

23  
The 6th Sussex  
Volunteer Corps



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THE PETWORTH SOCIETY  
*Magazine*

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Cover drawing by Jonathan Newdick.

It shows the "Sugar Knob" at the Gog prior to the 1987 storm.

Cover design 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 A. Henderson, 62 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth (Tel. 343792) GU28 0BX

### *Hon. Magazine Secretary*

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

### *Committee*

Mr Stephen Boakes, Mr Miles Costello, Lord Egremont, Mr Ian Godsmark,  
Mrs Audrey Grimwood, Mr Philip Hounsham, Mrs Anne Simmons, Mrs Ros Staker,  
Mr J. Taylor, Mrs Deborah Stevenson, Mrs Linda Wort

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Mrs Williams (Graffham), Mr Derek Gourd (Tillington and River),  
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### *Society Scrapbook*

Mrs Pearl Godsmark

For this Magazine on tape please contact Mr Thompson.

### *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

*New cover, new drawing. As last year Jonathan is offering his original cover drawing to the highest bidder, half the sum to go to the Society and half to the artist. Sealed bids to me at Trowels please by 1st April. I hope you see something of interest in this Magazine; as editor I find myself catering for an increasingly wide range of readers, and judging from your letters to me, a certain level of expectation. Next June's Magazine will be number 100, quite an achievement. I remember someone commenting on Issue 17, "It's very good but with a place like Petworth you'll run out after two or three issues." Well, we haven't, but there are great changes since we started, for example direct reminiscence is less plentiful than once it was. I will offer some thoughts on these matters in Issue No. 100.*

*One or two important points. Firstly subscriptions. These remain the same this year. The subscription basically pays for your Magazine, the Society pays its expenses from the events it runs and the generosity of members who add a little more to their subscriptions. It really does help if you do this. As in previous years Anne or Betty will be in the Leconfield Hall to receive subscriptions **Tuesdays and Fridays during March** beginning on the 7th from 10.30 to 12 o'clock. This is probably the easiest way for local members to pay. Last year virtually everyone renewed which is of course very satisfying for us. Please pay on receipt of the subscription form; the society is so large now that payment after repeated reminders makes really hard work.*

*You will see from the membership renewal form that after eleven years as Treasurer, Philip Hounsham has decided it's time for someone else, although for the present he will continue as a committee member. We all owe Philip a huge debt because it is largely due to his careful stewardship and hard work that finances are in the healthy state they are. We shouldn't underestimate the Treasurer's job: it's very time consuming. At subscription time, with some three hundred postal memberships apart from local ones he's virtually under siege. When Magazines are due for delivery it's the Treasurer who prepares all the lists, both postal and local. It's he also who has tactfully to stop the Chairman making the Magazine ever larger. It's the Treasurer who's on the door at virtually every Society event and who fills in the Charity Commission forms. The Treasurer really is an unsung hero, and our fondest wishes go to him and Dilys for a happy "second" retirement. Stepping into this onerous position will be Mr Andrew Henderson (Andy) who will already be very familiar to most members. Andy and Phil will work together to start with and the changeover should be a smooth one.*

*Mr Graham Whittington has had to leave the committee owing to continuing family commitments. We are sorry to lose him and hope he may perhaps return at some later time. Mrs Deborah Stevenson has been co-opted in his place. Many will have seen Deborah helping at Society functions and she already seems to have been part of the set-up for ages. Quite apart from her enthusiasm and willingness to help, Deborah is the author of a book of Sussex Crosswords.*

*One or two other brief notes. With one or two of us being a little vulnerable, the Society will carry a mobile telephone on walks. You'll see an advertisement for Friends of the Cottage Museum which reopens in April. Please give it some thought. The Museum is well-*



established now and an enormous asset to Petworth, a really strong Friends Group would set it solidly on its feet. Don't forget stewarding too, give it a try. Our stewards really enjoy their duty days, relatively infrequent because of the numbers we already have. Just ring me if you'd like to think about it.



Petworth Fair 1999. Photograph by Robert Sadler.

Two misprints in Magazine 98. The Editor's proof-reading clearly isn't what it should be. Any eligible gentleman who ventured to the newly refurbished Leconfield Hall hoping to make the acquaintance of the additional "widows" provided by a thoughtful Hall administration will have been disappointed. My apologies. I have also to say that the description of the enemies of Judas the Maccabee as "innumerate" (page 10) went somewhat beyond the text. As a fighting man Judas was no doubt more concerned with their being "innumerable" than he was with their being "innumerate". A lack of skills in mathematics never stopped a good fighting man — or at least I don't think it did.

Peter 23rd January 2000

Stop Press. We are pleased to note that we have once more been successful in winning a £200 prize in the Midhurst and Petworth Printers monthly draw.

# THE PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM NEEDS FRIENDS

The Petworth Cottage Museum offers you a chance to see a 17th century worker's cottage on the Leconfield Estate restored as it might have been in 1910 when it was occupied by Mrs Cummings, a seamstress at Petworth House.

The small admission charge is not sufficient to cover the costs, and the museum needs Friends. For a minimum annual donation of £10 you will be supporting a small and worthwhile local charity which in order to survive needs income from donations as well as admissions. All Friends receive:

**A FREE ADMISSION PASS valid Apr-Oct and  
FREE ENTRY to SPECIAL EVENTS**

For further details contact Kate Wardle  
151 Whites Green, Lurgashall, Petworth, GU28 9BD  
01798 342354



Petworth Cottage Museum  
at  
346 High Street

April to October  
Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays,  
Saturdays, Sundays  
and bank holiday Mondays  
2 to 4.30pm

Admission: adults £2; under 14, 50p  
Wheelchair access is not possible



## Book Review: Miles Costello : Petworth - a Bibliography of the Former Petworth Rural District

The most obvious ideas are usually the best ones, but you do have to think of them first! Here is something that really fills a gap, so much so that we'll now wonder how we ever managed without it. Here is an annotated list of some 422 published items on Petworth and the old Rural District. The terms of reference mean that only passing mention is made of Tillington. The items are books, pamphlets and magazine articles on Petworth and district, but there is only incidental reference to the Petworth Society Magazine, it being assumed that this is readily available.

Of some 58 pages and on excellent paper with a stiff card cover, the Bibliography is beautifully but economically produced and priced within the range of anyone who might like one. Certainly there are many readers of this Magazine who will find the Bibliography invaluable and many copies are already spoken for. As a guide to what has been written on Petworth nothing like this has appeared before. The notes are terse and to the point and the scholarship, so far as I can tell, impeccable.

It is obviously impossible to summarise such a miscellaneous cornucopia of information; a sample page is reproduced in the current Magazine. After all what common denominator have the rare books of Nicholas Smith, the Tillington cobbler's, visions and prophecies (1652 and 1653) and a 1970s article in Apollo on the possible effects of a Park bypass? or Thomas Seward's lost poem "Jesus" published as a book or pamphlet by Watts in 1886 and George Wakeford's little book on beekeeping (1977) - or both with Rhoda Leigh's thinly veiled novel of Bedham life in the 1920s. No one will know all the entries in this book, I certainly didn't.

Miles makes no attempt to claim completeness, always dangerous in a bibliography, and finding what he has left out may become something of a cottage industry over the next few years. It won't be easy, Miles has trawled deep and trawled wide. In so doing he has provided an enormous service to Petworth studies. It will be available from March at £5 - if ordering by post please add 80p. It can be ordered direct from Miles Costello at 38 Hampers Green, Petworth, GU28 9NW or from me.

Please note this is not a commercial publication. It's something Miles has been pleased to do and all proceeds will be shared between the Petworth Society and the Petworth Cottage Museum. If you like to add a little to the nominal £5 as an extra donation please do so. The money will benefit Petworth. Cheques payable to the Petworth Society please. We will then reimburse the Cottage Museum with half the value of your remittance.

Peter

## Petworth Millennium Celebrations. A Round the Corner View

Committee meetings round the table in Simon Knight's office, Lord Egremont presiding. A committee not really appointed so much as growing ad hoc out of an initial public meeting. February was it? Looking back from the perspective of New Year's Day it seems a long time ago. The Millennium was strangely ambivalent then: too distant for there to be much spontaneous enthusiasm in the town, too near not to find most prospective acts and services already booked. The Parish Council were helpful with some finance but otherwise progress was slow. Lord Egremont remained very confident. Early efforts tried to bridge the gap between what was acceptable to a broad generality and what would be the province of the younger people. Such worlds can be very exclusive. Ideas were floated; ideas were dropped. The Fugg Band were an early capture and fortunately Harris Brothers were not sufficiently committed to a provisional booking that they couldn't pull out and come to Petworth. A children's entertainer was booked too. Later he was unable to come but Keri found someone else. Gradually the committee began to feel its way forward - a few early members quietly faded, others came, or were brought, in. Meetings continued. Going on to 4.30 in the morning seemed overbold to some of the older members but this remained in the programme. In the end it was the Environmental Health Officer who decided 2 o'clock would be late enough. Portable toilets? What kind of closure?

Gradually problems became more clearly defined. The Millennium moment itself, a television screen in Austens. The Fugg Band would play on Bill Eldridge's lorry placed against the east side of the Hall. Ross the D.J. would take over for the end of the event - very much for the younger audience. Carol Brinson took on the overall organisation - licences, the portable toilets, all manner of things. There would be a venison roast. Public attitudes? A certain scepticism, talk of boarding up windows and of glass everywhere, rampaging hordes coming from "away" bent on destruction. In truth the event had no obvious parallel. It might turn out to be a kind of extended Fair Day. You simply couldn't be sure that this or that would or would not happen and if you worked on the most alarming scenario, Petworth, like so many other places, would have no celebration, just, perhaps, individual public house parties. Certainly there was nothing at Chichester or Guildford and nothing so adventurous at Midhurst. Petworth was out on a limb. "You're being very brave," said Mr Gibson from the District Council, with what nuance we could not be sure. He wanted barriers to be put up to check admission, particularly to prevent people bringing in glass. The New Star would be operating with plastic only from early afternoon. Stewards would wear luminous yellow National Trust jackets and be in contact by mobile phone.

My own role basically was to liaise with the fairmen, just a variation on the November Fair and, with Raymond Harris, to operate the Leconfield Hall as a base for the stewards (downstairs) and for Mickey Magic, the children's entertainer, upstairs. The raked seating would be put out. John Riddell and others were to open the Cut at 6am. Traffic was expected



to be relatively light and so it proved. Cars were soon clanking on the rusty "top-hat" covers over the bollard holes. "Rumour" told of large numbers of people coming into Petworth and Petworth people staying at home. But rumour after all is only rumour.

A fine morning - Bank Holiday of course - some shops open, many not. The fair putting up - the children biking about in the unusually empty Square. Even a wintry sun. For all the hype on television and in newspapers all seemed very quiet, very ordinary. I suspected people might be more than a little weary of the media's incessant "seventeen days to go," "eight hours to go", approach. Looking at the fairmen going about their work; it could almost be November 20th, but with a subtle difference: on Fair Day the machines are put up in the afternoon and the light has gone. On the morning of the 20th the machines are already enclosed in their pale green tarpaulins. Today a diffident sun shines on the Gallopers and one realizes in daylight how bright the paint is on the horses. The legend on the top has been painted out to be redone, Robert has never seen the Gallopers operating without it.

The Fair provides a basis for the event. The Square would look empty without it. Robert Harris stands by the Gallopers and thinks of his family bringing their steam roundabout for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897. The Harris family have a long association with Petworth.

Bill Eldridge's lorry comes in and backs down against the east side of the Hall. Raymond runs up the flag. In the Hall itself John Riddell is setting up a projector in the Garland Room which will apparently show events elsewhere on a white background behind the band. Talk of getting a signal and a good deal of scurrying about with wires. I'm glad it's nothing to do with me - and so, I have no doubt, are they! The chairplanes are rising up in an unaccustomed position on the north-east of the Square.

Mr Gibson from the District Council pronounces that he's satisfied and grants the entertainments licence. Without it there can be no live music. The stewards are briefed in the Garland Room. Yellow jackets lie on the table, a megaphone. There is a large sack of split rolls in the kitchen - waiting for the barbecue, venison sausages donated by the Leconfield Estate seem a sensible alternative to a spit roast. Waiting - the time-honoured fairground theme. The big machines are dark and quiet waiting for John Crocombe to declare the proceedings open at six o'clock. Waiting at the Hall for Mr Magic, the Fugg Band are tuning up.

In fact it's busy from the start. People with younger children have come for the Fair. We direct them upstairs to Mr Magic as well. Push chairs are left downstairs. Mr Magic certainly packs them in: the raked seating is full, the balcony full and others are sitting on chairs and on the floor. Mr Magic will operate at hourly intervals, half an hour or more a show and then a bit of a breather. He's left his car in the Square. He seems to have dropped his "mix and mingle" idea, there's no need for it. He'll have to move the car though, soon he won't be able to. Even so, getting the car out of the Square is more "mix and mingle" than he was probably looking for! All sorts of people see the new Leconfield Hall for the first time. John Riddell and John Crocombe are working away at their screen apparatus. At least a hint of rain but it stops.

I can't really give a coherent account of what followed. With the stage on the Hall's east side and Raymond and I looking after the Hall everything was "just round the corner".

Mr Magic did his final performance and the smaller children were taken home. The band came down New Street, marching with lighted torches. I could hear the drum, and suddenly the band were in the Square. Torches have not been seen in the streets of Petworth since Mr Gwillim's Bonfire night celebrations in the early 1950s, I think, someone will no doubt let me know if I'm wrong. The Fugg Band playing, the Millennium candles being rushed out of the Hall in big black plastic bags. 11.53 seemed to be the moment of truth. Tapers ready to light them. The band are now playing to a very large audience on the east side of the Square. The stewards confiscate a few bottles which are brought into the Hall, mainly nearly empty champagne bottles. Gallopers and chairplanes going round as the moment comes. Cheering in the Square. Ross the D.J. unfortunately doesn't get his full period as the falling rain makes the equipment dangerous. Perhaps he'll have another chance later in the year.

Time to clear up. Much like Petworth Fair Day if a little more complex. The wet yellow National Trust jackets in a pile on the table. John Riddell is taking down the apparatus in the Hall. It all seems to have worked very well. Hardly a sniff of trouble. Lord Egremont wanted to give Petworth a Millennium to remember and he has. In the algebra of footballing parlance you might say: Lord Egremont 1 United Sceptics 0!

P.

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## The Petworth Society and the World Wide Web

The Petworth Society has entered the new millennium by embracing the exciting new technology of the World Wide Web and the Internet. We now have a permanent home on the web at [www.petworth.org.uk](http://www.petworth.org.uk) along with an email address at [magog@petworth.org.uk](mailto:magog@petworth.org.uk) where officers of the Society can be contacted and any queries answered. The potential audience of a web site may now be counted in their tens of millions throughout the world. Of course no one would suggest that huge numbers of people will visit our particular site, but for the casual visitor and the large worldwide expatriate community which has either direct or hereditary links with Petworth this site may be seen as a link to both the modern Petworth in which we live and of course the Petworth which we fondly remember. The visitor is welcomed to the *The Petworth Page* and introduced to the site, they are encouraged to find out more about Petworth and The Petworth Society, and learn about our aims and constitution. An index to the site allows the user to visit various other pages containing for example a map of the district, tourist information, or a list of Petworth books which are still in print. Having encouraged the visitor to explore the site we have included several other pages which enable a visitor who is not familiar with Petworth to gain a flavour of the history of the town. A description of Petworth in the 1870's written by Constance Leconfield and a genealogy of the Wyndham family can be accessed. For the family history researcher we have a register of pupils at the East Street Girls School together with a list of births in Petworth Workhouse, and the



extensive name index to The Petworth Society Magazine, along with links to useful genealogy and local interest sites such as the Kevis and Garland photographic collections at the West Sussex Record Office. The site will be updated at regular intervals and will of course include details of the current Petworth Society programme.

One thing that I must make clear is that the *The Petworth Page* is not intended in any form to be a substitute for the magazine. I believe that the strength of the web is in its function as an immensely powerful notice board to the world. We can promote both Petworth and the Society, while at the same time creating a limitless repository of information relevant to the town. In the short term at least I would like to see more genealogical data on our page. There are already dozens of people from all over the world trying to trace their Petworth ancestors and by using *The Petworth Page* as a centre for storing information we will be able to provide an invaluable service while at the same time recording the accumulated knowledge for future generations. Of course to expand on all the possibilities of the web would take up the whole of this issue, but if you are online already come on in and take a look, I would welcome any comments or suggestions on how to improve the site. If on the other hand you are new to the web or have any difficulties accessing *The Petworth Page* at [www.petworth.org.uk](http://www.petworth.org.uk) then drop me a line at [magog@petworth.org.uk](mailto:magog@petworth.org.uk) and I will be happy to offer any advice I can.

Miles Costello

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## The 9th Garland Lecture - the D-Day Crosswords Mystery

Not George Garland's subject and not a resurrection of Sussex life in the mid-20th century, but certainly a story which would have entertained and intrigued him as much as it did the audience when Ron Smith made a most welcome return visit, this time to the re-vamped Leconfield Hall with its plush raked seating, passenger lift and tasteful lighting as well as a new, low stage switched to the opposite end.

It had taken a year to plan the Second Front, the largest invasion by sea ever accomplished. Hitler expected it and so the Channel ports were heavily defended. Eisenhower and Montgomery therefore decided to take a longer, more westerly route, along with the portable (Mulberry) harbour, while deploying dummy forces around Dover. As it was, the harbours from Harwich to Falmouth were crowded with vessels, waiting for the message from the Meteorological Office that a 'window' of suitable weather, tides and moonlight was imminent.

To maintain secrecy, code words were devised for the various aspects of the scheme: Sword, Omaha, Utah and Jupiter for the landing beaches; Neptune for the naval side of the operation; Mulberry; and, for the entire plan, Overlord. These code words became known, even to Cicero, the German spy in Turkey, but only a few top people knew their meaning - or was there a leak?

M15 had to locate spies and ensure they could not communicate by radio, dead-letter boxes, carrier pigeon or whatever.

And yet, in the days leading up to Eisenhower's command "We go", Omaha appeared as an answer in a *Daily Telegraph* crossword, and then Utah, followed by Sword, Mulberry. High Command were worried. How much did the Germans know? What else, other than the code words themselves, did the clues in the crosswords convey? A week before D-Day came Neptune and two days later, the key word, Overlord.

The writer of the crosswords was arrested and interrogated. That writer was Ron Smith's headmaster (Ron was a schoolboy at the time). He protested his innocence and returned after two days. But was he a spy and a very good actor?

The invasion went ahead successfully, so presumably the enemy did not know all. The appearance of the code words in the crosswords was officially declared a coincidence, but many people have since suspected that there is still a mystery to be explained.

Ron has his own questions because, in 1944, his school had been evacuated to Effingham, where there was also a concentration of Canadian soldiers, friendly and generous, whose conversations may have included the code words. The boys had a rota of firewatching duties. During the long, night hours, the headmaster would give them blank crosswords and ask them to fill in the spaces with words, to which he would later provide the clues. Was that how the code words slipped in - just words that the boys had in mind from their chats with the soldiers?

But the school had enjoyed trips to Germany and exchanges of students before the war. The headmaster had maintained strong links. Was he now being used? Or could the appearance of the words be the work of counter-espionage, giving misleading information to German Intelligence who knew of the code's existence? And why, two days before the disastrous raid on Dieppe two years earlier, had the word 'Dieppe' appeared as an answer to a clue in the *Daily Telegraph* crossword? It is impossible to convey in print all the mystery, suspense and humour we enjoyed in Ron Smith's lecture, but maybe there is enough for readers to understand why we say, "Come back again, Ron . . . . and again . . . and again!"

KCT

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## Those were the days, my friend

If Gilt and Gaslight's 'Millennium Memories' hardly fulfilled the pre-publicity promise of a 'whistle-stop tour of the last 2000 years', no one was complaining at the Society's Christmas Evening as the talented quartet sang, danced and quipped their way through a fast-moving show.

It was a welcome return visit for the company, albeit with only one original member, who played the cinema usherette in their previous production, a musical history of the cinema, 'When Movies were Movies'.



So, condensed into the last 500 years, the Memories were launched with the injunction to 'Brush up your Shakespeare'. Sketch followed song, song followed tongue-in-cheek social comment on Charles I, the Civil War, the Restoration, Dickens, the Raj, Music Hall, the 1st World War, the 'Roaring Twenties' (What did the Petworth Edwardians present think of their 'Black Bottom'?!), the Depression and the 2nd World War. And that was only half time.

With the interval came wine and hot mince pies, most efficiently served and collected in the hall this time, despite the restrictions imposed by the raked seating (but much commented upon for its comfort and for giving such a good view of the stage). Acoustics seem to have improved, too, and the lighting is truly 'state of the art', eliminating the old problem of identifying the colours of raffle tickets.

Nostalgia had begun to set in for most of the audience with Gert and Daisy and an ITMA script with Tommy Handley and 'Mrs Mopp' and so it was, in varying degrees, as early TV (the Flower-pot Men), Rock and Roll, CND, Flower Power, the start of the Space Age, the Thatcher years, the yuppies, even the Spice Girls, were given the treatment in song, dance and comment, including hits from the shows of the '80s and '90s.

With three very fine voices, a versatile accompanist at the keyboard, precision choreography and appalling jokes, it was appropriate to end with 'Those were the days, my friend', a standing ovation and Peter, lost for words!

KCT

## Sliding through Time

Petworth probably has the best collection of photographs in Sussex for a town of its size, Peter reminded us before showing the first part of his "Slides for the Millennium, 1850-1919".

Many were new to the public eye and most are of great rarity, coming from many sources, both professional and amateur. There were the well-known local personalities such as the Revd Thomas Sockett, Lord and Lady Leconfield and the Upton family as well as the now nameless employees of the Estate, pupils of the Girls' School, occupants of the Workhouse and members of the Town Band and concert parties. Streets and buildings too, some gone for ever, others so changed that recognition becomes difficult for the present-day audience. It is no longer any help to tell people that Otways, the grocers, is the International Stores, or Gateway, because now it's Somerfield, even if some of us hadn't realised it!

For audiences change too. When Peter first started staging these presentations thirty years ago, they could identify with events through their own memories or those passed down by older generations and could often name the people featured. Photographs were still turning up in long-forgotten collections. This no longer happens and much has been thrown away as the older folk pass on.

Atmospheric as the pictures are, it is difficult for us to imagine what life was really like in the latter half of the 19th century, even in the first twenty years of the 20th. And now some say we are in the 21st. Others say there is still a year to go!

KCT

# PETWORTH



## A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE FORMER PETWORTH RURAL DISTRICT

Petworth 2000

*The cover of Miles Costello's Petworth Bibliography.  
See our review.*



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- ◇ A short extract from the pocket account book of John Skinner, of Strood Green.

## On meeting the Duchess of Kent 1938

ROYAL WEST SUSSEX HOSPITAL.

*M<sup>rs</sup>. Howick.*

*To have the honour to be present on the occasion  
of the visit of  
H. R. H. The Duchess of Kent  
on Wednesday afternoon, the 26th October, 1938,  
at the Gaumont Theatre, Eastgate Square,  
Chichester.*

Section C Seat No. 88

*It is particularly requested that all seats be occupied by 2.30 p.m.*

(NOT TRANSFERABLE).

I remember an exciting occasion when I was my mother's representative when she was chosen with other friends to present the proceeds of a whist drive to H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent. The sum was £5.10.0. a great deal of money in those days. The ceremony was at the Gaumont Theatre in Chichester and the date 26th October 1938. My companion was Mrs Gordon Knight. I believe we went by bus; representatives did not sit with the actual purse presenters but we all felt very honoured to be there.

Kath Vigar

*This comes from Petworth Parish Magazine*

PRESENTATION OF PURSES TO H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT. —

On October 29th, at the Gaumont Cinema Chichester, purses amounting to £2,300 were presented to the Duchess of Kent in aid of the Royal West Sussex Hospital.

Her Royal Highness wore a plain nut brown three-quarter length coat and frock. Her simple felt hat of the same colour was tilted well forward and turned up at the back. Its only ornament was a long quill. She wore pearl necklace and ear-rings and she had pinned a diamond brooch to her coat.

With her on the red-and-white stage were Lady Mary Herbert (her lady-in-waiting),



Lord and Lady Leconfield, the Matron of the R.W.S. Hospital and the Mayor and Mayoress and Corporation of Chichester.

After the Mayor had welcomed H.R.H. Lord Leconfield spoke of the wonderful response to his appeal.

Then, for nearly an hour, small children, boys and girls and grown-ups filed on to the stage and presented purses. H.R.H. had a charming smile for each one. The youngest was Miss Pamela Grylls (in white organdie) the two year old granddaughter of Dr. and Mrs. Druitt.

After the presentations, Lord Bessborough thanked the Duchess for helping the Hospital by coming to receive the purses.

Then everyone in the crowded cinema rose to cheer the Duchess, whose charm and beauty they will not forget.

Below is a list of purses presented by "Petworth and vicinity," with the names of collectors, those deputed to present purses and representatives of contributors, all of whom received invitations to the ceremony.

The grateful thanks of the R.W. Sussex Hospital are due to all of them, and perhaps especially to those who so kindly and so successfully undertook the task of collecting subscriptions.

Petworth, Byworth and Egdean — 6 Purses.

*Collector* — Mrs. Druitt. *Purses presented by* — Mrs. Barber, Mrs. Moase, Mrs. Baigent, Miss Eager, Miss F. Hayden, Miss P. Grylls. *Representatives* — Mrs. Nevatt, Miss N. Moase, Miss P. Druitt, Miss White, Miss K. Cooper, Miss Flanagan. *Amount* — £30. 18s. 7d.

Petworth W.I. — 2 Purses.

*Collector* — Mrs. Leale (Whist Drive). *Purses presented by* — Mrs. Leale, Mrs. Howick. *Representatives* — Mrs. Gordon Knight, Miss Howick. *Amount* — £11. 16s. 3d.

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## A Lady in Grey

When I was a little girl it was possible to look through the north window on the ground floor of the old Town Hall, straight into the lower rooms. With the renovations recently you can now do this again. There was a long table, with a set of chairs round it, eight or ten perhaps. Each chair had on the table in front of it a great big blotting pad with green blotting paper and a big steel inkwell with a pen at the side. All to do with magistrates, I was given to think. It all seemed very formal and mysterious to a child.

I've always wondered what became of the ladies' toilets at the Hall, I suppose they were taken out when the Hall was restored in the 1950s. They were very much a memory of grander days with each porcelain pan painted with a beautiful spray of roses in a peach colour. The Town Hall didn't get any rough use in those days; for ordinary events the Iron Room was the place. It did, however, house the Magistrates' Court and the annual Hunt Ball. For this they'd close the road between Otways (Somerfield) and the Swan Hotel and put down a red carpet with an awning over it. Mum used to take me down to see the ladies in their fine dresses and

jewellery. There was no bar in the Hall: the bar was in the Swan itself, and there was dancing in the Swan ballroom as well as in the Town Hall.

Every Monday morning before I went to school, I would take threepence or sixpence (depending on family finances) for the Coal Club which was run by the two Miss Downs in the Town Hall. Over the year the pennies would add up to a ton of coal to help us through the winter. If we had glass jars we'd take them to the Miss Downs. They would pay a halfpenny for each jar and use them for the homemade jam which they'd make and sell from their house in Middle Street. People like us made our own jam of course and wouldn't dream of buying.

Then, as now, the fire bells were on the Hall roof, but in those days were rung in deadly earnest. When Arch Knight in Lombard Street received a message about a fire, he'd break the glass on the protective box, pull the rope, ring the bells and summon the fire brigade. My brother Adrian worked at Knights as a baker, but also acted as fire messenger boy, running round to tell the different firemen that there was a fire - perhaps they hadn't heard the bells. Jimmy Keen, the roundsman for Mrs Knight, the grocers on the corner of East Street, was always first to react. He was so quick that some wag suggested he kept his trousers on when he went to bed in case there was a fire during the night. If it was a Leconfield Estate building that was on fire, the Estate would send out their private fire brigade. My brother George went to work for Lord Leconfield when he came home from the 1914-1918 war. He was in the Yard with Mr Crawley and Mr Reed. It was one of his jobs to keep the Estate fire-engine clean, and very proud he was of it too. My brothers were all a good few years older than I was.

Winters were hard in the late 1920s. We were thrilled to bits when the Park lake froze over because then we could watch the skating. First Lord Leconfield would send out men with ropes and ladders to test the ice, my brother George often helped with this. When all was pronounced safe, Lady Leconfield, if she had house guests, would bring them out. There would be a gramophone with a big horn set on one of the larger islands. The gramophone would play something like the Skaters' Waltz and Lady Leconfield's guests and others would skate on the lake to the strains of the waltz. Footmen would come out with drinks on silver salvers. In truth, to a child, it seemed an enchanted world. Some of the more well-to-do Petworth people had skates and cut a fine figure on the ice. We children could only dream of having skates, but we could slide about in our ordinary shoes.

My brother George worked for Mr Ernest Streeter at the Clock House in Church Street. There was a little annexe to the right of the Church Street shop where he and Tommy Atkins sat repairing watches and clocks. I can still see them now with their watchmaker's glass, peering at their work. We lived just down the road in Lombard Street and one day George came home with the very confidential news that Queen Mary would be visiting Petworth House and intended making a visit to Ernest Streeter's shop which was noted for its antiques. Queen Mary, I believe, was a great collector. This certainly wasn't for the ears of such as me but I caught a part of the conversation and couldn't keep the news to myself. We infants were home from school for lunch from 12 o'clock to 1.30 and the visit was scheduled to fall within that time. I had briefed four of my friends and we set out, telling no one, to see the Queen of England. Soon we were waiting at the top of Lombard Street to see what would happen.



Sure enough, at the appointed time, the door of Church Lodge opened and out came a tall lady, dressed all in grey. Grey three-quarter length coat, grey shoes and stockings, grey hat and carrying a long grey umbrella. She was accompanied by Lady Leconfield and they crossed the road to the shop. When they were safely in, we five children moved to the shop window and pressed our faces against the glass. There, before our very eyes, stood the Queen of England! Unfortunately Queen Mary saw us staring and asked Mr Streeter to move us on. We departed somewhat discomfited.

Arch Knight's father William was a lovely old man. In his day he'd done most of the catering for the great Park fête, but in the 1920s he was bedridden. As a girl at the Infants School I'd go in to see him and tell him the rhymes and stories I'd learned in school. His white hair came over the bed covers. As you know, the Knight family held the tolls and when a travelling fishmonger came up Lombard Street, as he did from time to time, my mother would buy a bucketful of herrings for a shilling. I was told the fishman had to pay Arch Knight a penny toll for selling fish.

My brothers were great birdsnesters, while I had a sister who worked for J. B. Watson, Lord Leconfield's agent, who lived at Littlecote. Miss Slater was the housekeeper. Every week we'd take our lidded milk cans down to Littlecote House for Miss Slater to give us some of the Littlecote milk. I suppose they had a small home farm. My brothers would leave me with the cans and take the opportunity for some bird-nesting. It was very rural at Littlecote then. On another occasion two of my older brothers Arthur and Bob played truant from Sunday School to find birds' nests in the Gog fields. They were wearing best Sunday caps, with peaks and baggy sides. They were returning up Craggs Lane (Bartons Lane) with eggs stuffed in the sides of their caps when they had the misfortune to run into Mr Penrose the Rector by the church gate. "And what have you boys been up to," asked the Rector, no doubt with a twinkle in his eye, as he knew perfectly well what they had been doing. With that he patted them kindly round the ears and broke the eggs! This was a family story, for Mr Penrose left Petworth at about the time I was born and I never knew him. I have, however, heard my parents talk of him and he was exceedingly popular.

Nurse Moorman had the concession for Typhoo Tea and with my great friend Evelyn Head, I would deliver packets of Typhoo Tea that had been ordered and paid for. Nurse Moorman lived in New Street and always wore a long blue dress. Evelyn Head's father was gardener at the Rectory and had lost a hand, his forearm was encased in leather and he had a hook instead of a hand. I never enquired how this had happened and it didn't seem to affect his work. Another little job was to do Mrs Mullins' shopping. The Mullins lived over Newland Tompkins and Taylor, the Estate Agents at the bottom of Lombard Street and I'd do Mrs Mullins' shopping at the International Stores or at Pelletts who sold hardware in New Street. The shop became the Hobby Horse and is now an art gallery. Mr Mullins was employed by Mr Morais at the garage in Park Road to drive a pony and trap which picked up passengers at Petworth Station. With these various "jobs", a penny from Dad, and a halfpenny from Mum, I could scrape together enough (fivepence) to go to the pictures at the Pound. I don't remember the Swan cinema but two of my brothers were "chocolate boys" there, selling chocolate bars during the interval.

"Peddler" Palmer ran the first fish and chip shop in Petworth. It was where the Electricity Board showrooms were until recently. We children would go in there for a halfpenny or a pennyworth of chips. It took some time for him to provide fish and chips because, instead of friers, he simply had two big frying pans, one for fish and one for chips. In return for old newspapers he'd use for wrapping, he'd fill a newspaper cone with little bits of batter that had fallen off the fish.

Phyll Sadler was talking to the Editor.

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## Personified pines - or finding a new friend

The request was, roughly, "just a short 'spot' at the Evening Group's Christmas Party, a quarter of an hour or so on an old Petworth Christmas or something like that - not too serious." Should be straightforward enough. Mr Greenfield's account of a dinner party in Market Square in Christmas week 1812. Mr and Mrs Sherwin of Moor, Mr Elliot of Gunters Bridge, Mr John Wild the retired exciseman, and all the others recalled and immortalised some fifty years later. Or the disappointing soup with the grease floating on the top, the meat, plum pudding, gin for the men and caraway water for the ladies, nice and rich and sweet. "I was indulged with a spoonful out of grandmamma's glass," confides Mr Greenfield, in his remembering become a boy again. Then tea and supper, the party was something of a marathon, and plodding home through the snow, ankle deep. Ideal, but then I thought, most people have a copy of the *Tales of Old Petworth* and it's a long account, well over a quarter of an hour's reading.

Think again. Mrs Place writing as a centenarian somewhere in this Magazine, and recalling the winter of 1899. Now, of course, it's exactly a hundred years ago. I find the Magazine, it's Issue 57. I never actually met Mrs Place but she was an excellent correspondent, and, incidentally, I was told, quite deaf by this time. It's a good short piece. Dutch dolls, Ipecuanha wine for croup. March weather and outside sanitation. An extract or so from that but that's not a quarter of an hour.

Perhaps a pinch of Garland humour. Old-fashioned now but it is an *old* Petworth Christmas. Point out the relentless, blinkered, logic of Garland characters. "I don't need to address it, he's knows it's coming" — to a bewildered postmaster. "I wouldn't want to be up there in one of those new-fangled airplanes." "I wouldn't want to be up there without it." "Have you lived here all your life?" "Not yet I a'int." "Have you been to London to see the sights?" "No, I 'bide here and the sights do come to see me." Or, one, reminding us of the age of some of these stories. Lady to a man milking a cow. "Why aren't you at the front my man?" "The milk comes at the back, ma'am." The rustic's defensiveness has a sharp edge. A few of these and finish off with the mare's egg, the supreme story of the artful countryman getting one over on urban sophisticates. For years I only knew of the joke by its title but then I found it in John Coker Egerton's *Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways* (1892 and previous editions), an East Sussex rector retailing a Wiltshire dialect story and George Garland taking it over and roughly "Sussexing" it. The rollicking ending with the urban sophisticates running down a hill after a hare and shouting, "Stop our colt" is a masterpiece. Unfortunately, the laugh is now



on the artful countryman, effectively, in this computer age, an extinct species.

So what to finish off with? A Petworth poem with a Christmas theme but not a modern poem, we are talking of Christmas past. A look at the *Book of Sussex Verse* published by Cambridges in 1914 doesn't provide any inspiration. Well, there's the companion, *Another Book of Sussex Verse* (1928). Poetry of a leisured age, of a leisured class usually, and often not wearing very well. Of course there's Belloc's Twelfth Night

As I was lifting over Down  
A winter's night to Petworth Town,  
I came upon a company  
Of travellers who would walk with me.

The mysterious company cast no shadows in the moon's light and the narrator cannot walk with them for fear. An ox lows in the darkness and a burning light shines in Gumber wood. The narrator realises what he has seen and perhaps what he has missed.

The frozen way these people trod  
It led towards the Mother of God;  
Perhaps if I had travelled with them  
I might have come to Bethlehem.

Belloc was a great favourite of George Garland's. I think he's at his best when, as here, at his most compressed. Years on, Twelfth Night remains a very effective poem. Actually both books of *Sussex Verse* were originally George Garland's: some pages of the 1928 book have never been cut and it's more than seventy years on. George Garland clearly picked them up second-hand 2/6d is written inside in pencil. I don't disturb the uncut pages. Better not to baptise them until you really need them. Alfred Noyes, Coventry Patmore, Swinburne, Tennyson, names to conjure with once, Sussex poets all? Well, some of the time I suppose. A.C. Thyson? Just the one poem but he writes of Graffham's ancient sleep and Petworth's lordly manor. The poem's called *The Warrior Pine Wood* — "Elegy on a wood near Duncton, cut down during the Great War to make props for trenches."

I'm sure no one will know this poem, which personifies the pines of a Duncton wood as if they too were sentient of the carnage and self-sacrifice of war. They, unspeaking, cut down and taken abroad to rot in a foreign land shared the fate of so many local men, and, unspeaking, tell not just of this war but of any war.

*The Warrior Pine Wood.*

Elegy on a wood near Duncton, cut down during the  
Great War to make props for trenches.

○ SUSSEX pine-wood — Sussex pine !

In sober ranks deep brooding :

O secret grove, I claimed as mine,

No alien foot intruding :

Where are you now ? Why this drear waste,

This void where once was beauty?

The Great War called : "To arms ; make haste !"

You heard the call to duty.

O Sussex pines—my Sussex pine !

You gave your best to Britain,  
Where in the foremost battle line  
Her bravest sons fell smitten.  
From dreaming Graffham's ancient sleep,  
From Petworth's lordly manor,  
You went to line the trenches deep  
Enrolled 'neath Freedom's banner.

O Sussex pines—O tall, grave pines !

Once sanctuary holy,  
Displaying nature's sacred signs  
To worshippers bent lowly :  
The clustered columns of the trees,  
The fragrant incense stealing  
On whispered chanting of the breeze  
With gracious balm of healing.

Now, Sussex wood—dead Sussex pine

Whose loss I mourn, sad, weary ;  
Despoiled is now your Sussex shrine,  
Your groves are desert dreary.  
Those dark green isles of solemn shade  
With chequered sun-gleams lighted  
Are now a desolation made,  
A sandy waste, scarred, blighted.

Still, Sussex pines—grand Sussex pine—

Great is your fame and splendid.  
You prove that ne'er the glorious line  
Of valour will be ended.

As Sussex oak, brave heart of oak  
Made ships to fight past foemen,  
So, Sussex pines, true Sussex folk,  
You served as Sussex yeomen.

Yes, Sussex wood—proud Sussex pine !

Throughout our island story  
To you will future time assign  
High rank in Britain's glory.  
Your wounds will leave abiding trace  
Deep on this generation,  
But you shall hold eternal place  
As heroes of the Nation.

A.C. Thyson.



A good poem of its kind. "A sandy waste, scarred, blighted." Where? Is he writing of Cooper's Moor just along the road from the Graffham turning as the road comes from Petworth? Clearly the writer knows his terrain at first hand. These Leconfield Estate pines would have been marshalled by Mr Wilcox the Leconfield forester. And "A.C. Thyson", the Introduction to the 1928 volume gives this as a nom-de-plume for Mr George Aitchison. The Thurston Hopkins' "*Sussex Literary Originals*" of the mid-1930s offers no enlightenment. Are we breaching Mr Aitchison's copyright here - or that of his executors? I can only plead that he, like most poets, would like to see his work read. At any rate the poem is effectively a new acquaintance - a new friend perhaps.

P.

## Service with Southdown Part I

My father, Leonard Stevenson, was born in 1910 and his service with Southdown Motor Services began in 1934. He wrote up some of his memories in no particular order during 1998 and I typed up his writings and attempted to arrange them into some kind of sequence. He seemed quite pleased with the results, so we sent copies to the West Sussex Record Office, Horsham Museum and the Chalk Pits Museum at Amberley, where there is a considerable bus collection. Amberley were delighted enough to send us back some free tickets for both the 1998 and 1999 bus rallies. Wherever old busmen gather to nostalgia, they'll say that Southdown was the best. For three quarters of the 20th century its routes connected the whole of Sussex with the rest of the world and some parts of Hampshire. What's left of it is now just a part of Stagecoach - I'd better be nice to Stagecoach for they are still paying father's pension. But you can't help thinking their red, orange, blue and diesel-white buses a bit drab, compared to the apple and primrose of Southdown with that treacle gold lettering along the side.

My father started his service with Southdown as a temporary job at Worthing in June 1934 when he was 23. He had to complete an application form and pass a test. He had three weeks to learn the town routes. While learning the pay was five shillings a day with one unpaid day off a week.

Father describes the routes he had to learn in Worthing. These routes stayed very much as they ever were for thirty or forty years. One night at Worthing my Father had a late dance bus to operate. He had to go with the driver out to a dance hall, pick up the dancers, tour all round the area dropping them at various points and then return to the garage, getting in about 2 a.m., then cycle back to Glebe Road, Tarring where he was lodging with another conductor's family (Will Kemp, who later became a Southdown cashier).

The exhibits at Amberley Museum include the bus conductor's equipment over the years. When I was a child there were toy bus conductor's outfits and they always had a bell punch and preprinted tickets - nothing like the contemporary real thing but preprinted tickets were the real thing in the 1930s and the ticket values Father says were from a penny to a maximum ticket of eight old pence. The bellpunch marked the fare stage. The highest Worthing

town fare was 1/9 return from the Pier to High Salvington. Southdown crews wore their white cap covers in the prescribed summer months. After the preprinted ticket came the ticket printing machine and later the "Setright" machines, some of which were converted in the 1960s to be driven electrically on one-man operated buses. The ticket machine was carried in a metal case with room for spare stationery. Father managed to survive his 13 weeks in Worthing without getting any uncollected fares recorded. He was summoned to the Depot Manager's office and asked if he would like to work the 10 weeks holiday relief at Horsham depot. The alternative was 7 more weeks in Worthing and then get stood off.

Father's home then was only three and a half miles from Horsham, in the Christ's Hospital station house where my grandfather was station master, so father accepted, packed his belongings and bicycle and took the train home.

My grandfather, who served 48 years with the London, Brighton & South Coast Railway and the Southern Railway, retired a couple of years later in 1936. I found a report of this in the archives of the *West Sussex County Times* held by Horsham Museum. The *WSCT* got the picture caption wrong and said he'd been at Christ's Hospital for 47 years which would have been difficult as the station had only been built for 34 years! He had in fact been a relief station master before and had worked in the LBSCR offices at London Bridge where he met my grandmother.

So next day Father reported to the Horsham bus office - the Southdown office in Horsham Carfax was for many years at 23 Carfax now occupied by the Horsham Oxfam shop. By now an old hand at conducting he had just two days learning Horsham routes. On the first day he had to cover the Slinfold crew's duty. A single bus was garaged at Slinfold near the King's Head pub.

The Slinfold early duty started by working the 8.30 a.m. from Slinfold to Horsham Station. Then Service 59/61 from Horsham Station to Petworth, Midhurst and Chichester, then via Lagness on to Bognor arriving there about noon. After arriving at Bognor there was an hour's rest then back to Petworth, then turn around and back to Midhurst. Then back to Horsham, collecting cycles at Slinfold pub in order to get home - the bus would finish at Horsham - and the duty ended at 6-15 p.m. The Slinfold late turn crew began in Horsham and finished by bringing tomorrow's bus back to Slinfold. The 59 route was then worked by Tilling-Stevens petrol electric single deckers - that is the petrol engines on these buses drove a generator which powered electric motors instead of the usual mechanical transmission. The Southdown version had a destination screen at the front and destination boards at the sides which had to be changed at some places.

Another duty of conductors was the collection and delivery of parcels. Well into the 1950s and 1960s Southdown conveyed parcels between its offices, agents and any old bus stop really - parcel agents were usually village shops or garages, and parcels might contain anything from motor spares to sausages. I can also remember the buses carrying mail - the mailbag containing the postal collection from Washington used to be brought into Pulborough by a postman who would travel on the bus after chaining the mailbag to the railings near the entrance. It was easy to overlook collecting or delivering parcels and many's the conductor who's had to stop a bus going the other way to send back a missed parcel. It's slightly harder to lose the conductor with the parcel but Father says that once at Adversane when a



conductor had nipped into the little shop to deliver a parcel the driver set off without him and got to Brinsbury before realising. The driver flagged down a motorcyclist and persuaded him to fetch the conductor back to the bus while it waited. The conductors was none too keen on riding pillion!

Conductors were probably much happier on a pushbike and you could say the busman's chief friend was his bike since he had to get to work before the first bus and get home after the last bus. The early turn Slinfold crew had to bike home from Horsham, while the Slinfold late turn crew had to bike to Horsham to start at 2 p.m. with a Service 2 journey to Worthing, then Worthing to Horsham, Horsham to Midhurst on service 59/61, Midhurst to Horsham and finally the 10.15 p.m. to Slinfold, remembering to collect their bicycles from the Horsham office. The Tilling-Stevens buses had a rear ladder leading to the roof rack where large pushchairs and bikes were carried. Other routes worked by Horsham crews were 17 to Brighton via Cowfold and Henfield. For many years Southdown's 17 from Horsham operated into Brighton, while Brighton Hove & District operated another 17, the seasonal seafront route, with open top, white double deckers. Not until the 1960s was the Southdown 17 renumbered to 117 to avoid confusion with the Brighton, Hove & District service. The surviving 107 operated by Stagecoach is basically the 17 or 117 route with an added deviation to Partridge Green.

Before the war Service 69 ran from Horsham to Littlehampton via Billingshurst, Pulborough, Coldwaltham, Watersfield, Whiteways Lodge and Arundel. We have a picture of one of the Southdown Tillings-Stevens on the pre-war 69 route bound for Littlehampton. The location is just below Pulborough where the floods were a regular hazard before the road was elevated and the river banks built up.

Other routes operated by Horsham crews were Service 78 and 80. Service 78 ran to Handcross and extended to Balcombe on Sundays only. Father recalls once picking up about 20 passengers on a Balcombe trip and an amazed inspector who boarded the bus and was surprised to find so many aboard. Service 80 ran to Maplehurst via the Brighton road, Monks Gate and Nuthurst. In 1935 Southdown took over the business of Mr Carter and the 80 was extended to Steyning.

W.H. Rayner & Son used to operate from Barns Green to Horsham via Itchingfield, Christ's Hospital and Tower Hill, and two Horsham town service routes, from the Common to the Carfax and Highlands Road to the Carfax. A serious fire at Rayners' Barns Green garage damaged several of their buses and led to Rayners having to hire a bus and coach from Southdown. At the end of 1934 Southdown acquired the licences of Rayners and took on the Rayners employees including Jim Rayner and Fred Knight.

Southdown Motor Services were noted for the connections between their different services. As Washington at ten minutes to the hour Service 22 from Petworth to Brighton provided a double connection with Service 2 from Horsham to Worthing while Service 1 from Worthing to Storrington was available across the road. At twenty past the hour the pattern was reversed with Service 1 from Storrington to Worthing connecting with Service 22 from Brighton to Petworth and Service 2 from Worthing to Horsham. Some convenient through return fares were operated on Service 2/22. To ensure the connections Southdown employed a Regulator at Washington who had an office and waiting room on the lawn of the Frankland



*Petworth Fair 1999.  
A photograph by Keith Sandall  
as are the following three of the Millennium Celebrations.*



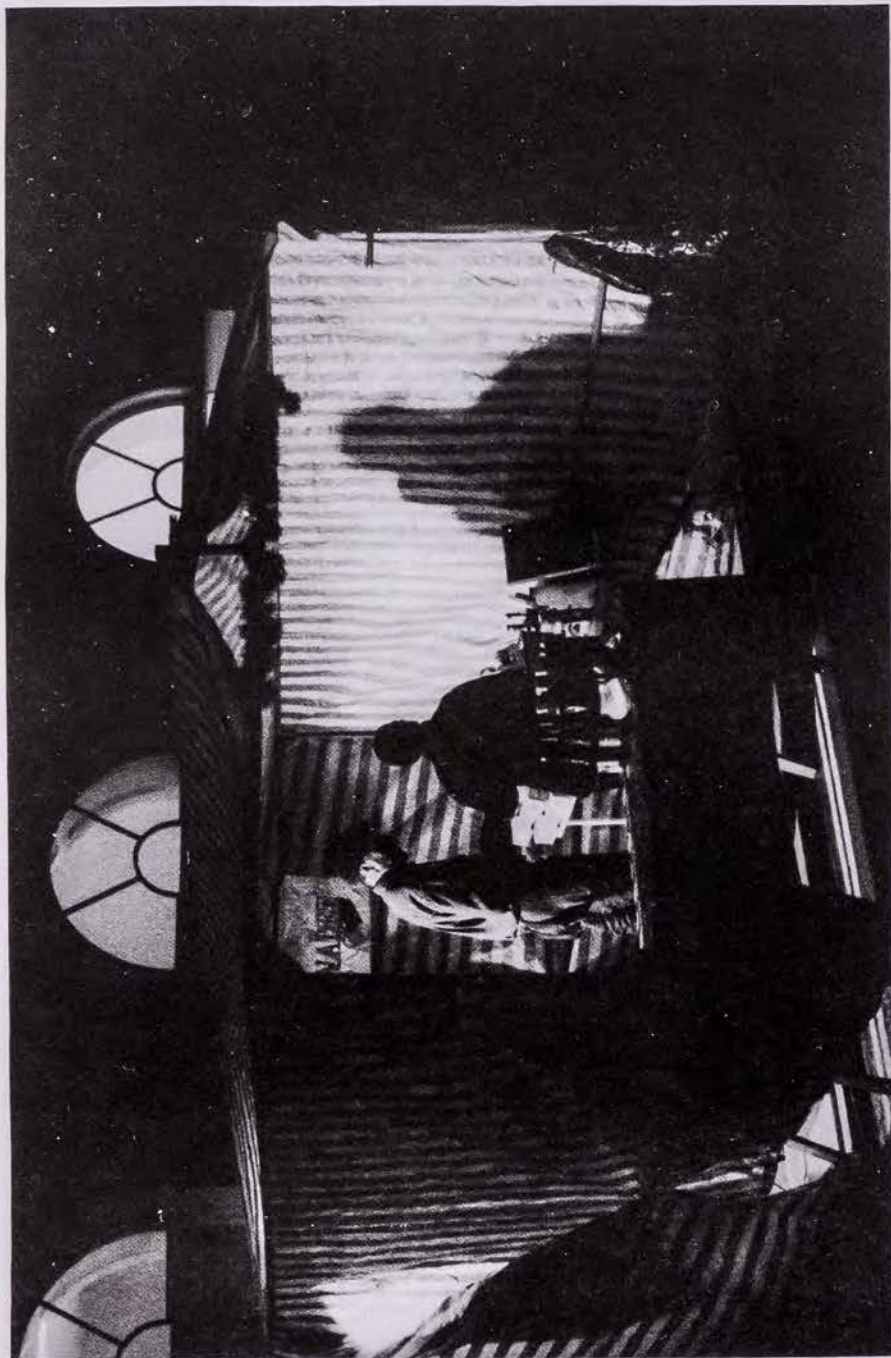


*Petworth Millennium Celebrations 31st January 1999.  
Keith Sandall captures the Town Band  
coming down New Street.*



*Petworth Millennium Celebrations.  
A scene in Market Square.*





*Petworth Millennium Celebrations.  
A study in shadow by Keith Sandall.  
The stall was just to the left of the Leconfield Hall door.*

Arms pub. On the wall of this office were four clock faces set by hand after each departure to show the times of the next buses to Horsham, Brighton, Worthing and Petworth. The office had a telephone enabling it to pass on information on traffic hold-ups and breakdowns. Parcels as well as passengers benefited from the connecting services and conductors had to record parcel stamp numbers on transfers.

These days we usually associate open top buses with sightseeing, football celebrations and elections, but in the 1920s and 30s open tops were still in all weather, daily use on town and country routes. While working at Horsham my father remembers that one of the buses working to Brighton was an open top double decker. This had folding doors on the lower deck which could be closed to help keep the interior warm. On one very wet Saturday this bus was used on the 5.20 p.m. to Brighton and all the passengers had to squeeze onto the lower deck. This made fare collection very difficult.

In the 1930s Southdown used a garage behind the Horsham Post Office where there was a hand-operated petrol pump used to refuel buses. The conductor usually cranked the handle while the driver watched the fuel going into the bus tank. There was also the Denne Road garage which housed 4 buses. This was not the large bus garage at the bottom of Denne Road but the old garage which became the National Tyres outlet. National Tyres are still there though they've redeveloped the site. My father's ten weeks in Horsham came to an end and he was stood off. He did hope to be re-employed once the acquisition of Rayners had been completed but this never happened, so he found alternative work on the Southern Railway Engineers Dept.

But that wasn't the end of his bussing because in January 1935 he had a letter from Southdown's Brighton Depot informing of a vacancy which might interest him - if he would travel to Brighton and call at the 5 Steine Street office. Well, he did, and the job was at Pulborough where 5 crews were then based. These operated on Service 22 (double deckers) Brighton to Petworth and Service 69 (single decker Tilling-Stevens) Horsham to Littlehampton. So Father decided to start at Pulborough. One crew formerly based at Littlehampton worked 4 days at Pulborough and the other 2 days at Storrington on the 71 route from Thakeham and Storrington to Pulborough station via West Chiltington. At that time although there were all these bus crews, there was no garage at Pulborough. The 69 was parked at the Swan Corner on a reserved space while the 22 bus was parked overnight at Pulborough station under the goods shed awning.

Father says, "When the 69 bus finished for the night its driver would help the 22 get started the next morning by draining the radiator water into a hay barrel placed nearby. The 22 driver would have to refill the radiator with the hopefully still warm water in the morning. One morning the 22 bus failed to start and after getting a push to the top of the hill at Station Approach still did not start, so the driver took out the spark plugs and warmed them on the stove in F. Burchel's shop, replaced them in the engine block, and the bus would still not start, so we had to phone for a replacement bus, which did not arrive for 50 minutes, so passengers had to wait for us. One passenger who normally travelled from [Upper] Beeding to Southwick (a 7d. fare) hired a taxi for 7s. 6d. and submitted the claim to the company. About two weeks later the crew had to report to the Brighton depot office to explain why the bus was late and



after hearing our explanation the taxi claim was turned down. The general manager who was present at this interview decided that a site must be found for a garage at Pulborough and after a time a site was found in London Road. A local builder erected the garage which housed at first 3 and later 4 buses."

Father says, "Drivers had to carry tool boxes for emergency running repairs. Spare wheels were kept at various garages. Once after a puncture at Petworth I walked from the Square to the garage opposite the Angel pub, got a spare wheel, rolled it back to the Square only to discover that the rear wheel guard of the bus prevented us fitting it, and we ended up leaving the spare there. One bus operating on service 22 was transferred from Petworth allowing a new early service from Pulborough to Petworth with connection onto Midhurst. So one crew from Petworth were required to start duties at Pulborough. A motor cycle was provided to transport them with the driver in charge and the conductor riding pillion. This brought Pulborough up to 6 crews with a 6 week roster. The second 22 bus worked from Pulborough to Petworth at 8.20 a.m. and then worked from Petworth to Brighton. This duty was usually a spread over finishing about 9.30 p.m. Saturday duty was different as the late 69 continued to Littlehampton and the 22 bus was taken to the garage by the 69 crew. Most of our journeys were completed without mishap, but once on the 22 service we got as far as Washington and found a front tyre deflated, so had to phone for a replacement which came from Worthing depot, so we were late arriving at Brighton Pool Valley. Service 22 was a busy route and from Steyning to Shoreham the timing was tight. There were several pick up points close to one another - four in Steyning, two in Bramber, two in Beeding and one at Dacre Gardens [the cement works cottages] so it was high speed down the Erringham Straight. One Steyning driver was caught exceeding the 30 mph speed limit on that section and was prosecuted, but managed to get off because of faulty evidence. At that time there was no trade union to defend staff."

So onto 1938. Father says, "War seemed imminent but our Prime Minister's trip to meet Hitler got it postponed until 3rd September 1939. Petrol rationing for private motorists brought more passengers onto the buses, but later on forced a curtailing of bus services. Soon the blackout was forced upon householders, motorists, lorry drivers and bus operators. At first car, bus and lorry headlamps were not permitted - only sidelights. Inside the buses, normal bulbs were removed and only small sidelight bulbs were fitted at each end of the bus interior, shaded by covers like egg cups."

"Enterprising conductors ...", Father says but I think he means himself, "... found that inserting silver paper into the shades would increase the light. Even so they had to rig up a torch attached to the uniform jacket in order to see tickets and cash up in the hours of darkness. After a time headlamp masks were devised to allow a diffused beam but even these had to be switched off during air raids. On country routes it became even more difficult than usual to know where the bus was on dark nights, as the normal lights of houses would not be showing. The best time to be on a late duty was when the 'parish lantern' was on (i.e. moon shining). The evacuation of children brought us more customers and loads of Canadian and other Commonwealth troops came to be stationed in the south-east. Compulsory registration and call-up of all young men began to thin our ranks and so new recruits had to be trained. And

of course on the buses as elsewhere women went out to work to make up for the men away at the war. Some enemy bombing was done in Brighton and Hove. A house was damaged in the Carlisle Road area and some buildings near Pool Valley."

Petrol rationing began to affect the number of bus miles operated. The 69 was curtailed to Arundel, passengers for Littlehampton having to change buses there. The cross-country 81 service from Billingshurst to Haywards Heath was taken off. This route was another operated in the 1930s by single decker Tilling-Stevens buses and one of these was based at Billingshurst. Father says Southdown economised slightly by having two drivers and one conductor based there and when the conductor had a day off the second driver covered the conducting. After the war the 81 was reinstated between Haywards Heath and Cowfold, and there was a Saturday service 83 between Cowfold and Billingshurst.

But meanwhile back at the war, Father was called for a medical examination in Brighton and passed as A1, so in August 1940 he temporarily stopped conducting to report to 205 H.H.A. Training Regiment at Arborfield near Reading. After two months he moved to Weyborne in Norfolk and after another month to Bristol in November 1940. My grandfather had retired from the Southern Railway in 1936 and moved to Piltdown, East Sussex. Occasionally father got leave and sometimes travelled back to see his parents in Piltdown, where he notes that Southdown services 20 and 89 were still running to Chailey.

Then he says, "Sometimes I got to Steyning and once went to Beeding and was offered a lift back in Inspector Scottow's car." He does not mention why Steyning - or the most important visit to Steyning in April 1941, or the honeymoon in Tillington. Bill Mills, a Southdown driver based at Petworth was my parents' best man.

After a while Father's army unit (349 Battery) was ordered to do mobile training at Bedhampton near Havant. After six weeks there, out on schema most days, they went to Gravesend. After a while there they went to Folkestone for more ACK-ACK work. More mobile training followed, once Father even passed his Piltdown home but was unable to stop. In November 1942 his unit left Folkestone for an unknown destination travelling overnight by train to Glasgow docks. They boarded a ship and sailed from Greenock. After a ten day voyage he arrived in Algiers. Three years of conflict and foreign travel followed. Father returned home from Milan, via Lausanne, Dijon and Calais.

Gordon Stevenson

[To be continued]

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## The Sixth Sussex Volunteer Rifle Corps

Browsing through early issues of the *West Sussex Gazette* I happened upon the following poem and I think you will agree that it is worthy of a short notice. The verse itself is made up of rhyming couplets formed into seven stanzas of varying lengths and the content is clearly designed to emulate the style favoured by the classical poets. It was something of a convention during the nineteenth century for the author of these pseudo-classical works to either remain



anonymous or in many instances to adopt a nom de plume borrowed perhaps from the writings of Virgil or Horace. In this instance the poet chose to disregard tradition and generously left us a clue to his identity by signing himself G.D. One hundred and forty years ago a simple process of elimination would probably have identified the author to his contemporaries, while at this distance in time we are only able to speculate. I would suggest - with the possibility of being corrected - that the poet was one George Daintrey an articled clerk, the teenaged son of Arthur Daintrey the respected Petworth solicitor and attorney. The Daintrey family lived at what was then known as 'The Mansion' in East Street, an imposing building with a fine Georgian facade situated on the east side of the road at the junction with Angel Street and now appropriately known as Daintrey House in recognition of its long association with the family. That George Daintrey was the poet in question can not now be verified conclusively, however we do know that he was a member of the rifle corps as was the poet (see stanza 5 line 5), and as corroboration his name appears on the roll of the newly enlisted volunteers who attended the inaugural meeting held at the Town Hall in March, 1860.

The Petworth of 1860 in which George Daintrey lived and where the Petworth Corps flourished was still very much an elitist society. While his family were not directly dependent upon the favours of the local aristocracy for their income they would still have felt the influence of the residents of Petworth House on the rigid social system which still prevailed in rural Sussex. Having a solicitor as a father George could expect to be on an equal footing with the siblings of other professional people such as doctors and clergymen, and being a minor land owning family they could mix with, whilst remaining subordinate to, members of what is now known as the 'squirearchy', those families who owned the land but entrusted tenants or managers to farm it. These middle and upper class families were enjoying a period of unrivalled prosperity that would last until the depression of the 1870's. Great Britain could sell more goods abroad than it could ever hope to produce, and the standard of living enjoyed by this privileged minority far exceeded that of their trading partners on the continent. The growth of the railway system had encouraged the movement of the working population and at the same time had facilitated the growth of the volunteer organizations based on religious, political, and quasi-military ideals, mass meetings could be organized with greater ease and participants could now be transported from districts many miles away. The railway came to Petworth in the autumn of 1859 and it is quite probable that the review described in the poem was the first major event held at Petworth in which the railway was instrumental in its success.

The poet sets out to illustrate the events of the 17th of July, 1860, when the 2nd Battalion of the Sussex Volunteer Rifles - which embraced corps from Horsham, Henfield, East Grinstead, Hurstpierpoint, Crawley, Storrington, and Petworth - held their review in Petworth Park. That the sixth Sussex Volunteer Rifle Corps, or as they were better known, *The Petworth Corps*, could host such an event is testament to the popularity of the volunteers in the district, only four months earlier *The Petworth Corps* had held their inaugural meeting at Petworth Town Hall where some 60 young volunteers were sworn-in. The meeting was presided over by the Earl Winterton who with Lord Turnour, Captain Barttelot, and the assembled would-be volunteers, took the oath of allegiance and were subsequently enrolled into the corps. The list of those present at that first meeting can hardly be representative of

the youth of Petworth at the time, the membership imitates the strict social divisions mentioned above, with those present being drawn from the families of established shopkeepers, tradesmen, professionals and of course the aristocracy. Apart from Earl Winterton and Lord Turnour, Percy Wyndham the 25-year-old youngest son of Lord Leconfield represented this latter section. Though absent from the proceedings the young Wyndham received due recognition of his position in Petworth society by being enrolled into the corps with the initial rank of lieutenant. Earl Winterton appears to have accepted the nominal roll of commander-in-chief of the corps without actually adopting a rank. The mere presence of the Winterton and Wyndham names among the enlisted recruits would have guaranteed a social respectability for the fledgling corps. Captain Barttelot was clearly the driving force behind the Sixth Sussex Volunteer Rifle Corps, a retired army officer with fourteen years service behind him, he was ideally suited to the position of commanding officer, a contemporary description of him pays tribute to this '*knowledge of military tactics, his commanding voice, and the respect with which he is held*'. His address to the gathered recruits was based on the commonly held principle that a powerful fighting force should in the first place be used as an effective promoter of peace rather than in subjugating the aggressor, though he stressed that it was the duty of every Englishman, when occasion occurred, to come forward in defence of his country. It would appear from the content of his speech that Barttelot felt that such a time of national crisis was fast approaching, he alludes to the possibility of panic breaking out, and worse still the need to '*prevent the landing of a foreign foe*'. It is probable that Captain Barttelot was referring to the sense of alarm felt by the growing strength of France, and in particular the posturings and ambitions of the dictator Napoleon III. Of course history has shown that this sense of national anxiety was without foundation, indeed following his defeat by the Prussian army in 1870 Bonaparte retired in exile to spend his last years in Kent, having never posed a threat to England. Despite this general feeling of apprehension, Great Britain in 1860 was enjoying a period of peace almost previously unknown in the nineteenth century. The collective memories of the Crimean War, which with the devastating toll of casualties had shocked the nation, was receding into the recent past. Apart from France, Europe appeared to pose little threat to Britain, Germany was to embark upon three wars with her neighbours over the next decade, and Italy and Austria were continuing their long-term hostilities toward each other. Perhaps a more rational source of unease in Britain may have resulted from the intricate web of treaties that tied the European powers together and which regularly threatened to elevate local aggressions into full-scale hostilities, and would half a century later would lead to the outbreak of The Great War.

The poet competently portrays a scene of marching bands, enthusiastic volunteers proudly dressed in their grey uniforms, finely attired ladies carrying the obligatory parasol, and children running to and fro caught up in the excitement of the day, yet like most of the onlookers oblivious to the realities of the deadly games being played by the volunteers. The whole scene with the house in the background, Lawn Hill being used as a natural vantage point - as it is to this day - is reminiscent of that splendid painting *Fete in Petworth Park (1835)* by Frederick Witherington, in which the artist illustrates a comparable event, albeit without the military connotation. In short we see a Petworth at peace with itself, a Petworth where the



current issue of concern was the quality - or lack of it - of the gas produced at the works in what is now Station Road. The writer skilfully avoids commenting on the principle grievance of the townspeople concerning the gasworks, while still managing to incorporate the issue into the poem - 'By a high-chimneyed house of ill smells (where the gas, so lately the bone of parochial contention is made)'.

*Ye Doleful Legend of Ye Volunteers*

Full many a bright eye was turned to the west,  
As Phoebus in splendour sank down to his rest;  
And ruby lips gave an *abandon* divine  
To the earthly expression, "I hope 'twill be fine."  
And by many a maid as she languidly lay  
On her full, lonely pillow, and longed for the day,  
Aspirations, I ween, to the morrow were given,  
More ardent than any which mounted to Heaven;  
They stopped in the clouds, and a warmer emotion  
Most amply made up for the lack of devotion.

Yet dull was the dawn, and beclouded the ray  
Of Sol as he rose on that glorious day;  
And a few drops of rain, if it must be confest,  
Came down; and the wind was decidedly west.  
But e'en then, ere the water had dried from the ground,  
A promising beam shed its lustre around.  
My age is but small<sup>1</sup>, my experience slight,  
And I try, when it suits me, to keep in the right;  
But yet I've observed, and therefore record it,  
(The thought is my own, and so why should I hoard it ?)  
When a warm burst of tears and a smile come together,  
They oftentimes lead to - a change in the weather;  
And so in this instance it happened - the rain  
Was dispelled for the day, and returned not again.

But what is this tumult, this novel commotion,  
That, like a fresh gust on the slumbering ocean,  
Awakes the dull streets of the torpid old town,  
And into the Market seems gathering down ?  
The shops are all closed,<sup>2</sup> and a respite from toil  
Announces that Englishmen mean to be loyal.  
What ord'ring of rifles, what dressing of men -  
Are the days of the old war returning again,  
That the ardour to combat for all he holds dear  
Burns so bright in the breasts of the bold volunteer ?  
They form and march off imposing and grand,  
To the smiles of the damsels, the strains of the band;

For Beauty's bright glance, at the magical sound,  
Beams forth from each casement - as far as the pound;  
But there the display from the houses was ended,  
Because, to say truth, they no further extended;  
But still the Mill-lane, and the garden above,  
Were alive with humanity, all on the move.

Onward and onward they gallantly pass  
By a high-chimneyed house of ill smells<sup>3</sup> (where the gas,  
So lately the bone of parochial contention,  
Is made,) without incident worthy of mention.  
A hundred yards more, and the tunics of grey  
Form up in a line on each side of the way,  
And wait for the strangers who hail from afar  
To swell the dread tide of the counterfeit war.  
So long they remain on the spot where they're stationed,  
That the doctors begin to wax somewhat impatient;  
But, hark! what is that ? 'Tis the sound of the drum,  
'Tis the note of the bugle - they come, they come;  
They come in the splendour of martial array,  
While the flash from the bayonets dazzles the day,  
"Sixth Sussex, present," rings over the road,  
And right through the centre the wanderers strode;  
"Six steps to the front," and "right form four deep,"  
Then on to the Park they imposingly sweep.  
And there what a prospect is forced on the eye!  
Long Booths are erected<sup>4</sup> and flags gaily fly,  
While crowds upon crowds developing still  
Line the whole of the lawn and the side of the hill,  
And deck the green sward with their varied array,  
Like a garden of flowers in the middle of May.

The companies form, and "pile arms" is the word,  
While the locking of muzzles and ramrods is heard;  
The "break" - to the booth they proceed at a double,  
And give the dispensers of liquor some trouble;  
Save a few (and amongst them the writer, I ween,)   
Who wend up the hill to see what can be seen,  
And there with the view so delighted was he,  
With the Park, and the pond, and the gay company,  
That when the bugles announced the interval past  
I am sorry to say he was one of the last.  
Then, in sooth, in good earnest the business began -  
Then high beat the bosom of each gallant man.



'Twere bootless to tell of the feats that were done,  
 Of the charges repulsed, and the victories won,  
 Of the volleys they fired, and the terrible slaughter  
 Of foes on the opposite side of the water;  
 How they laid on their stomachs in grass that was damp,  
 And how one or two got a twinge of the cramp;  
 How the skirmishing made all the fat ones to blow,  
 And the whole column marched past in quick time and slow,  
 Advanced and retired, how they closed and extended,  
 How nobly the crest of the hill was defended;  
 While the ladies, who'd made it their favourite station,  
 Had to run from the post in immense consternation;  
 And how a small boy, who had come with a pair  
 Of donkeys from Midhurst, or some where near there,  
 As soon as 'twas over, went home to his tea,  
 And told the good folks there was nothing to see.

But now, as before, in a column the men  
 Form up, pile their arms, and break off again;  
 Then gladly prepares each old volunteer  
 For a furious onslaught - on venison and beer<sup>5</sup>;  
 And, were I not cramped by my limited space,  
 A lengthened heroic e'en now I might trace,  
 Of charges more fierce than before had been made,  
 And achievements that cast all the rest in the shade;  
 Of haunches demolished, and barrels run dry;  
 How along the long tables "Cheese, cheese," was the cry,  
 But all to no purpose: the last has been cut,  
 And eaten, alas! and the shops were all shut.  
 And how, when the dinner was o'er, as with all  
 Good things it must sooner or later befall,  
 The Sixth Sussex escorted their guests of the day  
 From the town, with a noble hurrah, on their way,  
 Then gallantly marched the East-street around,  
 And frightened a pig who'd escaped from the pound,  
 Broke off in the Market, with three hearty cheers  
 For the Major who'd marshalled the brave volunteers;  
 Of the glorious frolics they had in the Park;  
 And scarcely gave over before it was dark;  
 How a youth, with his cap on the back of his head,  
 Made little girls bob for molasses and bread,  
 And when the brown treacle had plastered their faces,  
 Produced some gay knick-knacks as prizes for races;

While dancing went on to the sound of the band,  
 'Till the maidens were almost too giddy to stand.

When all the fine sports for the evening were ended,  
 I thought to myself, as homewards I wended,  
 With hands in my pockets, and loitering paces,  
 And mused of mankind in their various phases,  
 That a uniform - even a tunic of grey -  
 Of the hearts of the ladies makes terrible play,  
 While roast or hashed venison, with plenty of beer,  
 Goes straight to the soul of the bold volunteer.

Petworth, 21st July, 1860.

G.D.

*Notes:*

1. *My age is but small.* If I am correct in identifying George Daintrey as the author of the poem then he would have been aged 19 at the time.
2. *The shops are all closed.* Many Petworth tradesmen declared the occasion a half-holiday.
3. *A high-chimneyed house of ill smells.* This would be the old gas works in what is now Station Road; it would appear that the people of Petworth had long been unhappy with the quality of the gas produced at the works.
4. *Long Booths are erected.* According to a contemporary account of the review Mr Dempster the landlord of the Swan Hotel erected a monster booth to provide refreshments for the crowd.
5. *For a furious onslaught on venison and beer.* Lord Leconfield provided the venison.

*Sources:*

Best, G. *Mid Victorian Britain* (1979)  
 Houghton, W.E. *The Victorian Frame of Mind* (1985)  
*The West Sussex Gazette* (Various issues from 1860)

Miles Costello

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## Petworth Personalities of the Twentieth Century. A Millennium Series of Four

- 1) "*Lean aisy on the peas Miss Mary ...*" John Trevenen Pentrose, Rector of Petworth 1906-1919  
 "Not every man," wrote D. H. Lawrence perhaps surveying his sickroom in the late 1920s, "has gentians in his house, in soft September at slow, sad Michaelmas." Not every man has a memoir written of him, still less one published in book form. John Trevenen Penrose, rector of Petworth from 1906 to 1919 would have been surprised, mortified perhaps, at such



attention, but would certainly have seen such adulation in a humorous self-deprecating light. He would have unhesitatingly agreed with his brother-in-law and life-long friend Ronald McNeill M.P. (Lord Cushendon), that his own life "was uneventful in the conventional sense of the word and did not invite biography". The book was called forth by the widespread public interest aroused by the heroic circumstances of John Penrose's death in October 1926 and was intended both for those who had never known Penrose in life and wished to know more of him, and for those who had known him and wanted a more permanent memorial. Published by Mowbrays in 1927, it is a slim volume and now rare. In no sense is it a critical biography but its author, Fanny Skinner, once governess to the Penrose children in Ireland, had been linked with the Penroses since 1864 and was able to draw on a rich fund of family reminiscence.

Petworth was an episode in John Penrose's life but a definitive one. It would be his last full-time ministry and when he left in 1919 he was an exhausted man in failing health. The mutual affection between him and the town to which he had come as a complete stranger in 1906 owed much to the stressful times of his sojourn here. Petworth during the 1914-1918 War needed a man with Penrose's peculiar gifts. Valentine Powell, taking over in 1919 describes his predecessor as a "Protestant Orangeman". Penrose would probably not have objected; he certainly saw himself as quintessentially Irish. Son of a clergyman in the Church of Ireland, he was in fact, as Fanny Skinner says, "in an ethnological sense" hardly an Irishman at all. The staunchly Protestant Penrose family had not been in Ireland for more than a couple of centuries. John Trevenen Penrose was born in 1854 at Wood Hill, on the outskirts of Cork into the local Protestant hierarchy. Wood Hill had been home to the Penrose family since the late eighteenth century, but the family had been in Ireland since the Restoration, first in County Wicklow, then in Waterford, eventually settling in Cork. Family tradition connected them originally with Waldrake in Yorkshire and ultimately with Cornwall. Penrose, is, of course, a Cornish name. Cooper Penrose, John's grandfather, was a Quaker who had been "read out of meeting", not apparently for any breach of morals, but for a certain opulence in his style of living and his relaxed attitude to things material. He was not ashamed to have his own personal yacht!

John Penrose, invariably known as "Jack" was one of eight children, five brothers and three sisters, the daughters, as was the custom in those days, being educated at home, the boys at schools in England. Jack, with his next brother Cooper, was sent to Haileybury in 1867. In 1872 Cooper left to train for the Army at Woolwich, Jack to go to Trinity College, Cambridge and, ultimately, to take orders. He was no great scholar, but he had a great love of music and singing and a reading voice that enchanted all who heard him. He had, too, a fascination for all sports, above all running and rowing. Only a fall while out hunting and the ensuing broken wrist robbed him of a rowing blue, but he still managed a good deal of rowing at Cambridge. Cricket, golf, tennis, croquet, fly-fishing - he loved them all and excelled at most. "Quite the most popular man of his day at Cambridge," writes Fanny Skinner, possibly with some pardonable exaggeration. He had ample ability, she observes, to have taken a creditable Tripos examination at the university but he felt a pass degree was enough. Scholarship held no great fascination for him.

In 1887 he was ordained in Worcester Cathedral, going first as curate to Coleshill in

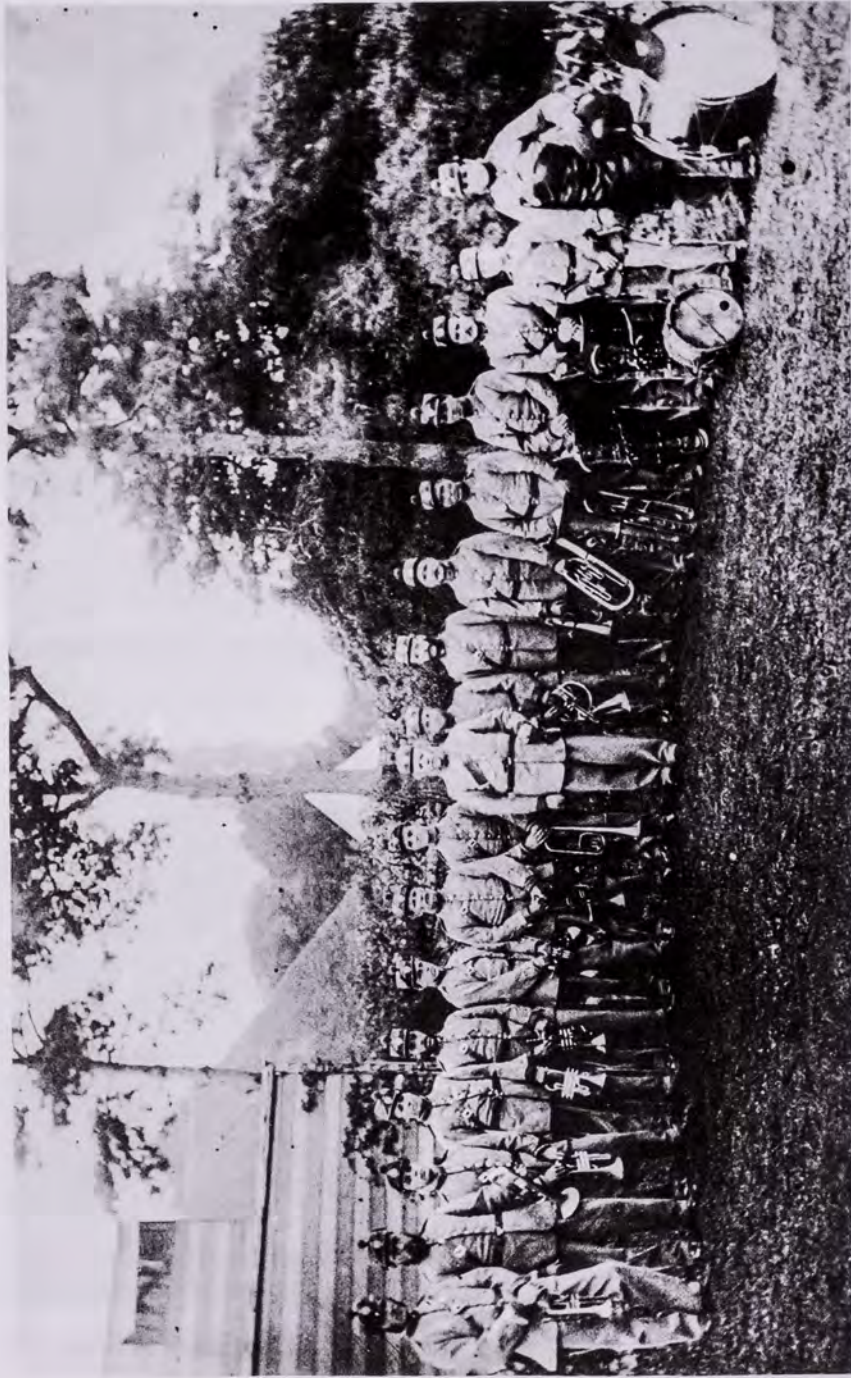


**A Tillings-Stevens bus on the pre-war 69 route south of Pulborough.**



**Service 22 at Petworth in the 1920s. Before the war the route ran from Brighton to Petworth – Petworth to Midhurst was served by service 59.**





*The band of the "Volunteers".  
A photograph from the 1860s and probably taken by F. G. Morgan.*

Warwickshire, then to All Saints, Wakefield, before becoming rector of Gawsworth in Cheshire, some three miles from Macclesfield and six from Congleton. Gawsworth was at this time a basically agricultural parish of scattered farms and hamlets. The impressive timbered Rectory was a well-known landmark. Penrose married while at Gawsworth and two children were born, in 1886 and 1888. Ronald McNeill M.P. and sometime Government minister, later Lord Cushendon, became his brother-in-law and lifelong friend. In 1898 came an offer of the living at Barnard Castle, in the gift of his old college, Trinity at Cambridge. It was a wrench to leave Gawsworth after nearly two decades but as Fanny Skinner says, "he and his wife realised that they were at a parting of the ways; if he decided to remain longer at Gawsworth it would probably mean remaining there for the rest of his life".

Barnard Castle was something of a contrast, a larger town even if it had a considerable rural hinterland. The vicarage "a substantial and comfortable house," had none of the character of Gawsworth. The Tees at the bottom of the vicarage garden formed the boundary between Yorkshire and Durham. It was at Barnard Castle in January 1901 that the Penroses' daughter Esme died of meningitis. She was fifteen. In the Parish Magazine John Penrose thanked his parishioners for their sympathy in the family's grief. "If our sorrow has the result of helping us to enter more feelingly into the lives of other people we shall learn to be thankful for it." The complete sincerity of the statement seems typical of the man. Unfortunately it was a statement he would need to repeat at Petworth some fourteen years on.

Personal tragedy apart, the love of music continued. John Penrose was above all a convivial man, and on Sunday evenings, nothing daunted by a full day of services, he loved to sing parts from his favourite oratorios. Fanny Skinner thinks he would happily have stayed at Barnard Castle but Mrs Penrose's increasing eye problems and her indifferent health in the bracing northern climate led the Penroses to look south. In the summer of 1906 Penrose was offered the living of Petworth by Lord Leconfield.

And so the Penroses made the long journey to Petworth, certainly as Providence would have it, the most exacting of John Penrose's various cures. There was a private institution at Brighton on the 30th June while the new rector "preached himself in" at St Mary's on the morning of Sunday 8th July. Early observations in St Mary's Magazine point the contrast with the Yorkshire-Durham border. The new incumbent has come to Petworth from "a scattered northern parish where winds are cold but hearts are warm". No doubt he hoped for similar warmth in the south country. In October he observes, "The summer is dying hard. We northern birds wonder whether you ever have winter here. We are not impatient for it to come for we are told it can be very cold at Petworth."

Petworth was at this time served by a rector, a curate and, usually, an additional curate. One curate tended to treat Byworth as his especial charge. Egdean at this time was a separate living. Church life at Byworth seems to have had a robust tinge when the new rector came. The Parish Magazine in August 1907 notes the better behaviour of the Byworth choirboys even if there was still "plenty of room for improvement" in the singing. Hymn books had been "shockingly mutilated" although whether this particular outrage was to be laid at the door of the unruly choirboys is not clear. In October, the school room was so full for a Harvest Festival service that some of the congregation were forced to participate by standing outside the



schoolhouse entrance. Later the magazine specifically mentions "the little group who came over from Byworth under Miss Singer's care" in connection with a Petworth Infant School Treat. Petworth and Byworth were very close.

Petworth would not be the easiest of parishes. It had a rigid social hierarchy that even such an open personality as John Penrose would flout at his peril. There was a definite social gradation leading all the way from Lord Leconfield to the humblest artisan or even the workhouse itself. Hugh Whitcomb (PSM 97) sought to illustrate this division in graphic terms. He noted the strict (but unofficial) seating arrangements at St Mary's. Professional people and those of independent means sat in the gallery, the estate hierarchy and tenant farmers to the left of the aisle. These were popularly known as the "sheep". The "goats" were guided to the "free" side on the right hand of the aisle. Ronald McNeill, a Member of Parliament and subsequently Lord Cushendon, pointedly sat with the "goats". Such is the story; Hugh Whitcomb is attacking the "petty snobbery" then rampant in the town, but is probably somewhat partisan. Seats on the left of the aisle were rented pews and visitors, even as distinguished as Ronald McNeill, would not have access to them. At this distance in time it is difficult to assess how far Hugh Whitcomb's own presuppositions have taken him. Perhaps more telling is Florence Rapley's diary entry describing a visit to New Grove to hear a lecture on the proposed disestablishment of the Church of Wales, a constant clerical *bête noire* at this time. As the wife of a farm labourer, the very articulate Florence, with her friend Miss Singer from Byworth, felt obliged to "ward off the cold looks of the élite." "The clergy," she adds, "were all kind to us and if we can go without fear into the house of God, why should we fear to go into the house of a woman?" As with Hugh Whitcomb, Florence may be rather on the defensive, but such testimony is not simply to be ignored. Cross-currents of this kind there certainly were in Petworth and they will not have made the new rector's task any easier.

In the face of such entrenched attitudes, there remained the Rector's apparently inexhaustible bonhomie. Early in 1907 he is singing two songs at the Girls School Entertainment, presiding over a Temperance Festival in the Iron Room and taking a leading part in a performance of Stainer's Crucifixion at St Mary's. If there was choral activity in Petworth, the new rector would never be far away.

As Rector, John Penrose became *ex officio* President of the prestigious Men's Mutual Improvement Society, founded by his predecessor Herbert Jones, soon to become Bishop of Lewes. In 1908 the Rector opened the new Men's Mutual season by speaking on Ireland. The Parish Magazine reports: "This was a most congenial subject to the lecturer who gave a most interesting account of many of the charming scenes to be met with in Ireland with their historical associations. The lecture abounded with Irish wit and humour ... several characteristic songs were sung by the Rector."

John Penrose was a convivial man and the early evenings of the New Year were invariably taken up with a succession of separate and high-spirited parties for church-related organisations, the Petworth choir, the Sunday School teachers, the bellringers, the Byworth choir and the Men's Bible Glass. The Rector's reading voice was greatly admired and after a trip to Switzerland (a country he contrived to visit virtually every year before the War), he again opened the new Men's Mutual season, but this time by reading selections from Dickens

with appropriate lantern slides. "The experiment," reports St Mary's Magazine, "was well received." It was repeated the following year with a reading of Tennyson's *Enoch Arden* "a touching story of honest love and heroic self-sacrifice."

Florence Rapley's attitude to the Rector is reticent, warming perhaps as the years pass. It will be remembered that her diary runs from the summer of 1909 to the winter of 1912. To an extent the Rector's easy patrician manner seems to have bounced off her reserve. Her reaction to a post-Christmas horseback visit in December 1909 is typical. "People object to morning calls, well, the working classes do, and they do not think it is always possible for a patient to talk at a gate or fence." Point taken. Throughout the Diary the Rector usually contrives to say the wrong thing - to answer Florence's complaints about her home life and her various ailments with a call for patience, or the suggestion that she walk to Petworth for a church function that afternoon. Mr Penrose's approval of the semi-teetotal movement, "No thanks, I don't drink between meals" she sees as a betrayal of Temperance principles.

Petworth, lying as it did, under the spell of the great house, "like Pompeii with Vesuvius emitting glory far above", in E. V. Lucas' famous phrase, was to an extent a world apart. Those who could not come to terms with a town where virtually every working man either worked for Lord Leconfield or for a business dependent on his patronage, simply moved away. Hugh Whitcomb (PSM 96,97,98) is one of many. His consistently hostile attitude toward the Leconfield Estate is no doubt typical. Not everyone felt like this however. Petworth, again in Lucas' words, was "the very home of low-pulsed peace" and to an extent insulated from the uncertainties of the day, the warfare between Lords and Commons, the suffragette agitation, the widespread industrial unrest and, of course, the deteriorating situation in Ireland. Petworth was insular and the clergy as much concerned with the proposed disestablishment of the Church of Wales as they were with other issues, although, of course, as himself a Protestant Irishman, Mr Penrose always had more than half an eye on Ireland. There may be a certain irony in this sentence in St Mary's Magazine on the return from a choir trip to the Isle of Wight, but there is also an element of truth, "Mr Streeter's conveyances were waiting for us and after bringing us to the centre of the universe, or rather to Market Place, all separated again after a most enjoyable day's outing."

Times were changing however. A new secularism worried the Rector. Good Friday 1909 was marred by those who as Christians felt it quite in order to garden or make excursions on that day. "I feel so anxious as I see around me the growth of a secular spirit especially among men." The war would show how dramatic this alienation from old values really was. In the Rector's Magazine notes for October 1908 Mr Penrose had extolled the joys of the hearth, and indeed struck a strangely contemporary note. "There is too much running about the streets in the dark. It does not make for goodness." The antidote, he suggested, was a greater recourse to the numerous local clubs and societies. Two indecisive elections in 1910 had left a divided and uneasy country. A biblical text ran through John Penrose's mind as it did Florence Rapley's too. "The Lord reigneth, be the people never so impatient." The Rector's solution was a resolutely devotional one (January 1911). "I am quite sure that it is impossible to press the duty of prayer too strongly upon you, because I believe so intensely in the power of prayer and the effect which prayer has in helping to lift these great questions



out of the narrow rut of mere personal and class selfishness." Each year the Rector enjoined upon his congregation the observance of Lent as "a kind of rest cure for souls" but attitudes were becoming more relaxed. In June 1911 he protests against the excesses of the Continental Sunday, urging the readers of his notes not to follow the crowd in its short-sighted efforts to make Sunday nothing more than a secular holiday, nothing better than a day of ease and self-indulgence. Writing in the summer of that year, Florence Rapley is as usual more trenchant, putting down society's many ills to England's "blatant disregard of the Sabbath." Strikebound in Ireland, Mr Penrose could not even hire a donkey to transport him the forty miles or so to his steamer.

1914 began as other years. "As we stand face to face with another year, one wonders what lies in store for each of us, what the unfolding days and weeks are going to bring to us. Do we ask ourselves as we might, what am I going to bring to the New Year? Time is our debtor."... (*St Mary's Magazine* January 1914.)

The old themes recur. The need for family religion; Lent is not magic but opportunity. In April the Rector appeals once again for a more Christian observance of Easter week and particularly of Good Friday. In July the Church Army spent a week in Byworth prior to a fortnight in Petworth. There were lantern services in the Iron Room. In August the Rector is looking anxiously toward "the powder train" in Ireland, yet aware too of "black clouds over Europe". He could discern a divine pattern. "The more I read my Bible the more concerned I am that, if God is the same today as yesterday, national troubles are sent by him as punishment of national sins, for the wrath of God cometh upon the children of disobedience." The Rector would basically stick with this theology of history over the next four years and more but the course of events would give it a terrible battering. Meanwhile billeted soldiers were a tangible sign of the outbreak of hostilities as were Belgian refugees staying at the Swan and in the Iron Room.

Mr Penrose stuck to his principles. On Ash Wednesday 1915 he called for prayer and self-denial. "Oh for a great revival of believing prayer. What wonders it could work for ourselves, for our country and the world." In practice this meant "a quiet persistence in the daily duties of our lives." The Rector's insistence on enlisting at this time probably owed much to his own feeling of helplessness to affect the course of events and the difficulties inherent in the voluntary system. Why should some go to war and others remain behind? The Derby Act late in 1915 involved a personal canvas of all men between eighteen and forty and an invitation to enlist. There was no compulsion and many still declined. The posting of Mr Penrose's son as missing in 1915 meant that the Rectory was not immune from the general grief. As the war progressed few families would be untouched by it. "Our trouble has also brought us very near in thought and prayer to those of you whose husbands, or sons, or brothers are braving the dangers and privations of this dreadful war." Still the demand for recruits continued. In autumn 1915 the Rector was hoping the situation would "bring to life the sleeping energies of many who are failing their country in this tremendous crises of her fate." For all this, however, prayer remained "the highest and most effective war work of all.

In January 1916 the Rector's imagery becomes more martial. "We must be instant in prayer to the God of battles." Thrift and self-denial were the order of the day and the hope

that victory would crown our labours "before another Christmas comes." It was not to be. Conscription came in early in 1916 and perhaps eased tensions among the congregation at St Mary's. The ladies of the Hospital Supply Department (see *Magazine* 96) and the Rectory Clothes Group continued. England, wrote the Rector was like "one vast beehive". The Rector stuck to his theological guns, "Nothing will go so far in deciding the issues of war as the continued prayers of God's people." In face of Zeppelin and aeroplane attacks, he took a firm stand against reprisals. "We will not hit below the belt." 1916 was the year of the Church of England's Mission of Repentance and Hope: a missionary came to Petworth and John Penrose was sent to Hastings. Old prejudices were coming under increasing strain. Lady Maxse spoke in the Iron room on "Women on the Land" and from the chair the Rector backed her appeal for volunteers. "Several questions were asked, and some doubts were expressed as to the possibility of making any very general use of female labour but the general opinion of the audience was favourable..." (*St Mary's Magazine* April 1916). The names of several people willing to try their land at hoeing, haymaking, milking etc. were handed in. Despite all the efforts of churchmen, the Rector's gloomy statement of May 1916 held firm, "It is sad to find how little the manhood of a nation as represented by men in training camps and such like is really touched by the church." At home the Rector had sometimes a curate, sometimes not. At Christmas he apologised for the curtailment of so many church activities. In December however he was seeking addresses to send individual Christmas cards to all serving Petworth soldiers and sailors.

1917 was, if anything, bleaker. "The most terrible and devastating war in all the world's history" was still raging, in the Rector's own words, "from Boulogne to Baghdad, from Riga to the Suez Canal." Casualties were growing ever heavier but peace could not be concluded on the enemy's terms. In February, spiritual and practical come together. Every garden must be planted and we must be regular, earnest and expectant in our prayers. A touch of the Rector's Irish humour surfaces in March: rationing remained voluntary and he recalled the story of the Irish butler whispering at table, "Lean aisy on the peas, Miss Mary, I'm in dread they won't go round". Recipes for oatmeal and barley bread seemed appropriate as German submarines remained active. Lloyd George's call for a national Lent was another instance of spiritual and material coming together. In April Lady Maxse spoke in the Iron Room on rationing and the Parish Magazine was offering help in cultivating gardens. These were trying days. Mrs Penrose's widowed aunt recalled this period at Petworth Rectory and told Fanny Skinner, "He (Jack) was always on the move, out all over the parish in town and country visiting the homes, very many of them where the husband or son were at the front, sharing the joy over the postcard that brought good news and ready at any moment to hurry off to the cottage where the terrible War Office telegram had come."

The acid of the war was dissolving old certainties. Necessary work might be carried out on a Sunday so long as it didn't create a precedent. There would be no lasting good if we won the war and became a nation regardless of God and his laws. In June the Rector was away at a camp on the Scottish coast and wondering at the patrolling warships, guarding aeroplanes, captive balloons and mine-sweepers. Returned home, there was a memorial service for those killed: the Rector was working on the Roll of Honour, the only one in the parish.



## The late Rev. John T. Penrose.

On Sunday, 3rd October, we heard the sad news of the death of the Rev. John T. Penrose, from June, 1906, to May, 1919, Rector of this Parish.

It was a great and an unexpected shock—only a few weeks earlier he had been in the town in good health and spirits, and had visited as many of his old parishioners as the short time at his disposal permitted, and for all who knew him the sense of a great personal loss is sharpened by the suddenness of this blow.

He was much beloved and is deeply and most sincerely mourned and all are united in grief for his loss and in deepest sympathy with Mrs. Penrose.

For himself we feel that the manner of his going was most enviable and wholly in character with his life.

He died swimming to the rescue of two girls who were in danger of drowning. It was like all we knew of him that he should

be the first to go to their assistance. He knew no fear and was always instant in his response to any call for help.

During the years he worked among us his devoted life, his warm-hearted kindness and his interest in all our concerns endeared him



to everyone. None of us can forget the time of terrible anxiety at the Rectory when his only son was reported missing and the hope was still cherished of his survival — and how the Rector put aside his own trouble and spent himself in giving comfort and sympathy to the other families in Petworth who suffered the cruel losses of the War.

A Memorial Service was held in Petworth Church on Wednesday, the 6th Oct., at which all who could attend were present.

His memory will long remain green among us.

“So he passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.”

Battered his principles may have been by events, but he kept to them. In January 1918 he reflects that nothing was ever achieved without sacrifice. God is using the war as "one of his judgements abroad in all the earth" that the nation might learn righteousness and the continuing need for prayer. The King himself had set the 6th of January as a special day of prayer. These were perhaps the darkest hours of all. Mrs Penrose's eye condition was deteriorating, and the departure of the curate left the Rector once more single-handed. An appeal in the August Magazine for fruit stones and nut shells was an echo of the old economies - by November it was all over. A full congregation came to St Mary's to give thanks. On All Saints Day there had been a memorial service. One of the hymns was "Let Saints on earth in concert sing..." so often a thread in Petworth's history, sung again at the Boys' School Service in 1942 and again at the return of the Toronto Scottish Regiment on their 1992 visit. The war was over and the Rector was an exhausted man in indifferent health. The Magazine for January 1919 looks back to Christmas: 'Christmas Day was a good day - the weather was lovely. The town was full of our boys home on leave. The church was beautifully decorated, and there were large congregations. For the first time for some years the choir sang an Anthem, strengthened by several old members in khaki, including Percy Vincent, just home from a German prison camp, they gave "White Shepherds watched their flocks by night".'

The General Election early in 1919 returned a Coalition Government with a large majority. Mrs Penrose was far from well, the Rector was sixty-five and tired; writing in the 1960s Edwin Saunders remembered an exhausted man with affection (PSM 27):

"The ... Rector was ... a fine man, one of the best readers I have ever heard, a wonderful voice and a good singer but he had loss of memory and therefore could not preach very well, he could not think of what he was going to say, very sad for him. I will write a few things what he used to do - post his pipe for his letters and was fond of hunting and perhaps he would call on one of his flock, tie his horse up to something and walk home. Then a man would have to go and get it. Things like these he used to do but he had a wonderful heart. When the 1914 war was on he would go round and if the wife's husband was at the war he would dig their garden up for them, he dug a good many gardens while the war was on..."

John Penrose's sojourn at Petworth was over. On May 5th parting gifts of a handsome silver centrepiece and a cabinet gramophone were presented to Mr and Mrs Penrose by Mr J. B. Watson. Mr Pitfield also spoke and "his many sallies did much to relieve the trying ordeal". A book containing the names of four hundred subscribers was given to the Rector and his wife. (*St Mary's Magazine* June 1919.)

The Penroses retired to Wimbledon, to Tullaghquin "Hill of Peace", a house overlooking the golf links and tennis courts. In the early days the Rector missed Petworth sorely. "I wish I could go down North Street this afternoon" (Skinner p68). He helped at a church at Wimbledon, took holiday chaplaincies in Switzerland and Italy and with his wife formed the Guild of St Christopher, sending help to the war-ravaged Ardennes. The death of the couple's son and last surviving child had been a terrible blow and the Penroses' feelings can only be imagined when a letter from Germany was sent on to them from Petworth Rectory. It came from a teacher who had served with the German forces on the Western Front and who had returned home safely. It was written in German with the accompanying translation:



"Very Honoured Sir,

I found the enclosed diary on April 25th 1915 in a deserted dug-out at Haanebeck north of St Julian near Ypres.

In sending you this diary I allow myself the hope that the writer of it has returned home safe and well."

Upsetting as this would be, such an unsolicited act of kindness from a former enemy would have been acknowledged by John Penrose and is entirely in his spirit. The diary itself, written in pencil, and the letter with its accompanying translation are in the Northern Ireland Record Office in Belfast. (D3574/E/6/8 Acc 15387).

Mr Penrose's hearing was becoming very poor and he was told that his heart would no longer stand the outdoor pursuits he had always loved. As a convivial and gregarious man he found his increasing deafness with its consequent isolation from conversation a great trial. In 1926 a bout of shingles and a trip to the Pyrenees were followed by a holiday in Ireland, on familiar territory at Ballycastle. Walking on the beach he heard the shouts of three girl bathers in difficulty in the sea. No one seemed to take charge of the situation and exclaiming, "I have not been in the water for twenty years and I don't know how it will be," Mr Penrose ran out into the sea to help. His heart could not withstand the shock. He collapsed and had to be pulled from the sea. All attempts at artificial respiration failed. Two of the girls made it back to land without help: the other was rescued.

Mr Penrose's gallant death made national headlines. There were reports of the incident in *The Times* of October 4th, *The Belfast Telegraph* of the same date, and *The Daily Telegraph* of 5th October. No doubt there were many others. On November 19th *The Times* reported a Posthumous Vellum Award from the Royal Humane Society. His life was, as *St Mary's Magazine* had reported almost twenty years before in reporting on the Rector's reading of Tennyson's Enoch Arden, "a touching story of honest love and heroic self-sacrifice".

(Once again I must thank the Rector and Churchwardens of St Mary's for permission to consult those Parish Magazines of which I do not have copies. For material held at Belfast I am grateful for the help of Mr Brian Holland of Ballynahinch. *Florence Rapley's Diary (1909-1912)* was published by the Window Press in 1993 as "*So Sweet as the Phlox is*". Peter)

## Re Magazine 98 and other matters

Miss M. Rowe tells me that the mystery photograph opposite page 34 in Magazine 94 is of her mother collecting water for household purposes from a stream at Coopers Moor just across the road from her cottage on the Duncton Straight, the water supply at the cottage having given out during the summer. Walter Kevis copied the picture in November 1901, but the original will come from about the same time.

In Magazine 97 Jeremy Godwin is quite sure from a close inspection of the handwriting that the mystery word is "carthouse". This certainly fits the context.

On Magazine 98 I had a considerable correspondence on shippens and linhays. Mrs P. Payne writes from Minehead and can speak for everyone:

By coincidence I was reading *The Old Farm* by Robin Stanes - 1990 - Devon Books (this is a history of farming in the West Country) at the same time as *Petworth Society Magazine No.98*. Two books? Yes, well, *Upstairs and Downstairs* books. Always have something to hand.

On p.46 you confess to being puzzled by Linhay (Linney) and Shippen. These words are explained in Chapter 14, p.148 of *The Old Farm*. Linhays were built in remote fields. A loft or talat above and an open-fronted shed with mangers below. Hay cut on the far fields was stbred in the loft and fed to stock in winter. The dung was spread on the fields in spring. It saved carting through narrow lanes and much the same can be seen in Northern Dales - a detached stone building far out in the fields.

P.143. Shippen is a cow byre in Devon and Cornwall, also in Lancashire. In between it is cow-house and byre. The author comments on a sheep-pen being used to house dairy cows without considering ewes may have been milked for cheese, originally. He adds the old belief "that cows do best where they can see the house-fire" so beasts stalled at the low end of a long house got pushed out into the yard.

Lemon cutting. Those gaining admittance to Earl's Court during the Royal Tournament (now history), could have seen the Household Cavalry and the King's Troop enjoying competition at the old mounted skills. Tent-pegging for lances but for sword drill at full gallop - turnips on posts. That meant slicing it cleanly from top to bottom so it fell off. I suggest 'Lemon cutting' is as expert as it can get when one thinks of a lemon impaled on a bamboo cane. Well done, Sgt Dawtrey! Where did the Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry camp for their annual training? Odd to think summer Pony Club camps are the last survival of this custom.

*Mr G Meachen writes from La Grange, Clos de la Hauteur, St Helier, Jersey JE2 3FB*  
Can you please help ??

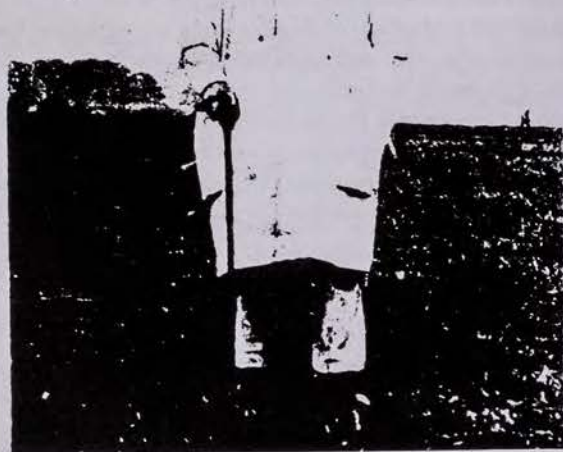
I was lucky to receive this photograph from a distant relative and have been told that the man is Mark *Meachen* who was a shepherd (?) on the Leconfield Estate. That man is my great, great grandfather who was born in Petworth in 1839. Unfortunately I have no other photos of him to confirm his identity and this picture itself is not a very good reproduction.

I would be interested to know if any reader can provide any information as to when and where the photo could have been taken. I am hopeful that some record may have been kept of local ploughing champions, especially when a long time ago he would have been in receipt of quite a lot of prize money!

My source also informs me that for many years the photo hung on a wall of the Welldiggers Arms and at some time past also featured in a Southern Weekly (?) newspaper. As yet I have been unable to locate an address for the likely newspaper publisher in order to further my enquiry with them. If any reader has any information or useful suggestions concerning my relative (or indeed any *Meachen* ancestors) they would be gratefully received.



Petworth Champion Ploughman  
Awarded  
£60 10 0 in Prizes



No 8 July 29<sup>th</sup> 1911  
Received of Petworth Park Friendly Society  
the sum of Seven Pounds  
— shillings, and — pence,  
Petworth Town Band  
£7 = = See

Receipt from Petworth Town Band for performing at Petworth Park Club Day.  
£7 was an appreciable sum in 1911.

No. PETWORTH 27<sup>th</sup> June 1936  
Received from J. Harris by Ashington  
the Sum of Fifteen Pounds  
— Shillings and — Pence  
Petworth 1936.  
£15 —



Harris Brothers of Ashington have a long fairground association with Petworth which they treat effectively as their "home" ground. Is this receipt from 1936 to do with their fairground activities. £15 seems a fair sum. Or is it perhaps a tax voucher. Does anyone recognise the signature?

### 'The place to be ...'

As you know we are most anxious to promote the new Leconfield Hall as an absolutely central part of Petworth life. The Hall's "coming into its own" is long overdue. Its central position gives it a huge advantage, while the lift now offers access for everyone to the upstairs hall.

The charges compare favourably with those of other local halls. There is new carpeting downstairs and the recently bought red chairs are a great addition to the widely acclaimed raked seating. We hope soon to buy additional red chairs and perhaps dispense with the plastic chairs altogether.

The five talks on Petworth history were experimental, and intended initially to indicate the potential of the Kevis Room (formerly the South Committee Room) as an intimate Conference / Lecture Room. Numbers in excess of ninety necessitated a smart transfer upstairs but the potential for the Kevis Room remains. Its direct access to the kitchen hatch is another advantage.

The first cinema show was a roaring success. Fortunately everyone was eventually found a seat but the Hall was at capacity. "Tea with Mussolini" was obviously very much to patrons' taste, as were the ice-cream and popcorn served up with more orthodox refreshments



at the interval. The next film is "Shakespeare in Love" on Wednesday 15th March followed on Wednesday 26th April by "Notting Hill". There will be another film in May followed by a break until September. Clearly films at the Leconfield Hall are here to stay.

Anne and Juliette would like to thank everyone for their support and to say that for Shakespeare in Love tickets for the raked seating, red chairs and front plastic chairs will be available from Allsorts in Market Square (343270) from March 1st. First come, first served, but please do not ring Gillian before that date. No orders will be taken before then. A few tickets for the *side seats only* will be kept available at the door on the night. None of the other seats will be available in this way unless they remain unsold beforehand. Frankly this looks very unlikely indeed.

Did someone say, "You can't do anything in Petworth?" I'd prefer to echo another comment I've heard, "It's all happening at the Leconfield Hall. It's the place to be at the moment."  
P

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## New Members

Mrs E. Bushby	18, Hampers Green, Petworth.
Mrs W. Clark	3, The Terrace, Upperton, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs R.F. Clark	Briar Farm, Old House Lane, Coneyhurst, Billingshurst, RH14 9DJ.
Mrs J. Cronshaw	15, Willett Close, Duncton.
Mr and Mrs M. Fraser	18, Isle Vale Avenue, Desborough, Kettering, Northants., NN14 2PU.
Mrs M. Gane	39, St Mary's Road, Boxgrove, Chichester.
Mr and Mrs I. Harman	10, Downview Road, Petworth.
Mrs M. Knight	267B, Hampers Common, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs R. Kowalski	383, Strood Cottage, Petworth, GU28 0BN.
Mr and Mrs P.D. Probert	Woodside, Vann Road, Fernhurst, Haslemere, GU27 3ND.
Mrs M. Purser	68, Wyndham Road, Petworth.
Mr R. Rowling	25, Irene Avenue, Lancing, BN15 9NZ.
Mr and Mrs A. Waldie	Accolds Farmhouse, Kirdford, Billingshurst, RH14 0JS.
Mrs S. Carter	235, Quentin Court, Regency Walk, Shirley CRO 70X.
Mr and Mrs A. Rartley	1, Stuart Road, Market Harborough, Leicester CE16 9PQ.
Mr and Mrs A. Longwork	Woodpeckers, Sheepdown Close, Petworth GU28 0BP.
Mrs S. O'Brien	22, Henmey Avenue, Rustington, Littlehampton BN16 2NY.
Mr and Mrs Till	33, "The Warren", Hampers Green, Petworth.
Mrs C. Pegler	Thyme Cottage, Upperton, Petworth GU28 9BL.
Mr M. North	84, Wyndham Road, Petworth.
Mr A.J. Westlake	5, Windsor Grove, Bodmin, Cornwall PL31 2BP.
Mrs J. Clarke	62, Elizabeth Crescent, East Grinstead, West Sussex RH19 3JF.



~~Handwritten scribbles and illegible text, possibly a signature or crossed-out passage.~~