Street kept pigs at the back and bought our old tyres at threepence each to cut up as fuel for heating the pig swill. I'd take the tyres up to her. Thinking about it now there must have been a fair old smoke while the swill was cooking! Sometimes I'd go out on a breakdown although I wasn't seventeen and able to apply for a licence. I remember once getting a lecture from the police for driving while under age. The day I was seventeen I borrowed a motor-cycle to go to Chichester to pick up my licence.

Some cars I particularly remember: Mr. Stevens' the butcher's van, Mr. Meachen the greengrocer had a model-T Ford which he eventually sold to a Canadian who had a disconcerting tendency to drive on the other side of the road. Out of hours I had helped Mr. Meachen put in a replacement engine. P.C. Trott had a Bean car while someone from Arundel had a Gwyne Sports. Mr. Cross at Soanes had an old Sunbeam for working on the farm, a kind of rough and ready tractor, and Mr. Wardrop at Osiers another old car which had a ratchet on the foot brake. Again it was used on the farm. Mr. Spurgeon the vet had an old Belsize as had Mr. Thorpe at the Swan, Fittleworth.

Air-pressures had to be maintained with a foot-pump and by today's standards were high. Fifty wasn't unusual and it could be more. A security bolt kept the bearing tight into the rim. The old Foden steam lorries were still about but we dealt in cars, vans and motor-cycles rather than lorries. If a solid tyre like that on a Foden needed attention it had to be sent to Brighton. Ordinary tyres were patched by "cold vulcanising" using a spirit lamp and roughing the spot up with a metal comb to make sure it stuck. And it did: they were real rubber tubes then. Unofficially too I would start the engine up at Stan Collins' cinema for the silent films - he'd give me free tickets for the show. Just to make sure I would stick a slip of paper between the mag points. He couldn't start the engine but I could! When the talkies came in you couldn't hear the sound if it rained because of the pattering on the corrugated roof.

When my father retired from the police to become manager at Godwins the wine merchants I went to work there as a driver. It was very much better paid but after a few years I thought I'd like to go back to being a mechanic. Stan Goodsell was still there but Wally Harwood had bought the barn, the cinema had moved to Tillington Road and was now a garage too. I worked there for a time before moving to Harwoods' Market Square premises.

Bill Wareham was talking to the Editor.

ELI AND THE TANSTICKER MATCHES

Among George Garland's papers was a very nondescript file of scraps of odd paper and jottings kept by him as reference for his well-remembered "yokel" act. These feature rough plans for the act and sometimes sketch rather more fully the introductory patter. There often follows a list of jokes. These latter are occasionally written out but are more usually mere ciphers, simply referred to by a specific name like "The Brimstone matches", "Fish-face" or "The Mare's egg", the joke itself remaining unexplained. Sometimes Garland seems to have given an entertainment on his own, but often as a turn on a bill of several ten minute or quarter of an hour acts. Variety performances of this kind were more frequent forty years ago than they are now. It does not seem however that even as a solo performance the act would have been a long one: many of the jokes are little more than one liners so that a good deal of material would need to be used to cover a comparatively short time, while the underlying basic yokel theme could pall if carried on over a long period. The act would seem more suitable as a short burst, a cabaret turn perhaps rather than something that would take up a whole evening.



This photograph of George Garland has a note on the back:

"We all wish our old pal, Eli Enticknap, a very happy and prosperous New Year. 1950."

A number of programmes featuring Garland's act survive in the file and it is reasonable to suppose that there were many occasions which either did not merit a formal programme or where the programme has not come down to us. The act would yield a small income which would be very acceptable but George Garland was in some ways a convivial man and would have enjoyed appearing. He would perhaps wear the props, smock, gaiters and billycock hat that he had used for his character studies some twenty years earlier. It is clear even from what survives that Garland was kept reasonably active: his milieu would be Harvest Homes, V.P.A., Football, Agricultural, Bowls and Police suppers, Old Folks Parties and entertainments for the blind. These and suchlike diversions were probably better supported and more numerous than now. Eashing, Hindhead, Horsham, Brighton, Storrington, Hassocks, Thakeham and Eartham are just a few venues. The period seems roughly bounded by a Petworth Football Club Dinner at the Swan Hotel in May 1948 and a Christmas entertainment at Climping in December 1959. It would be reasonable to think of an indeterminate additional period on either side of these dates. I never saw

Garland perform the yokel act although I have often in later years heard him lapse consciously into the "dialect" he had evolved and briefly take on the persona of one of his "characters".

Some idea of the dialect can be gauged from the following extract, unusually written out in advance of some booking and framing a joke in the introductory patter. It tells the famous story of the ducks outside the Red Lion. As with so many of these tales the characters themselves are interchangeable, there being no distinctive characteristic that marks off Eli Enticknap from Mark Cooper, although when George Garland himself appears as a character it is usually 'Mars' Will Stubbins. Sammy Small is always referred to in the third person. Rather than represent the character himself, Garland would usually present himself as a friend who has come in his place, Stubbins, Eli or Mark being suddenly prevented from coming. The name of the farmer can be similarly variable, 'Arry Wackford, Joe Muggeridge or even Farmer Hayseed. The essential unit, the joke, remains the same even if the characters vary. The script reads: 'Have you heard about my old meate Mark Cooper, 'ave ee? You would have done if you'd been along o' me last Wednesday. Me and old Eli Enticknap stood outside the Red Lion and the water was all over the road just there, when some chap come along in one of these 'ere motey cars. "Can I get through the flood?" 'e says to old Mark. "Oh," old Mark says, "You'll get through there, surely. It be only half way up old 'Arry Wackford's ducks look-e". They was swimming about there see. Well this 'ere fellow went on y'know and just as 'e got in the middle his 'chine stooped. You should have 'eered what 'e shouted out to old Mark. Specially when old Mark says to 'un: "What, don't 'e goo meate? 'E went alright just now!"'

It will be obvious that the "dialect" is at best loosely based on existing ones and in no way a scientific reconstruction, it is a creation of Garland's and peculiar to him. While it certainly contains odd words like "middlen" which may be found in glossaries of Sussex dialect and is no doubt based on recollection of the Sussex characters Garland had portrayed with his lens in the 1930s, it has been cobbled together by Garland himself to create a lost but imaginary world. It is almost as if with his "characters" gone, Garland had sought to create them again. After all, had not Messrs. Hooker, Tanner and the rest been survivors from a lost pre-1914 world that Garland portrayed to newspaper readers in the 1930s as still somewhere existing? His characters lack the vignity only years of unremitting toil could give and the implied critique

of a world that had rushed past them. Garland's yokels come nearest to this when, as with the ducks outside the Red Lion, they bounce their own crazy logic off cartoon figures like the motorist who stumble from the modern world into their own very different world. When Mars Stubbins broadcasts to the nation from Windfallwood Radio Station he gives a fair idea of the location of this lost world, somewhere in the wilds of Lurgashall, Northchapel and Ebernoe. Mars Stubbins himself is usually introduced as from Northchapel.

Perhaps the earliest example of the dialect act is to be found in the BBC Parish Magazine programme broadcast from the British Legion hut on August 1st 1940. George Garland appears as one of a number of short features telling "a Sussex Dialect Tall Story". We seem here to be at the very beginnings of the yokel act. In fact from Garland's own typed notes his contribution appears to have been a couple of Home Guard stories with a very short introduction. The speaker is Mars Stubbins:

"'nother night old Eli was on guard when a motor car comes along towards 'un... 'E points 'e's gun towards 'un and calls out 'alt. The old motor car did pull up with a jerk too, y'know. Still pointing 'e's gun at 'un old Eli calls out 'alt again.

Jest then who should pook 'e's 'ed out o' of the winder but t'old squire: "But damn it, Enticknap, I be 'alted," he says, "What do I do now?"

"Well, Zur," old Eli says to 'un. "I don't know what you does, but I got to say this 'ere 'alt again, and then I got to let drive with this 'ere gun o' mine."

The earlier story is much shorter and a variant on the well-worn joke. "No call for me to have an identity card, I know who I be". A number of the yokel stories have as a background the early years of the War and feature an uneasy juxta-position of two utterly different and mutually discordant worlds.

The humour of the yokel stories turns on various simple devices. At its very simplest level a countryman's simple misunderstanding or a malapropism. So, "How do you get your swop hook so sharp?" "I give 'un a rub-up on the conundrum". Eli has the elastic light put on in his cottage or encounters a "teetotalisator" at the Red Lion. The Chiropodist becomes the Cheeryopodist, something Garland

would always say in later years, much as Harry Knight would always say of going to Garland's Studio, "I'm off up the geographer's". An advance on this is semantic confusion: so Eli advises the dustman "to back 'ees old nose in 'ere", whether the dustman has a horse or a van, the point remains the same. Sammy Small working in his garden can "go steady fast enough". The weather gets worse "as it improves" or "It don't half rain, don't it?", "Yes, and there's a tidy lot of water coming down 'long with it too". Or "the first time old Mark went up a ladder was when 'e went down his well". A classic is: "The old rooks be pairing off, there goes three of them".

Perhaps the basic element in the stories is a twisted logic that defies the everyday world of common-sense and, at its extreme, mocks it. So Mark loses a shilling in the road but will only look for it under the lamp post because that's where the light is. Or Sammy Small goes for his West Sussex Gazette: "Better take two," he says to the newsagent, "I shall be away next week". "Are you married?", the farmer asks Sammy's son who is seeking employment. "No, but my father is", the lad replies helpfully. Sometimes the logic takes a bit of working out as, when Mark Cooper is courting, he says to his girl, "If you get there first you put a stone on that there post, and if I gets there first, I'll take 'un off" or "You weren't where you said you'd meet me last night. I'll meet 'e there tomorrow, whether you be there or not". The perverse logic of the countryman informs so many of the jokes: "Old Eli's sold 'is wireless. It were wore out. Give 'un the wrong weather three days running". Or at the Post Office: "Your parcel is not addressed Sir," "It's alright, he knows it's coming". Mark treats his poor old backside to a first class seat on the train, or Eli comes scrambling ashen-faced down the stairs of the double-decker bus as it leaves Pulborough "because there's no driver up there". An old man has had his coffin made for him many years ago but in the end chops it up for morning wood because "he didn't think at his age he would want 'un". In a combination of confusion Eli says, "I'm economicalising, I took a return ticket, but I be going to walk home". "What are you doing with that red lamp Eli?" asks a friend. "Some fool left 'un side a darned great hole down the road," says Eli. The characters swim along on the defiant tide of a logic that is peculiar to them with a triumphant disregard for the rules of ordinary mortals.

This essential conflict in logic can travel two ways: teeter uneasily into farce or move toward a critique of a real world where

logic operates under the handicap of common-sense. On the lower scale we have Mark putting on his gas mask instead of his truss and various more or less edifying adventures which revolve around the lavatory at the end of the garden. Once more the world of the early war years makes a disconcerting appearance when a stray hand grenade disturbs the primeval solitude of this rustic haven. A drunken Mark walking across a narrow plank bridge over a stream and thinking he is miles above the moon is basically a story from another genre altogether but, despite the change of context, Mark's reaction to seeing Lady Godiva on a visit to Coventry is pure Garland. "I a'nt seen a white horse for ever so long!"

Heavy drinking is an integral part of the rustic world of the characters. So, after the Slate Club supper, the following exchange is heard. "Drunk is 'e?" "No, I seen 'un move". Drink marks a transition to jokes where predictable stock figures like the vicar, the doctor and the squire act as foils for the yokels' sometimes double-edged humour. "Drunk again Mark?" asks the vicar. Mark innocently turns the question into a statement and replies, "Be you Zur? So be I." Being drunk after evening service can be excused as "thursting after righteousness". Mark and Eli coming home from the pub fall into a discussion of the ownership of the pillar-box. Does it belong to the squire or to the parson? "It's not the parson's," says Eli eventually, pointing in triumph to the box. "It says 'No Collection Sundays'." Mark's reply to the doctor who sees him painting a garden fence he has just made is less easy to evaluate. "A little paint covers up a good many of your mistakes," says the doctor laying himself open to the devastating reply, "I 'spect a pick and shovel have covered up a good many of yor'n too". Whether we are to think of this as a faux-pas by Mark or as a barbed comment is difficult to say: more likely perhaps the former.

This is not to say that the jokes lack a certain sharpness. At their best they have a bite that turns the joke away from the eccentric behaviour of the characters to laugh at the outside world. Trippers take the place of the vicar, the doctor and the motorist as representatives of the common-sense ridden real world. Neutral are Eli's directions to a visitor seeking a village landmark: "If I was going there I wouldn't start from 'ere at all," or Mark to a gum-chewing American during the war, "I be so deaf I an't heard what you've been talking". Sharper-edged are the charabanc passenger asking Mark if he has lived in the village all his life and his replying, "No, not yet I an't," or the following

exchange: Visitor to Mark: "Don't you ever go anywhere like London to see the sights?" Mark: "No, I bides about here and the sights do come to see me". Equally sharp is Sammy's reply to the young Salvation Army girl asking for sixpence for the Lord. He declines on the ground that "I shall see him before you".

In the late 1940s and early 1950s Garland seems to have worked a little with Mr. Middleton of the BBC and snatches of radio scripts survive among the papers. The persona seems usually to have been William Stubbins. The scripts give now a rather laboured impression and tend to dissipate the sharpness of the better jokes. As the act developed Garland would usually come on with a clock as prop and some variation on the following:

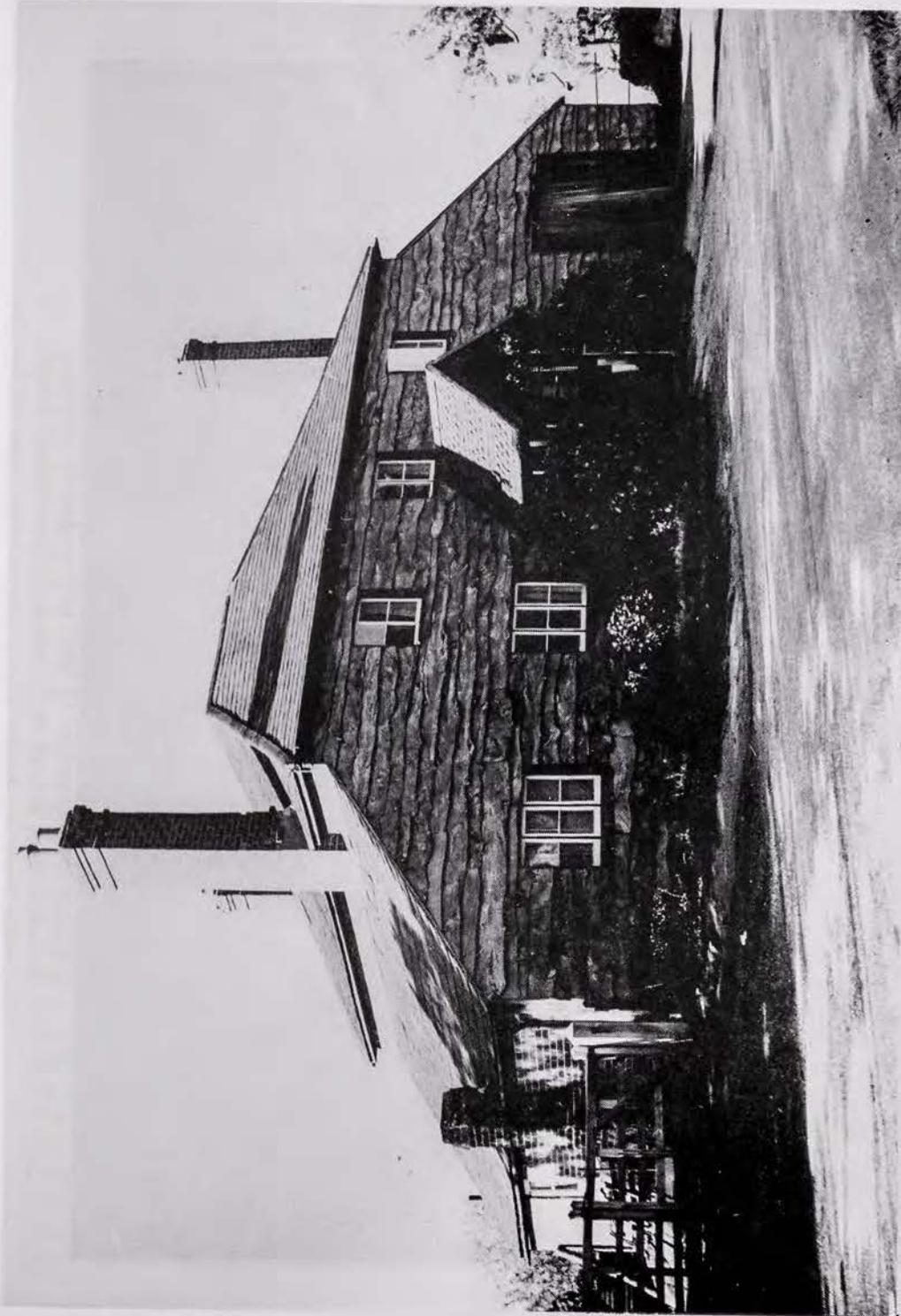
'Ow be 'e then? Smartish lot of people about arn't there? Be there something on then? I brought my old clock along o' me tonight 'cause my old wummon said I warn't to be late 'ome. My old clock is a rummun. When I goes to bed I sets 'un like this 'ere lookee, and when the silencer goes off in the morning 'tis sort o' yesterday. 'E goes backards, see! What about old Mark Cooper's clock? When the 'ands stands at 12 'e strikes two and then old Mark knows as it is twenty past seven'.

This particular opening was at a Variety Entertainment in the Iron Room at Petworth on May 28th 1958.

Other material of this kind is found in the oral "Harry Knight" stories, some few of which double with Garland's yokel stories. So Mark Cooper shuts his eyes to look up Mrs. Mugeridge's chimney or Eli looks to fool the birds by planting his peas in one part of the garden and his sticks in another. Some few stories seem to have survived without being attracted to either body or material. An example is the old man who heard on the wireless that the Germans were bombing heavily at random. When that evening in the Red Lion the conversation turned to places that had suffered particularly he was heard to say, "It's been very bad at Random".

Finally does anyone know these jokes, so far unexplained?

1. Eli and the tansticker matches.
2. Mark is ill and the doctor sends for a ferret.
3. The bull with the bowler hat.
4. Eli and the Rogation Service.
5. Fish-face.



The Old Fox Inn at Plaistow now a private residence. Whit Monday 1955.
Photograph by G. G. Garland.



Wassailing at Duncton in the late nineteenth century.
The wassailers appear to be members of the Knight family.
Chichester District Museum have a copy but Mrs Logan of Bristol
has a faded sepia print of the same scene.

6. Oiling the mouse that might eat the turkey Mark won in a raffle.
7. Something all black has fourteen legs and goes backwards.
8. The Mare's egg.

P.

TWO WORD-PORTRAITS OF WALTER NASH 1871-1960

1) WALTER NASH: MY UNCLE

Walter Nash, always "Uncle Walter" to me, was born in 1871 at Ridge Farm, Rudgwick, the oldest of six children. He went to the tiny school at Ellens Green just north of Rudgwick, probably a dame school. I know little of his life at this time, only a family tradition that his sister's shoes were being repaired at Horsham and he ran off early from school to collect them. He was no doubt severely punished for his enterprise. His father was a farm bailiff, while his uncle Richard Nightingale, later a notable member of the Dependents, had taken on Plaistow Place, a Jeyes Estate Farm, in 1880. Nightingale had been a worker on the farm when he was approached to take it over. He had protested that he had no capital but on being promised financial backing agreed to give the farm a try. Farms were difficult to let then.

When Walter left school he went down to Brighton to seek a job on the old London, Brighton and South Coast Railway. He was never a big man and found the manager's office was up a long flight of stairs. Finally arriving at the top he knocked on the door to be dismissed almost immediately, "You're too small", he was told. He had to set off back to Rudgwick. His mother who knew where he had gone had locked up but left the window on the latch for him to get in. Disappointed as he was, he found a letter on the table addressed to him. It was from his uncle Richard Nightingale inviting him to come to Plaistow Place for a fortnight's holiday. It was to be a long fortnight, for Walter would never live at home again. One story survives from those early days: it was customary to walk cattle all night from Plaistow Place to Guildford Market, the cattle sometimes becoming so exhausted that they would simply lie down in the road and defy all attempts to get them up. Once on Dunsfold Common in the dead of night, an animal dashed by Uncle in the darkness. Thinking it was one of his charges he raced after it, only to find eventually that it was a local donkey startled by the cattle going through. Norman Manners, writing in the Petworth

Society Magazine (Issue 35. March 1984), evoked those days vividly:

"I can recall standing with Nash on the elevated porch at Plaistow Place, once a summer residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury, and looking out at the great expanse of the farm: you could see two-thirds of the farm area from the porch. Nash said quietly, "We used to scythe all these fields when I was a boy. When we had scythed all the hay, we would scythe all the corn." "It was a lot of work," I said to him. He replied, "We started early and we kept on till late and the women came out to bind up the sheaves and tie up the hay"."

Walter stayed at Plaistow Place until 1896, having become a Dependent early in his time there. Richard Nightingale was a Dependent himself and so were the workers on the farm and the women in the house. Plaistow Place at this time formed a prayerful community of its own. Even after the great War Norman Manners could still remember the women wearing the old-fashioned black bonnets and long black skirts. The Dependent way of life was one that Walter would follow to the very end of his long life. Sundays he'd go along with the other Plaistow Place Dependents to the meetings at Spy Lane or, occasionally, at Warnham or Northchapel, walking or travelling by horse and trap.

When Walter eventually left Plaistow Place it was to work at Loxwood Stores, but it was typical of him that he refused to leave until someone was found to take his place at the farm. Henry Garman refused to take the job without his father's permission but eventually all was sorted out and Walter started to bake and deliver bread, going out from the Stores to Box Green and Plaistow - it was a sparsely populated area then.

In later years however Uncle Walter's farming knowledge would be well used in the Dependents' interest. The community would take on and improve run-down farms and there was no shortage of these between the wars. They would then resell them. The process might even be repeated over a period as at Loxwood Place. Pauleys and Foxbridge were two more, Hall House another. Land was cheap in the 1920s and 30s and some farms were bought up by wealthy people. Laker's Lodge was the home of Mr. Hugh Nelson the shipping magnate, Wephurst the home of Wallace Heaton who had a photographic shop in Regent Street. Over a period Uncle managed both these farms,

indeed at any one time he might have half a dozen farms, travelling to and fro on his motor-bike or (later) little Austin 7. No one knew when he was coming. As a farm manager he was always ready to get his hands dirty by working in the fields - he had learned that at Plaistow Place in the early days. He was well paid for his considerable expertise but all the money he earned went back into the Dependents' community. Personal capital he had none. He was widely recognised as one of the most capable farmers in the area and took a great pride in his farms. He liked to show his cattle at fatstock shows and did so with a considerable success.

As you know, this is heavily wooded country and a key part of Uncle Walter's agricultural strategy was to cut out unnecessary trees. So many farms couldn't grow good corn because the trees kept the sun off the growing crop. "Let the light into the farm," he'd say. Not everyone liked this policy in a wooded area of small farms and some accused him of asset-stripping. But he was right: letting the light in, combined with the other things he insisted on, cleaning out ditches, making good hedges, and hand-weeding could transform a decaying farm. He had an instinctive "feel" for cattle and attended Guildford Market every Tuesday. He was something of a dealer, always having an eye out for an animal that was not quite up to scratch. If it were not sold, he'd buy it cheaply to sell again when he'd got it as he liked it. I would say his farming experience was mixed: cattle, sheep, corn, all the crops that could be grown. Farming was labour-intensive then, Pauleys and Loxwood Place employed fourteen men between them in the 1950s. Uncle was a progressive farmer: perhaps the first in this area to use a tractor and he operated his own threshing-machine too. When he eventually gave up his motor-bike he drove an Austin 7. I never felt very happy with him driving, he'd suddenly take his eye off the road with a cry of "That farm looks good, Jim," and I'd have to put one hand up to hold the wheel. He was a good judge of horses and was sometimes asked to judge at shows - after all he'd grown up with horses at Plaistow Place. He didn't like the combines which came in toward the end of his life: he reckoned they threw the weeds back on to the ground.

As a Dependent his workers would sometimes give him some good-natured "stick" about his religion, or perhaps work on the farm might not be done to his liking. At such times he would look perplexed, push back his cap, run his hands through his hair and mutter, "Massey-Oh Man" - no one else used this mysterious expression; it was the prerogative of Uncle Walter. No, I don't

know what it meant, I never liked to ask him. Nor do I know how it was spelled, "Massey-Oh Man" is simply how I've always imagined it spelled. Uncle always wore gaiters, quite standard wear for farmers between the wars and after, and always a cap, the latter exchanged occasionally for a straw-hat at harvesting time. He was careful with the Dependents' money. I remember after I came out of the Army in 1946 we'd had a long year and it was the end of harvest. I wanted a couple of weeks off for a honeymoon; "You can have it," said Uncle Walter, "but I can't pay you".

He'd stand and watch the ears of corn sway with the wind and make that sighing sound that only a field of cereal can. This was Uncle Walter's special music. He was an organic farmer, using fertiliser very sparingly, manure came from the cattle you kept, he always said. Although, as I have said, he was one of the first to use a tractor in the area, he was never a mechanic. He had the gift of making decisions without upsetting anyone: he didn't like disputes and if he found men wouldn't agree he'd simply walk away. Yet he had a quiet authority; he knew what he was talking about and men respected him for that. He never used a gun but didn't object to others doing so: he knew as well as anyone else that rabbits and vermin need to be kept down on any well-ordered farm. At any one time he might be managing half-a-dozen or more farms, sometimes for private owners, sometimes farms bought in by the Dependents to be renovated and resold. The Ifold House Estate had been run in the 1920s partly as a pig farm and, when an outbreak of swine fever caused all the pigs to be slaughtered, he oversaw the splitting up of the Estate. I have known him go abroad too - to Belgium to buy Suffolk Punches for Mr. Nelson for instance. Uncle Walter was a great supporter of Loxwood Fair, an important local Spring Fair at which farmers could dispose of young stock kept over winter in the yards and not have the hardship of a long drive to Market. Unfortunately the cattle fair is gone now, the event surviving only as a pleasure fair. Uncle Walter was a good man, completely unselfish and ploughing all the fruits of his varied labours back into the community which had been his life.

Jim Nash was talking to the Editor.

2) WALTER NASH: LEADER OF THE LOXWOOD DEPENDENTS 1938-1960

Walter Nash was born in 1871 and called home in 1960. Of his early working days at Plaistow Place I cannot really speak but it is obvious that it was here under the guidance of his uncle Richard

Nightingale that he first effectively encountered the faith that would transform his life. On Sundays the Dependent community at Plaistow Place would go to chapel, usually at Loxwood but sometimes to one of our other centres like Northchapel or Warnham. Occasionally they would travel to Lord's Hill and it was one Sunday at the Lord's Hill meeting that Walter listened to John Rugman's testimony.

I didn't know Rugman, for he died in 1904, but he spoke on that day of the good men who had lived in biblical times. He said there was a secret running through their lives. Walter began to wonder about the secret: he knew that our community possessed this secret, but what could it be? Perhaps like other groups we had a secret sign, known only to members? But Walter knew of no such sign. The thought exercised him greatly, until one day, walking as he so often did from Plaistow Place to Loxwood, it came to him with the force of a revelation: the secret all these heroes of the faith shared was this - their obedience to the will of God. I loved in later years to hear him tell of this, so often he would come back to this crucial experience in his testimony.

Leaving Plaistow Place in the late 1890s, Walter worked in the bakehouse at Loxwood Stores. Not long after however it happened that John Overington, an elder of the chapel and a staunch follower since John Sirgood our founder's time, decided to get rid of his farm, Hall House at Loxwood. He lived there with his sister Jane and it was a small mixed farm, a single cow and various odds and ends. Walter had the farming knowledge from his years at Plaistow Place and took Hall House over on the community's behalf. This was to be a new and successful departure for the Dependents, a natural development from the idea of "Combination Stores". The historical reason for opening the stores had been simple enough: most female members of the community were in service and hence very tied, they might perhaps have just one day off a month and not be able to attend the meetings. If they were working for the Combination Stores however, the women would be free to attend meetings. The first shop was at Loxwood and others opened at Lord's Hill, Northchapel, Warnham and Norwood. There were chapels at Brighton and Chichester but no stores.

I knew Walter from 1920 when I came to Loxwood Stores for a few days holiday, having started working at the Norwood Stores at Easter 1920. While we were staying at Loxwood my Aunt Millie took me to a meeting at Plaistow; Walter was there too having arrived

on his Levis motor-bicycle. He would on occasion come up to Norwood where I lived. He was very highly respected not only amongst the Dependents but also among the farming community generally. Oh yes, I well remember how he would push back his cap and run his fingers through his hair saying "Massey-Oh man". It was an expression peculiar to him and I never understood the origin of it. As a Dependent he was used to a certain amount of good-natured banter about his religious beliefs and as a Dependent he took it all in his stride.

Walter became leader of the community in 1938, elected by the meeting. His name had been put forward and unanimously approved. He took the place of Henry Aylward who had died earlier in the year. As leader Walter was a great contrast to Henry Aylward. Physically Walter was as small as Henry had been large. Henry Aylward had a commanding presence where Walter had a kind of humility. Both however had the same belief and each had been raised up by God to do a particular job. Henry Aylward presided over a large community, Walter over a gradually contracting one. I liked Walter, he was heart and soul in the cause and very unselfish.

We believe it is possible by the Grace of God to live a holy life free from sin - that is if we've been washed in the Blood of the Lamb. Certainly that washing cleanses us but it comes only by the Grace of God. Our meetings were a working out of this unshaken belief and as leader Walter would formally open the meeting, then pray, give his testimony, and throw the meeting open for everyone. As St. Paul exhorts us, "We should speak one by one that all may be edified". Most Dependent hymns have been composed by members but Walter never composed a hymn, nor could he sing; he had a very flat voice. This didn't matter at all; his testimony was inspired by the Holy Spirit and it was our joy to attend the meetings. He was a manager not only of farms but of the community he loved.

Walter's first visit to our brethren in Germany was in 1950 and I went out with him. We had a fortnight there attending their various meetings. They had read of us in a mocking newspaper article and realized that the way we lived together as a community mirrored their own organisation. They had written to Henry Aylward at Loxwood in 1935. In the first instance two came over from Germany and attended their first meeting in our chapel at Warnham in 1935 while two of us returned for a reciprocal visit. Relations were cut off for the six years of war but began again soon after.

I first went to Germany in 1949 with three other Dependents, then with Walter to attend the funeral of one of their members. Walter went in all three times to Germany, I think, the last occasion being in 1957. I took over from his as leader of our community in 1960.

Walter was a "good man" - that must always be his epitaph. I always liked and respected him and I know that one day I shall see him again.

Alf Goodwin was talking to the Editor.

FLORENCE RAPLEY'S DUNCTON

Duncton in the early century was a village split uneasily into two, with a centre of gravity that had shifted northward in the middle of the previous century with the moving of church and school to the northern outskirts of the old village. There would be many who still remembered the old ways at this time. Anthony Connor the church clerk and his wife had gone to the old Duncton School, kept in those days by the Misses Price and turned later into a granary, but had been married at the new Duncton Parish Church in 1877 (see Southern Weekly News 20th February 1937). It was Lord Leconfield, the patron who had had the new church built in 1865, replacing a much less imposing building on the track to Manor Farm. John Bull Magazine (14th July 1866) reports:

A new church, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, in the little village of Duncton, near Petworth, on the north side of the famed South Downs, was consecrated on Tuesday last by the Bishop of the Diocese, when the Bishop of Oxford preached one of his inimitable sermons from St. James iv. 8. Twenty-three of the neighbouring clergy attended in surplices. After the Bishop of Chichester had consecrated the church, Prayers were said by the Revs. John New, rector of the parish, the Lessons being read by the Rev. L. S. Clarke, and William Sinclair. The village choir, clergy and congregation chanted the Canticles, and Psalm 134, in the place of the Anthem, and sung Hymn 242 (Ancient and Modern) to the tune called Dedication. After service in the church, the Bishop proceeded to consecrate the burial ground, where he addressed the assembly. The church is a small but handsome structure in the Early English style, erected, at the sole expense of Lord Leconfield, the patron of the living, who also gave the ground, in addition to seven acres of glebe recently added to the benefice, and £300 towards a new parsonage house. The cost of the building is not known, but it

must have been very considerable, as everything about it is substantial and good. Black and red tiles in the nave aisle, a richer pattern within the chancel arch, and again richer within the altar rail. The benches in the chancel and altar rail are of oak, in the nave of stained deal. A handsome painted window, by Lavers and Barrand, has been placed on the south side of the chancel by the Rector as a memorial of a lately deceased child, the subject being our Saviour receiving little children. After service, about eighty of the Rector's friends and parishioners were entertained by him at luncheon in a tent on the lawn, after which followed the usual speeches, and then tea, & c., for the village school children.

When John New the long-serving rector died, he was replaced in 1893 by the Rev. Christopher Carruthers, an experienced priest who had had a number of previous parishes in different parts of the country. He would retire to live at Putney in 1912. His pastoral charge included Upwaltham. Mr. Carruthers is remembered as an angular man not dissimilar in appearance to Mr. Penrose at Petworth. He and his wife gave the impression of being fairly comfortable financially and were generous toward their parishioners. When there was a new baby in the village Mrs. Carruthers would make up a box of woollies, all painstakingly knitted and crocheted, and for the first three weeks send up dinners from the Rectory.



The Rev. C.C. Carruthers Rector of Duncton at the time Florence Rapley was writing her diary.
(Photograph courtesy of Miss E. Goatcher.)

There was a large garden at the Rectory and Edmund Pullen the gardener looked after both this and the Rector's cows. Milk could be collected free of charge from the Rectory. The Rector had another large piece of garden to the rear of the Post Office which was let to Tom Goatcher at the Post Office. Mrs. Carruthers played

the organ for the services and took the small village Sunday School - indoors in the winter, outside in the churchyard in the summer.

Mr. Carruthers' responsibility for Upwaltham entailed the help of Mr. Crellin, a retired minister who came up on foot from the other side of the hill to help out on Sundays. A Cornishman by birth, he was by this time quite elderly and did not have a living of his own. He would stop all day at the Rectory and have his meals there. He'd come with pockets full of sweets for the children, chocolate drops being especially remembered. He had an old-fashioned coat with pockets at the back and an equally old-fashioned shovel hat.

Duncton School like the church which is adjoined had been a new foundation, replacing Miss Charlotte Price's school in Upper Duncton. Its catchment took in pupils from both sides of the hill and in its heyday it had a roll of 84. It has itself now been replaced by a modern building in Willetts Close. In the manner of village schools of the time, Duncton School had a large room for seniors and a smaller one for juniors. Clothes were hung in a lobby, washing involved going out under the verandah into the wash house and heating was by one of the old tortoise stoves.

Duncton Post Office, if not exactly a refugee from "Upper" Duncton like the school and the church, had at least moved some way up the road. Once located in a house next to the Cricketers, it had moved in the mid-1860s to Willow Cottage on the northern side of the pub. In 1866 however Mrs. Jane Goatcher had fetched the stamps, cash, letter scales and date stamps, gathering them all up in her apron and taking them to her little cottage adjoining the village shop run by the Kilhams family. In 1902 both shop premises and post office passed to the Goatcher family, and in 1909 the shop closed and the post office moved into the larger premises once occupied by the shop. The mail was brought out from Petworth by horse and cart and sorted at Duncton. The post office at this time was a single room with a long counter set more or less in the centre and running lengthway. As the customers came in the counter was to the right.

Duncton had no regular place of entertainment, but the Club Room just south of the Cricketers might be used for special events like the Coronation Celebrations of 1902. Bill Reed the blacksmith worked next door, moving after the war ended in 1918 to a site in the shadow of the Roman Catholic church - he operated here from a disused railway carriage.

As a village Duncton was unusual in having a significant and very influential Roman Catholic minority. Like the new Anglican church, the Catholic church was a comparatively new edifice and the two buildings were almost contemporary in their construction: the finance for the one coming from Lord Leconfield, for the other from the Biddulph family at Burton Park. While the church itself might be relatively new, the Roman Catholic influence mediated though the great house at Burton Park went back perhaps to the Reformation and before. There was a tradition that the Dairy building had in former times been used by the monks from Hardham Monastery when they came over to take services in the chapel. While there had been more than one house at Burton Park over the centuries, the estate had been in the staunchly Catholic Goring family for centuries, passing eventually to the Biddulph family by marriage. When the estate was sold to Mr. Douglas Hall at the turn of the century the Roman Catholic succession at Burton Park was finally broken. The Biddulphs went to the Chalet on the corner of the Burton Road. The Roman Catholic influence would remain through the early years of the century and a small community of Franciscans was based at the Catholic church. In later years they would remove to Crawley.

Burton Park was clearly important as an employer, many local men would have worked in the extensive gardens. There were two lodges: the main gate on the Chichester Road called "Peacock's lodge" manned by Mr. and Mrs. Peacock. It was thatched at this time and in the early years of the 1914-18 war suffered a serious fire when the thatch caught light, the children from the school running down to see the havoc wrought by the fire. The lodge on the Burton Road was watchfully kept by Mr. and Mrs. Standen.

By 1909 whatever disruption had been caused by the removal of school, church and post office away from the old centre of the village would have been long dispelled, but it has to be said that Duncton would be far more divided both geographically and socially than now. The present Willetts Close estate had not been built and the two halves of the village were divided by open meadowland. Geographically Duncton was in effect two distinct villages. More than this however, Duncton divided very sharply along social lines. Mrs. House, looking back to the period just before the Great War, put this clearly enough (Petworth Society Bulletin 35 March 1984): "There was of course the old 'us' and 'them' division between the ordinary inhabitants of the village and the owners of the big houses, but this division was largely taken for granted..." There were few tradesmen and no shops if one excludes the Post Office and

the Cricketers Arms, the village shop closing in 1909. Ernest Marshall lived on the common and operated as builder, undertaker and wheelwright, having taken over from James Hampton and still using Hampton's horse-drawn wooden hearse. The Pescod family had the Cricketers and the Turner family would farm Duncton Mill for years, the farm being famous for its orchards. Mrs. Edwicker the village midwife lived at the Dyehouse Cottages on the lane to Duncton Mill as did George Cobby and his sister Ellen. Kelly's Directory lists as "private residents" Mr. and Mrs. de Fonblanque at Duncton House and Mrs. Biddulph at the Chalet, although of course there was Mr. Douglas Hall at Burton Park and there were one or two large houses on the Burton Road - not strictly part of Duncton itself. To the south lay Lavington Park, for long the preserve of the Wilberforce family but sold in 1903 to James Buchanan.

In contrast to the "private residents" were the great bulk of the working people, some of course, but not all, owing their livelihood to the former group. They would lead hard lives, agriculturally based in the main, the occasional deviance from which is more likely to be remembered than the succession of long toiling days. There is the story of the wife who took her husband's dinner down to the Cricketers as an implied rebuke when he failed to come home and was severely beaten for her impudence, or the wife who was beaten for not having her husband's cricket clothes ready on time. On this occasion rough music was played to censure the offender publicly. The sheep shearer's cricket match at Graffham was very much also a Duncton event, and a very robust one it is said.

Duncton was very much aware of its orchards and at this time no doubt the old custom of wassailing the apple trees would still be practised, even if perhaps as a conscious archaism. Ten years later, as this report in the Sussex Daily News for January 8th 1919 shows, the ancient rite was having some difficulty surviving in face of the more pragmatic thinking of a different age. It would appear that Arthur Knight, old Mr. Knight's successor, had moved out of the village having to return to take on his role as leader of the "howling boys".

"The war has done its best to kill our customs and habits, but customs die hard. And so one finds that the quaint ceremony of "wassailing" or charming the apple trees observed at the Down village of Duncton is one which has so far survived. Nevertheless things are not as they used

to be. In years gone by when the old chief, Mr. Dick Knight, was alive "wassailing" night was always a great event in the village. When the old chief died his son, Mr. Arthur Knight, promised he would carry on the tradition of the village, and he has faithfully fulfilled his promise. Every year he re-visits his native village on old Christmas eve to head the wassailers in their pilgrimage to the orchards. This year his followers numbered only three. The smallness of the band was not surprising for, as the chief remarked, "There is no one about now" - many "wassailers" are engaged in sterner work than the charming of apple trees. Despite the small number of "wassailers" and the downpour of rain, the usual visits were made to Mrs. Court's, Lavington Park, Mr. Seldon's, Mrs. Knight, at the home of the old chief, and the mill 'neath the apple trees.'

Can anyone add to this account of Duncton before 1914?

Peter.

NEW MEMBERS

Mr C. Adlam, 7 Edmonds House, Mant Road, Petworth.
Mr E. Brouwer, Howick Farm, Balls Cross.
Mrs A. Fox, Hillview, The Ride, Ifold, Loxwood.
Mr and Mrs D. Foyle, 17 Dudley Avenue, Cowplain, Hants.
Mrs S. Harmon, 6 Narvik Crescent, West Heidelberg, Victoria,
Australia.
Mr and Mrs P. Howell, Hylands, Old Portsmouth Road, Milford,
Surrey.
Mr and Mrs May, Magog Lodge, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs E.G. Nash, 3 The Court, Loxwood.
Miss J. Paradice, 37 Cranleigh Gardens, Kenton, Harrow, Middx.
Mr and Mrs W.A. Pescod, 176 Cranston Road, Forest Hill, London.
Mr and Mrs R. Puttick, 25 Littlecote, Petworth.
Mrs J. Reilly, 34 Madeira Road, Ventnor, Isle of Wight.
Mrs A.W. Renwick, Buddington Farm, Midhurst.
Mrs J. Roddick, 1 Church View, Angel Street.
Mrs J.P. Savage, 24 Coombe Shaw, Ninfield, Battle, Sussex.
Miss R.E. Stonestreet, 21 Windsor Road, Petersfield, Hants.
Mrs K.A. Vigar, 1 Ribbets House, Trinity Road, Hurstpierpoint.
Mr and Mrs B. Wakeford, 1 Willetts Field, Tillington.

