

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY *magazine*



NO. 71. MARCH 1993

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS £1.75

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The wood-engraving on the front cover is by Gwenda Morgan and illustrates Gray's Elegy. That on the back is of Egdean church.

Designed by Jonathan Newdick

Printed by Midhurst and Petworth Printers, 11 Rothermead,
Petworth (tel. 42456) and Duck Lane, Midhurst (tel. 816321)

Published by the Petworth Society which is a registered Charity

Constitution and Officers

The Petworth Society was founded in 1974 "to preserve the character and amenities of the town and parish of Petworth including Byworth; to encourage interest in the history of the district and to foster a community spirit". It is non-political, non-sectarian and non-profit making.

Membership is open to anyone, irrespective of place of residence who is interested in furthering the object of the society.

The annual subscription is £6.00. Single or double one Magazine delivered. Postal £7.50 overseas £8.50. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:

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Mr Thompson, Mrs Simmons, Mrs Hounsham, Mr Patten, Mrs Patten,
Mrs Adams (Byworth), Mrs Hodson (Sutton and Duncton),
Mr Vincent (Tillington and River), Mrs Goodyer, Mrs Williams (Fittleworth)

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

Chairman's Notes

A new year brings a new cover, featuring another drawing by Gwenda Morgan and like last year's illustrating an aspect of Gray's Elegy. There is also a change in format, the greatest advance in presentation since issue 15. After prolonged discussion we have decided to raise the subscription by a flat 50p this year. The Society continues to grow in numbers but well over 90% of the subscription goes to pay for the Magazine so that the effective subscription remains just a few pence. The Society's many activities are, and need to be, self-financing.

For various reasons not all the last quarter's activities are featured separately in this Magazine. Coverage of Petworth Fair is pictorial rather than descriptive. The Fair was particularly successful and very favoured by the weather. There is no separate report on the Garland lecture as an expanded version appears in an article in the current issue of this Magazine. There will be a sequel in June. The Leconfield Hall was packed to the balcony for the Christmas meeting: the band being in great form while the Kirdford, Ifold and Plaistow Handbell Ringers turned out to be a very popular act indeed.

Once again a crammed Magazine. I am told that the new format will give more words to a page - I hope so. I am very concerned that extracts from the newly found sequel to the Tales of Old Petworth have been omitted recently for reasons of space and remedy this by placing an extract relatively early in this Magazine.

Looking to the new Society year, we have a programme that must be the most challenging yet. There is a Society visit to Petworth House on March 28th, while the monthly meetings look highly promising with a particular garden slant. There are, too, the usual walks. It is good to welcome Michael Edwards to speak on the Jekyll-Lutyens partnership in April and to follow this with a weekend visit to a newish garden much influenced by Gertrude Jekyll's thinking. The Society weekend in Bath may well be the precursor of many others: the visit to Toronto is a one-off. Details follow in this issue.

The Society continues to discuss the plight of the Northchapel Road toads with the National Trust. No doubt we shall have parties out ferrying the toads across again this year but discussion centres on the feasibility of making existing culverts into acceptable toad crossings. Talks are proceeding.

There will be an update on Leconfield Hall progress in the next issue. I am very pleased to say that the Society has won the annual £200 draw for customers of Midhurst and Petworth Printers. We have already won a monthly prize but this is the first time we have won the annual draw.

Peter

24/1/93.

NOTICE

Amendment to the Constitution and Rules

It has always been our practice to ask for any nominations for the Committee to be handed to the Chairman, in writing, in advance of the Annual General Meeting. This allows both those nominating and nominated to give due thought to the matter and avoids the embarrassment of a "press-gang" situation arising at the meeting itself.

The committee would like to include this procedure into our written Constitution and Rules, clause 7 (which states the purpose of the AGM), section (c) "to elect the Committee for the ensuing year", by adding "nominations for which shall be in the hands of the Chairman at least 48 hours before the meeting."

A proposal to this effect will be made at the Annual General Meeting.

Readers may like this poem by Gwenda Morgan written when she was working as a Land Girl during the war.

Week-end

I've watered the cattle, and cleaned out the pigs,
and fed all the poultry around,
I've fag-hooked some nettles, and hoed sugar
beet, and pulled the weeds out of the
ground;
I've milked all the cows and scrubbed pails and
stools, and carefully swilled down the shed,
And now (praises be) it is Saturday night, and
I'm going right home to my bed.

G.M.

The Petworth Society visits Bath

This new venture, mentioned on last September's Activity Sheet, will be taking place on May 8th/9th, assuming sufficient bookings have been received. All those who have expressed interest have been given details. Don't assume it is too late now - contact Mrs. Rosemary Thompson, 18, Rothermead, Petworth, GU28 0EW, 'phone (0798) 42585, to see if there are any vacancies if you would like to join the party.

Saxon Travel are making the following arrangements for us: £56 per person sharing a twin room (£61 single). This price includes coach travel to Bath, breaking for lunch in Salisbury, visit to the Americana Museum on the outskirts of Bath, 1 night's accommodation in the Compass Hotel with dinner and breakfast, 2 hour guided city tour and visit to Wilton House on return journey. Entrance fees and Sunday lunch are not included. Prices based on 30 people but not guaranteed until definite dates have been fixed and reserved. If our numbers drop, the price goes up!

Visit to Toronto

We have received the following letter and invitation from the Toronto Scottish Regimental Association.

32 Dorking Crescent,
Downsview, Ontario
M3M 2B6
CANADA
January 11, 1993.

Dear Peter:

I have been instructed by the President and Executive of the Toronto Scottish Regimental Association to forward to you an official invitation to your members and citizens of Petworth to visit us this summer in early September.

Our Committee is busy at present organizing our people to host your group in their homes, and various programs have been thought about in regards to entertainment.

I expect that you will be getting in touch with Roy Kennett, who is also a member of our Committee, regarding travel arrangements.

We need to know from you the names of the people who are coming, also information about them, such as smoker, non-smoker, etc. We would appreciate this information as soon as possible so that we can assemble enough people to accommodate your group. You will see in the next newsletter the report of our committee and other matters regarding your proposed visit.

On behalf of the Toronto Scottish Association and our Committee, we wish you well in 1993, and hope that your efforts will be successful in organizing your group.

Sincerely,

The Committee:
L. Morrow
Roy Kennett
Al Sinclair
Mary-Lou Oyler.

We have also received the following details from Roy Kennett. We have omitted some technical matters at the end of the letter.

MIMICO TRAVEL SERVICE LTD.
18th Jan. 1993

RE: VISIT TO TORONTO FOR MEMBERS OF THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

Dear Peter:

I have at last made all the contracts necessary to bring your people over from Petworth to enjoy the hospitality of your friends in the Toronto Scottish Veterans Association and veterans of other Canadian Units that served overseas and Royal Canadian Legion members. I understand that your group will number somewhere between 40 to 50 people and that is the numbers we are presently planning for. However, if less than that there will not be a problem or if the numbers go over 50 as long as you let me know in good time.

The flight will be with AIR TRANSAT from Gatwick to Toronto on SUN. 12 SEPT. 1993 and we will meet the group at the airport and bus everyone with their luggage to a nearby Royal Canadian Legion branch where each person will meet their "host family". The hosts will provide accommodation until THU. 23 SEPT. when the hosts will take everyone to the airport in the evening to catch their overnight flight home to Gatwick.

While here, your group will be taken on at least 3 coach trips for the day to sightsee such places as Niagara Falls, Huronia and the Amish country. Our "package" will also include the air tax besides the return airfare and also "full medical coverage" during their stay in Canada.

Providing the rate of exchange doesn't change too much from today until Sept. we will ask you to collect £288.00 per person. Please collect £50.00 per person now as a deposit and make sure each person gives you their full proper names, their home address, phone number and birth date which is important for the health insurance company. Also, it is more important than ever to know if a person is a smoker or a non-smoker. They can make their cheques payable to the Petworth Society.

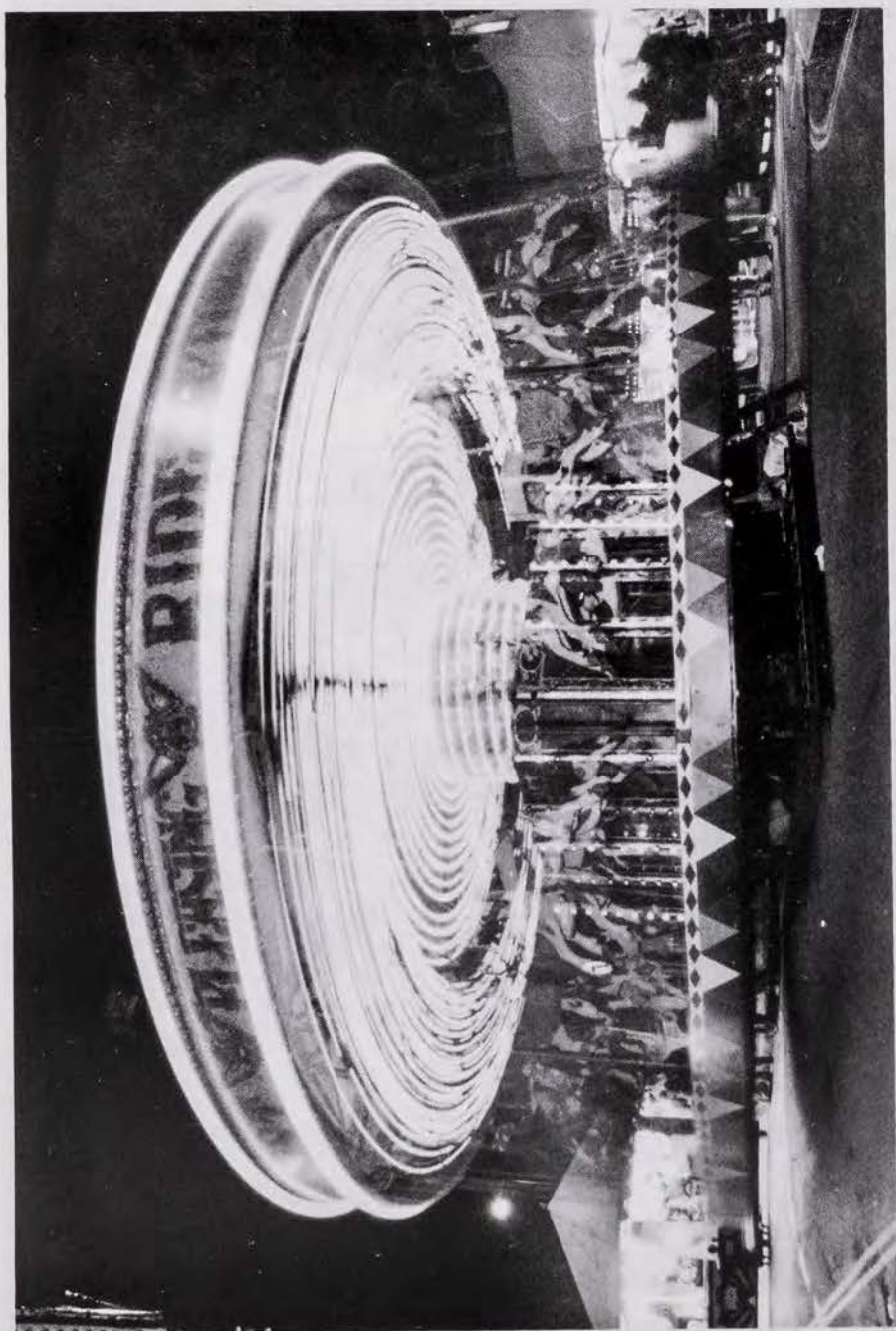
Best personal regards,

Roy Kennett, President
MIMICO TRAVEL SERVICE LTD.

Please see Activities Sheet for details of how to apply and application form.



Putting up the chairoplanes at Petworth Fair 1992. Photograph by Robert Sadler.



The Gallopers at Petworth Fair 1992. Photograph by Robert Sadler.

The most significant Petworth book this century

SO SWEET AS THE PHLOX IS

THE DIARY OF FLORENCE RAPLEY, 1909–1912

A full text with introduction and notes by Peter Jerrome
Illustrated with contemporary photographs

We would like some indication of interest before embarking on this project. Please contact Peter Jerrome at The Window Press, Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth, West Sussex GU28 0DX. Telephone 0798 42562.

This book will be produced to the highest standards by The Window Press and in very small numbers – possibly 125 copies. The publisher would look to recover some of the initial outlay by offering a subscription price on pre-publication orders. Books will be individually numbered and, if desired, signed by the editor.

A few copies will be bound in leather, the rest in fine quality cloth. Florence Rapley (1856–1918) lived at Heath End, just south of Petworth and walked regularly into both Duncton and Petworth. Apparently educated while in service, Florence was an extremely sensitive and articulate person and a keen churchwoman, quite capable of comprehending a sermon, even, in retrospect of dissecting it! Mr Penrose, rector of Petworth and Mr Carruthers, rector of Duncton figure prominently in the diary, as do their various assistant clergy. Set against a background of the reluctant daily drudgery of a labourer's wife, the diary offers a quite unusual view of Petworth and Duncton just before the outbreak of the first world war. It does more than this, however: in her incidental portrayal of national events and crises like the two general elections of 1910, the death of King Edward VII in the same year, the siege of Sydney Street, the Suffragettes, the loss of the *Titanic* or even Halley's Comet, Florence Rapley transcends her purely local context to give a general reflection on English life and society in an age of bewildering change.

This diary is unique and must be considered the most thought-provoking and significant Petworth book this century.

The timber-framed buildings of Sussex

The holder of the only doctorate in Timber-framed Buildings, Annabel Hughes, drew an audience which overflowed into the balcony of the Leconfield Hall when she gave an illustrated lecture on the subject. Her ambition was to raise its standing from that of a hobby to a more academic level and an indication of her success was that in the recent £10 million redevelopment of Horsham Town Centre, not one timber-framed building had been lost. She had made many local studies for publication, including one of Sparr Farm, Wisborough Green.

She described the construction as being like wooden Meccano, with pegs instead of nuts and bolts, the building being held together by the pegs and not by the force of gravity as with stone or brick-built structures. This made the relocation of houses a comparatively simple operation and something which had taken place frequently over the past 700 years or so. Sections were first assembled on the ground, then dismantled and re-erected in position.

St. Mary's Hospital, Chichester, is an early example (1294) of a timber-framed building still in use. Forests were managed for timber production before that date by the manors, which incidentally were estates, not houses. From 1300 - 1540, the construction of hall houses remained basically the same - 4 bay, with a central 2 bay open hall.

Dr. Hughes slides showed how little or how much such houses had been altered over the years and she gave clues for spotting them despite the additions and modifications, such as soot deposits on rafters which indicate an original open hall which may have had the addition of floors and ceilings. Ancient place names also linked coastal manors with Wealden forests which help in dating houses.

With so many owners of timber-framed buildings present and others fascinated by the wealth of history around us, it was not surprising that the questions came thick and fast - many more than usual, Peter said, and all expertly answered. For example, how many people, when told that their houses contain ships' timbers, know that this is a quality description and not one of the timber's origin? Altogether a most satisfying evening (refreshments included, of course!) and a promising launch to the Spring season.

KCT

Mrs K. Vigar : a letter

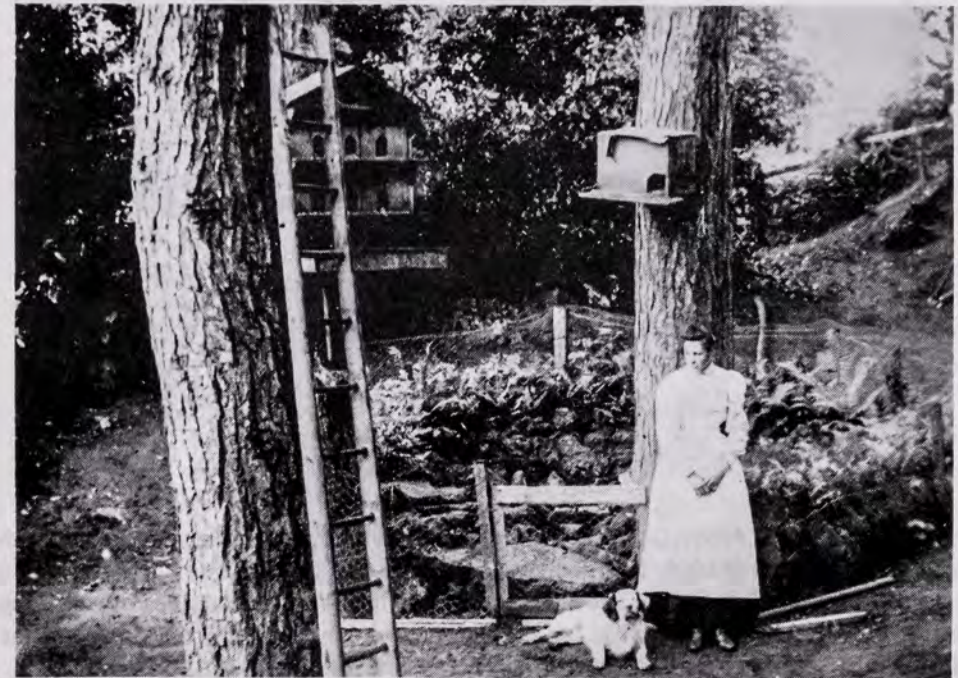
Dear Peter,

How interesting I found the account of the Shimmings walk in the magazine. I started to

reminisce, my thoughts took me back over the years, especially to the year 1924. Grays in Angel Street is mentioned as also is the Withy Copse. I have so many very happy memories of Grays as our guide captain, Miss Margaret Upton lived there, what lovely times we spent there with her, she was a lovely lady, tall and slim and always dressed in smart tweeds and brogues.

We guides used to meet in the Copse during the Summer, my patrol met in what we called "Bluebell corner", I think the others met in Primrose and Daffodil corners, my patrol was made up of Margery Ellis, leader, May and Cora Maybank, Faith Wickham, Lord Leconfield's butler's daughter, Dorothy Townsend, and I believe Evie Mills. I wonder if any of them are alive? Another officer was Mog Thayre. How carefree we all were in those bygone years. I've mentioned the year 1924, that was the year we won the cup, what joy, what celebrations, our venue on that wonderful day was Coates Castle, companies from all over that part of Sussex assembled, I'm sure we were all very nervous, anyhow we knew we were in the finals and it all depended on which company could tie their knots behind their backs without a mistake, well we did and won the cup, what jubilation. I think it took weeks to come to earth, what a proud company of guides we were.

1924 was also the year of the British Empire Exhibition, we guides spent a day there, we had a lovely time, there was so much to see, most of us had a ride of a thing called "A Scenic Railway", very, very steep in parts, no doubt the forerunner of all the other wonderful "rides" now in existence.



The Withy Copse in the early century - an Upton family photograph.

Editor's note: Mention of the Witherly Copse in Mrs Vigar's letter prompts me to say that this Society shares the Parish Council's dismay at the continued dumping of household and garden rubbish in the Witherly Copse. It is pointless to impress on readers of this Magazine that this is a completely antisocial act for it is hardly likely that any member of this Society would be responsible. Present thinking appears to be that the Witherly Copse is a last remaining natural wild-life habitat in Petworth itself and should as such be protected. Dumping rubbish in it can only harm wildlife and, worse, encourage vermin.

Mystery Photograph



Mr Steve Sullivan of 4 Well Garth, Welwyn Garden City tells me of coming to this Petworth house in the Summer of 1964. It was being used as a children's holiday home. He remembers it was run by a kind Newcastle couple Fred and Mollie. There was an orchard nearby and a long road to the house. A farmer's field lay at the rear. We think it's Littlecote. Does anyone remember a children's holiday home there?

Picture shows Steve and his sister in the Garden.

Varieties at Apple Day 1992

These are the varieties brought in. Groupings are made according to those in the index of the apple collection at the National Fruit Trials (April 1985). An asterisk denotes a variety not brought in last year. Some identifications are tentative.

GROUP

1. Smooth skinned, green, sour. (Lord Derby type). CULINARY. Early Victoria, Warner's King, Lord Grosvenor, *Dr Hogg.
2. Smooth skinned, predominantly green, sweet. (Granny Smith type). DESSERT. *Newtown Pippin.
3. Smooth skinned, flushed or striped, sour. (Lane's Prince Albert type). CULINARY. Monarch, Newton Wonder, Bramley, *Crawley Beauty, *Smart's Prince Arthur, Lane's Prince Albert, Dumelow's Seedling (Wellington), *Lewis Incomparable (?).
4. Smooth skinned, flushed or striped. (James Grieve type). MIXED CULINARY and DESSERT. Cox's Pomona, *Queen, American Mother, Rival, *Charles Ross.
5. Skin predominantly yellow. (Golden Noble type). MIXED CULINARY and DESSERT. Golden Noble, Rev. W. Wilks, *Keswick Codling, *Arthur Turner (?), *Manks Codlin (?), *Crispin.
6. Skin predominantly red. (Worcester Pearmain type). MIXED CULINARY and DESSERT. Norfolk Beefing, Gladstone, *Norfolk Royal, Worcester Pearmain, *Ingrid Marie, *William Crump (?).
7. Reinettes, skin coloured with some russet. (Cox's Orange Pippin type). Allingham Pippin, Blenheim Orange, *Cox's Orange Pippin, *Kent, Lord Lambourne, King of the Pippins, *Roundway Magnum Bonum (?).
8. Skin predominantly russet. (Brownless Russet type). Reinette du Canada.

Apple day was very well attended but as local varieties identified last year were not brought again the number of different varieties was less than the previous year. The number of varieties being more in categories 1 and 2, the same in 3 and less in categories 4,5,6,7, and 8. The largest drop was in category 8. There were 17 additional varieties in 1992, some doubtfully identified as indicated by question marks. Some apples, eight or so, remained unidentified. P.

Update on rare apples

1) The Petworth Nonpareil

Before readers get a rise in blood pressure from joyful expectation of hearing that this rare apple has been found I have to tell you that it has not. It appears just as rare as it was

before; indeed, the more we search for it the rarer it seems to become! However, at the second Petworth Apple Day, 1992, Miss J. Biggs of Sutton brought in what looked like a possible candidate for the coveted title, and subsequently my wife and I went up by appointment to Wisley to meet Jim Arbury, Fruit Adviser, there, and to consult their famous library. In the event we had the good fortune to meet both Jim, and also Harry Baker, formerly Fruit Officer at Wisley and one of the greatest fruit experts in the country, who had come from retirement to help with the identification of fruits sent in; parcels stretched away down the corridor, and led up into the "inner sanctum" of the identification room, where apples were laid out on racks from a huge range of species. Into this room we entered - a sort of pomological "holy of holies" with two "high priests" to enlighten us! The apple we took was not, alas, The Petworth Nonpareil, but was Newtown Pippin - an apple well known in 1759, which had originated at Newtown, (the estate of Gershom Moore) Long Island, America. Its flesh is described as "firm, fine-textured, and juicy, with a trace of richness".

We then went into the library, where we were shown a very rare and expensive large book - the "Pyrus Malus Brentfordiensis" by Hugh Ronalds. F.H.S., a nurseryman of Brentford, in 1831. Ronalds dedicated the work to his patron, the Duke of Northumberland; and the copy we used was none other than the Duke's own copy, with his bookplate in the front. The marvellously-executed illustrations were by Mr Ronalds' daughter - and there, in a general grouping, was what I think is the only known illustration of the Green or Petworth Nonpareil. (Number 4, bottom left corner of the group). On the principle that one picture is worth a thousand words, we now know what the famous apple looks like, and so are half-way there. All we need know is a living apple!

Ronalds describes it thus - "Raised, I believe, at the Earl of Egremont's: larger than the old Nonpareil, but of nearly the same shape; its colour green. This is a valuable apple for the table, crisp, juicy, and highly flavoured; it will keep till February or March. It is a good bearer, and of stronger growth than the original".

There you have it - or, at least, dear Reader, I hope you do; that last old tree in the hedge, in the corner of your orchard, disregarded until now, but perhaps the one and only, the real and genuine? Go for it, pomologists!

2) Pope's Scarlet Costard

A chance meeting, at a funeral in my parish, with Mr & Mrs Railing of Petworth led to their sending me some fruits of Pope's Scarlet Costard. The tree was in the garden of a house formerly owned by them near Fittleworth, and is now owned by Mr Beverley Cross, the writer, and his wife Dame Maggie Smith. The apple had been identified by Harry Baker of Wisley, and was not in the Wisley, or indeed, The Brogdale, Collections. Last year Mr Cross kindly allowed me to cut some scions, and I sent some to Wisley, some to Brogdale, and grafted for myself, and for Mr & Mrs Railing, though the last one unfortunately failed to "take".

Mr Cross again sent me some fruits last autumn, and I brought one for Dr Joan Morgan to Petworth Apple Day; she thought they already had one very similar in the National Fruit Collection, and brought it to Petworth also, but there were differences, I had



The only known illustration of the Green or "Petworth" nonpareil, bottom left in the picture (no.4). A page from Hugh Ronalds. F.H.S.: Pyrus Malus Brentfordiensis (1831).

found, in cell shape, seeds, flesh colour, skin colour, etc. despite the Brogdale one being called a Crimson Costard.

I have just heard, on January 9th, from Hugh Ermen formerly Curator at Brogdale, and like Harry Baker one of the greatest fruit experts in the country, that "Joan appears to have sorted out the Costard problem, and thinks the one we have at Brogdale is false".

Well, that is very interesting news! So, pomologists (or, according to T.V., "pomologists"!) of Petworth, keep eyes and ears open, and cosset every Costard you can.

Donald Johnson.
Funtington Vicarage.
January 12th 1993.

"Lost" Tales of Old Petworth (3)

This extract follows directly on to the end of the printed version and deals with early Sussex cricket.

DUNCTON HONOURS.

Duncton, the birth-place of James Dean, was long the centre of a cricketing district that supplied the Sussex eleven with its best players. Its club could play and beat Brighton a little over half a century ago. From this part of West Sussex "hailed" the Broadbridges, the Lillywhites, Hawkins, James Taylor, and a host of other crack players.

PALMY DAYS.

In these "palmy days" of cricketing Sussex the largest proportion of the county eleven came, as we have seen, from the western districts. It had not always been so. The Pierpoints, Dales, Slaters, Meads, Morleys, and Lanaways of an earlier day were eastern men; but with the rise of the Broadbridge School and debut of Lillywhite as a bowler the balance inclined to the west. Lillywhite was born at Westhampnett, near Goodwood, and his first recorded appearance in a cricket match is on July 11, 1822, but not as a bowler. It was not until the following year, when he was thirty-one years of age, that his extraordinary merit in this department of the game was recognised; but, the discovery once made Lillywhite came at once to the front, and he and Jim Broadbridge, with Lanaway for a change as an under-handed bowler, and Brown, the swift bowler, as a dernier ressort, soon carried Sussex to the highest point amongst the cricketing counties.

TAILOR BROWN.

Many stories are still told of the tremendous bowling of Brown, originally a tailor by trade, and a curious "ninth part of a man," for he was between six and seven feet in height and broad and stout in proportion. It was a common feat of his, at the Royal Cricket Ground (which he, like Box kept for a time), to bowl at a single stump, the cricketing officers of the regiments

stationed in the town and other gentlemen staking so much on his striking it, which he constantly did, for his bowling (under-handed) was as true as it was swift. But it was only in the last resort, when a batsman had beaten all the other Sussex bowlers that Brown was called out; for, if met, the result was disastrous. All the field might be, as they often were, placed behind the wicket, but if the ball was "tipped" (it could be scarcely struck "fore-right") away it went like a cannon-ball, and not all the fielders in the world could stop it!

A LONG THROW.

"Brown once threw a 4 1/2 oz ball 187 yards on Walberton Common. This was, and perhaps is, the longest throw on record. "Little Dench", of Brighton, who 'stopped' to him, had always a sack stuffed with straw fastened to his chest. At Lord's a man once tried to stop a ball with his coat, but Brown bowled right through it, and killed a dog instantaneously on the other side."

SUSSEX GOES BACK.

It was a great blow to cricket in Brighton, if not Sussex, when the ground formed by Ireland, and which had been successfully kept by him, Pierpoint, Brown and Box, was closed in 1848, and eventually converted into a crescent (Park Crescent). The Sussex eleven lost its pre-eminence, and the West Sussex comet-like train of celebrities, have all disappeared.

A poem by Mr Greenfield

Another extract from the "lost" Tales of Old Petworth. The verse at the end comes from Greenfield's annotator.

SUNLIGHT VERSUS STARLIGHT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I have read the following verse somewhere.

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

An appeal for the Peals

In 1973 the Sussex County Association of Change Ringers set up a charity specifically intended to raise money to help with the restoration of Sussex church bells. The fund started simply enough with the proceeds of a raffle and it was agreed that this money would be kept separately from the Association's general fund. The charity would be known as the "Sussex Churches Bell Restoration Fund". There was a feeling among bellringers that if a church had serious difficulties with its fabric then financial exigency might well mean that bell and belfry repairs would come at the end of the operation rather than the beginning and suffer as funding became short. The fund was also perhaps a recognition that the church bells of Sussex had provided the ringers with an absorbing hobby, so often involving ringing "other peoples" bells. Many churches have been helped since the charity began and the report for 1992 lists Chalvington, Dallington, Arundel and Kemp Town as benefiting in that year, some £5971 being divided in unequal portions according to need, the lowest grant being £400, the highest £3,000. Interest free loans were also made available in certain cases. The report ends however on a warning note,

"...the Fund is now at such a figure as to prevent sizeable grants, to which members have been accustomed of late, being paid in the future, with a continuing number of these schemes coming forward the future of the fund is in your hands."

The Architect's quinquennial report on the fabric of Tillington Church had been discomfiting: the stonework including the famous Scots Crown needed extensive repairs. Gerald Evans the Rector, having first ascertained what grant aid might be available and discussed the situation with the diocesan Architect, called a public meeting to establish the views of parishioners. Reaction was good although sums envisaged were somewhat daunting and considerable financial support was pledged and given. After the church fabric had been discussed Geoff Rix covered the situation concerning bells and belfry, showing the disposition of bells, frames and fittings and the serious condition of all of them. He proposed two new bells and a new steel sub-frame to support the floor together with restoration of existing frames and fittings, a great part of the work to be done by himself and other local volunteers. The Bell



Tillington Church: a nineteenth century engraving.

Restoration Fund might help with restoration of the existing bells, fittings and framework but they would not of course help with the new bells or the new sub-frame to support the floor. The fabric appeal had massive support and repairs began. The Bell Restoration Fund were prepared to advance the very considerable sum of £6,000. The two new bells were the gift of an anonymous donor.

The bells were rung in their old state for the last time at Christmas 1991, by early new year they were on their way to Taylors Foundry at Loughborough. The three bells of Tillington

were certainly old, two being cast by the Eldridge family at Horsham, one bell dated from 1572, the others from the mid-seventeenth century. A coach trip was arranged to Loughborough to coincide with the casting of the new bells. There sat the old ones, chalk marked for repair and retuning. With regard to the new ones we were shown the moulding in which they would be cast, saw the metal being heated, the moulds placed into the ground immersed to the neck in earth and sand and then having the molten metal poured into them. We were even allowed to give the metal a stir with a long stick under the close watch of the foundrymen who had put on protective clothing as a guard against the hot metal. Then it was a case of waiting until the bells old and new came back. Taylors sent a consultant to help put back the bells and the new frames and fittings. The 1992 Patronal Festival falling on a Sunday it was appropriate that the first ringing should be for that day, All Saints Day, the first of November. This is perhaps a somewhat general impression of a great and successful work at Tillington but it does particularise for one especial case the type of work that the Bell Restoration Fund encourages and which might be severely handicapped without it.

The Secretary of the Fund had closed his report as we have seen on a warning note. Grants like that made to Tillington could not continue out of a sinking fund. Gerald Sandwell, the Ringing Master went in turn to each of the four county divisions of the Change Ringers Association with a plea to "Think Big" and to continue "Thinking Big" with a view to getting those who are interested in bellringing also interested in fundraising. After all there 134 towers in Sussex and well over a thousand dedicated bellringers. Various ideas were mooted involving Concord, the Orient Express even the QE 2. I couldn't really see how these were going to work. It occurred to me to look for some link that would hold all bellringers together, something that every bell ringer could participate in. It seemed to me that The Downs like our Sussex Churches, are a natural link for us all. Might a sponsored trek across the South Downs Way be what we were looking for? I tried the idea on colleagues and friends and they all thought it a good one and I wrote to Gerald Sandwell with the outlines of my idea. He asked me to expand on it at a general publicity meeting. I also outlined the plan in the quarterly bellringing magazine "Soundbow". Diffident as I might have been at the beginning I now found the idea was beginning to take over as the Restorations Fund's main fundraising event for 1993. A strength was that it would be open for bellringers of any age - the youngest are in their early teens - before that the huge bells must be conceived too dangerous - while some are in their eighties. And of course open to anyone, bellringer or not, with the Fund's welfare in mind.

My suggestions were for the walk to begin on the Bank Holiday Monday May 31st at Eastbourne, walkers ideally will get in touch with me for sponsorship-entry forms (stamp please) at 5 Houghton Lane, Bury, Nr. Pulborough, or from the Petworth Society at their monthly meetings. They will also be available at local libraries and other outlets too of course. It would certainly be useful administratively to know how many trekkers there are but it's not absolutely essential. If people want to turn up with the forms on the day that is alright with us. Beginning on the first day at Warren Hill Eastbourne the first stop is Alfriston eleven miles walking along the Seven Sisters or eight along the inland route via Jevington. A marshall or marshalls will stamp each persons's itinerary for sponsorship purposes. There will also be marshalls along the way making sure no one gets lost and having refreshments for sale.

Distances are entirely at entrants' discretion, an hour or two, a day or the whole distance, there will be considerable help from local Ramblers' Associations and on days 1 and 2 the walk will be integrated with the local Ramblers. A coach will be waiting for the walkers at the end of the stage in the car park at Alfriston to take walkers back to their cars or transport at Warren Hill.

The Coach (or coaches) will provide a shuttle service beginning at 4 o'clock. There will be ringing at Alfriston Church and the chance to look round this picturesque village. This pattern will be repeated at the end of each day. The trek is not a race and I would aim for the kind of relaxed atmosphere I know from Petworth Society walks. A feature of the trek as it unfolds will be the little Downland Churches, Washington with its Hastings stays, the equivalent of brakes on the bells, Jevington in the East, or Didling in the West with its outside bell, a totally unspoiled shepherds' church just off the walk. We would hope to have a printed handout covering the week's itinerary and pointing out places of interest on the way, from the Cuckmere Country Park Exhibition in the East to the possibility of ringing at

Buriton in the far West. I cannot be responsible for arranging lodging for those who wish to do the whole walk without the long drive home each evening, but I should be able to provide lists of approved accommodation and of course there is a cross-Sussex network of friendship amongst the bellringers. Two backmen will follow the trek making sure all gates are closed and no one in difficulties! Obviously we cannot insure walkers; they participate at their own risk but we will have at least one four wheel drive vehicle which can be called up on the Downs for an emergency like a turned ankle. Some major roads have to be crossed and here the marshals will have an important role to play.

The most difficult crossing will be on the A27 near Lewes at the start of day 3.

We will possibly have to have the police to stop traffic by the New Market Inn, walkers having to park on one side of the road then cross the hurtling A27 to start the next stage. A feature of day 4 should be having Amberley Tower open. Day 5 of course is on Stane Street.

The trek isn't just for walkers. You can go by foot, horseback or cycle as long as you keep on bridle paths and observe the Countryside Commissioners Code and Safety Rules. Day 7



isn't a walking day but a thanksgiving. Owing to the tightness of the Cathedral timetable we cannot have our own service but the 3.30 evening service will be a thanksgiving at the Cathedral with a simple reception with tea and cakes following in the Vicars' Hall. I hope as many Society members as possible will join us, on foot, horseback or bicycle. It's not just for bellringers and it's a marvellous chance to make friends and walk the South Downs Way in its entirety without overdoing things.

ITINERARY

DAY 1 10.00 am

Bank Holiday Monday - 31st May

Walkers only from Eastbourne, Warren Hill to Alfriston. Along the Seven Sisters to Exceat and up the Cuckmere Valley - 11 miles.

Inland route via Jevington, Long Man of Wilmington - 8 miles.

Ringling at Alfriston 4 - 6 pm

DAY 2 10.00 am

Tuesday 1st June

Alfriston to Newmarket Inn, A27 - 13 miles.

DAY 3 10.00 am

Wednesday 2nd June

A27 to Beeding Hill - 13 miles (Approached by Mill Hill, Shoreham).

DAY 4 10.00 am

Thursday 3rd June

Beeding Hill to Amberley Station - 12 miles (B2139).

DAY 5 10.00 am

Friday 4th June

Amberley Station to Cocking Hill - 13 miles (A286)

DAY 6 10.00 am

Saturday 5th June

Cocking Hill to Buriton - 11 miles (1 1/2 miles off A3).

Ringling at Buriton 4 - 6 pm

Sunday 6th June

A Thanksgiving Evensong has been organised in Chichester Cathedral at 3.30 pm. Tea to follow in Vicar's Hall - do please join us.

Cross Country Trek 1993

Chris Stanton was talking to the Editor. Our thanks to the Rev. Gerald Evans for advice on the first part of this article.

What's in a name? The Petworth Edwardians

The Petworth Edwardians have been in existence now for nearly twenty years, so they may perhaps be considered something of a local institution, but as is often the case with institutions the beginnings lay as much in chance as in design. In 1974, Petworth Primary School was looking to raise funds and the P.T.A. came up with the idea of having an Olde Tyme Music Hall as a fundraiser. Television has made this type of evening popular, and as at the televised Leeds Palace of Varieties, the audience would be encouraged to wear Edwardian-type clothes and, where appropriate, to join in. Refreshments would be served in the interval and the Edwardian café atmosphere would be further heightened by having the audience seated at tables. The songs, taken mainly from the heyday of the Edwardian Music Hall, would be interspersed with monologues and solos. I still have the typed programme for the show, which was devised by Janet Davidson. The company was, by our later standards, a large one, a mix of School staff, some of whom lived in Chichester and elsewhere, and local people, parents and friends. This impromptu ensemble worked hard; the show went off extremely well and helped the fundraising. It had been a good idea both in theory and practice. It was a 'one-off' and that apparently was that!

There was a small nucleus from those who had taken part in that show who wondered whether, given the success of this first attempt at a locally-based music hall company, it might be possible to continue on a regular basis. The result of these tentative stirrings was a couple of shows following each other in quick succession in the late autumn of 1975. One was for the Women's Institute party, one for the Petworth Horticultural Society. Both were held in the Leconfield Hall and both were successful. There was an interest and the Petworth Edwardians were beginning to acquire an identity of their own. A Society was formed in March, 1976, with a chairman, vice-chairman, treasurer and secretary. I would be the musical director and (later) choreographer. I would also research the music we would need. I still do all these things, but not without considerable input from the members.

It was clear that if the Edwardians were to function as a permanent company there would need to be variations on that first apparently definitive performance at the School. An early change was to group songs with particular themes, like "Flowers" or "Seaside", so that the programme consisted of a number of these groups interspersed with individual items of various kinds. Our first appearance had seen the company divided basically into a small number of relatively static groups, some seated at tables, some clustered round the piano. There was need for a greater dynamism, a feeling of movement. The personnel were changing, too: there has always been an original nucleus and Mike Hubbard, Maureen Purser and I are founder members, but of course, not all the original cast wanted to join a permanent group and the staff members of that cast were clearly not going to commit themselves to long-term rehearsals in Petworth.

Another change was the consistent use of a compere. I'm not sure what we did about a compere in our first performance, but a compere is absolutely vital; we could not function without one. Jack Holloway had had considerable local experience in this field and we relied very heavily on him.

Tony Whitcomb was chairman for some years. Bookings began to come in, sometimes involving a fair journey. Looking at my file, I note, quite at random, trips to Tillington, Midhurst, Fittleworth, Milland, Bognor, Worthing, Southwick, Handcross and even Winchelsea. Masonic evenings were very much a feature of those days, rather less so latterly. We travelled then, as we still do, in our own cars and if donations are offered, we ask only to cover the petrol. Any excess goes into a central fund to help with costumes, which are expensive. If we have anything over at the end of the year, we make a donation to a local charity.

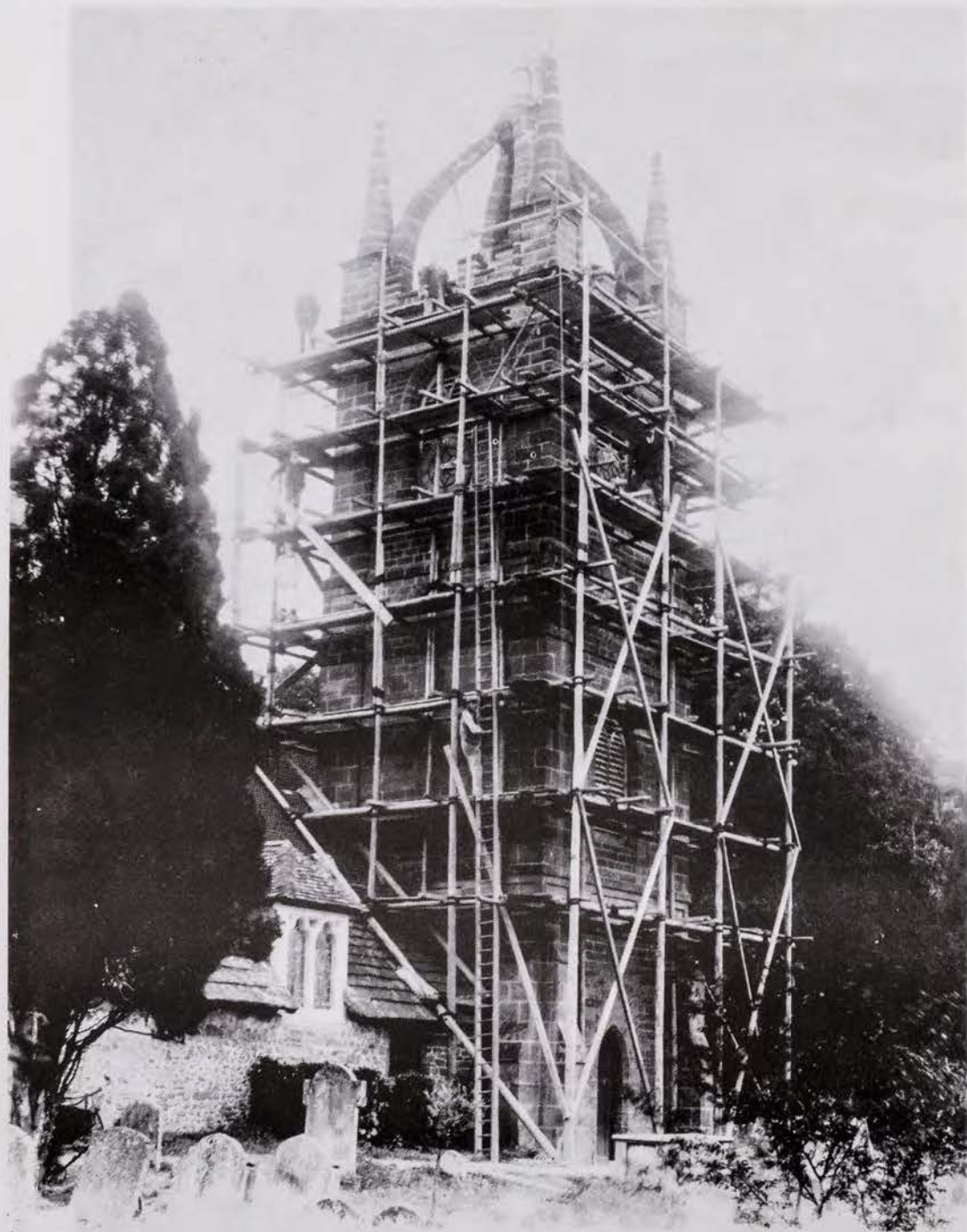


A group of Edwardians at an ecumenical fete at Hilliers in June 1981. A colour snap.

In those early days everyone had their own idea of Edwardian dress and people would give us their old long dresses and members would "Edwardianise" them as they thought appropriate - adding lace, shawls or whatever occurred to them. We came to use the "table" formula for the audience more sparingly. It wasn't good for small venues because it was so wasteful of space. The Edwardians' year has always had a seasonal basis but not exclusively so. The season peaks at Christmas and New Year and we try not to take bookings for the summer months because of



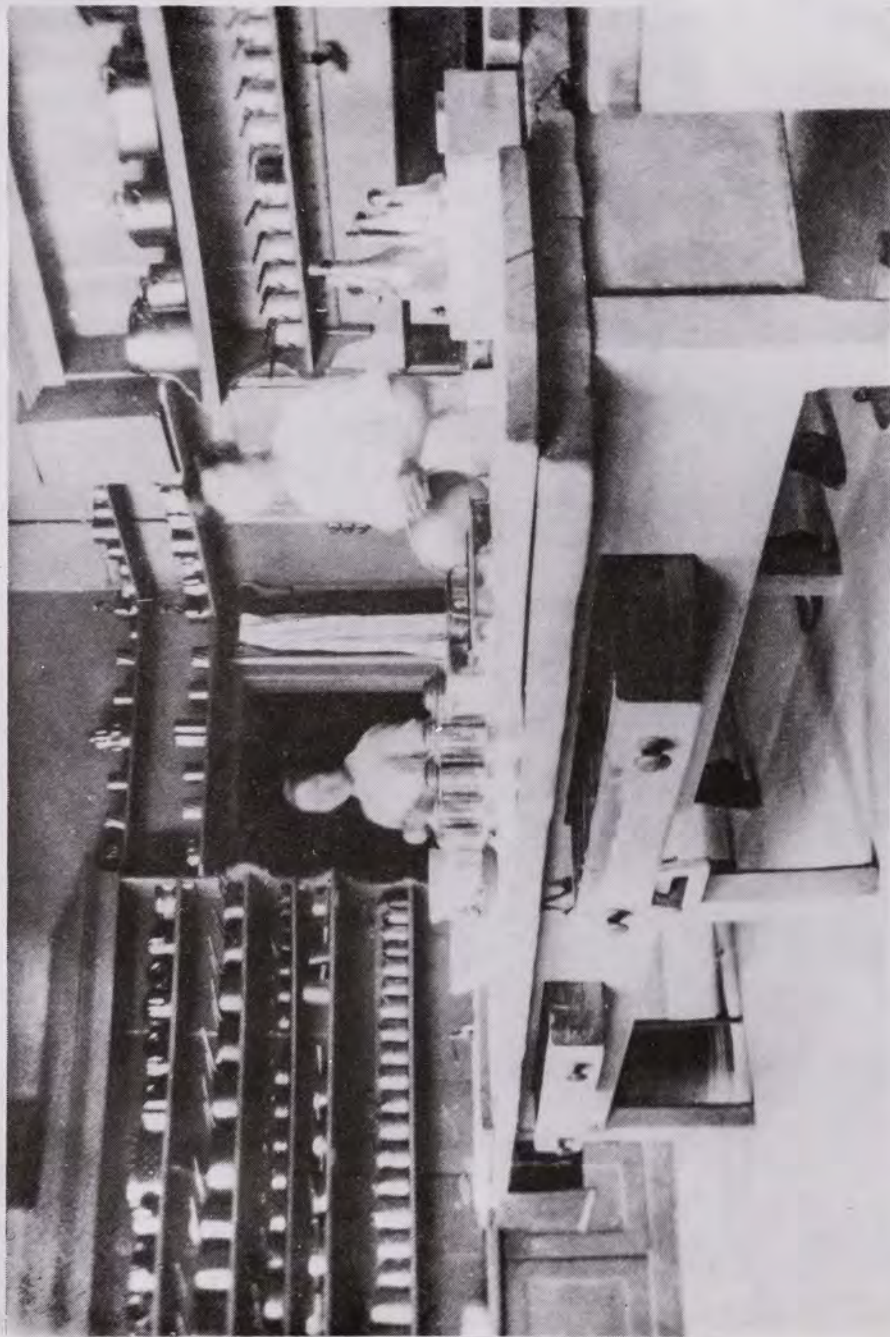
George Garland (left) playing chess with Mr Bridger. Lodsworth Chess Club 1920s.



Repairs to Tillington Church August 1907. Photograph by Walter Kevis.



James Stevens in 1935. Photograph by George Garland.



Petworth House kitchen probably in the 1920s. Photograph courtesy of Mrs. D. Digby (London).

holidays. From September to December there are all sorts of events such as Harvest Suppers and the like, while at Christmas and above all in those dull winter nights early in the New Year, residential homes for the elderly like something to brighten up the drabness of the time. Much of our work has always lain in entertaining the elderly and this is perhaps the aspect we find most rewarding. We get a very lively response from the older people; they enjoy joining in, they enjoy our costumes and our choice of material appeals to them.

It soon became obvious that the Edwardian period, being a comparatively short period of time, there was only a limited amount of musical material available, that is, if you confine yourself to reasonably familiar songs from the Edwardian Music Hall. If we were to restrict ourselves to working within this canon of songs, we would end by imprisoning ourselves in a kind of musical straightjacket. We needed to begin thinking about tentative musical forays outside our Edwardian base. It was natural to look to the occasional "group" from the 1920s, or even to Victorian times. We found the latter, surprisingly, rather less fruitful than the 1920s, and an additional problem was that Victorian costume was so much more elaborate than we could afford. Another possibility was the popular songs of the great War, but while a few standards like "Pack up your troubles" were effectively already part of our recognised routine, as a whole, these war songs are not readily compatible either with our usual style or our usual dress. An alternative we have made some use of is to give an Edwardian flavour to music from the American Deep South or the French cafe scene. Recent departures from the Edwardian norm have been very much more bold, with a Glenn Miller routine at the 1992 Petworth Fair and Stephen Walker and Patricia Petter's Beatles medley. These did seem to me to be at first a long way from our Edwardian beginnings but it really does work. Steve and Trish met through the Edwardians and we are looking forward to hearing wedding bells in April.

Another big change in the early 1980s was the realisation that with the general acceptance of the Edwardians as a distinctive group, it was psychologically more coherent if dress were uniform. No, it wasn't that people were turning up in the wrong gear, dress sense was always good and dress was always discussed at rehearsal, so that we had a very good idea of what was about to be worn. It was that with a system of group scenes, everyone in the group needed a similar costume to appear as a cohesive part of that group. I'm speaking mainly of the women's dresses of course, with the men it was matching suits and waistcoats. I need only look at a random programme from March, 1982 to illustrate the point. "Flowers", "Weather" and "The River" are three groups in the programme and three different sets of costume are needed. I'm often asked who makes our costumes. Mrs. J. Willis did so through our early days but Mrs. Margaret Gibson is now our dressmaker. Some of us, however, make our own. Mrs. Barbara Kemp, wife of our pianist Mike, makes the men's waistcoats. Kit Katon of course was our pianist for years and Mike Kemp took over when she retired.

Getting men to join us has always been something of a problem. Mike Hubbard has been constant, but there have been times when he has been on his own and that can make things difficult. One man at least is absolutely essential if only to act as compere while we're changing. Our venues are very varied, not to say sometimes highly unsuitable. Changing facilities can be bitterly cold, somewhere down the end of a corridor or in what appears basically a broom cupboard. Someone needs to keep the audience occupied while we're changing and remember

there can be at least three changes in a show. Jack Holloway, as I have said, did the crucial compering job for years, now Mike Hubbard does it. We've four men in the group now, but I have to say that a shortage of men is a recurring problem. There was a long time when we had just two, Mike and Jim Boxall from Lurgashall, but Jim moved away from the area.

Rehearsals have traditionally been held in the United Reformed Church Hall. We do try to keep Mondays free to rehearse - polishing up old routines, working on new ones. Petworth Fair has become an important focal point in recent years. It's a showcase for the Edwardians and effectively forces us to produce a new routine, something we can then take on our travels. The Glenn Miller spot was a good example of this. It took us ages to get right but it went down very well and is now a recognised part of our repertoire. For this particular routine we started thinking about it in February - for the following November!

A complete innovation for the Edwardians was a concert version of *The Merry Widow* a few years ago, coinciding with the 250th anniversary of the founding of the United Reformed Church in Petworth. It wasn't, of course, the Edwardians as such, although we formed a kind of nucleus for the ensemble. We certainly couldn't have attempted such a thing without outside help and a great deal of it too. Ros. Clark of Fittleworth had the initial idea and also the ability and conviction to carry it through. It needed an intense period of rehearsal and support from an orchestra, Petworth Parish Church, singers from Chichester, and St. Mary's former organist, Richard Anderson coming back especially to conduct.

After nearly two decades, bookings remain constant. Older people form our staple audience but by no means exclusively so. We may visit particular homes for the elderly two or three times during the year. We like to talk to the old people afterwards and look for those we've met on previous visits. It's not always easy; travelling on winter nights can be unpleasant and we can get thoroughly wet unloading the costumes, then find the changing accommodation pokey, cramped and cold. We usually get refreshments but my abiding feeling is that it's something we enjoy doing. We are particularly pleased when we receive the comment that we obviously enjoy each other's company and it is true that I appreciate the loyalty, commitment and dedication to working as a team which makes it all possible. I think it is something which has also given other people a lot of pleasure over the years. We've travelled both literally and figuratively a long way since that first tentative fund-raising evening at Petworth Primary School. We usually keep something "Edwardian" in our programme but we're not afraid to break away from our Edwardian roots in the cause of entertainment. After all, what's in a name?

Rosemary Thompson was talking to the Editor.

Walter Kevis (1853-1924)

Students of the local history of Petworth will find this a familiar name through the work of Peter Jerrome and Jonathan Newdick in their books on Petworth. Walter Kevis became involved with

photography when he established his tobacconist's business in Lombard Street. Younger residents of the town will know it as Virginia Cottage, older ones as the tobacconists's kept by my great Uncle, Herbert Earle. Anyone still unsure of the shop/house need only look up to the roofs of Lombard Street to find a wooden studio built onto the roof.

But little is known about Walter, he is an elusive person to trace, he apparently arrives in the town, starts up his business and then after thirty years, he retires with Emma, his wife, when her nephew Herbert took it over. Certainly no knowledge of him was passed onto succeeding Earle generations. It was only by chance that a couple of years ago I returned to visit Petworth and I found that many of his pictures had been published. His work was valued for what it was and also as a social record of the time.

Researching into Walter Kevis's life one needed a little luck; by chance I found that there was a Kevis family history society, following a visit to the society of Genealogists in London. By writing to Mrs Dawn Jarvis, the secretary of the Kevis family history society, I was able to obtain a lot of information, which was most helpful. The following short biography was made:-

Walter John Kevis : born 23.12.1853 1 Princess Street, London, son of James Kevers Kevis. Married : Emma Earle 5.07.1877 witnesses: James Henry Kevis and Jane Kevis (brother and sister?) at Christ Church, Camberwell, Surrey. Died 22.11.1924 Brownside, Friends Road, Purley, Surrey. Occupation at time of marriage: tobacconist.

Having located Walter Kevis in time, it is more difficult to establish other details about him. For example, the Royal Photographic Society does not have any details of him as a member nor did he exhibit at any of their annual exhibitions. It is difficult to find out where he was trained as a photographer, there were institutions in London where he could have learnt the art such as the Panopticon of Science and Art in Leicester Square and even King's College introduced photography into the curriculum in 1856, to name but two. He might also have learnt it through an apprenticeship but this does not seem possible if at his marriage he gave his occupation as a tobacconist.

It is possible to gain a picture of the developments in photography from "A History of Photography" by Helmut and Allison Gernsheim (1969) which bear directly onto Walter Kevis. First of all photography, especially portrait photography, became extremely popular. This was because Talbot's patent in July 1852 was finishing and the perfection of collodian process enabled the process to become easier. In London alone, the growth of portrait establishments grew enormously, in 1841 there were three portrait studios, by 1866 there were 284 establishments and "glasshouses were a feature of the London skyline". Two extracts from the book are most apposite "Every town of note, and some villages, boasted one or more photographers and travelling photographic vans made the round of outlying villages," and the other, "Many tradespeople took up photography as a profitable sideline and this led to the unhappy union of photography with icecream and roast chestnut shops, with barbers and tobacconists! The appetites as well as the vanity of the public are stimulated by the offer of an eel pie and your likeness for sixpence similar inducements were common in other trades. A tobacconist offered your likeness and a cigar for sixpence."

To continue with the Kevis family, they appear to be a family which came from the north-east Kent area, James was born in Margate, in 1851 he was a Tavern keeper then he becomes

a Licensed Victualler in 1853, when Walter was born, in Princess Street, (the Off-licence for the Mansion House?). A little mystery arises about the address of Walter and Emma at their marriage, which was given as the Licensed Victuallers Asylum. These were almshouses built between 1827 and 1833 in Peckham for pensioners from the trade. They are a collection of fine buildings of architectural worth, now under local authority control as the Licensed Victuallers moved to Hertfordshire. Why were Walter and Emma married from there? They could not be living there as lodgers of James, officially. Why did they not get married in Petworth? Or from Emma's home in Wiltshire? Emma's father was a prominent Methodist and a local preacher in his village. Although there has been an antipathy between "drink" and Methodism, this did not develop until the later part of the nineteenth century. Why did not any relatives of Emma's sign the marriage certificate? I think we could go on asking other questions as to how did Walter and Emma meet? And the very important question, where did Walter get the money from to open his business?

This is the state of the research so far. Unfortunately, attempts to make an assessment of Walter Kevis's work have come to nothing, despite enquiries to the Arts Council, to their Photographer Officer, various other authorities and a letter to an art teachers society, for someone with knowledge of the photography of the period. But there is another line to follow up which has come almost out of the blue to me. It came as an enquiry about the Earles in general, from a lady who met Walter when she was a child. According to Mrs. Turly, Emma, (her great-great aunt as well as mine), was a lady's maid at Petworth House. Was this the source of the money for Walter's business?

To be continued?.

Donald Earle. Donald also wrote the article "A Photographic Memory" for Magazine 66.

Notes on the Kevis Family by Mrs Dawn Jarvis

James Kevars, the third child of James and Susannah Kevers (nee Cowell), was baptised at St John the Baptist, Margate, Kent on 18th December 1814. In 1845 he married Harriet Elvey and they had four known children.

Harriet Mary Kevis was born 21st November 1847 in Margate, her brother James Henry Taylor Kevis was born also in Margate in 1848. Francis William was born 1851 and baptised in 1852 in Holborn Holy Trinity Church, Kingsway, London. Walter John Kevis was born 23rd December 1853 at 1 Princes Street, Holborn, London.

Only the birth and baptism dates are known about Harriet. James married in 1874 in Wandsworth, he followed the trade of tobacconist and had a shop at 263 Portobello Road, at

the time of his death in 1920 he lived in Bromley, Kent. Francis died within a year of his birth. Walter married Emma Earle in 1877 and like his brother James was also a tobacconist, he died in Croydon in 1924.

Walter's father James had been a licensed victualler at the First and Last House, Ramsgate Road, before the move to London. In 1851 his address was Canal House, Trafalgar Road, Camberwell, Surrey. In 1877 he was living at the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, Asylum Road (off Old Kent Road) which cared for retired employees.

George Garland's early days (1)

I have set out what I know of George Garland's early days in the introductions to books like "Not Submitted Elsewhere" (1980), and "Old and New, Teasing and True" (1988) but this period has never been an easy one to penetrate. Most of my knowledge comes from random conversations with Garland himself when he was in his seventies. In particular it has never been easy to explain why George Garland was always so insistent on describing himself as a "press" photographer, an appellation that certainly goes back to the very beginnings in 1922. Some sparse information can be gained on this in two later press cuttings in which Garland spoke briefly of his beginnings and looked back to his late teens and early twenties. He had been born in February 1900.

The newspaper cuttings confirm what Garland had already told me; ie that his eyesight had never been good. It never was. In the Southern Weekly News for 27th December 1952 however he is quoted as saying that he was actually blind as a boy. I was never told this. Some recollections in the Midhurst and Petworth Observer nine years later (10th November 1961) appear to connect the threat to his eyesight with his prowess at chess: "I started playing during a protracted eye-illness and within a year was playing for Sussex. On one occasion I played for the South of England against the North." In the S.W.N. article he mentions his first experiments in photography under the tutelage of a monk from the Franciscan community at Dunton. I have written of Garland's debt to brother Laurence in the introduction to "Old and New, Teasing and True" (1988). George Garland never played chess when I knew him.

The Observer article contains some fairly predictable reminiscences of Petworth's November Fair and an account of an incident that is obviously early but difficult to date:

"I remember my early days of court reporting, when the magistrates held court at the Town Hall. One of them wore a wig - he looked very dignified.

"Court procedure was far from strict in those days. On one occasion a count, who was supposed to be a poet, asked to be sworn by Apollo. The clerk, who was deaf, couldn't understand what he meant.

"The old chap strained his ears forward and kept saying 'Eh?. What?' as the count repeated his request. He got more and more flustered. Then his false teeth

started to rattle - they fitted very badly.

"I could hardly stop laughing. The clerk was a true Petworth antiquarian - and he looked it."

In fact my own recollection of this story and it was one that Garland often told, is that Mr McLachlan, for it was he who was the clerk, replied to the request with the words "By a what?" to be informed somewhat tartly by the magistrate, "Not by a - anything Mr Clerk - he wants to be sworn by Apollo." "He can't do that sort of thing here", replied the clerk. Whether the Court acceded to the "Count's" request I never found out.

It is important to note that Garland sees his role here not as photographer but as courtroom reporter and this distinction is explicitly developed in the Observer article. George Garland says, "I became a professional photographer almost by accident. I used to do a little freelance journalism and illustrate it with my own pictures."

Two small back notebooks, now very much the worse for wear, and intended originally perhaps as cash books have survived from this period. One is marked on the inside "My jest book" while the other contains basically some early attempts at topographical journalism and a few attempts at poetry, some dating back to schooldays at Midhurst. Both books would appear to predate the first published photographs in 1922. For reasons of space I will deal with the jest book and its implications for Garland's early days in this issue and the early journalistic attempts in the June Magazine. The significance of the notebook would seem the support they give for Garland's at first sight surprising statement that he became a professional photographer "almost by accident" - his basic interests at that time lying more in writing.

Superficially the jest book some 33 double sides of the notebook filled with jokes, either cut out of newspapers, (once or twice Christmas Crackers!), or copied out in Garland's own hand. The remaining 27 double sides are blank. Newspapers of the period often carried strips of jokes, sometimes fifteen or twenty put together to make a column and these Garland would cut out and paste in the jest book for future possible use. Two examples will suffice here: "Change at Bristol!" said the booking-clerk to the west-country dame who was taking a ticket from a wayside station to London. "None o' them tricks me lad," declared the dame, "I wants my change before I gets into that there train." Or this: "A young man who had somewhat prolonged his call on his sweetheart was surprised when a window in an upper storey was raised as he left the house and the voice of the mistress called out, "leave an extra quart this morning please."

Of greater interest are some newspaper jokes that would over the years evolve into rustic jokes and eventually form part of Garland's yokel act of the late 1940s and early 1950s. These two jokes, originally culled from newspapers, would, their context changed, still be in service some thirty-five years later: "The whirr of an airplane was heard from on high. One of two labourers stopped work, gazed up at the machine and said, "I'd not like to be up there in that thing." Said the other, "Well I'd not like to be up there without it." The second is in origin an Irish joke but would be very frequently used in Garland's yokel act, the Irishman being transmuted into one of Garland's Sussex characters with accompanying changes in the dialect and religious persuasion of the minister. "An Irishman noted for his drunken habits was met

by an Irish priest. Pat was the worse for drink and the Father exclaimed. "Drunk again, Pat?" Whereupon Pat replied, "Shure tis the same with me Father." The following would have been excellent as a yokel joke but would lose its sharpness as the years passed after the 1914-1918 war. "A patriotic old lady chanced upon a farm yokel who was milking a cow. "Why aren't you at the front?" demanded the lady in a peremptory tone. "Well mum," replied the yokel, "Because there ain't no milk at that end."

The earlier jokes are all cut from newspapers and carefully pasted over some 16 sides, covering some original Garland handwriting in black ink. Later jokes are pasted on blank pages or handwritten by Garland himself. When the jokes on the first 16 sides are removed they reveal a rough diary running from the 11th December 1918 to the 8th of January 1919. The diary may have been an impulse which was later discontinued and its concern with chess seems to indicate that it comes from the time when the threat to Garland's eyesight was at its height. There is no mention of photography or of any employment, although both of course may simply be assumed.

What perhaps is most striking in the diary is Garland's close friendship with the Franciscans at Duncton and with the then Rector of Midhurst Mr Tatchell. Visits to Midhurst are particularly frequent in the four weeks of the diary, averaging a good two a week. On December 12th he walks to Petworth with Father Pacificus, head of the little community at Duncton and Father Pacificus returns with him for afternoon tea, presumably at the Railway Inn, kept by Henry Streeter Garland's stepfather. This is repeated on the 19th. On the evening of the 13th Garland is playing chess with Father Pacificus. On the 19th he is at Midhurst in the morning, arranging for a game of chess with the Rector on the Saturday. On the 21st he duly records: "Evening: to Midhurst and chess with the vicar. In the room where we played was a dear old chimney corner and as we sat playing in front of it I could almost imagine myself living in another era. How appropriate a room in which to play that old old game. The walls of the room were decorated with bric a bracs of bygone ages." On the Thursday visit he had commented: "What a curious dress is the vicar's - old black boots and leggings, green corduroy breeches and an old velvet smoking jacket."

Christmas Eve was spent at Burton House, again playing chess, and Christmas evening itself at Duncton Presbytery. "The shutters were fastened, the wood fire blazed merrily, the claret was good and the churchwardens I took over smoked sweetly. We gathered round the fire, and spent the evening reading poetry and cracking jokes.... the old grandfather clock chimed the midnight hour as we broke up our party. I hope that we may all meet again at the same time next year: and I hope that gathering may be in the same room and in the same happy circumstances as the one of which I write." Boxing Day was spent at Burton House with Kilvinton and Slee's family." Kilvinton and Slee are not known. Otherwise on the 28th Garland was at Midhurst Vicarage for chess with the vicar. "What a mansion of true bachelorhood is Midhurst vicarage." Further evenings are spent with the Franciscans.

It seems that travelling was by bicycle. On the 1st January 1919 he goes to Chichester. "Roads heavy, wind strong... On my return journey I experienced a hard ride. It commenced raining as I was crossing the hills and continued to pour throughout the day."

The first week of the new year is mainly taken up with chess games with one Thorlby at

Midhurst, another encounter with Mr Tatchell at Midhurst and chess at Burton House with Kilvinton. On January 6th, "Kilvinton beats me." On the Wednesday evening however he records: "Even. to Burton House. Nemesis gave to me that which I'd been longing for. I beat Kilvinton and in consequence am as happy as may have been Croesus with all his wealth." With this classical allusion the diary ends.

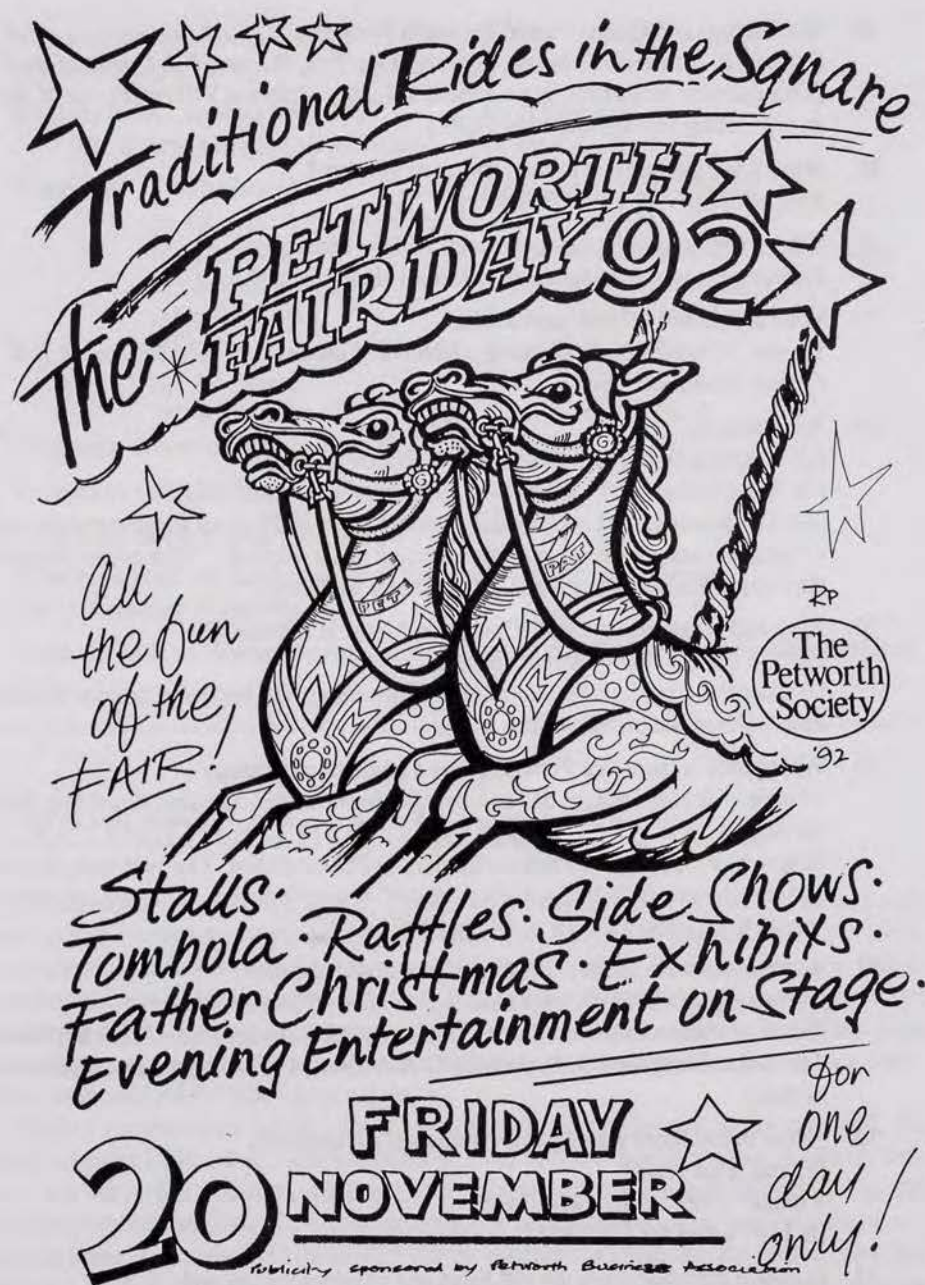
To be continued.

P.

A W.I. Historical Quiz from the 1940s. (Concluded)

Original answers are given in italic type. Abbreviations T.L.H: Tread Lightly Here (1990). For Introduction see Magazine No.70.

17. Name the four places of worship.
Church of St Mary's, R.C. Church, Congregational Chapel, Ebenezer Chapel.
[All four are still in operation. The Congregational Chapel is of course now the United Reformed Church].
18. Who was the last driver of the mail coach to Chichester?
Mr Foard.
[The last driver of the mail van to Pulborough seems to have been the late Mr Arthur Hill of North Street. His preserver or cosh is still with the Garland Collection at Petworth House. Horse drawn vans between Petworth, Pulborough and Petersfield were withdrawn in 1914. See The Midhurst and Petworth Observer: Friday October 30th 1964.]
19. Why are mile stones on the cottage walls from Duncton up the London Road?
So that Lord Egremont could see them better. [Is this correct? Ed.]
20. Where did the high road to Chichester run before the railway was built?
Hungers Lane and Rother Bridge. [T.L.H. pp 219.]
21. Where was the old prison yard?
Red House garden. [Courtlea and Lund House now occupy this site.]
22. How many miles did the postman, Callingham, walk during his working hours?
400,000 [Mr Arch Callingham retired in August 1933. See photograph in Men with Laughter in their Hearts : 1986 pp 20.]
23. What is an Act of Parliament Clock?
A wooden clock made when metal was heavily taxed.



Ron Pidgley's design for the 1992 Fair poster.

24. What Kings and Queen visited Petworth House?
Edward II, Edward VI, Spain, Prussia, The Czar, Edward VII, Queen Mary 1929.
[This question relies heavily on Arnold's History. Edward VII then Prince of Wales came on a shooting trip in December 1899.]
25. What King got bogged in mud trying to get here?
King of Spain. [Arnold : History pp 77.]
26. Who drank lamp oil and ate the soap in their bedrooms?
Russian attendants of the Czar. [Arnold History pp 49.]
27. What artists and writers stayed here?
Turner, Vandyke (sic), Grinling Gibbons, Constable, Leslie Philips, A.E.W. Mason, Claude Muncaster.
28. What was the
(a) "Dishing Bell"? *Rung when sermon ended.*
(b) The Curfew bell? *Rung every night at 8 p.m. until 1914.*
[See Constance Lady Leconfield: Random Papers 1938 pp 80 where mention is also made of the shoemaker's bell rung every morning at six o'clock. "This roused too many from their slumbers and was given up very many years ago."]
29. Why and when was the last "Court Leat" held in Petworth?
1896 to build house in North Street.
[A manorial court held to determine the ownership of a large and ruinous house standing on the site of the present Glebe Villas.]
30. What proof is there that Petworth was a place of pilgrimage?
Church of St Mary of Pity, St Thomas a Becket's Chapel, Star Inn, Angel Inn, Virgin Mary Spring.
[It is very difficult to substantiate this deeply-held tradition. The quiz composer obviously very much wanted to believe it but "proof" is a little strong. The two inn names at least appear to be later. [T.L.H. pp 90 and 182.]
31. What trades were mostly carried on here in olden days?
Weaving, glassblowing, iron smelting, tanning, plaiting straw.
[Some of these trades were carried out in the Petworth area rather than in the town itself. For clothmaking see T.L.H. pp 82, 84. Any town of reasonable size would have a tanner or two.]
32. How many times was Petworth prepared for Invasion
(b) and what years?
4 times : 1597, 1801, 1914, 1939.
[Is 1597 a slip for 1587/8?]
33. In which direction were the old folks and children told to go?
By Upperton to Winchester.
[This appears a little haphazard. Can anyone expand on this?]

34. Why was the Iron Room built?
As a temporary Church. [T.L.H. pp 167-168.]
35. What (a) B.B.C. speaker lives here? *Mr F. Streeter.*
(b) "Times" sub-editor lives here? *Colonel A. Maude.*
36. Where are (a) The Bartons. *Graveyard east of Church.*
(b) Gog and Magog Lodges. *Due east of town.*
(c) The Hills. *Below The Bartons and The Hermitage.*
(d) Rosemary Lane. *Police Station to Newlands.*
(e) Sokenhole. *South of Midhurst Road.*
(f) Palfrey Farm. *East of London Road.*
(g) Redhouse. *Grove Street.*
(h) Redhills. *East of London Road.*
[Redhouse is now demolished see T.L.H. pp 130-131.]
37. How many miles is the wall round the Park? *14*
38. What rare animal lives in the Pheasant copse? *Roedeer.*
39. What have been the family names of the owners of Petworth House?
Percy, Seymour, Wyndham.
40. Were the Earls of Northumberland any male relation to the Dukes of Northumberland?
No.

Remembering James Stevens

Did I know James Stevens? Did I? He was 100% Dependent. His father lived in the old almshouses at Northchapel quite near to the Stores. Jim Stevens he was and he died in 1911. His daughter Janie looked after him. I remember seeing old Mr. Stevens on an early visit to Northchapel: I was only three at the time and it's a dim recollection but still in my mind's eye I can see the old man. It may seem strange that I have such an early memory but I think I had little to distract me, my mind was always concentrated on the community. Ours was a close-knit brotherhood and we didn't look outside it.

While my memory of Jim Stevens is a tenuous one, I knew his son James very well. He worked at Lower Diddlesfold Farm just half a mile out of Northchapel. He was an elderly man when I was young but would on occasion come and stay with my family at Norwood. I would take him to Horstmanns the opticians to have his eyes tested. It was a long way from Norwood to George Street, Croydon, but James didn't like the opticians in Horsham. As many of the older people did, he kept his money in a cough lozenge box. I remember the pound notes carefully folded at one side of the small oblong tin. When he stayed with us James had a bedroom to himself but after he'd got into bed I had to go in and turn out the gas fire. He wasn't at ease with

new-fangled inventions like gas fires. It was said that some of the brethren used to try to blow out the gas jets. I don't know whether this is true but it is a good illustration of their unease with the new and unfamiliar. In the early days I had a Brownie-type box camera and I liked to take snapshots of the brethren, they were like an extended family to me. I remember taking a group at Northchapel and James Stevens being in the group. "Alfred, will it strain the machine?" he asked me and it was a serious question. He thought the number of people in the group might be too much for the camera.

Richard Hammond was leader at Northchapel at this time, he had taken over as leader from William Spooner, the original elder or leader. I say original because William had been anointed elder in 1872 when the chapel opened. There were none before him. William Spooner was a handsome old man even in advanced years with lovely white hair grown long and tumbling under his cap. In latter years he would come to chapel in a bath chair but he remained a fine speaker. His wife Sally who was blind would sit beside him. I say he was an "anointed" elder. I think that in the very early days John Sirgood anointed the leaders of the various chapels: this happened also I am told at Lord's Hill but the practice appears to have died out early. It was not the custom in my time. Richard Hammond took over after William Spooner died in the early 1920s; he was the farmer at Lower Diddlesfold, owned at that time by the Dependents but run as a separate entity from the Stores at Northchapel.

I used to go to Lower Diddlesfold for holidays and remember James Stevens' wife, Fanny, well. She died at the age of 78 in 1924. James himself died aged 89 in 1936. The farm was, just after the Great War, a little community on its own; Richard Hammond, Nellie Holden, Edie Spooner, Millie Bicknell, and James and Fanny Stevens lived there together. They'd all come down the lane to chapel in one body. Richard was a godly man and much respected in the village. He was once asked if he would serve on the Parish Council. "I'm sorry, I'm no scholar", he replied. "It's not education we want, Mr. Hammond" he was told, "It's principle". Well they'd certainly got the right man if they were looking for principle. In fact Richard didn't take up the offer but the story shows the esteem in which he was held. Richard could read the print of his Bible but couldn't deal with hand-writing so he couldn't give out the hymn numbers at meetings. James Stevens or Minnie Caplin would do that for him. James was the chapel clerk and used to sit beside Richard on the platform. I have heard James give his testimony many times. A very straight man he was. His son was latterly on the platform at Northchapel; he died in 1952.

I remember those early days at Lower Diddlesfold so well: supper in the farmhouse was always the same. Nellie Holden was housekeeper and did the baking the old-fashioned way with a faggot in the brick oven, raking over the ashes and making rolls with lard. For supper everyone would have a basin with a roll in the bottom. It wouldn't be a fresh one, but one that they had over. They'd then pour on hot milk heated in a cauldron over the fire. It was always Richard Hammond's job to sit and watch for the milk to boil. As the milk rose in the cauldron he'd shout "ready". It was an economical and satisfying way of using up the old rolls.

The farmhouse at Lower Diddlesfold faced out on to the fields with the back to the road. On the left a flight of stairs went right up into the roof, a legacy, no doubt of days when the farm-labourers lived in the attic and the farmer lived below. I remember them separating the milk for butter in the large kitchen. It needed two to turn the handle on the separator. Richard Hammond

and Edie Spooner always did this. They would never let me turn the wheel however much I pleaded to be given a chance. They both had to keep the same stroke as the butter developed, too fast or too slow and the consistency would be wrong. The cream was in a barrel with a glass window and as soon as the window became blurred and sticky you'd know the butter was forming. At a shilling a half pound it wasn't that cheap but there was never any problem selling it. Fanny Stevens worked the butter at the end of the process, laying the butter in her hand and rolling it. They didn't use butter pats. Quick, she was too.

James Stevens has a trilby in George Garland's photograph but more usually wore a bowler. I mention this because as a boy I used to wear a bowler. It wasn't unusual then for boys to wear a bowler. I remember once when he was staying with us at Norwood he put my own hat on by mistake. James took a very small size and my bowler was much too big for him. As he looked in the mirror, to his great amusement the bowler came down over his eyes. James Stevens was a typical Dependent, one of the ordinary people, farm-workers and copse-cutters from whom James Sirgood had taken his earliest converts. It was in this soil, not among the rich and educated, that John Sirgood's distinctive message took firm root.

Alf. Goodwin was talking to Connie and Jim Nash and the Editor.

Railway Pudding and Caviar

Mr. Donald Foyle from Cowplain has a number of early century documents relating to the Dummer family originally from Tillington but later at 327 High Street, Petworth and a number of them are of general, rather than purely family, interest. The first, chronologically, is a handwritten book of recipes "for cakes, sauces, puddings, biscuits and buns" used by Mr. Foyle's mother Florence Gertrude Dummer when she was cooking for Mrs. Minister at Blackdown House, Haslemere. The book's inside back cover carries the following inscription which sets a date and is interesting in itself. "1st March 1900. Ladysmith relieved great rejoicings at Blackdown. Bells rung and shouting by Lizzie and myself and workmen hankerchief on sticks etc. Hurrah cheers for Buller". While handwritten books of recipes from this period are not perhaps uncommon there is a certain fascination in these long-forgotten recipes. Here is an example:

Railway Pudding

(Ingredients)

2 Teacups flour, 1 teacup sugar, 2 ozs butter or good dripping. 1/2 teaspoon baking powder, 1 egg and a little milk. Jam.

(Instructions)

Mix baking powder with flour, rub in butter add sugar beat the eggs put it in a teacup fill up

with milk and mix pudding with this. Bake on two shallow tins for about 20 to 30 minutes slip one on a dish and spread with warm jam and cover the 2nd. Serve hot or cold.

Soup Royale is another recipe from the same book:

(Ingredients) 4 or 6 pts clear soup, 1 whole egg, 2 yolks, salt and pepper and nutmeg to taste. (Instructions): Beat the eggs well and mix them with half a pint of the soup, add the seasoning and mix well. Put mixture into a buttered cup cover with paper and steam for 15 minutes or bake till set. Make the soup hot. When the custard is done turn out, cut into squares with a knife. Put into the tureen.

Some recipes are written out on paper doilies eg Snowdon Pudding:

1/4 lb suet, 1/4 lb ground rice, 1/4 lb caster sugar, 2 eggs, 2 ozs orange marmalade. Mix all together well and put into a greased basin and boil two hours. The recipe for Snowdon Pudding in Mrs. Beeton's 1913 Cookery Book is rather more elaborate and features less ground rice, 1/4 lb raisins, an ounce of glace cherries and some cinammon.

It would appear that Florence Dummer left Blackdown about 1904 but there survives a book of daily meals, probably at Mrs. Minister's, including one for Christmas Day - the year is not given.

<u>Dinner</u>	<u>Luncheon</u>	<u>Hall Dinner</u>	<u>Breakfast</u>
Clear Soup	Roast Beef	Roast Turkey	Bacon, Fish,
Fish	Mince Pies	Plum Pudding	Omelette
Mutton Cutlets	Milk Pudding	Mince Pies	
Roast Turkey			
Plum Pudding			
Caviar			

A number of postcards survive also from this period, with Dummer family messages on the back. There is also a church card signed by Ernest Frost, the curate at St. Mary's, recording Florence Gertrude's marriage in April 1908 and two Girls Friendly Society certificates, one for eight years membership in 1904 and the other on Florence's marriage to Richard Foyle.

Donald Foyle's brother Tom who contributed an article to the magazine last year could not recall great-grandfather Dummer but has a recollection of his great-grandmother living in one of the lower North Street almshouses, Thompsons or perhaps Egremont. He writes, "I remember visiting her on several occasions with the aunties who took provisions to her such as eggs and home-made cakes." His grandfather Thomas he recalled as wearing a beard and working for the "Petworth Brewery", (possibly what had once been Milton's Stag Brewery in High Street, sold in 1900). "He was the driver of a two horse dray and during rainy days wore a long apron and a heavy coat and draped a long sack dented in to make a hood over his head and shoulders like a cloak." He died relatively young leaving his widow with a young family. Granny Dummer worked for many years as a cook at Petworth House, eventually retiring with a pension. Her eldest daughter Florence, later Mrs. Foyle, worked with her for a time.

Florence Dummer would in later years work as cook to the Admiral's Staff at Admiralty House, Portsmouth but at the beginning of the 1914-1918 war, with her husband Richard at sea, returned to 327 High Street, Petworth to be with her mother. Florence's brothers had all been called up and her sisters were either in service or working in local shops. An undated letter from "Granny" Dummer to Florence, after Florence had returned to Portsmouth, gives some impression of the turmoil of those years. The letter is probably from 1915 and presupposes the billeting of troops on the High Street household. Arthur the elder son has come walking in unexpectedly between 2 and 3 on the Saturday afternoon and gone back on the five o'clock train. He is thin and doesn't look as well as he did the last time he was home, he has in recent weeks been at Southampton, Salisbury Plain and recently at Aldershot. He had been given his pass directly he got to Aldershot "as they are going to the Front next week". He couldn't get into the pub on his brief visit "as they are not opened to soldiers till six o'clock". Arthur in fact would later transfer to the Royal Navy. Another son Joseph, who before the war had worked in a chemists and also part-time as a forest ranger for the Leconfield Estate, is disappointed at not being sent to the Front, but as an N.C.O. he was for the moment being held back at the Depot. Using his pre-war experience at the chemists he was in the Royal Army Medical Corps. She wonders if Florence has heard anything of her husband, she has heard nothing at Petworth of his ship's whereabouts. In fact all three men, Arthur, Joseph and Richard would survive the war although Joseph lost an arm through enemy gunfire on the Somme. Miss Wootton the schoolmistress is sorry about losing the two Foyle children from Petworth School and says that she would be pleased to have them back if they return to Petworth. It appears that work is short at Petworth House: "Our coachman and horses are gone to London today so I have not much to do at the stables now. I thought there would not be anything to do but Mr. Thompson told me there would have to be one man to sleep in. I am rather glad or I shouldn't have anything only Joe little which I must make the most of". Joe little appears a proverbial expression.

After the war most of the Dummer family moved to Bognor. Ethel who had worked for Pelletts the newsagents in Saddler's Row, married a newsagent in the High Street at Bognor and many of the family including "Granny" Dummer moved there too. The Foyle family continued to be based at Portsmouth.

(P.S. Mrs. Digby of London has a picture of Petworth House kitchen, probably in the 1920s, which is reproduced as a main illustration in this magazine. I do not know of any similar picture at all. Ed.)

A letter from Mr R. M. Woolger

Dear Mr Jerrome,

I visited Petworth for the first time in 1924 when I was 12 and stayed at Whitehall and in my teens I used to put a small case on the bus at Newhaven and cycle down and collect my

case at the bus office. I continually stayed at "Whitehall" until Miss Woodley sold up and moved to Bournemouth. Mr. & Mrs. Dale of Lombard Street were close friends. Mr. Dale (Tom) used to garage his Harley Davidson combination, later a car, in the yard at "Whitehall". I used to go with him on his clock winding round. It was on one of these trips that I have puzzled over many years. When approaching a gate I used to get out to open it, on this occasion Tom said sit still and he slowly drove over a plate in the road and the gate opened and closed when we drove over a plate on the other side. I could understand it these days with electric eye etc but not in the 30's. I used to visit the old cinema, an experience if it rained on the roof, and then the new cinema from 1937 to the war. After the war when visits were few and far between, then having a car, I visited again for a day out to introduce friends to Petworth who were always captivated with Petworth and area. Now at 80 I no longer drive. I did enquire at the bus station but they tell me there is no regular bus service from Brighton.

I would be very interested if you could tell me if the nameplate "Whitehall" is still on the door in the High Street I made and fitted in 1935. It was still there in the late 1970.

I wish you well and enclose an account by Mr Alan Dines of the Midland Bank in Golden Square between the wars.

Yours sincerely,
R.M. Woolger
[7 Brookside,
Piddinghoe,
NEWHAVEN,
BN9 9AX.]

The Midland Bank Petworth between the wars

The Branch at Petworth owes its origin not to a carefully calculated business assessment by Head Office but to the fact that a local resident was a close friend of the Managing Director. Mr. J.H. Podmore had acquired a property in Tillington and moved there with his family in 1912. On meeting his old friend Sir Edward Holden, the Managing Director of the Bank, he was asked where he carried out his banking arrangements. Having explained that the nearest branch of the Midland was at Godalming, and that the nearest town was Petworth, Sir Edward announced that a branch would be opened in Petworth for Mr. Podmore's convenience.

It is generally accepted that Sir Edward and Mr. Podmore visited Petworth to search for a suitable site and found that three rooms of a large house called Whitehall which fronted on to Golden Square were available for rent. The rooms had been previously operated as an antique shop by a Mr. Bromham, the owner of the premises, who had filled the whole house with



Petworth Edwardians photographed outside Petworth House in June 1976. Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.



Petworth Edwardians at Petworth Fair 1992. Photograph by Robert Sadler.

antiques to provide a larger selection for his customers. Mr. Bromham had recently died and his widow wished to dispose of the business and rent the premises. A lease was duly granted and Petworth Branch came into being as a sub-branch to Godalming. The picture taken in 1919 shows Mr. Woodcock, then manager of Godalming branch, in his car outside the Bank premises. Mr. Woodcock was, I believe, subsequently appointed manager at Cardiff Docks.



A very early postcard of "Whitehall" showing the Midland Bank. Courtesy of Mr R.M. Woolger.

The first clerk-in-charge was a Mr. Owen who died, I believe, in the late 1920's and he was succeeded by Mr. S.T. Jerome who was subsequently promoted to full manager and retired towards the end of the 1950's. He was succeeded by a Mr. Tupper and from then on I do not know the names of the subsequent incumbents of the managerial chair.

When I joined the Branch as a Junior Clerk in February 1933 there was a staff of three. The premises had changed little since the Branch had opened. There was a hideous sliding door to gain access to the Branch and it was a particularly tricky job to lock and unlock it. The layout of the Branch was similar to that at present. There was no electricity and gas lights provided the only illumination. At the far end of the office was an Adam fireplace with a Venetian marble surround and this provided the sole source of heat except for a small gas fire in the Manager's room. There was no strong room, just three small safes and considerable ingenuity was needed

to fit in all important records and cash at the close of business. Safe inspections had to be carried out Saturday evenings, twice on Sundays and twice on public holidays.

Of greater significance was the fact that there was no lavatory and one had to enter the main house to use the small lavatory on the ground floor. Access could be obtained by a door in the manager's office. If he was busy it was necessary to go round to the front door in High Street. Fortunately this was invariably left unlocked. A basin of water, soap and towel were kept at the end of the office to assist with personal hygiene.

All letters and forms were copied with cloths in a book press and it was my important responsibility to ensure that the copy cloths were neither too wet nor too dry so that copies would be legible and the originals undamaged.

It was also my responsibility to hold customers' horses when they came to the Bank. Having grown up in a city where my only experiences of horses were those pulling tradesmen's carts, I viewed this duty with grave dissatisfaction - and so did the horses. There was one occasion when Captain Price's horse took a severe dislike to me and despite my desperate manoeuvres, had pulled me halfway across the Square before his master came to my rescue. I never had any difficulty with Miss Clara Podmore's horses as she rode side saddle and did not dismount. I could see that the horse very much regretted that its rider remained in control and would have welcomed the opportunity of showing a city boy just what a temperamental horse can do.

The house "Whitehall" was built in Elizabethan times and the deeds provide a most interesting source for research. There had been remarkably little change in the construction and layout of the house since it was built. Complementing the three rooms on the ground floor occupied by the bank were three similar rooms on the floor above - a large sitting room, a small sitting room and a room used for storage. The rooms had large window seats with internal shutters that disclosed cupboards behind. In my day these rooms were filled with beautiful antique furniture. The large sitting room contained a magnificent Adam fireplace of Venetian marble and Lady Woolavington (then living at Lavington Park) made strenuous efforts to purchase it. When the fire basket was filled it held about half a hundred weight of coal and dispensed a tremendous amount of heat. The small sitting room had a delicately carved wooden overmantle.

On the ground floor was a large flagged kitchen with an enormous range which had been used at times to help the local baker (Hazelman's) to bake the daily requirement of loaves. Over the kitchen was a large room usually used as a bedroom.

There were three staircases. One led from what is now the Manager's room to the room above and then above again and to an attic. The main staircase led to the first floor sitting rooms, then to the bedrooms above and finally to an attic, the window of which gave a wonderful view over Petworth. A third staircase led from the kitchen to the landing adjoining the main staircase where there was a butler's serving table, and then to the next floor - probably servants' bedrooms. There was no bathroom, only the lavatory previously described, which had presumably been built on part of the yard.

At the side facing High Street can be seen areas where the windows had been bricked up. This was done to avoid window taxes. The deeds also provided for a levy known as

"eavesdroppings" to be paid to the Lord of the Manor as the eaves protruded over the pavement. This levy was discontinued by outright payment many years ago.

There were originally a coach house and stables in the yard and a huge outhouse adjoining the kitchen the purpose of which has never been clearly defined.

Electricity was brought into the house in 1936 but candles were still needed for the bedrooms. The Bank continued with gas lights. The Council had previously installed electric lighting in the streets but as a measure of economy these were not switched on when there was a moonlit night.

On the death of Mrs. Bromham the property passed to her ward Miss V.H. Woolley who lived with her. Miss Woolley sold the house to the Bank after the end of World War 2.

It is interesting to note that Petworth was virtually a feudal town and that Lord Leconfield, the Lord of the Manor, who lived in Petworth House owned or controlled nearly everything in the Town and was probably the largest landowner in West Sussex. In November each year two days were set aside for payment of rent, one day for farmers and one for the other tenants. They were known as audit days and his Lordship provided sumptuous hospitality in the audit room of the house. On those two days a comprehensive fair was set up in Market Square and Golden Square and access to the centre of the town by road was barred. I well remember a large roundabout set up in front of the Westminster Bank and pouring out hideous music all day to the intense annoyance of the staff. Near to us a sideshow exhibiting a bearded lady was established outside the Congregational Church and the owner extolled the merits of this exhibit from the Church steps. The Minister was extremely upset.

Alan F. Dines

Mrs Frances Johnson-Davies : a letter

Further to our enquiry about H.G. Wells in the last Magazine Mrs Frances Johnson-Davies, Chairman of the Midhurst Society writes:

Dear Peter,

THE INVISIBLE MAN

We have been researching this and I think we can throw some light on the place names mentioned in the book.

One of our committee, Miss Elizabeth Chesters, who knows the area well has been doing the work and suggests the following:

1) Although Wells used the name of the real village of Iping in the narrative, the events that took place are more likely to have been set in the neighbouring village of Stedham. Iping had none of the facilities mentioned in the book - an inn with a cellar, an ale house, a village green, a forge, a National School, etc., - but Stedham had them all.

2) The Hamilton Arms at Stedham is probably the inn with the cellar. The name Hamilton is that of a contemporary squire who was known to drive about in style with liveried attendants. The Coach and Horses and the Scarlet Coat would both be appropriate substitutes for the family name. Wells, by naming two public houses where only one existed, might have been seeking to avoid referring to any particular location as being that where 'the beer was watered' in the cellar.

3) The Ale House, now a private house, was known then as 'The Gnu'. It might have been 'The Purple Fawn' to which Wells refers.

4) We think the substitution of Iping for Stedham in the text may have been to save embarrassment to Wells's relatives who lived in Stedham. His cousin William and William's wife are buried in the churchyard extension there.

5) We think the station at 'Bramblehurst' from which the stranger arrived in the district was probably Midhurst. Wells also credited Bramblehurst with having a pharmacy - perhaps the one in which he served his apprenticeship.

There are other references we think point to Stedham as the village in which the early part of the story is set. A full account of all this will be featured in the Spring issue of the Midhurst Magazine which comes out in March.

We would be interested to know whether your readers have any ideas about the 'paper ties' - we have drawn a blank with them - also their views on other aspects of the story. Where, in the Midhurst district, for example, might 'Adderdean' be?

Yours sincerely,
Frances

The "lost" Tales of Old Petworth (4)

Some hunting stories and Goodwood Races.

BUILDING OF THE PETWORTH KENNELS.

The time for the change of the habitat of the best pack of hounds was not come when the proud Duke of Somerset had, in a fit of jealousy, established the Petworth packs. He had subsequently to disband them, but the 'Earl of Egremont paved the way for the hounds by building the splendid stables now attached to Petworth House. He used to train horses, for racing but it was his son, the first Lord Leconfield who, when simple Col. Geo. Wyndham, laid the foundation of the present hunt, whilst the occupant of "The Drove" at Singleton (a very favourite appendage of the Petworth Estate). The kennels were even in his time said to be one

of the most perfect kind, fitted for three packs, the dogs, the ladies, and the young hounds, but his son the present lord, has built still better ones, and here resides the huntsman of the pack, Mr Charles Sheppard, under whose skilful care and guidance they have for many years been bred, trained, and hunted, and who enjoys the reputation of one of the best and most polite of huntsmen, even in those improved days. To see these packs in their own quarters, as I have done, or "at work" after cubs or an old fox, is a treat which only a sportsman can sufficiently appreciate, but which has its attractions even to an unskilled eye. The hounds are "as one compact." With as many wills as there are dogs, and all ready to burst out, at the voice of the huntsman they become "one and indivisible."

THE KENNELS.

The door is opened and we stand in the presence of a restless set of animals, any one of which was able to pull down a man, and, once down, what would become of him? But at the voice of the huntsman all is quiet and order; every eye fixed on his eye and limbs motionless, though trembling with excitement. Each animal sits on its haunches, covering the smallest possible space of ground. The name and the value, deeds and qualities of each animal are related, and as this is done the animals seem to be aware of the fact. Their genealogies are as carefully kept, too, as are those of race horses, and each year has its printed list of the various packs with names, ages, sires and dams from the hounds of seven years to those of one year. These comprehend in all some 60 couples, or 120 dogs, and they are the sole property of the owner of Petworth, and are kept up at his sole expense. The cost of doing so is enormous, comprehending as it does the keep of the hounds and their numerous attendants, and of the large stud of horses which are so necessary to mount these, and for the use of the master and his friends. These fill the splendid stables of Petworth.

DIVISION OF THE HUNT.

The country hunted by the Petworth pack was till very lately virtually the same as that over which the Charlton hounds hunted, but now the hunt is divided between these and the Goodwood hounds. But the glory of the hunt no more shines forth at Charlton. The Goodwood hounds are pretty good, but those at Petworth are still better.

THE FOX HALL.

A "Fox Hall" is still pointed out at which the Dukes of Richmond used to lodge; but it is not the original banqueting place built by the Earl of Burlington. That was pulled down long ago; so were the kennels and stables; and the residences of dukes and earls have disappeared, or been converted to humbler uses.

CHARLTON THE FALLEN.

There is nothing, indeed, to show that Charlton was, for nearly 100 years, the great "meet" of noble fox hunters, and a trysting-place for rank, wealth, and beauty. With the exception of a good farm house and of the residence of the owner of a steam saw mill, the village is occupied by labourers, the tenants of the Duke of Richmond, whose tenements are, indeed, so numerous that, for convenience sake, they are numbered not as rows or streets, but in catalogue fashion, from "1" upwards, just as my lord's of Petworth, but not so many in number. The white posts remain well painted to show the track between the noble houses of Petworth and of Goodwood, but they no longer guide those who were a trifle the worse for liquor.

To be continued.

New Members January 1993

- Mrs E. Ancombe, 11, Wyatt House, Wyatt Close, Wisborough Green.
Mrs R. Barker, 7, Stopham House, Stopham.
Miss G. Barnfield, 2, Littlepin Cottage, Fittleworth.
Mr and Mrs J.W. Barr, Burton Hill Court, Burton Hill, Petworth.
Miss C.H. Bayley, Myosotis, The Drive, Ifold.
Miss J. Biggs and Miss K. Murray, 515a Sutton, Pulborough.
Mrs J. Blows, 3, Fordhook Avenue, Ealing, London.
Mrs V. Bradley, 1, New Street, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs C.E. Branch, 255, Sheen Lane, East Sheen, London.
Mr and Mrs R.F. Butler, Cowman's Cottage, 307A, North Street, Petworth.
Mr N. Carver, 27, Wyndham Road, Petworth.
Mrs D. Digby, 18, Poynter House, Queensdale Crescent, London W11.
Mrs E. Embleton, Sickleham Cottage, South Lane, Tillington.
Mr J.R. Emerson, 2, Rothermead, Petworth.
Miss I. Franklin, 328H, Percy Row, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs P.C. Gibbs, Rumbolds Farmhouse, Plaistow.
Mr B. Goldsmith, c/o Sickleham Cottage, South Lane, Tillington.
Mr D.E. Gourd, Lychgate Cottage, Tillington.
Mr M.A.J. Gumbrell, 72, Peartree Lane, Shaw, Newbury, Berks.
Mrs F. Hallett, 32, Littlecote, Petworth.
Mr R. Harris, The Orchard, Hole Street, Ashington, Sussex.
Mrs B. Hull, c/o S.S.O. Birdwood Barracks, BFPO 46.
Mr and Mrs G. Jackson, Pond Copse Lane, Loxwood.
Mr and Mrs L.E. Lee, 3, The Green, Old Guildford Road, Broadbridge Heath.
Mr Luttmann-Johnson, North House, North Street, Petworth.
Mr Merritt, 27, Station Road, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs F.A. Morey, 1, Coombe Lodge, Claremont Road, Seaford.
Mrs J. Marchant, Foxland, Plaistow.
Mrs Pannell, Chestnutsides, Gasden Copse, Witley, Surrey.
Mr J. Peckam, 9, Barrington Road, Lindfield, Haywards Heath.
Mr D.D. Scott, Harsfold Manor, Harsfold Lane, Wisborough Green.
Mrs J. Scriven, Woodpeckers, Chalk Road, Ifold.
Mr and Mrs P. Tickner, 3, Old School House, Duncton.
Mrs J. Turner, Holly Tree Cottage, Angel Street, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs C.H. Vilain, 54, Weysprings, Haslemere.
Mrs Wakeford-Gill, 318a, Park Road, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs A. Warren, 23, Berewecke Road, Felpham, Bognor Regis.

