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THE PETWORTH SOCIETY  
*Magazine*

Miles Costello  
Petworth  
Collection

Silver jubilee year 1974-99  
*For My Servants - each 5 shillings*



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The drawing on the back cover is also by Jonathan Newdick.  
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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 £8.00. Single or double one Magazine delivered. Postal £9.00 overseas £10.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:

### *Chairman*

Mr P.A. Jerrome MBE, Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth (Tel. 342562) GU28 0DX

### *Vice Chairman*

Mr K.C. Thompson, 18 Rothermead, Petworth (Tel. 342585) GU28 0EW

### *Hon. Treasurer*

Mr P. Hounsham, 50 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth (Tel. 343461) GU28 0BX

### *Hon. Magazine Secretary*

Mrs B. Hodson, 56 Wyndham Road, Petworth GU28 0EQ

### *Committee*

Mr Stephen Boakes, Lord Egremont, Mr Ian Godsmark, Mrs Audrey Grimwood,  
Mr Andrew Henderson, Mrs Anne Simmons, Mrs Ros Staker, Mr J. Taylor,  
Mr Graham Whittington, Mrs Linda Wort

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Mrs Williams (Graffham), Mr Derek Gourd (Tillington and River),  
Mrs Goodyer, Mrs Williams (Fittleworth)

### *Society Scrapbook*

Mrs Pearl Godsmark

### *Society Town Crier*

Mr J. Crocombe, 19 Station Road (343329)

Note: The crier may be prepared to publicise local community events and public notices for you, even snippets of personal news such as births, engagements or lost pets. It is suggested that such personal and business cries be made for a small donation to a charity to be nominated by the crier himself.

## Chairman's Notes

*Welcome to a New Year and a new Magazine cover. This year Jonathan has kindly offered the original of the cover drawing to the Society to be sold to the highest postal bidder, for details see below.*

*After three years of holding the subscription at the same level we feel we need a slight increase: local delivered will go up to £8, postal to £9 and overseas to £10. As you know, the Society's day to day expenses are largely covered by events held during the year, the subscription goes almost entirely on this Magazine and the attendant postal costs. As last year Anne or Betty will arrange for there to be a presence at the Leconfield Hall for personal payment of subscriptions from Friday 5th March. Someone will be there each **Tuesday** and **Friday** morning in March from 10.30 to 12.30. After Tuesday 30th March the hall will be closed for repairs. This will give local members a full month to pay in person. Please take this opportunity. I cannot sufficiently stress how much payment in the first quarter is appreciated. This is a very large organisation and late payment really does make a lot of work. Please bear this in mind.*

*The Society is 25 years old this year. On Thursday March 25th there will be a celebratory evening at the Hall, everyone is welcome, Hall audience limits permitting. The Jubilee evening coincides with the Spring Opening of Petworth House for all Petworth residents and Petworth Society members who live outside the town. This is from 5pm to 7pm. The first such opening of the House in September was a runaway success. This, while on a slightly smaller scale, will enable Petworth people to be the last to see the new season House. That is as it should be; Petworth House is as much for Petworth people as it is for visitors. Details below.*

*In similar vein on Saturday March 27th, the last Saturday before the Hall closes, the Society will hold an Open Day in conjunction with the Cottage Museum. We've worked really hard on this and it should be a really great day. I'm even looking forward to it myself! Admission is free.*

*The Society is moving toward producing a quarterly audio tape which will be available to members (or former members) who can no longer read the Magazine. It will feature much of the current Magazine - obviously there may be individual parts that do not lend themselves to such treatment. The project is well advanced. If you are interested please contact Keith on 342585 for details.*

*Reports on activities over the last quarter are in the present issue. Walks will have begun again by the time you read this.*

*A word about Petworth's 2000 celebrations. Lord Egremont is very concerned that Petworth has a good celebration and there will be one at the year's turning and another in the summer of 2000. His lordship will chair a public meeting on February 4th at which proposals put forward by Petworth Parish Council, the Petworth Society and Petworth Festival will be outlined. Petworth has the potential to compete with celebrations anywhere and it will. More details, no doubt, in the next issue.*



*On a personal note. You will see that Mr Turland has taken over the Hampers Green delivery round, Ada Parvin having helped us with this probably since the Society began. Thank you very much Ada. You'll see too that Kath Vigar's "A Tillington Childhood" comes to an end in this issue. It will be much missed. Perhaps nothing we have printed in the last twenty-five years has attracted so much favourable comment.*

Peter 20th January

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## This year's cover drawing

For the first time we are offering to members the cover drawing in a postal auction. The highest bid secures the original work and the proceeds will be divided 50/50 between the artist and the Society. Here is an opportunity to own one of Jonathan's drawings at a cost probably considerably less than gallery prices. The drawing is unframed and in black ink on white paper. It is the same size as depicted on the cover and there is of course, no typesetting on the original. The little drawing on the back cover is also offered for sale in the same way. Please make clear what of the two you are bidding for.

- A Front Cover
- B Back Cover

You may of course bid for both at the same time as long as you do this separately for each. Bids, by post, to be opened on March 25th. Result to be announced on the evening of the 25th. Bidders can remain anonymous. To save postage we will only contact the two successful bidders.

Please send bids (no money) to The Chairman, Petworth Society, Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth, Sussex GU28 0DX to arrive by March 24th.

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## Spring at Petworth House

*14 March* Mothering Sunday - a special opening of the pleasure ground and lunches can be pre-booked in the restaurant.

*20/21 March* Catch the pleasure ground at its best in this pre-season opening to enjoy the spectacular show of bulbs in this lovely woodland garden. National Trust shop and restaurant also open 12 - 5pm.

*27 March* House and grounds open for the 1999 season.

*Thursday 25th March 5 - 7pm*

Exclusive pre-season opening of the House free of charge for Petworth residents and members of the Petworth Society ONLY. Come along and be the first visitors of the 1999 season to see the showrooms and the medieval Chapel re-opened after 4 years of building

works. New areas of the medieval House will also be on show for the first time.

It will be an informal opening to allow you to walk around at your own pace and meet the staff and volunteers on duty and find out about on-going works. There will also be an opportunity to pick up information about forthcoming events and your free neighbour's pass to the pleasure ground. (In 1999 a £1 adult admission charge to the pleasure ground only is being introduced but Petworth residents can collect a free pass.)

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## Burton Park Social Archives of Personal Folk Tales

"Even shouting was futile over the echoing roar of the water curtain crashing over the cave mouth. My first love moved close as her eyes accustomed to the tunnel walls.."

Did you know Burton Manor had its own fire brigade whose pump was so powerful it could spurt water clean over the house?

Share your own anecdotes and personal stories by enclosing them for the attention of George R. Bertram who is compiling "The spoken history of the lakes and park at Burton."

Can you assist Mr Bertram? He may be contacted through the Editor or direct at Mr G.R. Bertram, 143 Pennine Drive, London NW2 1NG or by telephone on 0802288011.

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## Re Magazine 94

On the Smugglers' Wheel we have had several comments. James Alleston being particularly helpful. Among other suggestions he notes:

The Smugglers' Wheel was another name for the (Twister) suspended from the ceiling of pubs or old inns or taverns beneath a circle divided into 12 segments, numbered from 1-12, the opposing figures adding up to 13. When glasses were running low each patron swings the arrow. The lowest scorer paid for the next round of drinks.

Similar was the smaller spinning jenny, a wooden disc with an arrow poised over its centre which stood on the bar counter. When the arrow is swung the lowest scorer pays for the round of drinks. The two games are based on deciding on payment for the next round of drinks. But apart from his game there are other games that were played and can be played with the Spinning Jenny.

Our thanks to everyone who wrote in.

[It would seem that other uses would not exclude that by smugglers.] Ed.

Re The Rev. C.W. Whatley. Mr Richard Whatley sends a notice relating to his grandfather's induction in August 1930.



Congregational Church Petworth.

**Wednesday, August 13th, 1930**

**Induction Services**

**Of the New Minister Rev. C. W. WHATLEY.**

**DIVINE SERVICE at 4 p.m.**

CONDUCTED BY **Rev. F. H. WHEELER** D.S.O. (MODERATOR)

**PUBLIC TEA at 5.15. Price 9d.**

Brief addresses of welcome from Ministers and  
Representatives of the District and others.

**PUBLIC MEETING at 6.30 p.m.**

presided over by **Rev. Arthur Parker,**  
(Chairman of the Western District)

**The Moderator, Rev. A. E. Snashall, A.T.S.**  
(District Secretary)

**Rev. W. J. Roberts,** (a former Minister)

**The Secretary Mr. A. G. Gigg, The Pastor  
and others will take part.**

**Collections for Church Funds.**

On Sunday August 10th, the New Minister  
will commence his Ministry.

**SERVICES at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.**

**YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO  
ATTEND THE ABOVE SERVICES  
AND MEETINGS.**

J. R. STEVENS, PRINTER, BROCKENHURST.

*Induction Service for the Rev. C.W. Whatley 1930.  
[Courtesy of Mr Richard Whatley]*

Re Audrey's Home Ground Walk. Kath Vigar writes:

I used to love that walk when I was still at school, (I am now in my 89th year). With my mother we used to walk down to the Virgin Mary's spring, then through Mr Webster's orchard, I remember it so well, across the road, by the Cottage Hospital and then to the Gog Lodges. I'm almost sure the Meachen girls went to the girl's school the same time as I. We used to buy their cherries, they were threepence a pound in those days, enormous pink ones with a yellow tinge on the skins, most enjoyable.

I shall never forget once when my mother and I were walking in the Gog woods seeing snakes everywhere, it was a lovely warm summer's day and they, the snakes, were curled round the bracken, my mother was terrified.



Mr and Mrs Knox of Hangleton have this postcard marked "Petworth" on the back.  
Is it a hot-air balloon before inflation?  
Is the spire at the rear St Mary's?  
Can anyone work out the location? Horsham Road?  
If this is a Petworth postcard - it is a particularly interesting one.

Peter.



## Peter treads John Sirgood's Way

Peter's latest book: *John Sirgood's Way: the story of the Loxwood Dependants*, has grown out of the many articles he has written in this Magazine, and is beautifully presented in a limited edition of 150 copies. He spoke to us at the October monthly meeting about it.

The sect, misunderstood, misrepresented and often ridiculed, had been reticent to discuss its way of life with outsiders and had virtually died out when Peter was told that a Northchapel Dependant might be willing to be interviewed for an article in the Magazine. He soon learned that the members strongly disliked their nickname of Cokelers. The usual explanation, that they drank cocoa in preference to alcohol, did not appear to be sufficient to justify the objection and it seemed to be more likely to stem from the misapprehension that they led immoral lives. Their belief in freedom and equality of men and women led to accusations of cuckoldry, hence 'cuckolders', but in truth, their morals could not have been of a higher order.

A chance opportunity to obtain archive material about to be thrown out and burned in Northchapel, the previous custodian having died, and conversations with the last elder of the Loxwood community, Alfred Goodwin, further stimulated Peter's interest. Mr Goodwin gradually came round to the opinion that his memories might be worth recording. He provided a further batch of documents and more Magazine articles followed.

The book traces the story of the Dependants from its roots in Wesleyan Methodism, through the breakaway group which became known as the Peculiar People, based in Essex, one of whose Leaders, William Bridges, converted John Sirgood, a shoemaker. Sirgood settled for a time in Shamley Green and eventually in Loxwood, where circumstances ensured that the Dependants thrived through the late 19th and early 20th centuries, establishing farms, chapels and 'department stores' there and in Norwood, Northchapel, Plaistow, Chichester and Hove.

The Dependants' pattern of worship, including the distinctive hymns sung from hand-written books (but largely from memory) and their views on equality and pacifism are also discussed in the book.

A fascinating evening, which attracted a lot of fresh faces, against strong competition from the inclement weather and fireworks displays!

KCT

[There are still some copies available at £40 from the Window Press, Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth GU28 0DX. If ordering by post please add £3.15 for postage and packing.]

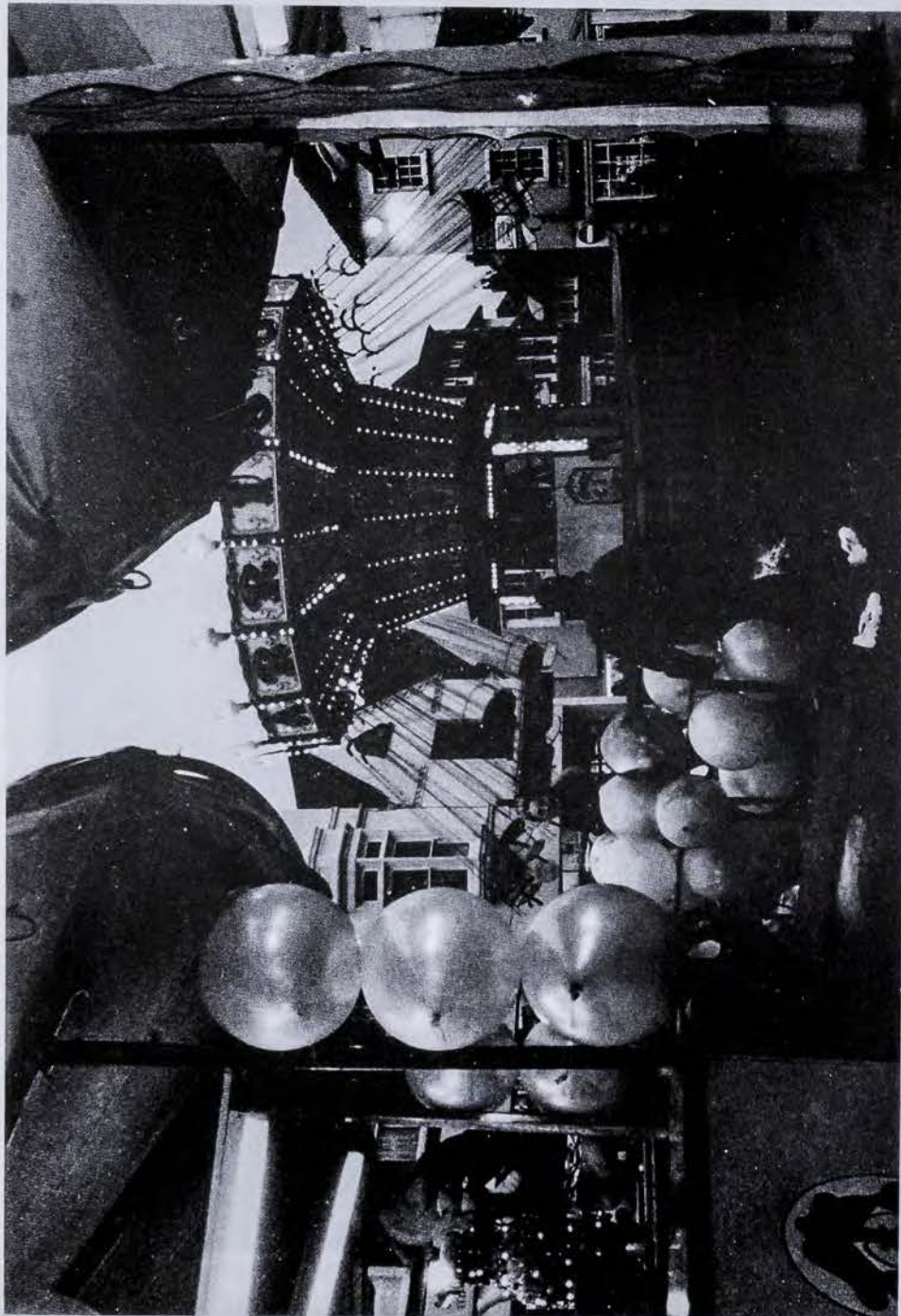
## A thoroughly satisfying evening

I'm not a literary man. I expect poetry to rhyme and scan and was prepared to be irritated, unfulfilled. But this was something different - for the Society and for me. For the Society, because I can't remember an evening devoted entirely to a recital of poetry and the occasional



*John Crocombe opens Petworth Fair 1998.  
Photograph by Keith Sandall.*





Waiting. Petworth Fair set up and ready to open 1998.  
A photograph by Keith Sandall.

snatch of prose from a diary, essay or report, and for me, because Marion Mathie and John Humphry, long-experienced performers, made words which shouldn't rhyme, do so, made conventional scanning irrelevant and gave me an education in two hours that I'd failed to absorb in years and years.

John has written the poems, beginning only a year ago with one written in a moment of unexpected inspiration while preparing to give a short recital at the flower festival celebrating the 800th anniversary of the founding of St. Mary's Church, Petworth. Encouraged by its reception, John found that there were more where it came from, in his heart and mind, stemming from his love of Petworth and its people. Now they are in a book, *'Poems for Petworth - and a few more'*, which will undoubtedly prove a best-seller and find its way into a great many local Christmas stockings.

John and Marion read nearly all of them at our meeting, reflecting their enjoyment of walking - in Burton Park, from the town to the Downs, down Hungers Lane in the dark, Rotherbridge and in Petworth Park itself. Others looked back over the years at Petworth House and its occupants, with wry comments from our present-day vantage point, culminating with evocative verses written after that memorable open day last summer. There were events - Remembrance Day, Petworth Festival, music at Bignor Park, Fair Day; places - the Leconfield Hall, Elgar's Brinkwells at Bedham, the 'private suburb in Burton Park' and people - Salvatore, the barber, 'Jumbo', Peter (M.B.E.) and an anonymous antiques dealer.

In the poem 'Personal Choice', the Humphrys had six adjectives, five nouns and a verb which, for me, perfectly summed up their delight in living in Petworth. Read it for yourself, again.

Peter spoke for everyone at the recital when he said that the poems expressed John and Marion's obvious enjoyment of Petworth - we all enjoy Petworth and those that don't live here wish they did. They linked tradition with the present and looked to the future. They gave us laughter and cause for thought. A thoroughly satisfying evening.

KCT

## Three's Company. December 16th

Not to try too hard with the posters. After all what do you do if the Hall's so full you have to turn people away? It's never quite happened. Some may have come a fair distance; but regulations are regulations. In any case it's physically impossible to accommodate more than 150. Slightly more perhaps after next year's alterations. Keith's got the notice ready at the top of the stairs; everything is impeccably set out. In fact the Three's Company advertising material hasn't arrived [in the event it comes the following day] but it doesn't matter too much. The Christmas Evening's always a difficult balance, perhaps this year some who've seen Three's Company the last time won't turn out. On balance it's more likely they will and others who simply heard about it last time will come too. Certainly there's nothing wrong with the weather.

Meeting Three's Company at half-past five. Having been here before, they're almost



like old friends. They remember the Hall well. Petworth is, one gathers, a good venue, an appreciative audience and someone here to meet them. That's not always the case. Talking of another hall, coming past the Leconfield Hall on the way there, then finding no one there and an eventual audience of fifteen. No problem of that kind here.

By seven o'clock people are coming in. It's clearly going to be full but there'll probably be no need to use the House Full posters. The balcony's full, the body of the Hall is full, Three's Company are playing with their backs to the east allowing full use of the balcony, but we don't have to use the seats on the stage. Just as well really; it keeps the warmth in and makes for a better atmosphere. Keith's got a heavy cold - he shouldn't have put out the chairs but that's Keith. Anyway he won't be writing these notes; hard luck for the performers, informed music criticism isn't my forte (is it Keith's?). Later consultations with the cognoscenti reveal the musicianship as impeccable.



The briefest of introductions and they're away. "Be a Clown", "Memories - all alone in the moonlight, Phantom - "only then can you belong to me", "floating, falling, sweet intoxication". A lesser known West End musical of a few years ago - the perennial story of the chorus girl wanting to be a star. "There's a parade in town" and in no time, actually it's the best part of an hour, it's the interval, minced pies and wine. The performers spend the interval with the audience and Ian does the raffle. Then we're off again, "songs we like, songs we don't like." Not surprisingly the Company choose the first option, "Blow Gabriel blow ...", then the audience participation bit, last time Duggie put on a selection of hats, this time he escapes, wigs and a peaked cap. Derek's long white wig hints at the charismatic - at least from the balcony.

A switch of mood to Les Misérables. "There are storms we cannot weather", "empty chairs at empty tables". A Sandheim medley. "Isn't it rich?" The proverbial pindrop silence as Lyn sings Cole Porter, "Some get a kick from champagne". All too soon it's finished. An unsuccessful appeal for a Father Christmas for a function tomorrow. Seeing the performers off, and a very Merry Christmas to everyone.

P.

## Proud Petworth and Beyond - but not far beyond!

For Petworthians, it was an evening of nostalgia; for those more recent residents, a chance to experience something of the local life and personalities of the '40s and '50s, when Peter showed slides of the period to a packed, expectant audience. "Will there be a photo of me?" "What did Col. Maude look like?"

George Garland is well-known for his photographs of the '20s and '30s, recording the agricultural and country scene, chiefly for national newspapers and periodicals. The Second World War and the ensuing years saw a marked change as he focused mainly on local affairs and portrait studies.

The selection of about a hundred of the 45,000 negatives included such important occasions as the handing over of Petworth House to the National Trust, with Harold MacMillan making a speech, as well as Petworth's celebrations on V.E. Day, a B.B.C. Brains Trust, the opening of the Hampers Green bus shelter by the Hon. Mrs Pamela Wyndham, accompanied by her young son, Max (now Lord Egremont), retirement presentations to District Nurses and Headmistresses (the Misses Wootton), the closure of the cinema and the opening of the Herbert Shiner School. There were tea parties and dramatic societies' productions, - mostly in the late-lamented Iron Room, now replaced by two houses behind the NatWest Bank, Lord Leconfield's funeral procession, the Polish camp in the Park, an early sale of Leconfield properties, the demolition of the church spire. There was the disappearing farm scene - rick thatching and corn stooking. There were the perennial flood and lambing pictures, with dramatic snow scenes from the winter of 1962/3. The impact of the War was there, with the Petworth Mobile Canteen,



donated by the people of St. Kitts, ladies ringing the church bells and a strong, all-female St. Mary's Church choir, robed.

By this time, Garland was producing far fewer 'rustic character' portraits - we saw only one - but for members who have only heard of Petworth personalities such as Fred. Streeter, Lady Shakerley, Mrs Beaufoy, Fred Knight, Mrs Mant, here they were in person, with the 'ordinary' folk, many of them in the audience, although not always prepared to admit it!

Lastly, there were the humorous studies, some specially staged, like the young tenor horn player serenading an apparently appreciative pig, and another pig, the prize at a bowling game at the ploughing match, being retrieved after an escape bid.

It was clear by the end of the programme, that the audience's appetite had been whetted for another selection from the same period at a future date - the only problem being, where to accommodate everyone else who will want to come along as well!

KCT

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## Training and Talent - young musicians at the Leconfield Hall

Eleven accomplished musicians aged between 12 and 17 blew, plucked, bowed and sang to a full house on Saturday night in the Leconfield Hall, raising funds for the refurbishment of the Hall next year. Of course every one had talent, but equally importantly, they all showed the benefit of proper training in the production of music from their instruments and in the art of public performance. It was a concert to enjoy, not a competition, and you could sit back and enjoy it without clinging to the edge of your seat in anticipation of impending disaster. They were much too assured for that. I was impressed to hear some equally at home on two very different instruments.

I felt that all the performers gave their best - and some of the youngest equalled the best performances. But as it was not a competition, comparisons would be invidious, so I shall list the performers with their ages and instruments:- Tom Adsett (16) saxophone, Antonia Alonazo (12) cello, Kate Conway (16) soprano, Harriet Disley (12) harp, Nathan Fynes (16) trumpet and trombone, Neil Hampshire (14) piano and cornet, Roury Hewson (12) treble, Jonathon Manning (12) piano and keyboard, Georgina Rogers (17) piano, Julia Shipway (13) harp, Keren Sneller (17) Mezzo-soprano. The accompanists included Terence Allbright and Malcolm Brinson.

The excellence of the several solo brass players is a real tribute to the Petworth Town Band - what a marvellous training ground for young musicians in this area. Another fine group of musicians attend the Hindhead Music Centre; and then nearer home, there were pupils of Ann Lampard, Diana Paine, Paula Streeter, Terence Allbright, and Malcolm Brinson who, with Judy Disley, compere, put together this highly successful and enjoyable event.

Raymond Harris - Leconfield Hall and Petworth Festival Committees



*Young musicians at the Leconfield Hall.  
A photograph by David Wort.*

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## Petworth Fair 1998

*Wednesday 18th pm*

Red cones in the Cut and water in the bollard holes. Usually one bollard is rusted into the rim, and tonight is no exception, the last one's, at first sight, immovable. Harris Brothers can't risk coming in tomorrow and finding a bollard can't be moved. It takes a lot of heaving, some very hard tugging and just a little thoughtful persuasion by John and Fred before it finally comes out, rather like an unwilling tooth. Robert and I look on. The "Council" have allegedly greased the bollards recently but this looks very arguable.

Cones stored away in the Leconfield Hall for tomorrow. The heavy-based bus stop comes out for its annual airing. A day and a half in New Street then back to its den in the Hall. How often does one catch sight of it in spring or summer when the sun's shining into the corner by the spiral stair and think of grey November days. Robert trundles it across the Square to New Street. When the covers are dropped into the bollard holes the stale water spreads over the Cut. Hoping the weather will keep like this: mild and clear, cold later doubtless. Rain possible late Friday the forecasters say. John and Fred look for marks in the Square that indicate where the



chairplanes stand. Desultory traffic coming through the Square. How many thousands of vehicles have passed unknowingly over these marks since last year. In fact it hardly seems a year since we were last going through the same ritual. No time for a cup of tea. Robert's willing enough but John and Fred still have to have their dinners. It's well past eight o'clock already. "See you tomorrow". The Land Rover, cones disembarked, takes off for Ashington.

*Thursday 19th am*

A fairly quiet morning, waiting in the emptying Square. The closure comes into force at twelve noon. Jim, the traffic warden, seems in affable control. He castigates three HGV drivers who have completely ignored the warning signs. In fact they're still able to get round the Square. "Is there something going on?" someone asks as he surveys the cones and the almost vacant Square before him.

*Thursday 19th pm*

Four o'clock. Robert and Co are getting on well. On the face of it, it's been a very smooth day. It's the weather of course. Putting up the big machines in the face of a November gale or a sudden squall can be unpleasant. The Society tombola will have to be done in the morning, the Hall is booked tonight, upstairs and down.

*Thursday 19th 7.00pm*

The fair is set and tarpaulined up. It's the curious mix of the magical and the decidedly unromantic that makes for its essential ambivalence. It's very quiet. Cars going straight on from New Street and through the Cut; the metal covers clanking over the bollard holes, lights on in the Leconfield Hall and the lights of Lombard Street visible beyond the tarpaulin city. The fair has taken possession. Now it sleeps on until tomorrow afternoon, a kind of acted parable.

*Thursday 19th 10.00pm*

Robert talking in the kitchen. A very smooth day from the fairmen's point of view. A night of sharp cold suggests a clear day tomorrow. To morrow is significant for the fairmen: the wet summer has taken its toll, with the worst weather seeming, perversely, to come at weekends. It's important to keep an eye on the Square during the night: Robert will be in the caravan in the Car Park overnight, watchful, sleeping in short spells, taking "catnaps", as the old charcoal burners did, in case the wind suddenly veered. Robert doesn't use the expression, still less the analogy, there are more practical matters to consider. At 10.40 we go up to look round. There seems a lot of space between the stalls, but in the throng tomorrow that space will seem all too small. "Simply the Best", Billy Benson's logo. Catnaps or not, Robert anticipates a fairly disturbed night - cars revved by young men going nowhere at curious times, denizens of the night at the bottle bank, joyously assaulting the stillness and silence of the night. Echoing steps as we walk back through Damer's Bridge. The feeling of tradition and history that is inseparable from Petworth. Robert knows it well. The memorial slab on the U.R.C. Chapel, 1880 and the black painted railings. At the Car Park entrance we go our separate ways.

*Friday 20th am*

Up in the early morning with tombola prizes. A good selection: no rubbish at all. Some quantity lines from Cash and Carry - most of the items are bought in - boxes of Poppets, some



Congregational Chapel,

PETWORTH.

FOUNDATION STONE LAID

June 21st, 1855,

BY APSLEY PELLATT, ESQ., M.P.

*Illustration courtesy of Mr Richard Whatley.*

On November 21st all will be over for another year. The Stars and Stripes droop in the damp windless atmosphere as do other nameless flags. The intention is no doubt to hint at the exotic but in fact their limpness speaks only of a certain weariness. Ray Sadler's bringing in his marvellous models, ever so slowly the Hall part of the fair is beginning to come together. Jack Elliott's looking forward to an evening in charge of the Southdown Galloping Horses. If you asked him, no doubt he'd say Petworth was his favourite venue.

*Friday 20th pm*

Dull, not raining, but so dismal as to dampen on the pavement. Talking to Billy Benson about Singapore. The initial adventure and stir of taking a real English funfair out there. The novelty made it a triumphant success but for succeeding trips the loss of the novelty factor would make margins tighter. The huge transportation costs involved in taking a funfair by ship to Singapore. Ships crews unused to this kind of cargo. The inevitable damage not to speak of repainting. And the rain, first the unbearable heat, then suddenly, the monsoon rain,

jointed miniature teddy-bears, soap-bubbles, packets of boiled sweets. A pretty fair array of bottles some given, some bought. A dull damp morning, but not cold. Keith getting the tables and trestles ready. Earlier that morning I'd heard a local saying, "The blasted fair's in again..." then seeing the clerk of the market and smiling apologetically as if he didn't mean it after all. The fair has an essential ambivalence: it's at once a nuisance and a part of Petworth that's irreplaceable. You can find this ambivalence in the same person perhaps. The easy, 'Get rid of it,' attitude rather like the old 'Knock down the Town Hall', cohering with a feeling that the fair tradition should be preserved at all costs. The clerk of the market's job is not one of blind acquiescence to the fair but to try to see both sides, administer the fair and effectively to sit astride the polarity that the fair sets in motion and, no doubt, will always do. The year's practicalities are enough, the clerk's job is not to pursue wider issues.



incessant for three hours on end and leaving the fair marooned in an ocean of mud.

The sky darkens over the pediment of Andersons. Still some time to go before that elusive moment when, from being relatively empty, the Square is infused with a spirit that seems almost objective. It's full and the fair is vibrant and alive. It's a short time: two hours or so. No one can afford to be too long at the fair, rides are inevitably expensive. Those half-remembered days of yore when a few pennies would survive a whole evening at the fair are long gone. Children whirl round on the chairplanes in the half-darkness. We put out more prizes in the tombola. Thinking back to John Crocombe opening the fair in the quiet of the afternoon. Perhaps early evening would be a better time. "In the year 1276... Eleanor Percy ... a fair by prescription ... its beginning was beyond the memory of any man living ... by order of Lord Egremont owner of the fair..." The new formula reads more easily in this, its second year, as if the new tradition is, ever so gradually, bedding down. The Square's packed now, younger teenagers and a liberal sprinkling of older people. It is different things to different people. Tonight the weather keeps people outside rather than driving them into the Hall. The clog dancers and the Brownies have finished the band are playing to a full house, as soon will be the Edwardians.



*Photograph by Peter Hammond.*

And suddenly it's over, running down. The rides go on perhaps a little longer than normal on this unusually forgiving November evening. There's the wreckage of the tombola

to be sorted - the bedraggled remains of what had started the day as a proud army. A few things can go into the attic for next year, what is perishable can basically be used for raffles. The fair will be on Saturday next year, and, if 2000 is not a leap-year, the following year too. By 10.30 the fair's breaking up, the smaller stalls well on the way to moving off. The two large engines remain gaunt against the night sky. At 12 midnight they're still being dismantled.

*November 21st am*

By this time it's cold in the Square. The machines are virtually down. The big Harris lorries are hitching up. The endless tinkering before the cavalcade can move off. Fairmen never have a "good" day but it's certainly not been a bad one. It's cold but the Cut can't be closed until the Square is empty for the traffic flow to return to normal. Back comes the bus stop from New Street and off come the bollard hole covers. Traffic is very sparse - just the occasional private car. The refractory bollard again. It needs a grease gun and some persuasion with a sleeper before it takes its position again. The Square is swept. At last Harris's are ready to go, the great machines turn the Saddlers Row corner, tooting as they pass the clerk standing in Pound Street. See you next year!

P.

## All in a Policeman's Day

This first week in the New Year is perhaps a good one for me to talk to you about my job as Community Beat Officer (CBO) for Tillington, Petworth and Byworth as it's the beginning of a new shift pattern and rearrangement of local policing. From this week all local officers will be part of Northern Rural Policing, a nucleus of twenty-one officers, working in three shifts of seven and covering an area ranging from South Harting in the west to Fittleworth and Stopham in the east, Northchapel and Camelsdale in the north, and having the Downs as the southerly limit. Some 470 square miles in all. Individual officers may still live in the villages, as they used to, but all are part of the Northern Rural nucleus. As Community Beat Officer (CBO) for the Petworth area, I do have to fill in if there's a shortfall elsewhere in the local area; but this doesn't happen as often as you might think, basically most of my time is spent on local issues in my Petworth base area. The new strategy is called COPSE (Community Oriented Problem Solving). Why the extra 'E'? Well perhaps if you left it off you'd have "COPS" and that might suggest "Cops and Robbers", a rather different emphasis. This is only my theorising, I don't actually know. The thinking is that modern police work has as much to do with liaising with appropriate agencies, being part of a wider social network, as it has with the, at times, unavoidable heavier hand of apprehension and punishment.

Problem Solving. What's a problem? Basically a continuing or ongoing situation that calls for police intervention of some kind. A single incident isn't a problem although it may turn into one. A woman calls in, "My husband's drunk, he's threatening me and breaking up the furniture". Officers attend but the husband has disappeared. The officers check that the woman is alright. "Does she wish to press charges?" "No." They take the details and record



the incident as not proceeded with. It's an isolated incident, not a "problem". If the call comes again then it's a "problem". It's taking officers off the streets where they're needed. It will be a matter for devolving on concerned agencies. Social services, for instance. There will be related issues, if there is domestic violence are children under sixteen either witnessing or suffering, does the husband need help? COPSE looks toward a solution of problems if at all possible. Consistently repeated calls of this kind otherwise take officers from their normal tasks to no effective purpose. That's the thinking behind COPSE.

Northern Rural Policing is based on the two police stations at Midhurst and Petworth, Midhurst playing the larger role. Some people say that Petworth is not manned but this is a myth. Midhurst and Petworth both have counters open Monday to Friday, 9 to 5 and anyone can go along to either station to offer information, report change of keyholder or a faulty alarm - in fact any of the myriad things for which one goes to a police station. Outside these "office" hours, if anyone wishes to contact the Police, look for the box advert for Sussex Police. There are two numbers, 999 or 01243-841155, and also the Crimestoppers number. The 01243 number is the Incident Room at Bognor. It may seem illogical to telephone Bognor to report an incident, say, in Rosemary Gardens, but as I'll explain it's very efficient. 999 calls are for life-threatening situations. As you know, when you get through you will be asked which emergency service you need, fire, ambulance or police. In what circumstances should you call the Police on 999? Obviously if someone is attacking you in your own property or you have an intruder in the house, or you might see two lads smashing the windows of a car in the Car Park. The crime needs to be actually happening. The call will go to Lewes but while you are talking your message will be going straight to a car which will be on its way while you're still talking. It's a similar situation if you phone through to Bognor. If we're going to be able to help we've got to be there quickly: it's no use ringing four hours later to tell us, saying you had to go shopping first. If you're walking through the Car Park, see a car with smashed windows and no sign of anyone about, it's not really a 999 call. Bognor will grade this 2 or 3. Grade 2 is prompt response, quick, but not involving flashing lights or sirens. The CBO will normally deal with Grades 3 or 4, often 2, car parking, untaxed cars, minor damage. Grade 4 might be someone witnessing a collision, no one injured, and, later, noting that the offender has driven off, giving us a vehicle number. We get a statement and take up the matter but it doesn't necessitate taking precedence over other matters. 93% of Grade 1 calls nationally are false alarms, usually alarm breakdowns at business and private premises. We may have to rush out to the very edge of our territory only for a householder to tell us that he has set off the alarm in error. But you must respond, you simply never know. Do the blue light and siren really need to be used? Well, yes they do, in a 999 situation you can never be casual. Of course it's human nature for the adrenalin to flow, but that's part of the job. You can't respond to a 999 call without that surge of adrenalin. Nor, if they think it out, would the public want us to.

Let's think of a traffic accident on the A283 Northchapel Road. Persons are feared to be trapped in the car. The 999 call has been taken and even while the call is in progress the message is coming up on the radio operator's screen. Every police vehicle in Sussex has a mains radio set dealing only with messages from the Force Control Room at Lewes. At the press of a button by the radio operator they have the information. A vehicle is needed to go

## HOUSEBREAKING.

~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ 008  
In the night of Monday, the 18th of October instant, the Dwellinghouse of *Mrs. Jane Daintrey*, in *Petworth*, was broken open; and the following Articles were stolen:

A Silver Tea Pot, — large, — oval, — sides swelling, — with engraved Edges, — Shield for a Cypher on both sides, — top nearly flat, — knob to the lid green, — handle black but worn.

One Silver Table Spoon, *old fashioned*, supposed to be marked with the *Letters* *c* *1*.

Two Silver Table Spoons; one supposed to be marked with *W L*, the other plain.

Four Silver Tea Spoons; Plain, *old fashioned* and good sized.

Four Silver Tea Spoons; small and *old fashioned*, marked *T*.

Two Silver Tea Spoons; *gadaroon* Edged, good sized.

Two Silver Salt Spoons, not marked.

Whoever may be able to give information respecting any of these Articles, is requested to apply to *Mr. Daintrey*, Attorney, *Petworth*, *Sussex*.

Petworth,  
October, 18th 1813.

~~\_\_\_\_\_~~  
Goldring, Printer, *Petworth*.

*Crime and detection - old style.*  
*A poster from 1813.*



to the A283. It's a Grade 1 incident and people are believed to be trapped. The nearest car will respond: and its call sign is recorded in the incident log. Other cars may attend as needed. The Force Control Room will then pass the message down to the Area Control Room - at Bognor in our case. Bognor will look to see what else they have available. Lewes may already have a vehicle speeding through from, say, Trotton but there may be someone nearer. If it's something I can reach on foot they will call me up. For instance if some men had been seen scaling a wall in North Street and I'm in Lombard Street, they will ask me if I will attend. On occasion I may arrive before the mobile do.

Returning to the accident on the A283, the job of the first vehicle on the scene will be to get there as soon as humanly possible, sirens and blue lights very much to the fore. Will the road need to be closed? What has actually happened? The ambulance will, in a serious accident, almost certainly be already there. At an accident people's first call, not surprisingly, is for the ambulance service.

My typical day at Petworth Police Station? Well no day is "typical": it's varied work. I let myself into the Police Station at 8.00, if that's my shift, and book on my call sign. Then I brief myself about what has happened since I was last on duty, during the night say. Some nights there's not much. The recent storms and high winds brought down a few trees, the occasional road was blocked; the weather contributed to one or two traffic accidents, various alarms were set off by water in the system. Some, much of it, may be well outside my beat. A fallen tree at Loxwood isn't for me. There will be the usual run of things: a parking problem, a domestic dispute: the screen will tell me who attended, the address and a few details. Incidents are numbered 1 to 20 on the screen, and I will key in those that concern me for details. It will be my task to attend, take statements, deal with the backlog of an incident already partially defused by the attending officers. If someone has been arrested I may have to go to Chichester to talk with them. Basically I'll operate on foot although I have a bicycle and of course sometimes use the car. I like living in Petworth and the nature of the job means that no day is ever exactly the same. When I've cleared the immediate workload I'm about in the town, that's the task of the CBO.

Just a few personal observations. I'd like to set up, when I can, a beat surgery, in which the CBO would be at an agreed local place where members of the public could go to see him on a one to one basis - people who wouldn't like to be seen at the Police Station. They may have problems with parking or neighbours - anything. The CBO can often help, he'll know who to get in touch with concerning noisy neighbours, an increasing problem, or look at wilfully obstructive parking himself. Surgeries might be, for instance, upstairs at the Leconfield Hall, perhaps when the W.I. Market is in operation Friday mornings, at Tillington Village Hall, the Hampers Green Centre, the Black Horse pub perhaps. The meeting would be one to one on neutral ground and without pressure. The advantages? Meeting the community, gathering intelligence, projecting the image of the CBO as a helpful, positive influence in the community. Just an agreed hour at each venue, 10 to 11 in the morning perhaps, 6 to 7 at night, to meet anyone's convenience. But a fixed regular time when people know I will be available.

Since Robert Peel, police work has been dependent on receiving information from the

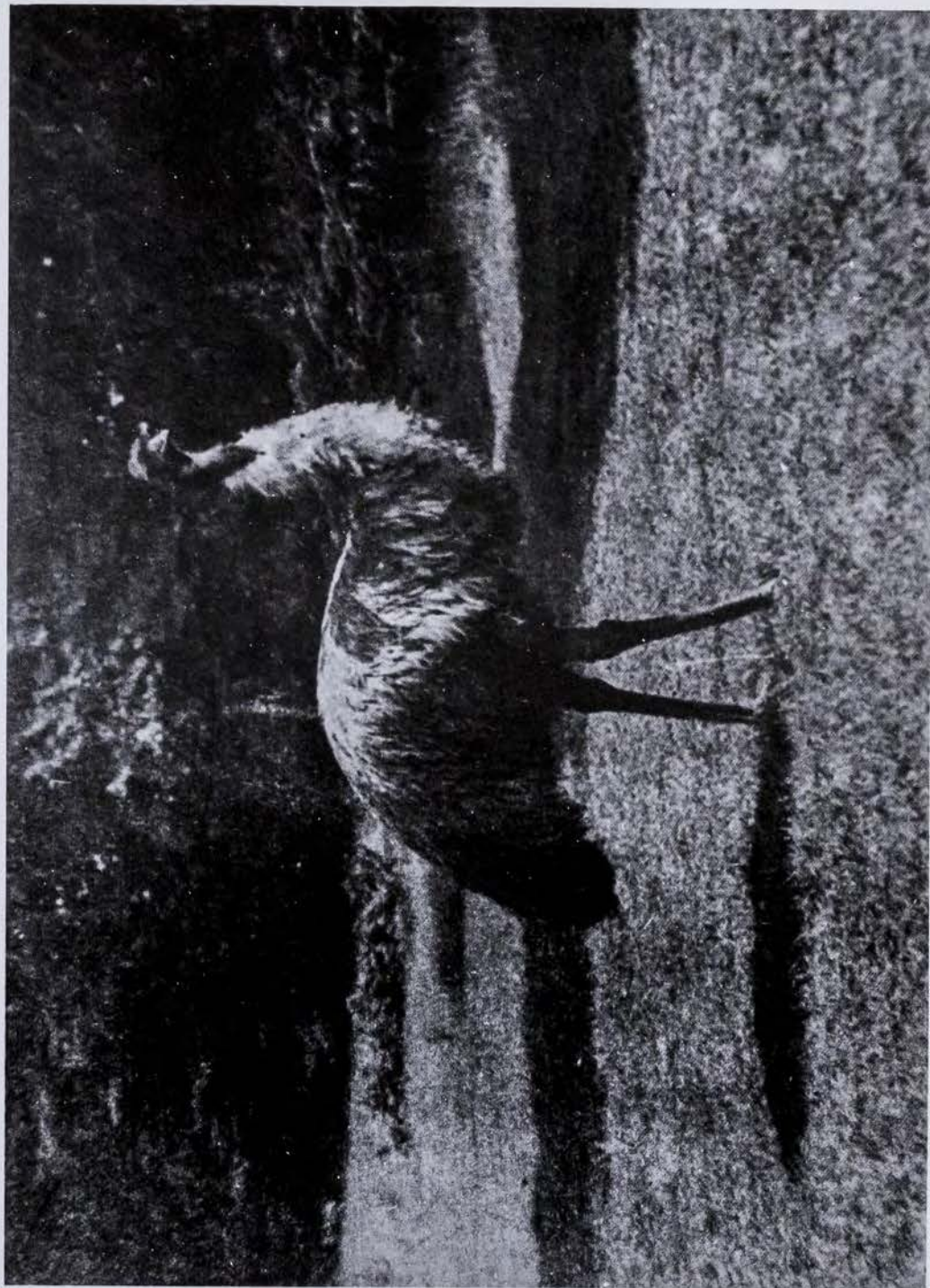


*Does anyone recognise this cottage? The drawing was bought some years ago in London. The pencilled caption appears to read: A Cottage at Kirkford 1926. Doris M. Stacey. Is "Kirkford" a misspelling for Kirdford?*





*By tradition this photograph is of Mr Sutton, Leconfield Estate Clerk of the Works, on the church steeple about 1900. The photograph is probably by Walter Kevis.*



*The famous emu at Coates Castle about 1914. (See "Dry as Dust").  
A photograph by John Smith.*



ADDRESS to the CHILDREN of the PETWORTH SCHOOL, on February the 10th. 1840, being the Day of the Marriage of Her most Gracious Majesty *Queen Victoria*, with His Royal Highness *Prince Albert*, of *Saxe Cobourg*.

My dear Children,

WE are met together to-day to celebrate the event of our Gracious Queen VICTORIA'S MARRIAGE. As christians we are bound to rejoice in the happiness of every-body, and as *christian subjects* we are particularly called upon to pray for and to join in that of our Sovereign. You have often heard people talking of her, and I dare say have listened with pleasure to many accounts of her gentleness and goodness. You know she is very young, not many years older than some of the eldest among you; and you have been told that young as she is she has been placed by Providence in a situation of many difficulties and many trials, for the government of all this large and powerful country rests upon her. This is one great reason why every Sunday when you go to Church you pray for her. You are taught to do this, first, that you may be reminded that she is your Sovereign, and that it is God who has made her so; that therefore you are to love and honour her: and secondly, because as it is only by the grace of God we can do any thing which is our duty, there is especial reason that we should earnestly ask that

*Front page of address to children of Petworth School on the occasion of Queen Victoria's marriage. (See "For my servants - each five shillings.")*

public at large. Different pieces of information from different people, no piece obviously significant in itself, can sometimes build into a picture. Obviously information differs in quality. We can't do a great deal with a report of what might have been a red Sierra seen at an incident some four hours previously, whereas an immediate report with index numbers can help us enormously. Not to say that we don't need the first sighting, just that we're likely to do more with the second. When giving descriptions people seem to think they should speak "police-ese". "I was proceeding in a westerly direction," "of muscular build". Often a "picture" helps us more, an informal "snap" impression. "He looked like Grant Mitchell in East Enders". "Scruffy" - is alright. People think that talking to the police they ought to be formal "unkempt". If you're thinking "scruffy," say "scruffy". "His breath smelled" - it won't worry the officer you're talking to - he'll have heard and seen far worse.

Drugs? Every town in England has a drug element. It's a fact. Petworth can't be an exception. If anyone has knowledge of illicit drug activity, drug-taking, the sale of unlawful substances, we will look at the situation. It's no use saying the police take no action if you haven't told them. You can ring and ask for me, or you can ring Crimestoppers. You don't have to give your name and no one will dial 1471. It's the information we need. Calls are logged as telephone kiosk, B.T. number (if you have given it), not a B.T. exchange, or 'anon'. If you have asked for anonymity, you will be given it. It's as simple as that. If we have evidence of unusual activity at a particular address, continued short stops by cars at unsocial hours, we will look into it. You can ring, just say I thought P.C. Berryman would like to know, ring off and there's no need for me to talk to you or even know who it is.

Things that wind me up? Parking on the zig-zag lines by the Gateway pedestrian crossing. That's a virtually certain £40 fine. Motor-cyclists going through the Cut putting lives at risk, cars parking across the bollards on the east side of the Cut. These would need to be taken out quickly in an emergency. There's a clear No Parking notice, or cars parking in the motor-cycle position outside the NatWest Bank. "What c.c. is your car Sir?"

Ian Berryman was talking to the Editor.

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## A Tillington Childhood (9)

My father used to tell us about his childhood. He came from a very large and poor family living in one of the small cottages under the Park wall at the bottom of Upperton Hill. His mother took in washing and his father, my grandfather, was a 'timber thrower'. No doubt he would be called a tree surgeon now as he know and understood every tree imaginable. In their cottage they had an old fashioned inglenook which Dad said always smelt nice. My grannie used to buy two sheep's heads for 2d, put them in a large panchen and stand them on the stove to cook with various kinds of vegetables and masses of dumplings in with them. Dad said that they were all given a bowl of stew with a 'hunk' of bread to eat with it. He said they all enjoyed it, it was so good. They could only afford candles for their lighting, so they had to go to bed early



in the winter. He told us some of the hilarious stories of their sleeping arrangements. They slept four to a bed, two one way up and the other two the other way. He said his brothers 'purped' so two of them were crying and the other two were laughing at their misery.

Another time, Dad was walking to school with his brother (there was about eleven and a half months between them - he said they were so fat that they looked like a couple of penguins) when they found a farthing. The teacher at Tillington school, a Miss Marshall, took it away from them. Dad said they both howled. Despite all the trials and tribulations of their lives, Dad always said he had a very happy childhood.

My mother also came from a large family, her mother took in washing. My granddad was, I believe, a farmer, but developed rheumatic fever so had to give up work at a very early age. My mother was working in service at the age of eleven. Despite having very little education, my parents were well read and very intelligent.

My father had so many funny stories to tell - if only he had written them down. He used to make us go into fits of laughter.

The following story happened about a hundred years ago. He came from a very poor family, I think there were about twelve surviving children so it was imperative that he left school and got a job as soon as possible. At the age of eleven, he sat an exam to make sure that he was able to read and write. If so, he was allowed to leave school. He straight away applied for the post of donkey boy at Pitshill House, a lovely mansion standing in its own parkland about two miles from Tillington, about a mile from Petworth. In due course he was chosen for this quaint undertaking, donkey boy. In his one and only decent suit, he set forth. The donkey work went off quite successfully all the morning. Then, in the afternoon the nanny asked him to deliver a parcel at a nearby hamlet, River. As it was near Christmas, the days were very short so, complete with donkey, cart and a candle in a galley pot, he set forth. One must remember that in those days, none of the roads were done up making the grass verges very soft. The outward journey went off to schedule. Then catastrophe hit the little outfit. It came on to pour with rain, the candle spluttered out and total darkness descended on them. Dad recalled, "The donkey started playing up, the cart stuck in a bog, I hollered and the donkey hee hawed as loud as it could. Fortunately, a lady come along with her cob and storm lantern and offered to help me. She got the donkey out of the shafts and tried to harness it to the cart. In doing so she poked the cob's bottom with the sharp end of a shaft. The cob kicked the donkey, the donkey kicked me, I landed in the mud and ruined my one and only suit so I hollered." Eventually, this little group arrived at Pitshill. My father's story "I was given notice because I wasn't able to manage the donkey, Mum gave me a hiding because I'd ruined my one and only suit". How sad, but funny.

After the Pitshill episode, it seems that my father was employed at Rotherbridge Farm (so named after the old floating bridge over the River Rother which was next door to the farm house) as a carter's boy. This entailed looking after and helping with two cart horses ploughing etc. etc. In bad weather, when not able to work in the fields, he worked in the farm house. One day, the farmer's wife called him in and showed him a pile of shoes given to her by some charity. She told him to help himself - he did, but didn't pair them off properly. He said "We were walking around with odd shoes, one large and one small and some had heels

higher than others". It is a wonder that they weren't crippled. Dad walked from Upperton to Robertsbridge morning and evening - five miles altogether. He was barely twelve years old.

Father eventually started to work on the Petworth Estate. Funnily enough, he once worked for Norman and Burt from Burgess Hill on the building and was working in Petworth Church when he was about 18 years old. He had left slogging on the farm.

Life seemed to go on and suddenly I heard whispering again. Dad wasn't able to afford to send me to college which was necessary for my teaching profession. We hadn't the opportunity in those days that the young have now. I was now at a dead end. I had passed all my examinations but had come to a standstill. I left the Infants school - life took a drastic change. I went as undernurse to Lady Leconfield's sister, that is an entirely different story.

It really was Goodbye 'childhood', enter 'adulthood'. I was not yet 16 but had to grow up overnight!

[Concluded]

Mrs K. Vigar

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## Gwenda Morgan records the second week of War - September 1939

*Sept. 12th.* Spent morning and afternoon cutting down thistles in two fields above the farm. There were 13 little cows in one field and at first they were very timid but after a while they all followed me closely round the field as I was cutting. Some of them came and licked my hand. When I arrived home there was a letter from Miss Podmore who is head of the Land Army for this district. She wants to know if my training is finished and if Mr T will want to keep me on. I don't know the answer to either question. Must ask Mr T tomorrow.

*Sept. 13th.* Met Mr T. as I was walking up to the farm. Showed him Miss P's letter. He said he was very sorry that he won't be able to keep me on after training, but he hasn't lost any men and is not likely to be losing any. He said he wished he could keep me as he thought I was doing the work well. Great disappointment, I would like to have stayed at Hallgate.

Cut down thistles in the big field (where I saw the red boards) all the morning and afternoon. There was one beautiful big red thistle in bloom. It did seem a shame to have to cut it down. If it had been up in a corner I would have left it, but it was in such a conspicuous place in full view of the gate and road so I just had to cut it. There was another one right out in the middle of the field, no blooms but most beautifully placed leaves making a perfect circle, just like a green wreath. I left this as it was short and didn't stand up above the level of the grass.

Before supper I took some of the medical cards round. After leaving Mrs Jones it was so pitch dark that Mr J. had to guide me to the garden gate and from there I followed the wall along. It's awful being out after dark now that all lights have to be blacked out.

*Sept. 14th.* Helped Stoner clean out the cowstalls. There were some dear little calves



and one born only last night. A big bull in one shed. Afterwards went with Blackman and saw him light the boiler, and sterilize the milk pails and cooler, etc. then helped to clean out the milking sheds. Had to keep walking to and fro from sheds to water-tank (which is out in the yard) with buckets. It seemed to me that it could be simpler to have a piece of hose-pipe. Then helped to stick brown paper over the skylights of the milking sheds, and also did a semi-circular window indoors for Mrs Thorne. In the afternoon fetched corn from the loft and fed the chicken then walked over a field to see that none of the sheep had got stuck on their backs with their feet in the air. After this helped to clean the sheds again after the afternoon milking. While waiting for the 'bus at 2 o'clock. I met Miss Nan Adam and she said she is going to work on a chicken farm at Kirdford. The address was one Miss P. gave me. Oh, I don't want to go on a chicken farm. Another address she sent me is an apple farm. Don't really want to go there either. I like cows and sheep, and hay, and a good variety, instead of just one thing. Shall try to stay on at Hallgate until I can get a place I fancy somewhere within walking distance of Petworth.

*Sept. 15th.* A lovely morning, sunny with a fresh breeze. Began to clean out sheds until Stoner arrived, then went with Peter Thorne to unload a waggon of hay into the stable. I stood on the top and pitched down to Peter who piled it up inside. After this, went up to do some more thistle-ing in the big field. Hid fag-hook under hedge and took 'bus home to dinner. Back again in the afternoon and finished the field. It rained all the afternoon. It is a huge field and has taken me altogether 11 hours to cut all the thistles. Two men were thatching the rick in the next field. I would love to have watched them but there were so many thistles I thought it better to get on with them or the field wouldn't be finished today. As it happened I only just finished at 5 o'clock. Back at the farm Mrs T. gave me a cup of tea, and when I got home I had a hot bath and another cup of tea and a doughnut and hung clothes up to dry. I think I must be the only girl in Petworth without a badge or a uniform, (they seem to have forgotten to send me a Land Army badge) but it doesn't worry me, and I think I've chosen the best kind of job anyway. I should hate the Red Cross work, especially with all those bossy people at the head of it.

*Sept. 16th. Saturday.* Went with Peter on tractor with an empty waggon behind, across potato field to ricks. Filled the waggon with straw and came back and unloaded it in the barn. Then helped Stoner do some weeding in the garden. Half-day. Have now just finished my third week on the land.

*Sept. 17th. Sunday.* Both children wetted their beds last night, the dirty little beasts. They've been in disgrace all day. I did my washing and ironing as usual. Sunday seems to be the only chance of doing it. Russians are marching into Poland.

*Sept. 18th.* Began to clean out milking sheds, then did some weeding in the garden. Mr T. brought me home in the car to dinner as he had to come into Petworth. Tied up raspberry canes all the afternoon and had tea with Mr and Mrs Thorne. They took Peter back to school today (he goes to Churcher's College). A lovely sunny afternoon, quite hot again.

**Note:** Mr T is Mr Thorne at Hallgate Farm, Byworth.

The children (17th September) are evacuees staying with Gwenda, her father and step-mother.

## For my servants - each five shillings

Any student of local history would welcome the opportunity to travel back in time 160 years to experience life in an influential Petworth household where despite the great reforms in agriculture, education, travel, and social welfare which would shortly transform the lives of the rural population forever, little had changed over the preceding centuries. With the aid of a large amount of archive material relating to one household we are able to go some way towards piecing together the daily lives of the family and their employees. By studying a large collection of account books and receipts we can also look into the lives - albeit briefly - of a few of the many Petworth artisans and tradesmen who supplied the family with all their basic necessities.

The Palmer family lived at 'Avenings' in the Golden Square from the late 18th century until the middle of the 19th. The property was freehold and so subject to a quit rent of 8d a year in 1820 payable to the Earl of Egremont, Lord of the Honor and Manor of Petworth. In the charge the premises are described as Avenings formerly Sadlers, since Comptons and late Mary Woolgars. Apart from the family home Richard Palmer had purchased the freehold from the Earl of Egremont in 1795 of a messuage and lands near Brinksole, together with a messuage, barn, garden and lands at Brinksole, the total quit rent payable being 6s yearly, these lands at Brinksole were to become known as Montpelier Farm as they remain to this day. Further property was held at Guntersbridge and a property called Readers Croft near to the Pound in Petworth. It would appear that from 1823 both Guntersbridge and Montpelier were let to tenants.

Robert Rice Palmer was a man of considerable standing in Petworth; he was a mercer by trade, although few if any records of his business affairs have survived. He was a governor of Thompson's Hospital in North Street, as well as being the treasurer of the Petworth Turnpike Road a position from which he resigned in 1816. According to a marriage agreement dated 1778 Robert had married Mary Towers a widow from Petworth. We have few details of his union and by 1793 he has been widowed, remarried and has a child by his new wife. Both his wife and daughter and in future years his granddaughter are named Harriet. However the Harriet that we are interested in is the one who was born around 1770 and who married Richard Rice Palmer prior to 1793 and set up her household at Avenings. Harriet was a meticulous keeper of records, she noted every farthing of income and expenditure, and she would keep account books for all manner of things. One is simply titled 'Mr Blagden's Family'; this would relate to her daughter who had married into that family. A typical entry records her devotion to her grandchildren, and no expense was spared in advancing their education or careers - October 1st, 1841. 'To Robert on entering the hospital, £10'. This probably refers to her grandson Robert Blagden commencing his training as a surgeon, and so following a Blagden family tradition. Many of the entries are very short and their meaning has been lost, however occasionally Harriet would expand the record just enough to enable us to look inside. An entry in a memorandum book for November 15th, 1842 simply records 'Mr Sockett's tithes, £5.2s.6d.'

Just three years later in 1847 a printed bill signed by Sockett demands the sum of £9.14s.4d in lieu of tithes for land held in Petworth parish. Thomas Sockett was rector of



Petworth at this time. Another entry in the same book simply records 'An old man, 6d.' Perhaps the recipient of this act of generosity was a passing vagrant but why this particular person? After all the great agricultural depression of the first half of the 19th century had only just begun to lift, the Petworth Emigration Scheme which assisted passages to Canada still had another two years to run, the 'new' poor law was still in its infancy and had by this time little effect on the mass of vagrants who were forced from one parish to another in search of relief. This act of what was probably spontaneous charity by Harriet is not an isolated example by any means, two whole note books are devoted to records of gifts to both individual cases and on occasions to national organisations; however, like most Victorian ladies Harriet preferred to help the poor of her own district. During the year 1840 Harriet made in excess of 140 separate donations totalling £27 14s 11d, with individual amounts ranging from '1s for a poor woman [from] Midhurst,' to '£5 17s 2d for 23 stone of beef,' as this entry was made just before Christmas we can assume that the meat was intended to be distributed amongst the poor.

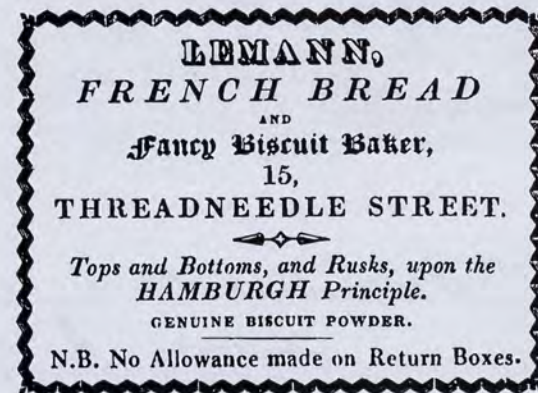
As head of a growing extended family Harriet lived in some style at Avenings, she kept a housekeeper and several maids, Fanny Mitchell was her housekeeper throughout the period covered by the note-books, in 1834 she received an annual wage of £15 5s rising to £18 ten years later in 1844. Apart from Fanny there were usually four girls and a lad employed in the house as well as her faithful factotum William Berryman who in the 1841 census is described as an agricultural bailiff residing at Guntersbridge Cottage. Harriet was by no means a bad employer and she faithfully recorded every gift that she made to 'her girls'. An entry for October 9th 1841 reads 'to Fanny Mitchell on the death of her mother £1.' Every Christmas Harriet entered an almost ritualised gift which never changed throughout the books - 'To my five servants each 5s.'

Perhaps the most interesting of the account books are those devoted to sundry expenses, a miscellany of everyday purchases give us an insight into the life of an elderly widow, the following example is from a 'sundries' book of 1840. 'Cork 6d; Nails 6d; Mr Stovold's man with partridge 1s; To the boys school on the marriage of the Queen 2s.6d; Wax candles 5d; Parcel 2d; Cotton 6d; Needles 5d; Gate 6d; Blackedged paper 5d.' Of course the royal marriage was between Victoria and Albert, the gate referred to would be one of the turnpike gates, possibly at the bottom of North Street through which either Harriet or one of her servants would have to pass to get to Guntersbridge. The black edged paper was used for sending commiseration on news of a death.

Richard Rice Palmer died in 1829, a receipt from John Nevatt a Petworth tailor is for 'making a sute of morning (sic) for Berryman, 19s.' This would ensure that William was suitably attired for his master's funeral. An invoice of that time from Mr Phillips the Petworth printer and stationer records 'advertising death in Lewes Journal 7s. and in St. James's Chronical 7s.8d.'

While the 40 or so account books that I have seen possess a huge amount of material relating to incidental purchases it is the large quantity of invoices and receipts that bear the most information: many of these are from local tradesmen but a number are from London suppliers, many of the former and most of the latter have beautifully decorated letterheads such as are sadly no longer seen in this age of computerised till receipts. When Harriet

required items that could not be obtained locally she would employ Edward Williams the carrier who made regular trips to London to buy provisions and to discharge her outstanding bills. More often than not he would return with a hamper from a leading store. An invoice of 1845 from M. Wise, fishmonger of Ludgate Hill is for 1 barrel of best native oysters at 6s.6d. Another bill from the same year is from William Webb's Oil and Italian Warehouse of Bishoppgate Street for 2 pints of Maintinon sauce at 5s, and from the same establishment a bill for Chili vinegar & Cayenne peppers to include carriage at 5s.



*April 2nd*  
*141*

*Mixed Bist. y.*  
*Paol J. L. Rogers*

obviously prone to bulk buying despite having a relatively small household, an invoice from James Green is for 1 firkin of cork butter at £2.16s.10d, a huge quantity of butter totalling 65lbs.

The variety of surviving bills is staggering and to describe them all would require a small catalogue, however certain tradesmen and shopkeepers such as Benjamin Challen have left their mark on the history of Petworth and so their letterheads stand out amongst the masses,

Returning to Petworth we find an abundance of bills and receipts from local tradesmen. Harriet had only to step out of her front door and cross the Golden Square to enter the premises of Benjamin Challen, tea dealer, grocer & spirit merchant, which stood on the west side of the square at the entrance to Back Lane. Strangely an almost identical invoice from 1846 proclaims the services of James Green of Petworth, grocer, tea dealer, cheesemonger and dealer in china, glass and Staffordshire ware. If the number extant reflect the popularity of a particular tradesman then Green would certainly triumph over Challen, however as many times the number of surviving invoices must have been lost we can only guess at who the favourite may have been. Harriet was




Mrs Palmer

PETWORTH

1846

**BO<sup>T</sup> OF JAMES GREEN**

**Grocer,**  
Cheesemonger  
**IMPORTER OF**  
DEALER IN BRITISH  
WINE S.



**Tea Dealer,**  
& Tallow Chandler.  
**IRISH PROVISIONS.**  
Teas direct from the East.  
India Sales.

CHINA GLASS & STAFFORDSHIRE WAREHOUSE  
LONDON & CLARENDON

Apl 14 1 doz 15 Willow plates 4 0  
 1/2 doz do 2 0  
 1 Blue jug 1 3  
 1 do 8  
 2 half pint Mugs 8  
 2 Blue Basins 4 + 3 7  
 -----  
 82

Paid apl 14<sup>th</sup> W Green

another such Petworth figure was Thomas Seward who had premises in the Market Square where another ironmonger still plies his trade, Seward proclaimed his trade to be 'Ironmonger, Brazier, Tin Plate Worker, Cutler, Locksmith, Bell Hanger and Gunsmith.' A member of the Seward family was to found the Albert Institute above the premises in the Square and prior to the demolition of the property in 1866 he transferred his resources to the Petworth Institute in East Street.

Market Place  
Petworth

1842

Mrs Palmer

**Bo. of Thomas Seward,**

**Ironmonger. Brazier. Tin Plate Worker.**

**Working Cutler. Locksmiths. Bell Hanger & Gunsmiths.**

James Hillyers D.

June - 1 Neck Comb - 2/6

June 9/42 Paid Seward

One can go on and on reflecting over the names of shopkeepers and trying to identify long forgotten items from the bills, however a proper inventory must be carried out of the surviving documents and another as yet uncatalogued parcel in the hands of the West Sussex Record Office before a much wider picture of the Petworth of 1840 can be portrayed.

We leave Harriet Palmer on her death which probably occurred sometime after May 7th 1847 when a final entry was made in an account book, she may have lived a while longer but she does not appear in the 1851 census. A note on the back of her last will and testament probably written by an executor rather ignominiously lists her funeral expenses of £68.7s.1d under the heading of liabilities, certainly not a fitting end to potentially one of the best documented women in Petworth's recent history.

Miles Costello

## A couple of two pound Jam-jars!

I was born in Grove Street at 329H, although we would later move across the road to Percy Terrace. My father and grandfather both worked for the Estate, the former as a 'rough' carpenter, working basically outside, while my father was in the electric house, looking after the big Ruston and Hornsby engines. One whole day a week he'd spend going round to the big houses that used the Estate electricity plant, to check the meters. I particularly remember him going to Hillyers.

Miss Bartlett was at the Infants School when I went there. It was on the site of the



present Public Library. The first day, when it was play-time, I genuinely thought it was time to go home. Off I went to Grove Street just round the corner. There was no one at home so I sat under a heavy four-legged stool by the back door and waited for someone to appear. I was too small to move the stool out of the way. Someone did appear, but unfortunately for me it was Miss Bartlett who took me off to school again! Later I went to the North Street Boys' School and, like some others, I passed the examination for Midhurst Grammar School, having taken the examination in the East Street Girls School. Mr Stevenson had done his part of the job as headmaster but there was no money for things like school uniform, so I couldn't go.

As a boy in Petworth I had many friends but I was also more than prepared to walk long distances on my own. I remember once walking right across the fields to Halnaker Mill and beyond, then finding my way back. I couldn't have been very old and my mother had no idea where I'd gone. On another occasion my mother was having a rest when someone told her that some boys were round the Sheepdowns trying to smoke rabbits out of their holes by lighting dry bracken - stuffing the bracken into the holes and setting light to it. We hadn't been very successful and our activities came to a sudden end when mother appeared. She could see us, no doubt, starting a general fire! Another thing was to swim from the old floating bridge on the Rother down to Tumble Bay. As I recall I used to do this on my own. Once a year estate families with younger children would get an allowance for shoes from Lord Leconfield. These were days when children going across a field would take their shoes off to protect the leather.

I was very much involved in singing, both in church under the tuition of Gertie Whitcomb and at the Boys School under Mr Stevenson. The church choir would sing at weddings and funerals and receive a small payment in return. Once a year we'd sing at the Petworth House Audit dinner. There we'd be given a clay pipe; once we got some tobacco, stuffed it into the pipe and tried to smoke it. All we succeeded in doing was to make ourselves sick! Mr Stevenson entered the school choir for competitions, I remember Bognor particularly, and he made us practice regularly. Musical evenings were sometimes organised in the Iron Room. I had a good voice and there was some talk of Lady Leconfield paying to get my voice trained. When I began smoking however I gave up.

My mother was a dancing instructress and helped organise the dances in the club room in High Street (now Chalcrafts): If the dance was going on late, she'd put my brother and me to bed in a little alcove at the back. This would be when we were quite young of course. There were dances, too, in the Iron Room. Mother had taken up dancing as a young girl, having originally been advised to take it up as an exercise after she'd had some trouble with her legs.

The Club room dances were run, I think, for charity and were very much a part of Petworth social life between the wars. Margaret Streeter from the East Street electric shop usually played the piano, Mr Baxter played the bugle, while Mr Leale sometimes played the piano but could double on virtually any instrument. As a former bandsman in the Royal Marines he had had to be proficient on several instruments. There were no strings in the band. The stage was low at about eighteen inches and faced you as you came in at the top of the stairs. Mrs Leale helped with the tickets, sitting at a table just inside the door.



*George Ford as Choirboy*

built until the late 1930s. The ground outside at the Pound wasn't even tarmac, it was trodden ash and when it rained you'd walk literally through the water. In fact my memories of Petworth cinema go back before that: to silent Saturday film shows at the Swan Hotel. Almo the Mighty was one. For me entrance was a penny, in the form of a couple of two pound jam jars, each counting as a half-penny. My mother would keep them by to pay for the cinema; they were taken without a murmur. Jam jars were a kind of currency then.

Something to look forward to was a stay with my maternal grandfather Mr Hill at Camelsdale. He was retired at this time but was famous for his bee skeps and his mistletoe-growing. George Garland photographed him more than once, either making skeps or planting mistletoe. I might stay a good fortnight at Camelsdale, and I always enjoyed it: I'd struck up

Mr Leale always made me laugh. He was, of course, retired from the Royal Marines at this time and lived in Grove Street. Every week, when he drew his pension he'd put it in his pocket and walk round the town for half an hour or so before giving it to his wife with the words, "There you are, at least I've had it for half an hour". He liked to think he could teach his parrot to swear. He wasn't terribly successful but it was considered wise to put a cover over the parrot's cage when the Rector came to call!

Another feature of those days socially, was the cinema at the Pound. The Regal was not



a friendship with some of the village boys; we used to play in some old cattle sheds if it was raining - then get wet walking home! I've often seen Grandad Hill making skeps or grafting mistletoe into his apple trees, making an incision with a sharp knife and putting the seed in. He'd put a little wire cage over the incision to stop the birds pulling the seed out. He'd take honeycomb from the hive and give it to me to eat. Sometimes we'd walk from Petworth to Camelsdale on a Sunday. My grandparents had been born, both of them, at Colhook and married at Northchapel. Grandmother had been an Adsett.

When I was about to leave the Boys' School, the batteries at Lord Leconfield's battery house were being changed. The electrician lodged with us while he was doing this and took me along to help him. It was the summer holiday. I'd never seen anything like the great plates that were used, positive and negative, eight of each, and weighing 16 and 32 lbs each respectively. Each plate was placed in a cell and a clip put on. The electrician worked with a lead welding set. This was my first effective job and lasted at least three weeks; my elder brother helped too. My father had worked for Lord Leconfield before the 1914-1918 war, gone off to the war, and returned. I think perhaps Mr Ballard took over from him eventually; I'm not quite sure.

GROVE STREET, PETWORTH

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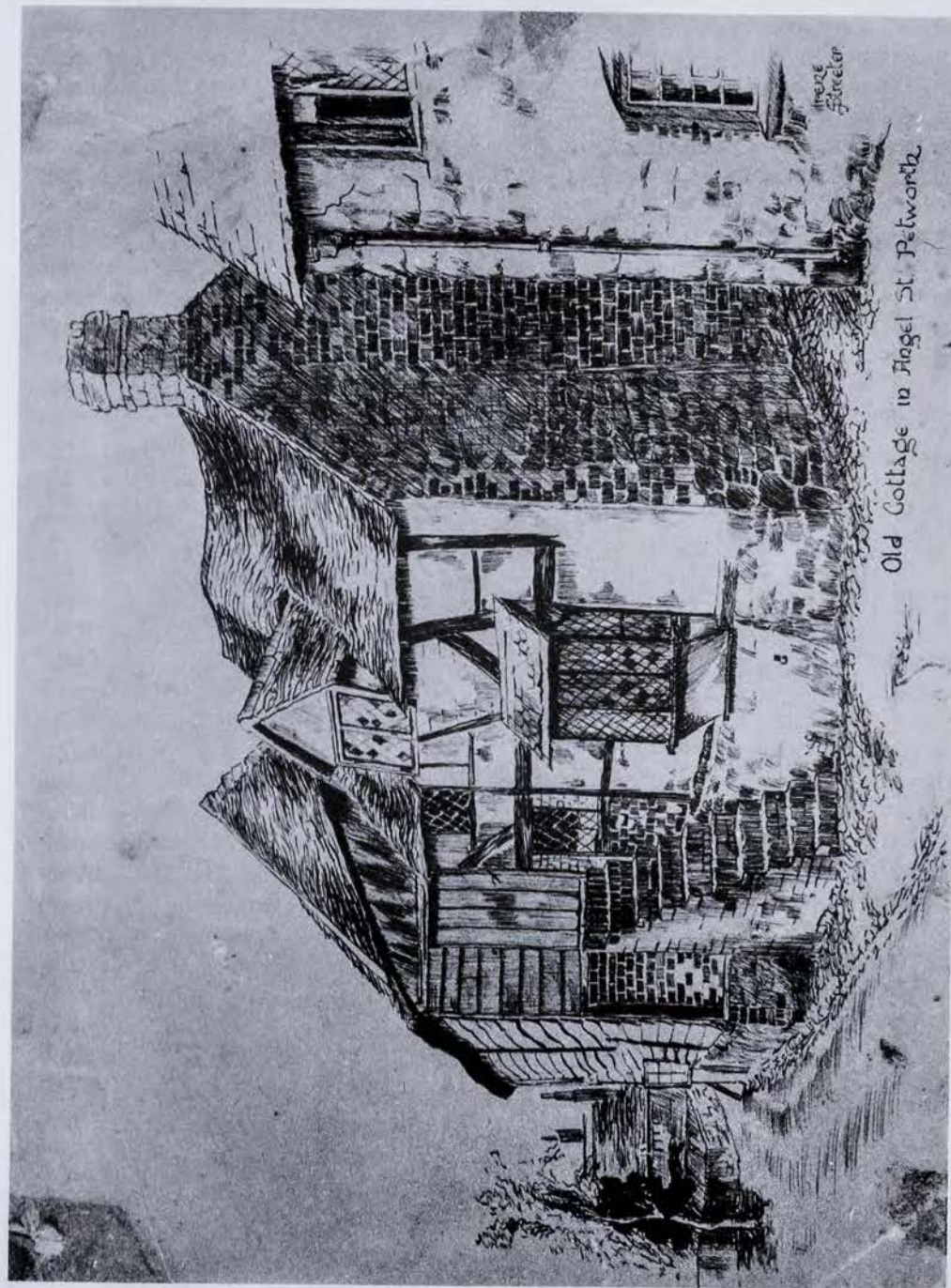
M

Dr. to W. FORD,  
Oil Merchant.

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111 Aug

Invoice for Bill Ford re paraffin.



Members will be interested in this early century drawing by Irene Streeter of the old cottage in Angel Street. It was, unfortunately, demolished in 1939.





*Demolition of old cottage in Angel Street July 1939.  
(Photograph by George Garland.)*

My first real job was as apprentice at Denmans' in East Street, repairing and restoring antique furniture for resale. We did a lot of French polishing too. A large workshop extended right back behind the retail premises to Messrs Knights in Lombard Street. Most of the furniture that came back to the workshop had been bought in sales. Ron Denman worked in the back with Messrs Callingham, Arthur Duncton, Aubrey Salter and myself - very much the junior. Feet are particularly vulnerable on old furniture and we often had to make new feet, darken them up and then "distress" them with a few judicious blows with a hammer - standard practice still.

My brother Bill, in his early days, delivered paraffin with a two-wheeled hand-cart. I'd left Petworth by this time but once when he wasn't well and I happened to be at home I had to do his round for him. Byworth I particularly remember. When I'd finished, I handed over the money to my mother as my brother always did. I'd taken out a couple of beers for my trouble. When my mother said, "You bring more home than Bill does," I felt rather easier about the two beers I'd treated myself to.

George Ford was talking to the Editor.

## Dry as dust?

On the face of it, a dusty bundle of correspondence at Petworth House dealing with the letting of Tillington Cottage between 1906 and 1919 will offer little to interest readers of this Magazine. Such documentation may perhaps be the stuff of historical record, but can it be of any more general interest? The fact that E. V. Lucas rented the cottage for the final part of this period might arouse perhaps a flicker of interest but Lucas is probably not much read nowadays and will be little more than a name to most. The bundle is sizeable, some two hundred and ninety documents in all, the ultimate in ephemera, just a tiny fraction of the vast volume of paperwork produced by the Leconfield Estate in its early century heyday and commemorating landlord and tenant relationships now long forgotten. Here are letters from the tenant, discoloured carbon copies of handwritten replies from the agent - typing would be reserved for particularly formal letters - letters, usually abortive, enquiring about the Cottage's availability, even the occasional telegram. Some letters are in E. V. Lucas' unmistakable handwriting. The agent, whether H. E. Watson until 1909 or the unrelated J. B. Watson after, deals personally with everything, Lord Leconfield may occasionally be consulted but remains always at a remove. Dry as the dust that is worn into the heavy duty containing envelope? Perhaps.

Tillington Cottage was one of three properties in Tillington regularly let out by the Leconfield Estate at this time in the early century, Tillington House being far the most imposing of the three. Another, smaller, property was let out to Miss Curzon, then to A.E.W. Mason the novelist. There are occasional references to this house in the Tillington Cottage correspondence. In 1906 the tenant at the Cottage is Captain Ommanney, apparently freshly installed and clearly retired from the Royal Navy. Kelly's Directory for 1907 lists him as



Captain Erasmus Denison St. Andrew Ommanney R.N. No doubt it would be easy to find something of his service career but for the present purpose it is enough simply to let him speak for himself.

Tillington Cottage is the last house on the left before Tillington Crossroads as you leave Petworth. Coxland Lane runs down its west side. It was let out at this time on a yearly tenancy, Lord Leconfield being unprepared to grant a formal lease. The rent was £60 per annum to which would be added local rates. A small gardener/chauffeur/handyman's cottage was also available for a token extra rent. There was a meadow to the rear. The Tillington properties would, in the parlance of the day, attract a "good class of tenant" in an age when renting, as opposed to purchase, was very much an option. Lord Leconfield might be prepared to make improvements for an incoming tenant, charging interest on the capital sum. This would be paid with the half-yearly rent, no doubt a fairly standard procedure in those days.

Captain Ommanney's first concern, in the summer of 1906, is with the kitchen: "Could you kindly let Mr Sutton look at the kitchen range. The grate is worn out and the hot plate has become buckled and cracked". As the Captain will be away on holiday during August this will be a good time to do it. Mr Sutton the clerk of the works is a familiar figure in these documents as is Mr Allison the water foreman. The Captain would be disappointed, at least in the short term, and the question of the range would continue. This, the first document in the series, comes from July 1906.

In January 1907 there is trouble with the water supply, and Captain Ommanney has become Rear-Admiral Ommanney. Supply had failed completely, owing, it was at first thought, to frozen pipes, but eventually being traced to very low water pressure. This finally sorted out, there is a request for fencing materials to protect the japonica and "keep the stock from eating our flowers". The problem with the hot-plate remained, while the brick paving in the loose box was giving concern. "You told me three months ago that you would look after these matters." A number of minor skirmishes culminate in an urgent request for fencing to be supplied before the Cottage Meadow could be let out. The hay rick needed to be protected. H. E. Watson rises to his full patrician height: "In reply to yours of 20th inst. this is a very large estate with a great number of tenants on it. Consequently there are many requirements and as far as possible they are taken in rotation unless there is something very urgent, which I hardly consider the fencing of your hay stack to be, but if it were a few hurdles placed round it temporarily would have made it possible for you to let your field..." Is this the voice of irritation, weariness or perhaps a mixture of both? In fact, almost by return, the Admiral is writing to thank Mr Watson for the fencing and awaiting a delivery of gravel for the drive. Such were the courtesies of what sometimes appears almost as an elaborate game. Whatever might happen, agent and admiral talked the same language and belonged to the same stratum of society and the awareness of this would override virtually anything else.

Not all was so expeditious however. Writing from an Islay holiday the Admiral hopes that, "You have favourably considered my request to have the loose box in the stable put in sanitary condition, as you inspected personally.." "H.E." was less than amused when the Admiral took upon himself to call out the Sanitary Inspector from Midhurst to allay his doubts about the drains at the Cottage. "H.E.'s" comment is majestic. "I am sorry to find that you

have been having the Sanitary Inspector at your house. As a rule I pay very little attention to their reports and I do not think there is very much in what you have elicited from Mr Stratford." A further complaint about the scullery drain at the Cottage, a constant *bête noire* of the Admiral's, receives short shrift. "If your grease tray and scullery drain are regularly flushed you will have nothing to worry about..." On the Admiral demurring, and talking of an angle in the pipe, Mr Watson is dismissive, "I have had a similar case at my own house and the grease tray is cleared and the drain flushed regularly once a week and there is no smell."

By July 1909 H.E. Watson was beyond the reach of further earthly complaints. Florence Rapley in her Diary records the news of his death and on July 15th his funeral. St. Mary's Parish Magazine pays tribute to him in August.

The remainder of 1909 is quiet but early in 1910 the new agent, J. B. Watson has a number of minor matters to deal with. "J.B." gives the impression of being a little less aristocratic than "H.E.", possibly as befitted the slowly changing times. An unsightly new fence has obstructed the Admiral's view, and the water supply is giving problems, there is no influx even with the gardener pressing down the ball. A case for the ubiquitous Mr Allison!

The outside W.C. continues to give problems, as, to a slightly lesser degree, does the inside. Outside there are difficulties with odours and with the cistern not being directly overhead but on the other side of a partition wall. The cord, having to pass through the wall, is constantly breaking. There ensues an extensive correspondence, Mr Watson's replies being typed, over various landlord-tenant responsibilities and their apportionment, J. B. Watson giving as good as he gets. Servant's bells for instance are definitely a tenant's responsibility. A somewhat casuistic argument follows about screws and nails. According to "J.B.", supplying nails for renovation work is not an Estate expense. The Admiral contests this: it is screws that are not supplied. The discussion probably generates as much heat as it does light, and point of principle begins to take over from question of economy. If there is a hint of the acerbic in the exchange, we still have, on one level, a kind of elaborate game played between social equals according to agreed rules. When Mr Watson is injured in a hunting accident, the Admiral enquires politely, and with genuine concern, as to his progress. In October 1913 a traction engine breaks the Tillington Cottage drainage pipe in Coxland Lane, discharging water into the lane and eliciting a letter from the Midhurst Sanitary Inspector. The Admiral, not unreasonably, suggests that the pipes need to be laid deeper or this situation will recur. Towards the end of 1913 the Admiral writes requesting to surrender his agreement before its Michaelmas expiry in 1914. Mrs Ommanney's health requires a drier location. Lord Leconfield, it transpires, will be prepared to accept this, providing that the Admiral is able to produce an alternative tenant acceptable to his lordship.

There follows a good deal of miscellaneous correspondence involving prospective tenants and general enquirers, all of it ultimately abortive. One lady, after a particularly extended discussion, pulls out at the last moment under advice from her trustees. In January 1914 a somewhat exasperated Admiral confides to "J.B.", "Mrs K is under some extraordinary impression that the house may fall down and that she will have great expense in structural repair". As a P.S. he observes, as one man to another, "women are very difficult to deal with". In February 1914 he writes from Bath to say that he and his wife have taken the lease on a



property in Essex. Failing the appearance of a suitable tenant, the arrangement was that the Admiral would pay the rent until the end of the June quarter and Lord Leconfield would remit the Michaelmas quarter.

A new era arrives with an enquiring letter from the well-known writer E.V. Lucas asking if the Estate have any places to let. He is already renting Coates Studio, the former village schoolhouse. By the 7th March he has viewed Tillington Cottage and is able to tell "J.B." "We like it more than most although it is very small." If Lord Leconfield is prepared to allow a removable billiard room to be erected and to put in an additional servants' room in the attic, charging interest on capital outlaid, he will take the Cottage. He would like permission to remove the verandah, J.B.

Watson has no objection to the last but thinks that it was in fact put in to prevent the rain driving in through the ground floor French windows.

The Admiral meanwhile is at his new home in Witham, Essex. "Too near everything," he writes to Mr Watson, lamenting the incessant traffic past the gate. "People seem curious to know what sort of beings have arrived, am afraid I astonished the parson by helping to get some of my effects into the house, but it was threatening to rain." In the last year of the century we may hope that the reverend gentleman was not permanently scarred by this flagrant breach of accepted behaviour! In June the Admiral is missing the Sussex country and the view of the Downs from Tillington but at least his old pony has taken a new lease of life in Essex. The flat landscape suits her, where the hills around Petworth had become too much. "J.B." Replies that he has heard of the Admiral from Mrs H.E. Watson at Le Touquet and that all three houses at Tillington are now relet, A.E.W. Mason having taken Miss Curzon's house. "We are absolutely parched up here, praying for rain in church, but results so far do not prove us to be 'righteous men' in Petworth."

In September 1914 Lucas writes to ask if there are any permits going to enter the park. "I should value one." Mr Watson replies that he has spoken to Lord Leconfield about a permit but his lordship "regrets very much that he cannot at present issue any." He had refrained from cancelling two which had been previously given. Lucas would receive the same polite refusal when he tried again in July 1916. It would appear that access to the Park was, at least to some extent, restricted at this time.

E.V. Lucas was a good deal less demanding than the Admiral had been, but other sources indicate that this may have a good deal to do with his being away from the Cottage for long periods during the war. Audrey Lucas in her memoir of her father (1939) notes that well before the family came to Tillington "E.V." had begun the practice of spending the middle part of each week, Tuesday until Friday, on his own in London, moving gradually from a purely family existence toward "a definite split of interests and activities" (p88). Lucas' long-standing friendship with the novelist A.E.W. Mason may well have attracted him to the Tillington property; Mason was already a tenant of the Leconfield Estate. Tillington Cottage would be the last house the Lucas family shared together (p102). Lucas was in Venice in the spring of 1914 gathering material for another of his successful "Wanderer" books, but safely ensconced in Tillington by the outbreak of war in August. The Cottage had a sign just beyond the front gate announcing "Dangerous Corner". Audrey Lucas says that "E.V." adopted this

as the name of the Cottage and had it printed on his notepaper - but it does not appear on the notepaper used in the Leconfield correspondence. She has a few words too (p117) about Coates Studio, retained by Lucas and used as a kind of summer home. "Close by," she notes, "was the large estate belonging to the Duke of Abercorn, the great charm of which was an emu, a proud and solitary bird who could be peered at through a fence and whose purpose in life was to provide the local inhabitants with the necessary incentive for taking Sunday walks. 'Going to see the emu' these excursions were called."

Tillington life, Audrey Lucas recalls was much disrupted by the war. "It was a pleasant enough little place, a very social - I remember a veritable stream of callers - and all local conversation centred rather in the Trollope manner around Petworth House and the Leconfields." In the first year the family's main concern with the House was over chicken livers. "The poulterer supplied us with birds, admirable birds in every respect save one - they had no livers. When at last, utterly exasperated, "E.V." called on the man in person to enquire the reason for this deformity, he was told that all the livers of all the chickens on sale in Petworth were saved for Petworth House." Mrs Lucas was seriously ill in 1914 but by 1915 was running a home for refugee children at Bettancourt, a little village in the Marné district. "E.V." was there intermittently.

Tenant-landlord correspondence is desultory during the war. Clearly the Lucas family spent long periods away from Tillington. Audrey Lucas says that the Cottage was often lent out to friends, or, simply let out for short periods. However in November 1914 Lucas writes to Mr Watson to say that he is having a very uncomfortable time at the Cottage; there is no water without pumping and hence no kitchen fire. A forty gallon cistern is quite inadequate and is a new supply to Tillington House robbing Tillington Cottage? In the meantime, the Lucas family are taking themselves off to London. Mr Watson's reply is suitably apologetic: the problem is the drought and the low level of springs at Upperton. It has nothing to do with the new Tillington House supply. In 1915 Lucas puts in an "Eagle" stove to replace the old range, the Estate paying half. Stirring vague memories of older customs, in 1916 a windfall tree is disposed of by Mr Wilcox the forester as it is obstructing the road. Late in 1917 vandals break the windows at Coates Studio and a harassed Mr Watson can only recommend that "E.V." give Mr Boxall at Tillington instructions. Owing to the exigencies of war, "We have no staff left to deal with it."

By the end of the war Lucas' absences from the Cottage were giving rise to persistent rumours that he was giving up the tenancy. On January 1st 1919 he writes to inform Mr Watson of his intention to leave. There follows the usual plethora of enquiries. With part of the year's tenure to run, it is up to Lucas to find a tenant favourable to Lord Leconfield for the rest of the term. He is less than pleased when a promising tenant, at least in prospect, is refused on the ground that she is female. "In this age?" he wonders, particularly as during the war he has left the Cottage empty for long periods. Lord Leconfield's continuing refusal to grant anything more than a yearly term is another difficulty. The file closes with the coming of Major General Sir Gerard Heath.

To return to our original question. The stuff of history? These documents will certainly provide some interesting incidental information, an introduction to a world of servants' bells,



THE ATHENÆUM,

Jan 1 1919

PALL MALL, S.W.1.

Mr Watson I have decided  
to leave but I want to  
find a tenant. No one  
take over the billiard  
room & furniture

I assume you have  
no objection, provided

that references are  
sound? or not

Yours a happy New

Year I am

Yours sincerely  
E.V. Lucas

Letter from E.V. Lucas re vacating Tillington Cottage  
January 1919. The recipient is J.B. Watson, Agent of the  
Leconfield Estate.  
[Reproduced courtesy of Lord Egremont.]

refractory outside (and inside) W.C.s, of grease traps, Eagle stoves and low water pressure, of loose boxes and hayricks - all the minutiae of a way of life that has largely vanished. They tell too of attitudes, of harassed agents, of the overriding bond between agent and well-to-do tenant, of the Essex rector looking askance as the Admiral helps with the removals in the gathering rain. If we do not ask too much of them these documents will tell us a great deal. In their very unpretentiousness lies their strength. If we seek to construct a biography from them or delineate a personality they will not carry the weight. Audrey Lucas' recollections show how much is missing.

Audrey Lucas' *E.V. Lucas. A Portrait* (1939) is a sympathetic study, particularly of the pre-Tillington period, but studiously reticent about the years after 1919. E.V. Lucas died in 1938. His semi-autobiographical *Reading, Writing and Remembering* (1932) gives the occasional insight without dealing with Tillington Cottage in any detail. Like so many writers of the period (and not just that period) Lucas wrote far too much. He lived from his writing and publication deadlines were probably never far away. Novels like *Over Bemertons* (1908), were very popular in their time but probably little read now. *Highways and Byways in Sussex* (1904) remains a standard and second-hand copies can be

expensive. Anthologies like *The Second Post* (1910) are still serviceable. Verse was largely occasional. The solid two volume life of Charles Lamb (1905) testifies to some hard scholarly work. Lucas sat round the Punch table for many years from 1903 and moved with apparent equanimity among an Oxbridge set with whom he might well have felt ill-at-ease. His own schooling had been very disrupted, Audrey Lucas putting it down to her grandfather's insistence on sending "E.V." wherever it was cheapest. Only the generosity of a Quaker uncle enabled Lucas to attend lectures at University College, London. His earliest literary ventures had been as a journalist on a local Brighton newspaper.

George Garland used to recall how as a boy, living at the Railway Inn, he would watch the Petworth litterati, E.V. Lucas and A.E.W. Mason pacing up and down the station platform waiting for the London train. It may be that it was this that turned his thoughts to journalism, for his career always combined photography with newspaper work and initially he seems to have taken photographs to accompany his first journalistic efforts and give them a little more weight. Incidentally, talking of writers of that time, I once read somewhere that James Elroy Flecker, poet and playwright lived for a short time at Newlands. Did he?  
P.

I am grateful to Lord Egremont for permission to quote from the Tillington Cottage correspondence.

[Tillington Cottage was effectively destroyed by fire some thirty years ago and the present Cottage is its replacement. It no longer belongs to the Leconfield Estate. Ed.]

## New Members

Mr and Mrs Bishop, Duncton Mill House, Dyehouse Lane, Duncton.

Mrs M.V. Hibbard, Bramble, Richman's Lane, Plaistow.

Mrs Ellen McCabe, 948 Bayshore Drive, Tarpon Springs, Florida 34689 USA.

Mr T. Shepherd, c/o 5 Rosemary Lane, Petworth.

Mr and Mrs Shew, Chanctonbury, Nyetimber Copse, West Chiltonton.

Mr and Mrs K. Turrell, 15 Canada Grove, Bognor Regis.

Mr and Mrs R.J. Whatley, Wayside, Summerfield Road, Bath.



## Spring Activities

if you have returned Activities Sheet for P.C.M. Friends.

### **Monday March 15th      Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m.**

Launch of the Petworth Cottage Museum Friends along with Stewards Evening. Everyone welcome. Frank Gray, Curator of the South East Film and Video Archive will give a presentation on "Early Sussex film-makers".

### **Thursday March 25th      Admission £1.50**

Open Evening Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m. Celebrating the Society's Silver Jubilee. We have been to considerable trouble to produce a programme illustrating the Society's progress in the twenty-five years since 1974. You will be surprised!

In conjunction with National Trust Open Evening 5.00 - 7.00 p.m.

### **Saturday March 27th      Leconfield Hall 10 - 5. Admission free.**

The Petworth Society at home in conjunction with Petworth Cottage Museum.

A display, probably on two floors. Free entrance to the Cottage Museum. Not to be missed!

The A.G.M. is on Wednesday May 26th when Janet Davidson will speak on "An English woman in the Ukraine". United Reformed Hall.

### **Walks** Cars leave Petworth Square at 2.15.

- |        |       |      |                                  |
|--------|-------|------|----------------------------------|
| Sunday | March | 14th | Peggy's Daffodil Walk.           |
| Sunday | April | 11th | Ian and Pearl's Spring Walk.     |
| Sunday | May   | 16th | "At large with David and Linda". |



## PETWORTH SOCIETY SPRING PROGRAMME

NB. If you use the reverse of this form to join the Friends of Petworth Cottage Museum there is a "potted" activities sheet on the last page of the Magazine.

The Leconfield Hall is vital to the Society and will be closed for very extensive renovation from Easter at least until mid-October. Therefore the usual April meeting will not take place and the A.G.M. will be held in the hall of the United Reformed Church. We have put on a very full March programme to make up for this.

Please note three important March events:

Monday March 15th                      Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m.

Launch of the Petworth Cottage Museum Friends along with Stewards Evening. Everyone welcome. Frank Gray, Curator of the South East Film and Video Archive will give a presentation on "Early Sussex film-makers".

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Sunday	April	11th	Ian and Pearl's Spring Walk.
Sunday	May	16th	"At large with David and Linda".

Several members have asked about the availability of Window Press books. They are available direct from Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth GU28 0DX. Please add something for postage.

Tread Lightly Here - Petworth's Ancient Streets	9.50*	Summer 1999 price
In the Feast of St Edmund the King - Petworth Fair 1189-1993	9.50*	Summer 1999 price
Not Submitted Elsewhere. Garland Photographs pre-1920s	7.50	
Petworth Time out of Mind photographs pre-1920	6.50	
Old and New, Teasing and True photographs to 1939	9.50	
Men with Laughter in their Hearts	7.50	photographs 1930s
Tales of Old Petworth	7.50	
Cloakbag and Common Purse	4.95	Enclosure of Petworth Park

As to the limited edition books

Tread Lightly Here (150 copies) - a history of Ebernoe (1996) is sold out.

So Sweet as the Phlox is (250 copies) - Florence Rapley's Diary 1909-1912 - we have a dozen copies remaining at £20.

John Sirgood's Way - the Story of the Loxwood Dependents - some copies remaining at £40. 150 numbered copies printed.

Don't forget Cottage Museum Friends form overleaf!

Happy Easter!      Peter

**N.B. The first shall be last? Did you notice the slip in the Chairman's Notes? It's the old boy's handwriting again! Petworth people, of course, will be first to see the new season's Petworth House!**



**The Petworth Cottage Trust**  
**Patrons : The Rt Hon. Lord Egremont, DL,**  
**and Lady Egremont**

**FRIENDS OF THE PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM**

The Petworth Cottage Trust was formed in 1995 to set up and manage the Petworth Cottage Museum at 346 High Street. An estate worker's cottage has been restored and furnished to match as closely as possible the conditions you would have found had you visited the occupant, Mrs Mary Cummings, in about 1910 when she was a seamstress at Petworth House.

If you have already visited the museum since it opened in May 1996 you will know of the warm welcome into what might be your grand or great-grandparents' home. Nearly 2,500 visitors have experienced this pleasure every year. What is its secret? While we call the cottage a museum, it does not really fit the usual conception of a museum. The cottage is Mrs Cummings's home, and the stewards welcome you into the privacy of what is for the afternoon effectively their own home too. There is a warm fire in the sitting-room, and the kettle is boiling on the hob. Upstairs, Mrs Cummings is in her sewing-room surrounded by pins, needles, patterns and pincushions from the days when clothes were made and mended, before throw-away garments, before electricity in the home. The friendly atmosphere of the museum is, we think, unique.

The stewards give their time free. Much of the work in setting up the museum was provided without charge, as were many of the artifacts and furnishings. Lord Egremont has given the trust occupation at a peppercorn rent. Nevertheless as is usual with small museums the charge for admission does not bring in enough for the museum to pay its way. We have therefore had to rely partly on fund raising, and we are now forming

**FRIENDS OF THE PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM.**

Everyone in the neighbourhood of Petworth who knows and values the museum is encouraged to become a Friend and so make an individual contribution to what has become an important attraction in this historic little town.

The Petworth Cottage Trust, 346 High Street, Petworth, West Sussex GU28 0AU

Registered in England as a company limited by guarantee :  
 company number 3016747: registered charity number 1044840

FRIENDS OF THE PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM APPLICATION FORM		
Title	Initials	Surname (block capitals please)
Address (block capitals please)		
Telephone number (optional)		Post code
The minimum membership fee is £10 per annum. If you would like to contribute more than the minimum the trustees would be very grateful.		
If you wish to contribute £10 annually please tick this box		<input type="checkbox"/> £10
If you wish to contribute a greater sum annually please enter it in this box		<input type="text"/> £.....
Signature		Date .....

After signing please send this application to the Friends' secretary, Mrs Kate Wardle, at 151 Whites Green, Lurgashall, PETWORTH, GU28 9BD (telephone 01798 342354) together with your payment in cash or by cheque made out to The Petworth Cottage Trust, unless you prefer to pay by bank or building society standing order : in that event please complete the standing order form. The form also has a deed of covenant section which we hope you will complete and send in too, for it enables the trustees to claim an income tax refund at no extra cost to you if you are a basic rate taxpayer; and if you pay income tax at the higher rate the covenanted payment even reduces your tax bill.

When completed please send this form to the Friends' secretary  
 Mrs Kate Wardle, 151 Whites Green, Lurgashall, PETWORTH  
 GU28 9BD

**Standing Order to Bank or Building Society**

Name and address of bank/building society \_\_\_\_\_

Please pay to The Petworth Cottage Trust - Friends Account at National Westminster Bank, Market Square, Petworth, West Sussex, GU28 0AL (branch code 60:16:27, account number 50966073) the sum of £\_\_\_\_\_ on \_\_\_\_\_ and thereafter annually until further notice from me/us in writing, debiting my/our account number \_\_\_\_\_

Signed \_\_\_\_\_

Full name \_\_\_\_\_ )

Address \_\_\_\_\_ )

\_\_\_\_\_ )

Date \_\_\_\_\_ )

BLOCK  
CAPITALS  
PLEASE

**Deed of Covenant**

I promise to pay The Petworth Cottage Trust each year for four years, or until I die if earlier, such a sum as after deduction of income tax at the basic rate amounts to £\_\_\_\_\_, the first payment to be made on \_\_\_\_\_

Signed and delivered as a deed \_\_\_\_\_

Full name \_\_\_\_\_ )

Address \_\_\_\_\_ )

\_\_\_\_\_ )

Date \_\_\_\_\_ )

Signature  
of witness \_\_\_\_\_

Full name \_\_\_\_\_ )

Address \_\_\_\_\_ )

\_\_\_\_\_ )

BLOCK  
CAPITALS  
PLEASE



