

# THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

Miles Costello  
Petworth  
Collection



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magazine

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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 £7.00. Single or double one Magazine delivered. Postal £8.00 overseas £9.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:

### *Chairman*

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

## Chairman's Notes

*Another year, another cover. For 1996 we feature Jonathan's two evocations of Petworth Cottage Museum which it is hoped to open in May. If you live in the GU28, RH20 postal areas you will already have received a brochure about the Museum. Postal members will receive a brochure with this Magazine, postal members in RH20 may receive duplicate brochures. Petworth Cottage Museum is an independent self-governing trust but has close links with this Society.*

*You will see that I have given Petworth Fair an extended picture spread and an appraisal. I thought this appropriate to mark the tenth year of its revival. The walks will have begun again by the time you read this and the Spring programme will be well under way. The Christmas evening seems to have gone down well, a packed house with the Edwardians and the Town Band receiving the help of two very young and very talented harpists. John Norwood's excellent talk on Sussex Shepherds is detailed inside by Keith.*

*The Leconfield Hall Committee have an ambitious Spring programme too. The Gilbert and Sullivan evenings and the Food Fair will be over by the time you read this, probably too, the Magic Evening on March 1st. Please make a note of the play "A Place in the Country" on March 29th and 30th. Angels on Bicycles are hoping to take it on to London. It's not often that we have a professional company at Petworth, and I can only get them for two evenings. If you missed Horse and Bamboo don't be caught out again. I don't think you'll be able to catch up with them at Graffham or Bury this time - just April 3rd at the Ritz, Worthing.*



*I have had a few suggestions concerning the mystery photographs in the last two Magazines but they're rather conflicting. Perhaps we're looking at East Sussex. How about this one - a cliff scene? Yes, I know it's damaged, but the negative has been lying about for well over a hundred years.*

*Lastly a word about the closing of King and Chasemore and the departure from Petworth of Patrick and Vicky. Where some might have remained faceless and anonymous, their infectious enthusiasm for Petworth and all things Petworth is something the whole town will miss. We offer*

*them every good wish for the future in their different spheres and look forward to seeing them as members of this Society as often as possible.*

Peter

30/1/96.

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## Planted Bulb Sale for Petworth Cottage Museum. December 1996

If any Member has any spare containers in which indoor bulbs could be planted - either china, basket-ware or plastic, Alison Boreham would be delighted to receive or collect them in anticipation of a sale of planted bulbs planned for next year in aid of Petworth Cottage Museum. Please ring 01798 - 869258 or alternatively contact Peter or bring in to Anne Simmons at E. Streeter and Daughter.

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## A Petworth town-crier?

The local press have publicised my suggestion at a recent Parish Council meeting that Petworth might think of a town crier. It may sound a peculiar idea but it's basically simple and makes sense. Petworth is a town where there is a lot going on. A town crier can publicise what's happening. Arch Knight did this at least until the early 1930s. He would be paid to publicise local events by the organisers. I'm not thinking of robes and ceremonial. Arch Knight didn't bother with anything like that. There could be a set fee say £5 or £10 and the crier would go round the town and announce coming events. It would benefit both organisation and town and be self-financing. What do you think?

Peter

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## The Horsham Road Chapel

You will have seen from the local newspaper that there is considerable concern over the condition of the chapel in the Horsham Road cemetery. The estimate for putting it in order is just under £15,000. This is a lot of money but to simply let the chapel fall down is to beg the question of our responsibility to the future. I understand that the Leconfield Estate may well be prepared to help but clearly they cannot shoulder the whole responsibility and it is not right that they should. The building while provided by Lord Leconfield does not belong to

the Estate. The Parish Council, while interested and supportive cannot make available a large sum of public money for such a project while we as a Society cannot make available large capital sums. I would like in this issue simply to raise the matter to see if anyone has any ideas. One possibility may be in finding a viable alternative use for it. Certainly the Society can act as a kind of forum. Meanwhile I append this newspaper cutting which throws some light on the chapel's beginning.

Peter.

From the *West Sussex Gazette* 7th January 1864.

### *Cemetery Chapel*

*A very tasteful chapel has been erected in the cemetery grounds and was opened last week for the reading of the burial service. This will be a great boon for all those who live at that end of the parish as they used to have to bring the remains of the departed up to the Church and then back again to the cemetery. Lord Leconfield with his usual liberality provided the funds £270 for the building. The beautiful stained windows were handsomely presented by Henry Upton Esq of Meadow Lodge. The Messrs Whitcomb, of this town, erected the building.*

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## Angels on Bicycles

Angels on Bicycles was started in 1989 when I was working with the Royal Shakespeare Company. I wanted to create new plays which had the weight and ambition of the classic works to which all my experience and training had been directed. We worked initially on adapting poetic texts - one was the biblical Song of Songs or Song of Solomon. We also created a new play called "Walk on the Wild Side", a collection of work from writers in Camden Town. The Company moved from London to Brighton in 1993 and received funding from South Eastern Arts to work with a local Brighton writer on an idea based on the English countryside. It reflects a 1992 radio report concerning a new road scheme and subsequent development involving the suppression of an underground stream. There were severe consequences when nature reasserted itself and the stream broke loose.

As it developed the play became a kind of parable about the relation of people to the English countryside, a reflection on man's attempt to force nature to go where it had no will to go. A consistent motif in the play is the Gainsborough painting of Mr and Mrs Andrews, a controversial picture at the time because the artist chose to portray the couple against a background of objects representing agricultural work. The reference in such a portrait to people who actually worked the land was considered in poor taste and the portrait was not popular.

In the play itself Fleur and Jack Field live in a cottage on the Hopford Hall estate, made famous by the Gainsborough painting. A newly-built bypass has disrupted the source of an

ancient and cursed stream. The diversion of the stream through their garden activates the curse and exposes macabre family secrets. Jack wants to move away but for Fleur the pull of the past is too strong. She is determined not to let history repeat itself.



*"Angels on Bicycles". A Place in the Country.  
Fleur (Actress Alexa Povah) fears the Hopford Brook.*

A Place in the Country is a collaboration between Maria Pattinson, the composer Joe Young, and Royal National Theatre writer Julie Everton. The play is eagerly awaited and it is hoped it will go on from this tour to London. The company are very anxious to take the play into the countryside — not only because its subject is of country significance and interest but because it is the philosophy of Angels on Bicycles that theatre should go out to meet the people.

The name Angels on Bicycles is a reworking of the original name for the company "AOB" "Any other business" and is the fruit of a "long Sunday afternoon walk over Hampstead Heath". The name is meant to be visual but also fun. Angels may fly but we on bicycles have to pedal very hard to keep up with them!

Maria Pattinson was talking to the Editor.

## Angels on Bicycles

present

### 'A Place in the Country'

by

**Julie Everton**

Leconfield Hall Friday March 29th  
Saturday March 30th  
7.30pm

*Tickets £4 at Davids. If any remain they will be available on the door [but I would think this very unlikely. Ed.]*

A Leconfield Hall Promotion.

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## Huts, hurdles, hearts and horn lanterns

John Norwood's talk about the shepherds of the South Downs attracted a large audience to the first meeting of the New Year.

The story began long before George Garland was photographing shepherds and sheep fairs between the wars. Archeological evidence reveals the presence of sheep on the Downs since the New Stone Age, grazing high up during the day, being brought down to fields on the lower slopes and in the valleys at night, where they provided a rich source of fertiliser for the crops growing there. These animals were probably like today's Soay sheep in the Hebrides

and it was John Ellman of Glynde who set about improving the bodyweight and wool, leading to the establishment of the Southdown breed, which in turn provided the foundation for the great Australian and New Zealand flocks. Now, only seven or eight Southdown flocks remain on the Downs.

Mr. Norwood detailed the shepherd's year from November, when the rams are put to the ewes, through lambing, washing and shearing to the sheep fairs at the end of August into September. Today, the wool is preferred with as much lanolin as possible and washing to clean the wool has been phased out. He described the life of the old-time shepherds, with their wheeled huts during lambing and the shearing gangs of 12-14 men, with a captain and lieutenant, each shearing 40 sheep a day, and a tar-boy to treat any wounds. The season started on White Ram Night, when the programme and conditions were agreed, and after travelling from farm to farm, food and plenty of drink provided, it ended on Black Ram Night with the final settlement of finances, songs, games, revelry and more drink. Hand shearing was superseded by mechanical shears powered by oil engines and then electricity. At the old fairs the sheep were sold by personal bargaining between farmers, not by auction. Old English sheepdogs, sometimes crossed with collies, were used up to the 2nd World War and often trained to respond to gestures rather than whistles.

Slides depicted "tools of the trade" - hooks, some very large on long poles, used by shepherds on the marshes for rescuing sheep from ditches; smocks, dark brown, being waterproofed with linseed oil and lampblack for everyday use, white for "best"; huge, dark green umbrellas; sheep bells for those likely to stray; hurdles for folds and cages to hold hay above the mud; horn candle lanterns and, for the sheep who need to drink at least once a day, the man-made sheep ponds, commonly called, without justification, dew ponds. Then there was the folklore associated with shepherding, such as the protection afforded by possession of sea of sea urchin fossils: shepherd's hearts, crowns, and knees.

So, a detailed, comprehensive and instructive evening, which did not end when the usual excellent refreshments were served and the raffle drawn, because a full half-hour of questions and discussion followed, with interesting contributions from the sheep farmers in the audience.

KCT

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## On Midhurst Grammar School and other matters

From Mr E.J. Swann, 10 Rodney Way, Guildford, Surrey GU1 2NY.

I was a pupil at Midhurst Grammar School (1926-1930), and I did, of course, know boys who attended the school from Petworth. One of these was a boy named Upton, whose father was, I believe, the landlord of the Swan Hotel. Hence, my question to Ann Bradley last weekend,

as to who was running the 'Swan' in 1930. Arising from our discussion, it was she suggested my contacting you. Although you were unable to answer the question, it was quite heartening to hear that you seemed to have knowledge of another pupil of my vintage, one named Hazelman. From my description of him you appeared to know immediately of whom I was speaking. I knew very little about him, but I think his father was a small business man in Petworth; butcher, grocer, or something of that sort. You did not appear to have heard of a boy named Burningham, with whom I was quite friendly and whose father was a policeman.

The headmaster was Bernard Heald, a parson, and a great bull of a man. He had rowed for Oxford in around 1902. I am unable to say whether he was ever in a successful 'boat race' crew. For all his fearsome appearance he was a very friendly personality and was noted for his knowledge of every boy in the school and much liked by pupils and parents. But in my view, developed long since leaving the school, not a very good headmaster. Nor was the staff, academically any great shakes. I would go as far as to say that as a whole, although with some exceptions, they were something of a disaster.

One other interest I have related to the area around Petworth, is the name Stenning. My mother's family (her name was Stenning) came from around Wisborough Green, Pulborough and Cowfold. Do you know of any Stennings? Does the name Hoadley have any significance? I had an uncle of that name, who probably originated from Pulborough, Billingshurst, or possibly, Horsham?

[Has anyone anything to add to this? Mr Swann or I would be interested. Ed.]

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## Jim Stoner : an enquiry

58, Lexington Grove,  
Whiteey Wood,  
Reading,  
Berks. RG2 8UG.

Dear Mr Jerome,

My Grandfather was Jim Stoner, he was born the end of the 19th Century. He was married 6th September 1913 to Kate Eliza Long at the Parish Church, Petworth. At that time he was a labourer and was also a milkman sometime in his life. He lived at 332, High Street, Petworth and 1, Egremont Almhouse, North Street. He had one Daughter Kathleen, she had 4 Daughters Diana, Susan, Patricia, Pauline.

I am not able to tell you on what farm he worked on, only Soanes as you say in your book *Petworth The Winds of Change*, as I was very young and also have not had time to talk to the family. I do hope you can help me in getting more information about my grandfather.

I am sending this photo to you: perhaps it will jog someone's memory.

Many thanks.

Mrs. P. House



Jim Stoner

## Moor Farm in the 1880's

Part of the first chapter of *Reminiscences of a New Chum* being the experiences of Charles F. Lucas.

My father was one of Lord Leconfield's many tenants, and farmed about five hundred acres known as Moor Farm, Petworth, Sussex. There were twelve in our family, and we were all born in the old Manor House, which was built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was a wonderful old house of about 17 rooms, all of which were very large.

I, being No. 6 of the family, and six years old at the time, was being taught by a governess, whose name was Miss Izard, and we used to hate the sight of her, as she was very strict and kept us in our place properly. I remember so well one morning while we were having school in the old man's room, as it was called, on the second floor, we heard Louisa, our cook, walking along a plank which was laid on the rafters on the third floor above our heads, in order to get the vegetables for dinner, which were kept in a room built for that purpose, and as she was coming back she must have slipped off the plank, as the next thing we heard was a crash,

and Louisa's long leg came through the ceiling, sending all the plaster and onions, etc., down on Miss Izard's head. We, of course, thought this was a great joke, and burst out laughing, for which we were severely punished.

I remember well another time my brother Walter, who was a year younger than me, and I were both dressed up in our best one afternoon, as we were having a tennis party. We had on our little white smocks with socks to match and, of course, we were playing about with the tennis balls before the party arrived, when one of the balls accidentally went over the hedge and rolled down to the lake which was out in front of the house. Naturally we both ran after it. As I got the ball first, Walter picked up a handful of mud and threw it fair in my face, for which I promptly replied, and as this fight went on for quite a while, you can imagine what sort of a mess we were both in when we arrived up at the house. We both received a good thrashing, a good bath, and were put to bed for the rest of the afternoon, and well I remember our old nurse, Esther, pleading with Father not to be too hard on us as we were only children. By the way, Esther was with the Lucas family for 47 years, and we all worshipped her. I often think of what a contrast to to-day, when her wages were £13 per annum, and once every year she would go for a week's holiday and never did she come back without a present for each one of us, which must have been a big strain on her purse.

I remember Queen Victoria's jubilee in 1887 very well, when Lord and Lady Leconfield invited all their tenants, with their wives and families, to afternoon tea at the big Mansion House in their park, and I well remember Mother telling me before I went, to be sure and not be greedy and, being very shy and having to sit next to Lady Leconfield at afternoon tea, I never ate a thing although my mouth watered to see all the lovely things on the table. However, I think it was a very good thing in a way, as I won several races at the sports after, and one prize I got was a Dutch cheese, which I was very proud of.

In 1888, my Father sold out his interest in Moor Farm, and we all moved to a bigger farm down in Hampshire. As none of us ever got through a winter at Moor Farm without having a lot of sickness—we had scarlet fever, diphtheria and typhoid all at once one winter—I think the reason was that the house was situated far too close to the lake.

[The book was published in Dunedin N.Z. in 1951 and we are grateful to Mrs L.J. Lucas for sending it to us from Motueka, Nelson N.Z. Mrs Lucas also sends the following article from (probably) the *Southern Weekly News*. It is almost certainly the work of George Garland but the date is not known - probably late 1930s. Charles Lucas emigrated to New Zealand and members of the family visited Moor last summer. Ed.]

## Mr. and Mrs. James Knight, of Oldham, Petworth

There is an Oldham in Sussex, it is on Fox Hill, on the pretty road which runs from Petworth to Wisborough Green, and here in a pretty little cottage on the left hand side as you climb up



*Mr and Mrs James Knight*

no schooling. On one occasion his father was summoned for not sending him to school. "To keep 'em quiet" (the authorities), James was sent to school for three or four days, and then he returned to work as a ploughboy at Westlands Farm, where his wages were 3d per day, the working hours of which were from seven in the morning until five in the afternoon.

Young James stayed here for about 12 months, and then left to go and work on his father's old farm, Moor, where, as a ploughboy, he was paid 6d per day. He remained here for nearly seven years, and then moved to Battlehurst Farm, not far away, where Mr. Ede was the farmer.

Throughout his long working life James Knight has always been employed on land belonging to Lord Leconfield. More than 30 years of this time has been spent on Moor Farm (where he is still employed), and the farmers under whom he has served there have been:

Fox Hill live Mr. and Mrs. James Knight, who have lived in this same picturesque cottage for 12 years or more and who yesterday (Friday) celebrated the 50th anniversary of their wedding.

Mr. Knight, who reached his 69th birthday in February last, was born at Duncton. His father was a shepherd, and there were 12 children in the family. They left Duncton when James was only six years old, and came to live at Blakess-lane, hard by Fox Hill. Here "Father" Knight started to work as a shepherd for Mr. Lucas, who was at Moor Farm in those days, and he remained working on this same farm for 22 years.

#### **No Schooling**

James Knight had

Mr. Lucas, Lord Leconfield, Mr. S Snell and the present farmer, Mr. George Perry.

Apart from this period of long service on the same farm, Mr. Knight worked at Barnsgate Farm, Byworth, for 16 years, three years under "Farmer" Oates, and 13 years under "Farmer" Ragless.

#### **Petworth May Fair**

He remembers when Petworth used to have a May cattle fair down on Hampers Common, and when the famous November Fair consisted of two sections, cattle on Hampers Common during the earlier part of the day (20th November), followed by the pleasure fair in the streets of Petworth later in the day and during the evening. At that time, Gus Hawkins' Fife and Drum Band used to play at Hampers Common during the cattle fair, and then march up North-street and take part in the pleasure fair.

Mrs. Knight who was 74 on the last day of last year was born in a house in The Terrace, at Fittleworth. Her father was a copse worker, and there were 12 children in the family, but only two boys and a girl survive.

Mrs. Knight went to the village school at Fittleworth. She has had a family of four daughters, two of whom are living. In her younger days she used to make all their home-made bread and wine. For the past four years she has not enjoyed very good health, and speaks very highly of her next door neighbour, Mrs. Welch, who has done so much for her during this time.

Congratulations to this typical old Sussex couple.

[Sent from New Zealand by Mrs Lucas]

## A reverie

Random thoughts as snow in the air precludes any serious gardening .. Idling my time .. never did like working much, of a Sunday .. certain that it makes Folk old afore their time.. 'ts said that The Lord made The World in Six days and on the seventh He did rest .. which lead me to be thinking about The Gardener's programme .. on the television .. that I had been enjoying watching that Young chap adiggin' and amakin' of Cottage Gardens and cleverly laying out paved paths and using old chimney pots and puttin' up trellises and doing a lotta talkin' to lovely Ladies .. How does your Garden grow? .. A chap of some personality, I reckoned. Nice mannered, had all the right questions ... all of which reminded one of the days when one was younger than one is today ... The Wall was much in one's life .. it was always there, it was a great dominance ... the traffic markings, groove by groove .. identify the bumper scrape of the Ford V 8, the third groove, up or was it down, that was the Morris .. the substantial scrape of the troop carrier, it was not easy to see the bulge in the Wall opposite Lanaway's Cottage through the narrow slit which restricted the driver's vision... Wandering off the point .. assembles one's thoughts but often .. Where were We.. Gardeners.. Many folk will remember Fred Streeter .. One of the Gentlemen of Petworth .. He looms in memory as 6ft 6" tall; straight as a Ramrod .. bending His back to hoe a row must have been something of an effort when



He was a Young Man .. Recalling, particularly, riding the 'bus with Him one day, to Pulborough. He was bound for the Train to London Town and the BBC ... for Fred was The Radio Gardener .. the slow measured tones with the slight Sussex burr its homely note telling us all How does your garden grow? ... I do not think that He invented Growmore but one recalls that He advocated use of it "to improve your crops!" These were the days of "Grow your own vegetables to help win the War" ... Mr. Streeter was appointed Inspector, may even have been Superintendent, Streeter, Special Constabulary. A commanding Figure He was .. took four of uniformed Thugs to beat Him to the ground .. fortunately reinforcements saved Him from any permanent damage. Maybe his spirit lives on.

John Francis

## Apropos of Audrey's Chestnut Walk

I always get a thrill of anticipation when I find that the postman has delivered another issue of the Petworth Society Magazine. Every one brings back so many memories of childhood years spent as an evacuee in West Sussex during the Second World War. After reading one article I discovered that although I was born in London and have lived here in the East Midlands for over thirty years I still use some Sussex words and pronunciations. (I killed a lot of wapsies this summer).

Of all the wonderful articles that have appeared in the Magazine the one which brought so many memories flooding back was 'Audrey's Chestnut Walk' in the December 1995 issue. Perhaps I may be permitted to share some of them with you.

Evacuated from south London to Pulborough in 1939 I was billeted with my brother at Mr and Mrs Burchell's, who kept a shop and tea rooms near the railway station. I was eight and John a year older. Because the shop was always busy we were expected to go for long walks and keep out of the way.

One of our favourite walks was that described by Jean Gilhooly in the article, except that we used to start from Pulborough and walk up a track to what was then Park Farm (now the race-horse stables). We had the free run of Park Farm because John had been billeted there for a couple of weeks when we were first evacuated. In those days the farm yard was always busy - chickens, ducks and geese roamed freely, there were huge shire horses, sows with piglets, rabbits in cages and ferrets that would nip your fingers if you were silly enough to poke them through the wire mesh.

The cows were still hand milked and there was often the shout of "Yew owld bugger" after a fractious cow had kicked a bucket over or trod on a man's foot. We always tried to be there at threshing time when both of the Jennings' steam traction engines were at work and belching great plumes of black smoke into the clear, frosty air.

After inspecting the farm yard we would walk on up to Park Mount and the footpath to Stopham. Sometimes we went through the woods down to the river Arun. We had what we called our den in the woods where we used to hide apples so that we could have pretend



*George Garland's ideal town-crier c 1926.*

*Arch Knight did not, at least in latter days, dress up for the part.  
This is in fact Mr Palmer, a fishmonger.*

*Selections from a photograph album of the 1930s. Snapshots taken by Mary Longman. Val is Valerie Walton another housemaid. Self is Mary Longman. Flo is Florence Glover head housemaid until April 1935. Jill is the dog! See "Gaining a reference."*



*Self, Val and Flo with Jill at Benbow Pond 1935.*



*Mary outside Marble Hall door, Petworth House.*



*Val at Benbow Pond 1935.*

picnics. One day we were disgusted to find that all our carefully hoarded apples had gone, then we saw a man hiding behind a tree and guessed he had taken them. Back at Pulborough we told people about the man in the woods and a policeman with some of the Home Guard and Canadian soldiers set off to find him. Soon they were back with a young German airman who was on the point of collapse due to hunger and exhaustion. He had been hiding in the woods for days after baling out from his damaged plane but had been too scared to go to the houses because he believed that all Germans were shot on sight in England. The only food he had eaten were our apples and they said he may have died if we had not seen him.

How well I remember the view across the water meadows to Hardham and the South Downs. We too used to watch the trains, especially the little steam passenger train that chuffed between Pulborough, Petworth and Midhurst. One day as we watched it far below we saw a Messerschmitt diving to attack it with its machine guns rattling. Then a Spitfire appeared and immediately both planes were weaving and diving in their all too familiar dance of death. When a plume of smoke began to stream from the German plane it headed for the coast with the Spitfire in hot pursuit pumping in more bullets. We saw the cloud of chalk dust as the badly damaged Messerschmitt crashed into the Downs. The Spitfire did its victory roll while the little train still trundled slowly on to Hardham junction and the single track branch line.

We also watched the electric trains, but when we saw one with twelve or thirteen coaches we knew it was heading for London and a lump would form in our throats as a great wave of homesickness came over us. Homesickness was an ever present problem for most evacuees, but it was never talked about and had to be kept hidden. In those days boys were not supposed to cry.

Our walk would continue to Stopham Bridge where we would stand in one of its vee shaped alcoves as army lorries, bren gun carriers and tanks inched their way between the old stone walls, knocking out chunks of masonry as they went.

On one occasion when we arrived at Stopham we found army divers at work in the river. We were quickly ordered away but heard later that a trial involving an amphibious tank had gone badly wrong and its crew had been trapped inside as it sank beneath the deep water by the bridge. Such an unlikely place for a tragedy to occur.

To our great regret we had to stop going to Park Farm after a policeman came to say we had been seen tipping over all the hen coops, smashing eggs and chasing the poultry. Mr. Burchell asked us if it was true and believed us when we said it was not, but the people at Park Farm insisted it was us, saying "They are evacuees and don't know any better". Mr. Burchell got angry and replied "They're good boys and I won't 'ave them blamed for summat they didn't do. I keeps chickens an' I trusts they boys to look after 'em. You 'ad better find out the truth or I might sue!"

Eventually the police found that the real culprits were some boys who lived in one of the farm cottages and the woman who had accused us was told to apologise, but she never did. It was quite common for the evacuees to be blamed when things like that happened and we were told that it would be best if we stayed away from the farm.

We still walked to Stopham, but went via Steppy Lane and the Hollows at Pulborough, then past the concrete gun emplacement. Oh and bye the way - we used to collect chestnuts to send home to London for our parents to enjoy at Christmas.

James Roffey

**THE PETWORTH SOCIETY**

**Spring Programme. Please keep for reference.**

**LECONFIELD HALL 7.30.** Admission £1.50. Refreshments. Raffle.

**THURSDAY 7th MARCH**

**Geoffrey Godden:**  
**"Victorian Pottery and Porcelain"**

Slides

**THURSDAY 28th MARCH**

**Brian Rich:**  
**"Real Tennis"**

**Talk and Slides, followed by**  
**visit to Petworth House Tennis Court**  
**to see exhibition game.**

**THURSDAY 11th APRIL**

**"Memories of the Music Hall"**

Presented by  
Grace and Leslie Baker

**WEDNESDAY 15th MAY**

**"The Society Year in Slides"**  
with Ian Godsmark

**"Sussex in Colour"**  
David Johnston

Preceded by Annual General Meeting

**WALKS:**

**SUNDAY 14th APRIL**

**DAVID and SUE JOHNSTON'S NORTHCHAPEL WALK**

**SUNDAY 19th MAY**

**DAVID and LINDA'S MAY WALK**

Cars leave Car Park at 2.15.

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**AN EVENING OF MAGIC**

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**THE COUNTRY LIFE / GEORGE GARLAND VILLAGE HALL EXHIBITION**  
**SIMULTANEOUS OPENING AT LECONFIELD HALL AND PETWORTH HOUSE**  
**6.30 AT THE HOUSE. FORMAL OPENING AT LECONFIELD HALL**  
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**FRIDAY / SATURDAY**

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**"A PLACE IN THE COUNTRY"**

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John Ellerton's Pulborough Gilbert and Sullivan Group present H.M.S PINAFORE

One night only. See local publicity.

**PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM**

**SUNDAY 24th MARCH**

**ANTIQUE FAIR**

**LECONFIELD HALL**

10 - 4. Admission 25p.

**DON'T MISS!**

**SATURDAY 4th MAY**

**OPENING OF COTTAGE MUSEUM**

See local publicity

**VOLUNTEERS**

AS YOU KNOW PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM IS AN INDEPENDENT TRUST BUT IT DOES WORK VERY CLOSELY WITH THE NATIONAL TRUST AT PETWORTH HOUSE. BOTH ORGANISATIONS NEED VOLUNTEERS.

FOR PETWORTH HOUSE CONTACT NICKY INGRAM) 342207  
DIANA OWEN )

FOR THE COTTAGE MUSEUM RING PETER 342562  
OR ANN 343590 or 344453

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**ITEMS NEEDED FOR MUSEUM.** Please ring ANN on 343590 or 344453 before donating. Must be 1910 vintage.

- 1) Small painted or simple wood dresser.
  - 2) Open shelves to hang on wall.
  - 3) Old wall hanging cupboard for corner.
  - 4) Table for living room.
  - 5) Wooden slat or stickback chairs for living room. Need not match.
  - 6) Any curtains of period 1910 or fabric to make them.
  - 7) Old wooden chipboard for food storage.
  - 8) Thick curtain or fabric for door curtain.
  - 9) Wooden boxes of the period (any sizes).
  - 10) Small bedroom chairs or stools.
  - 11) Any religious articles of the Roman Catholic faith that a cottage dweller might have.
  - 12) Any clothing that a working woman of the period might have.
- 

**WEALD and DOWNLAND OPEN-AIR MUSEUM.**

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Social history; local studies; archaeology; garden history; traditional crafts; literature and art.

Lectures and discussions; outings; demonstrations; open air 'barn' dance; pub dinners; barbecues.

Outline details now available.

Full programme and booking form available now.

Other courses available.

---

**QUESTION:** Can anyone explain this? A note made by Mary Maxse in 1935.

"In those days bullocks were not fatted till they were three years old, nor sheep until they were two years old. Bullocks were fatted on grass, cake and corn soaked in treacle-water. Some farms such as Limbo and Ratford would fatten the bullocks in pits, standing them in the pits until the muck was high enough for them to walk out." (From West Sussex Record Office MP79).

I think that's all!

Peter

22/2/96

## THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

### Annual Subscription 1996 to 1997

Subscriptions for the Magazine for 1996/97 are now due and should be paid to:-

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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.

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\* If you have already paid for 1996/97, please ignore this reminder.

## In the land of the lost mills

Not far from Northchapel, an old and rambling farmhouse (Freehold Farm) lies isolated at the end of a lengthy country lane. It looks out over grazing meadows that reach over to a vast and unspoilt wood, where broad green paths are sheltered by noble oaks, over which can be seen the massive bulk of 'Blackdown'. On stormy days, I would gaze from rain drenched windows, as a child will, fascinated by the fluid lightening that played on the ridge of this awesome down.

During our stay in this ancient farmhouse in the 1950s, we had lodge with us for a period of time, an elderly man, born I believe in the early years of the 1880's; his name being George Goacher. He was a tall man; very tall, and lean, his age having not wearied his hoary figure to any noticeable form of stoop. The only peculiarity he displayed, if it may be called that, was a grossly deformed thumb and forefinger on the right hand; a consequence, he once told me, of being struck by



*"Freehold", in the 1950s*

lightening while out chopping logs for the fire. The bolt of lightning having struck the anvil he was using, which hurled it several feet away; the shock throwing him off his feet. His hand, so severely burnt, never healed to its former condition.

Of an evening, this venerable old countryman could often be persuaded to play a few tunes on his mouth organ; for which he had a considerable talent. The instrument would be fetched from his room and a few notes played to warm up. Soon, feet would begin to fidget, as the rhythm gained in momentum, and the evening would pass in a variety of old country tunes.

Old George, prior to his lodging at our house, had lived in a house called 'Bittlesham', an isolated dwelling situated in the centre of a field, about half a mile from 'Freehold'. (Halfway between Freehold Farm, and Ebernoe). It was a beautiful old house, with half hipped gables, and along tiled roof that sagged wearily along the ridge, owing to its age. The roof at the rear of the dwelling, sloped down to within about two feet of the ground; with a couple of windows looking out at almost ground level.

It had, in times gone by, been an old farm; and must have been a most picturesque place in those days; for an old fashioned charm still lingered there when I knew it. The house has since been demolished, with no trace of it ever having been there; other than a few odd fragments of tiles that the plough turns up each season.

Taking a course down the lane from Freehold, to Pheasant Court Farm, about halfway

down, a track leads off, in a winding way, through a narrow neck of woodland, stretching away on the left of the verge. Each morning, I would meet a young school friend, who made her way along this well worn woodland path to join me on the daily trek to school. She lived in a tiny red brick cottage, at the far end of the spinney, with her mother, Mrs. Carver; a woman in her late fifties; whose only form of transport was a rather archaic motorcycle and sidecar. The lady, when driving this aged machine always dressed in an old bomber flying jacket, and brown leather skullcap, with glass goggles of the first world war period. Perched on the ageing 'Ariel', in the image of a veteran flying ace, she would charge through the woods, the sidecar careering on the uneven path, as she weaved her way through the trees. On reaching the open lane, the throbbing engine would burst into a vibrant roar, and she would take off in a flurry of dust and smoke, along the less rugged route of the open lane.

On occasions, when I called at the house for Bridget, I would be asked in, and always sat by the old iron range; where the heat warmed the tiny kitchen, the very essence of homely cottage life. The dwelling, like our own house, had no electricity, or modern conveniences, yet it was always cosy; despite its 'basic' essentials. The rear windows looked out on an adequately sized vegetable plot; where the soil was rich and black from years of constant use. The flower garden, facing the house half the size of that in rear; had a path of ancient stone slabs placed down the centre in single file, and leading out to the woodland ride. This access route led off to a most enchanting walk in the summer months. The track gently falls away until you come to a tiny stone pack horse bridge; the single arch spanning an ever flowing river; where currents softly dance as they buff the sedge green banks, and perpetual ringlets are formed by slender reeds, while the water glides on its meandering course. The path further on, gradually rises, parallel with a steep and natural formation of sandstone that flanks the route, forming a sunken lane of enduring charm; where heartstongue ferns grow in clusters, and trees form a canopy of constant shade. Within a quarter of a mile, this cool and rugged cloister opens out to the sun, and continues on to meet the Ebernoe road.

Copsewood has long since taken root over what was once the old and well used woodland path; and a plantation of young trees have sprung up, over the space where once stood the old cottage.

I spent many happy days in this old woodland. A favourite haunt of idle amusement, was a twin arched bridge, of ancient construction located on the south side of the wood; beside which, a sunken strip of open wasteland, like the bowl of a spoon, stretched away. I often hunted for newts and frogs among the withies, and caught minnows in the tiny stream that snaked a course through this marshy hollow. Wagtails always built their nests in the nooks and crannies beneath the Norman style arches of the old bridge; where a deep channel, built of finely dressed stone, extends out from the twin arches, inducing a foaming race, and indicating the position where once turned a massive water mill wheel. Primitive foundations, barely visible, led off from the masonry pit, and down to the bed of the marshland, revealing the site of what was clearly an ancient mill.

The mill pond had become marshland; which is how it was when I knew it forty years ago. In 1991 a new sluice gate was built onto the bridge to control the water race; the hollow strip of wasteland soon reflooded; and formed a lake that brought the landscape back to an approximation of the original scenic view.

It was one of those heavy days of simmering heat, with fluffy white clouds that drift lazily about the sky; when this summer, I again returned to look over my old haunts around 'Wet Wood'. The 'new' mill pond had settled in, and harmonised with the appealing landscape, like pastel shades brushed on canvas by an old master: I pictured briefly, the ancient mill, the miller and his maids, dozing on the bank in the nodding heat; and wondered at the beauty of so idyllic a setting. Coots dallied in the cool reeds, and several geese and a majestic swan drifted idly about the expanse of motionless water, while dragonflies incessantly roved between the rushes; and I wallowed in the slumbering lull of the day.

David Johnson

[It would seem that David is recalling the remains of the old Chafold Mill. Colhook Mill is shown on Treswell's 1610 map as further downstream. Ed.]

## In search of Mrs [and Mr] Cummings...

The proposed May Opening of the Petworth Cottage Museum leads inevitably to wondering about the person who lived there in 1910 the year envisaged in the reconstruction. Leconfield Estate records show that a Mrs Cummings was resident at 346 High Street in 1910. She may not then have been living there for any great period but she would live on for some considerable time in the cottage, leaving only to move to Somerset Hospital about 1930. She died in 1935. In 1910 Mary Cummings (called Maria in Roman Catholic Church records) would have been 54 and it is almost certain that her surviving children would have left home.

The first mention of the Cummings family in Petworth comes in the census of 1881, they are then living in Back Street (now High Street). Head of the family is Michael Thomas Cummings, farrier, shoeing smith and pensioner, aged 43 and born at Clerkenwell in Middlesex, his wife Mary is much younger being 25 years old and born in Manchester and there are three sons, Michael, Arthur and Alfred aged six, two and one respectively. Michael had been born in Galway and the two younger boys at Petworth. The Cummings family, while clearly not local, had been in Petworth at least since 1875. Living with them is Mary Gilchrist, aged 46, Mary's mother. She too had been born in Galway. As is usual with census returns it is virtually impossible to determine precisely where in Back Street the family were living.

By 1891 Mary is living in East Street, probably just south of the Institute building. She is listed as married, not widowed, but Michael Thomas Cummings is not mentioned. He was clearly still alive and may simply have been working away. There is no mention of Mary's mother either - perhaps she had returned to Ireland. Michael Cummings, now 16, is a carpenter's apprentice, noted as living at home as are Arthur (12), Alfred (11) and Edith (9). According to Church records Alfred died at the beginning of this century, while as for the rest of the family, they would seem to have left Petworth. At some time before 1910 Mary Cummings moved to 346 High Street. The indications are that by this time her husband was dead, her youngest child, Edith, would by this time be 28. It is clear enough that Mary

Cummings was working for Lord Leconfield by this time as 346 High Street was an estate tenancy. Mary was employed as a sempstress, living out. Whether her husband had come to Petworth to work on the estate has yet to be established.

There is no oral tradition at all regarding Thomas Michael Cummings: there is a little concerning Mary. Greta Steggle can remember going to 346 to take needlework for her mother. A large curtain separated the tiny kitchen from the back door.

Ethel Goatcher recollects:

*"Mrs Cummings had a soft Irish accent and she was a nice unassuming little person who never raised her voice. We had the post office at Duncton right opposite the Roman Catholic Church. Mrs Cummings was a friend of my Granny and asked Mother if my father would look after three graves she had in Duncton. Dad was too busy so she got old Mr Rowe to tend the graves for her. As far as I know Mr Rowe and Mrs Cummings never actually met but twice a year she'd walk to Duncton carrying her big umbrella, have a cup of tea with Granny and hand Dad Mr Rowe's money for doing the graves. She'd then walk back for evening service at Petworth Roman Catholic Church.*

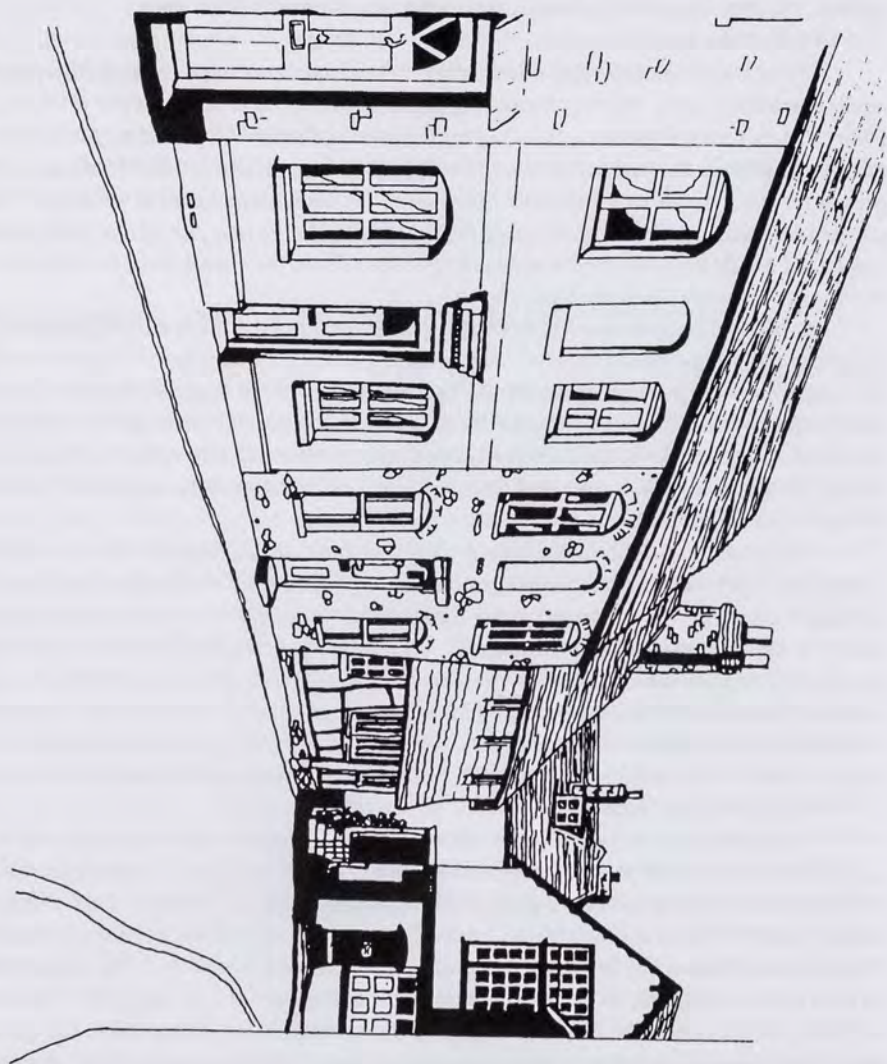
*As befitted a widow Mrs Cummings wore a round black hat, probably of straw, with a swathe of silk or lace round the brim. I suppose she usually came when the nights were lighter. She had after all to walk back again. As was the custom at the time, she kept her hat on when she was having tea. She wore a high collar and a black coat. She was a pale lady with a small delicate face and underneath the hat you could see that she had whiteish grey hair. She would talk of Arthur, one of her sons and Michael her late husband although I didn't realise who Michael was at the time.*

*I remember her funeral at Duncton and one of the sons coming in to see us and talking to my father. He went over to see the graves. She always called my brother and I "the babies" although we would have been seven or eight at the time. She was a very neat little person, someone nice whom we liked instinctively. I would say that she had been pretty as a girl; she had a small delicate mouth. I can't remember the colour of her eyes. I do remember my mother cleaning knives on an emery board and Mrs Cummings saying, "You work far too hard, I just stick all my knives and cutlery in the dirt." She had small hands, in fact nothing about her was big. Glasses? I think so but I'm not sure. A small physique and button boots of the time."*

Gladys Connor recalls:

*"The houses in Middle Street opened straight into the sitting-rooms so it wasn't considered right for the men of the house to come straight in off the allotments from the street. There was a back way out and a gate into the garden of 346, now blocked up. My father Mr Boxall and Mr Curtis his neighbour used this to go up to the Tennis Court allotments. Mrs Cummings tolerated this arrangement and passed the time of day with the two men but they in turn were careful not to upset something that was of great advantage to them both. My brother and I however had no such agreement with Mrs Cummings, but were always very tempted to take this forbidden route out into High Street, Mrs Cummings didn't like this. After one particular objection by her we picked up the rotten apples lying in our Middle Street garden and lobbed them over the wall into 346. We couldn't see where they were landing because it was a high wall but the outcome was that Mrs Cummings complained to our parents.*

Middle Street.  
A drawing by Judy Swain.



*We were very sternly told off and had to go round, knock on the door, and apologise. No, I don't really remember what Mrs Cummings looked like other than that she was short. After that episode we were definitely forbidden to use the back way and we never went in there again."*

Dorothy Wright remembers:

*"My impression is that the kitchen had been reroofed in the last fifty years, also that the range was in the kitchen on the north wall. It's difficult to see how it could have been it would have been terribly cramped. I think Jack Slee who lived at 346 in later years put the duck-nest fireplace in the sitting-room. My overmastering impression of 346 is of it being dull and dingy - we only went into the kitchen and it was always afternoon and always, as I recall, dark. My cousin Ethel Burdock lived just up the road from Mrs Cummings and used to do shopping for her, just going down to Hazelmans for groceries. Mrs Cummings gave her a penny for this and I just went along to keep Ethel company. Mrs Cummings wore drab clothes and seemed to me to be very old - but then to a child she would. She was short about five foot two I would think."*

Ivy Richardson who worked at Petworth House from 1926 to 1931 had this to say about Mrs Cummings:

*"I knew Mrs Cummings the seamstress quite well. As I recall she had five shillings a day for mending. She'd mend tea-towels or things from the kitchen and the staff looked after her very well. She had her own room upstairs and worked from ten o'clock till four. I always thought it a bit unfair that my mother at Normanby worked nine till five and was paid three shillings! Mrs Cummings had coffee and scones when she came, a meal at mid-day and tea in the afternoon... Sometimes Mrs Cummings would sit and sew with Mrs Counley the housekeeper." [PSM 80. June 1995]*

#### **Mr Cummings:**

If Mrs Cummings was at best a hazy memory for a few people, there was unlikely to be anyone who remembered Mr Cummings. 43 years old at the 1881 census he would presumably have been born in 1836 and was eighteen years older than his wife. He seems to have been still alive in 1891 but after that nothing. Oral tradition was unlikely to help. The only clue I did have was three quarter plate prints from copy negatives made by Walter Kevis and marked "Cummings copy". They bore no date. All showed the same man in military dress. One had been printed the wrong way, I featured these in Magazine 77 without response. Was it Mr Cummings? Well, it was a soldier and Mr Cummings was a pensioner in 1881.

A logical step was to send the photographs off to the National Army Museum. They replied that the medals were not clear enough to distinguish but that the photographs clearly showed a Farrier Major in a Hussar regiment. On the chevrons was a badge consisting of a female harp surmounted by a monarchical crown indicating the 8th (King's Royal Irish) Hussars. "The subject is in walking out dress which is shown by the undress, pillbox forage cap being worn with the full dress overalls rather than pantaloons and knee boots." The lack of collar badges indicated a date pre-1902. The two men to the Farrier Major's left are from the 17th Lancers. The two other single pictures again show a Farrier Major, this time in the stable dress of the 8th (King's Royal Irish) Hussars. So far so good. All three pictures were



of the same man and he was a farrier by trade. But was it Mr Cummings? Time to see if the Public Record Office could help. Mr. Yates from the Royal Sussex at Chichester undertook to enquire so it didn't mean a trip to London. Discharge papers for Farrier Major Michael Thomas Cummings of the 8th (King's Royal Irish) Hussars showed (PRO WO97/1730) that he had received the Crimea Medal with Sebastopol Clasp, the Indian Mutiny Medal for Central India, Long Service and Good Conduct Medal and Turkish Crimea Medal. The Sebastopol Clasp appears something of a rarity. Michael Cummings was not in possession of a School Certificate, had been mentioned SIX(?) (the word is virtually indecipherable) TIMES in the regimental defaulters' book and had been tried once by regimental court martial. He had first signed on (under-age) in August 1854, rising to Farrier Major. After a short spell in confinement and court martial in 1864 he had been reduced to the ranks. After a few months he was reappointed farrier but it would be January 1875 before he reverted to the rank of Farrier Major, the regiment carrying establishment for only one of these NCOs. Born in Clerkenwell, Cummings had attested at Westminster and his intended place of residence was 86 Regent Street, London. A Chelsea Royal Hospital stamp bears the date 20th January 1904 - possibly an indication of a widow's pension claim.



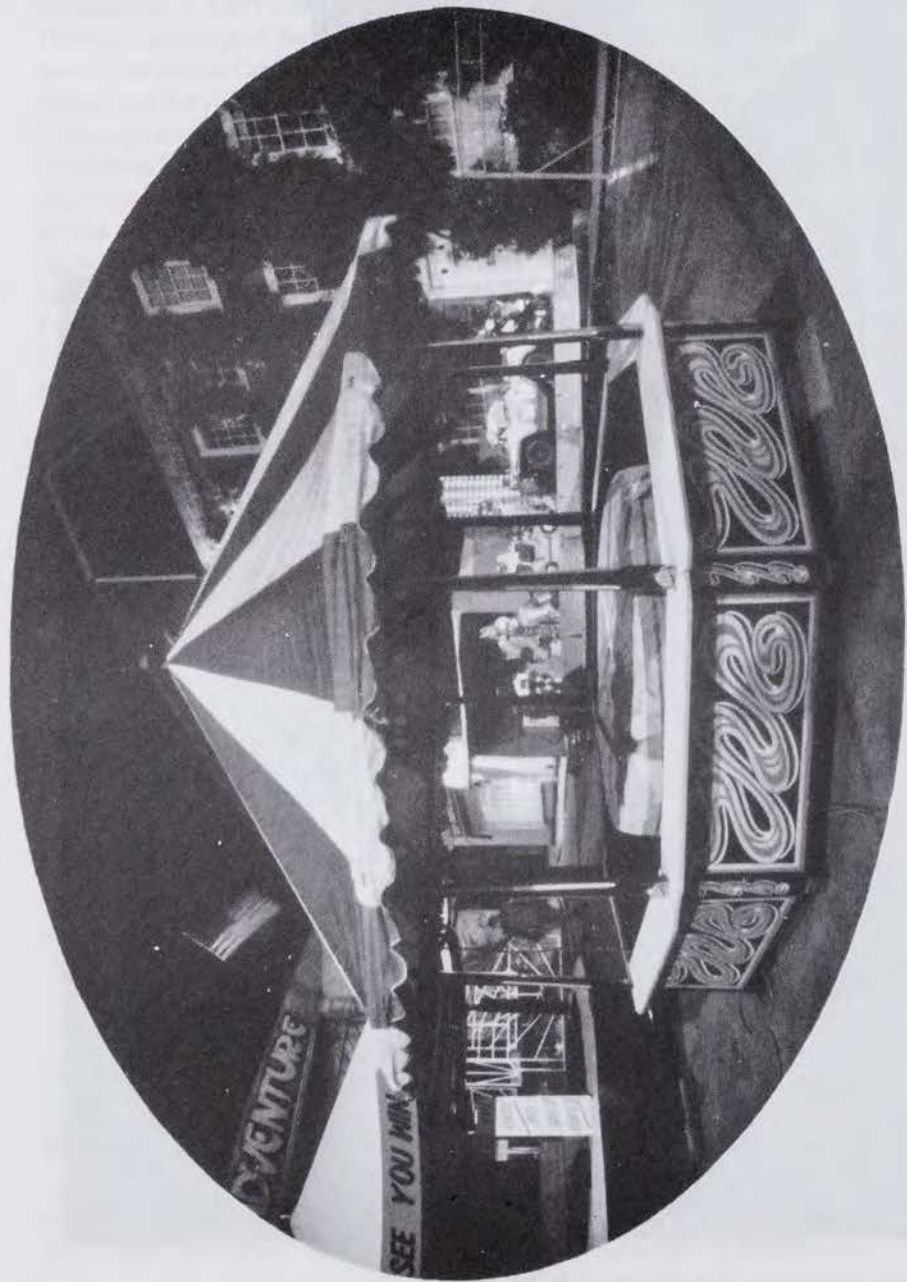
*Michael Cummings  
8th (King's Royal Irish) Hussars.*



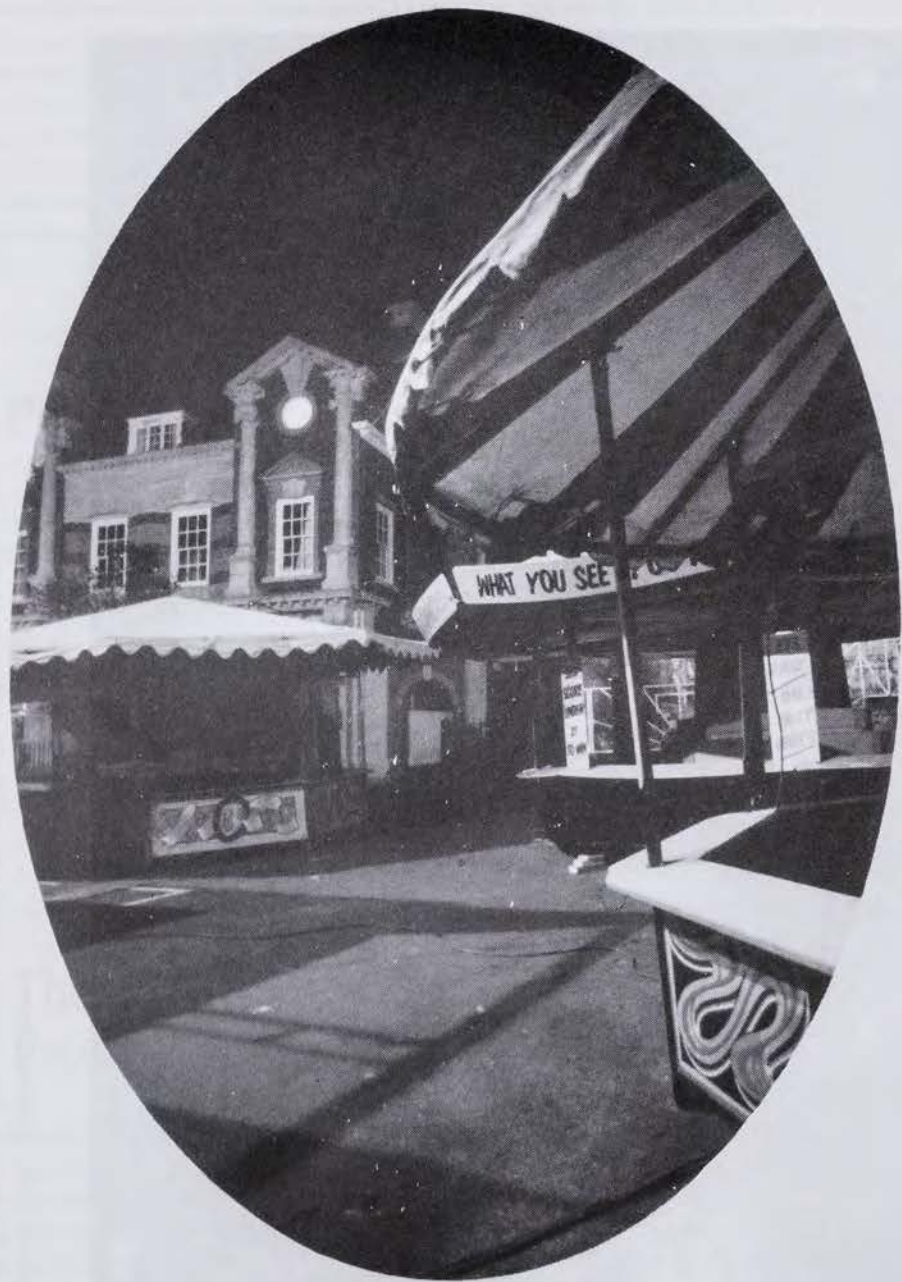
*Michael Cummings (left)  
The men to his left are from the 17th Lancers*



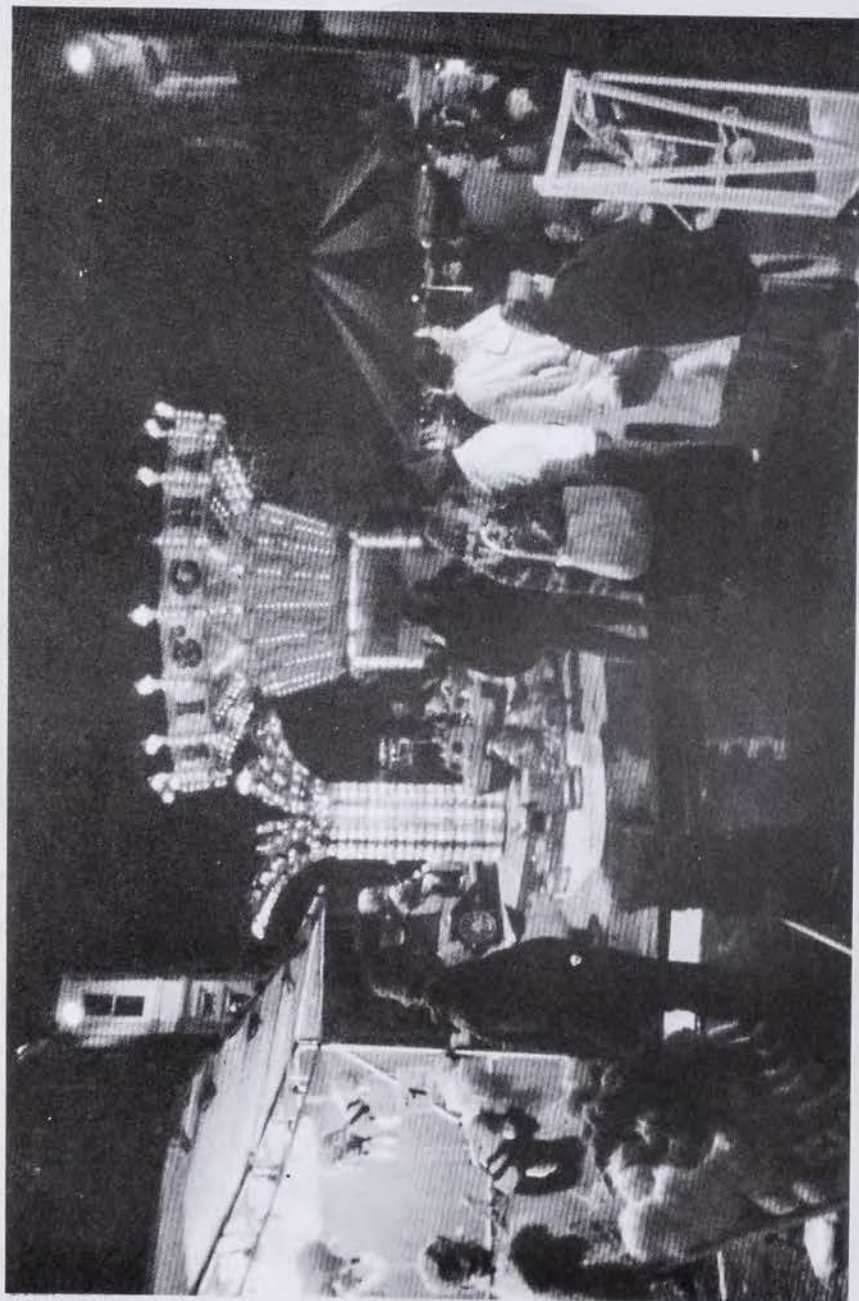
*Philip Hounsham rings the Town Hall bells to  
announce the opening of the fair. 20th November 1995.  
Photograph by Barry Norman.*



*Perworth Fair at midnight 19th November 1995.  
Photograph by Barry Norman.*



*A similar view by Barry Norman.*



*Petworth Fair - a general view.  
You will have seen the coloured original on the New Street notice board.  
Photograph by Keith Sandall.*

Further enquiry at Kew provided an 1864 pay list for the 8th Hussars (PRO WO12/855), showing Michael Cummings first as an NCO and then as a private with pay forfeited for his period in confinement. The court martial had been a regimental one with limited jurisdiction and one used only for relatively minor offences. Such details did not have to be sent to the Office of the Judge Advocate General. Hence they are not at the PRO. It is just possible they are still with the regiment.

A long and tenuous road. Certainly more to be discovered. But yes, the photographs are of Mr Cummings and it is likely that Mary Cummings had brought them in to Walter Kevis to copy. It may be that Michael Cummings was dead and that Mary wanted them as a reminder of him.

P.

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## Petworth Fair

Fair thee well ol' Petworth!  
A time of ritual built-up-ready  
Blending years of fun-fair-trading  
Side-long shadows passions sending  
Diesel power to steam roast chestnuts  
Dolly mixture lights round stalls  
Tilt history surroundabout.  
Gallopers and winnings round  
Chair-o-plane spinnings shape  
Fleeting encounters to cherish  
This memory: a Sussex Fair Day.

**Freddie George** 20th November 1995.

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## Thoughts of a Modern Portreeve. Petworth Fair

The tenth fair since the revival in 1986. Time to take stock perhaps. "Whereas during certain hours from Sunday 19th November 1995 until Tuesday 21st November ..." The familiar language of the closure order remained the same. We were in a pattern of sunny days and frosty nights. Ideal fair weather if it held. Saturday the 18th had been a glorious day and Sunday was predicted to be the same. "Fair weather is always the weather you'll have for Christmas", says the old saw. I don't believe it, but I do think the fair is the gateway to Christmas, it's

always been so, long before Eagers used to put the Christmas toys in the window on fair day. "Always sow broad beans on Petworth fair day" is another traditional adage, better known than the one about the weather. These days it has a self-conscious feeling about it. It goes back to times when everyone had an allotment and the vegetables it grew were a crucial adjunct to the family economy. It's probably not much acted on today.

Good weather to set up isn't even half the battle but it does make for a good start, lashing rain can turn plain hard work into a cosmic battle with implacable, almost spiteful elements. A listing in the *Daily Mail* this time and extensive traffic coverage on local radio. Does the fair drive people away or bring them in? A bit of both, it's probably a dilemma as old as the pleasure fair itself. Times were when it was a serious market and the pleasure element as peripheral as it was disreputable. These days the obstruction frightens some off while the fair itself draws others in. When I had the shop I never found this late November week particularly buoyant even when the fair was in apparently terminal decline and unlikely to have any influence good or bad. I suspect the fair collects a certain amount of opprobrium that would otherwise go with the season. On the other side, it certainly puts Petworth on the map nationally, there are many people for whom Petworth simply means its immemorial November fair. One big imponderable this year was whether a really big lorry could negotiate the bend by the Post Office with the huge new pedestrian crossing signs. The trouble was that a monster needed to be actually enmeshed before we'd know. AA signs, NOBO boards and radio bulletins might warn but some Leviathan would certainly ignore everything and come through.

Adrian Brown was standing in the Square when I got up there at 1130 on Sunday. He was keeping a watchful eye on the parking, only thirty minutes to go before the closure took effect. The warning cones had been out from early morning. The "I'll only be five minutes" cars were getting sparser and the Square was emptying. One or two minor advance parties from the fair had already been dismissed to wait in the Car Park. An obstinate van had been traced to a builder working nearby. Anne and John, Linda and David were on hand to ring the town-hall bells to herald the beginning of the fair period and at 12 o'clock precisely they did so. No sign however of Harris Bros. but a few light stalls came down New Street and turned into the empty Square. The sky was cloudless. About 1245 the familiar Harris heavy equipment came and began to manoeuvre. With the Square coned off the traffic ran quietly through the Cut, not quite the usual ever-flowing stream, after all it was Sunday.

It had seemed a good idea the previous evening to take out the bollards in the Cut, covering the holes with cones; the sunny days were giving way to sharp frosts and Robert Harris was concerned that the water in the holes might freeze and make the bollards virtually immovable. In fact this precaution turned out to be providential, the first bollard proving very difficult, we moved on to the next. This came out quite easily, it was standing in water, so were the next two, and they came out easily enough as well. Back to the first one but that wasn't moving at all - Robert had some very powerful "lads" with him but even they could make no impression and the heavy crowbar itself appeared to be bending. Time to try to jack the bollard up with the big jack they had in the van. Still no movement. It took nearly an hour and considerable brute force as well as science to achieve any movement. It appeared that there

was no water in the hole and that the bollard had simply rusted into the hole and the whole fused together. People hurrying into Gateway late on a Saturday afternoon took no notice but there was a queue at the lottery counter. Just some men tinkering about in the road. Compared with the lights in Gateway it seemed very dark in the Cut. One or two people stopped to talk, some I knew, some I didn't. Men tinkering about in the Cut are nothing very unusual perhaps.

Putting up was relatively easy for the fairmen given the weather. Up in the Hall on the Sunday evening to set up the Petworth Society tombola. Perhaps a dozen of us working together, aware of the darkness outside. Betty made coffee. A good tombola, most of it bought in. Sticking on the tickets, using Pearl's system of dividing the table into 5's and 0's and putting the same number together, ie 25, 125, 225 etc. starting on the left with 05 and on the extreme right with 100, 200, 300 and so on. I think that's how it worked. A real mixture and much of it well worth winning. There's no point in a tombola where there aren't a certain number of things you'd really **want** to win. A real mixture, virtually no small cans of drink and very little grocery - strictly nothing out of code - flowering currant bushes, books, apple jelly, chocolates, crackers, toiletries, even a few venerable pieces of bric-a-brac, one or two of which I think I would have preferred not to win. Such is the "magic" of a tombola. Outside the fair was utterly quiet, everything mummified in its tarpaulins. It wasn't even particularly cold, the pattern of bitter nights was breaking up. The weather was clearly on the change but rain wasn't forecast until the fair was over. All completely still, waiting; waiting is what fairs are all about. Almost like Christmas Eve, transmuted into a different key, something disarming as if there were here an innocence, a defencelessness that made nonsense of the age-old trickery that is common to all fairs. This time we'd managed to get the big generator lorry moved out of the entrance to Lombard Street so that the shops that were open might feel almost an integral part of the fair. Tentative moves to open shops on fair night have never really taken off. If they did it would make the fair even more of a "village day", but is the money about to justify it? Opening shops, after all, is about money. Not just about money of course but that side can't be ignored. But for tonight, letting the imagination run, and that in some ways is what fairs are about, here is an army encamped, but struck motionless. Nothing moves in an enchanted world.

Monday morning was about waiting too. Very mild for November, not quite so sunny. Traffic flowing gently through the Cut. The fair still inert, waiting. At mid-day the inevitable monster is at last snared in the net, 38 tons, 44 feet long - the biggest on the road. No point asking the driver if he had seen the signs, he was here now and there was no way back. Here he was, outside the Star. Well if Harris Brothers couldn't get him round no one could. The driver lit up a cigarette. Nothing for it but to try. Well it was tight, but he did it. In retrospect he'd probably had as much trouble with the turn from East Street into New Street. The monster snaked round Swan Corner and was away. It could be done and there was nothing bigger on the roads, but you'd have to say it depended on the driver keeping his nerve.

People were beginning to dribble into the Hall to set up the stalls - the fair itself was still waiting. People wandering about outside were the fair enthusiasts, many it was said from the Midlands and the North, quiet men who just seemed happy to be part of it. Well there was plenty to think about anyway. At three o'clock it would be time to ring the town crier's bell;

yes, that very same one that Arch Knight had used and presumably his father before him. And Arch had been gone forty years and more and had given up "crying" long before that. It had a very penetrating sound, more so than the Town Hall bells. To be on the safe side, Phil was going to ring the latter at the same time. Here was a crucial advance in the fair's own mythology, the conscious restoration of another piece of a lost tradition. Time was when one of the fairmen rang a bell to announce the beginning but this had stopped years ago and was itself a sign of decadence. The proper order was for the lord's steward or seneschal to ring it and when he declined, as the fair lost importance, for the portreeve or clerk of the market to do so. In the old days no one could trade before the sign was given. It might not have been the ringing of a bell ... tradition says nothing - perhaps a glove was dropped. Important as all this might be to a modern portreeve, it seemed of absolutely no interest to anyone else, not even the fair enthusiasts had any inkling of such momentous events. Well, it was three o'clock and Phil had begun ringing the fire bells. In the name of tradition ... the first time perhaps that Arch Knight's bell had sounded in these or any other streets since the 1930s. And it certainly made a noise. Perhaps Petworth needed a town crier, a matter for Any Other Business at the Parish Council? A smell of roast chestnuts began to waft across the Square. I walked up Lombard Street ringing the bell. Arch Knight's old home territory ...



*The magic of Petworth Fair. Photograph by Keith Sandall.*

Still the slow build-up. The Primary School clog-dancers on the floor of the Hall, parents sitting round in a square. People who might possibly otherwise not come to the fair. The children waved flags as they danced and were clearly enjoying it. There were a lot of people at the fair with children, it's a children's event. More likely to go for the Gallopers than for the small stalls, a ride on the Gallopers is something for a child to remember. Gradually the stalls were livening up. How important is the back-up? Very important I would say and the fairmen would agree, and not just because it gives Petworth its distinctive feel. In the early days the back-up was seen as something of a dilemma - would it take people (and money) away from the showmen? It doesn't seem to work like that: it has become a crucial part of the fair. More than that, it is one of the factors that makes Petworth different from any other fair, the enthusiasts were in no doubt about that. There is a mixture of travelling showmen and a town coming out to meet them. Or, put another way, if you come to Petworth Fair you meet both showmen and townspeople. Then of course there's the concentration in the Square - a focused event with its own tradition, rather than a jumble of stalls in an anonymous field. Tradition again.

The Primary School dancers had finished and there was a gap now before the Brownies and Rainbows. The Edwardians and the Town Band would come later. There is another lull: the early evening calm before the fair really comes alive. The time of operating fully is desperately short. Six o'clock perhaps until ... when? Last year the first Saturday of the Lottery had shortened the evening, this year it was Princess Diana on Panorama. People hurrying home in good time for that.

Looking outside, what could you say? How is it different from last year? A slight variation in the stalls perhaps, but only a practised eye could tell that. It's difficult to pick one year from another. You could certainly distinguish Petworth Fair from all other fairs, but not this Petworth Fair from last year's, or, for that matter, next year's. Fairly busy I would have thought: a lot of young people, the fair's a young people's preserve in some ways. Did Arch Knight sometimes wonder what he was doing, orchestrating an event for young people who have their own priorities and no care for tradition? Fairs have always been things of a moment. A major change between Arch Knight's time and now is the expense. In the old days a shilling would go a long way, now you could only have a ride or perhaps two, a look round, and go home. The expense meant that you couldn't stay a long time. On the other hand, if the effective running time of the fair is from six o'clock, say, to half past eight, then things have to be expensive. Waiting is an essential part of the fair but it can't be an end in itself.

And the side-stalls are sameish, existing in the shadow of the Gallopers and to a lesser extent the chair-o-planes. The prizes look as if they travel from fair to fair. Will the fair eventually revert to its nadir of the early 1980s? It's always possible that the very sameness will bring its own inertia, or carping voices eat away at the magic. If the warning signs are out too early it drives away traffic and hence trade; if they're late they don't give adequate warning. The portreeve seeks to steer some kind of middle course. Feedback has it that the fairground enthusiasts think Petworth's great - it's the atmosphere and the whole town's involvement.

Robert Harris and I walk round to talk to the fairmen. It's an annual pilgrimage and takes

a long time. At most the portreeve will see just snatches of the Edwardians and the Town Band, most years nothing at all. Robert and I don't see the future clearly: there are too many imponderables. It's essential to take a year at a time. The fair is a fragile thing: it's much stronger than before the revival but it remains fragile. For the fairmen it's probably marginal but a prestige event with which to be associated. The trouble is that the time when it's full and going is too short. Monday of course is not the best day but it's deeper than that. Are the fairmen giving a late twentieth century public what it wants? Or is that a relevant question? After all the public are coming to see the fairmen do what they've always done. A fair's not a supermarket. We skirt the Gallopers and walk up in the direction of the Red Cross Rooms. Uneloquent, inarticulate men drawing on cigarettes, inarticulate perhaps but thinking all the same. It's very thin ground to work, part of the fair and yet in a way cut off from it. Without the Red Cross Room activities the stalls wouldn't be viable at all. Effectively that's their message, although "viable" is not a fairground expression. Another drag on the cigarette. Good-humoured men, philosophical in their own way, dedicated to a threatened, unrewarding way of life, part-timers, committed to an anachronism, quits in a computer age. Men with a residual sadness born of long nights waiting and not receiving. Will another generation of fairmen do this? A fair is a fragile thing and its great enemy is complacency. Always take one year at a time. People look for tradition in a rootless world, idolise it and then trample on it. Would Petworth be better without its fair? Losing it would be a defeat - for what? Tradition? It's not as easy as that. The very ease with which the tradition might be surrendered means, in a curious way that it can't be done. The fair can be difficult and a nuisance but you don't put down a pet because it's naughty. This year the optimum period is very short. People want to be home in good time to hear Princess Diana. By nine o'clock there are just a few young people about. And I never did see the entertainment in the Hall.

Midnight. Up to see how Robert and Co are getting on. The smaller stalls are mostly packed and gone. Thankfully the rain is still keeping off; I see the iron bollards for the Cut are safely out of the Hall for Robert's men to put back and lock the Hall up.

At six o'clock it's up to see what it's like. With something like the fair, a portreeve never leaves loose ends. "The fair left the Square in a mess". Oh no, the portreeve doesn't get caught as easily as that. Les thinks it looks better than on a normal day: with a quick sweep it certainly will. The forecast rain has hardly come at all. The puckered leaves of a late fall are blowing about in the mischievous wind, can't do much about that. Harris Brothers have no doubt got into the Ashington Yard about four o'clock. Looking at the bare empty Square it's difficult to believe the fair was here only hours ago. "In tents like nomads". And it's gone. That's what you'd really miss: the magic of the transformation. Whatever may be dingy, whatever may be catchpenny, whatever may be sheer brutal hard work and disappointment, the mind seizes on the magic of it. That's what you'd miss - the feeling that it has come and gone like a dream, like a watch in the night.

Plenty to talk about with Robert Harris when I see him.

P.

## Some local visitors?

Everyone knows we are here to help tourists: what local people don't always seem to realise is that helping tourists coming into Petworth is only one part, if an important one, of our job at Petworth Tourist Information Centre (TIC for short). Put another way, when a local person goes elsewhere in this country on a visit or a holiday, then he or she becomes a tourist and TIC can help. It's not just a favour it's what we're here to do. If you are reckoning to make a long journey by public transport, we can help you plan it; we have the time-tables, we can work out the connections by train or bus - or if you are going by your own transport we can suggest the easiest way for you. We can book accommodation from the Petworth office to BB's or hotels anywhere in England. You simply fill in a form, saying where you want to go, how much you're thinking of paying, and specific features you'd like. Say you want to go to Bath; I phone up the nearest TIC and pass the details onto them. They will then match your requirements against what is available. Remember that there is a network of over 550 TIC's in England; your Petworth TIC is an outlet for the largest single booking agency in England. If you're looking to holiday in England we can give you information or have brochures sent to you. Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland are less easy at present but will become easier as the system develops. We do not deal with foreign holidays.

We have access to information on any attraction in England and actually carry brochures or publicity material on anything within a reasonable distance of Petworth. For sheer reasons of space we have to restrict what we carry to Surrey, Hampshire, Sussex and Kent. If someone's looking for a day trip we can help them. For trips further afield we've got reference books to give details on historic houses, museums, gardens and places to visit all over the country. How to get there, opening times, admission, prices, theme parks, galleries, you name it, they're all here. Let's open the book at random. The Bede Monastery in Tyne and Wear? Is it open to the public? Admission, opening times, how to get there. It's all available at Petworth and we're here to tell you.

You can even join the Youth Hostel Association at this office. If you have an enquiry about anything on travel in England, we have the information here. We want local people to come in and ask us - it's what we're here for. We're here for local people to come in and say, "I'm going to such and such a place. Can you advise me, how to get there and what's there when I arrive?"

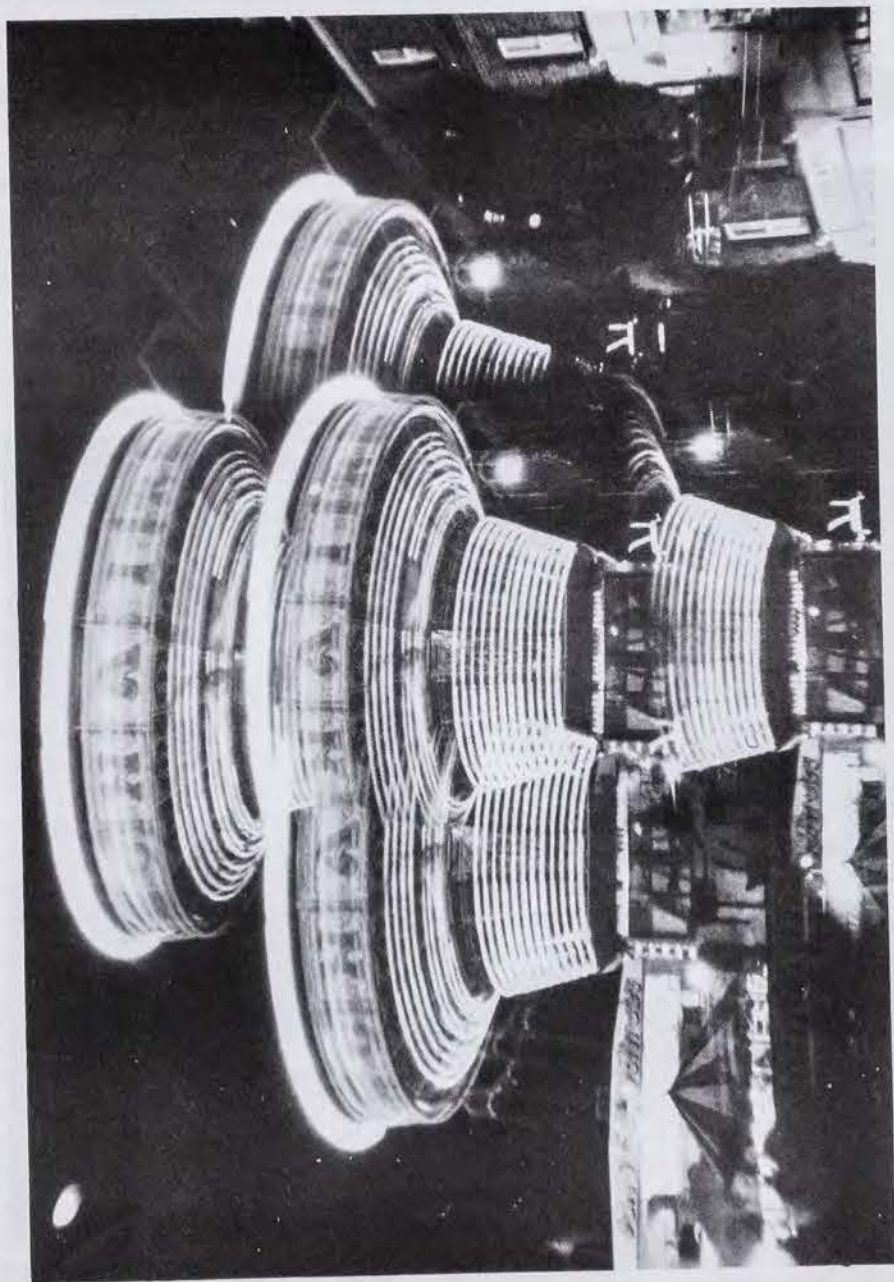
Another way in which we can help is if parents are stuck for ways of keeping children happy, say in the summer holidays. We can always suggest interesting days out. In fact if you're prepared to make a twenty mile trip it's amazing what's available, still more if you're prepared to make an hour's drive either way. Even somewhere like Paulton's Park can be reached in an hour and a half or two hours. It's worth a thought. At peak periods like August we have literature on special events. The Live Music Festival on Southsea Sea Front springs to mind. At such peak times organisers tend to send out flyers for TIC's to distribute as the events approach. We can tell you what's on at the London theatre. We don't actually make the bookings for you but we can put you in touch with the Box Office. We're always

interested if local groups and societies have a special event. We want to know about it. Local societies are welcome to bring in flyers or posters. We also have an excellent window area. It's open for booking and free, but you need to think ahead: the window gets fully booked well ahead, the first six months of this year are already full. It's very effective and popular. Ann Bradley's Christmas window caused a lot of interest and at the moment (January) we're featuring the Petworth Player's new production. We even act sometimes as a booking agent for local events: last year the Petworth Festival and the visit of Horse and Bamboo among others. It's probably better for us to do this sort of thing in the winter when it's quieter. It's more difficult in summer when it's very busy. To sum up, a greater local awareness would be good both for us and for local people.

Our basic business is covered by visitors to Petworth. The greatest draw is the House but the antique shops are also a strong pull and, unlike the House, something that carries on through the winter. Less obvious is the town itself, its atmosphere and the fact that people seem to fall in love with it: as they drive through they see it as what an old English town should be and stop to visit. In a similar way people come to see the House and are surprised and captivated by the town itself of which the House is a part. Yes, I know we still lose too many people who just come to the House and then go away, but that's why we're so looking forward to the projected May opening of the Petworth Cottage Museum - its position from a Petworth point of view is a very strategic one. If people can be induced to visit 346 High Street they will have to walk through the town and this could be greatly to the town's benefit. The Dolls House Museum is already a considerable draw and with the Petworth Cottage Museum added to the town's attractions Petworth could become the ideal venue for day trips. At present there's a tendency for people to go to Petworth House in the afternoon and just go away again when they've been round. The Museum of course ties in very much with the reinstated kitchens at Petworth House which brought so many extra people to Petworth last year.

How busy is the office? Well, we keep a count of visitors. We had 18,300 people "crossing the doorstep" last year. Of these some 10,000 were from other parts of Britain, 3,100 were foreign visitors and 2,500 were local people. The rest were telephone and postal enquiries. Yes, we count a family of four as four. And "crossing the doorstep" means also telephone and postal enquiries. It's not our system of numbering: it's the standard one for all TIC's so that one can be compared with another. It gives a standardised overview of the level of activity, although at first sight counting everyone who comes in may seem like hyping the numbers. If you think about it however, how else would you do it? Some people in fact answer their own enquiries through taking brochures or handouts but it doesn't mean that because we haven't personally served them we haven't provided them with what they were looking for.

People like Petworth. There's no doubt about that at all. They like the atmosphere and they find the local people friendly and welcoming. Foreign visitors see Petworth very much as fitting their own preconceived ideas of what an English rural town should be like. Most foreign visitors, from Northern, Europe, the United States or Canada, are touring, often looking for a night's accommodation. We can certainly help them there. My feeling is, that, alighting at Gatwick, they pick up the A272 as a route along which they can stop at points of



*Petworth Fair 1995.  
Photograph by Rob Sadler.*



Darcy Purser (left) 1920's.  
See "Of foxes and chicken."

The boy is Ishu 'boy' Hanayan  
they are at Glebe Farm  
Petworth

their choice on a journey through the heart of England - or at least if not the heart of England, a significant portion of England. They hire a car, get on the A272 and see what happens - here laid out before them are Petworth, Midhurst, Petersfield, Winchester and Salisbury, then when the A272 comes to an end it's the West Country or Bath. If you think about it, Petworth's a logical first stop. We get a lot of jet-lagged Americans coming in to the office with the simple plea, "I want a bed". We can find accommodation for them: that's our job. In fact we just do exactly the same as another TIC would for one of our own locals travelling in this country ie match what is available as closely as we can with what is asked for. It's calculated that someone who comes to Petworth and goes straight off spends on average 50p in the town, someone who stays overnight spends on average £6. We're here to provide a service but we're also here to help the economy of the town. That's our justification. We have a dual aim

- 1) To provide high quality tourist information for local people.
- 2) To encourage people from outside the area to come to Petworth, enjoy their visit, stay and spend money in Petworth.

In the latter case, if someone phones us about Petworth we will encourage them to come and see the town for themselves. If they do come, they may buy lunch or do a bit of shopping. Increased custom means increased employment, increased employment will eventually keep money (and people) in the town.

Parking? Well it could be better couldn't it? Occasionally we get people coming in and saying, "It's been a nightmare to park." What we can't calculate of course is the number of people who simply give up the struggle and move on. It's obvious that if they can't park, they won't get into the office to tell us about it! As I've said Petworth House is a tremendous draw and a great asset to the town. Numbers of visitors fall off very noticeably when it closes. How do I know that it's not just the season? That's easy. Petworth House keeps open well beyond the normal holiday season and keeps attracting visitors well over that threshold. Directly the House closes there's a drop in numbers.

Can I notice visitor trends? Yes, to a limited extent. During the Spring and early summer we have a larger proportion of "independent" people, retired couples or younger couples without children. The late summer is the great time for families with children. Well, it's logical enough isn't it? We can form a good idea of the type of visitor as they come in the door; there are subtle variations of dress that you notice almost subconsciously. First impression can be very wrong of course. Often people come in just to ask the way to Petworth House.

At this time of year, the off-season, we get people, sometimes, surprisingly, National Trust members asking if the House is open, and, finding it isn't, wanting somewhere else. I'm always relieved to be able to suggest the Lurgashall Winery - I don't want to send them right out of the area. It's not an easy period of course - the volume of visitors is lower than at peak times and there's not really sufficient demand to justify opening. I can always suggest a walk round the Park but that's very dependent on the weather! The fair's an out of season attraction, our numbers were up some 25% on November 20th and it might have been more except that we were partially hidden by the gallopers! With events like the fair so much depends on whether it's advertised in the brochures, like that of the South East England Tourist Board. I think it was this year.



I work full-time with two part-time assistants. We work longer hours in the summer 9.30 to 5.30 as opposed to 10 - 4 in winter. As I was born at Heyshott and went to the Herbert Shiner School I've quite a good local knowledge and like to think of myself as a local boy although because I'm married to a nurse at St Richard's Hospital I'm living in Chichester at present.

Requests we get? Some are very simple: delivery men asking where a particular business is. Some you can't do much about. Someone came in and said she used to live in Petworth about eight years ago and wanted to find a lady who did typing for her. Unfortunately she couldn't remember the lady's name, the office or where it was. In the end we had to give up on that one. Another lady came in and said she'd spent months trying to locate a castle she'd once driven by that was now a hotel. Amberley Castle was no problem. We have quite a few family researchers and we either put them on to Duncan and Clint or have a word with you. There are a lot of people hoping to move into the area and asking about clubs, societies, the nearest station the surrounding villages. Nothing bizarre has happened yet but we've done a lot in eighteen months and you never quite know who's coming in next. That's one of the nice things about the job.

Simon Thorn was talking to the Editor.

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## Gaining a Reference

My father and mother lived at Gosport but I had a rather superior aunt at Capel whom my family thought very much the lady. She had worked as a housekeeper somewhere in the London suburbs and I think it was she who gave my family the idea that a spell working in a great house would set me up for the future. I have the feeling that my aunt had come across Mrs. Leversuch the housekeeper at Petworth before and put in a good word for me but that's only an impression. With this in mind I'd already enrolled with an agency in Chichester and it was through them that I went to Petworth. I wasn't at all keen on the idea: going into service wasn't really in accord with the spirit of the mid-1930s and I wanted to be a nurse. For some reason my mother wouldn't hear of this, I never really knew why. I had in fact worked for a time after leaving school as a housemaid at an isolation hospital in Gosport but that was domestic work, not nursing. I don't think I formally applied for the Petworth job and I certainly didn't answer an advertisement. I do know, however, that I came to Petworth with my mother's words ringing in my ears, "You must stay there for a year and get a good reference", and I knew that I would go home only very occasionally. Days off were rare and effectively only half-days. The only way I could go home was to catch the bus to Midhurst, then another one to Petersfield, then go down on the train. It was only practical on rare occasions when I'd worked a holiday and had two days to put together. How did I get to Petworth? By train from Gosport to Chichester, then on from Chichester to Petworth Station to be picked up by a carriage from the House. It was January 1935.

The accommodation was good, at least it seemed so at the time. My bedroom, which

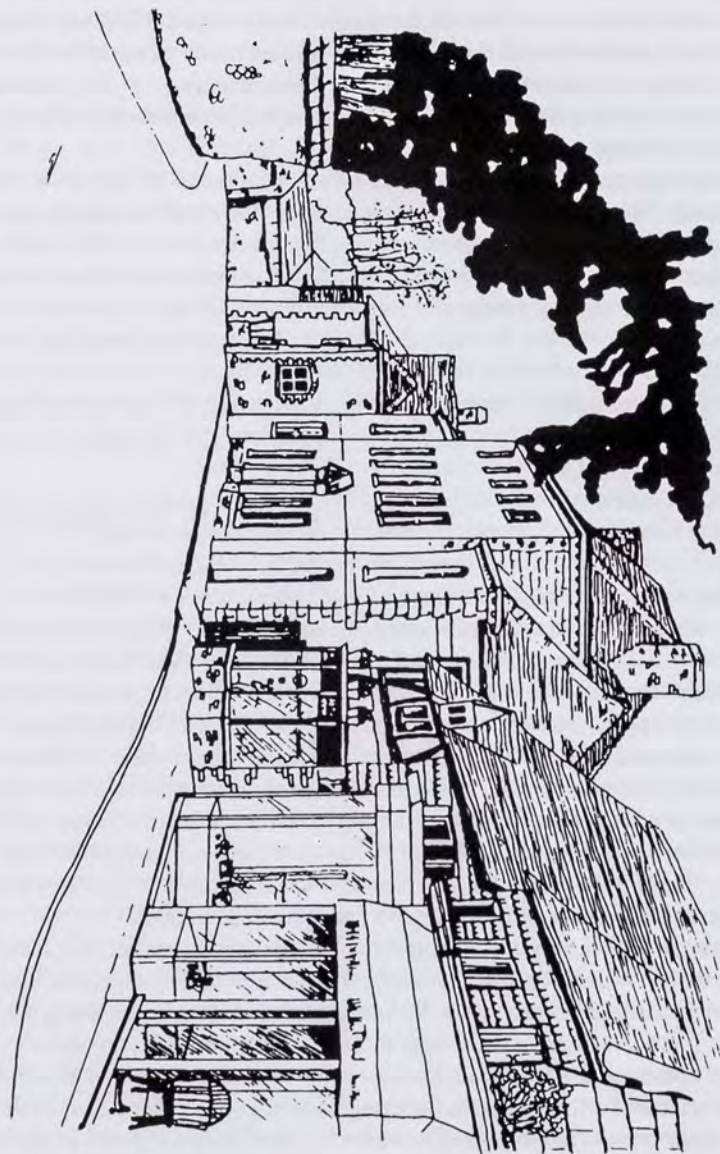
I shared with three other girls, was up the wooden stairs. As you turned right the head housemaid's bedroom was first on the right, the housekeeper's bedroom immediately opposite, our bedroom was the last room on the left. The first room on the left of the stairs was the housekeeper's stock-room. The footmen's bedrooms were through the door at the end of the corridor. Our bedroom was the first I'd known that had a carpet. I had my own chest of drawers and shared a wardrobe with the other girls. Not too much of a problem as we didn't have that many clothes! I bought my uniform from Fox's, the shop on the corner of North Street. It looks very similar to that for the 1920s shown in the December Magazine but I don't remember that kind of cap.

As the junior housemaid, with virtually no experience, I was the lowest of all and very much of a dogsbody, helping out wherever I was needed. A very early incident was a fracas in the night when one of the housemaids had apparently been discovered with a footman. The girl and her belongings were out at a moment's notice and no doubt the footman suffered the same fate. I was of course very young and was simply told to take no notice. In fact the different groups of staff seemed to be kept apart almost as a matter of principle, each group was a kind of "clan" in themselves but they never mixed. Mrs. Leversuch was our effective head and the head housemaid had direct charge of us; people like the kitchen staff were under another jurisdiction entirely. The laundry staff we never saw and the nursemaids, footmen and gardeners all functioned quite independently of one another.

An early job was helping in the stillroom, next to the housekeeper's room on the ground floor. This was the housekeeper's special province and I helped her with the washing-up. Mrs. Leversuch spent a lot of time in the stillroom, particularly in the fruit season, candying and preserving fruit in various wines and liqueurs. I would have liked to know how to do it but Mrs. Leversuch was very secretive about her lore and I was never allowed to watch her. I have to say that I was very much in awe of the housekeeper. I'd worked for a matron at the Gosport hospital but Mrs. Leversuch was something quite different: she was an absolute perfectionist. Not very tall and on the plump side, she seemed to me the archetypal Victorian lady. Her aim was to have her room and the head housemaid's room cleaned to the same standard as the big house itself. The thinking, I suppose, was that if you could reach this standard in these two rooms then, when you went over to work in the big house itself you'd be able to do it there. In the stillroom after a big dinner in the house I'd have the nerve-jangling job of washing-up the dessert plates. These were kept in the stillroom and were the finest china. They were stored with pieces of strong paper interleaved to protect the painting on them.

The day started with the night watchman's call at six. A lady had already come in from the town, lit the range and had a cup of tea ready. Then it was time to clean the housemaids' sitting-room, not forgetting the grate, then the housekeeper's sitting-room and grate, then the steward's room (now the National Trust shop). I'd also prepare trays and make tea for the housekeeper and housemaid. This would be done in the kitchen on the right of the stairs. By 7 o'clock breakfast time I'd fill two brass watering cans with hot water and take them up to the two ladies' bedrooms. The housekeeper had a big double brass bedstead and her own sitting room downstairs with a couple of big armchairs, one on each side of the fireplace. A friend came to stay with her occasionally. The head housemaid had a similar set-up but on

North Street.  
A drawing by Judy Swain.



a much smaller scale as befitted her position.

As the junior housemaid I had to go into the kitchen to pick up the huge breakfast tray for the housemaids. Everything would be put on it and it seemed enormous to me: after all there was enough for seven or eight of us including a big platter of bacon and egg. The chef was very touchy. The first time I crept into the forbidden world of the kitchen I was struggling out with the massive tray when a pâté jar whizzed past my head. "Don't you dare come in here and take the tray without saying, "Good morning chef," he shouted. I didn't see much of the chef but he always puzzled me. When he went over to the house to discuss meals with Lady Leconfield he looked very smart. When he was in the kitchen I can only describe him as a slob, a tubby man with rivulets of sweat running everywhere. Oh yes, I know it's always hot in kitchens but I always felt that if her ladyship could see him preparing the food she wouldn't fancy it at all. The kitchen was definitely out of bounds for us, except as I have indicated, when we had to go there for a particular reason.

Breakfast was, unlike the other meals of the day, taken in the housemaids' sitting-room and I would have laid the table for breakfast before I went to the kitchen. Breakfast over, the jobs were allocated by the head housemaid. In the early days I didn't go into the house but looked after the other servants' rooms. When someone left I'd move a place up the servants' ladder and graduate to working in the house itself. I would work on my own, but the housekeeper would keep an eye on what I was doing, or I'd get some advice from the lady who came in from the town. She'd look at my efforts, tell me I had to do it better than that then show me how to do it. Cleaning the grates, both here and in the house itself, was a staple job. First you'd clear out the grate, then burnish the steel bars using a black leather pad some nine inches square. The pad had metal chains to rub against the bars. It was really hard work and it would be thirty years before I finally lost the calluses that had formed on my hands in that solitary year at Petworth. Remember there was a fire in the steward's room and both the housekeeper and the head housemaid had fires in their rooms at night.

It wasn't long before someone left and I moved a rung up the housemaids' ladder. Time to go over to the big house, more steel grates and now the floor of the marble hall. This latter could take hour after hour and was terribly hard work. You seemed at times to be adrift on a giant ocean and making no headway. I didn't have a lot to do with cleaning carpets: a modern-type vacuum was already in use but this was very much the prerogative of the second and third housemaids. We did see the Leconfields occasionally: Lady Leconfield was much taller than her husband, who always reminded me of a farmer. If anyone like that appeared when we were working we had to disappear. There were strategically placed "bolt-holes" in many of the rooms, tiny alcoves with sinks where we could go and check our cleaning gear.

When there were house guests it would be the housemaids' job to take hot water up to the attics where the travelling ladies' maids were staying. I'd have to trail up there with cans of hot water, that same kind of brass watering cans that I took to the housekeeper and the head housemaid. Two thumping great cans they were and it was a long winding staircase. I remember once being so tired I sat down and put the heavy cans on the carpet, one each side of me. I was seen and roundly told to get about my business. Sometimes odd things happened: one day I was burnishing the rods on the big staircase when one of the senior housemaids came

tearing down the stairs. She'd gone into one of the house guest's rooms and found his artificial leg standing in the room with no sign of the owner. For some reason it had scared her out of her wits. Queen Mary came twice while I was there but didn't stay overnight. She liked to look in Ernest Streeter's antique shop. Once she brought two children with her and they cycled round the grounds with Peter and Elizabeth, the Leconfield's adopted children.

Fire drill was a rather disconcerting experience: there were attachments for fire ladders on the window sills but there had to be provision to escape from the very top of the house, a fair height. His lordship had decided there would be a fire practice so nursemaids, ladies' maids, everyone had to go to the top storey and slide down a canvas chute and out into the park. Yes, it was undignified but remember there were no short skirts in those days. You just sat in the chute and slid down with as much dignity as you could muster. There was some control at the bottom, but left to themselves the footmen liked to swing it from side to side just to liven things up a bit.

We went to church on Sunday morning and were expected to go. We sat all together, half a dozen of us at the back. If there were a large number of house guests one or two of us might however be held back. The housemaids, like the other staff, tended to keep together in "clans" as I have said, and once you had got used to the routine there was a certain feeling of togetherness. When I first came however I wasn't part of the group. I wanted to go to the cinema at Petworth but the housekeeper said I couldn't unless one of the senior girls was prepared to go with me. No one was prepared to do so and I couldn't go. I wasn't really a career housemaid like some of the others. They'd talk among themselves of other houses they'd known like Chatsworth, moving periodically from house to house, gradually ascending the ladder towards housekeeper or head housemaid. They always seemed to have had a better time elsewhere than they were having now, but I imagine that's just the way it was. You only recall the good times and ignore the indifferent and the ordinary.

Breakfast, as I have said, was eaten in the housemaids' room, looking out on the drive between the house and staff quarters; lunch and supper however were quite different and served in the servants' hall. The table was T shaped, effectively a top table and a long table running at right angles to it. The top table had the housekeeper, the head housemaid, and the first footman, who served the food onto plates to be passed down the table. The housemaids sat on one side of the table and footmen opposite. We were not supposed to communicate with the footmen across the table and we didn't. The top table would see to that if nothing else. We simply talked to the other housemaids on our side and the footmen did the same on their side. These stools were high round ones with studded seats and no backs. The top table had chairs but there was a large fire and we housemaids always sat on the hearth side. Senior servants like the lady's maid, butler and valet ate in the steward's room.

When we were to be paid we went into the steward's room. You gave your name and were handed three separate lots of money: the month's wages, laundry money and an allowance in lieu of the "beer" money that the footmen received. The laundry money was to pay for working clothes sent to the laundry but it was never enough and we often had to put in some of our own money, particularly if you'd had a very dirty job like spring cleaning. You daren't be seen in a soiled apron. The beer money was extremely helpful in making ends meet.

I can't remember now who paid out the money or how much it was. I can only remember that I was usually absolutely broke after a fortnight.

My impression was that we were actively discouraged from going out into the town. Once I received my pay, and, as I have said, it wasn't much, however I went into the Four and Twenty Blackbirds opposite the church for a cream tea. Someone must have seen me sitting in the window. When I returned from my half day I was told to go and see the housekeeper. I'd no idea why she wanted to see me but I was soon to learn. It looked bad for a junior housemaid to be seen parading herself in a local teashop in full view of everyone. People would think I was made of money. None of the housemaids in my time was a local girl so we had little contact with local families and, as I say, we weren't encouraged to go out in the town. Sometimes on a half day two or three of us would take the bus to Benbow Pond, then walk into Midhurst for a cup of tea, much safer territory than the Four and Twenty Blackbirds! Half days disappeared all too quickly. If we hadn't anything else to do we'd mend linen indoors, although there was a sewing-room with staff.

Fred Streeter I would see very occasionally about the house. If there was a big lunch or dinner he'd decorate the table for it. When he had finished, the first footman, a very nice man and kind to us housemaids without ever becoming familiar, would take us over to the house and let us have a look. I remember this happening at least twice. The ladies' places would be garlanded with flowers coming down to a posy in front of the lady's chair. Audit dinners we were aware of, but they were nothing to do with us although I remember some function in the Audit Room. Our friend the first footman got us in. A man was giving a talk and had a live eagle with him. At the end he released it and let it fly round the room. I was terrified and didn't enjoy the evening at all.

I often passed the game larder but I didn't like it. The door was often ajar and I could see the game hanging up. I remember innocently remarking to someone that the birds were still alive. They were of course alive with maggots which made them seem to move. Hares were often hanging there too. There could be up to a hundred birds in there. I was very suspicious of the game larder but I can't say it smelled as much as I would have expected.

The family would go to Cockermonth in the late summer but that didn't make any difference to the work, if anything it intensified. Down came the curtains for spring cleaning while the footmen took down the chandeliers to take apart and clean.

I can't say I was ever very happy at Petworth. It was an austere regime but I stuck out the year and got my reference. Ironically after that I worked in a shop and then the war came so I never needed the reference I had laboured so hard to get. I never saw any of my fellow housemaids again although I have come back to Petworth once or twice since.

Mary Longman was talking to Diana Owen and the Editor.

## Of Foxes and Chicken

We lived at Great Common, Kirdford. The cottage stood close to the road and had three windows in the roof. It was up the Plaistow Road but before you got to Mackerels. We were all christened at Kirdford. My mother always went to be "churched" after she had had a child and before she'd go into anyone's house, as a thank you that she was safely delivered. Childbirth was still fraught with danger in those days before 1914. My youngest sister was born after we moved down the road to Fountains, and after a short stay there we moved on to Brooklands at Wisborough Green, on the way to Loxwood. We'd been seventeen years at Kirdford, but the house at Great Common had been sold by the London owner and we had had to move on. I remember when we were children going to Kirdford Chapel Sunday School party, there were swings and bags of dolly mixture thrown in the air. We scrambled for them amongst the grass and my younger sister fell out of the swing.

My mother worked at a beer shop at the back of Herons Farm. It wasn't like the Half Moon because it only sold beer, not spirits, but there was a kind of club there and my mother did dinners in the evening. I remember her peeling carrots and cutting up cabbage. It was just down the lane from the old school. There was a woman lived in the village; she used to spend a lot of time in the beer shop. I can see her now but I can't remember her name. I used to peep through a chink in the door when my mother was doing the vegetables. The woman would be sitting at the bar or in the front room having brought the beer from the counter. The men were treating her, for fun, and to see if she could hold a large quantity of beer. She just sat on the stool and kept drinking, but when she got up there was a puddle on the floor. But she did enjoy her beer. My mother used to work there when we were at Great Common. We'd play in the courtyard at the back and were expected to be well-behaved. She'd bring us out lemonade or a biscuit as we sat on the seat. Another thing I remember is elder pipes, pieces of elder stem with the pith cut out. You'd make another piece to act as a kind of cork and when you pulled it out it popped. Nobody seems to remember them at all.

On Saturdays my father would go beating - at Barkfold I would think. They used to provide him with a belted khaki countryman's frock. He was a tall man and always assigned to be with one of the gentry. That was his job. He was supposed to be beating but because of his quickness in loading a gun, he was much in demand. He'd wear a belt of cartridges. Remember that the gentry would have two guns each and someone had to be there to reload. He'd come home with a pocket-full of empty cartridges for us children to play with. He'd get a pound for the day, a golden sovereign usually, which contrasted favourably with his hard-won wages in the rest of the week.

My brother George was always comical but he did get into trouble. I remember once at dinner time he had a game with the chicken. He laid them out on the ground as if they were dead. I was never quite sure how he did this, but they were very familiar with him as he was always feeding them crumbs. Mother was working for a farmer and George came and said, "All your chickens are dead". There they were, all half a dozen of them, lying in a row, apparently dead. My mother couldn't believe her eyes. Then he lifted a wisp of straw from each one and one by one they got up and ran away. Apparently he had laid the piece of straw

across each chicken's eye to make it afraid to move. When he removed it they got up. Mother wasn't too pleased at being called away from work for something like this but that was the way George was. He had a sharp eye too. One day he was walking with me and shouted "See that rabbit!" I couldn't and neither could anyone who was with us. But George threw a stone and hit it on the head. He didn't go to school until he was eight.

My mother had a lot of young children and was very anxious to get my brother out to work to bring in some money. She discovered that if you applied direct to Chichester you could get your child to leave at twelve. The Kirdford headmaster didn't want to lose his pupils and didn't want anyone to know the address. My mother however told everyone who asked her. The headmaster was furious when he found he'd lost most of his top class. My brother went to work for Mr. Benn at Sladelands. He'd cycle down from Great Common to Sladelands very early in the morning. Mr. Benn would give him a bowl of bread and milk and he'd drive the horse and cart to Pulborough to catch the seven o'clock train. He'd have breakfast when he arrived back.

Granny went to Fareham and bought a donkey. It had been used to delivering wood, and once she got it to Petworth it went back to its old routine. All along the Horsham Road it would come to a dead stop wherever there was a house or a farm. On the other hand, once the donkey had it in its head that the round was over, he would gallop home so fast that you just couldn't hold him. Bill Barnes thought the donkey would win the race at Kirdford fete and went to a lot of trouble to get him over there from Westlands. The donkeys all lined up for the race and he was the only one who wouldn't move. He wouldn't do a thing: he just stood there. An embarrassed Bill came home with him again - grumbling!

Darcy Purser worked at the Glebe Farm on the Horsham Road. He'd been gassed in the 1914-1918 war and his health was never up to very much after that. He had a girl friend and she put the money he earned into an account at the Post Office. When he died no one liked to draw it out and for all I know it is still in the Post Office. He didn't live to be very old.

When I was quite a child at Kirdford, my two sisters and I used to go and visit an elderly man who lived just down the lane from us. His daughter and his son lived with him. The old man couldn't get out and liked us to sit, all three of us, on a long stool in the chimney corner and sing to him, nothing special, just silly little songs. He'd sit there with his walking-stick and keep poking the down-fire. Then he'd ask us to use the bellows to make the fire flame up again - he never liked us to stop singing though. The daughter used to bring my mother a beautiful jug of soup for us because we'd kept the old man happy.

Farms were hard seventy or eighty years ago. You couldn't really scratch a living and you did whatever else might bring in the odd penny or two. My husband used to do stone-carting, many of the farmers did; picking up the stone at Bedham Quarry, then taking it by horse and cart all round Kirdford, Plaistow, Wisborough Green and Loxwood dumping it at the side of the road for the road-menders to break up. Most of the farmers round Petworth did "stonecart". It was paid for by the Council and the farmers used to start very early in the morning vying with one another as to who could do the most, and hence earn the most. Everyone was in the same boat.

Bill Barnes was often up at Westlands. His father worked for Lord Leconfield and had

something to do with the stores where people went to get biscuits for the foxhounds. Why did people have biscuits for the foxhounds? Well, Lord leconfield bred foxhounds and he'd send out a couple of puppies to each farmer to be returned to the kennels in due course. We always had two at Westlands. When the puppies were old enough to go back, there was a Puppy Show to judge who had made the best job of bringing them on. Of course it all really depended on what they were like when you first had them. We never started with the best at Westlands so we never had a chance in the Puppy Show, at least that's what we thought - you had to be in with whoever gave out the puppies to start with. As regards looking after them, there wasn't much to do apart from feeding them and keeping an eye on them. I would boil up a big pot of oatmeal, like a pudding, to feed them with and they would have scraps. We had one pair that used to follow the stonecart wherever it went. Once, when it got to Loxwood, the butcher had some of his meat outside the shop and down a small flight of steps. There were tickets on to show what meat it was and how much. The dogs grabbed hold of a shoulder of lamb and dragged it along the road playing tug of war with it. The butcher ran after them with a broom. "Do these dogs belong to you?" he shouted at my husband's disappearing stonecart. "Don't know anything about them," he replied. Were we paid for keeping the dogs? No, but you don't think we didn't use the biscuits and oatmeal to feed our own dogs as well, do you?

You asked me how I got my watch. Well, a fox had killed my chicken at Westlands and I put in a claim to the Hunt. The Hunt had what was called a Chicken Club. People who rode to hounds paid a fixed sum into the Chicken Club and then if a fox killed a farmer's chickens the farmer would be recompensed out of the Chicken Club - at least in theory. It was a kind of insurance. Anyway I put in a claim and Mr. Musgrave from Sladelands came round. "How do you know that it was a fox that killed your chicken?" he asked. I explained that we had actually seen him and chased him off. He'd killed the mother, then all the baby chickens, and left them in a row in the ground, obviously intending to return later. Mr. Musgrave paid me what he estimated they were worth and with the money I went to Mr. Dale, the clockmaker in Lombard Street. He made up a watch with odd bits he had in the shop. It wasn't very dear. I was 16 or 17 then and I still have it.

We had a cockerel and every time there was a fox about the cockerel would jump onto the orchard wall at Westlands and make the most awful noise. When he made this noise we'd all come running out. Once I saw the fox dragging a fat hen along by the neck. The hen was so heavy that he couldn't pick it up and as he ran away up the bank he dropped the hen and it slid back down the bank. I picked it up and ran back with it to Westlands. We ate it; after all the fox had just nipped it in the head to kill it. There were always foxes about. One hen nested in a hollow in a big elm tree out in the field and we didn't notice. It was only when we found a pile of feathers and some abandoned eggs that we realised. It was too late then. The hens used to roam about all over the place.

I saw Mr. Musgrave occasionally in connection with the Hunt. I remember him coming to the farm once on horseback and grumbling at my husband because his sheepdog had been worrying lambs and this had been blamed on the foxes. At least that was what he claimed. My husband indignantly denied it. "My dog's been here all night". "Go and get the dog then," said Mr. Musgrave "his mouth will be covered with blood." I can see him now, at the back

door, on horseback, talking. He never got off the horse. And there was no blood on the dog's mouth. He could not but admit it.

Excerpted from a tape of Nellie Duncton talking to Audrey Grimwood.

## A View from Fisher Street

I was born at Fisher Street, Northchapel in 1911. I remember that Matthew Taylor lived at Ashleigh just down the lane from us. He was a magistrate and a farm surveyor, a stocky man about five foot ten in height, very much the country squire, bowler hat and all. I went to the old Northchapel School which was about to close down, walking into Northchapel with my dinner bag. I went there for six months until it closed. There were really only two rooms and, as one of the infants, I was in the lower room at the back. As you came in through the porch there was a door into the seniors' big room, itself divided off by temporary screens, then there was another door from which you'd go down some steps into the juniors. My sister was already there which helped me to settle. The playground was just a little dirt yard at the back. Miss Legge was the head teacher, assisted by Miss Kate Newman.

I knew the Northchapel Dependants. My father had relations who were Dependants. I suppose most people did. Christmas was a wonderful time to look into the shop the Dependants ran, they had everything you could possibly imagine, and they were always very polite. If anyone was ill or going through a bad spell, it was always said that the brethren would help them, even if that person was not a member of the Dependant community.

There were no rations, at least in the early of part of the 1914-1918 war and everyone had to get what they could. I remember margarine: Mr. Lamboll the Petworth carrier was something of a family friend and would bring us back big blocks of margarine from Guildford. They weren't easy to come by. He'd go to Guildford, stay overnight, and pick up for us what he could. We went to church at Northchapel; Mr. Bright was rector then, and Sunday School. There was a tea party at the school at the end of the war and I still have the peace-mug given to me. You knew everyone in the village in those days.

I was allowed to leave school a fortnight early and got a job in Haslemere as an errand boy. This lasted a few months at 7/6d. a week, then I moved on to Williamsons, the East Street fishmongers at 17/6d. After this I worked as a "pale" boy in a fencing works. Chestnut pale fencing was produced in ten yard lengths and I'd staple the pales. They had a staple, either top or bottom, alternatively. From there I went to delivering fish and ice blocks. I always thought it was very clever how they knew exactly the size the blocks had to be cut to fit the refrigerator boxes. There were two separate rounds, one delivering to the big houses in Haslemere itself, the other up through Kingsley Green and back into Haslemere. Ferndene School had two or three boxes, I remember. From there I went to Ashurst House and Verdley House. Quite a job on a trades-bike.

After this I went to delivering for Haslemere Dairy, again with a trades-bike. I'd get to

work at six in the morning and go on till midday. Then I was a month at Haslemere Post Office as stand-in for one of the telegraph boys who was away. The telegrams would be rung through to the Post Office, they'd take them down, writing it on a form. It would then be given to the telegraph boy, waiting at the Post Office. There were two of us on. I rather hoped this job might prove rather better than temporary but the other boy came back.

The next job was for the West Sussex County Council at 32/- a week. I was sent into Petworth to do steam-rolling, rolling stones into the roads. The steam-roller forced the stone down and water made it sink and bind together. It might or might not receive a tarred surface at that time. When the job was finished Mr. White the foreman from Whites Green near Upperton brought out our cards. That was that. The next day however we were asked to stay on to work for Midhurst Council. We looked after the road up from Anstead Brook and also the road through from Gospel Green to Windfallwood and up to Jobson's Lane. There was a big bank on the left which we had to cut back and we had horses and carts to take the soil away. I helped to plant the present hawthorn hedge there.

In the end that job gave out too and I went on for Chapman, Lowry and Puttick just this side of Haslemere Station sorting out timber for the planing machines upstairs. The boards would come into the warehouse rough cut, and I would cut them off to whatever length was required. I was there quite a while, then they wanted me to go upstairs on the planing machines where the joiners were, making tongue and groove. Before this could happen however they decided to close the yard.

It was very difficult to find a job in the early 1930s. You biked round looking for anything there might be. Having time on my hands, I joined the Territorial Army, 5th Battalion the Queens, at Haslemere. Mr. Baker at Dickhurst had a son who was a T.A. lieutenant, and he found me a job at the big house as a gardener. By this time we'd moved from Fisher Street to Farncombe so I biked into work from Farncombe. In the end I bought a motor-bike. After that I was a year gardening for someone at Peper Harow. When I asked the head gardener if my money could be put up to thirty shillings, I was firmly told it couldn't so I left at the end of the week. From there I went to Milford to work for Mr. Spencer, the well-known delphinium grower. He was in fact a retired station-master. We'd keep the plants free of weeds, layer carnations, do in fact whatever was necessary. By this time I had married so I found some rooms in Godalming and took up jobbing gardening around Godalming. My wife's father however was foreman at Dickhurst and I heard that there was a house on the farm if I was prepared to work there. We moved down to Pot Lane at Shillinglee. I went there to learn and was seven years at Pot Lane, taking on, in the end, as a stockman rearing beef cattle and calves. When Mr. Thomas took over I stayed with him, going on until I was 76.

That was the way of things in those days: you had hand-on experience of jobs and you had to do whatever was going and go where you could get the best penny. My experience was self-acquired. It may seem that I had a lot of jobs but that's how it worked; once I found a niche I stayed. As you will see, living at Fisher Street I tended to look to Haslemere rather than Petworth; if I'd lived on the other side of Northchapel I'd probably have looked to the south instead.

George Caplin was talking to Jean Gilhooly and the Editor.

## Thoughts on some nineteenth century statistics

An hour or so in Midhurst Library looking at T.W. Horsfield's *History of Sussex (1835), Vol. II*, led me to look more closely at the population and related figures for Petworth and district in the late 18th-early 19th centuries. At that time (1801-31), Petworth was twice the size of Midhurst, in population, wealth and influence; while Arundel was 50% smaller than Petworth.

Horsfield also gives totals of votes polled for each parish in 1705, 1734, 1774 and 1820, of electors registered in 1832, and the yield of local poor-rate (then the main tax) in 1776, 1785, 1803, 1813, 1821, 1833, and of the County rate in 1815 and 1834. The County Rate funded the County Gaol, the Clerk of the Peace's Office, and the upkeep of the County bridges: County Councils, as such, date from 1889. Until the mid-1830s, each parish saw to its own destitute persons, by and large. Horsfield also give each parish's total acreage, and the date of its earliest parish register's first entry.

The tables (Appendix to Vol.II, pages 80-83) give the parishes under each Rape (an ancient military division of Sussex). Petworth, Tillington, Duncton, Barlavington, are in Arundel Rape; Upwaltham, Midhurst and Chichester are in Chichester Rape.

Horsfield's home town was Lewes, of which he had already written a history. He was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and writes carefully.

In 1835, Lodsworth was a liberty (with parochial chapel, i.e. Lodsworth Church) in Easebourne Parish; as had Northchapel been, for long, in Petworth Parish. Lord Egremont owned 1957 acres in Tillington Parish, including the western half of Petworth Park, formerly at Tillington's disposal.

Parish	Census figures				Acreage	First Register	Remarks
	1801	1811	1821	1831			
Petworth,	2264	2459	2781	3114	6140	1559	
Midhurst,	1073	1256	1335	1478	700	1565	Formerly in Easebourne.
Arundel,	1855	2188	2511	2803	1830	1560	
Chichester,	4600	6400	7500	7700	1680	16-17th	Approx. total for the several parishes population.
Barlavington,	78	78	94	111	1710	1656	Acreage includes West Burton.
Upwaltham,	65	49	99	95	1260	1790	
Duncton,	205	233	246	272	1330	1680	
Tillington,	614	650	681	806	4080	1572	Includes Upperton & River & Dean
Lurgashall,	521	549	664	718	4990	1599	
Northchapel,	621	634	749	845	3600	1717	
Lodsworth,	443	393	513	599	1570	1563	(Part of Easebourne)
Easebourne,	764	720	777	904	4110	1538	
Selham,	78	71	80	89	810	1565	
Pulborough,	1334	1613	1901	1979	6610	1595	

As for Egdean, average population was 70 in 1801-1831; acreage, 620; first register, 1646.

Figures taken on their own often mislead, but these, taken with the poor-rate yields, show good times and bad.

Voters pre-1832 were prosperous or landed, and few.

The County Rate was the same in both sample-years 1815, 1834: Petworth, £7884; Midhurst, £2738; Arundel, 1 omitted; Tillington, £3656; Duncton, £840; Upwaltham, £408. Horsfield gives the Poor-Rates in £. s. d.; I give them to nearest £.

Place	Poor Rate's Yield						Electors Polled				1832
	1776	1785	1803	1813	1821	1833	1705	1734	1774	1820	Electors List
Petworth,	£831	980	2107	3215	2348	3953	64	54	47	59	33
Midhurst,	£353	340	776	1502	1214	1421	34	43	22	11	7
Arundel,	1 omitted						33	38	36	57	58
Tillington,	£348	368	703	1284	878	1567	21	14	14	21	10
Duncton,	£112	161	344	335	288	242	6	1	2	3	1
Upwaltham,	£40	41	90	131	152	118	1	1	1	0	0

Allow also for inflation's effects during these years.

Other 1832 totals of voters: Pulborough, 21; Lodsworth, 1; Lurgashall, 7; Northchapel, 10; Selham, none; Easebourne, 2.

The steep rise in poor-rate, 1803 and 1813, would be due to the Napoleonic War's effect of throwing local serving soldiers' wives and families on the parish till their return home.

Add to these the national taxes (Land, Income, and others) and duties, and there was a heavy burden.

Jeremy Godwin

## New Members

Mrs. K.V.I. Consentius	Walton, Lombard Street, Petworth.
Mr.R Fletcher	7, Purrall Terrace, Cashmere, Christchurch 8002, New Zealand.
Miss C.A. Hawkins	3, Railway Terrace, Bepton Road, Midhurst, GU29 9QN.
Mr. P.A.J. Howard	55, Beachamstead Road, Great Staughton, Huntingdon, PE19 4DX.
Miss A.M. Leslie-Smith	Wyndham, 1, Tekels Court, Tekels Park, Camberley, Surrey.
Mr. and Mrs. R. Lewis	Plas-y-dduald, Maentwrog, Gwtnedd.
Mr. and Mrs. C.W. Lywood	Little Comptons, Kirdford, Billingshurst, RH14 0LT.
Mr. D. Richardson	Difford House, School lane, Lodsworth.
Mr. and Mrs. M. Royall	Hoe Cottage, Hoe Lane, Flansham, Bognor Regis, PO22 8NW.
Mr. and Mrs. T.G. Smith	15, Hazlewood Road, Partridge Green, Horsham, RH13 8EX.

