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The wood-engraving on the front cover is by Gwenda Morgan and was produced for the cover of the old Petworth Deanery Review. That on the back is of Egdean church.

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THE PETWORTH SOCIETY SUPPORTS THE
LECONFIELD HALL!

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 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

This is not a particularly large Jubilee edition but I have selected the contents carefully in an attempt to reflect the distinctive spirit of this Society. In particular I have included a significant body of material that either concerns George Garland or was actually written by him. I would like to think that this Magazine as, indeed, this Society, reflects his continuing influence. We incorporate too for this celebratory issue a well-known design by Gwenda Morgan, originally drawn, as many members will recall, for the cover of the old Petworth Deanery Review. The churches pictured are (from top left) Northchapel, Plais-tow, Lurgashall, Ebernoe, Kirdford, Tillington, Petworth, Stopham, Graffham, Duncton and Sutton.

You will be pleased to note that the subscription remains the same this year. Please help us by paying promptly. It really does help not to have to send out apparently endless reminders, usually to the same handful of members every year. If you have already paid for 1994-95 you will still receive a reminder. Please ignore it!

We have another of Miles Costello's dialect questionnaires included with the Magazine as a loose sheet. As before we will publish your replies in a later issue. Miles was very pleased with the response to the last questionnaire and this one is more general. It doesn't matter if you can only answer one or two questions - no one I'm sure will be able to answer all of them. Miles is also very interested in terms used in the lime-burning industry. His address is on the questionnaire.

You will see that we include also an appeal for the Leconfield Hall Restoration Fund. If you live in the GU28 postal area you may already have received one of these. The position is quite simple: the more money we raise by public subscription the more the grants we are already promised will be worth. We've come a long way and work begins in the spring. Help us finish the job by putting something in the envelope. If you can only afford £1 or less it still helps and will give you a feeling of being part of the restoration.

Finally does anyone have any pre-1980 photographs of Petworth Fair (other than those by George Garland). I would be very interested to see them..

Peter

29/1/94.

P.S. We haven't a report of Pearl and Ian's Balls Cross Walk in November, nor of our subsequent reception at Ruby and John's. Well, if you were there you don't need a report and if you weren't you would probably think we were exaggerating!

THE
INAUGURAL MEETING

OF THE
PETWORTH SOCIETY

WILL BE HELD AT THE

LECONFIELD HALL

ON

FRIDAY 15TH MARCH 1974

7.30 p.m.

20 years ago. Poster for Petworth Society Inaugural Meeting 1974.

Looking for a New Interest?

Come along and join a great group of volunteers who help monitor the show rooms at Petworth House and greet the public during our open season.

Better still, why not join us on the 9th or 10th March for our Stewards' training day? For further information ring us on 0798 42207. Everybody welcome. Don't be shy - give us a try.

Derrick Bratt
The National Trust
Petworth House, Petworth
West Sussex GU28 0AE

A Senior Member

Guy Botwright who is in his 96th year draws our attention to the article on Frank Tatchell vicar of Midhurst (1906-1935) in the Winter Issue of *This England*. Frank Tatchell is of interest in himself but also as an early acquaintance of George Garland who was, of course, a much younger man.

Guy mentions also his first sight of a motor-car and the road blowing dust over every hedge, while when it rained the road turned to a sea of mud. He sees less butterflies and moths now than there were and puts this down to their being sucked into car radiators. The old-fashioned type used to get completely clogged with them. He continues, "If I'd told my father that I was going to see a man land on the moon, he'd have called for a doctor." He concludes by describing the Petworth Society's Magazine as a "gem". Thank you very much Guy and best wishes from everyone.

Leconfield Hall Noticeboard Restoration to start this year

We shall soon be able to start the permanent restoration of the Leconfield Hall - but we won't be able to finish without the help of the people of Petworth and well-wishers like the members of the Petworth Society. An appeal will be launched in February 1994 and is included with this magazine. You may receive another through the postal service.

With a 25% grant towards the cost promised by English Heritage and a further grant of about 15% from Chichester District Council, we are up to 40%. Petworth Parish Council has promised £20,000 spread over two years and we have earmarked £30,000 of funds from Gwenda Morgan's generous bequest to the hall.

But we still need over £30,000 more to finish the job and to make the most of the generous offers from statutory bodies, as some of their contributions are a proportion of the total cost. We are hoping for some very competitive tenders for the work. Gary Seymour, the architect, has been instructed to complete the specifications and drawings and we should know the worst - the sum tendered for the work - during March. This would make it possible for us to start on site in April 1994.

I hope that members of the Petworth Society, including those living outside the Town, will give generously as soon as they receive the Appeal Forms. The Leconfield Hall is very much the Society's home. If we can once put the outside into good order, we can then think ahead to internal improvements.

R.G.H.

Food Fair for the Leconfield Hall Building Fund January 29th

The stallholders were ready by a quarter to eight some of them waiting to set up for ten o'clock. Some on the other hand were quite late setting up. All very pleasant and apparently well used to this kind of event. People accustomed to bare halls in the grey light of morning. We had spent the stallholders fees on advertising - very strong west of Petworth and in Petworth itself, less strong to the east. A low murmur of conversation as they set up. We'd done our part, they were doing theirs. But would people come on a drab wet Saturday morning, was 50p the right price for admission? The smell of fresh spices filled the air. Oh yes, people did come, it was busy and everyone did well. I don't know how much we took but the event exceeded all expectations. It's certainly something to think of as a regular event. The stallholders clearly thought so too. A steady flow of people all day - mainly local in the morning, a lot of visitors in the afternoon. Quite good for Petworth trade too we would hope if we did it again, attracting people into Petworth. A lot of our visitors came from outside the town.

Must stop now, the printers have come to collect the Magazine.

Peter 29th January 7.25 p.m.

STOP PRESS : PROFIT NEARLY £500 TOWARDS RESTORATION FUND.

Toronto visit - a Canadian perspective Petworth Committee Report from Lorne Morrow

The plane arrived about four hours late, but we had our good transportation crew there to transport our Petworth friends to Malton Legion where the host families would pick them up.

Our transportation crew consisted of Mac McArthur, Stan Egerton, Charlie Heath, Bill Ross, Phil Booker, Al Sinclair. These people deserve a lot of credit as some made several trips from the airport to Malton Legion. We had our good friend the Rev. Keith Kiddell at the Legion to match up our friends with the host families, and Roy Kennett and I went to the airport to organize things there. We had everyone cleared by about 11.30 p.m. The Ladies Auxiliary of Malton Legion served coffee to all for which we thank them, it was very much appreciated. Also Bill Cockburn entertained with the pipes.

Monday, Sept. 13.

Our friends had a free morning to sleep in after the long flight. In the afternoon the Toronto Scottish Regimental Association hosted our friends in the T.S.R. Sgts Mess on a come and go basis from 2:00 p.m. til 8:00 p.m. They were treated to a wonderful buffet lunch prepared by Pat Morin. They had a wonderful afternoon and visited our museum and then went to the officers mess where Major Chapman gave them a most interesting lecture on the history of the Regiment.

Tuesday, Sept. 14.

This was a free morning, and we all met at the City Hall and everyone had a field day taking pictures. We then had a conducted tour of the City Hall which was very interesting. We then entered the Council Chambers where a meeting was in progress. After the meeting we were fortunate to meet Mayor June Rolands, who gave our friends a welcome speech.

Wednesday, Sept. 15.

This was our first road trip and we boarded our coach at Islington and Bloor for Niagara Falls. We went through the beautiful old town of Niagara on the Lake, and on to Queenston Heights. Here we showed our British friends how we taught the Americans a lesson. Then back to the falls and our friends went shopping in the many souvenir shops. I went for lunch and a pint with Alf Peacock and Doug Dean, and if you guys read this, next year it is my turn to buy. At 2:00 p.m. we met at the Maid of the Mist and went out into the falls. I asked one of our friends what he thought of Niagara Falls and he said it looks like a bad leak but we have a plumber back in Petworth that can fix it. We arrived back in Toronto and were hosted by Royal Canadian Legion Branch 217, where we enjoyed a delicious turkey dinner.

Thursday, Sept. 16.

This was another free morning and afternoon. At 5.30 p.m. we arrived at Royal Canadian Legion Branch 528 Malton, where we were treated to a delicious roast beef dinner. Many speeches were made here, and gifts were exchanged.

Friday, Sept. 17.

This was a free day again, and at 7:30 p.m. we arrived at Royal Canadian Legion Branch 31 Mt. Dennis, where we enjoyed a wonderful program, put on by the Silverthorn Legion Silver Band, war time favourite and hits of the 40's. My old friend Bill Sharkey was M.C. and did a wonderful job. A tasty lunch was served by the Ladies Auxiliary. It makes one proud to be a member of the Royal Canadian Legion.

Saturday, Sept. 18.

This was a completely free day for the hosts and guests.

Sunday, Sept. 19.

The hosts and guests attended a special church service at Christ Church on Royal York

Rd. conducted by Rev. Keith Kiddell, Roy Kennett, Gerry Strader, and Jim Stewart read scripture lessons. After the service we went to Royal Canadian Legion Branch 210 where we enjoyed a delicious lunch. At 3:00 p.m. we went to the Toronto Humber Valley Yacht Club where our Branch 217 Legion member Harry MacIsaac had 10 of his boats to take our friends for a cruise on the lake to see the islands and the Toronto skyline.

Monday, Sept. 20.

Today we had a coach tour to Midland where we were treated to a great lunch at Royal Canadian Legion Branch 80. Then we visited the ancient Indian village St. Marie among the Hurons, and then a boat cruise through the thirty thousand islands. We returned to Toronto at 6:30 p.m. and went to Royal Canadian Legion Branch 101. Long Branch where we enjoyed a delicious roast pork dinner and entertainment.

Tuesday, Sept. 21.

Completely free day for hosts and guests, we have to rest.

Wednesday, Sept. 22.

Today we took the last coach tour to London, Ontario, where we were met by Hank and Betty Motton, who took us to Royal Canadian Legion Branch 317 Victory Branch, where we enjoyed a delicious lunch and met the Deputy Mayor of London and the local member of Parliament. Betty Motton took our friends on a conducted tour of the City of London. We arrived back in Toronto at 7:00 p.m. and were hosted by the Royal Canadian Legion Branch 614, Centennial Branch where we enjoyed a very delicious roast beef dinner. This was our farewell dinner and many speeches were made and gifts exchanged. This was a very sentimental time and I could not say all the things that I wanted to say, however, I think our friends got my message. This was Ted White's home branch and he should be very proud.

Thursday, Sept. 23.

At 8:45 p.m., I went to the airport to see our friends off and had a few last drinks together, and took some pictures. I noted quite a number of damp eyes as they made their way to the departure lounge, why not?

Personal Comments

The visit of our friends from Petworth is now history, and we all know now that it was a great success.

One of my first duties would be to thank all the people who helped make it a success. The host families, the drivers, the people who gave us financial assistance, and last but not least our great friends in the Royal Canadian Legion.

It was a great honour to be appointed as chairman of the committee to look after the affairs of the Association in these matters and I hope I served you well.

I am extremely grateful for the support of the other members of the committee, namely Al Sinclair, Roy Kennett and our hard working secretary Mary Lou Oyler.

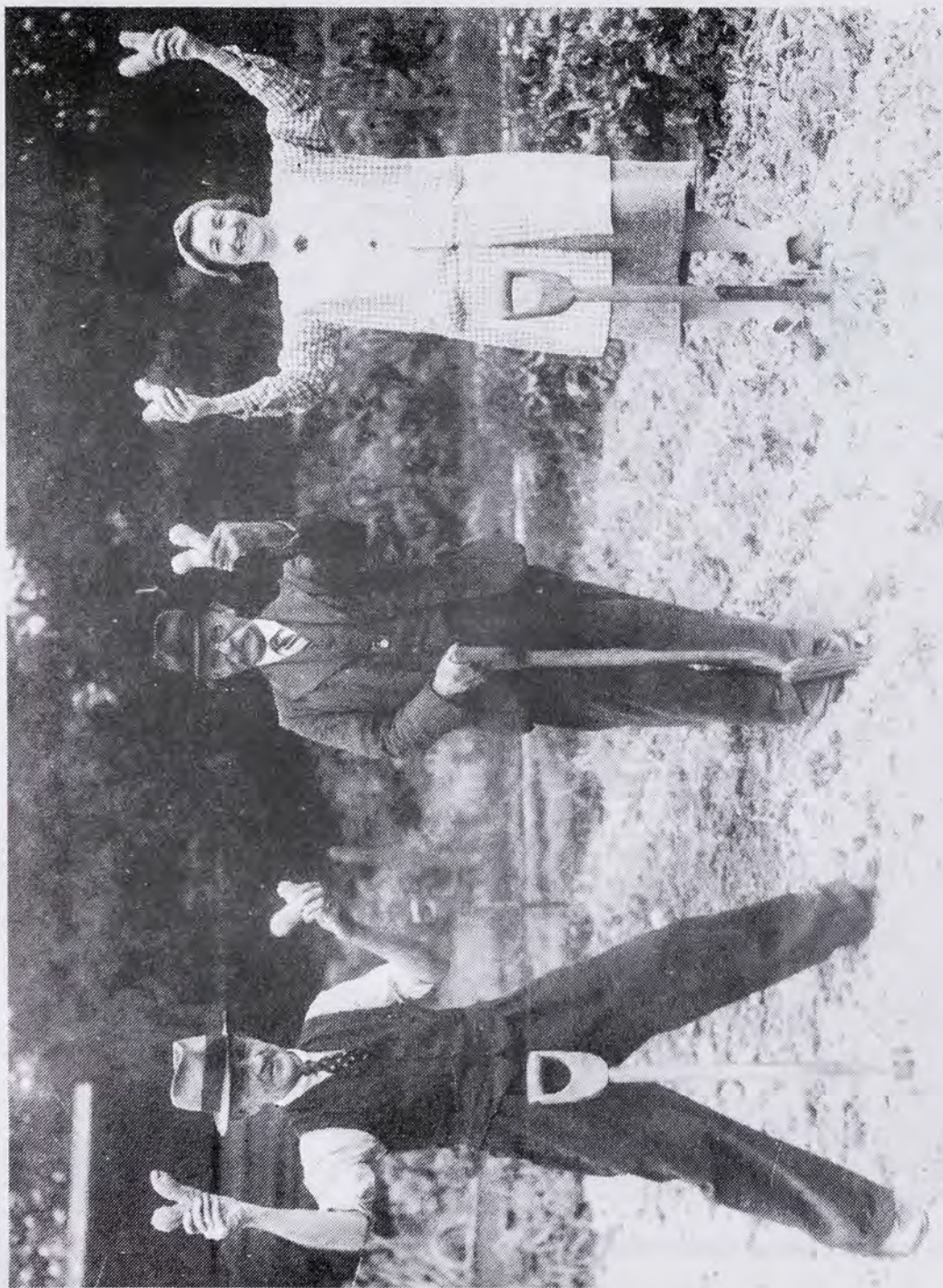
At time I wondered if we could achieve all the things we hoped to do but the Legion Branches made sure that we had nothing to worry about.

Judging from what happened in those ten days our friends were here, I'm sure that no member of the Royal Canadian Legion, or the Toronto Scottish will ever be a stranger in the streets of Petworth.

Carry on - Dusty



A rare picture of George Garland doing his celebrated yodel act in the 1950s.



*Victory 'V' Potatoes. September 1941. Mr Caine (left), Mr Callingham and Miss Austen.
Photograph by G.G. Garland.*

'No, we're far more serious than that ...' 'November 20th'

Saturday is a good day for the fair with a long afternoon leading up to the evening. Not a good year generally the fairmen said but Petworth seemed to be holding up quite well. It's very cold, they must like doing it, because whatever income it may bring in, it's desperately hard work. So much waiting so much preparation. Fairs are all about time. A fixed date, a short burst of activity then quiet again, time to dismantle and move on. You can't put a fair on hold, like videoing a television programme. A fair doesn't wait for you. If you can't make it - it's gone - for the eternity of a whole year.

I'm talking to Robert Harris in the caravan in the Car Park. A fire burning on the range. Mahogany fittings from the 1920s. Tea. It's Saturday afternoon, the Primary School children will be dancing in the Leconfield Hall now. The fair will really get going in the evening. Petworth is such an unusual fair. There are people here from all over the country. A whirl of cameras. Graham Downie of the Fairground Association is down from the Midlands, I've already seen our old friend Peter Hammond from World's Fair. There are all sorts of people just pleased to be here. Barry Norman is taking a pictorial record this year. For many people Petworth doesn't mean the House, or the Wall, or the Shimmings Valley but Petworth Fair. 'Are you obsessed with fairs?' they are asked. 'Oh no, we're far more serious than that.' Petworth Fair attracts its own tourists and brings Petworth a national prominence.

There have always been those who look upon the fair as a nuisance but that's part of its power. It has always existed in a kind of tension, always had a hint of the unorthodox about it. Looked at in another light it is Petworth asserting itself once a year against the traffic. Eight days once in the feast of St Edmund the King, Saturday to Saturday. History says Edmund King of East Anglia was ritually murdered by the Danes in 879. Why an East Anglian saint here? And why November 20th? What a strange time for a fair, almost the latest in the whole English calendar. The fair was certainly old by 1279 exactly four hundred years since Edmund's death. In that year Eleanor de Perci made reply to King Edward I's writ of Quo Warranto? By what warrant? Barons could not simply claim liberties like fairs without reference to the King. 'No charter' replied Eleanor, daughter of Earl Warenne, who was as powerful as any man living. The fair had existed beyond the memory of man. No one could recall its beginning. Its right was prescriptive. Eleanor had no need of a charter. Later documents occasionally mention a charter but Eleanor would not have wished to surrender the point.

It had been a long job putting up the Gallopers on the Friday. They had last been used at the immemorial air at Findon in September. Flies had settled in the canvas top hoping to see out the winter. They hadn't reckoned on a fair on the feast of St Edmund. They fell to the ground as the biting winter wind got to them. You could see a hint of snow in the lights. Hard frost in November portends the heavy rains of a mild winter they say.

In the Square people are walking about with the inappropriate prizes of a fairground. A distinguished-looking gentleman with a plastic lizard that can change colour. Perhaps Petworth

ought to have an official opening - ringing the town crier's bell and shouting, 'Oh Yes, Oh Yes ...' Perhaps ...

For the eight days of the old fair all trade had to be done at the fair, normal commercial activities were suspended. Of course there were no retail outlets then, just a weekly market and craftsmen's premises. The 'dusty-footed' - itinerant chapmen, pedlars, minstrels, would come to Petworth. Normal court proceedings were suspended too for the duration of the fair, justice had to be instant, the 'dusty-footed' were quick to disappear into the landscape from which they had as suddenly materialised. Towns and boroughs had a 'Pie-Powder' court to deal with offences at the fair. I've never heard of one at Petworth probably there was a special session of the Lord's Court Baron in operation for the eight days. Many fairs belonged not the Lord of the Manor but to a local bishop or abbot and control of the town would officially pass from the secular to the spiritual arm - a development not always welcome to the citizens. An avaricious abbot or bishop could be grasping as any lord. Petworth would still be under the Lord's steward but virtually a garrison town, sealed off for the fair's duration. When the fair took in New Street, Lombard Street and Golden Square in the early century you'd have caught just a hint of the true medieval atmosphere. For the present chairplanes whirling round, balls bouncing out of buckets, hitting the bottom and coming out. Things are never as easy as they look. Past and present and a look to the future. The bagpiper was an innovation. There's always something new. In the midst of this year's fair, you're thinking about next year's. As I've said, fairs are all about time.

P.

The Christmas Evening

Peter said it was the mixture as before, because that's what people seem to want, but it's never exactly that. There's always something different too, the unexpected elements in the traditional pattern, greeted by spontaneous murmurs of pleasure from the audience.

Needless to say, the Hall was packed, leading a number of the Society's officers and the Leconfield Hall Management Committee (one in the dual role of Chairman of both) wondering who would be the one to rule that we were over the limit and ask for volunteers to leave!

So what was different this time? Among Ian and Pearl's slides, the high-level views - of Niagara Falls from the Skylon Tower, of Toronto from the CN Tower, and of the streets of Petworth from the Parish Church tower. Then Martin Streeter, conducting the Town Band, confessing that our requests for carols had exhausted their repertoire. How good to see so many youngsters swelling their numbers. And the Petworth Edwardians, making up for their absence from Fair Day with a full programme of the usual well choreographed groups of songs and Tricia's evocative clarinet solos. Some extra treats here too - a skit on Society trips, with 'interruptions' from a number of well-known male members; an impressive tap-dance routine from 'Chorus Line' by Dorrie Willis and Julia Edwards, 'on loan' from the Kirdford Players (Julia is also, of course, on our Committee); and the less well-known but beautifully sung carols with

the whole company in tartan costumes which elicited audible appreciation from the Hall as the curtain rose. All this was enhanced by stage lighting operated by Douglas Price who had arranged for the equipment to remain in position after the Petworth Players production of 'Jane Eyre' the weekend before.

Peter surprised us all by appearing to be lost for words to express his enjoyment of the evening, which those present agreed had been 'the best yet'. And the raffle raised a record £100.

KCT

Doris Ashby - The Country Year

It was no surprise that extra chairs had to be brought into the Hall for the welcome return of Doris with another presentation of her superb slides. As Peter said, 'three years had been far too long to wait.'

Her excursions into eight counties, often as a result of receiving a telephone call from another enthusiast, started with winter flowers, frogs and cheese snails. Spring brought anemones, primroses and the blackthorn, an important shrub giving cover to many birds and providing food for a wide range of caterpillars as well as the fruit we collect to make sloe gin. In summer, butterflies featured strongly, with beetles, dragonflies, hornets and more flowers, leading into autumn with a profusion of fungi in surprising variety.

The sheer hard work and patience Doris devotes to tracking down rare species, her expertise both as naturalist and photographer and her down-to-earth commentary and anecdotes, all combine to make her a favourite with our members. Amusing stratagems employed to persuade butterflies to pose for her camera contrasted sharply with a graphic sequence depicting a lobster moth caterpillar and the emergence of a multitude of ichneumon fly larvae which had parasitised it, subsequently pupating around the remains of their host.

KCT

Barnham Church

The Church at Barnham architects, of late,
Report as being in a dangerous state;
And it would seem a serious affair,
To raise the funds to put it in repair,
But if he's well advised, Churchwarden New,
A more effectual method will pursue, -
Pull the Church down, and, as a consequence,
In future save the parish from expense.

A simple cottage may suffice, 'tis plain,
The Sabbath congregation to contain.
For people there in gen'ral, on that day
To any other place direct their way.
Nor do they deem it aught of their concern,
Unto the House of God their steps to turn.
A cask of ale to them more charms presents
Than all the sermons priestly ink invents.
They'd rather mess with Beelzebub and Co.
And find the habits which such friends desire,
Now easy and now pleasant to acquire!
So the repair the Church we well may say,
Would be to throw both pains and cash away.

This poem preserved in the Brydone family was almost certainly written at Petworth probably about 1840-50. The author is usually taken to be James Marr Brydone (1779-1865) a veteran of Trafalgar. He retired from the Navy in 1834 and went four times to Canada in charge of emigrants from Sussex.

Diaries reveal a forgotten world

By Roger Chatterton-Newman

In 1876 the wife of an Oxfordshire stonemason gave birth to a daughter who, 60 years later, was to become celebrated as Flora Thompson, author of the Lark Rise trilogy, chronicling the lives of ordinary people in Victorian England.

Two years after the Oxfordshire birth, Florence Tiplady, of Petworth, was married to Stephen Rapley, an agricultural labourer, and went to live at the old toll-house between Petworth and Duncton.

That Mrs Rapley (1856-1918) could have blossomed into another Flora Thompson is apparent from her surviving diaries, recently published as *So Sweet as the Phlox Is*, by the Window Press, of Petworth. Alas, unlike Mrs Thompson, Florence Rapley was never to reach the distinction of publication - apart from a handful of poems in Petworth parish magazine - in her lifetime, and the only copies of her journals to have survived date from 1909 to 1912.

Yet what a forgotten world is revealed to us from those brief three years. Peter Jerome, the Petworth historian who has contributed an illuminating introduction to the book, calls it 'the most thought-provoking and significant' Petworth volume of the century. This, surely, is an understatement: *So Sweet as the Phlox Is* must be regarded as a discovery of an importance far beyond the confines of this corner of West Sussex.

There is the temptation, of course, to make comparisons: in this case, with *The Country*



Florence Rapley in October 1991.
Courtesy of Mr A. Puttick.

Diary of an Edwardian Lady. Temptation must be resisted, for while both Florence Rapley and Edith Holden were lovers of nature, and were writing in the early years of this century, their daily lives were poles apart. Mrs Rapley records a life in which the hours of communion with Nature were all too brief - respites from a daily timetable at which a modern housewife would baulk.

By the time the diary opens, in the summer of 1909, Mrs Rapley was middle-aged, caring for her husband, three sons and a succession of lodgers at Fern Cottage, Heath End, where she was to spend most of her married life. Two of the sons (one of whom emigrated to America) ran a bicycle repair shop next to the cottage - Sunday trading there was a source of irritation to Mrs Rapley, a strict Sabbatarian - while her husband, known throughout the diary simply as 'Dad', worked long hours on distant farms.

Mrs Rapley had no help in the house: four daughters had died, at ages ranging from adolescence to infancy.

Blinding headaches, poor eyesight and swollen limbs (unregarded indications, perhaps, of the stroke which was to kill her in 1918) pursued Mrs Rapley as she struggled to ensure that meals appeared at the correct times, that her menfolk were decently turned out and that 'Dad' set off on time for work. And, despite the nearness of the repair shop, she was frequently lonely: the entry for Christmas Day, 1910, reads: 'No one else to speak to but the cats.'

She was lonely - her cottage neighbours had little in common with this farmworker's wife who read books avidly and discriminatingly - but not alone in the spiritual sense. In the church - at Duncton, Petworth and occasionally Byworth - Mrs Rapley found consolation and sustenance. She attended services two or three times on Sundays and recorded a synopsis of every sermon in her diary, frequently dissecting them with remarkable astuteness - and not always to the credit of the preacher. John Penrose, the amiable rector of Petworth from 1906 to 1919, was criticised for his espousal of the 'middle way' towards temperance (Mrs Rapley was an advocate of total abstinence); and Christopher Carruthers, of Duncton, did not always expound a biblical text to Mrs Rapley's satisfaction.

She was devoted to the memory of Charles Holland, whose long reign at St Mary's, Petworth, had lasted from 1859 to 1896, and who had shown her much kindness in her youth.

One would wish to know so much more about that youth. Apart from tantalisingly brief references to her maternal grandparents (who brought her up in Petworth), to Mr Holland and to an unnamed, but obviously influential, Godmother, Mrs Rapley rarely writes in retrospect. Her putative father, a soldier who served in India, is never mentioned; her mother hardly at all; and there is certainly a gap in what is known of Mrs Rapley's early life. There are suggestions that she went into service in Oxfordshire, and perhaps it was there that the joys of reading and writing were stimulated.

Florence Rapley had a strong and simple faith, which enabled her to endure the monotony of her daily life and to overcome the snobbish attitude of those whom she acidly termed 'the elite' of Petworth. After a snub one Sunday in Petworth Church in 1911, she wrote; 'No-one knows a farm-hand's wife although many of them the 'elite' are soaked in debt...'

The clergy of the district recognised her worth, notably Herbert Tugwell, a curate at Petworth in the late 1880s and, later, Bishop of Western Equatorial Africa. Every year after his departure, Mrs Rapley would send him a birthday card - a month early, 'in the hope that it will arrive'.

Mrs Rapley's opinions on a range of then contemporary topics, from Christian Science ('it is all moonshine') to the Suffragette movement ('creatures calling themselves ladies') show an unusually outspoken mind for a farm-hand's wife. If her few neighbours kept their opinions to themselves, if indeed they had any opinions, Mrs Rapley found her diary to be a safe outlet for her thoughts.

If she ever considered writing professionally, the constant drudgery of daily life compared with friends in London, her pleasure was spoiled by thoughts 'of home with nobody to do anything for Dad and he extra tired'. Such was a woman's lot in Edwardian England, and yet one feels like shaking those poor, helpless men of Fern Cottage who seemed hardly able to lift a finger for themselves.

Mrs Rapley was a stoical soul, who found pleasure in her diary, her garden (whence comes the title of the book) and in brief the walks into the beautiful countryside south of Petworth. Even then she was usually alone, her beloved dog, Cosy, having been exiled to the gate-house at Burton Park after the Rapley cats endangered his eyes.

One of the attractions of the diary is the intermingling of local affairs with international events: 'Hot. Two swarms of bees one of which ran right away' - 'The Queen of Spain has given birth to a stillborn child, the first time such an event had happened in the annals of Spanish history'.

At the same time one can feel the underlying frustration of the writer and her ever-growing optimism of a rather better world after death. But no bitterness comes through, simply a resignation to her lot, revealed in entries such as one for November 11, 1911. The congregation at Duncton Church sang the old hymn, Art Thou Weary - in her diary Mrs Rapley added the significant words 'I am.'

Available in a limited edition - only 250 copies have been published - *So Sweet as the Phlox Is* offers an invaluable record of Edwardian rural life. Mrs Rapley would doubtless be



BISHOP TUGWELL.

astonished that anyone should want to read her diary, but in now placing it before a wider public Peter Jerrome pays tribute not only to this gentle, long-suffering housewife of Dunton, but to her numberless counterparts the length and breadth of England.

So Sweet as the Phlox Is: The Diary of Florence Rapley 1909-12, with an introduction and notes by Peter Jerrome (The Window Press, Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth, West Sussex GU28 0DX), price £34.95, including post and packing.

This review first appeared in the *West Sussex Gazette*.

The Ghost of Old Preyste

I was walking the dog. He had had a good run away over the Shimmings and a tail wag dip in the stream down bottom of the Hills. Up Bartons Lane, half down the hill into the Archway, the dog stopped, pointed, his wagging tail at point set. It dropped between his legs; his fright conveyed to me. Unearthly wailing emanated from the bedroom in the old part of the house. This was my bedroom oft shared by the dog who was constant companion when I was at home. To say that he slinked off looking over his shoulder up at the bedroom, 'twas more of a rush to the garden, where he stopped, turned around and commenced to bark with apparent courage.

Mother Ida came out to meet us, something alarmed. 'It is young Ralph .. He is sitting on your Bedroom Floor beating time and wailing Banshee! I hope that he is all right!'

Somewhat relieved, knowing Ralph well, I did wonder if a spell of dangerous duty in the Palestine Police might have affected his unusual sense of humour. I shouted the dog to be silent and rushed up to greet Ralph, not having seen him for a year or two. A great reunion of Friends. His father used to own the Railway Hotel, now the Badger. Greetings across the world to New Zealand. Leading up to, although it was some time later, home on leave, I was relocated in the Old Monks Room reckonably the oldest part of an ancient Petworth property. I had been travelling for some days; an excellent meal and good wine had welcomed me home. Ready to sink into the Half Tester and catch up on some sleep. No idea at what time it might be, probably dreaming anyway, a whine and bark of dog, a Banshee wail, more than likely a late night roisterer going homewards, and a sudden noise from beyond the bedroom door .. suddenly wide awake I shot across to the door. An ethereal light coming from the far end of the corridor ... a shadowy figure coming towards me .. on silent feet seeming to glide .. a little old Lady giving off a radiant blue, in crinolines and bonnet, I thought a hooked nose, but there again, I was probably dreaming through a haze of good Claret wine. I can tell you, any who may be so interested, what 'transfixed' and 'rooted to the spot' means, for so was I. Within feet of me She glided by and went away to my right hand. The corridor ran in that direction but I say, to this day, She went through the wall, and disappeared. The distant note of the Church clock sounded the hour through the open window. I was suddenly conscious that I was cold and shivering. A dive back into the bed, pulling the covers over my head until my chattering teeth stopped and I began to warm.

I guess some guilt at overeating combined with the thought does one really remember dreams, has placed all this back into memory. Maybe Ralph had aroused The Spirit to walkabout. Perhaps it was storytelling back into childhood memories and ghosts that walk in all the old buildings of Petworth ... I would be interested to hear that someone else about this part of the Town, might have seen or met The Little Old Lady in Blue walking about in the Night ...

c John Francis

Moving to Petworth

I came to Petworth with my Father and Mother - Walter and Norah Caine - from the village of Elstead in Surrey, when I was just 3 months old.

Father was in the 1914-18 war from day one and did not return to England until 1919. He was in some of the worst of the fighting, but still served with the Army of Occupation. He was a member of the Royal Engineers attached to the Guards Brigade, and for his gallantry was awarded several medals one of which was the Military Medal.

Mother came from a small fishing village close to Clovelly in N. Devon. On leaving school she went into Service and eventually worked in London under a butler and served in some of the large houses.

Seeking a change of employment, my father came to Petworth to view a property in Pound Street which was available for rent from a Mr West. This was in 1922. The house was large and not well maintained, it lacked any of the modern conveniences. Mr West explained he wished to give up shopkeeping, and that if my father took over the house and business he would move out. In fact it would be a little while before we had the house to ourselves with a lease drawn up with Mr Wright the owner who lived in London and an agreed rent set at £52 a year. This rent included the cottage next door, and the small shop which was occupied by a Mr Todman for a while, many years later it became a Cycle Shop run by my brother John.

Life during the next few years was very hard. Beside running the shop, Father had an allotment in the Tillington Road, where he grew fresh vegetables for sale in the shop as well as a variety of soft fruit. Later he managed to rent a large area opposite the site of the Gas Works in Station Road. Later still he took over a large meadow, on part of which the present Fire Station stands. In the process of digging the field by the use of spades, the two men employed discovered several coins. Evidence of the fact that this field had been used as a site for the travelling Fair.

Near to Littlecote House, there was an orchard of fruit trees, apples, pears, plums as well as gooseberry and currant bushes. This father rented as well. Mr Frank Penfold helped with the garden and the growing of the vegetables for several years and when he gave up, Mr Harold Kitchener took over the job and also helped with the pigs and chicken which we kept during the 1939-45 War. One investment which made his job a little easier, was the purchase of an Auto-Culto petrol driven plough.

The business was in a way, two tier. My parents had a number of customers who lived in the larger houses, who wanted the same class of exotic fruit and vegetables which they could obtain in London. (Today, out of season fruits are imported and so are more generally available.) My father would telephone his orders to Covent Garden Market in London, where Pouparts the supplier would ensure that the goods were despatched by passenger train to Pulborough Station, where we would go to collect them for immediate delivery to each of the large houses on our books.

As youngsters we had to help. One of the jobs I hated more than most, was picking large quantities of Brussell sprouts. First thing Saturday morning, when there had been a hard frost during the night, we picked the sprouts in bushel baskets. This proved to be a long cold job.

During the summer we had the gooseberries, the strawberries, raspberries and the black and red currants to pick. So the entire summer evenings were taken up with fruit picking. The raspberries had to be picked with the hull still attached, but for the gooseberries the cooks at the large houses wanted them 'topped and tailed', so my cousin Winnie, who lived with us then, and I, had that doubtful pleasure of first picking the fruit and then the final job of topping and tailing before the fruit could be despatched to the grateful cooks.

John was involved more in helping Father in picking the apples, the pears and plums, working from ladders and then helping to get the produce back to the shop to be graded. Some of the apples were of keeping variety. These had to be carefully placed in trays so that their condition could be regularly checked.

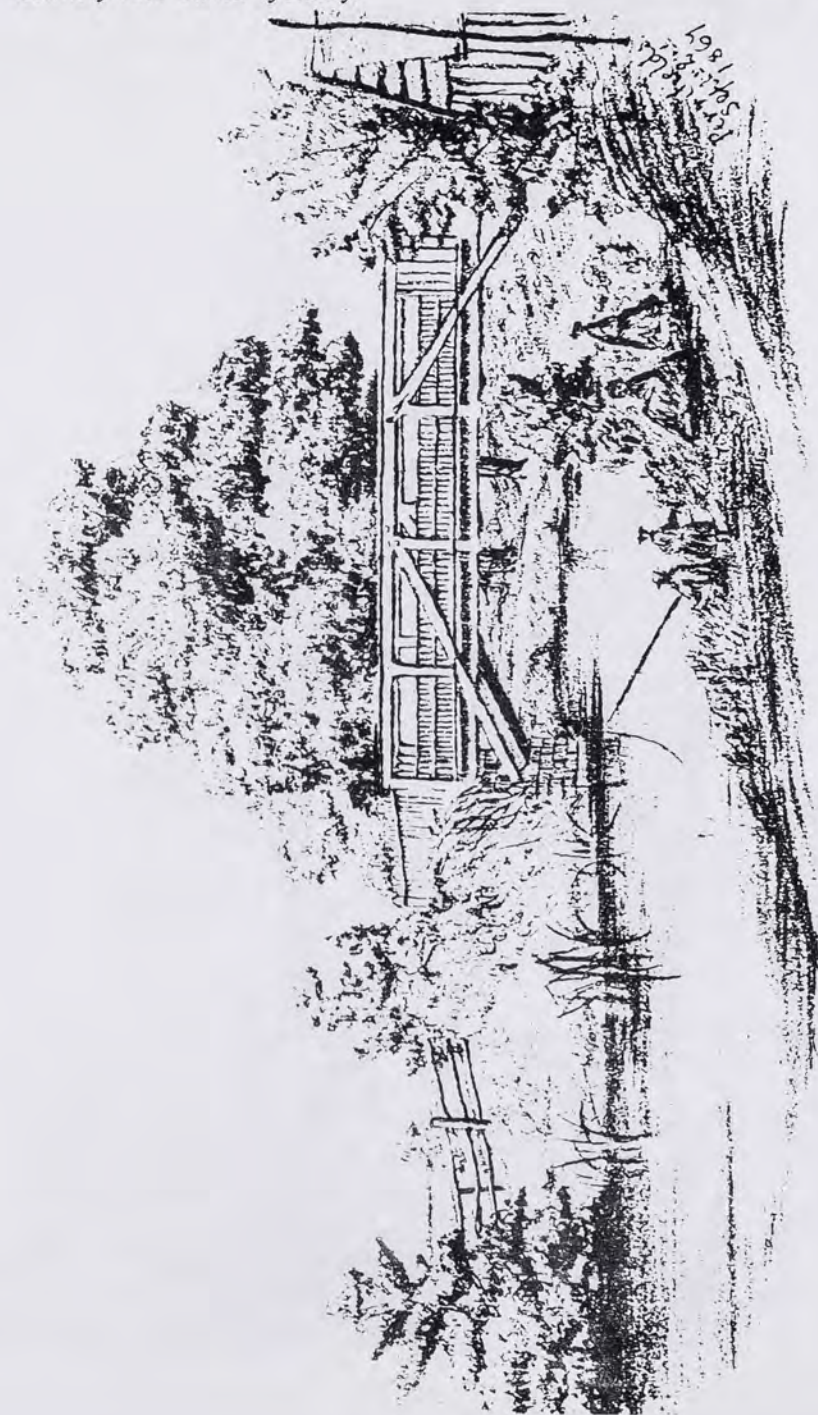
During the summer, Mother made large quantities of jam for sale in the shop. The sugar for the jam making was bought in bulk each bag weighing 56lb. I only remember the price of the plum jam which was 8d per lb in old money. There were several customers who travelled quite a distance to purchase Mother's jam. They would send in their order by post and collect when told it was ready. One such customer I remember, was a solicitor from Brighton. He came in a chauffeur driven Rolls Royce car each year to collect his order. Father used to make special wooden boxes just the right size to take a number of pots of jam and marmalade, which Father would then help the chauffeur to pack into the boot of the car.

Mother did afternoon teas during the summer, so on Friday afternoons after most of the shop work was done, she started the baking of various kinds of cakes, sometimes scones or Devonshire splits as well. So we had to hope for a fine weekend, or else there were a lot of cakes about for a few days.

My parents also made their own ice cream and sold it in the shop. The milk for making the ice cream was delivered by Mr Whitney, the farmer at Upperton. He would arrive by horse-drawn milk float. The milk was then ladled into half-gallon jugs, one of which I still have today. Ice was delivered from Guildford by lorry and came in half-hundredweight blocks. We had an icebox, which was a large wooden container lined with zinc and with zinc shelves. The ice was placed in the bottom, and some of the special fruit and vegetables were placed on the shelves to ensure it was kept in good condition before being delivered to the customer.

At Christmas time, we had orders for ice cream for children's tea parties. On certain pre-arranged days and times, it had to be delivered so that the tea was in progress when we arrived and the ice cream was served at the end of the meal.

*A series of 4 sketches by Constance Daintrey, three of which are dated and titled.
Courtesy Ann Turner of Nutley.*

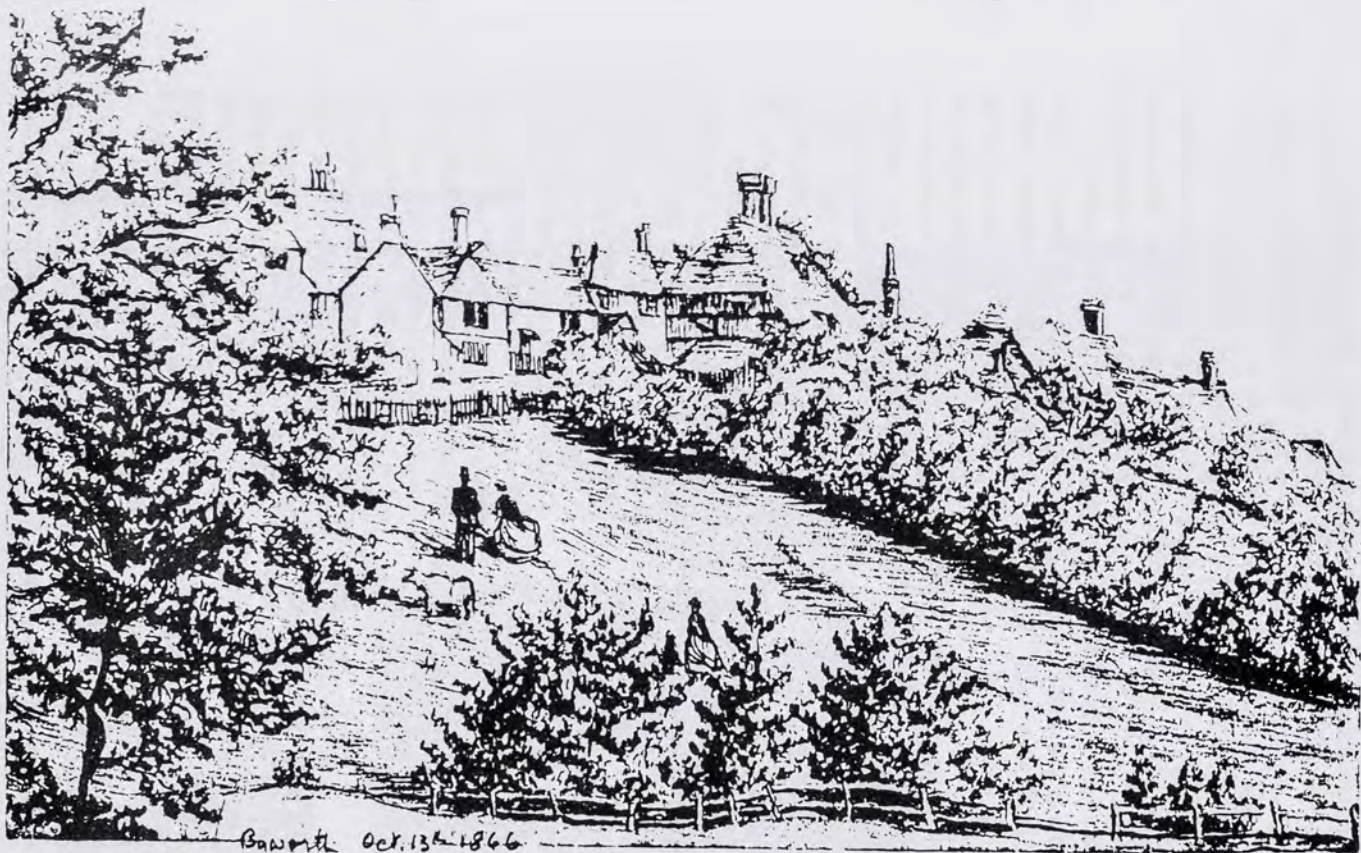


(a) Perryfields 2nd September 1867.



Tillington Church Sept 1st 1865

(b) Tillington Church 1st September 1865.



Byworth Oct. 13th 1866

(c) Byworth 13th October 1866.



(d) Gog and Magog Lodges - not titled or dated.

Father had many and varied customers, one lady on coming into our shop would look for the jar of Mints (Three X Mints). She would take the small jar off the shelf and if she had friends with her, she would hand the jar round saying, 'Take one for each side, it will keep out the cold'. The jar was then returned to the shelf, but no question of payment was ever mentioned.

As time went on, Father bought a Motor Car from Grey and Rowsell's at Bury, but he did not like driving at all. The car was a Clynio and was very draughty, with its side screens that dropped into two holes in the doors and a hood that could be lowered. It was a lot of trouble to lower the hood, so it usually remained up.

On Petworth Park Day, we had a stall in the Park, selling sweets, chocolate, fruit and ice cream. Cigarettes were not allowed to be sold unless a licence was obtained from the Police. Father considered this too expensive for one day's trading so a licence was not obtained.

All the goods for sale were loaded onto a flat topped hand cart. One or two strong men were paid to push this up the Tillington road and into the Park entering by the Cricket Lodge. In later years the car was used to carry the goods as well as a stiff canvas tent that could be erected on the site and so give better protection.

It was not unknown for sheep to be driven up Pound Street on to new pasture at the north end of the town. On one such occasion, a Monday, when the shop was due for its regular scrubbing through, (hands and knees) and soon after the washing of the clothes was completed and the water in the copper was available, a young man who was staying with us, a cousin, whose normal task was helping father in the garden, but today was scrubbing through, went to change the water in the bucket. On his return he found the sheep had entered the shop, gone through the passage and were in the garden at the back of the house. There they were busy trimming the plants.

After some considerable effort, the sheep were sent on their way. There was nothing else to do now, but start again, but the lesson he had learnt was - remember to shut the shop door before leaving the premises.

When the circus came to Hampers Common before the War, each year the elephants, lions and tigers would arrive by train at Petworth Station. The trainers then walked the elephants up to the town. Father always gave them some fruit when they arrived outside the shop, but one year, Father was not at home and the largest elephant would not go on his way until he had had



'All the goods for sale were loaded onto a flat-topped hand-cart....'

his fruit, so the other elephants stayed also. Mother was too frightened to go out to them, so 'China' Sadler who worked at Joyes the Fish shop next door came to the rescue and the elephants were soon happily on their way.

At the onset of the second World War, things changed almost overnight. A number of the large houses which we had served were taken over by the Military or were used as Hospitals. Rationing came and things were never the same again. Mother died in 1951 after which, father seemed to lose all interest. The property and business was then sold to Mr and Mrs Jerrome. Father and I lived in Hampshire for a while until the time came for his own death which was March 1957.

Wilma Jacobs

Working for Mr Whittington

Mr Whittington had worked for Craggs the plumbers in Bartons Lane and had continued the business after they finished. His yard however was in High Street where Ricketts the carriers had once been. It was the early 1930s and I had just left school to look for a job, filling in with a few odds and ends at Eagers in Market Square while I waited. As it happened Mr Whittington had just got rid of a boy and thought I might be suitable. I think he and my father had been talking it over at the British Legion; that's how things happened in those days. There was no initial training, I'd start as a 'mate' and learn as I went. Mr Whittington didn't have a big staff; just himself, Mr Slee and myself as the 'boy'. A little later he would take on Cecil Sadler, like me to learn the trade and Jack Holloway would work with us for some years. Conscious of my predecessor's rather abrupt departure, I knew I had to be on by best behaviour although, in fact, by the standards of the time Mr Whittington was a fairly relaxed employer, quite prepared to have a joke on occasion. Not all employers were like that then, nor, I expect, are they now.

I started off at Pitshill House, home of Colonel Mitford, and soon learned that my predecessor had been caught by the Colonel smoking in the stables! Mr Whittington couldn't risk losing such an important contract and the lad had been warned about smoking before. A lot of the work was regular maintenance at the big houses like Pitshill, paying particular attention to the lead on the roofs, repairing or renewing the lead valleys. There was a large staff at Pitshill and you could never sit back, you always had to be doing something. Another frequent job was replacing tap-washers. Colonel Mitford had levered taps in the bathroom and his precise military mind insisted they both be at the same angle. However if a washer wore through, one of the taps would get out of alignment and we would have to reset it. We very seldom saw the Colonel himself, our work seems largely to have been arranged for when he was away. As in many great houses the toilets were elaborate and nothing like modern ones. After all, at this time many ordinary houses didn't have inside sanitation at all. There was a tank in the roof above the toilet which was flushed by activating a handle at the side. It was in fact, as I found out later, a very complicated mechanism. The seats were great pieces of mahogany with cover flaps. We had to be most careful not to scratch anything.

Lavington House was another regular call. Lord Woolavington had a monthly contract with us to inspect all the leadwork on the roof. This involved a whole day going round the roof clearing and checking the lead valleys. If repairs were necessary we had to go back the following day and effect them. The contract meant that no leaks were expected in the lead. If water came into the house there would be questions asked! Leaves were the main debris and we would put them carefully in a sack and lower it over the parapet. No, we didn't just sweep them off the roof! On one of my early visits Jack Slee said, 'Go up the far end. There's a lot of leaves there.' I took a broom and set off. All of a sudden a siren sounded. It was fixed to a chimney at the far side of the house. I didn't know what was going on at all. 'What's that?' I shouted to Jack Slee. 'It's the fire drill,' he replied. We both looked over the parapet and could see extending out of a window what looked like a rolled sheet. Actually it was a canvas tunnel used to evacuate the servants' quarters in the event of an emergency. Anyone who was on the top floor would simply slide down the chute to the ground. My impression was that some of the girls were more frightened of the chute itself than they were of a possible fire. At this house the main bathroom was of polished marble and here again we had to be ultra-careful while working there.

Two other large houses were Burton House and Coates Castle. Burton was another regular call but we never saw Major Courtauld. Here again we looked at the roof but not quite as frequently as we did at Lavington. I remember that there were large tanks up in the loft and we often had to alter the ball valves on them. I can't remember doing any work in the kitchens there. Most estates carried their own staff, at least to some extent, but few carried a specialist plumber, come to that, few builders at that time carried a specialist plumber either. Coates Castle was another periodic call. It was rented by Mr Constable from the Leconfield Estate and we had to service the boiler in the kitchen. There was no electricity there at the time but a big carbide plant outside for producing gas.

Mr Whittington's basic work was these big house contracts and we filled in between times with smaller local jobs like repairing taps. Remember that in those days very few people had bathrooms. We were often up at Percy Row where the toilets were outside in the adjoining woodsheds and very liable to freeze up during the winter. There was always something to do between the bigger jobs.

I used to like working at Bedham. It was nice out there. I liked the atmosphere and being right out in the country. There were old cottages out there which people from away had bought as summer homes. No, not necessarily Londoners, they seemed to come from various places but they came only for the summer months. There was no mains water at Bedham and about Easter, or just before, we used to go out and make sure the semi-rotary pumps installed in the cottages were working properly. We'd take the front off the pump, service it and make sure it was running free to send the water up to the gravity tanks in the roof. We also had to inspect the wells. I remember getting to Potters one spring to find that the well had collapsed and flooded. Mr Whittington went off to phone the owners to tell them that they couldn't come down for two or three weeks. We couldn't begin to work on it until the artificial lake that had formed in the garden had subsided a little.

The Bedham cottages had leaded light windows and we often had to repair or remake the lights. We'd measure the windows and cut the diamond-shaped panes back in the High Street

shop. I remember a terrific hailstorm at Bedham breaking a lot of panes. You could turn back the pliable lead to refit them but you had to be very careful. There were other jobs up that way, at Pallingham Farmhouse or right out at Neville's Wood at Stopham. Really out in the country.

As a lead-worker Mr Whittington might have the occasional specialist job. Very occasionally we would have to seal an inner coffin with lead before the whole was placed in the heavy outside one. We did it for Charlie Peacock the undertaker but it wasn't something we did very often. It was an eerie job and I was always glad to get it finished.

Another job I recall was working at Northchapel when the Dependants or 'Cokelers' were building an extension at the back of their stores. We were retained as plumbers. Mrs Brooker was in charge then. She was quite strict and you had to be careful what you said or did. She wasn't too impressed at seeing us go off to the pub for lunch although she didn't seem to object to smoking. The ladies who served in the shop wore long black skirts of the old-fashioned kind but they were very pleasant people. It was certainly before the war - 1938 perhaps.

A later job was to lead over the top of the church tower after the spire had been removed. A carpenter had covered the base where the spire had stood with timber. It was allowed to weather and then we had to lead it over. I was very happy to get that particular job finished.



Collapsed well at 'Potters' Bedham.



Putting in a bath at the Red Lion (c1950). Cecil Sadler (left). Doug Dean is in the centre and Den Rayner right.

In a sense Mr Whittington was fortunate to be operating at a time when local cottages were being installed with bathrooms. Some of these conversions we did for the Leconfield Estate. They had their own plumbers then but there were so many houses to do that they couldn't cope with them with their permanent staff and put out some of the work to outside firms like ourselves. Mr Whittington gave up in 1958 and I carried on the business after that. Times were changing and much of our work after that involved electrical installations, a lot of dairy farm work, sterilising equipment that sort of thing, and of course, in private houses, immersion heaters.

Bill Vincent was talking to the Editor

Note

Mr Roffey's request for information about evacuees (Magazine 74) elicited a number of replies, including a very comprehensive account from Mr R.W. Hough of Lightwater. We append here the opening sections of Mr Hough's recollection.

The Recollections of an Evacuee from Peckham - (London) at Petworth from Sept 39 until Jan / Feb 45

1. September 3rd 1939

As an eight year boy at that time, I do not believe that I had been provided with any understanding of what the impending war could mean. Only three issues seem to have made any real impact upon my memory of that date and these were:-

-It was most disturbing to see a long line of mothers all waving and sobbing as we left them in London. Up to this point it had initially all seemed to be a 'big exciting going away for a sort of holiday', but the impact of all the crying mothers made one realise that this was no ordinary holiday.

-The train journey seemed to be endless, with numerous stops by the train along the way, which gave the effect that we were being taken an extremely long distance away from London and we were all wondering just where we were going to end up.

-I now appreciate that the whole evacuation process had been hurriedly conceived and that there had been little time for real planning. I believe that we arrived at Petworth Railway Station, one of the very few occasions that I used this station, and the evacuees were then taken by bus to what I later came to know as the 'Iron Room'. On the 3rd Sept. the room seemed to be packed with children carrying their small cases and numerous grown-ups many of whom held paper lists. To the children, the scene I believed conveyed a state of chaos in that some

adults were making changes to the 'lists' and there appeared to be great uncertainty. I can quite vividly recall that some children were quite distressed in that brothers were being separated into different homes and similarly so were brothers and sisters.

The day having started with the sight of crying mothers was now coming to a close with children openly crying at the thought of being separated and this effected the remainder by generally causing fear over the uncertainty of the future.

I was taken quite late in the day to the home of Mr & Mrs Kenward at Foxhill, which was 2 miles away from Petworth. I recall arriving quite tired and all I wanted to do was to go to bed to sleep after what was an exhausting long emotive day.

2. *The initial period at Petworth*

In order to appreciate the change with which I was personally confronted, I should explain that in 1935, my parents had purchased a newly built house in Peckham, which was quite a rarity in that most of the land in the area had been developed a century or more at an earlier time.

This brick built house was extremely modern for that time and would still bear quite a favourable comparison to current properties of the 90's. The lounge had wall lights as well as a large central light unit and equally the dining room had a five armed central light. With my mother having a great desire over lighting, there was additional lighting from a standard lamp and some side lights. Even if only half of the lighting was illuminated, the effect was that every room was extremely bright. Other features included indoor sanitation with low level w.c. units.

Against such a background, one can imagine the impact when confronted with living in a house, parts of which was well over three hundred years old and an absence of any electric light and external toilet facilities consisting of a bucket.

It is my memory that it was not the need of having to get used to living with 'strangers' but learning to adjust to a living room illuminated only by a single oil lamp and the fact that anywhere other than immediately below the lamp, one could not really see. Going upstairs required the carrying of a candle and similarly the only light in the bedroom was a candle.

This lack of light, combined with the rather basic toilet facilities made a major impact during the initial period, but I have to say that such is the ease with which youngsters can readily adapt, then within a few months, all of the above conditions became the 'norm' and not thought being anything exceptional.

During the first days, weeks and months a number of the Peckham evacuees returned back home. Whilst I cannot be certain as to their individual reasons for taking this action, I now suspect that the motivation came from three sources:-

-The London parents were finding that during this initial period that the city was not being bombed and the government had over reacted in sending away so many of the children.

-Some children certainly were missing their parents and needed to be restored to their normal home.

-I believe that the primary cause was due to the inability of the children to come to terms with the changed life-style.

The London children were used to dense housing conditions with few open spaces. The roads to one side of Camberwell Road were all long, probably each longer than half a mile, in

which many children would be housed. It was normal for such children to therefore have a large circle of friends and the interchange between such groups of minors resulted in learning techniques together with the development of the quick repartee often associated with the London cockney.

At a stroke, the sudden transfer of children, with such a background into an open rural environment, where sometimes the nearest other children could be 0.5 mile and more away, required the acceptance of a major change to one's lifestyle.

3. *Education*

A. *Initial Period*

During the initial years the evacuated children at Petworth seemed to be kept segregated from the local children. I am reasonably certain, that for the first 6, possibly 12 months, we were referred to as the 'Oliver Goldsmith (Peckham) Evacuated School'. Our education was to take place in what was known as the 'Iron Room' which was a corrugated steel, single roomed building, located just off Petworth main square. This building was used by the town for many uses, particularly in the evenings, and therefore each day normally began with assembly, prayers etc. followed by the erection of the sets of trestles, on to which, very willowy long planks of wood had to be placed. The children were required to sit alongside this table, probably as many as 15 to one side. Three rows of such tables consisted a 'class' and there was a total of four classes all within this one open single room.

If one class was permitted to make a noise, this immediately caused a distraction to the other classes and therefore, maintaining school discipline was of major importance and on occasions this necessitated the use (or threat) of the cane.

The height of these makeshift tables was totally unsuitable for children and irrespective of whether one kneeled upon the chairs, stools etc, the majority of the children between the ages of 7 to 13 became obliged to try and write with the table seemingly close to one's chest or even under one's chin. The standard of handwriting, particularly that of the writer was generally quite poor and of concern to the teachers. The English teacher, a Mr Allen, became really concerned over the standard of handwriting and so many hours was devoted to trying to copy the beautiful handwriting of the teacher which he was able to place upon the makeshift blackboard.

The evacuated school, with all its limitations, in terms of its facilities, was never the less most successful and this was due to one person, the headmaster, a Mr Mickleborough. The headmaster had been injured in the first world war, in that several fingers were missing and he could have some difficulty in walking due to leg injuries. I can clearly recall that on some days the headmaster was not well but he was always present and carried out his duties to the full.

Every child in the evacuees school was totally committed to the headmaster. Two items which I recall with pleasure were the headmaster's practice on Friday afternoons for the last 20 minutes prior to break-up, when the whole school sang popular songs, such as John Browns Body etc. For the same period on some other days, the headmaster used to read stories from books. The books were always selected on the basis of the text providing some humour as well as being thrilling and exciting. Mr Mickleborough had the unique talent to present the stories by a sort of acting out the parts and using different accent and voices for the various parts. The whole school would sit completely quietly and totally enthralled by the story which we didn't

want to end and we could hardly wait until the next day or so to hear the next chapter.

The 'Iron Room' approach to our education continued for some while, more than a year, and throughout this period we continued to be totally segregated from the town school. Slowly the evacuees began to mix with the town's children during the after school hours and whilst this was generally without problems, there were, I am sorry to recall, during this period, some cases of bullying of the younger evacuees from the older Petworth boys. I was on the receiving end from two such attacks and whilst I can still well recall their surnames, there is little point of making such reference, for it is all too late, by some 55 years.

I suspect that the authorities must have been concerned at education continuing in a building so unsuitable for growing children. I am not completely sure of the real facts of the situation, but I suspect that there was some rivalry between the two schools and I gained the impression that the two headmasters had somewhat different ideas.

I believe that the evacuees school started to play the Petworth school at football and that such games took place in a part of Petworth Park by gaining entrance at the gateway building on the Petworth to Midhurst Road. From these humble beginnings this led to some joint sports days. I recall that the next stage was the acknowledgement that on some days when the Petworth school had classes undertaking sports, or visits etc, then this resulted in one or more of the town's classrooms being unused. This led the way to a class walking from the Iron Room during the midday break to North Street where the Petworth school was located. I can vividly recall the first time I sat in such a classroom on a proper seat, classroom desk and all, facing a proper school blackboard and all within a closed room!

With the passage of time, this partial use of the true Petworth school facility became more extended and I am reasonably certain that some of the town's classes did occasionally use the Iron Room building. During this phase, all the children, local and evacuees, used to carry little time tables which listed the various classes and where these were to take place in either of the two locations. Although this interchange of facilities was taking place, never the less there were still two quite separate and identifiable schools with different names.

It became quite normal for the older children to be exchanging classrooms and buildings during the lunchtime. I believe this procedure had advanced to the point whereby the evacuees did sometimes begin their school on some days by starting in the Petworth school. With this on going exchange the evacuees began to know the local children far better and many strong friendships were formed.

Throughout this whole period our headmaster Mr Mickleborough continued to be a tower of strength and his caring was absolute. The headmaster did recognise that we were living in a rural area and that the evacuees were exceedingly ignorant of 'country matters'. Under the encouragement of the headmaster together with the specific guidance of the lady teacher Ms Williams, we began to study local wild flowers, many of which were brought into the school and placed into jam jars containing water so that the observation could continue over a period of time. At other times we were taken on long walks over the South Downs to study foxgloves, historical land sites and other things.

R.W.

George Garland's Early Days (2)

In the article on George Garland's early days in the Magazine 71 I drew attention to his, at first sight, rather surprising, statement in a newspaper article in 1961 that he had become a professional photographer 'almost by accident', his early interests lying as much in reporting as in photography. I looked at the 'jest' notebook and the snatches of 'diary' covering a month at the turn of the years 1918-1919 that is to be found there. The second, companion, notebook was left for further consideration.

In fact his second notebook is an identical small black notebook to the 'jest' book and comes from roughly the same period. There are one or two very early items however. The book contains some first attempts at topographical journalism, very much in the style of the time, some early poems of very varying merit, some apparently from as early as 1914 when George Garland was still at Midhurst Grammar School, an article on the Anchor Inn at Liphook dated October 1917 and probably written by Garland himself, notes on a visit to Compton (Surrey) in November 1918 and some other miscellaneous cuttings, most, but probably not all, taken from the 'Cycling' Magazine. The topographical notes made by Garland himself are clearly intended to fit his genre although they were probably neither submitted or published.

Early in the notebook comes his account of Byworth dated 20th March 1918. 'A pleasant little village, neat and typical Sussex. I found the villagers very civil on passing through, one beautiful afternoon in March. It boasts of one inn, the Black Horse, for so I judged its name from a weather-beaten sign, bearing a picture of a somewhat straight-backed 'gee-gee' well nigh indistinguishable by reason of its exposure to the storms of many years. There was no church as far as I could see, so I imagine that the Byworth people attend church in Petworth (a mile away).'

Garland's persona here is that of the inquisitive stranger travelling in strange territory, he will have known perfectly well that the inn was called the Black Horse and he will have known something too of Byworth people's church arrangements. The observation is superficial but after all this is the work of someone barely eighteen. The Petworth entry begins with a quotation from Cobbett and then goes on to drawing a contrast with the Petworth Cobbett had encountered in the 1820s. Predictably the Petworth entry is considerably longer than the Byworth one and in some ways consciously stylised to suit the persona Garland wishes to represent. He writes:

'Petworth is no longer a pleasant market town, for markets are no longer held here. It is however still possessed of many old buildings which stood and were seen, I have no doubt, by William Cobbett during his short stay here.

It is unique for its quaintness; short little streets which until a few years back remained unnamed, and quaint little old-fashioned houses which look as though they are tired of standing in a perpendicular position and are therefore obstinately leaning forward, like so many superannuated men.

All the shops were closed on the afternoon that I passed through, and all the people were gone, far away over the hills I should imagine for there were none sunning themselves in the streets as I should have expected. As it had been a fine afternoon they were probably availing themselves of the weekly half-holiday and admiring the beautiful country which surrounds that salubrious hamlet.

I have been told that no one ever hurries in Petworth and never will no matter what changes the coming ages bring...'

Half-day closing has conveniently spared the embryo journalist the chore of describing the town at its bustling best, while 'salubrious hamlet' seems a rather perverse description of a town of Petworth's size and significance. March too appears a curious season for Petworth's inhabitants to disappear en masse into the surrounding countryside. It is almost as if they had been led away by a Sussex equivalent of the Pied Piper! Above all however we have here the beginnings of the presentation of a world that Garland wished to portray as opposed to a world that he actually saw, a motif that would permeate his photographic work between the wars and, indeed, long after.

The next day, the 21st March, Garland journeys to Graffham, finding the village 'far from pretty'. The church was locked and the young journalist had to look at the interior through a window. He walked on over the Downs to Charlton where he tried unsuccessfully to raise the inmates of the Fox Inn, closed, he was informed, for spring cleaning. Failing to evoke any response, he went on to Singleton where he was treated with the utmost civility by the landlord of the Horse and Groom. It was at Singleton, he recalled, that Cobbett had dried his wet coat in front of a kitchen fire. Cocking he found 'neat and rather pretty'. 'At the Bell Inn', he noted, 'is supposed to be a curiosity in the form of a hostess - I regret that I was unable to visit owing to lack of spare time'.

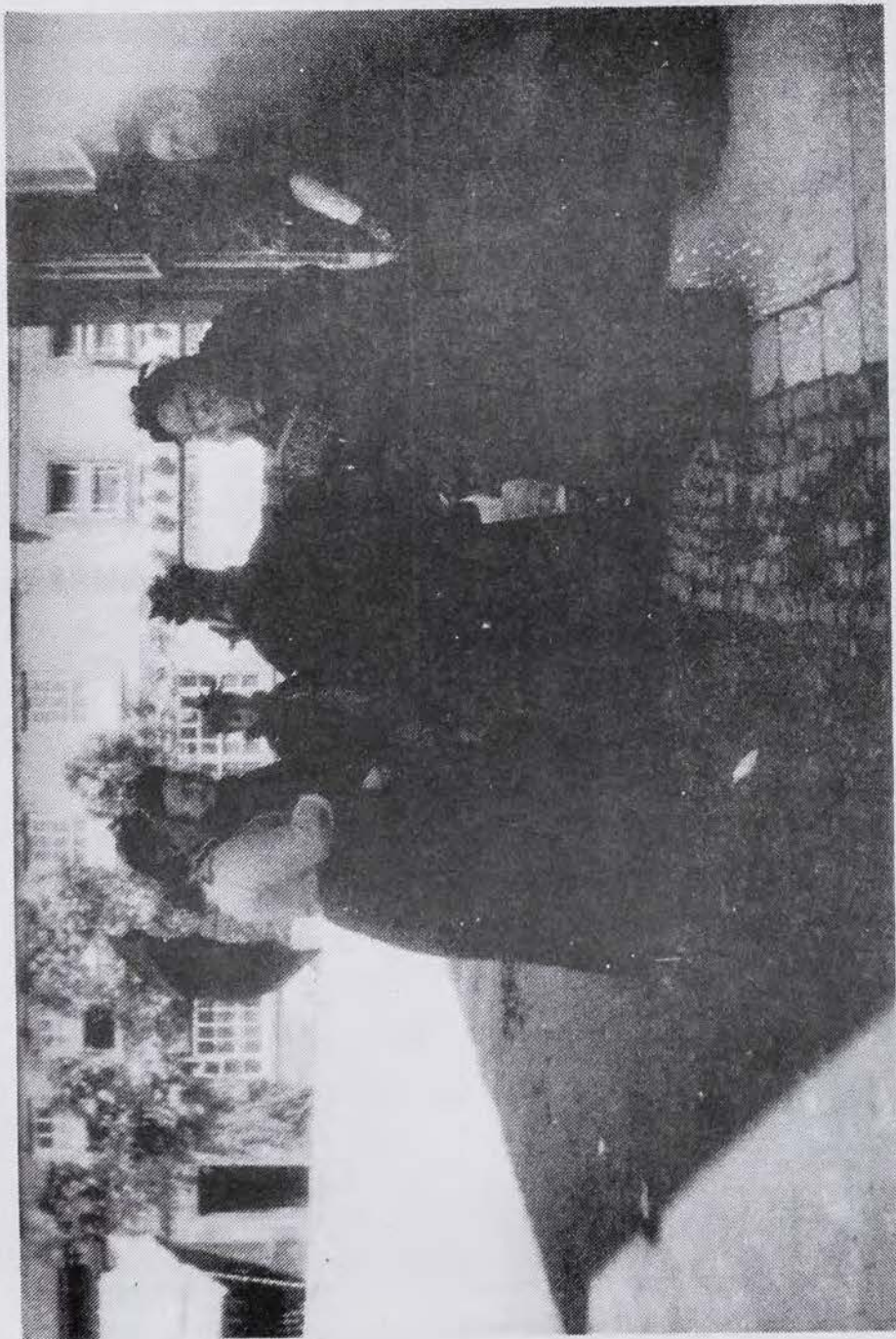
The Odyssey continued on the 22nd, 24th and 25th beginning with a visit to Bignor 'nestling at the foot of the S. Downs and more like an overgrown farmyard than a villa'. There were venerable yews in the churchyard and in the village itself 'what must be the quaintest grocer's shop in England.' After a visit to the Roman Villa he returned to Petworth. Boxgrove on the 24th was attractive, 'Being in no particular road, Boxgrove has always been heavenly, if I may say so, in its quietude.' The tradition of calm, is under threat however, 'so a native has informed me, by reason of a training ground for young aviators (sic), having been established in the neighbouring village of Tangmere. "Tis to go on after the war, that's the worst of it, Zur," said the Boxgrove native. Treyford was Garland's goal on the 25th, where the lady at the Three Horse Shoes was able to provide chocolate, 'it astonished me, I'd seen none for so long...' Probably reflecting this week of travelling, here follows a pencil poem with corrections in red, in which the writer sitting 'on a lofty peak of the Downs' ... alone and 'quaint old Bignor...at my feet' contrasts the peace here with the continuing scenes of carnage across the Channel:

Far away, over the sea,
Men give their lives in sanguinary strife
There cruel is the ravage of death
Here is delightful peace and life.

There follows a number of cuttings from *Cycling* and notes on literary topography - some Sussex but by no means exclusively so. From June 1921 there are notes of a cycling trip lasting several days to Bath and Weston-super-Mare, presumably with friends, one or two Sussex poems cut from the *West Sussex Gazette*, an obituary of Arthur F. Bell the Sussex poet and painter cut from the same newspaper and dating from 1918, some miscellaneous topographical cuttings pasted over various pencil notes and snatches of poetry and a longish, rather derivative, note on the



"The old man may be seen trudging up the hill to the farm....."
Photograph by G.G. Garland.



Outside Petworth Town Hall in the early century.
Photograph courtesy Mrs E. Pennicott.

Anchor Inn at Liphook dated October 1917. Finally there are a number of poems of rather uneven quality some apparently written when Garland was still at Midhurst Grammar School. The shortest signed 'Nemo' and dated 2/3/19 is: *On an old jacket*

This old ragged jacket's grown queer I admit
Both light in its colour and loose in its fit
Though to beauty it certainly cannot aspire
'Tis a cosy old coat for a seat by the fire.

Lady Nicotine, a longer poem is undated. While its sentiments may be somewhat alien to an age where smoking's social disadvantages are more openly canvassed than in Garland's own time, it has a definite tang of the later George Garland:

I know a lady very fair to see
Her name, my friends is Lady Nicotine
A faithful friend she always is to me
When I am lone and other friends aren't seen.

And when I wonder far away,
My dear companion always comes with me
And cheers me up throughout the livelong day
I say! How kind so great a friend to be.

And if sometimes I play a friend at chess
The keenest pleasure in the game she'll take
And if my plan my enemy has guessed
She'll soothe me when I see the sudden mate.

She always comes in through my bedroom door
The brazen hussy ain't a bit abashed
At coming into bed along o' me
For there she knows she's always fondly 'mashed'.

To all ye men who love your ladies fair,
I say I love my Lady Nicotine.
Come! Come! hats off to her, she's over here.
There in that leaden jar beside the screen.

Three detached cuttings, clearly from this period or a little later, also appear to reflect Garland's literary ambitions. As they have survived in the form of cuttings they were clearly published but the newspaper that carried them is not named. *Repartee* and *In Discussion* anticipate Garland's later yokel humour while *The Wrong Number* casts an interesting sidelight on Garland's *modus operandi* in these very early years:

REPARTEE.

(True story).

Some time ago I was watching some small boys from Duncton School, West Sussex, play football, in Burton Park, near by. One little fellow delivered a rather hefty charge into the "tummy" of a member of the opposing side. The recipient of this injustice, as soon as he had sufficiently collected himself together, went up to the fellow who had been guilty of the injustice and exclaimed: "Garn! You can't play for nuts." The fellow so spoken to – and he was no more than nine years old, if that – replied, without hesitation: "You could – if you wuz on a organ."

IN DISCUSSION.

(True story).

[George Garland, Petworth.]

The father of a friend of mine recently met with a cycling accident. The morning after it had happened my friend met the local milkman. "Good morning, Mr. Y., how's father this morning?" queried the man of the milk. "Oh, he's as well as can be expected," replied my friend. "I understand that he's hurt his brains," continued the old milkman. "Oh no, I don't think so," said my friend. "I thought that he had," continued the old man. "I heard 'em say as 'ow he'd got discussion."

THE WRONG NUMBER.

(A true story).

[George Garland, Petworth.]

I recently had occasion to telephone from a small country post office to the "Queen" newspaper, in London. I gave the telephone number of the office, and after waiting for some time, the girl informed me that she had tried to get them several times, without success. She suggested the possibility of their number having changed, and, on my agreeing that it may have done so, she asked the name of the people that I wanted to speak to. "'The Queen,' of Bream's Buildings," I said. After a while she came again, and said: "Their number has changed. It's Victoria so-and-so, now." She said that she would get that number for me. Then she came and explained that, as it was a private exchange, I would have to say whom I wanted to speak to. I explained that I wanted to speak to the editor. Eventually the bell in the call office rang, and I went to answer my call. I gave my name and profession, and was asked by a voice at the other end to whom I wanted to speak. "The Queen – is that the Queen?" I asked. "This is Buckingham Palace," replied the voice. I hastened to explain that I had evidently been given the wrong number but the person at the other end evidently did not hear what I was saying, and the voice continued: "I will see if it is possible to put you through to Her Majesty." But I did not wait, I hurriedly hung up the receiver, and darted out from that call box like a frightened rabbit!

The importance of the book and cuttings is the corroboration they provide for Garland's 1961 statement that he became a professional photographer 'almost by accident.' He needed pictures to accompany his articles and, quite quickly the pictures relegated the writing to second place. George Garland in fact never entirely stopped writing and the 'Nomad' press articles of the 1930s, many of which are reproduced in *The Men with Laughter in their Hearts* (1986) are a good example of his continuing literary interest even if it has become subordinate to his photography.

P.

A Lost Billycock Hat

Mars Cowper has become part and parcel of our village life, the which can more readily be understood when it is explained that he has worked on Squire's farm at the top of the hill for more than fifty years. Every morning, with that regularity which gives one confidence to set one's watch by his movements, the old man may be seen trudging up the hill to the farm, in summer his fustian jacket slung over his shoulder, and with his stout staff in his hand; and at all times his venerable billycock hat set squarely upon his head.

On Monday morning of this week no small stir was caused in the village when he was seen coming up his usual way with a swagger modern trilby hat set as squarely upon his head as ever was the familiar billycock. I saw him myself and naturally could not let the phenomenon pass without question.

The explanation that he gave me was that after church on the previous night, he had gone out to 'drawl up the water out of the well for the marmen' when a playful, and impudent gust of wind had whisked the aged billycock from his head, and the devil of chance had directed its course into the dark and icy depths of the well.

I made light of such a matter as this, and pointed out that doubtless the wayward hat could be retrieved, and after a drying would be little the worse for its experience.

'But you see, Mus Stemp, 'Arry and me tried to get 'un las' night. We went out there with Lizzie's clothes prop and poked about middlin', but we couldn't get 'un out'.

'Didn't you try lowering the bucket, and raising it again?' I enquired.

'Yes! We did all that sort of thing, Mus Stemp, but we couldn't get 'un, not 'Arry nor me couldn't. And Lizzie tried too, but she couldn't get 'un neither'.

'What about your son-in-law, George? Couldn't he get it out for you?' I asked.

'Well you see, Mus Stemp, he warn't back from the public over to Towton till after we was gone to bed – that is 'Arry and me – and I arn't seed any on 'em smarmen', so I don't know nuthin' what 'eve done'.

I promised to go down that evening, after tea, to see if any luck would crown my efforts.

So that evening saw me making my way down the hill from the village, to old Harry's cosily thatched, half-timbered cottage, standing away off the road. Lifting the latch of the rustic gate, I passed through, and paused to read a notice (of a forthcoming whist drive) which was nailed to an oak tree of exceeding girth, which had stood sentinel by the garden path leading up to the house for more centuries than I cared to guess, and which, in the course of time had come to be regarded and used as the notice board of the village.

I found old Harry and his son, young 'Arry was washing up their tea things, for since the death of old Mrs Cowper some three years ago, these two have lived by themselves, and the married daughter, Lizzie, who lives up the hill in the village, has 'done for them', as well as the encumbrance of a husband and two children has permitted her.

Their domestic tasks over, we all three made for the well standing in the front of the cottage.

During the day, Lizzie, or Lizzie's man, had been down and collected the clothes prop which had been employed in the previous night's rescue efforts, and as Mars Cowper said, 'We shan't be able to 'ave 'e, 'cause she'll be wantin' 'un for her washin'.

And as we all know, Monday being the one day in the week that is given up to washing, particularly in the country places, the question of borrowing the clothes prop again could not even be considered. But anyway, a clothes prop struck me as being a very imperfect tool for so difficult a task, so I did not greatly deplore its absence.

To those of you who have never tried fishing for a billycock hat in a well by the simple expedient of lowering and raising a well bucket, I would say, 'Try it'. It looks and sounds easier than it really is!

Time and again we lowered and raised that bucket, and strange and varied were the catches we made! Among them were an old kettle, an old boot, which appeared not to have been down there very long, and an old bucket, which even in the widest flights of imagination, one could not possibly conceive as being in the slightest way related to the present well bucket! And this latter had been hooked on the hook of the well chain after we had removed the bucket in a more determined effort to 'see what we could do'.

We had got to a point where failure had mastered us so that, as Mars Cowper put it, 'it warn't no good keepin' on lettin' 'un down, and drawlin' of 'un up' when we were hailed by a cheery voice from the road, and, looking away down the garden path, we beheld the Squire, seated in his dog-cart by himself. Our Squire is a lovable gentleman of the old school, who, although he possesses a motor car in which he travels when he journeys a distance away, (and which is always driven by Jim, who is also groom up at the Hall) drives himself about the village and district in a two-wheeled dog cart, which so well befits a gentleman of the old style.

Returning his cordial greeting, we all hastened down the path, led by old Harry, and in a very few minutes the Squire was listening with that good humoured air of patience which is so characteristic of him, to old Harry's story of the lost billycock hat.

At its conclusion, and rather to the old man's dismay, he laughed heartily, and, bidding us all 'Good-night', he flicked his horse with his whip, calling out, as he moved off, that he would get him another like it.

'But 'e can't Mus Stemp' said the old man, 'I've 'ad 'e s'long as I can mind, and they don't sell 'em now. I knows that 'cause Mrs Philby's old woman tried to get 'un one off Mr Packer when 'e come round in 'is motor las' month'.

And, knowing the resources of Mr Packer, the draper from the neighbouring town of Middenhurst, I wondered!

It so happened that on the following day I had to journey up to London, and the business which was the cause of my going there, detained me in the city until the Saturday.

Getting out of the train at the little country station of Wentworth, which is the nearest station to our village, and, which, built as it is, almost entirely of wood, looks like some gigantic doll's house which might have been dropped by the chance forgetfulness of some Lilliputian child, I got my bicycle from the porter's little wooden room and set out upon my three mile ride to the village.

The matter of the billycock hat had been quite driven from my mind, and it was only as I was cycling along the lane-ways in the cool of the evening that I remembered it again.

Up the steep hill through the neighbouring village of Towton I went, and so on until I came to old Harry's cottage at the foot of the hill which climbs up into our village.



"Lizzie said as 'ow 'e did fit me purty tidy."
A cartoon by Harold Roberts.

And as I drew near the familiar rustic gate, I espied our old friend in the act of passing through. I hailed him from afar off, as I was, and he paused at the garden gate to give me 'Good-evening, Mus Stemp.'

Drawing level with him, and dismounting from my bicycle, I found my gaze riveted upon his hat, a spanking new billycock of quite the approved style!

'Why, Mars Cowper,' I cried, 'you've got a new hat, and a billycock hat too. Just like the old one we tried to get out of the well last Monday.'

'Yus Mus Stemp' the old man replied, 'twas Squire 'as did it. 'E got 'un for me, like 'e said 'e would'.

Of course I could not leave the old man without learning more about the matter.

'E onie come this marnin', Mus Stemp. Jim, 'e brought 'un down for me, 'e did – from the 'All. Squire sent 'un down with 'un'.

'Oh! And where did the Squire get such a fine hat?' I queried.

'Oh! 'E 'ad 'un made special fer me, Squire did. 'E come by 'ere on Tuesday marnin' - I warn't 'ome, but 'Arry, 'e seed 'un. And 'e asked 'Arry how big my 'ead was. 'Arry didn't know, 'e didn't, but my ode strawl 'at as I wared about las' harvest time was in 'ere, and 'e give 'e to 'un. 'Smarnin', sure enough, Jim come down with this 'ere 'at I've got on. 'E'd got 'un in a gert round, card box, wrapped up in tishy paper. And t'ode strawl 'at was fowded up an put a'top uv 'is 'un'.

'Well, you are a very lucky man', I said, 'that hat seems to fit you quite as well as ever the old one did'.

'Yus, Mus Stemp' the old man replied, 'Lizzie said as 'ow 'e did fit me purty tidy, when she was 'ere just now. But then as I told she, so 'e ought to didn't 'e seein' as 'ow Squire 'ad 'un made special fer me'.

And then I left him, musing as I trudged up the hill, upon the many kind deeds the Squire had done in the past, and wondering just how much the village would miss him when the time came for him to be gathered to his fathers, under the sheltering yew trees in the little churchyard away at Town yonder.

From George Garland,
'The Country Scribe',
The Studio,
Petworth,
Sussex.

(About 1933)

Memories of an Old Railway Porter

The closure, next month, of the branch railway line which runs between Midhurst & Pulborough will bring back many memories to Edwin Davis ('Pincher') Challen who lives in a little railway cottage by Petworth Station where he has lived for more than 50 years. For nearly 50 years he served the old L.B. & S.C. Railway, and from 1904-1930, when he retired, he was at Petworth Station, finishing up his railway career as head porter there.

Ted Challen told me that he was born at Lavant in 1865, and as a boy he helped the contractors who made the line which ran between Midhurst and Chichester. Later, in 1881, he entered the service of the railway at Lavant where he and the stationmaster were the only staff. He was boy, clerk, porter and signalman under the stationmaster whose name was Warmer.

Petworth Station was first opened in 1859, when the branch line from Horsham to that place was opened. The extension through to Midhurst and Chichester did not come until 1866.

In 1885 Petworth Station, which had been rebuilt, was opened by the late Duke of Connaught who was staying at Petworth House with a shooting party at that time. The old station stood somewhat to the east of this new one which still stands.

In course of time Ted Challen served the railway at Rowfant, where he was signalman-porter, at Kingcote, near East Grinstead, at Cowden, near Tunbridge Wells (where the line had just been opened when he went there) and then on to Dorking here he was signalman for about ten years. It was then, in 1904, that he came to Petworth as signalman-porter. In his 26 years at Petworth he served under five stationmasters, Parker ('Charge 'em Parker') Roffe, Vickery, Bridger and Holdaway. When he retired after 49 years 6 months on the railway (owing to a staff reduction policy at the time) he just missed the L.B. & S.C.R's Gold Medal which at that time was awarded for long service. But he was given a glowing testimonial subscribed to by many of the gentry of the district, including the late Lord Woollavington who had travelled much on the line during Ted Challen's time at Petworth.

Mr Challen recalls when Petworth Station was a very busy one. The late E.V. Lucas and A.E.W. Mason were frequent passengers to London from Petworth in those days as well as James Buchanan (as Lord Woollavington was known then) and Capt. Douglas Hall who lived at Burton Park and was M.P. for the Isle of Wight. He recalls too the one occasion when the 9.27 train from Petworth to London was halted between Petworth and Fittleworth because some of Farmer Hill's cattle ('Tally' Hill from Burton Mill Farm) had broken through a fence and wandered on to the line. The fireman, guard and some of the passengers got out and drove them off before the train could proceed upon its journey. On another occasion an old lady who had never seen a train and who had walked all the way from Northchapel (7 miles) to meet her daughter off the train at Petworth, asked Ted if she could shelter in the station from the rain and wind!

When Ted Challen was head porter at Petworth the Royal trains used to pass through the station on the way to Singleton for Goodwood races. King Edward VII used to stay at West Dean Park with the late Mr Willie James in those days and King George Vth when Prince of Wales used to pass through Petworth Station on his way to the races.

When royal visitors were travelling through on these occasions Mr Challen always had to go along before the Royal train so as to be there to help with the luggage when they arrived at Singleton.

'Pincher' (as he was always known to his intimates) recalls taking all day to walk from Midhurst to Lavant during the great snowstorm of 1881 and seeing the horse-drawn coach, which travelled between Midhurst and Chichester at that time, stuck in a deep snowdrift between Lavant and Binderton.

In those early days about 12 trains a day travelled between Petworth through Midhurst to Chichester and the third class fare on the 'Pantomime specials' which carried people from Portsmouth to the pantomime in London was 2/6 return.

Mr Challen, who went to the village school at Lavant when a Mr Knapp was the master there, became interested in cricket early in his life. He recalls that they had a very strong club at Lavant in his boyhood, and that a Mr Putman, an independent gentleman, and a keen amateur cricketer, used to coach the players. Ted Challen recalls bowling the late Charlie Howard, then one of the Chichester Club's stalwarts, for a duck on one occasion.

Now, somewhat of an invalid and in the eventide of his life, Ted, who is carefully looked after by his daughter May, spends much of his time in making wool mats and rugs at which he is very expert.

When the last train steams out of Petworth Station next month what memories of the past will go with it as he watches it from his cottage window.

George Garland. This account was written in the mid-1950s

New Members

- Mr. and Mrs. B.J. Capon, 22, Lymart Road, Eaton Rise, Norwich, Norfolk, NR4 6RF.
Canon F. Collins, The Presbytery, Angel Street, Petworth.
Mrs. J. Cooper, 3, High Path, Easebourne, Midhurst, West Sussex, GU29 9BD.
Mr. H.M. Coughlan, 23, Ferndown, Emerson Park, Hornchurch, Essex, RM11 3JL.
Mrs. D.M. Grendon, Wharf Farmhouse, Wisborough Green, Billingshurst, RH14 0JG.
Mr. and Mrs. P. Herrington, 38, Wyndham Road, Petworth, GU28 0EQ.
Mrs. R.L. Pierre, 8, Annettes Croft, Church Crookham, Fleet, Hants., GU13 0XZ.
Mr. J. Roffey, Beck Cottage, Town Street, Clayworth, Retford, Notts., DN22 9RD.
Mrs. E. Sadler, 3, Hampers Green, Petworth.
Dr. B.T. Steel, 1140, Gardner Street, Como 6152, Western Australia.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Wakeford, 10, South Grove, Petworth.
Mr. T. Wardle, c/o Leconfield Estate Office, Petworth.
Mrs. M.F. Farrand, Egdean House, Egdean.
Mrs. V. Goldsmith, 72, Hampers Green, Petworth.
Mr. L.R. Jackson, 1, Queens Gate, George V Avenue, Worthing.
Mrs. M. Savage, Pipers Studio, Fittleworth.
Mr. R. Standing, 252, Limbo Lodge, Petworth.
Mr. D.A. Crawford, Crossways, Balls Cross.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Oakley, Barton's Cottage, North Street, Petworth.
Mr. and Mrs. Hough, 15, Shrublands Drive, Lightwater, Surrey.

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
BALANCE SHEET 1993/94

1993 £		1994 £
	<u>Assets Fixed</u> as at 1st April 1993	
	Painting	312.00
	Prints	56.00
	Prints for Sale	-
	Millers Daughter	15.00
473	Equipment	64.00
		447.00
	<u>Assets Cash</u> as at 1st April 1993	
3476	Reserve Fund	
2658	Current Fund	2498.37
	Less Liabilities	
(2236)	Subscriptions in Advance	2129.00
	Unpresented Cheque	29.25
	Magazine Covers 93/94 paid 92/93	618.05
	Magazine Covers 94/95 paid 93/94	(564.00)
(138)	Surplus Income And Expenditure Account	54.05
30		394.17
		187.46
	<u>Special Receipts</u>	
33	Leazell Sale of Prints	(56.00)
39	Millers Daughter	46.00
250	Special Donations	-
-	Raffle Keyboard	82.00
192	Interest Reserve Fund	72.00
2129	Subscriptions in Advance	139.65
<u>6906</u>		<u>2621.00</u>
		<u>7851.26</u>
	<u>Comprised of</u>	
	<u>Assets Fixed</u>	
312	Painting	312.00
56	Prints	-
15	Millers Daughter	6.00
	Equipment	64.00
64	Less Write Down	32.00
	AA Signs	220.00
	Cash at Bank	570.00
3990	Reserve Fund	4201.63
2498	Current Fund	3182.08
(29)	Less Unpresented Cheques	(102.45)
<u>6906</u>		<u>3079.63</u>
		7281.26
		<u>7851.26</u>

..... C. A. Jewcove Chairman *R. Hamble* Hon Treasurer

I hereby certify that the above statement is correct in accordance with details and vouchers relating to The Petworth Society in respect of the year 31st March 1994.

..... *M. W. O. D. U.* Hon Auditor. Dated this 4th day of May 1994.

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT 1993/94

1993 £	<u>INCOME</u>		1994 £
	Subscriptions		
	Paid Previous Year	2129.00	
4156	Paid Current Year	<u>2506.50</u>	4635.50
221	Bulletins		125.35
832	Meetings Entrance		1046.00
588	Raffle		620.50
15	Miscellaneous		
365	Donations	_____	419.21
289	Fair Day Tombola Net		240.54
66	Fair Day Operation Net		6.85
141	Interest		96.51
-	Miscellaneous		2.20
<u>6673</u>			<u>7192.66</u>
	 <u>EXPENDITURE</u>		
	Magazines		
4668	Printing and Stationery	5135.56	
350	Postage	356.90	
462	Meetings Rooms & Fees	530.05	
116	Raffles	159.53	
362	Refreshments	458.18	
20	Miscellaneous	<u>2.07</u>	1149.83
309	Canadian Visit		130.75
29	Administrative Postage	26.27	
135	Printing & Stationery	75.29	
15	Sub. Sussex		
	Amenity Society	20.00	
25	Donations	35.59	
51	Miscellaneous	<u>10.65</u>	167.80
81	Referendum		-
20	Archives		-
	Copier Maintenance	59.36	
	Paper	<u>5.00</u>	64.36
<u>6643</u>			<u>£7005.20</u>
30	Surplus		<u>187.46</u>

Minutes of the 19th. Annual General Meeting of the Petworth Society, held in the Leconfield Hall, Petworth, on Wednesday, May 19th., 1993, at 7.30 p.m.

1. The Chairman, Mr. Peter Jerrome, welcomed 70 members. An apology for absence was received from Mrs. A. Simmons.
2. The Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on May 20th., 1992, having been distributed before the meeting, were taken as read on the proposal of Mr. Rapley, seconded by Mrs. Catt. The Chairman signed them as a correct record.
3. There were no matters arising from the Minutes.
4. Treasurer's Report. The Hon. Treasurer, Mr. P. Hounsham, presenting the statement of accounts and balance sheet, explained the small surplus of £29. Expenses on non-recurring items, such as the visit of the Canadians, the by-pass referendum (£81), new stationery stock and a tablecloth had all contributed. Membership remained steady at 734 (many of these double, i.e. husband and wife) of which 280 were "postal", including 30 overseas. There had been income from the sale of Leazell prints and Mrs. Catt's book "A Miller's Daughter" and £200 prize won in the magazine printer's annual draw. Acceptance of the audited accounts was proposed by Mr. Boakes and seconded by Mrs. Hodson. Approved. A vote of thanks to the Treasurer from the Chairman was greeted with acclamation.
5. Election of Committee. The Chairman praised the Committee for its stability and diversity of talents and qualifications. Their re-election was proposed by Mr. J. Patten and seconded by Mrs. B. Christie, who asked that the Society's appreciation and admiration for all the work done through the year should be recorded. Lord Egremont, Mesdames J. Edwards, A. Grimwood, B. Hodson, A. Simmons, R. Staker, L. Wort, Messrs. S. Boakes, I. Godsmark, P. Hounsham, P. Jerrome, D. Sneller, J. Taylor, K. Thompson and E. Vincent were accordingly re-elected nem. con.
6. Chairman's Report. Mr. Jerrome began by saying that the nice thing about being Chairman of the Petworth Society was the knowledge that all activities would be well supported. Speakers had been of a very high order. Apart from the regular monthly meetings and walks, there had been Mr. Miles Costello's local dialect questionnaire, Mr. David Sneller's organisation of the toad migration patrol on the London road, the 50th. anniversary of the bombing of the Boys' School, for which the Society had produced a memorial pamphlet which he felt was an appropriately respectful response to an event which still seared the Town. This had co-incided with a visit from members of the Toronto-Scottish Regimental Association whose links with Petworth grew out of the tragedy. Petworth Fair had achieved National importance. The Leconfield Hall was essential to the activities of the Society and Mr. Jerrome's acceptance of the Chairmanship of the Management Committee was, he felt, the way to ensure its future for the Town. The first Society Weekend, to Bath, had been a great success. A great deal of research into the Loxwood Dependents had resulted in the Society's possession of what was possibly the largest collection of material on the sect in existence. Mentioning future events, the most important was the visit of 40 members to Toronto in September, a unique opportunity. Slides of the activities, taken by Mr. Ian Godsmark, concluded the report.
7. Addition to the Constitution and Rules. On behalf of the Committee, Mr. K. Thompson, Vice-Chairman, explained that it had been the Society's practice to ask for nominations for the Committee to be handed to the Chairman in writing in advance of the Annual General Meeting in order to allow those nominating and nominated to give due thought to the matter and to avoid the embarrassment of a "press-gang" situation arising at the meeting itself. He therefore proposed adding to the Society's Rule 7(c): "nominations for which" (i.e. the Committee) "shall be in the hands of the Chairman at least 48 hours before the meeting". Mr. Hounsham seconded and the motion was approved without debate.
8. Questions and comments from members. Mrs. Catt asked where the toads crossing the London road came from. Mr. Sneller replied that they had spent the winter in the fields to the east and some travelled many miles.

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Minutes of the Annual General Meeting of the Petworth Society, 19.5.93 (continued)

Patricia Warren, actress and writer associated with the film and television industries for many years, then gave a talk on the British Film Industry from its beginnings in 1896 up to the present day. It was founded by inventors, scientists, photographers and chemists rather than actors, who produced 40 second "actualities" of anything moving, short stories and instructional films. Through the early years of the 20th. century, techniques were developed and full length films produced, leading up to the "talkies" in the late '20s. The spectaculars, mysteries and romances of the '30s, serious dramas with a wartime theme as well as love stories in the '40s, "kitchen sink" in the '50s, "rock" and the Bond films in the '60s. The British contribution in the present day has been of technical expertise in the field of special effects, largely in American films, although many notable films have been produced in Britain by the British. The speaker called for Government investment in the industry to bring money back into the country, and urged her audience to take advantage of the modern cinemas now operating. A lively question time centred in the main on the relationship between the cinema and television.

Signed: _____ Chairman

Date: _____

