



THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

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The wood-engraving on the front cover is by Gwenda Morgan.
That on the back is of Egdean church.

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THE PETWORTH SOCIETY SUPPORTS THE
LECONFIELD HALL
AND PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM!

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 £6.50. 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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Membership enquiries to Mrs Staker please, Magazine circulation enquires to Betty Hodson or Bill (Vincent).

Chairman's Notes

Given the usual detailed accounts of Society activities these notes tend to be brief and the present will be no exception. I hope you like the new cover which incorporates a characteristic Gwenda Morgan design. I don't append a separate report of Petworth Fair but include one of a number of reviews of the 1994 book "In the Feast of St Edmund the King" that appeared in the fairground press.

Subscription rates for the coming year are £6.50 local, £7.50 postal and £8.50 overseas. Membership loss was virtually nil last year and overall membership continues to rise. Please pay quickly - it's difficult to quantify just how much tiresome labour early payment saves for Philip.

You'll see both Leconfield Hall and Cottage Museum events on the activities sheet. Both enterprises are closely connected with the Society and important to members. The restoration of the Leconfield Hall complete with clock should give Petworth a recognisable centre of which it can be proud. Meanwhile the Cottage Museum is nearer to attaining the charitable status it needs before work can begin in earnest. More on this in the June issue.

Pearl and Ian's acclaimed video "Petworth And Its People" is now available at a price of £7 of which £1 will go to the Leconfield Hall Restoration Fund. If ordering by post please allow an extra £1.50. Available from Pearl and Ian Godsmark, 38 Martlet Road, Petworth, or from David or Anne.

Peter

29/1/95

... 'And some definite surprises'

Some came for the Town band, some for the Petworth Edwardians. Some came for the refreshments and some for the promised surprises - 140 plus packed into the Leconfield Hall from floor to gallery; most had heeded the Chairman's advice to arrive early.

The programme started with the first surprise - Pearl's video "Petworth and its People". Even residents who feel they are living in a vast antiques market had to admit to an astonishing variety of shops and businesses in a picturesque town inhabited by people of warmth and character. At the same time, one was aware of evolution, as even in the few months since the completion of the video, some business have re-located, some have closed down and others have opened in their place. Here was a record for future historians - and for the present, something which could be used to advantage in the Tourist Information Centre and by local estate agents.

As Peter began to announce refreshment time, the second surprise seemed to take even him unawares - the noisy arrival of strangely-garbed and completely unidentifiable people who declared themselves to be Father Christmas, St. George, a doctor and his groom, Beelzebub, the Queen of Egypt, Devilty Doubt, Old Mollie Masket, Johnny Jack, a Turkish Knight and a

Valiant Soldier - alias the Kirdford Players Mummers. The audience immediately became involved with cheers and boos as good triumphed over evil and then contributing towards a collection in aid of the NSPCC. After this promising start, the Mummers returned to Kirdford via a number of public houses, raising over £200 in all.

Then the difficult task of ensuring all present were served with mulled wine and mince pies, followed by drawing the 13 winning tickets in the raffle, by which time the Town Band had arrived on the stage after playing in the Rothermead area as part of their Christmas programme. All the traditional Christmas carols followed, one on another, with many of the audience singing along.

Finally, another well-established feature of Society Christmas evenings, the Petworth Edwardians, attractively costumed, with a programme of new carols, old carols set to new tunes, Christmas verse and stories, including welcome contributions from two of the "Young Edwardians" so popular in the recent show, with recitations and piano solos.

An action-packed evening indeed, with something to send everyone home satisfied and even, dare we say it, looking forward to Christmas with a slightly less jaundiced eye than when they came in?

KCT

We are extremely grateful to Graham Standing (Rother Rentals) of Midhurst for supplying and operating the video equipment on this occasion.

'Tansy'

There was a large audience on a wet and windy evening for the screening of the 1921 silent film "Tansy" which is set around Burpham, near Arundel, with shots of Chichester and Byworth.

Patricia Warren, one of our members and a well-known cinema historian, whose new book about British film studios is due out in August, introduced the film with a resume of the work of its director, Cecil Hepworth, who himself wrote one of the first books on the cinema in 1897. His first films were 50 foot "actualities" - news items, instructional films and comedy skits, in which he introduced slow motion and running a sequence backwards for comic effect. His first major film, was the 800 foot "Alice in Wonderland" (1908) and the later "Rescued by Rover" was the first to use professional stars.

Hepworth had leased a house in Walton-on-Thames in 1889 and added a large studio with special glass which diffused the sunlight and cut out shadows. He had to perforate the films himself, invented tracking shots using a camera mounted on rails and introduced miming on film to gramophone records. Notable productions prior to the 1st World War were the Tilley Series, featuring Alma Taylor (the star of "Tansy") and Chrissie White, and adaptations of Dickens' novels. During the war he was one of the few directors to keep in production, making propaganda shorts among others. In 1919 he formed Hepworth Picture Plays and Ronald Colman joined as an actor, but increasing competition and Hepworth's own lack of business



Group at Duncton Village Hall about 1937.
See "Re the Blackman family".
Photograph by G. G. Garland



Mr Turner of Colwyn Bay sends this certificate probably from a hundred years ago. Does anyone know anything of the "Travelling Dairy School, Petworth"?

ambition led to bankruptcy in 1923. All negative film was sold to be melted down in the manufacture of aeroplane "dope" (glue). Hepworth continued to work in England and the Commonwealth, largely in the field of education, while his premises at Walton-on-Thames became Nettlefold Studios. He died in 1953.

And so to "Tansy", of which Hepworth said, "a better picture, giving Alma Taylor more scope". Miss Taylor actually learnt the art of shepherding, with a dog, for the part. An historically important and evocative film, with sub-titles drawing reactions from the present-day audience unlikely in those of the 1920s, but it was the movement of the great flock of sheep across the Downs, the clouds of dust thrown up as they were driven through the village and the strangely violent sheep-dipping scene which surely would have raised the hackles of today's animals rights proponents, which reflected a Sussex which has passed and is almost forgotten.

Petworth's own ex-projectionist, John Simmons, operated the equipment and special mention must be made of the piano accompaniment by Ken. Gibson which added immeasurably to the atmosphere of the film and of the whole evening.

KCT

In the Feast of St. Edmund the King. Book Review.

Just published is a book that will appeal as soon as it is seen. With 170 black/white photographs and a text likely to become a reference source in a single hardback for £14.95 it is likely to be bought by all fair enthusiasts. Indeed, this item will also be wanted by local historians and economic historians.

The publication is called *In the feast of St. Edmund The King* and is by Peter Jerrome and Barry Norman (of WKVL amusement library fame). It breaks fresh ground in that it both studies a typically English small town's fair and covers it throughout its 800 odd year history. The place in question is Petworth in West Sussex. The somewhat curious title refers to the time of year in which the Petworth Fair takes place.

Here we find a town fair held for so far beyond memory, even in mediaeval times, that it is held "by prescription" rather than by Charter. Peter Jerrome crafts a knowledgeable guide to the ancient and national politics of being granted the favour of a fair.

Having established the ways in which fairs came about, he proceeds to correct earlier speculative histories of the Petworth fair. Some quotations from nineteenth century newspapers bridge the time to the modern pleasure-based event.

A second major component of the book is in reproductions of journalism and photography by local newspaper man George Garland (1900-78). Besides that are some fascinating facsimiles of ephemera such as local showfolk's letters etc. The story is brought bang up to date by Barry Norman's enthusiastic and novel appreciation of fair time. In particular he writes a portrait of the 1993 build-up complete with showfolk's spells of boredom and soup-breaks: he

was keen to place such realities in print. His other valuable contribution comes by way of a photographic record of the 1993 Petworth Fair. His professional photography produced images that will find great favour with model makers and the more technically minded.

The choice of twin authorship has clearly paid off. This has enabled a complete story to be told rather than previous studies by others where a single author's limitations have shown. This is a recipe worth adopting by those amongst us attempting a publication.

ISBN 0-9504830-2-8 *In the feast of St. Edmund The King* by Peter Jerrome and Barry Norman, 1994, Published by the Window Press, Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth, West Sussex, GU28 0DX. £14.95 + £2 postage.

Review by Paul Braithwaite



Petworth Fair 1994. Photograph by Keith Sandall.

I received a review copy of the book just as I was about to go to the printers last month. "I'll have a quick cuppa and a flick through", I thought. So engrossing was it, that I ended up being over an hour late! The feature that most appealed to me was the photographic building up with suitable captions of last years fair. This is the first book for a long time to really capture what it's like owning and operating traditional amusements, the difficulty of building up on some sites, working through the night etc. The extensive article by Robert Harris is also most interesting, giving some history of his family's fair through the years, and tales of how they

struggled to survive the bad years, slowly to improve their fair into what you see today. This is definitely one of those books that will be on and off the shelf regularly.

Steve Hunt

These reviews appeared in *Antique Amusements Magazine* January 1995.

Re the Blackman family

Mr R.C. Hollingdale writes:

Dear Peter,

I enclose this photo taken by George Garland, about 1937 in Duncton Village Hall, at a 21st Birthday Party. Some interest has been shown in the Magazine lately concerning the Blackman Group who used to entertain at various events. Four of the family are shown in this photo taken at Duncton in 1937. On the top left is Mr Blackman, with glasses, on his left his son and directly in front of them a daughter I think and a daughter in law. The party was a 21st for Lucy the daughter of Perc and Mrs Charlott from Burton Park. There are also in the picture some people from Petworth, Bert Speed and a Clifford, am trying to rack my brain for names.

Three couples in the group eventually married, one more name just comes to mind - a Maybank from Petworth.

A V.E. Day Query

For V.E. Day Ebermoe is researching the records of the names on the War Memorial in Ebermoe Churchyard. For the Second World War the memorial commemorates the sons of Mr and Mrs Walter York of Stokers, Ebermoe Common. Pierson York served in the 4/7 Dragoon Guards and was killed in Belgium on September 9th 1944. Reginald York's death cannot however be traced at present. Can anyone throw any light on his war service or circumstances of death?

Please contact the Rev. Gerald Kirkham on 0428-707373.

The Leconfield Hall

Passing by the Leconfield Hall today my thoughts went back to the time I was a little girl. In those days it was the Town Hall. The Magistrates held the Court cases there on the ground floor and I remember my brother lifting me up to look in the window.

There was a table in the centre of the room and at the head was a large chair and smaller

chairs were placed round. In front of each one was a blotting pad and a large round steel inkwell and pens, no fountain pens or biros those days.

Every Monday morning my mother would give me a card and sixpence or a shilling whichever she could afford and before I went to school I had to go to the Town Hall and pay this to Miss Downs. It was for the Coal Club and each winter so many bags of coal were delivered according to the amount of money paid in.

When there was a fire locally, Arch Knight would get the message and would go to the Town Hall and ring the fire bells which were on the top of the building to alert the firemen. Leslie Eager from the shop opposite would take over ringing the bells while Arch Knight went home to get into his uniform. It will be great to see the bells back on the Hall again. I am too young!!! to remember the clock.

The Hunt Ball was held every year in the Town Hall and the road was closed on that occasion between the Hall and the Swan Hotel ballroom. Red carpet was laid down and an awning was covered over so that the guests would be sheltered as they passed from the Swan Hotel to the ballroom on the top floor of the Hall.

On the ground floor was the Cloakroom and in there were four or five toilets. We children were fascinated by these, as each pan had roses painted on the inside and from the cisterns hung brass chains with ceramic handles also decorated with roses to match. It would be interesting to know if anyone knows what happened to these.

In those days the buses were always parked outside the Hall facing Steggles and Austins, the Brighton ones going up New Street and no one ever said we'll catch the bus in the Market Square, it was always said "at the Town Hall".

Phill Sadler

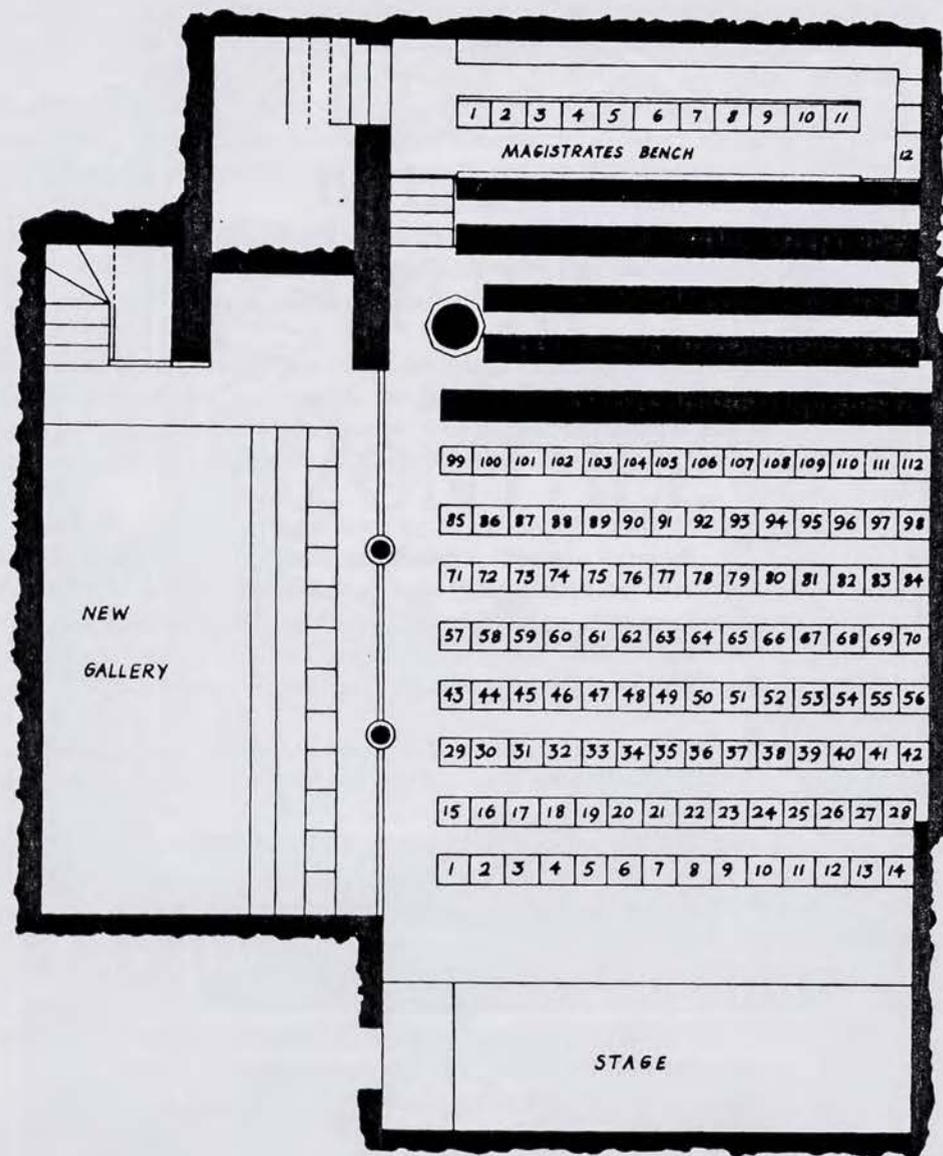
The Leconfield Hall

Upstairs at the Town Hall (c 1860?). An undated plan.

The stage is on the west side. The octagonal object is a stove. The present stairs do not seem to be there and the gallery is described as "new".

Redrawn from the original by Jonathan Newdick.

Reproduced by courtesy of Lord Egremont.



Paddling in the Stream

44 years ago we came to the Isle of Wight - my husband, myself, my son and two small daughters. In that time I have learned to love the Island - the beauty of the countryside and the easy pace of life. I live in a comfortable maisonette - quiet and pleasant with good and kind neighbours.

A recent visit to hospital caused me to be housebound for the past two weeks - after a lazy day I sat here remembering the days of my childhood - we lived, then, in Grove Street, Petworth. It was a Hilaire Belloc poem that started me reminiscing - he and Rudyard Kipling loved Sussex - it's easy to understand why! Here are the lines -

"But the men who live in the South Country are the kindest and most wise - they get their laughter from the loud surf and the faith in their happy eyes - comes, surely from our sister, the Spring when over the sea she flies - the Violets suddenly bloom at her feet, she blesses us with surprise!

I never get between the pines but I smell the Sussex air - I never come on a belt of sand but the old place is there - and, along the sky the line of the Downs so noble and so bare"

Those last lines in particular brought such memories. I would look out from our front bedroom window at the South Downs: Chanctonbury Ring standing out boldly against the sky - beautiful!

I remembered the Sheep Downs where we spent many a happy Summers day - the bracken, grown high - the brook - we were not allowed to paddle in case we cut our feet on the stones. One day it was **so hot** my brother George and I were tempted. Oh! the bliss of that lovely cool water. Carefully, afterwards, we dried our feet on our hankies and trudged home. Getting ready for bed, Mum said accusingly "You've been paddling" - we looked at each other but before we could say a word she went on "No use denying it - your feet are **much** too clean!" So - bed, with no supper!

Another memory - tea in the hayfield almost opposite our house. When the hay was cut and removed we would gather up the loose leavings and build a nest - take sandwiches and lemonade and play "house".

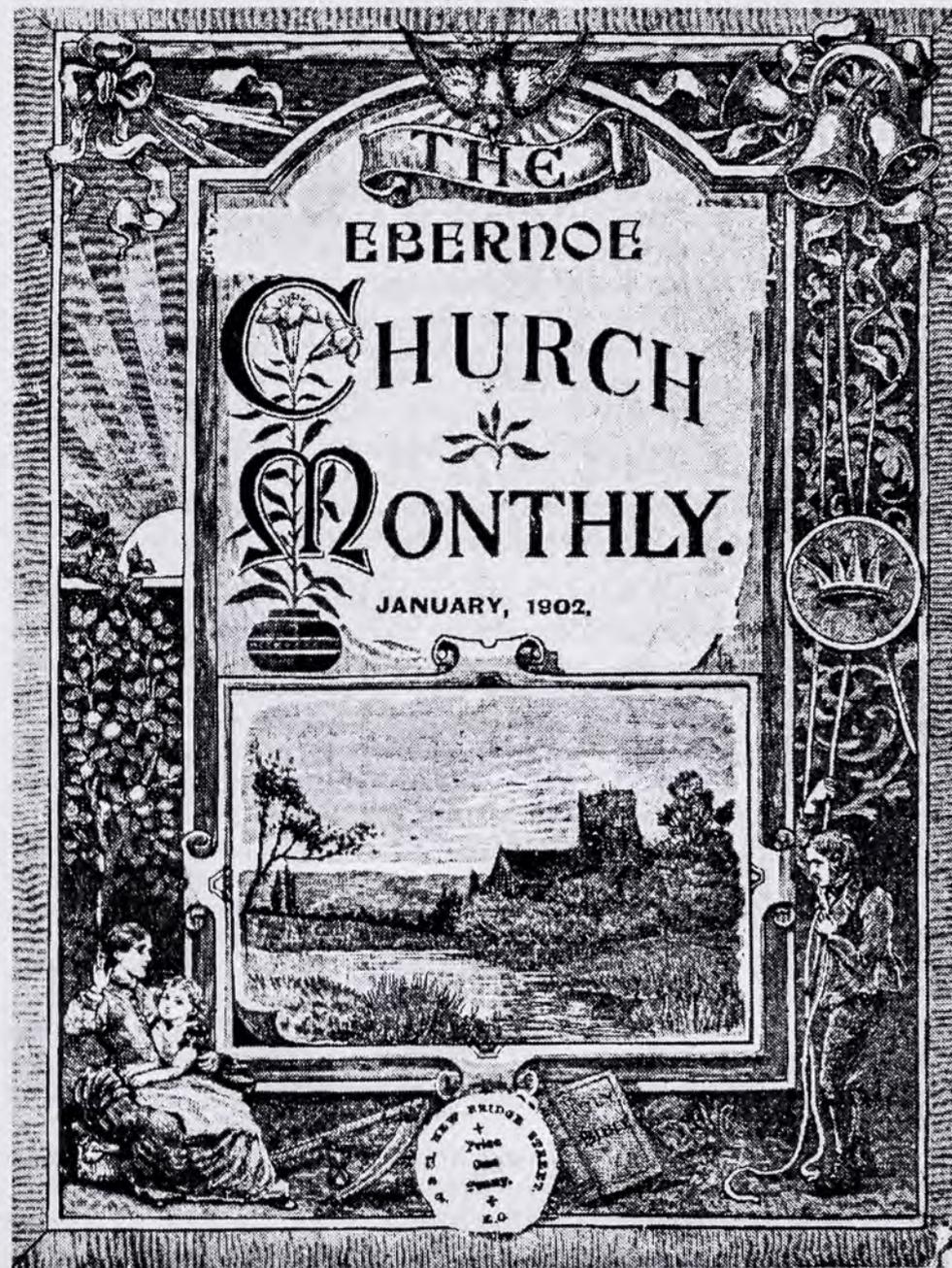
Petworth Park - that was a feature of our Sunday walk with Dad. In at the first lodge - a short chat with the Lodge Keeper - then, across to the lake - a slow walk around to see the swans and other waterfowl. Coming back we would stop to watch the deer - beautiful creatures but **not** to be disturbed.

Summer fêtes in the Park - various stalls - races for the children - an egg and spoon race for the mums and dads. I remember specially one fancy dress competition though it did come later. My sister-in-law, Esther, a buxom American girl, dressed as a black Mammy - blackened face and hands - turbaned head and clothes basket full of the whitest washing!

And Goodwood races with the charabancs coming back along Pound Street. We were forbidden to stand on the pavement and shout with other children "Throw out your pennies" but how we envied them!

Kathleen Willmot-Street

Ebernoe Church Monthly. Has anyone any copies of this or any idea how long the Magazine ran? As you can see the Magazine was appearing in 1902.



The elusive Miss Daisy ...

A glimpse at some of the difficulties of family research at a distance of many thousands of miles. Pam Ward and her husband were in Petworth last summer.

The search for "Daisy Daintrey" has been one which has been going on for years with different branches of her family starting the search only to give up with all the inconsistencies that came their way.

I also started and found so many full stops and dead-ends - I wondered was the name "Daisy" an alias? My husband could not enlighten me, he only remembered dropping in some cigarettes to her when he was young.

The marriage certificate from Springsure was dated 12 April 1886 and in the name of Daisy Daintrey - born in Brisbane aged 21 years. Father was George Daintrey - Lawyer (perhaps Sawyer) mother is listed as Audrey Semidsmey. The children's birth certificates also state her name is "Daisy Daintrey" and born in Brisbane.

Some of the family remember the mention of her being in the circus and travelling from America with Barnum and Bailey shows...maybe, Fred Braid has a listing for her! Maybe Mark St Leon also! Would the library hold anything on the circus and its travels?

Others of the family claimed she was American and born in Boston. Did she speak with an accent? Is the name Daisy Daintrey a stage name? More searching. Another lot of false leads and dead-ends.

Daisy was a very talented lady and could sing and play violin and piano. She married another musician and professional photographer and together they travelled the outback towns of Queensland to play for the silent movies during the late 1800's. Finally they hung the brass plate up in Cooktown where they started a studio for music lessons, piano tuning and photography.

The marriage certificate of her daughter has the mother's name as Audrey Maude Daintrey so it is back to the Indexes with no luck for Queensland. Then to the shipping records and find an Audrey Maude Daintrey listed as coming in on the ship "Duke of Sutherland" on 30 March 1885 aged 17 and a domestic servant. Did she travel from America or join the ship at Cape Town? Maybe she was born in England and finally in September 1993 I send to GSQ to please check the St. Catherine's House Index, stating all our information and the conflicting dates and ages and wait patiently...

The search was done for the period of March 1867 to June 1869, ten reels in all, with no Daintrey name born at all in England during this time.... Where to now!!

I had just about decided to quit when in May 1994 the St Catherine House Indexes came to the local Church of Latter Day Saints for 4 weeks. I wasn't impressed as I did not know where to go from the information I had but thought I might go in and just finish off the last quarter of the year that GSQ has started.

On alighting from the car my foot slipped from under me and I slid onto the bitumen grazing my knee and ankle. Was Daisy trying to tell me to leave her be?

Not to be deterred I finally made it into the Church only to find the film had not been rewound and was a mess to finally set it right, oh for some patience...then there she was

DAINTREY...Audrey Maud...Brighton..Vol 26..Page 189 (1869 July to Dec).

On finding her birth I promptly calculated what age her father might have been and started at 1840 and found a George Daintrey registered at Petworth... Hallelujah!! I did not dare to tackle the "Semidsmey" side so let it be.

After a month of waiting anxiously her birth certificate finally arrived and we found her mother's name was - FANNY HOAD....not AUDREY SEMIDSMEY!!

With the help of the IGI, CD Rom and the Petworth Census we now have the Daintrey family of 4 generations and for 3 generations they were Attorneys at Law and Solicitors at Petworth and listed in Pigots Directory 1839.

George Daintrey and Audrey Maude are not on the IGI and I believe them to be christened as Catholics. The rest of George's mother's family are also not on the IGI.

The Hoad family is a very large one also from Petworth and I have covered most of the branches from there.

It seems that Audrey was brought up around the Brighton area and probably took a fancy to the glittering world of entertainment at "The Palace".

Audrey Maude Deede nee Daintrey died in Cairns 17 January 1957 aged 88.

Pam Ward, Calliope, Queensland.

Petworth House Tennis Court Professionals up to 1959

I start by quoting from *The Field*, the Country Gentleman's Newspaper 13 Jan. 1912.

"One has no account of any professionals at Petworth before modern times. Lord Leconfield's father kept no professional but the present Earl, who plays the game, and is much interested in it, soon after succeeding, engaged Arthur Smith, at that time second professional at Lords. Smith was born Sept. 13th 1870 and he went into the racket court at Lords on Dec. 23, 1883.

He is not related to any of the great tennis families such as the Tompkins's, the Lambert's or the Case's; but his father was a friend of George Lambert and hence came his introduction to these games. In May 1890 Smith was moved into the Tennis Court under "Jimmie" Fennell who had just been appointed head tennis professional at Lords in the place of George Lambert; and from Fennell, Smith learnt the rudiments of the game."

"Smith left Lords in September 1902, and entered Lord Leconfield's service on the 7th of that month. In his career he has been more occupied in teaching and playing with moderate players than in match play, but it may be noted that he and C. "Punch" Fairs, the present Champion, started match playing together in a game at Prince's Club in May 1894. Fairs conceded half-fifteen and won easily. A return was played at Lords in 1895 on level terms, when Fairs again won by three sets to love. Smith did not play another match until January, 1909,

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when he was defeated by C. Williams, the present champion of rackets, who was then employed at the Prince's Club, by three sets to one. While he was at Lords Smith marked all the public matches from 1893 until 1902."

"Tennis was practically a dead letter at Petworth when he went there, and the court rarely used. Smith has taught most of those who play now at Petworth regularly. Mr Beachcroft has got into the final of the Brighton handicap in the last two years, and Dr. Kerr, another player from Petworth, was in the semi-final this year, and was beaten by Mr Bone the ultimate winner.

Smith may not be a very strong player as professionals go, but his whole game shows it has been founded on the best and most correct principles of the game. He is an admirable teacher, an opponent for one his equal in skill with whom it is a pleasure to play, and of those at the present time who are a great credit to their profession."

This is the only known individual photograph of Arthur "Tennis" Smith, it hangs in the present court and when the frame was recently restored the photograph (which is probably a Walter Kevis portrait) was found to be dated 1905.

He is named in two photographs of 1907, which appear on page 115 in *Petworth Time Out of Mind*. The Tennis Court had a great deal of work done to it between 1903 and 1908 by the renowned Tennis Court builder and renovator, Joseph Bickley. He arranged for photographs on completion of his work and 2 of these feature "Tennis" Smith. These photographs and their frames were of the highest quality and are on display in the court; they have all been recently restored as some were showing the effects of damp and worm.

"Tennis" Smith's pay in 1914 was fifty shillings a week.

The next professional to be engaged (18 Nov. 1918) was Henry Charles (Harry) Lambert, second son of George. The Lambert family had a long association with Tennis. Harry's grandfather, Joseph (b.1814), was professional at Hatfield from 1849-1905 and was still playing in his eighties. George was an outstanding player and claimed the World Championship in 1871 and dominated the game to such an extent that he was unchallenged for 14 years.

Harry also had 4 uncles, a brother and a cousin in the game; he was born 18 April 1876 and was trained (as was "Tennis" Smith and several other professionals) at the Lord's Cricket Ground Court. He visited Petworth a few times before 1918 and had even been turned down for the job in 1916. No photographs are known to exist and virtually nothing is known about his private life but of course, he would have lived in an estate dwelling like other employees. It is not known when he left but was certainly there in 1924.

His successor was Emil "Frank" Latham. His father, Peter, was World Champion 1895-1907 at Tennis and World Champion at Rackets from 1887 - 1902 and is still the only player ever to have held both titles at the same time. It is not known when Frank was engaged as professional or even when he left but there is a photograph in the court showing him as one of a group, on the occasion of the re-opening of the court in 1959 following a period of 20 years when the court was used for purposes other than Tennis.

Brian Rich, Chase House, June Lane,
Midhurst, West Sussex GU29 9EL.
Tel. (01730) 812911

Editor's note. Arthur "Tennis" Smith was still well remembered in the 1960s. He and Mrs Smith lived in Egremont Row. He went to South Africa in 1914 but it is not known whether he or Mrs Smith ever returned. On the face of it, probably not, he left a few items with my grandfather to collect if he came back and they are still here. It is not clear what Smith proposed to do in South Africa. Mr Rich would be very interested if anyone can fill out his article or add any information concerning the tennis court.

A Medieval Scandal

IN the closing years of the thirteenth century, Sussex society in general (and Petworth in particular) was scandalised by a liaison between Sir William Paynel of Petworth and Margaret, wife of Sir John Camoys of Trotton.

Sometime early in the 1270s, the then Margaret de Gatesden, a 25-year-old heiress, had married Sir John and brought him considerable estates in Sussex and Hampshire, including Trotton, Lasham and Eling, on Southampton Water. She was rather an old bride for the period, but for the early part of her life, her step-grandmother, Hawys de Neville, widow of the first Gatesden of Trotton, had control of the estates, and probably kept potential suitors at bay.

In 1285, after producing a son and heir, Margaret, by now a mature forty, was officially handed over by her husband to Paynel, together with a life interest in Trotton and other lands. The deed of gift, as one might term it, was witnessed by friends and fellow landowners of Sir John, including John de Ferring, Gilbert de Batecombe and Robert de Bosco. Sir John 'relaxed all claims' upon his wife, who was to 'remain with Paynel at his pleasure'.

Such was the furore that in the spring of 1287 Paynel (who was, it seems, a professional soldier) had to appear before John Peckham, Archbishop of Canterbury, at his palace of Slindon to answer allegations of criminal adultery. Allegations against Margaret were not brought until early in 1295, when she went before Bishop Gilbert de St Leophard of Chichester, in the cathedral on the Sunday nearest the Purification of the Blessed Virgin (2nd February). She was supported by a host of women friends, among them Isabel de Montfort, the prioress of Easebourne, near Midhurst, a witness of note.

Both Paynel and Margaret had their good names cleared, and Margaret was particularly fortunate in the bishop: Gilbert, like his predecessor but three, the great St Richard, devoted himself to his diocese with a single-mindedness not common in the Middle Ages. If someone of his integrity saw no evidence of criminal adultery, it was unlikely that adultery had been committed.

What are we to make of this curious arrangement? Sir John Camoys lived until 1298, thirteen years after making over his wife to Paynel. It is possible that Camoys was afflicted with some form of disease or mental illness and wanted to ensure that his wife's position was secure in the event of his death or confinement; Paynel being brought in as a guarantor of Margaret's future well-being, receiving the estates in return.

Sir John was aware that the tenure of his wife's family at Trotton and elsewhere had been

opposed by members of the St George family, the original owners: indeed, objections continued periodically until the fourteenth century. At any rate, Sir John felt himself unable to protect Margaret and, after 1285, vanishes from the scene. Was he perhaps immured in the lazar house at Harting or, if his mind was unbalanced, cared for by the white canons of Durford Abbey?

The arrangement with Paynel was justified: when Sir John died, Margaret was not allowed to claim dower on Trotton, despite an appeal to the King. But she now married Paynel, presumably a marriage of convenience to prevent her eviction.

Margaret died in 1310, at the then great age of sixty-five, and was buried at Trotton, in the church later rebuilt and embellished by her great-grandson, the first Lord Camoys, commander of the left wing of the English army at Agincourt. Traditionally, she is commemorated by a brass tablet in the floor of the nave, a tablet that without any evidence has been called one of the oldest surviving to a woman in England. Although Margaret had been cleared of adultery, not all the county considered her to be so innocent and one can imagine opposition to so splendid a memorial being erected. It is more likely that the brass represents another Margaret Camoys, daughter-in-law of the 'notorious' Margaret and a member of the Braose family from Bramber Castle. This Margaret, whose antecedents were far grander than those of the Gatesdens, died before 1321, so that the costume depicted on the brass is certainly in keeping with her period.

William Paynel enjoyed the Trotton estates until his death in 1317. He remarried after Margaret's death - his new wife was Eve Dawtry, from another old Petworth family, who now claimed her husband's estates in dower. The application was unsuccessful and Trotton reverted to the Camoys family, whose descendents in the female line were to remain there until 1679.

Where William Paynel lived in Petworth is unclear. Even before his profitable association with Margaret Camoys, he was a man of standing in the area and from 1303 until his death was summoned by writ to successive parliaments as a baron. (It has been questioned whether, at the time, such a summons constituted the creation of what we now regard as an hereditary peer of parliament).

In 1301 he was among the hundred barons who sealed the letter to Pope Boniface VIII, concerning the crown of Scotland. It is interesting to note that his arms included the martlets now so familiar as the Sussex armorial bearings.

The Paynels, presumably William's descendents from his second marriage, remained in the district certainly until the sixteenth century. It is possible that the spelling (which also appears as Peynell or Paynell) was in course of time corrupted by local speech into Pannell or Pennell: a Richard Pannell was farming at Northend in Stedham parish until 1710, and Pannells Croft, a field near Rogate, and Pennells Bridge, Milland (originally part of Trotton) may also commemorate the family.

Roger Chatterton-Newman



*Arthur "Tennis" Smith the Petworth House professional about 1905.
Photograph probably by Walter Kevis.*



*"Winkle" Ayling on Lurgashall Village Green c1933.
To the rear the Noah's Ark Club Room.*



*Master Humphrey of Windfallwood, Lurgashall about 1934.
Photograph by George Garland*



*Claude Muncaster preparing for a one-man exhibition in London.
Photograph by George Garland*

Upstairs *and* Downstairs

I always think it is this view that makes the job unique. There's a sense of continuity in looking out of this window in Petworth House on to a landscape of which for a brief time I am guardian and trustee. It's a pleasure to have this feeling and a privilege to be part of an evolving tradition. It's hackneyed now to say, "if only these walls could talk ..." but if ever there was a place where this cliché comes into its own it's here. Layers of history peel off wherever you look. Every room tells its own story and the building that contains all these separate rooms tells another one. My office looking out over the park and lake is Colonel Wyndham's old room. There's his metal name-plate. Each room has its own historic name and nowadays we try to use it. The view from here although constant is also ever-changing, always a pleasure to look out on. The deer are more likely to penetrate this far when the House is closed and the visitors are gone. In the peak season, July and August, I can look out on people rather than animals. In June I look out to see the staging going up for the concerts, in November the building of the bonfire.



*A view over Church Lodge and the Servants' Block to Petworth House.
Photograph by Barry Norman.*

When the House closes in late autumn there is a change of pace and things are slightly easier but not in the sense that we can put our feet up. All renovation has to be done in the closed season but because we're more in control of the day's events there aren't the random problems that come

with extensive dealing with the general public, lost property, someone taken ill, a locked car, even a lost granny! It turned out that each of two cars coming to one of the summer concerts thought she had come with them and she'd been left at home!

A rather doubtful bonus is that people look on me as an expert because I'm the property manager. I am not a professional art historian nor even a professional conservator, although I've learned a good deal from visiting experts and a good deal too from talking to visitors. I'm responsible rather for the smooth running of the whole property; for the finances, security, health and safety, and for the fire precautions. It's no use letting the responsibility get to you: to do the job at all you have to have the feeling that you could act responsibly in an emergency. Such an emergency would be of its very nature extraordinary; after all most eventualities have been thought of and contingency plans prepared. The real strength lies in the staff and volunteers we have and the back-up we can expect from the Leconfield Estate. The last is something perhaps that only someone like me who has worked at a property that does not have this sort of backing can really appreciate.

The great attraction of this job lies in the potential: the feeling that here is a critical time in a long progression and that I am in a position to make a positive impact on that progression, on the way that the House will develop. Funding is always the crucial factor as we are a deficit property and have to compete with all the other various calls on the finances of the Trust. I have spent much of the last two years estimating our financial needs for the next ten years and in promoting Petworth's cause at every opportunity. I think I am having some success and with help from English Heritage we are beginning to tackle a huge backlog of repairs. The real joy is to be able to share these treasures with visitors and school-children and, of course, Petworth people, many of whom have strong family links with the House. Of course old attitudes can be ambivalent but it is no use living in the past. This is Petworth's House and Park and we should be proud of it. Petworth is not one thing and the House and Park another: the two are inextricably mingled. House and town need to work together and I'm sure increasingly will do. One way in which we at the House can contribute is to help local artists and writers, local causes too, by providing a platform or facilities. The recent "Upstairs, Downstairs" event on behalf of the Leconfield Hall is an example of what might be done in future.

Just now there is a great opportunity to broaden the range of public awareness of the property and its history. It starts this April with the opening of the Old Kitchens. A longer term project is to return much more of the Servants' Block to its original state so that visitors can form some idea of how the whole complex actually functioned. The House is not just about pictures or Earls: it is also about the people who actually worked and lived there. It will be seen increasingly that its story is as much the story of the turnbroaches, who turned the roasting spits in the Elizabethan and Jacobean kitchen, or "Harry the boye of the kytchine" who had two new canvas skirts in 1588 as it is of anyone else. One day we may be able to show the steward's room, a still room, a housekeeper's room and a winter dairy and meat store. I've only just seen the three enormous ice-houses that are underneath the engine-house. They are very dangerous in their present form and it's difficult to see how they could be made safe for public access. Still you never know.

With the kitchen we have the perennial problem of setting an age to which we can return.

I think we can only go back to restoring the three main rooms, kitchen, scullery and pastry room, much as they would have been in the 1930s. Anything other than utilising the equipment that remains would seem impracticable. I don't think we should be removing objects like the 1920s Aga. Use of the old kitchen seems to have been at best intermittent after 1939. The whole Block was occupied by the Chelsea Day Nursery, evacuated from London during the war, and a new kitchen provided in the basement of the House itself. I would be very interested to know whether anyone remembers the old kitchens in use after 1945 or any memories of that period or, of course, before.

The restored kitchen will have survivals of a more remote past, any working kitchen is something of a mixture, a kind of time-machine if you like. Only yesterday we discovered a brick pastry oven in the lobby next to the pastry room that adjoins the kitchen. We could tell from the outline of the wall where the oven might have been but had no idea it was still intact behind two courses of brick. It will now exist side by side with its successor as it never did when the kitchen was operating. It's something that will need explaining to visitors. We believe that this oven was taken out of service in the mid-1870s after a disastrous fire which forced the re-fitting of the old Georgian kitchens. A steam-raising boiler was installed in the scullery by C. Jeakes and Co of Great Russell Street in 1875, the same firm also renovating the roasting range in the kitchen at the same time. Messrs Jeakes also replaced the original charcoal stewing stoves on the east wall with a large hotplate having a double oven above, and a new charcoal stove. These were in turn replaced between the wars by a Glo-Worm insulated closed stove and Benhams fourteen-ring gas stove. Both still survive. On the south side are two dresser racks to hold the kitchen utensils or "batterie de cuisine". These racks appear to have survived the great fire and subsequent restoration, and would have held originally copper and brassware produced by being hammered out. What we have now is basically Victorian although a few moulds and other items may well be earlier. This material will be on permanent loan from Lord Egremont. Inventories of kitchen equipment exist from 1632, 1764, 1869 and about 1900, and allow comparisons to be made. I am very pleased to have found the 1869 inventory in Petworth House archives myself. It was previously unknown.

This brings me to one of the most thrilling aspects of the job: finding new things. The House is a vast treasure trove of the unexpected. I've mentioned the old pastry oven and the 1869 kitchen inventory. While clearing up in the House for building work we found nearly two hundred glass plate negatives taken we believe in the 1890s by Mary Wyndham, later Mary Maxse. The photographs show hitherto unknown views of the showrooms, of the family at leisure or on holiday and some local events like the Primrose Fete in Petworth Park.

I am very aware that I have just sketched a few random aspects of being property manager at Petworth. I have dwelt somewhat on the kitchens because, obviously, they are an important theme for this 1995 season. There are all sorts of things I could talk about but I would like to finish with a word or two about volunteers. Quite simply we can't run the House without them. We already need twelve a day to man the show rooms and with the opening of the kitchens this number will rise, even without taking into account special events like exhibitions. Security is one aspect of the volunteer's work of course, but certainly not the only one. It is equally important to make visitors feel welcome and offer them information. We're already also looking

to involve volunteers more closely with school parties and guided tours. I'm always pleased to talk to prospective volunteers, and can be contacted on 342207. Contrary to a general impression, no special expertise is needed, just a pleasure in meeting the general public. Travelling expenses are paid with a Volunteer's Card giving free entrance to National Trust properties and 10% discount in Trust shops.

Diana Owen was talking to the Editor.

[We would hope to have more on the kitchens in a subsequent issued. Ed.]

At the further end thereof is the Kitchine nowe also in decaie and conteineth in bredth xxviii ffoote, and in lengthe xxxvi ffoote, with ii ovens in it covered parte with Flate Slate stone and parte with Shingle nowe in greate decaie, and especially in one parte toward the Sowthe, adioyninge to the Churchyard which maie be reparde with smalle charge.

Petworth House kitchens neglected during the sixteenth century. From the survey of 1575. Reproduced by kind permission of Lord Egremont.

Beeswax and Turpentine

My father was the village baker at Lickfold so I consider myself well *bred!* My mother's maiden name was Hill so my father always said "My wife was (H)ill when I married her and has been *ayling* ever since." My father and his brother married two sisters. The other brother started Aylings Nursery at Trotton so we have some double double relatives.

When I was a small boy of about six or seven James Morley and Sons at Lodsbridge Mill, Selham, had the contract to cut the massive trees up in Verdley Forest on the top of Bexley Hill so they had to transport the giant steam saw bench from Lodsbridge Mill up to the top of Bexley Hill which was no mean feat. They had about eight shire horses to draw the timber wagons with each horse easily capable of pulling a ton. However to haul this massive steam saw bench right up over the steep incline of Bexley Hill it took twenty-one giant cart horses which were hired for the day from local farmers in the area. It was one of the most amazing spectacles of my life

and to see twenty-one giant cart horses pulling this massive saw bench round Lickfold Green and up over Bexley Hill attracted people from all of the local villages to marvel at it.

Although as I say my father was the baker at Lickfold he delivered at Lurgashall and all around. In fact there was a baker, Farthing's, on the east side of the Green at Lurgashall but my father's delivery round just seemed to be accepted. My father was particularly good with cakes. We were a large family and we children would knock on local doors with our buns, rolls, jam tarts and doughnuts. My father baked bread Monday, Wednesday and Saturday and cakes on the other days. There were other bakers in the general area of course, Randalls at Lodsworth, Gambdens at Halfway Bridge and some people from Grayshott who specialised in cakes. My father was a great one for good-natured competition and would in later days chalk slogans on his Model T Ford. "We lead, others follow," was one. "International Stores but we supply..." was another one. (Think about it!) He put boards outside the shop at Lickfold with slogans written on them. A famous one from the early 1940s was:

Hitler's come across the Channel
Fittleworth Home Guard has gone to Stopham!

This was a very late one but well-remembered.

Our premises were the old bakehouse at Lickfold. Originally my parents had been at Lodsworth keeping a kind of beerhouse with a bakery at the rear. The beerhouse had a six-day licence with no Sundays allowed. Eventually my father asked the landlord to drop the licence so that he could concentrate on baking. It wasn't long before we moved to Lickfold and it is Lickfold that I remember as a boy. Why was my father called "Winkle" Ayling? People usually thought it was because of a curious eye mannerism that he had, the legacy of a boyhood fall when he had cut his eye on some freshly trimmed hazel, but in fact the nickname went back to his early working days. He worked for George Duck at Dean Farm, Tillington and had to put a collar on a horse. The way to do this was to put it on upside down and then turn it round and to do this my Dad had to stand on the manger, he was quite small really. "You're no bigger than a winkle..." said one of the workers and the name stuck. He didn't work for George Duck long but went on for Mr. Randall the Lodsworth baker; in due course he went on his own, as I have said, first at Lodsworth then at Lickfold.

My father was known as "Winkle Ayling the Bun King" and his fame spread well beyond Lickfold. The fact that he was always ready with a quip of some kind had a lot to do with his being so generally known. He was known too for the sheen on his buns and often asked the secret. "Beeswax and turpentine" he used to say but in fact it was sugar water applied when the buns were still very hot, just out of the oven. I often did this myself, two dozen buns on a black tray, a penny each and seven for sixpence. His jam tarts were popularly known as jam puzzles because it was a real conundrum trying to find the jam. The bread came out of the brick oven and in went the buns. If the bread had been slow and the oven too cool for buns he'd light up the stove and make doughnuts - the mix was the same, doughnuts just being boiled in fat instead of being baked in the oven. Lard and margarine came in 7lb tins at this time.

In the early days at Lickfold father delivered with a donkey cart but he sold the donkey and operated with a Mohawk trade cycle bought from the cycle shop by the War Memorial at Midhurst. It was reputed to open at eight o'clock on Saturday evening just when the other shops

were closing. The Mohawk was a fully-fledged tradesman's bike with an enormous carrier. Several times Dad took the family down to Brighton on it. I remember us once getting back as far as Bury and the pedal coming off. We had to get someone from the village to fix it.

Every village had its Club Day. I would be sent to Lurgashall or further afield with the ice cream. It was made in a wooden tub with ice packed round the outside of it and salt put in the mix: the process wouldn't work without the salt. Effectively the "ice cream" was frozen custard. If it wasn't much of a day there would be a surplus of ice cream and we children would eat whole plates of it just to stop it being wasted.

George Humphrey was a character in the district, well-remembered because George Garland sometimes used him for his "character" pictures. While my father was still at the Lodsworth Arms, it was the custom for George Humphrey to take his two horses and waggon and go down to Selham Station to pick up cattle cake. He'd always stop at the beerhouse for a drink. On this occasion he was a good deal longer in the beerhouse than usual and someone became concerned about his horses waiting outside. They took them out of the shafts and put them in the stables. Eventually George Humphrey emerged from the "Arms" and uttered the immortal words:

Be I George Humphrey or baint I?
If I be George Humphrey I've lost a pair of hosses.
If I bain't George Humphrey
I've gained a waggon.

Already as a boy of nine I would be out Saturday evenings delivering for my father and I was sent over to Mr. Humphrey at Windfallwood. It was dark as I tapped on the door; there was no answer. Eventually I was admitted. Mr. Humphrey was sitting in the chimney seat on one side of the fire, his housekeeper on the other. She was reading to him from a book. "Did you hear that George?" George however was almost asleep and barely answered. She was telling him how Chelsea Hospital came into being. According to her book, Queen Anne told her officials to enclose for the pensioners as much land as could be contained within the area of one of her threddled woollen garments when it was unpicked. It was something I have always remembered.

Master Humphrey had obtained his housekeeper on my father's recommendation and they eventually married although Humphrey was by this time over eighty years old. Some time before he had said to my father, "Bill, I wants a housekeeper". My Dad suggested a lady he knew who agreed and moved in to look after the house. Three weeks she stayed, then she left. Humphrey told my father, "She's gone back home. Don't like it." But he added, "I'll take her back if she wants to come back." She did. George Humphrey was a big gruff man or so he seemed to me as a young man. I suppose I was rather in awe of him. He was a widower and I believe that like so many in those years he had lost sons in the Great War. I remember he once saw a big buck rabbit on the common but an enterprising young man, not a commoner, had seen him too. Each man was creeping toward the rabbit from a different side. They virtually bumped into one another and the rabbit escaped. "Who gave you 'mission to shoot on the Common?" roared Humphrey. Like all commoners he jealously guarded his common rights.

Old Mr. Head was another character, often photographed by George Garland but not one

of Garland's "Sussex types", he wasn't actually a local man. The local boys would throw half a brick against his door when they were coming home from the pub. We were usually following behind the first group and got the sharp edge of Mr. Head's tongue, the culprits being already well along the road. "Hooligans, I'll shoot the lot of you..." It has to be said that Mr. Head was just a little eccentric. I remember there was a walnut tree in the garden and the walnuts were still green when Mr. Head's niece was holding a tea-party. Suddenly Mr. Head let fly into the tree from the other side with his shot-gun and showered the tea-party with green walnuts and foliage, sending the cups and saucers flying. I have the idea that Mr. Head was killed in a skiing accident.

Andrew Smith the showman lived in a caravan at Stroud Green just outside Petworth but he owned some villas up country somewhere. He was an astute business man. He had a very strange way of speaking, stilted isn't quite the right word but it does give an impression of his slow, rather affected drawl. No, I don't think affected is quite the word I want either - it was almost an impediment but it wasn't really that. My father was very good at mimicking him and I can too, to an extent. He used to like people mimicking him, taking it, not unreasonably, as a kind of flattery. He'd been to collect the rent for his villas and said in his deliberate way, "They paid me the rent alright but then they gave me parsnip wine and got me drunk in the shed and took the money from me." He was particularly annoyed that he'd signed the rent-books and had no chance of making them pay again. Andrew was a small man, short in stature with a black hat. I remember him sitting in the pub with his nephew and arguing about money. Without raising his voice above the conversational he said, in menacing tones, "If you meddle with me, you'll get more than you expect. Who put yer jacket on yer back and paid yer 7/6d for working?"

In the off season he'd come round with brushes and brooms. I remember in the 1920s he offered to lend my father £200, which was a lot of money in those days. My mother however would have nothing to do with it. In later years Andrew would reproach her saying, "He should have had the £200..." "But he wouldn't have been able to pay it back..." she'd answer. "Didn't matter," Andrew would say, "I wanted to have it out in bread and flour". Andrew's idea was to use the shop as a store and take the money back in kind when he was operating at a distance from his home base.

"I made a lot of money," he would confide in the pub, "I know about a bit of hossflesh". Like other gipsies he knew of a parsnip-like root, which they called mandrake, that could be grated and sprinkled on horse feed. It had to be used with care but, after a couple of weeks, would make the mane of even the most bedraggled horse appear to sparkle with health.

Mr. Pain the rector I remember but my most vivid impression is of sitting in Lurgashall Church waiting for him to give a magic lantern show as he so often did. Eventually we were sent home as he still did not appear. He had cycled into Petworth to pick up the slides and we were later told that he had collapsed and died out on the Northchapel Road. There was a yew tree in front of the vicarage and my father, who liked puns, once said to Mr. Pain's daughter who had been away from the village for a long time, "Every time I come to Lurgashall I see yew." "I'm sorry, Mr. Ayling, but you are mistaken," replied Miss Pain "I've been away in France for two years." "You may be away but I still see yew," retorted my father. Mr. Pain used to say to us boys, "I can't understand you lads coming straight out of the service and into the public house". "We're thirsting after righteousness sir..." we'd reply. It's an old joke and one that

George Garland used in his later dialect act.

My sister worked for A.E. Matthews at Selsey and used to cycle home to see us. One dirty drizzling night she couldn't cycle home so we took her in the car. Dad didn't much like driving and suggested that I drove. I was only twelve but there was no driving test then although there was an age limit. Dad's driving was rather eccentric especially his tendency, when stopping, to pull back on the steering wheel and shout "Whoa!" It was getting quite dark but there were no problems until we reached the outskirts of Chichester, when a policeman put up his hand to stop us. "Keep quiet," said my father and plonked his trilby hat on my head. "What's the matter, officer?" "One of your sidelights is out, sir". They were paraffin lights then. We drove on - or rather I did!

Two small things. In the picture of the Lickfold cider-makers in *Not Submitted Elsewhere* pp 54 and 55, the man with the press is Tom Berry and his assistant is Stan Luff. I should know, the picture was taken in the garden of the old bakery at Lickfold and I'd just picked up the fallen apples for them to use. And lastly: does anyone remember the old Lickfold Chapel at the far end of the parish? It was pulled down in the 1960s. St. Hilda's it was called. It was part of Lodsworth parish. "Babies can be baptised at both ends" was a well-known joke, meaning at the Parish Church or at St. Hilda's, both were in Lodsworth parish.

Fred Ayling was talking to Mike Hubbard and the Editor.

Claude Muncaster 1903-1974

Any account of my father Claude Muncaster really needs to begin with my grandfather Oliver Hall for his influence, both positive and negative, is integral to my father's own work. Oliver Hall had a long life; being born in 1896 and living until 1957. Of Scottish descent he was brought up in some comfort at Tulse Hill in London. A decline in family fortunes, however, left him in early youth already looking after his widowed mother and a younger brother. His first successes were in etching, and he gained quite a name for this even when still at the Royal College of Art, but he would later become a distinguished water-colourist as well as a painter in oils. He received considerable help and advice from his wife's uncle, the pre-Raphaelite painter D.A. Williamson and it was to his wife and the Williamson connection that he owed his enduring love of the Lake District.

Although a noted and successful artist, Oliver Hall could never take finance for granted and of necessity evolved a somewhat frugal lifestyle. He revered nature in all its forms and liked to draw it at its most beautiful. As a painter of trees he was a master, spending hours simply studying the great oaks, the ash and the elm, sitting on his painting stool sketching them, or simply, quietly, taking in the spirit of them. He seemed able to penetrate their very soul and portray them not as objects but in their very essence. In his paintings trees really do grow right out of the ground. Money was never easy but there was a period early in the century when he derived a good income from his etchings. This market collapsed in the mid-1920s and the

family had to cut their cloth accordingly, income coming only from the sale of paintings. Oliver Hall never compromised with the modernist movement, describing such tendencies in a famous phrase as "cancerous growths from the underworld". His wife died in 1945 and not long after that Hall moved to the Lake District, returning only rarely to Sussex and, towards the end, not at all. A considerable blow had come in 1944 when his timber-built studio at Sutton burned down. Pencil studies, water-colours, oils, books and equipment all perished. It was a tragic setback but Oliver Hall was a resilient man. He declared, as he surveyed the smoking ruins, "Well - no good crying over spilt milk. I shall just have to paint better than ever!" As my father said later - "so he did." Oliver Hall's lack of sympathy with Modernism meant that, as often happens with artists, he was less esteemed critically toward the end of his long life than he had been in his early days. He deserved better and his work will undoubtedly come to the fore again.

Oliver Hall could not have been called an easy man; he was an inveterate pessimist who could yet soar to heights of extreme elation. As a Swedenborgian he had great belief in creativity and progress. It was a belief that never left him but which he did not share with a wife who had a staunch low-church Anglican background. The two faiths, however, seem to have co-existed quite happily.

Oliver Hall's influence on his son was considerable, particularly as something against which his son would increasingly tend to react. Theirs was always a somewhat volatile relationship. Grahame Hall had been born at Gay Street, West Chilton in July 1903, but the family would move to Woodruff at Egdean later in the same year and then on to Sutton in 1914. He had been sent away to school, Queen Elizabeth School at Cranbrook, but was impatient of formal learning and set out to gain a living as a landscape artist. An early, almost visionary experience seems to have crystallised his feelings, although this account is probably overlaid with later reflection. A party from his school had been visiting Chatham Dockyard and Rochester Castle:

"We arrived at the Castle in the late evening and immediately climbed to the top whence there was a magnificent view over the river. I withdrew from my companions for a few moments and quietly contemplated the scene. Dusk was upon us and the Medway reflected the golden light of the western sky. A sailing barge, her brown sails dark against it and her green starboard light burning brightly in her shrouds, drifted lazily down on the tide. Lights flickered on the water. A London-bound train rumbled over the bridge and as the fireman opened the fire-box to refuel, the red glow illumined the white smoke. A slight mist hung over the distance, shrouding the river and landscape and city in a romantic world of make-believe. What I beheld so fired my imagination that I determined that one day I would be a painter and paint pictures of scenes just like this." (see Martin Muncaster: *The Wind in the Oak* (1978) pp 14).

In fact it was not until later days at Cranbrook that Grahame Hall began to draw and paint to any great degree.

Oliver Hall was intensely proud of his son but was also, as fathers so often are, rather awkward in handling the relationship. Oliver was in many ways a solitary man and a very stern and somewhat insensitive critic who analysed the shortcomings in his son's work in what could appear a very hurtful manner. My father in turn was highly sensitive and even in later life never found criticism, however constructive and well-intentioned, easy to take. He never liked

anyone to watch him at work. At this age he was probably at his most vulnerable and my grandfather's uncompromising and relentless criticism certainly did more harm than good. In fact my father's career had opened with considerable distinction: he was already exhibiting at the R.A. when he was just sixteen.

Life at Sutton was always a kaleidoscope of artists and pictures. This part of West Sussex at that time played host to a coterie of assorted artists and enthusiasts, among them Edward Stott of Amberley, P.H. Padwick, Vicat Cole, Charles Sims and Arthur Rackham. Grahame Hall could not help growing up in an artistic ambience. As a young man too he was immersed in a social life that had been thrown completely out of gear by the 1914-1918 war. So many men just older than Grahame had died in the war. An unattached young man with the charismatic-seeming aura of a professional painter was a great social attraction. The more so as he was already noted in his chosen field.

A time was coming when my grandfather's influence would simply become stifling. Already when Grahame Hall's earliest pictures were on show at the R.A. he had seen his father standing in front of one of them saying, "The boy can do better than that you know." A crisis came rather later when Grahame overheard someone say, "It's good enough but then we know who's doing his homework." There was a suspicion that Oliver Hall was taking an active part in his son's success. This was, of course, quite untrue and a dedicated artist like Grahame Hall would not go along with such subterfuge, still less the austere figure that was his father! It was clearly time to break away and create a persona that was all his own. Thus, he took the professional name of Claude Muncaster, Claude because he admired the work of the French painter Claude Lorrain; Muncaster because he wanted to recreate an old name in his mother's family held only by an ageing maiden aunt who lived in fact to be one hundred.

Grahame Hall was still living at home and a strange mixture of the romantic and the very shy. Certainly, he was a very quiet, private person, but nevertheless at this time constantly in and out of love! The unhappy ending of one particular romance inspired him with the idea that he should go to sea. He had been fascinated by the sea ever since the early 1920s when he had seen a four-masted barque, "Olivebank", moored in the Thames at Tilbury. In fact, my father could have been a professional sailor: he loved the sea and was never seasick in his life. The sea was something that Oliver Hall had little experience of: he rarely painted water in any form.

My father arranged to sail aboard a tramp-steamer to Australia where, after various adventures, he found himself on the Melbourne waterfront one day, looking for a subject to paint. He soon saw one he was destined to paint many times over. Moored off the harbour, lay that very ship he had so long ago admired at Tilbury - the Olivebank! She was a grain ship and he instantly determined to work his passage home on her. He sought out the company offices and asked if there was a vacancy. He was firmly informed that there was not and that several men had already been turned away.

Then came an extraordinary stroke of fortune. As he stood in the office the Olivebank's Master came in, a Finn as were so many of the crew. "I lost a man gone sick," he said in his thickly accented English.... Grahame Hall signed on there and then as a deckhand.

Four and a half months at sea in a four-masted barque! It would be very tough, but if he wanted to get to grips with the sea and to paint the sea and ships in all conditions of wind and

weather, he could not wish for a better chance. From this searing experience would come the authority to paint the sea and ships and an intimate knowledge of how a ship was rigged, her yards and sails; ropes, blocks and tackle, and the labours of the capstan. He would actually have stood out on the yards and taken in sail while a storm raged. In the event, he very nearly lost his life. He was washed overboard going round the Horn, but somehow grabbed a brace for hauling the yards, clung on, and found himself washed back aboard the next wave! In the same storm the mate too was washed overboard, but rescued. It was a tough trip, but in some ways he was fortunate to survive for quite another reason. During the great part of the trip he was suffering with a grumbling appendix and at one point felt so ill he nearly committed suicide by slipping over the side.

Soon after his return to England in 1931, he met my mother, daughter of Sir Arthur Balfour, who had a house at Fernhurst, an industrialist who was initially, and understandably, a little hesitant about this young artist's ability to make a living - or at least an adequate one. Grahame Hall solved the problem by embarking on an extended lecture tour telling the story of his trip around the Horn and illustrating it with black and white slides. The marriage took place at Fernhurst in September 1933 and the couple lived first at Tillington before moving to Four Winds, Petworth, in 1936. The house was purpose-built by Bryders of Tillington and had a three hundred and sixty degree view obscured only by a lone ash tree.

My father had a boundless energy and dedication that did not diminish with the years and would create its own pattern of living. He told me himself that during his professional life as a painter he had produced some five thousand paintings and sketches. Like his father, Oliver, he was wedded to art. Painting was a part of him. He loved his family, of course, but there was a sense in which art was above all. He was very prolific and would go off regularly each spring on a two-week painting tour. Sometimes alone; sometimes taking my mother. He would return a fortnight later with a pile of sketches from which he could work up oils and major water colours.

Such was a pattern of living that would be broken only by the War. It was already obvious by the late 1930s that war was almost inevitable and when war came, Grahame Hall was drafted into the Admiralty as a camouflage adviser. He was based at first in London and he'd travel to Pulborough on his motor-cycle. One morning I remember him setting out - complete with the flying suit he used to wear for the ride - and bumping down the lane to turn into Grove Street. I was just about to go into the house when I heard a thunderous crash. Mr. Bennett the milkman had turned into the lane just as Father came out blinded by the sun shining into his eyes. He was hurled off the bike into rolls and rolls of wartime barbed wire that lay beside the lane. I tore up the lane to find him retrieving himself and his dented motor-bike from the barbed wire. I can hear the crash of the collision still.

Eventually he was posted away; he spent a whole year in the Middle and Far East. As an artist he was at the height of his powers and tried to work when he could, but his camouflage mission was all important. He'd been chosen for his knowledge of colour, tonal values, light and weather. The Admiralty were looking for a combination of artist and scientist and Father was joined by Bill Schuil who became a close friend. Between them they worked to make ships' angles look different so that torpedoes missed their target; to make a cruiser, for instance, look

like a merchantman. Grahame Hall was much affected by the death of his friend, who was killed in a torpedoed submarine. Without his colleague's scientific knowledge, my father's value to the service was much impaired. The constant stress and endless changing from one strange ship to another combined with a bout of yellow fever, all took their toll. Soon after his return home in the Spring of 1944, he was invalided out of the Navy. During the war, as Lieutenant-Commander Grahame Hall, he had painted as usual under the Muncaster name, putting his service name in brackets. This led to considerable confusion. In 1945 he decided to change the family name by Deed Poll to Muncaster.

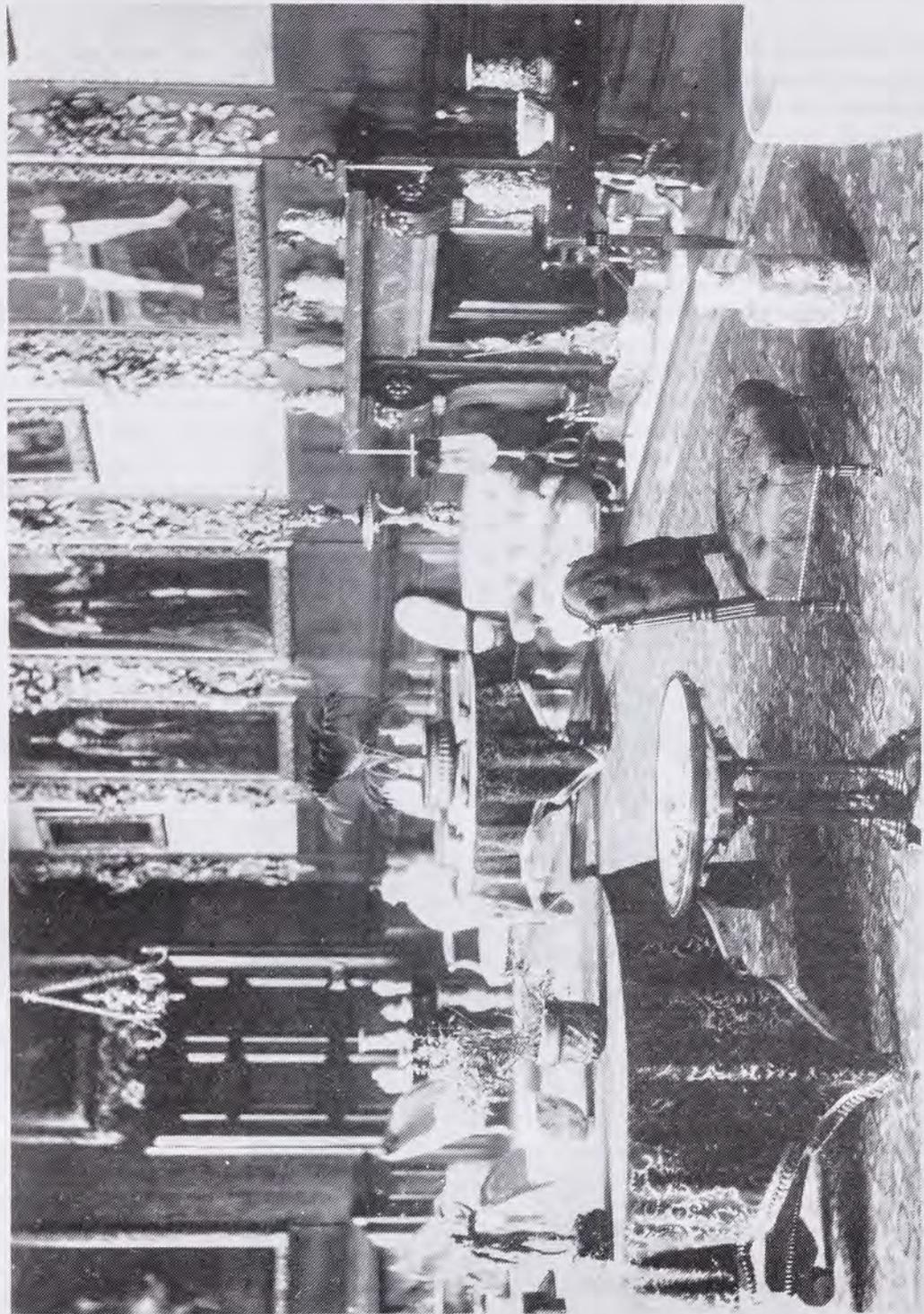
The studio at Four Winds was sacrosanct. If Father was painting, we children had to have a very good reason to disturb him! While he was working he was totally absorbed and would emerge only in his own time. He'd be up early and walk his beloved collie dog, Meg, sort the post, and perhaps do some work if the light was good before breakfast. He'd then work until lunchtime and after lunch until the light began to fade.

As boys during the war we saw all too little of him. Games with him were memorable - down to the brook, to dam up the stream with stones and clods of turf; then let it all go. Such moments were rare as we, too, were often away at school. For my brother, Clive, and myself Christmas held a unique excitement when Father did us a special painting. It was the only time we were allowed to watch him work. It would be a little painting, always of a romantic scene. One such was of Father Christmas coming up a snowy street. He drew in cottages and a church, then pasted yellow paper across the back, having already cut out windows and door. When the painting was held up to the electric bulb, all the windows came alight as if by magic.

My father loved Petworth and gained much inspiration on his long walks round the hills. He always took Meg with him. She'd hardly left his side since he'd found her as a puppy on a Lake District farm. As a rule he'd walk up to the Gog and travel across to the Pulborough Road, down from Byworth to the Virgin Mary spring, then up the slopes on the other side of the valley and home again. He would do this pretty well every day and it took a good hour. The weather never put him off and he and the dog almost became a part of the landscape. Having painted during the morning and for part of the afternoon, he would go out in the late afternoon or early evening, just when the light was failing.

When my grandfather went to the Lake District, the house at Sutton was rented for a while by my Uncle Leslie, Father's elder brother. It had always been rented property. In the late Fifties, however, it was put on the market, bought, renovated and improved. But the new owners weren't really country people and decided to sell again. My father heard that the house was once more on the market and I remember Father's complete happiness when he managed to buy the house and thus return to his childhood home. The property has a staggering view across to the Downs. Here, too, there was a bungalow with a north light where he worked. He was back to his roots, working on the very site where his father had had his own ill-fated studio.

After the War commissions began to come in: architectural and royal. Muncaster was asked to paint a scene at Windsor for the King's birthday and subsequently was commissioned to paint views at Sandringham and Balmoral, where he stayed as a royal guest. Bomb damage in the docklands at Southampton and Liverpool were other commissions. He also did a lot of work for McAlpine. Shipping commissions came from the Union castle line and took him round



*The Carved Room at Petworth House c1890.
A photograph taken by Mary Wyndham. Reproduced courtesy of Lord Egremont.
[See Upstairs and Downstairs.]*



Primrose Fete in Petworth Park c.1890.
A photograph taken by Mary Wyndham. Reproduced courtesy of Lord Egremont.
[See *Upstairs and Downstairs*.]

the world. He loved travel, of course, but it did mean he was away from home a lot. One particular commission he sketched from a helicopter; a Bradford company wanted a centenary picture of their whole works spread out in its Bradford context. He also painted a panoramic view of London from the top of the new Shell building. This view is probably unique now because the London skyline has changed so dramatically in recent years. His work was often bought by institutions and there are examples in all the main galleries, including the R.A., the Tate, and Sheffield, Liverpool and Birmingham Art Galleries. Many, too, of course are in private collections; sometimes half a dozen or so come up at Sothebys.

A later commission was to produce a picture of the Southampton Castle entering Durban harbour. This was for Sir Nicholas (late Lord) Cayzer, then Chairman of the Union Castle Line. It was agreed that my father would go to New Zealand to judge the Kelleher Art Prize in Wellington, then come to Durban on the way back to fulfil the Southampton Castle commission. He would meet my mother at Durban and, in fact, my wife and I went out with her. He'd done the basic sketching research for the project by the time we arrived and all was set for his return aboard the Windsor Castle. Father, however, felt rather guilty that there was one angle he had not fully researched. He insisted on returning to Durban to complete his preparation: he must take a photograph from that particular angle visible only from the Shipping Company office. There was a balcony outside, but the company flag was obscuring the view. He climbed out of a window, slipped and fell, smashing his hip and badly damaging his ankle. He recovered but the accident slowed him down considerably.

By 1968 his sight was failing and his final exhibition was held in the following year, at the Arun Art Gallery in Arundel. It was extremely successful and he sold a lot of paintings; but he vowed never to paint again. He said he had no intention of leaving behind inferior work because he couldn't see properly.

Claude Muncaster died a few years later, in November 1974, with his son, Martin, by his side.

Martin Muncaster was talking to the Editor.

(See also Martin Muncaster: *The Wind in the Oak*. A Biography of Claude Muncaster. 1978) Pub'd. Robin Garton.

An Exhibition (the first for ten years) of Claude Muncaster's work will be held at the Canon Gallery, New Street, Petworth, from April 8th-15th. Martin Muncaster will talk, with slides, about his father's work at the Leconfield Hall on Monday, March 20th at 7.30pm.

Evacuees in Petworth

I helped with the arrival of the evacuees when, in 1938, a year before the war, there was a kind of census when the householder had not only to give the names of all those living in the house but also the number of rooms. Then, early in the summer of 1939, officials came round to check

what spare room each house had, and tell people the number of evacuees they must take. You could not refuse: the only way you could get out of taking the evacuees was if you were committed to taking relations from the danger zones. We had agreed to take in three relations from Beckenham in Kent, one a child, so did not have to take any evacuees. In July there was a practice run for receiving the evacuees using local school children. They were labelled and then matched up to the accommodation available. This was to check that there were enough places for the numbers expected. There were three points for receiving the evacuees. The Iron room, (now demolished) this was for those arriving by train at Petworth Station, the Girls School in East Street (now a private house), and the Boys School at the bottom of North Street, (bombed in 1942).

The evacuees coming to the two schools were travelling by London transport buses. I reported to the Boys School on Saturday September 2. We waited all day, no evacuees arrived and I was told to report there again at 9am the next morning, Sunday September 3. This time the children did arrive, boys and girls of primary school age, along with their teachers. I well remember those pale town children, bewildered, some frightened and, for most, the first time away from home and parents. A lot were poorly dressed, clutching their worldly belongings. Some had suitcases but most had brown paper parcels or the old type brown paper carrier bags. One or two only had their things wrapped in newspaper. They all had their gas masks in the cardboard boxes with the long string handles. These were worn over the shoulder. Each child had a luggage label attached to their coat, this bore the name of the child and the school they came from in Peckham, also their age.

My job was to show them to the toilets and see they were comfortable and try to comfort any who were in tears. It took quite a while to match the children to their hosts. Not many of the hosts picked up the children from the Boys School, so many of the children were not chosen by their prospective hosts. Most of them were to go to homes outside Petworth in the surrounding villages. When I returned to Byworth at 6pm I heard that the war had started at 11am that morning. We had been so busy that we had not caught up with the news. Each host was paid 7/6d by the government for each child. I don't know if they recouped it from the parents. The parents were supposed to supply the children's clothes, though in reality some of the hosts provided clothes for the children who were particularly poorly clothed. Clothes rationing only came later in the war.

Extra school places had to be found for the influx of children so schools were set up in the Iron Room and the Congregational Church Hall. This hall was fitted with black-out curtains supplied by the council; they also made a small payment towards lighting, heating and cleaning of the hall. We at the chapel found the black-out curtains very useful as this allowed an evening service to be held during the winter months. In fact some of these curtains are still in use as dust sheets. Miss Johnson was the teacher in charge of this school and she later lived in retirement in Petworth. Mrs. Bell, another teacher, lived in a small flat at Trofts, Byworth along with her husband who was an administrator sorting out the many problems that arose. As well as children, the mothers of babies and small children were evacuated too and a number of these lived in Byworth. The parents were not allowed to visit the children for three months, nor have them home for a week-end. Later when some parents had the children home for a week-end this caused some

confusion as, of course, they wanted some of the rations, but the hosts held the ration books. A number of children returned home during the first year of the so-called phoney war, only to have to be re-evacuated when the bombing started. They were not brought back to the same area. The second wave of evacuees to Petworth seemed to come from Portsmouth when the bombing of the dockyard started.

Some of the children found it difficult to settle in the country, it was a different style of life. Many of the homes had no electricity, especially those outside Petworth, some had gas, but a lot only had oil lamps and candles, also there were very few bathrooms. Most houses, if they had a bath, had it in the outside scullery with water supplied from a copper with the fire underneath. The water had to be ladled into the bath. Those outside Petworth often used a tin bath in front of the kitchen range. Bath time was a weekly ritual. Petworth did have main drainage so most houses had a water closet which was in the back yard but those in the villages still had a bucket closet down the bottom of the garden. Some children found it easy to adapt but a few could not.

There was some difficulty in getting the children to eat. Fresh vegetables from the garden were unknown. Our neighbour had one small boy whose grandmother came to visit him. When she came through the gate she stood still and stared; she just could not believe what she saw. She said she had eaten brussels sprouts all her life and had never seen them growing and had no idea how they grew. She was over seventy years old. A friend of ours had difficulty getting the three brothers she had to use knives and forks. It seemed their main meals had been fish and chips out of paper. This friend's husband was a keeper so they had rabbit and pigeon. This was completely new to the boys. One of their favourites seemed to be baked beans. Also the first night she had them she went upstairs to see if they had settled and could not see them. She knew they had not come back downstairs so she looked for them and found them under the bed. At home they had only one bedroom and bed and Mum and Dad used the bed and they always slept under the bed. Very few of the evacuees knew anything about the country, even the grown ups. One of the mothers who was living in Byworth was told by the gentleman who she lived with that she could help herself to rhubarb. The neighbour caught her just in time, she was going to dig it up, not pull it. She had only seen rhubarb on a market stall before.

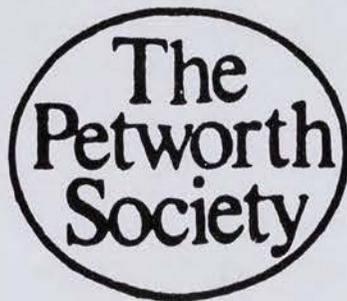
One day, soon after the children arrived, not long before it got dark, Mother met two small boys on the outskirts of Petworth. She told them to hurry home before it got dark and they got lost. They then asked her what time the country "closed up". To them it was like one large park. About four years ago I had a visit from a lady and gentleman. Though I did not recognise her, she had been an evacuee in Byworth but I had not seen her for over forty years. I knew of one or two evacuees who did not go back to their own families. They left school during the war, got pals and continued to look on their war-time hosts as their adopted families.

I remember seeing the Emperor of Ethiopia during the war when he came to visit the creche of Ethiopian small children and their carers who were billeted in the servants' quarters of Petworth House.

Joy Gumbrell

New Members (and rejoining)

- Professor D. Ades, North Mill House, Midhurst.
Mr and Mrs C.D. Ball, 25 Harbour View Road, Pagham, Bognor Regis.
Mrs Boyt, 6 The Mews, High Street, Petworth.
The Brighton Reference Library, Church Street, Brighton.
Mrs A.L. Chambers, 108 Welbeck Avenue, Haughton, Darlington, Durham.
Mr and Mrs Denyer, Hampers Green, Petworth.
Mr B. Elstone, 1 North End Close, North Street, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs R. Etherington, Bushey Cottage, South Dean Lane, Tillington.
Mr G.R. Ford, 34 Doddington Road, Rainham, Gillingham, Kent.
Mr and Mrs L.L. Golden, Little Leith Gate, Angel Street, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs A.F. Grigor, Wychacre, Harborough Hill, West Chilton.
Mr and Mrs E.M. Hall, Four Winds, Grove Lane, Petworth.
Mrs S. Holden, 8 North End Close, North Street, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs Howard, "Woodlea", Northmead, North Street, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs H. Huggett, 292A North Street, Petworth.
Mr T.E. Morgan, Pallingham Quay Farm, Wisborough Green.
Mrs H. Mountford, 2 Church View, Angel Street, Petworth.
Mr R. Packham, 40 Raglan Precinct, Town End, Caterham, Surrey.
Mrs J. Pannell, 2 Myrtle Cottage, Northchapel.
Miss A Parvin, c/o Mr and Mrs G. Parvin, 46 Hampers Green, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs Peacock, The Roseary, Burton Common, Petworth.
Mr E.G. Pratt, Flat 2, 29 The Drove, Hove.
Mr and Mrs R. Prior, Shimmings, North Street, Petworth.
Ms C. Romaniszyn, Lantern House, Tillington.
Mr and Mrs Ross, North House, North Street, Petworth.
Mrs P. Spiller, Copse Cottage, Tripp Hill, Fittleworth.
Mr F.R. Stanford, Idlicote Hill Farm, Idlicote, Shipston-on-Stour, Warwick.
Dr N.J.M. Sturt, Peacehaven, The Crescent, West Wittering.
Mr and Mrs Ward, PO Box 53, Calliope, Queensland 4680, Australia.
Mr P.C. Willmer, 84 Lower Street, Pulborough.
Miss D.K. Willmer, 84 Lower Street, Pulborough.



Summer Programme. Please keep for reference.

* **DON'T MISS : SUNDAY JUNE 4TH**

IN AID OF PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM, 346 HIGH STREET

FRITH HILL and FRITH LODGE GARDENS OPEN.

(Follow notices off the A283 at Northchapel)

Frith Hill £1.50. Frith Lodge £1.00.

All proceeds to Museum Fund.

Teas, Plants, Raffle.

WEDNESDAY JUNE 7th

"CANADIAN CONNECTION"

The Society link with Toronto
Slides of Canada and of the Canadians
at Petworth

Ian and Pearl.

£1.50.

Leconfield Hall 7.30

Refreshments

SUNDAY JUNE 18th

Anne's Garden Walk

Leave Car Park 2.15

No dogs.

SATURDAY JULY 8th, SUNDAY JULY 9th

See the combined Petworth Society/Petworth Cottage Museum Stand at the WEST SUSSEX RECORD OFFICE LOCAL HISTORY FAIR AT HORSHAM FESTIVAL HORSHAM PARK.

SUNDAY JULY 16th

JOHN AND GLORIA'S LURGASHALL WALK

SUNDAY AUGUST 13th

IAN AND PEARL'S LANGHURST WALK

Both leave Petworth Car Park at 2.15.

LECONFIELD HALL EVENTS: Leconfield Hall 7.30.

SATURDAY JUNE 10th

The silent film 'Comin thro' the Rye' (Cecil Hepworth)

By the maker of "TANSY"!

Admission £2.50. Refreshments.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2nd, THURSDAY AUGUST 3rd 8.00pm

THE HORSE AND BAMBOO THEATRE present

DANCE OF WHITE DARKNESS

Tickets £4. Space limited to 100 per performance.

See also publicity.

The Horse and Bamboo Theatre will be camping on Hampers Common and give impromptu performances in the town on the afternoon of the performance.

NB. WEDNESDAY JUNE 28th LECONFIELD HALL A.G.M. 7.00pm

DO NOT MISS.

SUNDAY JULY 30th

ROUND PETWORTH QUIZ IN AID OF
PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM
DETAILS IN LOCAL POSTERS

PETWORTH FESTIVAL

Sunday 1st - Sunday 9th July 1995

Now in its 17th year, the Petworth Festival is a local festival designed to appeal to all tastes, ages and pockets. The 1995 festival has 18 events in total with 7 free events, 4 events for £2 or less and only 2 events that could cost more than £8.

Highlights of this year's festival include:

- * the launch of a new professional orchestra, the PHILOMUSICA, based in the area and featuring Sussex composers and music. The orchestra will be led by the well-known conductor and presenter of Radio 2's "Friday Night is Music Night" programme, Kenneth Alwyn. The orchestra of 23 strings will be playing for the first time in St Mary's Church, Petworth, on Saturday 8th July. Come along and be among the first to hear this new local orchestra playing music by Bach, Tchaikovsky, Bridge and others.

- * the Dave Marrion Big Band plays the opening evening of the Festival with an exciting programme of Big Band music accompanied by the dazzling voice of Lois Lane. Enjoy hearing all your favourite songs - why not dress up for the evening to get yourself "in the mood"?

- * the SQUARE DANCE at the end of the week is back in the Market Square again and is a truly fun free evenings' entertainment for everyone. No previous experience necessary - just follow the caller's instructions!

- * if you want to know more about Petworth, join the TOWN WALK on Thursday 6th July at 2.30pm and all will be revealed in the company of local historian Peter Jerrome and architect Raymond Harris. No charge.

- * for children, FESTIVAL FROLICS, an afternoon of free entertainment in the Rosemary Gardens on Saturday 1st July between 2 and 4.30pm. Clowns, jugglers, stalls and face painting. Don't miss out on all the fun and custard pies!

Postal bookings for Festival tickets can be sent in from June 1st and the Festival box office opens at the TIC on 24th June.

Peter.

PETWORTH FLORAL ART CLUB

PROGRAMME FOR 1995/96

15th June, 1995

Demonstration: Mrs. A. Chivers
"At This Time of Year"
Competition: Decorated Hat for Ascot

20th July, 1995

Demonstration: Mrs. C. Evans
"The Sweet Shop"
Competition: All Foliage Arrangement in a Wine Glass

21st September 1995

Members Meeting

19th October, 1995

Demonstration: Mrs. D. Farrell
"High Days and Holidays"
Competition: Autumn Colours

16th November, 1995

Demonstration: Mrs. R. Lawson-Tait
"Christmas"
Competition: Christmas with Candlelight

18th January 1996

Members Meeting

15th February, 1996

Demonstration: Mrs. M, Watson
(Talk) "A look at Weddings Past and Present"
Competition: A Crescent Arrangement

P.T.O.

21st March, 1996

Demonstration: Mr. G. King
"The Magic of Spring"

Competition: A Spring Basket

18th April, 1996

Demonstration: Mrs. R. Leary
"Curves and Lines"

Competition: A Hogarth Curve

16th May, 1996 - Annual General Meeting

Demonstration: Mr. E. Palmer
(Talk and slides) "Alstroemerias"

Mr. Palmer is connected to Mr. P. Smith
of Chanctonbury Nurseries, specialist
Alstroemeria growers and award winners.

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

Annual Subscription April 1995 to March 1996

Subscriptions for the Magazine for 1995/96 are due on 1st April, 1995 and should be paid to:-

The Hon. Treasurer

Mr. P. Hounsham,
50 Sheepdown Drive,
Petworth,
West Sussex GU28 0BX

OR

The Membership Secretary

Mrs. R. Staker,
71 Wyndham Road,
Petworth,
West Sussex GU28 0EG

Local Members may pay direct to Anne at:-
E. Streeter & Daughter, Lombard Street.

Rates for the Magazine are:	Delivered	£6.50
	Postal	£7.50
	Overseas	£8.50

In order to keep the costs of the Society to a minimum, it would be appreciated if you would pay your subscription as soon as possible after the receipt of this notice. If you do not wish to continue membership, we would be glad if you would so advise the Society. The above actions will enable the Committee to confirm the printing run and also avoid the expense of having to send out reminders for payment of subscriptions.

Please make cheques payable to The Petworth Society.

I,

of

Postal Code.....enclose my subscription for 1994/95 £

cash/cheque and (optional), I add..... toward the Magazine fund,

(delete if not applicable).

* If you have already paid for 1995/96, please ignore this reminder.



Spring Programme. Please keep for reference.

Walks: Sunday April 2nd Simon's Titty Hill Walk.
 Sunday April 30th David and Linda's Stag Park Walk.
 Cars leave Car Park at 2.15pm.

Monthly Meetings £1.50 Refreshments. Raffle. Leconfield Hall

THURSDAY 9th March

Sylvia Adams

"Early Aviation
in Sussex"

Slides.

THURSDAY 6th April

John Dovell

Governor of H.M. Prison
Kingston, Portsmouth.

"Prisons and the Prison Service"
Kingston Prison is unique in Europe
in being the only Establishment entirely
devoted to life sentence prisoners.

MONDAY 24th April

Mike Smith

"Writers in a
Sussex landscape"

Slides.

WEDNESDAY 24th May

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
7.15 p.m.

Followed by Dr. Diana Owen:
"Petworth House in the late
Nineteenth Century." Slides.

Leconfield Hall Events: 7.30 p.m. Leconfield Hall

Monday 20th March "The Life and Work of Claude Muncaster"

A talk with slides by Martin Muncaster.

In aid of the Hall Restoration Fund, and in advance of the forthcoming Claude Muncaster Exhibition at the Canon Gallery, New Street.

Admission £2. Coffee

Monday 3rd April

An evening to celebrate the exterior renovation of the Hall featuring the Hammerwood Bellringers.

Admission free. Wine

Saturday 8th April "Round the World in Eighty Minutes"

Slides, Quiz, Raffle, Exotic Snacks and Wine.

Tickets £3.50 from David or Anne

Other Leconfield Hall promotions scheduled including a showing of the famous Cecil Hepworth silent film "Comin' thro' the Rye (1923)."

Early June

Petworth Cottage Museum:

Friday 17th March at 7.30pm
at the Leconfield Hall, Petworth

FRANCISCO YGLESIA and his PARAGUAYAN HARP

Tickets £5 at David or Anne's. Glass of Pimms.

Franciso was formerly with the group "Los Paraguayos"

Tickets are available at time of writing but may have gone by the time you read this. Tickets for the Cavalcade of Fashion were unobtainable weeks before. The Cavalcade of Fashion with its attendant Grand Raffle raised well over £900 for Museum funds.

Forthcoming attraction:

Visit to Mr and Mrs Warne's garden at Frith Hill, Northchapel and to the adjoining Mr and Mrs Cridland's garden at Frith Lodge.

Sunday June 4th - see posters for details.

We have the following enquiry. If you can help please contact Peter:

"As a young boy about 12 years old I came with the Enfield Grammar School to stay in a large house which had, I believe, belonged to a nineteenth century M.P. It had extensive grounds, kept pigs, had a wood, and was supplied with electricity from a mill on the river Rother. We were taken round the Stammer Pond up onto the Downs where we saw the dewponds and flowers of the Sundew also for the first time glow worms. Can you give an indication of its whereabouts?"

The period referred to appears to be the 1930s.

LAST BUT NOT LEAST

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY WELCOMES BACK ITS GREATEST FRIENDS:
THE TORONTO SCOTTISH REGIMENT.

SUNDAY 14th MAY

DETAILS SEE OUR PUBLICITY

Peter. 22/2/95

P.S. Pearl and Ian's video of 1994 Petworth £7 from David or Anne. £1 to Leconfield Hall Appeal.

P. & D. COLNAGHI & Co. Ltd., OF 14 OLD BOND ST., W.1

REQUEST THE PLEASURE OF YOUR VISIT TO



AN EXHIBITION OF
MARINE & LANDSCAPE
WATERCOLOURS

BY

CLAUDE
MUNCASTER,
R.W.S.

PRIVATE VIEW: THURS., DEC. 7TH.

EXHIBITION REMAINS OPEN UNTIL DEC. 30TH.

10 - 4 Sats. 10 - 1

INVITATION CARD FOR A MUNCASTER EXHIBITION OF 1944. (Courtesy Mr. M. Bridger).
See Leconfield Hall events 20th March.

