

Beauty the Bounds
not the Boys

The Petworth
Institute Library
oh yes we had a
bath as well!

Miles Costello
Petworth
Collection



NO. 103, MARCH 2001

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
Magazine

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It shows a landscape at Gownfold Farm.
Cover design by Jonathan Newdick.

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THE PETWORTH SOCIETY SUPPORTS THE
LECONFIELD HALL
PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM
THE PETWORTH PARISH MAP
AND THE COULTERSHAW BEAM PUMP.



Spring programme. Please keep for reference.

Tuesday 6th March : Alison Neil presents "Truly Yours", the story of Charlotte Bronte
Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m. £5 light refreshments, raffle.

See reverse of this sheet.

Saturday 7th April : Petworth Society Book Sale at the Leconfield Hall 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Admission free.

The Society Book Sale has become the talk of the town but it does depend on your generosity. If you have books for us, ring Peter (342562) or Miles (343227).

And in the evening:

Peter Jerrome :

"In search of Petworth's rector-bishops" : 1625 to 1642.

Admission £2. Refreshments, raffle. 7.30 p.m. Leconfield Hall.

N.B. The proposed talk by P.A.L. Vine will not now take place.

Visit. Sunday March 25th : The Petworth Society at Petworth House.

2.15 p.m. No charge for admission to House or Grounds.

N.B. Members may wish to take advantage of the special Mothering Sunday Menu at Petworth House. Selection of entrées and desserts while special main courses include Beef Pot Roast, Roast Poussin, Fish Chuits, Fresh Salmon or Vegetable Charlotte. Or try the House Cream Tea served from 2.00 to 4.00 p.m.

WALKS Sunday 29th April : Audrey's Clymping Walk

Cars leave Car park at 2.15 p.m. Instructions will be given.

Sunday 27th May : Miles and Steve's "bound" walk

Leave Car Park at 2.15 p.m.

Wednesday 30th May 7.30 p.m. Leconfield Hall. Annual General Meeting

Speaker to be announced

See posters

Organisations Notice Board

Petworth Cottage Museum

Would you please consider becoming a Friend? Your annual donation would entitle you to a card for free admission to the museum, and you would be helping to maintain one of Petworth's places of special interest.

Enquiries: Mrs Kate Wardle, 151 Whites Green, Lurgashall, PETWORTH, GU28 9BD. Tel: 342354.

or becoming a steward? — Ring Jacqueline 342320 or Peter 342562.

The Evening Group

Ladies : Discover the Evening Group, meeting on the third Thursday in the month. Interesting speakers, refreshments and a warm welcome. Next meeting March 15th Red Cross rooms. Jennie Peel : Backstage : setting up a production.

Enquiries 342223.

Announcing : A Memorial concert in memory of the Hon. Mrs Primrose Minnitt and Mr Robert Minnitt. Requiem Mass by Clive Muncaster. The programme will feature the Korean violinist Min-Jin Kym, poetry, prose and works by Handel, Mozart and Mendelssohn.

Introduced by Martin Muncaster. Admission free. At St Mary's Friday 20th April at 7.30 p.m.

FROM THE CREATOR OF
'BELLA - THE STORY OF MRS BEETON'
'THE SIXTH WIFE' & 'THE JUST-WILLIAM LADY'

THE STORY OF
CHARLOTTE BRONTË



Truly Yours,
C.B.

WRITTEN AND PERFORMED BY
ALISON NEIL



Leconfield Hall

Tuesday, March 6th. 7.30 pm

Admission £5

Wine. Raffle

No reservations - early arrival advised

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 £9.00. Single or double one Magazine delivered. Postal £11.00 overseas £13.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:

Chairman

Mr P.A. Jerrome MBE, Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth [STD 01798] (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

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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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Mr Henderson, Mrs Mason, Mr Thompson, Mrs Simmons, Mrs Grimwood,
Mrs Hounsham, Mr Turland, Mr Boakes (Petworth), Mrs Adams (Byworth),
Mrs Hodson (Sutton and Duncton), Mrs Williams (Graffham), Mr Derek Gourd,
(Tillington and River), Mrs Goodyer, Mrs Williams (Fittleworth)

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

Welcome to a new Magazine and a magical new cover. It shows a vista at Gownfold Farm, Kirdford but is, of course, representative of the local scene in general. Gownfold? We wrote of it in Magazine 102 and it lies to the left as you approach Kirdford from Fox Hill. Jonathan contributes also a celebration of this ageless Wealden farm on the centre pages. I'm sorry to disappoint; but this year we haven't the chance of an auction for the cover original: Jonathan tells me it's already sold.

A word about finances. After a period at the same level, we have felt a small increase in subscription is called for. New rates are: local delivery £9, postal £11, overseas £13, I don't think local members will be too surprised at an extra £1: many already round up to £10. I do need, however, to say a word about postal subscriptions, just less than half the total. As you know, the differential between local and postal has traditionally been £1. I am told that postal charges for the four Magazines last year were £1.96. With postage apparently to rise once more it seems obvious that the differential should be £2. The situation is much the same with overseas mailings.

A few odds and ends. We have decided to operate as normal with Alison Neil's Charlotte Bronte evening and simply admit on the door. First come, first served. Don't forget our visit to Petworth House on March 25th. The Society Book Fair is fast becoming an institution. At our last one (January 20th) everyone wanted to know when we were having the next one – it's April 7th. **If you have any books for us please ring me (342562) or Miles (343227).**

Peter 26th January

Worlds apart, worlds away

H.S. Roots was the son of a Lurgashall schoolmaster, living in the village from the age of four, moving on nine years later. In the 1970s, he wrote down his memories of life in the village, a remarkably perceptive view of one so young at the time, who called in only two or three times over the next 30 years and then no more. The record has now been published in book form, "A view of Edwardian Lurgashall" (Window Press) and it formed the basis of Peter's talk, "Edwardian Petworth and Lurgashall – a town and village contrast".

Slides illustrated one of the routes leading from Petworth, via Tillington and Upperton, into the village. Two extracts from articles in the Petworth Society Magazine set the scene as remembered by other contemporaries of Roots.

With Haslemere only slightly more accessible than Petworth and the nearest railway station some six miles away at Selham, Lurgashall was indeed in an isolated world of its own, where activity was largely contained within daylight hours. There was the Noah's Ark Inn, a shop of sorts and a very popular Rector, the Revd Aubrey Pain, who had also been curate

at Petworth. The one big event of the year, Club Day, with its funfair, was looked forward to with great anticipation. North Chapel Band was there.



Lurgashall Crossroads in the early century.

By contrast, Petworth was very much the bustling business and social centre as well as being under the influence of the big Estate, unlike Lurgashall. While the village's Friendly Society was moving into decline, the Leconfield employees ensured that the Petworth Park Club flourished. The schools were large, with separate buildings for the infants, the older girls and the boys. There were plenty of elaborately organised fetes and garden parties, with the church a major contributor. Trade receipts gave graphic illustration of the range of commodities available and how very different today's purchases would be. The Petworth Cottage Museum is a continuing portrayal of home life at the time.

Electricity, the motor car, radio and two World Wars would soon open up both village and town to a wider world, so that today, Lurgashall is less of a village and Petworth, less of a town, which is why the talk proved so fascinating and the book will stand alongside the diaries of Florence Rapley as an important commentary on a way of life now disappeared for ever.

KCT

Copies still available at £9.95.

All this – and mince pies, too!

We approached the Christmas Evening with more than the usual apprehension. With 28 inches of rain falling over the past 3½ months, homes flooded, roads closed, the weather, as always, was to blame.

Were people in the mood for coming out, even if they could get out? Would Gilt and Gaslight get through? What could Peter and I put on if they didn't turn up? Peter remembered that last year we came out of the Hall into deep snow and the Company, unable to negotiate Fox Hill on their homeward journey, returned to spend the night at Trowels. Tonight there was fog as well. It seems nothing deters the Petworth Society audience. Soon after 7, the Hall was comfortably full, albeit in semi-darkness because the players, arriving late(ish) and out of diesel, needed to refuel (no filling station in the Town any more) and to arrange the stage lighting. I guess it all added to the atmosphere. Audrey and Rita were doing a brisk trade on the raffle – 14 extra-special prizes. Wine glasses were at the ready. Loretta was warming the mince pies down in the kitchen.

Only 5 minutes late – or was it 10? – Peter did his 'Mr Chairman' bit, the curtain went up and for the next hour, song followed sketch followed solo item followed dance routine, followed song What a pace! How slick the continuity! What versatility! What talent!

"You've never had it so good!" is a new revue remembering the years from VE Day to the Common Market. Music from Vera Lynn to the Beatles as well as the great musicals: West Side Story, My Fair Lady and others. There was nostalgia but also reminders of times which were not so good and perceptive social comment, now evident in hindsight, which gave rise to the question – how far have we come?

By half-time and certainly when the raffle was drawn, we were aware of the benefits of the Hall's newly-installed sound system, provided by a most generous donation.

So, for the second half of the programme – and we were all in the mood for more – audience participation in the familiar 'old' (depending upon one's age) songs became less inhibited, particularly when D.... G.... found himself the surprised and, one assumes, happy, recipient of an attractive and extrovert vocalist on his lap!

KCT

Peter – and the Percys

History was not one of my strong subjects when I was a schoolboy. Since then, teaching methods and emphases have changed for the better, but I'm also sure that it is a subject that one grows into with age, perhaps aware of one's own minor place in history. In a rapidly changing world, I look back to childhood and the events, even now regarded by younger generations as history. I develop an interest in my ancestors and in what the towns and villages I have lived in were like in the past.

Perhaps it was with these feelings that most of the audience arrived to hear Peter talk about the Percy family, the Lords of Petworth, 1527-1748 - well, we didn't quite get there, but more of that later.

We also knew that "it's the way Peter tells them" that would put flesh on the bones and bring to life the evidence that is available in forms that are beyond our comprehension. I wish Peter had been my history teacher, but that would have necessitated a time-warp in itself.

Readers will have to wait for the publication of the full and authoritative account for the details of the talk. Because the Percys were second only to royalty - "No Prince, but a Percy" - the family is easily (says Peter) researched, providing much information about Petworth, unlike other occupants of the manor.

Invited from Perci, St. Lo, in Normandy by Edward the Confessor before the Norman Conquest, the Percys settled and integrated into Saxon life, even growing side-whiskers in the Saxon style. Petworth Manor was given to the Montgomerys after the Conquest and eventually came into the hands of the Percys through marriage. Nearly all the male members of the dynasty were proud, fighting men, almost all dying violently, two, in the Wars of the Roses.

We heard about the 6th Early (b. 1502) and his doomed romance with Ann Boleyn. The Manor then passed into royal hands - Henry VIII, Edward VI, before the 7th Earl, bluff and popular, returned. The 8th Earl, "saturnine, superior and devoid of the common touch", produced the 1575 survey of Petworth but became bored with the place, converted to Catholicism and was interned in the Tower of London where he was found mysteriously shot, whether by his own hand or assassinated was never established. The famous 9th "Wizard" Earl, after a reckless time in Paris was a young man, inherited, but his obsessions with the occult and alchemy took precedence over any interest in Petworth. He spent 15 years in the Tower on a false charge of implication in the Gunpowder Plot, where he enjoyed every luxury but his freedom, dying a decade later coincidentally, on November 5th.

We had been educated, entertained and surprised, but time had run out. There was more to tell, intriguingly, about Algernon the 10th Earl and Petworth's distinguished rectors, but all is not lost. Peter aims to continue the fascinating story in April. All in the audience will be back, I'm sure.

KCT

Letter to the Editor

Phyl Sadler writes:

Dear Peter,

I was today re-reading the September issue "Petworth Personalities of the Twentieth Century", one being Lady Leconfield. As a child I thought she was the kindest lady I knew. When I was at the Girls' school we used to dance the Maypole at the Rectory Fete each year. The Rev Powell was our Rector. Lady Leconfield would open the Fete and after seeing us

dance would patronise the stalls. We girls would stand near and watch her and she would give us a penny to have a go on the Hoopla. I was thrilled, after all I only had a penny a week pocket money from my Dad so it was wonderful.

My eldest brother's wife Edith was a housemaid at Petworth House and began to knock over and break ornaments while dusting. Mrs Cownley the Housekeeper had to report this to Lady Leconfield. Being told that Edith wasn't a clumsy girl her Ladyship very kindly sent Edith to a Specialist who discovered her eyesight was failing. She eventually went blind.

My brother George who worked on the Leconfield Estate was courting Edith and married her and they had five children and emigrated to Canada after George retired. Two of their children still live there and are members of the Petworth Society and enjoy reading our magazines especially the Petworth articles.

I'll always remember Lady Leconfield and my penny and her kindness to my sister in law.

Petworth Fair 2000

November 19th

A clear Sunday morning, wet leaves compacted in the kerb, yellow cones and a desolate, dispiriting solitary Square; there's a cold wind. People are collecting Sunday newspapers, the premises at the top end the sole focus of attention. Harris Brothers have been working with BBC TV on a film about Queen Victoria, they're back late on the Saturday so they will have had just four hours' sleep before coming over to Petworth. Fairmen cast as fairmen seems pretty "fair" to me. Robert's Victorian sideburns are staying on because his alter ego is to be reincarnated later in the week. The bollards in the Cut will remain in position until almost closure time this year, quite often we loosen them the night before. The holes are full of water and, of course, there's the perennial question - will one of them prove difficult - or impossible? In the event one does require a little "assistance". The heavy rusting hole covers are ready in the Hall for one of their rare outings. One thing this year, with the lorry ban operating we shouldn't have to drop everything periodically to shepherd some 38 ton giant uneasily through the Cut, just the odd rogue Continental perhaps that hasn't read the signs. Cars weaving in and out of the yellow cones in the Square, chided by an impatient warden. There are two however on the north side who have long outstayed their welcome, they're certainly not dropping in for a newspaper; they were here at half-past eight and with half an hour to noon are still there. Registered in the Midlands, they're probably separate. In fact one goes off but the other obstinately remains. Tax disc four months out, parking restrictions flouted and soon to be right in the middle of an incoming fair. Not a combination to endear them to the authorities. It doesn't. Tim the traffic warden is less than impressed and neither are the police. It's twelve o'clock and the fair comes in, lapping round the outsides. Just the one day in the year when the Square isn't dedicated to the motor car. In the end the police have the offending vehicle removed. One imagines the owner returning to a nightmare - no car and the very place where it had been left transformed into a whirling madhouse.

Downstairs in the Hall there's a children's party in the afternoon. Upstairs it's possible to set up and get the tables out. The Society's is a large tombola, effectively a keynote stall, setting a tone for the indoor part of the fair. Most of the things have been bought in – a few given. A tombola must invite: it can't be an exercise in the cheap and cheerful, still less the bent and the out of code. It isn't. Audrey and Rita have spent an evening or two preparing the tickets, done up by hundreds in little transparent bags. For a tombola of this size you need a lot of tickets, just short of four hundred prizes at four tickets a pound, fives and zeroes to win. It's probably as good as we've ever done, but then we say that every year. Crackers, Christmas puddings, Advent Calendars, biscuits, sweets, tins of mango and lychee, prizes over a whole range of values.

The new floor is shining; this is its first use. It's as if the July flooding had never happened. A new feature this year is the cub/scouts Father Christmas in the gallery, children walking up the new stairs to the grotto. When we've had Father Christmas before he's been exiled in the Red Cross Rooms, a kind of Lapland of the spirit in the context of the fair. The new place for him is an innovation that will stick. I'm sure of that.

We're set up – upstairs at least. Tomorrow Keith will put out the tables downstairs. Miles has put up the bus stop in New Street. Anne's busy with the Leconfield Hall raffle downstairs.
November 20th

Monday after lunch sees the slow build-up that is part of the very fabric of the fair, people coming in from one o'clock with boxes, energies concentrated on their own particular stall. Fourteen in all. I think the organisations appreciate the chance to have a public presence: in some cases, too, the opportunity to make a little money without the worry of justifying an economic rent. Any Hall booked on the basis of a single stall isn't a workable proposition. It's not the Hall prices; they're much the same as elsewhere, it's imponderables like drawing people in off a sluggish Saturday Square, then inducing them to buy ... with the fair you've a strong current through. Tables on the carpet downstairs, remember the old bare floor? It seems an age away.

It's quiet to start with; there's no need for urgency, no real need to be completely ready for three o'clock. A trickle of people and stallholders having time to look round other stalls. The tombola drum begins to spin. John Crocombe opens the fair, the speech bedding down a little, manufacturing a tradition. It's certainly the third year, may be the fourth. Eleanor Percy satisfying King Edward's travelling justices in the 1270s that the fair needed no charter – it was already beyond the recall of any man living. As always John cries on an empty Square. A few fairmen look on. The giant tea-cups switch on and off, soon children will be sitting in them and going sedately round. Not so the children on the chair-planes, the light bulbs there are on now, and they hurtle round above the Square.

By six things are livening up, in minutes the Square will be packed and should continue so until about nine. It does. Robert Harris and I are in the Red Cross Rooms talking to the First Aid detachment – not used tonight – but as essential as they are unsung. The Square seems awash with soft toys but how many actually change hands I don't know. Our membership stall attracts the odd "convert". The weather is perfect and that despite the now almost obligatory apocalyptic forecast.



Young helpers for the Edwardians at Petworth Fair. Photograph by Robert Sadler.

Excellent entertainment in a full Hall featuring the Primary School, the Brownies, the Town Band, and finally, the Edwardians. Tonight defies the traditional wisdom that a Monday fair, falling after a Saturday one, will fail. It doesn't. It's all down to the weather of course. A cool clear night with little wind. I don't think we've had a better fair since we revived in 1986. Oh, and not a single lorry in extremis this year – at least to my knowledge!

P.

Solution to Christmas Crossword Issue 102

Solution

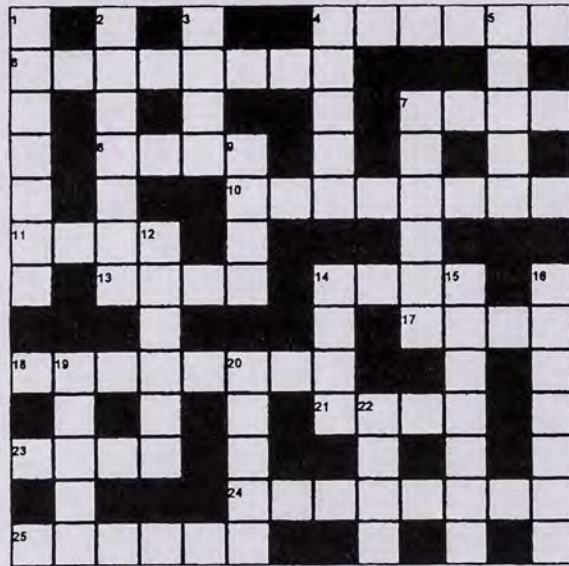
Across

7 Boars Head, 8 Cruel, 10 Patty Tin, 11 Albert, 12 Poor, 13 Sussex, 16 Tipteer, 17 Raisins, 20 Gloria, 22 Agog, 26 Bauble, 28 Hogmanay, 29 Holly, 30 Boxing Day.

Down

1 Roman, 2 Grotto, 3 The Three, 4 Garnish, 5 Crib, 6 Bears, 9 Mass, 14 Tim, 15 End, 18 A Bargain, 19 Manhood, 21 Reel, 23 Orange, 24 Carol, 25 Salad, 27 Bell.

Deborah's Petworth Crossword



Across

- 4 9 down might lose one in the Park (6)
 6 A "temporary" church venue used for entertainment in Petworth for over 60 years! (4,4)
 7 Cottagers often kept them to help stock their larders (4)
 8 These Darlings appeared in December at the Herbert Shiner – but May's their correct month! (4)
 10 Originally, they were hunting dogs (8)
 11 Not common (4)
 13 A form of hunting (4)

- 14 & 14 down Sounds as if some jumpy animals are raised here! (4,4)
 17 Turn the vane to the centre of the church (4)
 18 See 3 down
 21 Good soil – something 3d & 18 across would have known about! (4)
 23 Many examples of this art form among the the statuary in Petworth House (4)
 24 Surname of the Edwardian resident of 346 High Street (8)
 25 Having the characteristics of the Proud Duke (6)

Solution in Magazine 104

Down

- 1 It stands on the site of the old Infants School (7)
 2 Cobbled street, once called "The Causey" (7)
 3 & 18 across Well-known Petworth gardening expert (4,8)
 4 Fossilised resin found in Bramber and Amberley? (5)
 5 Composer, who lived at Brinkwells Bedham (5)
 9 Area of parkland – owned by the Leconfield Estate (4)
 12 Christian name of late C19th jeweller and clockmaker, who shares his surname with 3 down & 18 across (6)
 14 see 14 across
 15 A wreath of flowers adorning Petworth's best-known photographer (7)
 16 Popular early C20th rector of Petworth, who died attempting to rescue some girls in danger of drowning (7)
 19 Alley leading from East Street (5)
 20 Primitive form of lighting, still popular on Bonfire Night (5)
 22 Gifts dispensed to the poor, at the Somerset and Thompson Hospitals for instance (4)

The Spirit of Coultershaw Beam Pump

I'd been driving over Coultershaw Bridge for years, seen the demolition of the old mill, seen a fountain eventually appear, "Coultershaw Beam Pump". I hadn't really taken much notice; regularity dulls awareness I suppose. One day I popped in to see what it was all about and was soon signed up as a volunteer steward. Years have passed and I've taken over from Michael Palmer in charge. I'm very anxious that the Beam Pump strengthen its links with Petworth and is seen as an essentially Petworth attraction. My feeling is that, at present, being a little cut off from the town, it's seen more as the province of the casual visitor.

The pump's origins are clear enough: in 1782 the Third Earl of Egremont decided to supplement the medieval conduit system to the town with a pumped supply. The pump was to be sited at Coultershaw where there was already a corn mill driven by a six foot head of water. He would put on another lead from the river and use the same drop. The original corn mill was burned down in 1923 and a new concrete mill erected on the Canadian Model. When this was demolished in the early 1970s the pump house was demolished too but the pump itself saved – just. On the initiative of the Sussex Industrial Archaeology Society and with assistance from Lord Egremont, the Earl of March and West Sussex County Council the pump was restored using voluntary labour. This took some four years until 1980. Long obsolete, the pump had sent water to a cistern on Lawn Hill in Petworth park and to another by the Royal British Legion building in Grove Street. The ironwork was undamaged, although, not surprisingly, the timber framing needed attention. The wooden paddles on the wheel, the struts on which the paddles are fixed, and the covering boards round the oak wheel, all needed replacing. The ironwork, however, save for a coupling piece joining the shaft of the wheel to the pump shaft was intact. All the separate components of the pump are original castings except probably for the crankshaft. The wooden wheel itself had been replaced about a century before with a new iron one cast at Cocking Iron works about a hundred years ago.

The wheel itself is breast shot, the water coming through a penstock and falling on the wheel at its diameter as opposed to below (undershot) or at the top (overshot). In a beam pump the rotary motion of the wheel is turned into an up and down motion by a crankshaft working three rods connecting to three beams each thirteen feet long with a second set of connecting rods hanging from the beams. The movement is vertical and works three pumps each of six and a half-inch diameter with a thirteen-inch stroke. It is capable of delivering 20,000 gallons of water in a day. These pumps have leather plungers rather reminiscent of a bicycle pump. As a pump it's of a very unusual type: only three are known to have existed – all in this part of West Sussex. There was one (now demolished) at Bignor Park and another at Woolbeding. A bigger version was in place at London Bridge in the Earl of Egremont's time and it is said that when he saw this one he wanted to have one similar at Petworth. It's important to realise that this isn't just any pump: it's a very rare piece of machinery. In effect it's now unique. To have destroyed it would have been a historical disaster.

Twenty thousand gallons a day could only be pumped of course if there were sufficient water in the river to drive the wheel – the uphill gradient to Petworth being 178 feet. When

the water reached Petworth, it went to the two cisterns already mentioned and to seven public taps, while individual citizens could pay for their own taps. At one time there were 137 taps rented by 69 different people, to say nothing of clandestine connections (of which there were probably quite a few!) The system was expensive to put in, involving a mile and a half of cast iron pipe, now, of course, long obsolete and decayed; part of it could no doubt still be unearthed rusting in the ground. Originally, it was bolted together, with a series of non-return valves to prevent the water rushing back down the pipe when pumping ceased. Nowadays the flow of water is directed to drive the fountain.

The restored pump was opened by Lord Egremont on the 4th July 1980 and has been run (when we are open) ever since. An early gift from the Earl of March was a timber frame to put over the pump. Towards the end of the 2000 season, however, one of the connecting rods, the right hand one, broke. On inspection, one section of it appeared to have been welded in the past. Until it was repaired, the pump was running at reduced power – as you could see from the height of the fountain.

We are open during the summer months, April to September on the first and third Sundays and on Bank Holiday Mondays. Group visits can be arranged for other times by agreement. School visits are welcome. We can take parties of twenty or more, dividing them into two. Our problem, if that's the right word, isn't making ends meet; expenses are relatively light and income, while not spectacular, adequate. I'd very much like to feel that we're a part of Petworth and recognised as such – not just a kind of eccentric outpost. Ideally, too, we need four stewards on when we're open. As with the Cottage Museum, the personal touch is all important. The pump does need to be explained: over 90% of visitors receive a guided tour. As at the Museum there is the occasional visitor who wants to be left to themselves, but it's unusual. Stewards at present are very much of a thin red line. Four, as I have said, is the optimum number, but most of those involved in the original restoration have now become senior citizens. They also tend to live at a distance from the pump: local volunteers would be particularly welcome.

Stewards have tended to be male because of the (fast-disappearing) convention that machinery is a "man's world", but in fact there's nothing sexist about the pump. I'm sure that ladies would make excellent stewards and initial instruction would be available; certainly there would be no need to be confined to taking the money. The essential is to introduce the pump as a part of the living history of Petworth and as one of the great industrial treasures of Sussex as a whole. Obviously the pump's position makes it very much a car-orientated attraction, but as with the Cottage Museum, we'd like to think that if Petworth residents have visitors for the weekend the beam pump is somewhere they'd like to take them.

The ideal volunteer might offer a day a month 11-5 with the possibility of going home for lunch, or perhaps, three Sundays a year, or even perhaps an occasional half-day. We'd be open in a normal year two Sundays in each of the six summer months, so with four Bank Holidays, that's sixteen days with one extra day called "Mills Day" when we join in opening with all Sussex windmills. We'd be delighted to offer instruction for new stewards. There is a little maintenance to be done, but certainly nothing that would alarm a retired engineer. Obviously stewards would only become involved with that if they particularly wished to do so.

For the future I'd like to see a little expansion from the basic "pump" concept. There is a wharf at Coultershaw and warehouses, large stables and Georgian outbuildings, one half restored by a Community Service project in the 1970s, the other half still needing restoration. It was in these buildings that the canal horses rested up overnight. I'd like, too, to give the sluices some (overdue) attention, grants may be available for this. It would be good to put a bridge across to make it safe for the public to cross into the engine house, restore the house and install a standing engine similar to that which would have driven the mill in the last century.

Robin Wilson was talking to the Editor.

If you would like to talk over stewardship at Coultershaw, please ring Robin on 01798 865774

Come and see us on Wednesday July 18th during the Petworth Festival: This is a special open day to which Lord Egremont has been invited to mark the 21st anniversary of the restoration. Free admittance for Petworth Society members.

Christmas at the Cottage Museum

"What nonsense is this?" you'll ask. "The Museum isn't open at Christmas. Surely he didn't do 'Opening for Christmas' – has he finally cracked?" Nothing so dramatic, more a feeling after Christmas lunch that a hint of exercise might be a good idea. What better than a less than brisk walk up to a Cottage Museum sunk in its midwinter torpor?

All's quiet at 346. Not even that faintest hiss of the pilot lights that light the cottage even in the dead darkness of a summer night. The gas is off. In the scullery the table is pulled away from the night storage heater; there are even (dare I say it?) telephone wires to be seen. Running the brass tap briefly into the stone sink. I always feel just a little defensive about the heaters, but they're essential with a property like this, which has a winter close season. New this year is a plastic cover with a wooden frame, which protects the range from rain seeping down the chimney – so, much less of the depressing vivid orange rust to be dealt with in March.

The heavy black metal pots and pans don't seem to be relishing their holiday: they're happier steaming away on a sweltering summer afternoon to an open window and stewards' discomfort. No need today to tie in the smoothing irons with Mrs. Cummings' calling at the great House, no need either to point out the scarlet squares in the rag rug and say that soldiers' tunics were often used for this. Is this true, I wonder, or a myth that has established itself by prolonged repetition?

Actually, the parlour, that Edwardian holy-of-holies, has been invaded by, of all things, the Petworth Society. Beware: its tentacles are everywhere. Part of the Book Sale stock is temporarily lodged on the carpet. Tough cardboard "platform" boxes once used for Iceberg lettuce, Charentais melons or plastic punnets with peaches or nectarines.

It's Christmas quiet. The street outside has been swept clear by the bitter wind. The coal that was left in the scuttle on October 31st will survive until the end of March and a new season. Back into the scullery. There's a bedraggled bunch of honesty moons on the chair; they've been outside with the seaweed. I can't immediately see the latter. Perhaps it's retired. We really need something to forecast when it's not going to rain.

Down to the cellar. Mercifully it's not subject to flooding. Time to look at that funny metal stencil thing J.J. Tipper S.S. No one seems to know the significance of it, but it was found under the floorboards at 346. Tools await spring work in the garden – in theory. They will be disappointed: the "staff" bring their own pre-1910 versions. The axe stuck in the chopping block, the decaying sack with the heavy path pounder, a brick crumbling a bright red taint on the floor.

Best to have a quick look upstairs while I'm here. The sewing-room. Mrs. Cummings working on Christmas Day? If you like, but I never feel she's in the figure, more in the general aura of the cottage. The photographs of Michael Cummings, a reminder of old discord – unhappiness perhaps purged now, well over a century on. Perhaps too a certain residual unease reflecting off small town Victorian morality. Marriages shouldn't break up and there were no innocent parties.

The bedroom has the chest of drawers pulled away from the heater. Night storage warmth isn't much comfort to Mrs. Cummings; she would have suffered some cold nights at 346. She would still have been there in the cold winter of 1929. I remember Bill Ede telling me years ago that that particular winter was very hard and "put men out" (of work). They'd gather on the Red Lion corner, rather like the men looking for work in the parable.

A rare sign of life outside: a couple coming down the hill from the Library lane opposite. I wonder what Christmas would have been like at 346 ninety years ago. A dribble of cards perhaps. A tree? I doubt it. A brace of Estate pheasants? Would Mrs. Cummings have been sufficiently high in the staff hierarchy? Would she need to be? The minutiae of life that are so quickly lost. The New Manual of Prayer for Catholic laity here on the chest of drawers, and beneath the Manual there's a Missal. Workaday editions, worn by years of use. Someone has written all over an inside cover page "God gave His Mother to be as much our Mother as she is His Mother". Someone else wrote this, but the sentiment probably takes us a little nearer to a 1910 Christmas at 346.

To the attic, the familiar look from the eyrie window on to a deserted High Street. Not quite – a couple bend to peer in an antique shop window. A studied leisure and I'm an unacknowledged intruder in their private world. Red Riding Hood fixed to the wall with drawing pins – well a large poster of her at any rate. The glazed hot water bottle that idles the winter away and only comes into its own when the cold evenings have gone. Part of the Museum's eternal contradiction. Time to go downstairs again, all's much as I would expect.

Down the stairs, past the permanent exhibition just down from the landing. The two handkerchiefs featuring the ass and the industrious girl, the cigarette card album featuring Edwardian Garden Flowers, open at lavender, snapdragon, scabious and monkey flower. Into the scullery: the roller towel and the parsimonious plates, the yellow box with the carborundum stone, butt of endless George Garland yokel jokes. Imaginary old men going on improbably



Gilt and Gaslight at the Leconfield Hall. From a slide by Ian Godsmark.



*Demise of an old friend. The "Round the Hills" oak tree has lost its hold on the waterlogged ground and toppled into the brook.
This photograph of it was taken by George Garland in January 1940.*

about "conundrums". The word itself seems to evoke a more leisured world than this, while, as for carborundum many of our visitors have never come across a copper.

Talking of lavender, it's here in the garden, still sparsely flowering. The elastic eucalyptus somewhere over the wall sways in the wind. The tall old-fashioned phlox are just browned stems now. A memory of talking to a group of visitors over the top of the phlox in high summer. It seems aeons away on a day like this. Coming up to the true millennium, Hardy's Darkling Thrush but that would be a hundred and one years now - 1899. "The century's corpse outleant" the last word a Hardy coinage perhaps?

Out of the brown gate, the one Mrs. Cummings used to lean over and watch the children coming down from the Infants' school. People don't do things like that now I suppose: there's more pressure on time. Kicking against a triangular plastic sandwich package in the street outside. "Oops, we've ordered too much," it's been reduced to ten pence. The heavy bonhomie of supermarket chains. Would Mrs. Cummings have been happy to take that on board in exchange for night storage heaters? I expect so.

P.

If you would like to try being a steward, say, once a month, please ring either Jacqueline (342320) or Peter (342562).

Beating the bounds not the boys

I suppose that Petworth could be described as a 'traditional' sort of place. It may not seem like it to those who have lived in the town all of their lives but change is usually rather gradual and in many instances hardly perceptible. We all notice the major alterations such as shops closing and new buildings going up, however it is the little things that pass by without notice, they don't go out with a bang but just seem to fade away. To see examples of just a few such changes take a look at a pre-war calendar and try to recall the last time many of the red-letter days were celebrated. Do you remember Oak Apple Day, what about Commonwealth Day? The Good Friday customs of skipping and marbles are just about surviving among school-children but for how much longer? Other non-religious customs dating back to pagan times have been observed in Petworth within living memory, the displaying of garlands in exchange for gifts of sweets or small coins on May Day was certainly once a regular scene on the streets of the town, I wonder when it died out? A much more recent tradition, driven into obscurity by the heavy-handedness of the authorities was the custom of children collecting loose change from Goodwood race goers. Of course times do change and new generations have new priorities but sometimes it is worth reintroducing old traditions and celebrations just to see if younger people will re-adopt them. Many of the customs that we believe to be extinct are merely lying dormant in the memories of an older generation and with a little encouragement they may be awakened and revitalised before the fragile thread that connects them to the present day is lost forever.

One such tradition which fortunately never really died out but managed to survive in isolated pockets was the practice of 'beating the bounds'. An important observance in both the religious and civil calendars this was a Rogationtide ritual dating back to before the reformation and to a time a good deal earlier than the common use of parish maps and indeed the general literacy required to read such documents.

While the purpose of 'beating the bounds' was first and foremost to bless the fields in anticipation of an abundant crop it was also seen as an opportunity to impart a sense of unity and parish pride among the parishioners as well as to define the parish boundaries and of course to encourage lapsed churchgoers back into the fold. Members of the clergy would exhort, cajole, bully and bribe parishioners to take part in what was considered an important occasion.

A crowd would gather and with the older parishioners and clergy leading the way set off to trace the parish boundaries. At certain fixed points along the route the earth and fields would be blessed and prayers said for the success of future crops. As prominent trees were passed it was quite often the custom to cut the initials of the adjoining parishes one either side of the trunk, surviving boundary stones would be uncovered and cleaned and at these points any young boys among the group would be unceremoniously bumped or 'bounced' against the stone or even beaten with a light stick or wand in the belief that the youth would recall the incident for years to come and so remember the position of the boundary. It was not unheard of for the parish boundaries to run through lakes and even barns and houses, whereupon some enthusiastic participants would be encouraged to take to the water or even climb over the roof of the obstructing building. It is not impossible to imagine an unruly and boisterous mob perambulating the boundaries with the clergy and churchwardens only just maintaining some semblance of order.

As to what extent the custom has survived locally is somewhat difficult to assess, it seems likely that the ceremony would periodically be revived in various parishes only for it to decline and disappear from the church calendar once again. In quite recent times we know that a form of the custom was being observed at Kirdford, indeed George Garland photographed a Rogationtide procession passing through the village in 1944. How authentic this reintroduction was is open to question as the assembled walkers appear to be dressed in clothes hardly suitable for tracing the more inaccessible boundaries of such a rural parish. That the church considered the ceremony to be of considerable importance is beyond doubt, as recently as the 1950's the Bishops of Chichester and Lewes proposed reviving the blessing of crops which traditionally took place at Rogationtide, and this blessing was anciently part of the custom of 'beating the bounds'. Once again Kirdford seems to have taken a lead in resurrecting the observance and in 1998 this magazine published a notice for a proposed fund raising 'treading of the parish bounds' that was to take place during Rogationtide. Even more lately the landlady of The Three Moles at Selham records a group of walkers from Lodsworth 'beating the bounds' and stopping for refreshment at the village 'pub' in September 1999. No doubt many other parishes have resurrected the custom with varying degrees of success though the convention of beating the boys rather than the bounds is thankfully discontinued. But what of Petworth, when was the ritual last observed? There can be little doubt that the

custom did at one time form a part of the ecclesiastical year at Petworth, however while confessing to having made but little effort to unearth any records relating to the ritual in the parish, I was able to come up with one possible implied reference to the custom in the form of what appears to be a rather cryptic proclamation that was made at a Churchwardens meeting held in the Vestry room of St Mary's Church on Easter Monday in 1805. The brief statement that was recorded by the vestry clerk went simply "Ordered that the Church wardens pay one halfpenny each for sparrow heads". It appears likely that the Church officers were using this financial and rather bloodthirsty inducement to encourage the youths of the parish to attend the 'beating of the bounds', and by inciting the boys to kill the sparrows while attending the customary perambulation of the boundaries the officers were not only ensuring the continuation of the tradition but were fulfilling their ancient responsibility for the control of pests.

Although much of the boundary is in private ownership there are still significant sections over which the public have rights of access and it may be possible to revive in the form of a Petworth Society walk a limited version of the ancient custom. Perhaps the tradition could be developed into an annual event that may result in the entire boundary being 'beaten' over a number of years, who knows? The exact route of the boundary is clearly now quite difficult to establish beyond doubt, however with the aid of an old parish map and the few remaining 'boundary oaks' I feel certain that once again the ancient tradition of 'beating the bounds' could again become an important event in both the secular and religious calendar.

M.C.

Gwenda Morgan's Diary

11th to 31st October 1939

Oct. 11th. Pigs. More creostoting in barn. It does kill the weevils and one can sweep them up in millions where they fall out of the wood partitions onto the floor. In afternoon, Blackman gone off to Chichester for the half day. Stoner helped with milking so we finished and cleaned up in much the usual time. Margaret's friend Kathleen to tea. **Very** heavy rain at midday and during the evening. Finished number plate successfully at last thank goodness. A second coat won't be needed, I think.

Oct. 12th. More creostoting in loft. In afternoon, milked R.Q.D.B. and Darkie who keeps lifting her back leg and stamping about. Thought she might put it in the pail but she didn't luckily. Cake day. (i.e. baker comes round and cowmen take turns to treat each other to buns for tea. Thursdays only.) I bought the cakes today because Tom bought them last week. Una and Daddy to Hove. Tied up my chrysanthemums in the evening.

Oct. 13th. Went fencing with Stoner at Frog Hole. In afternoon, milking and cleaned sheds. Friday the 13th, but lucky day for Navy, they sunk 3 U-Boats.

Oct. 14th. Very wet. Didn't take Cymru before breakfast for once. Very bad news, the Royal Oak sunk and about 800 men lost. We think Mr Cree was on board as chaplain and

wonder if he is safe. Stoner and I did pigs together. Then I did some more creostoting and then fetched logs of wood and piled up in scullery, and fed hens. The little ginger boy called Nobby came and helped in the barn loft. Nice little boy. Mr T. brought me back home in car at 12 o'clock.

Oct. 15th Sunday. Still wet. Washed and ironed. Margaret's mother and father came. Also Alice's father and a lot of friends and relations. Tomorrow begins my 8th week at the farm. How quickly the time has gone.

Oct. 16th. Pigs. Hedging with Callingham at River Hill. Milking, cleaned cow sheds, fed hens

Oct. 17th. Pigs. Cleared up along road where Stoner had been trimming the hedge. Scrubbed walls of cow shed. Milked and cleaned sheds. Una to Hove to see oculist. Bought barley sugar sticks for Robin's birthday. It is next Thursday and he'll be 2.

Oct. 18th. Cleaned out baby pigs. The sow had to be killed. Little pigs don't flourish as they ought. Went to River Hill with Stoner to move some heifers into a new field. Then down Frog Hole way to do sheep's feet. Some in a filthy state with rot. Milked and cleaned sheds.

Oct. 19th. Cleaned cow sheds. Began mangel pulling, very wet, cold and windy. Milked and then pulled more mangels.

Oct. 20th. Cleaned cow sheds. Pulled mangels. Milked. Pulled more mangels. There is a fox comes down to the rick yard after the hens. Blackman went off with a gun because Mrs T. said she saw it there, but he didn't see it. Mrs Standen gave me 2 apples while I was mangel pulling. She goes to Gen. Maxse's to work fruiting picking etc. and walks there and back every day although she is 70. Went to Cinema to see Jessie Matthews in "Climbing High".

Oct. 21st. Pigs. Ugh! Hadn't been done for days. Fed hens. Mangel pulling. Nice day, but cold. Have got a cold too. Wore 2 woollies as well as suede coat.

Oct. 22nd. Sunday, Lazy day. No friends or relations called, thank goodness. Sat by fire and knitted most of the afternoon and evening.

Oct. 23rd. Pigs. Little pigs are quite nice, but the others are big and dirty. Eleven in one sty and they make a 'orrid smelly mess. And seven in another sty. Mangel pulling. Milking and more mangel pulling. Mrs S. gave me 2 more apples. She says she will have finished at Little Bognor this week.

Oct. 24th. Mangel pulling till 10 o'clock. then to River Hill with Mr T's dinner. They are ploughing up there. Cleaned out white rabbit and birds. Milking, and more mangels. Alice in disgrace. Another wet bed this morning.

Oct. 25th. Fed hens, cleared up hen mess in rick yard where the henhouses had been moved along a bit. Mangels. Milked and cleaned sheds.

Oct. 26th. Hens. Pigs. Cowsheds. Rained all the morning. Milked, cleaned sheds. Mrs T. gave me cup of tea at 5 o'clock. Very cold and icy wind.

Oct. 27th. Hens. Pigs, Mangels. Milking, sheds. Haircut.

Oct. 28th. Saturday. Hens. Pigs, Mangels. Took Mr T's dinner up to field beyond the little wood. Mrs T. gave me cup of tea at 11 o'clock.

Oct. 29th. Sunday. Mr & Mrs Millard, and Mr Richardson and friend for dinner, but all left by 3.15 so not so bad.

Oct. 30th. This begins my 10th week at the farm. Pigs. The lot of 7 are going away today. Carried wood to shed while Stoner sawed it up. Milked. Cleaned sheds. Went to pictures with Helen to see "Four Feathers".

Oct. 31st. Hens. Filled tractor up with paraffin. Pigs haven't gone yet. Mangels. They've begun carting them away to be stored in the shed just above the tractor-house. Milk, cleaned sheds.

Notes

Gwenda is still working at Hallgate Farm, Byworth as a Land Girl.

11th October: Gwenda always writes creostoting for creosoting.

Margaret is an evacuee staying with Gwenda and her parents at the Old Bank House in Market Square.

12th October: R.Q.D.B. – Rose, Queenie, Dimple and Buttercup.

Una and daddy. Gwenda's father and step-mother.

14th October: Cymru is the family dog. Mr Cree had been curate at Petworth. Mr T. - Mr Thorne, farmer at Hallgate.

24th October: Alice is the other evacuee staying with the Morgans.

29th October: Evacuees' parents are visiting.

Working for Pitfield & Oglethorpe (2)

Captain Oglethorpe had always been busy with his office work and various appointments but during the war he was even busier because he was appointed Civil Defence Controller for the district. By this time the office at Avenings had been given up and the Rural District Council offices were at Newlands, Pound Street, so that he was continually to and fro to that office. Until then he had always prepared all wills himself but I suggested that I could perhaps help by drafting them, under his supervision at first, since I was already dealing with the probate of them and that was when "Steggles on wills" commenced!!

Mr Staffurth had always used the Lewes District Registry for the purpose of obtaining grants of representation but Pitfield & Oglethorpe always used the Principal Registry, Witherby & Co. Ltd (who were also the chief suppliers of stationery to the firm) acting as their agents. Lovell Son & Pitfield of 3 Grays Inn Square acted as agents for the firm in all matters requiring London Solicitors and Hilton & Co were always used as stockbrokers.

In 1939 people were advised, so far as was possible, to clear their lofts and attics of inflammable material and I and another clerk spent two very hot days, getting extremely dirty, clearing out masses of wrapping paper (from around parcels of stationery) and other things that had, over the years simply been dumped in the attics, the refuse vehicles making a special collection to take it away. After the war the three front attics were made into offices and I moved up to the smallest one.

The strong room was made either just before the war or shortly after it started as I know that I was working in the back room when the door for it was lowered through an enlarged

opening under the window of the Justices' Clerk's room. It should have been eased down gently but, in fact, went down with a tremendous rush making a crash that shook the building, when it reached the bottom. Until the strong room was made documents had been kept in five large safes in the passageway leading down to the cellars. An index was kept but this merely indicated the contents of each safe and the documents were not kept in any order in them so that, frequently, most of the contents would need to be removed before finding the required bundle, and then be replaced, which was quite a time consuming operation. So far as the older files were concerned, in 1930 those from 1919 onwards were in pigeon holes in Frank Whitcomb's room and pre 1919 were in the attics. Later new pigeon holes were made in the attics to which the files from Frank Whitcomb's room were transferred.

In the early days the firm had a branch office at Haslemere to which Mr Pitfield would go on Tuesday afternoons, though it would very often be 3 o'clock or after before he would set off and then, his car not being very reliable, more than once broke down on the hill up to Haslemere! Captain Oglethorpe kept that branch office on for a time after Mr Pitfield left and, in fact, moved into a new office in the High Street. He was, however, also going to Storrington one afternoon a week to carry on the branch office which Mr Staffurth had in the house of Mrs and Miss Daisy Mant and after a while the Haslemere office was given up and Captain Oglethorpe took a new office in Storrington Square, which was open on two afternoons a week. Mr Staffurth also had a branch office at Pulborough but Captain Oglethorpe kept that on only for a very short time.

On the 1st January 1956 Mr Patrick Tindle Keith Anderson entered into partnership with Captain Oglethorpe, and the firm name changed to "Oglethorpe and Anderson". Captain Oglethorpe died on 31st May 1956.

Greta L. Stegges
(concluded)

The Petworth Institute Library

The Old Library Rediscovered

I suppose that we are at Petworth rather spoilt by the extent and quality of our local antiquities. We look around and our senses are bombarded by reflections of a Petworth that has changed little over the generations. It is far too easy when surrounded by such splendour to miss or even ignore the less striking survivals from our past, and it is of course those ordinary pieces that we take for granted which form the very bedrock upon which the jewels of Petworth stand. That the treasure in question has only tenuous connections with Petworth House or the Estate and yet most likely owes its survival to them both, makes it all the more remarkable.

A quantity of books have surfaced from the very bowels of Petworth House where they have lain for the best part of sixty years. The collection is what remains of the Petworth Institute Library [PIL] which was housed for many years in the brick building that adjoins

George House at the junction of East and Church Streets and which to this day is known by most older residents as 'The Institute'. The books number some 200 volumes though we know that in 1938 there were at least 1,000 and only 50 years earlier the total was nearer 3,000. What has happened to the missing books in the intervening years is open to speculation. Probably many would have simply disappeared, pilfered on the dissolution of the library. Others may have been absorbed into the County Library Service that took over from the PIL. There appears little doubt that a number of books bearing the PIL label or stamps adorn private houses and it was only a year or two ago that a late eighteenth century copy of *The School of Arts* with the PIL plate and shelf numbering appeared in an American book auction. Sadly the item was only noticed after the sale had taken place and was consequently lost. The condition of the books as they are now is something of a concern and like all library books they have clearly suffered at the hands of countless users. At the moment it is probably sufficient to have housed them in a dry storage with a controlled temperature where despite their condition any further deterioration is likely to be minor.

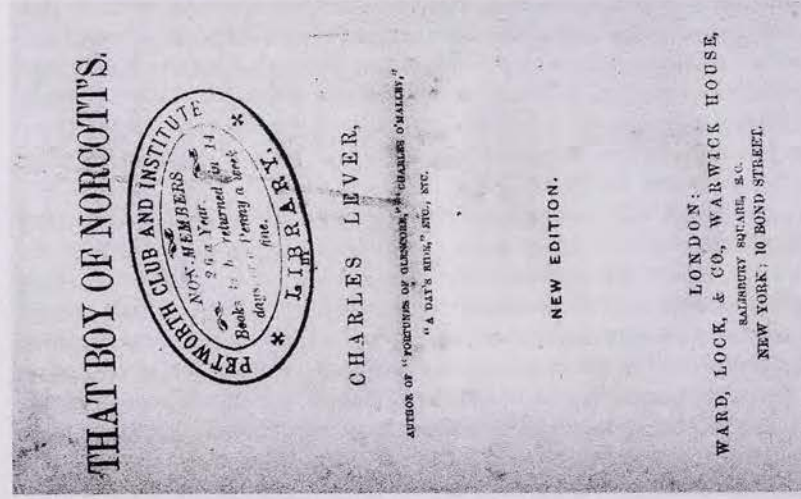
A Brief Historical Background

Clearly the 'rediscovery' of the library has offered us a unique opportunity to study the reading habits of the residents of nineteenth century Petworth, while at the same time revealing important new information on the early development of commercial and institutional libraries in the town.

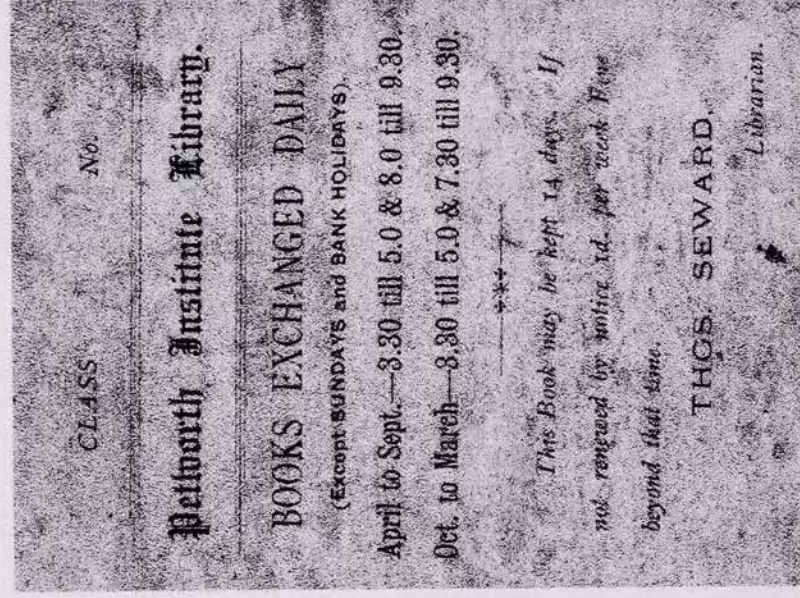
Of eighteenth century circulating libraries at Petworth little is currently known. The earliest reference to such a venture comes by way of an advertisement for Goldring's Circulating Library which appeared in *The Lewes & Brightelmstone Packet* on 8th October 1779. By about 1820 James Goldring was joined by John Phillips who in turn was to take over the business a few years later. Indeed by 1823 an entry in Pigot's Directory confirms that Phillips was operating a circulating library at Petworth.

By 1834 Phillips in his dual role of bookseller and printer was playing a prominent part in producing publicity material and acting as an agent for The Petworth Emigration Committee, copies of posters advertising the emigration scheme advised prospective applicants to contact Phillips at '[The] Library, Petworth'. As far as we know Phillips operated his various printing, bookselling and library businesses from a shop that once stood in front of the church. There are suggestions however that the library itself operated from premises in Market Square though I think this somewhat doubtful.

At some time prior to 1860 Phillips son-in-law Albert Bryant joined the business and eventually succeeded Phillips on his retirement. John Osborn Greenfield the anonymous author of *Tales of Old Petworth* remembers a keeper at Petworth prison by the name of Phillips who according to Greenfield was "*the grandfather of Mrs Bryant at the library here*". Albert Bryant was to carry on the family business until his death in the early years of the twentieth century. It would appear that by 1900, or perhaps earlier, Bryant is operating at Petworth some kind of agency for the celebrated Mudie's Circulating Library of New Oxford Street. Perhaps he was receiving and distributing local orders for Mudie's and quite possibly purchasing some of their vast used stock to supplement his own library. A printed ticket attached to one of the library books provides evidence of this quite common business alliance. On the front cover of the book is the partly visible label of '*Mudie's Select Lending Library*' this ticket is overlaid by a later one bearing the title '*Bryant's Library Petworth, in Connection with Mudie*'.



Petworth Club and Institute Library stamp. Charles Lever was an extremely popular author and many of his novels appear in the library.



Petworth Institute Library label. These labels with Thomas Seward's name on them were still being attached to newly acquired library books long after his death.



Ernie Enticknap at Gownfold Farm in the mid-1930s. Photograph by George Garland.

Gownfold farm – the end of an era

Two drawings by Jonathan Newdick

Michaelmas 2000. After 62 years the Treadwells leave Gownfold. As if in sympathy the heavens open to the wettest autumn anyone can remember. A lonely figure sits in the hollow of an open field, his waterproofs unable to prevent the steady creep of rain from his collar to the small of his back. Jonathan Newdick is making one of his periodic returns to tradition, recording his reactions to the strong sense of place which sites like Gownfold offer. These literal interpretations of picturesque places are important for Jonathan, standing as they do like an antidote to his more avant-garde work with the figure, both in Petworth and in Italy.



Gownfold farm. November 2000

Jonathan Newdick



A view of Coultershaw with the fountain in operation. From a slide by Rolf Rowling.

Clearly the presence of the latter label removes any possibility that the book could be returned to Mudie's and it is quite likely that once the condition of the book had deteriorated beyond a point where it could no longer be loaned out by Bryant's then it would have been offered for sale and in this case it ended its days at The Institute.

We have until now dealt rather briefly with the commercial libraries at Petworth, however the PIL is far more likely to have its origins in the rather less clearly documented charitable or institutional libraries which operated in the town during the nineteenth century. In many instances it is difficult to distinguish one organisation from another. It seems that quite often their services overlapped, elected officers may have served more than one library and on several occasions as one society was dissolved the lending stock would be absorbed into a successor. That the PIL was a natural fusion of earlier libraries is beyond doubt, and by simply studying the books that we have it is possible to identify previous owners and on some occasions it is apparent that the books may have passed through the hands of several earlier institutions.

Occasionally it is difficult to distinguish between charitable and commercial libraries and this is no more apparent than in the case of the Petworth Book Society, which in 1839 could count among its 29 members a large proportion of the most influential residents of the town. The society appears to have been established with the single aim of providing appropriate reading for the subscribers and the rules of the Petworth Book Society appear to have been kept deliberately simple. Each member would be allowed to borrow a book in a strictly rotational order, and it was the duty of individual subscribers, having had the use of the book for a maximum of 10 days, to pass it on to the next member whose name appeared on a printed list which was attached to the book, or return it to the library with a penalty of one penny for each day beyond the 10 allowed. No record of any librarian or officers has survived and were it not for the fact that new books would require ordering and loan penalties collected one could assume that this mutual organisation would require only the most elementary administration.

Following the period covered by the Petworth Book Society we enter what appears to be from this distance in time an age of some change. The principles of circulating libraries had gained huge credibility in Britain during the early years of the nineteenth century, and at Petworth we see something of a flurry of activity. From the middle years of the nineteenth century the libraries become intrinsically connected to the Working Men's Institutes and consequently with the Victorian ideals of self improvement and education. We know that Thomas Seward had established an Albert Institute in rooms above the property which stood on the site of what is now Austens in Market Square even if little is known of this organisation and we can only assume that he operated a library from there.

At about this same time an entry in the 1862 edition of Kelly's Directory records a Working Man's Institute operating from premises in Tillington Road though it appears that the activities associated with this institute were held at the Town Hall. Perhaps the Tillington Road premises were not large enough, who knows? The same edition of Kelly's lists a 'Subscription Reading Room' operating from the ground floor of the Town Hall, what connection this may have had with the Tillington Road Institute, if any, is unclear, though we

PETWORTH BOOK SOCIETY

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Names of Subscribers.	When		Amount of Forfeiture (if any.)
	received.	sent on.	
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This Book not to be lent, or any Observation in writing made either in the Margin or on any other part thereof, under the Penalty of One Guinea.

Petworth Book Society loan label for 1839-40. The first record is that of Mr. G. Arnold for June 1839. Sadly many of the subscriber's surnames in the left-hand column have been cropped but are still quite easily identifiable.

know that it must have enjoyed some credibility in the town and could boast among its officers John Waite Osborn the manager of the London and County Bank in the town. Some five years later in 1867 the 'Subscription Reading Room' has gained the prefix 'New' but with Osborn still in the position of treasurer little appears to have changed other than that William Linton who ten years earlier had succeeded John Mance as Governor at the prison is now acting as secretary of the society. Of course the 'New Reading Rooms' probably refer to the improvements made to the lower floor of the Town Hall and in 1864 these rooms are described by the Reverend Arnold as being "now occupied by a Subscription Reading Society, and a Working Man's Institute". Exactly when the Albert Institute, the Subscription Reading Society and the Working Men's Institute fused to become the Petworth Institute is uncertain. However, we do know that the Working Men's Institute with Charles Daintrey as secretary is still in the Town Hall in 1887 and yet in 1890 the Petworth Institute appears in East St. with the Reverend A.J. Odell Pain as secretary and Thomas Seward the Librarian. See Voel passion.

From about 1890 everything becomes a little clearer. The Petworth Institute has obviously become the dominant working man's organisation in the town and the other establishments seem to disappear without trace. The connection to the established church made by the election of Odell-Pain is to remain for some years and in 1892 the Reverend Holland is president of the Institute. It is in this year that Thomas Seward passes away having succeeded in carrying out a undertaking he had made to the Institute members only a couple of years earlier "[I promise] to make the reading room more comfortable and quiet and well supplied with current literature and a good reference library". With the death of Seward the golden age of the Institute library appears to pass as well. From the turn of the century the position of librarian appears to become an elected post and so the years of continuity are broken. New names appear to fill the position, men of considerable repute some of whom have left such a mark that like Seward their names are still recalled today.

- 1895, Arthur Morley.
- 1899, William J. Smith.
- 1903, William Morgan.
- 1905, Alfred Holt.
- 1909, H.J. Sutton.
- 1913, F.G. Fox.

While it is difficult to give a precise date for the establishment of the Institute library, and indeed many of the books that survive would have passed through the hands of several such libraries, it is slightly easier to give a rough date for its dissolution. A small percentage of the books were available for home reading or lending out and these would generally contain a pasted-in loan record on which would be written the borrowers membership number and the date on which it was taken and returned, by examining those books which have survived we are able to see that the last recorded loans took place during 1929, though it is clear from an entry in Kelly's Directory that the library was still in use in 1938, though it would appear to be somewhat overshadowed by the West Sussex County Library which by this time shared the Institute premises. The demise of the subscription and circulating libraries was a long

drawn-out affair, many factors should be considered but the principle causes would appear to be the increasing availability of cheap alternative reading matter such as mass circulation magazines, and the collapse of an effective cartel formed between the London circulating libraries such as Mudie's and the large publishing houses which had kept the price of new fiction artificially high and out of reach of the working man except through the libraries. Of course added to these factors was the increasing age and rather poor condition of the stock held by the Institute library. Indeed by the early years of the twentieth century some of the books would have seemed ludicrously outdated and old fashioned.

Of the Books and Membership

Of the popularity of individual titles it is difficult to say, I have already mentioned that only a small proportion contain evidence of being available for 'lending out' and so it would now be impossible to make any informed view of the tastes of the library members. However among the books that are available to us one title in particular bears evidence of a singular degree of rejection by a discerning readership. Rebecca Hussey's Book Charity generously donated *Pleasant Ways in Science* by Richard Proctor to the Institute in 1888. An Institute loan label was subsequently attached in anticipation no doubt of a steady flow of borrowers, sadly over a century later the record remains empty, no single entry has defaced the label and as if further evidence of the books unpopularity were needed the pages remain uncut and unopened having been - as is so often the case - missed by the printer's knife. When attempting to make some kind of analysis of the books it is difficult to be objective, after all many were published at least 150 years ago and few have stood the literary test of time. I suspect that only a small number of the titles would sit comfortably in a modern library, perhaps the run of *Household Words* donated in 1860 by Percy Wyndham may be of some literary merit though sadly most of the fiction is hopelessly antiquated. If the content of the library has a single strength then it would probably be in what we would term as 'travel books'. A surprising number of quite good journals and recollections have survived among which are Bourke's *St. Petersburg and Moscow: A Visit to the Court of the Czar*, along with the anonymous *Leaves from a Lady's Diary of Her Travels in Barbary*, sadly in both these instances the titles have survived in only single volumes out of sets of two. Of the general collection little remains to stir the soul of the bibliophile, we find on the shelf that stalwart of the Victorian library the ubiquitous *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* sitting rather too comfortably alongside such heady examples of the exuberance of the Christian publishing houses as *Narcissus, A Tale of Early Christian Times* by the Reverend Carpenter.

Local authors are rather surprisingly conspicuous by their absence, or perhaps on the passing of the library such books were either sold or quite possibly plundered by Institute members. We would expect to see in any respectable local library the likes of *A History and Antiquities of Petworth* or even a copy of the Reverend Holland's *Gleanings of a Ministry of Fifty Years*. One book with only a modicum of local interest is however present in the library *Wild Life on The Fjelds of Norway* by Francis Wyndham of Rogate is dedicated to the author's uncle George who was of course the first baron Leconfield.

Of the members of the library little can be said. Though no records survive giving us the identities of the borrowers, we could be forgiven for assuming that their characters may

well have reflected the melancholy nature of many of the books available to them and one could quite fairly presuppose that they were a rather staid and serious lot. However it may well be worth recording the following inscription found in a library copy of Keble Howard's novel *The Happy Vanners*. I can only guess at the hidden message, if indeed there is one in the address, who knows perhaps the anonymous wit is alluding to the contents of the book in his funereal humour, or yet again he may have made the inscription in anticipation of his own demise. Who Knows? I leave it to the reader to make a judgement.

This Book is Presented By :-

Iyve Snuffdit,
Incoffin,
Underearth Andstone,
Grave Yard,
North Street.

M.C.

'The longer you wait for your dog ...'

I came to Petworth in 1923 when I was three and, although I was often away, Petworth was my home until 1956. I married in January and my parents retired to Bognor in the October. I remember the Captain of the Tower had left and the bells were rung neither at Christmas nor at New Year. My marriage was the first occasion the bells had been rung that year. My father S.T. Jerome had come to the Midland Bank to replace Mr Owen, the manager, who was ill with tuberculosis. The bank sent Mr Owen on a sea-voyage to Australia for the benefit of his health at their own cost but unfortunately all was in vain, he died on the trip. My father who had been sent up from the Southampton branch was originally Clerk in Charge under Haslemere branch but was made Manager in 1927 when he was still only thirty-one, very young for a manager in those days. He stayed at Petworth until he retired in 1956. He was offered moves but preferred to stay in Petworth.

Housing in Petworth was very much at a premium in those days and there was no facility for the manager to live at the bank so we rented a cottage in Pound Street from Miss Simmonds who was a local dressmaker. It is now part of Cynthia's hairdressing saloon and in those days steps led up to the door. The Midland Bank premises were part of Whitehall, an ancient foundation, which, I was told, had in the nineteenth century, been the home of a doctor who had had a staircase installed from his waiting room, up to his consulting room and on up to another room on the second floor his dispensary and office. When my father came to Petworth, the house was owned by Miss Woolley. Her father was an antique dealer trading under the name of Bromham and the present banking hall had been his shop. One point of interest on the deeds is that the Lord of the Manor of Petworth has right of chase through the premises and that he retains the mineral rights. The bank at that time was only a small rented part of Whitehall; there was no separate lavatory and no running water. If staff wanted the

lavatory they had to use Miss Woolley's outside one, the only one on the entire premises, and ask permission to do so. Miss Woolley's is a name that sticks in my mind even now because as a child, every Christmas I received a box of chocolates from her and I had to write and thank her. My mother always spelled it out for me.



Major S.T. Jerome in Home Guard Uniform.

motor-cycle and sidecar. At Easebourne I had a governess, Miss Burns, then I started attending Miss Botting's little private school at Petworth; it was housed in a wooden hut to the rear of Streeter's antique shop in East Street and reached through the present passage through from the road. All the children were under ten and Miss Clark was second teacher. We used the shop toilet as that was the only one on the premises. Miss Botting's school apparently flourished and soon moved to premises on the north side of Stringers Hall, again in East Street. There were railings then in front of Woolford's house (The Leads) and you entered through

Until he was made manager my father effectively held the fort. We left the Pound Street cottage, where I remember particularly Mr Gibson's daughter Vi who had dark hair and ringlets - much envied by myself, and went into rented rooms, first with Mrs Watson in Park Road. Her husband was groom to Lord Leconfield and was a very slight man. Riding side by side his lordship and Mr Watson made an incongruous pair: his lordship being such a burly man and his groom so small. They changed horses periodically to relieve the one on which his lordship rode. Then we stayed with Mrs Collins by the church.

Living in rooms made us redouble our efforts to find a house and eventually we managed to rent one in Vanzell Road, Easebourne, with my father coming in to work on his

a gate from the lane. Miss Botting's mother did the dinners, I think, and there was more room for us to play than we had had over the road. I stayed there until I was ten, leaving in 1930.

As I have said, my father became manager in 1927, and as a little girl I'd often be in the bank. There were coloured bands hanging from the wall which were used to indicate different types of document and I loved to pick a selection of them. I remember the fine mahogany counter with two gas light standards on it and the polished brass scales to weigh the coins. Those were the days, the 1920s, of copying ink and a huge press where, with pieces of damp cloth, copies were made of letters onto sheets of thin paper called 'flimsies'. Most letters were handwritten in careful copper plate writing. My father was most particular that the banking hall remain as it had always been: he never wanted it brought up to date. A long-serving member of staff was Miss Lindsey who had joined during the 1914-1918 war and lived at North Mead. She was somewhat hard of hearing, which in bank conditions was, on occasion, a little difficult.

We weren't at Vanzell Road terribly long. Henry Cooper the builder had put up some new houses in North Mead, just up from the Masons Arms, and as soon as he had one available to rent we moved in. We lived there from 1927 to 1945 when we moved to the Bank. There was a fence all round the house and my grandfather, who lived in the Isle of Wight and was a very keen gardener, planted rambler roses all round. "There you are," he said triumphantly "I've got a name for your house - Roselle." And so it was. Roselle has the luxury of a garage, so we bought our first car, a Gwynne 8, a three-seater with one door and no self-starter. When you lost the engine you had to get out and swing the engine. It was a 1923 model bought second-hand.

I was sent to Chichester High School with Margaret Collins deputed to keep an eye on me, going down to the station in Mr Morais' little yellow van. When we arrived in Petworth in the early 1920s a horse-drawn carriage took passengers to and from the station and the horse was kept in stables off Park Road. There was also a pony called Joey which I often took out riding in the cart that Joey pulled. There were fords in the roads then and you had to make sure Joey didn't start drinking from them, otherwise it was a terrible job to move him on. It was well known that once a pony started to drink it was impossible to move him on. Everyone knew you had to keep the pony's head up and keep him moving.

In fact I was often away sick and left Chichester to go to Miss Muirson's private school, very much a finishing school ethos, first in Lancaster House just across the road from the Midland Bank, then, as the school grew, to North House in North Street and, finally, to the newly vacated workhouse premises at the bottom of North Street. I saw the workhouse still in operation as we lived at North Mead, and I remember men and women being kept apart and the beds of wooden platforms with wooden pillows, although Garland photographs of the time show more orthodox beds. There had been a lot of cats at the workhouse, virtually feral. Henry Cooper's daughter, Miss Cooper, fed them, but in the end it was decided that, with the workhouse closed, the RSPCA should take them. They were herded into Miss Cooper's greenhouse to be taken away, but despite his long leather gloves, the inspector refused to touch them. Miss Cooper, without gloves, calmly picked them up one by one.

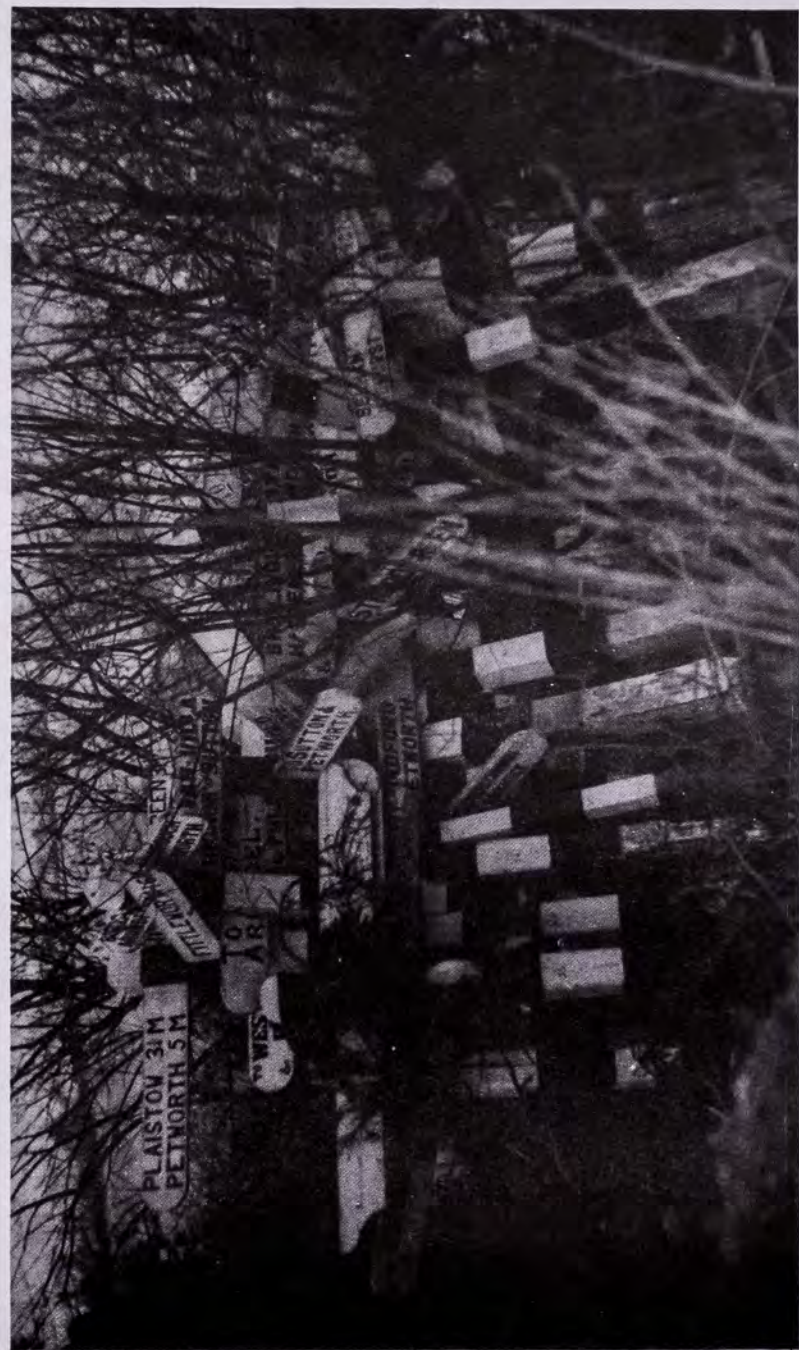
Miss Muirson's school had its own exclusive Girl Guide company, run by Miss Cardew

from Fittleworth and there was also a separate town company run by Miss Staffurth. The school boasted a regular dancing and deportment class which was held in the Audit Room at Petworth House, and the teacher came down from London just for this. Deportment and dancing were seen as essential parts of a young lady's education and comprised such studies as Greek and ballroom dancing, deportment, entering a room, i.e. not putting your head round the door first, what to do with your feet when sitting down. I don't think the school had a uniform: we used to wear twinsets and skirts.

From Miss Muirson's I went as a boarder to Brighton and Hove High School from 1935 to 1939. In that year I won a place to read German at London University. Given the political climate of the time, my father wouldn't hear of it. It was a frequent attitude at that period, and having been barred from what I had set my heart on, I spent a somewhat sullen year at home. The year after I went to the Clapham/Streatham Hill Froebel Institute which duly evacuated to Guildford. Ironically my mother was of German extraction, having come to England as a child of three and having had an English step-father. My father didn't even know this until after they were married! My mother knew no German.

From the 1930s my parents were very active in the town. A bank manager was a natural choice for treasurer of charitable organisations, and my mother often took on the duties of secretary. They were very involved with the British Legion, Toc H and Friends of the Cottage Hospital, among much else. My parents were very active in organising dances. I remember particularly one at the Town Hall which was to celebrate Princess Marina's wedding. The stage, where the band played, was to be decorated in red, white and blue. We were driving through Halnaker and saw a garden full of red tulips. My father said, "We need some of those." My mother went to the house, explained, and came back with an armful of them. We'd have a band, often from Chichester barracks. Bands were usually military and always from away. My father booked them. We'd blow up balloons by the hundred. We put something on the floor of the Town Hall, I think it may have been soapflakes. We'd then slide up and down on it: this was to make the floor better for dancing. Dance programmes had a pencil incorporated with them and a list of the dances, valse, valeta, quickstep ... No, I haven't got one of them now, I haven't seen such a thing for years. They weren't kept I suppose. On alternate Saturdays my parents put on a dance in the Iron Room in aid of some cause or charity, usually connected with the town. It might be Town Band uniforms, Boys Club, Football Club, Toc H, the British Legion. Tickets would be a shilling or one and sixpence. Half a crown was only charged for frightfully posh dances and these would be at the Town Hall. On such occasions a canopy would lead across the road to the Swan ballroom. Very often my parents would do the refreshments as well. I remember how they'd buy a large piece of bacon, get Hazelmans to put a thin bread dough round it and cook it en croute in the bread oven. Then it would be sliced and the slices put through the mincer. It would be used as a spread for sandwiches. Talking of the Swan Ballroom, this would be used for League of Nations meetings and discussions and the Geographical Society would put on slide shows there.

My parents had a hand in most things that went on in Petworth but although they were regular churchgoers, as would be expected of a bank manager and his wife, they were not particularly involved in church activities. They were certainly busy otherwise. Particularly



*A study in disinformation. Signposts jumbled together under threat of invasion 1940.
Photograph by S. T. Jerome.*



*Petworth H.Q. Staff outside Red House, Grove Street, in October 1944.
Can you identify them? Photograph by S. T. Jerome.*

in later Home Guard years it was a family joke that my father, with his other concerns, was a bank manager in his spare time. Of course they always had staff, a maid and someone to do the garden, even at North Mead. We had a live-in maid at Easebourne in the early days and we gave her material to make herself a dress. Unfortunately she was a good-looking girl and saw to it that the neckline was cut far too low. My mother was alarmed and the offending flesh had to be covered up.

In the 1930s Mother had a long-haired dachshund. I remember once taking her over the Gog and back. She was a terrible hunter and would simply take off and disappear for ages. Having once more lost her completely I was standing at the stile in Bartons Lane, vainly whistling for her when Lord Leconfield came along with his big black Labrador. "The longer you wait for your dog, the longer it will keep you waiting," he said. With this magisterial comment he strode off. He meant, of course, that if I went home the dog would find her own way back and he was probably right. The conversation gives some idea of traffic lights; you couldn't even think of such a thing today. Lady Leconfield, incidentally, I only seem to remember on horseback: she had the most perfect carriage. On another occasion the dog went missing at Whiteways in Arundel Park. After an age of trying to find her, we gave up and were driving off down Bury Hill and saw her chasing after us. We were always a little concerned that our dog looked so like a fox with her reddy brown colouring and bushy tail. The worry was, of course, that a farmer might shoot her by mistake.

I always liked talking to older people. Some things they told me were true, others probably not, but they were part of Petworth tradition. I was told that a passage led from the cells at the police station to the Town Hall, and that the Town Hall had once been open like the Butter Market at Chichester. Also that the old Horsham Road had once come over the Gog between the Goannah Lodges.

When war came, my father assumed charge of the local Home Guard. He had been right through the 1914-1918 war, first in the Royal Fusiliers, where he won the Military Cross and finally in the Royal Flying Corps. He was rather put out that the bank would not release him for active service: they declared him to be in a reserved occupation. The thing was that with so many firms leaving London to go into country houses locally the bank was doing a lot of "city business". Extra staff came down and Petworth was an important branch.

When the Home Guard was formed and affiliated to the Royal Sussex Regiment, my father took charge, with his World War I rank of Captain, rising later to Major. He soon had his men doing manoeuvres, drill, shooting - he was himself a crack shot and the Home Guard used to shoot into the hills at Bury, they used also to go to Kithurst and the Chalk pits at Amberley and there was a range in Petworth Park itself. Most weeks there was a route march, and there were guard duties every night at salient points. My father took the Home Guard very seriously and very much objected to the way it was portrayed on television in Dad's Army. H.Q. was at Red House off Grove Street, now demolished, and Dr Brydone was in charge of the medical platoon. I remember the last time I saw him I was driving my car and met him coming the wrong way up a one-way street in Horsham!

In 1940 invasion was seriously expected: the cellars at Petworth House were provisioned with a view to a final stand against the invaders. Phosphorus bombs were

delivered to my father by the box and they had to be stored under water, so my father would get out his old Austin 12 tourer, load them on the luggage rack, and take them round the country putting them in streams - some were in the Shimmings brook. It seems strange now, but these were desperate times and how else could he manage to keep them?



Petworth Home Guard – a section. Photograph by S.T. Jerome

In the same year we formed a Women's Home Guard. My mother took charge and as I was at home I shared the command with her. Every weekend in that summer of 1940 we held a training camp at Cathanger Farm off the Graffham Road and almost on the river. The Home Guard men came regularly, some 120 men, but my mother and I had six different women to train every week, particularly with a view to local resistance. We'd train them to cook on a trench fire - a trench would be taken out some three feet deep and fifteen to twenty feet long with bars across to stand the dixies on.. The trench would be filled with brushwood and the brushwood lit. We had a woodman to help us - he kept the fire stoked and brought fresh wood.

There was a serious expectation that Sussex would be invaded, and we might have to fight on the ground. Petworth was a strong point to be held at all costs. I had the year at home: I was not at all pleased about my father's attitude over my German course: it seemed to me that you couldn't damn a language and a culture because of the sins of a particular regime. I had worked hard to gain my place at University. The Home Guard did night watches, in shepherds' huts, made of wood and on wheels. Petworth from a military point of view was a very special place, a "nodal point" in military parlance. Its slight eminence gave it a clear view all round, while being at the confluence of major roads there were exits in five directions.

When the Boys' School was bombed in 1942, my mother was in the house, kneeling, dusting the fireplace. There were six anti-tank detonators on the mantel shelf but not one of them fell off. She had to be treated for glass splinters. I was at College in Guildford and when I was told what had happened I got straight on the bus to come home: rubble from the school building had fallen across the lane and the only people about were some Canadian soldiers. I asked them to help me and they lifted me up over the rubble that blocked the lane. The roof of the garage had been wrecked, and there was debris on the soft top of the car but otherwise it was unharmed. The canvas of our 1928 Austin Tourer was torn but the metal ribs that held it stood firm.

At the end of the war the bank bought the building from Miss Woolley, the upper part of the house became the Manager's home, and many alterations were made. There was no way through from the bank to the house, there were three staircases and one tap in the kitchen and one outdoor toilet.

Where the present strong room and cloakrooms are was Miss Woolley's kitchen and the space between that kitchen and the neighbour's wall was roofed over, stone floored, and was her scullery. This roof was removed in 1946-47 and the former scullery became part of the garden. Just outside the scullery was the well. This was discovered quite by accident when a large cobble stone was removed while digging the garden. This was found to be part of a domed cover sealing the well. This cover was removed and a well 80 feet deep, beautifully brick lined and even with a built in archway and passage a third of the way down, for the well cleaner to gain access to the well next door, was disclosed. When the house was re-roofed, and all the cladding removed to be replaced by new rendering, all the old plaster was deposited in the well. This achieved two purposes: it was cheaper than carting away, and equally, if not more importantly, it removed the danger of some person falling down an 80 foot well when next they unsuspectingly dug too deep in their garden. I believe there is now a low circular wall built over the well site to indicate that there might be an old well beneath it.

My mother remembered the well-cleaner at Wilton, where she had been brought up, going underground from well to well.

In 1946-47 there were still three staircases. The main oak staircase is not thought to be originally made for this house. The front of the building and the rooms to the east of the main north-south part form an L-shape. This staircase is in the angle so formed. It is a wide staircase, 51 steps from the ground floor to the attics, rising in flights of 7-3-7 to the first floor, second floor and attics, and is unusual in that the style and width is retained throughout. It has a very substantial oak bannister and newel posts, but no uprights between the newel posts. This is very unusual and hazardous for very small children or anyone slipping on the stairs. A picture of this staircase appears in a book called 'Staircases of England' depicting the unusual lack of balustrade.

There was, until 1947-48, also a staircase called 'the back stairs' from the kitchen to the first and second floors and down to the cellars. The lowest part of the staircase was left to give access to the central heating boiler in the cellar, but the rest of it was removed and a cloakroom on the first floor and bathroom and toilet on the second floor were installed in its place.

There were two original marble Adam fireplaces, one in the banking hall and one in a

first floor room. In 1947-48 the fireplace from the banking hall was moved upstairs and installed in the larger living room. One of these fireplaces was white marble with grey marble panels behind fluted pillars, and the other had pink marble behind fluted pillars.

Odd things: the two mules drawing a four-wheeled cart, something like a hay wain, up North Street and their glossy coats. They brought cord wood to the House. Or, again in North Street, Mrs Tyrrell's little shop half-way up, and calling in from school for a farthing's worth of dolly mix. My mother never carrying shopping home, few people did, it was always sent on after them. Going round with Mother knocking on every single door in Petworth hoping to extract a penny a week for the Cottage Hospital or the Red Cross. When we had aunts or cousins to stay I'd take them to the House. It was always open certain days and it was always a guided tour. I remember as a child that it was a long time before I realized that the resplendent man standing outside the main gate wasn't really Lord Leconfield!

Mary Fraser was talking to Diana Owen and the Editor.

[S.T. Jerome was not related to the Editor.]

A Sad Childhood Memory

It was a hazy morning as I sat in my kindergarten Divinity Class at Northend House. I was not very attentive and preferred to look out of the French window that I was sitting beside. I suppose it was because I was attending a class about God, that I thought I saw the sun falling out of the sky and wondered why God would allow that to happen? Next, I saw the light, which I thought was the sun, jump up after hitting the ground before disappearing out of sight. I was woken up with a start out of my daydreaming by a very loud explosion. As the glass in the French window and other windows shattered, everyone in the room instinctively jumped up from their chairs and fled down the one flight of wooden stairs to the ground floor. It must have been nearly eleven as our milk had already been poured out for the mid-morning break. I can remember the colour and shape of my mug to this day. My milk was handed to me, and after looking at it covered with a thick layer of dust on the top, I immediately ran into the arms of Mr Rolt, the gym master, and burst into tears saying resolutely: "I am not going to drink my milk!"

My mother was at home ("Four Winds" off Grove Lane) when she heard the loud explosion. Shortly afterwards a friend 'phoned her to say: "The school has been hit!" My panicked mother was unable to use the old Morris 8 car that we had in the garage as it was on stocks to preserve the tyres. There was no petrol available for domestic use, of course. Instead, she jumped on her bicycle and rode like the wind, dreading what she might find.

I don't think my mother could have known at that time the extent of the tragedy that was unfolding as she carried her bicycle over the rubble on her way to Northend House, only a few hundred yards further down the road. You can imagine the relief she felt when she found me

alive and unharmed, although very shaken and frightened. I remember her guiding me over the pile of rubble where the Canadian soldiers from the camp nearby in Petworth Park had shovels in hand assisting in the best way they could.

To this day my heart is filled with gratitude that I was spared, but also with great sorrow when I think of the all too many children and mothers who were not so lucky. What a terrible tragedy this was for Petworth.

On reflection, what I thought was the sun falling from the sky was really a bomb from a German aeroplane. I am not sure why I saw it as a yellow light, even when it jumped up after hitting the ground. Did anybody else see it come down? I believe there was a theory that it hit the Petworth wall, then ricocheted onto the adjacent school. It must have hit the wall on its side otherwise it would have detonated on first impact. Had it done so, the damage might have been very different with less loss of life, although I do wonder whether I would have survived, being in direct view of the explosion.

Clive Muncaster

The Uptons – a quintessential Petworth Family

Chance words from friends who recently visited Petworth have awakened memories of Petworth as told to me by various members of the family.

I am Alice Upton, widow of Henry John Upton, who died March 10th 1971 aged 60 years. He was the only son of Henry Mitchell Upton who died November 1946. He was the eldest son of Henry Thomas Upton, born 22nd December 1844 who married Kate Mitchell of Arundel, daughter of William Woods Mitchell, only son of Thomas Henry Mitchell of Arundel. The Mitchell family were the publishers of the West Sussex Gazette. Henry Thomas Upton was the son of Thomas Poling Upton, born September 6th 1763, who died August 27th 1845. Thomas Poling Upton was the son of John Upton born 7th February 1738 who died September 26th 1812. He was the son of William Upton, born 1699, died 25th March 1743.

All the above information is from the family tree, which was researched and written down in a red leather book by Thomas Poling Upton, whom I am told spent a lot of time and money doing so. By a strange coincidence (we always understood that the Sussex Uptons migrated from Somerset 500 years ago) my son, Roger Mitchell Upton, who is a scientist and travels extensively for his Danish company, went to Australia and discovered the local manager of his firm was John Upton. They worked out that as John came from Somerset, it was very likely that they were related. John later sent a copy of researches he had made and this made the theory quite feasible.

An index of names in the family tree apart from the Upton family contains those of Chrippes, Bassett, Olive, Drawbridge, Graves, Mitchell, Habgood and Knight. The Chrippes family covers six pages.

My son has the old family deed box, which contains account books and records. He has on his walls two beautifully executed indentures with large wax seals, framed and much admired. He also has the letter scales that stood on the desk in the study at Grays. I have here in my flat a walnut loo table that opens up to game compartments. I also have five George Morland sporting pictures reputed to have come from Arundel Castle.

In the loo table there is the catalogue for the sale of the contents of Grays at which the loo table was sold for £2-10-0; it is worth much more than that now. The sale was conducted by Newland, Tompkins and Taylor on March 9th and 10th 1927. The loo table was bought by Lillian (Bertie) Upton, who bequeathed it to my husband. Also in the deed box were the plans for a church and the plans for the family crypt in the Bartons. I was told there was room for one more burial and to my knowledge, that is still the case. Mike Upton and his wife Ethel are buried in a cemetery in Harrow; my husband was cremated and my son has no offspring.

Hanging in the hall of our home in Harrow was a pair of duelling pistols. The story as told to me was that in a certain house in Petworth was a bloodstain on floor boards which rejected all means of removal and when the floor boards were removed the pistols were revealed. One day the pistols disappeared from the wall. My naïve mother-in-law had sold them to an itinerant knocker for £5!!!

Henry Thomas Upton and his wife Agnes had nine children – 5 daughters in succession, before the birth of 2 sons, another daughter and then another son.

Agnes Mary (known as May) married Clement Swayne and lived in India on a tea plantation. Constance Kate married Archibald Wyatt, who had a career in the Army. Edith Maud married Thomas F. Potter, Lieutenant in the Royal Navy. Ethel Beatrice, Lillian Mabel and Margaret Nora all remained single.

Mitchell Henry married Ethel Rose Chase of Harrow. Thomas Herbert married Margaret Thompson of Petworth. John May was the youngest born June 4th 1893.

They were a great family for nicknames. Mary was May, Mitchell was Mike and his wife was Wog. Thomas was Tom, John was Jack, Lillian was Bert, Margaret was Mog and I was named Jane on meeting the family.

My husband was an engineer in the RAF, stationed at Chittagong prior to the Burma campaign. He had to drive a truck from there to Bombay and wait 3 days for supplies. He called on his cousin (daughter of May) who was married to a businessman in Bombay. He spent 3 days in luxury instead of in barracks.

My father-in-law was a pupil, at Cheltenham School. After playing football on a very cold day he suffered a collapsed lung and was extremely ill. This problem was to pursue him for the rest of his life, leaving him, in his later years, an invalid. On his recovery he was sent to Australia to stay on his uncle's sheep farm for a year. On his return he enrolled at Faraday House (now part of London University) then pioneering in the new electrical industry. From there his parents paid for two years unpaid apprenticeship at Armstrong and Whitworth Engineering works in Newcastle. Later, he became manager of the Harrow Electric Company at Harrow on the Hill, where he met his wife. On leaving there he held a similar post at Leamington Spa. He eventually returned to Petworth to set up his own business as an electrical engineer and I believe they lived at Leith Cottage. My husband helped his father

to wire up Hurstmonceux Castle. I am rather vague about the next move, but I know they lived in Lewes before moving to Worthing where I met the family. I was nursing in Worthing. By this time my father-in-law was unable to work.

On the outbreak of war John and I married, he volunteered for the RAF and in 1940 we all moved to Harrow, hopefully for the duration, but we never returned. My father-in-law died November 1946. He was a lovely man and a gentleman to the last.

Uncle Tom (the father of Peter) lived at Duncton on the edge of the Courtauld Estate and he used to visit them from time to time. His daughter, Judy Pennicott and her husband lived with him. Judy was very active in the Spastic Movement. They did so much for her younger daughter. We attended the wedding of the elder daughter. This was a family get together and the only occasion when I met Peter.

The only time I met Uncle Jack was the day of the funeral of my father-in-law. My husband used to speak of him with great affection. Jack was at the time the youngest Lieutenant Commander in the Navy and when he retired he joined the Lifeboat Association. He was in charge of the lifeboats at Dunkirk and received a decoration for this.

Now I come to the two stalwarts, Bertie and Mog, the sisters whom I knew best and who were unmarried. Auntie Mog was the younger and was very prominent in the Girl Guide Movement in West Sussex. She lived at the Barn in Angel Street with Auntie Bert after the sale of Grays. Auntie Bert was trained at Norlands College as a nanny and was in charge of the children of the Holman family. The last Holman baby, John, was a Downs Syndrome child and was rejected by his mother, whereupon, Auntie Bert took over John, returned to Petworth with him, eventually settling in the Barn, which was built on the site of old cottages, and using most of the old beams and bricks, hence the aged look of the Barn. It is a delightful house and I have fond memories of the lounge overlooking the hills and of stepping through the window into the garden. When we motored down, and as we passed the county border, my husband always said, "Back to Sussex and sanity". When my father-in-law sold Grays Auntie Bert bought Hill Cottage, which had been the extension of Grays and she let it. One day she took me upstairs in the Barn to overlook Hill Cottage, and said "John has lost his inheritance, and I have left Hill Cottage to him in my Will". We always hoped to come back and live there, but some years later, Auntie Bert had to sell Hill Cottage and she sent money to my husband, which enabled us to buy a family house in Harrow.

Auntie Mog died first, and Auntie Bert lived on with John Holman who attended the local school. I have photographs of him in the playground. He was a gentle soul with impressive table manners. He was known to the locals, as he had a penchant for pinching ladies' bottoms, otherwise he was well mannered. He lived to the age of forty years and his trust fund died with him. He was like a child to Auntie Bert and his death left a gap in her life. Towards the end of her life she had a lady companion.

When my father-in-law inherited Grays he did not inherit the means to maintain it, as the rest of the estate was left between the members of the large family.

The last time I visited Petworth was with my son not long after my husband died in 1971. We went to the church and viewed the baptistery window given by the family. We went up to the family pew and I can still hear Auntie Bert saying to my husband, "There are moths in

the family pew cushions, what are you going to do about it?" We called to see Uncle Tom at Duncton.

We could look across into the Leconfield pew, which was almost like a theatre box. Lady Leconfield was a close associate of Grandma Upton and she was my husband's Godmother. They were known for their charitable works and I have photographs of children's parties.

It is a sad thought, but it looks as though the Upton dynasty is coming to an end, as there seems no prospect of a male to carry on the line. My son is the last male heir.

All we have left are memories, a church pew with moth eaten cushions and an empty shelf in a crypt. That's life!!

I remember the day after our rush wedding, 11th September 1939, when John and I went by Southdown bus to Petworth to present me to the Aunts for approval. I must have been accepted then, because we always had a cordial relationship from then on. I was always given a piece of the lemon verbena which grew outside the kitchen door.

I have photographs of the interiors of Grays, and of old Petworth. Some are rather fragile, but we treasure them.

I have written this in small doses, and have had pleasure in doing it. I have done it as a tribute to my late husband, who never forgot his roots. My daughter said of him when he died, "He was still a country gentleman".

Alice Upton

'Oh yes, we had a bath as well!'

I was born in 1918 in my grandfather's cottage at Coultershaw. It was one of those houses on the right as you approach the mill bridge and as Grandfather was foreman at the mill the cottage went with the job. My father Sid Harris was a baker and had 'The Tavern' and adjoining bakery in the Square in Petworth. I say 'The Tavern' but I don't ever recall the place having a name when my family ran it, but then I really was quite young and perhaps I was just not aware of it. In later years it would of course become variously 'The Bun House', 'Cockshuts', and then 'The Old Square Tavern' before finally closing and becoming the Tourist Information Centre, which it remains today. I never knew my father, he passed away when I was only six months old, he was serving in the army as a master baker when he caught Spanish Influenza and died at Hastings. I believe there was something of an epidemic going around at the time. Shortly after I was born Mother and I moved back to the Square and she continued the business with the help of her mother-in-law, it wasn't long however before grandmother died and Mother gave up the business and we moved back to Coultershaw.

We lived with Grandfather Hollingdale for quite a while and I remember starting at Petworth Infants School while we were there. We didn't have milk delivered to the cottage as we could just walk down to Mr Moase at Coultershaw Farm and collect it almost straight from the cow. Old Mr Tyrell would regularly deliver paraffin in his handcart, pushing it right

out from Petworth where he lived with his wife who ran the little sweet shop half way up the hill in North Street just past Somerset Hospital. The cottage is still named after them, which I think is rather a nice touch don't you? Uncle Ern lived across the river at Heathend and his sons went to Duncton School and were good friends of Ethel Goatcher who sadly passed away recently. If I remember rightly the river was the school boards boundary and the school that you went to depended on which side of the river that you lived. I was led to school each day by my mother. I say led because I certainly didn't go voluntarily to start with. You see I was an only child and was really spoilt and rather inclined to get my own way, and I was not at all used to mixing with other children. Anyway, I suppose I must have eventually got used to going to school but I never really made many friends, as I said I was a bit of a 'loner'. I can of course remember the teachers at the infants' school, there was Miss 'Mac' whose proper name was MacFarlane but we always used the shorter version. In fact I think that by this time she had married and was Mrs Hill but we still called her Miss 'Mac'. Then there was Miss Bartlett who later married Mr Mickelburgh, he was headmaster of the evacuee school which was set up in the Iron Room during the war, and of course there was Miss Wootton, her sister was head teacher at the Girls' School in East Street and her father was headmaster of the Boys' School though I think that he may have retired about this time. Later I was to go to the Girls' School where Miss Bevis was the junior teacher and then there was Miss Carver and the other Miss Wootton. I believe that there must have been another teacher because there were four classes but I really can't remember her name.

As I have said the cottage that we lived in at Coultershaw went with Grandfather's job at the Mill and when he died we had to move out. Aunt Kate who was Mother's sister had been living at Coultershaw with us as she had moved in to look after their father when Mother got married. Kate had been working away in service with another sister Carrie. Aunt Carrie had been employed by the Reverend and Mrs Durrant as nanny to their children when he was curate at Petworth. Mrs Durrant was the daughter of Charles Holland the rector at Petworth and eventually the Reverend Durrant got the post of rector at Wetherby in Yorkshire and Aunt Carrie moved up there with the family. A while later Aunt Kate also moved up to Wetherby to take up the position of kitchen maid and she eventually became cook before coming back home to look after Grandfather. As a matter of interest I was named after one of the Durrant children.

Having left the cottage at Coultershaw Mother found rooms for the three of us above a shop at the top end of Trump Alley where it comes south into East Street; this would have been in about 1926. The shop was until recently Petworth Saddlery but I don't recall what it was when we lived there although I seem to think that Denmans, had it before they moved further along East Street, though now that I think about it I have a recollection of it at sometime being a butchers shop while we were living there. Across Trump Alley from us was the house that backed on to Mrs Gordon Knight's grocery shop this was where Miss Duffus the district nurse lived. Aunt Kate worked for Mrs Eardley-Wilmot at Newlands in Pound Street, I believe that she was a Catholic lady and she always employed girls from London who came from a Catholic home or somewhere like it. During the summer the house was generally closed-up and the family and servants would go away. Aunt Kate would be expected to stay

at Newlands to keep the house in order and for security, and so Mother and I would move in to keep her company. It was sheer bliss, all of that room to play in though of course I was strictly forbidden to allow any friends in. Oh yes, we had a bath as well! It really did seem like another world to us. The garden at Newlands appeared huge to me, I think that it stretched all the way up to where the public toilets now are and I do remember the famous Mulberry tree that used to hang over the wall into Back Lane. Miss Hamilton was cook at the house and there was a parlour maid named Miss Newman. Mr Purser was the gardener cum chauffeur and he lived up by the infants' school. Yes I do remember the slaughterhouse in Trump Alley, it never bothered me when we lived there but then I don't think children really thought too much about that sort of thing in those days, I suppose it was just part of life to us. Mother didn't work again after she gave up 'The Tavern', she was always rather fragile and really a semi-invalid. I'm not sure of the exact year that she was born but she died in 1968 and she must have been at least 74 because she married my father in 1912. I have a lovely copy of John Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' which was presented to Mother on her marriage in 1912 by the committee of the Girls Friendly Society of which he had been a member for 12 years. Father came from Hampshire but I never knew much about his side of the family or how he ended up in Petworth.

Mother did most of her shopping at the International Stores in the Square, the old shop in New Street next to the Red Lion was used at that time for doing up orders ready for delivery and was always known as 'the top shop'. When 'the top shop' eventually closed Mr Pellett had it as a hardware shop before it in due course became the Hobby Horse Restaurant. Shops like Olders in East Street were generally a little more expensive and Mother being on a limited budget would tend to avoid them. Mr Steggles had the chemists in Market Square, he was a dear man and everybody thought highly of him, as he was so helpful. I always remember receiving a present of an animal made of soap from Mr Steggles on my birthday; he really was a kind gentleman.

Mrs Palmer had a little shop in High Street just to the left hand side of the entrance to Kitchen Court. She sold green grocery and sweets though Mother would never let me go into the shop, for some reason Mother didn't think that the High Street was a particularly nice place to shop and Mrs Palmer was sadly tarred with the same brush.

I can remember the old Petworth workhouse because Mother was friendly with the matron there, I think she was called Mrs Jones but I can't be sure. Occasionally we would go and have tea with her but of course by that time it wasn't really like the old-fashioned workhouses that everybody dreaded, it was more of a hospital for old people.

One of Mother's sisters was a Mrs Sherlock who was a resident of Somerset Hospital, she was much older than Mother and died when I was about 16, she was a widow and lived in one of the rooms right at the top of the house. Mrs Sherlock would come to tea with us on a Friday when she collected her old age pension. I was usually detailed to walk her home to Somerset Hospital; it was a rule that the residents had to be in by nine o'clock in the evening. I believe that she had previously lived at Byworth but I am not sure, you see Mother was the youngest of thirteen children and some of them were very much older than her, in fact I think that one or two of them had moved away even before Mother was born and she never met them during her life.

Petworth Fair day was always special to us children, just like on 'Lordies' club day in the Park we had a day off from school and it seemed a very important occasion to me. I remember old Mr Smith and his coconut stall; I think he is buried in Kirdford churchyard. The fair was much bigger then stretching up Lombard Street and down into Golden Square. There were many more small sideshows then than now and of course Eagers always dressed their window for fair day and we kids would wait expectantly to see what was in the Christmas toy display. I do believe that Miss Wilcox the daughter of Mr Wilcox the Leconfield Forester worked upstairs in the ladies fashions department at Eagers. As we girls grew older we became less interested in the fair and more with boys and we would pray for a foggy fair day so that our mothers wouldn't be able to see who we were with, still that's another story altogether.

In about 1929 we left East Street and moved to the house on the corner of Pound Street and Saddlers Row. There was no antiques shop there when we moved in; in fact the whole building was our house. The profile of the building was somewhat different then, the corner was more prominent and the upper floor jutted out over the pavement. I think the building was eventually altered to make it easier for traffic to turn the corner and also to allow safer passage for pedestrians. Mr Leazell the builder owned the property as he did all of the others between Saddlers Row and the entrance to Gosdens's Yard next to the fish and chip shop. I am not at all sure what our address was then as we had two doors to the house, one in Saddlers Row and the other in Pound Street. Next door to us on the Saddlers Row side was the shop of Mr Stevens the butcher, this was much later to become Playfoot, Page and Webster but has now closed and is empty. Across the road from us was the entrance to Culvercroft where Dr Kerr lived. I don't remember him that well as he wasn't my doctor but I do remember his daughters Bunty and Anne though they were both a bit older than me. It must have been about 1935 that the Gas Company took over the house from Mr Leazell, they had plans to turn the ground floor into showrooms and we were to be rehoused next door in Pound Street, I don't suppose Mother had much choice in the matter; well you didn't really in those days did you? It must have been about this time that I started work at Fox's in North Street opposite the Church; I would have been about 17 then. This wasn't my first job since leaving school; I had previously worked for Mrs Thayre who had the shop next door to Fox's. The property was basically divided in two, Mrs Thayre sold sweets and a selection of provisions from her shop while her husband, who also had a workshop in Bartons Lane, carried on an agricultural tool business from his side. My job was to help in Mrs Thayre's shop when I was required and also to clean the living accommodation, which was behind and above the shop. I think Mrs Thayre was quite an astute businesswoman and would often let out rooms to lodgers to supplement her income.

I was not with Mrs Thayre for very long before I got the job at Fox's. It was Mr Fred Fox who had the shop then, he was a real gentleman. Besides me there was Mabel Boakes and Vera Green as junior assistants, Jimmy Baxter used to help Mr Fox in the outfitters while the Misses Whitcomb and Whittington were senior assistants. Winnifred Whitcomb was related to Bob Whitcomb the landlord of The Wheatsheaf just down the hill in North Street. Yes I remember Bob Whitcomb's daughter Gladys well, she was of course to be better known

by her married name of Morley. Gladys played the piano at dancing classes that I attended and which were run by her aunt Mrs Frank Whitcomb. Once a year the group would put on a show of ballet and short sketches in the Iron Room, we were really quite good and would at first rehearse at the Whitcomb home in Percy Terrace and as we got better the rehearsals would move to the Club Room in High Street and finally we would put on the show.

Getting back to Fox's. Mabel, Vera and I were employed as apprentices with three years training to do though I don't suppose that there was a formal qualification at the end of it. I think that we were paid half a crown a week for the first year rising to seven and six and finally ten shillings in our final year, not a great sum even in those days, still you took what you were given. Poor Jimmy Baxter was the youngest of us all and we girls led him a merry dance. One day Mr Fox was out as were the senior ladies who were probably at lunch, anyway we girls bet Jimmy that he wouldn't go down into the huge cellar that was under the shop, eventually Jimmy went down to prove that he wasn't frightened and once he had disappeared down the steps we shut the trapdoor and all stood on it so he couldn't get out. When Mr Fox returned we were still standing on the trap and Jimmy was shouting out at the top of his voice "let me out", needless to say Mr Fox heard the commotion but being the gentleman that he was he didn't make any fuss as we let Jimmy out, you see he didn't need to say a thing, all that was required was a certain look which left us in no doubt that he disapproved of our antics.

Mr Yallop had the bicycle shop on Morleys corner opposite the Red Lion. He also sold sports equipment and if I remember rightly the old 'Rex' gramophone records at 1s 3d each. I bought my first tennis racket from Mr Yallop; it was a 'Slazenger Victory' and cost the princely sum of 12s 6d which was quite a lot in those days. I belonged to the Park Tennis Club that played on the courts near where the sports pavilion stands in the park. We had to sweep the deer droppings from the grass before we could play but it was a very friendly club. After the war the Grove Tennis Club amalgamated with ours and we became the Petworth Tennis Club and stopped playing in the Park. The Grove had been quite exclusive but had been allowed to go during the war and it took a great deal of work to get it back together again.

Kath Meachen was a good friend of mine. She lived with her parents in Church Street where they had a general provisions shop. Mr Meachen was also an agent for a cycle manufacturer and visitors could hire bicycles from him. Kath and I would go dancing together to some quite 'posh' places, even as far as Arundel Castle which seemed a long way then. A Mr Braby who came from Bognor held old time dancing lessons in the Swan ballroom and Kath and I would attend them.

Like most of us 'older' residents I could take you on a trip all around the town but it would take days, you see it was so full of character and life. Everyone knew everyone else and there were no secrets in Petworth, still those days are gone now and remain only in our memories.

Faith Jarvis was talking to Miles Costello

New Members

Mr. R. Bevan	Dinton House, Angel Street, Petworth, GU28 0BN.
Mr. and Mrs. B. Charman	The Old Police House, The Common, West Chilton, Petworth, GU28 9AA
Mr. and Mrs. B. Graves	The Garth House, Tillington, Petworth, GU28 9AA.
Mr. and Mrs. A. Harrison	Appletrees, 405, Coultershaw Cottages, Station Road, Petworth, GU28 0EX. GU28 0JE.
Mr. F. Hill	8, Station Road, Petworth, GU28 0EX. GU28 0JE.
Ms. Charlesworth	Folly Cottage, Barlavington, Petworth, GU28 0CG.
Sally Eames	17, Grove Lane, Petworth, GU28 0BT.
Mrs. D. Hennessy	The Art of Craft, 19/20, East Street, Petworth, GU28 0AB.
Mr. K. Kruger	Hillgrove, Lurgashall, Petworth, GU28 9EW.
Mrs. K. Wadey	1, Burns Crescent, Tonbridge, Kent, TN9 2PT.
Mr. N. Welland	34, Hockley Lane, Eastern Green, Coventry, CV5 7FR.

Re Mrs Fraser's article

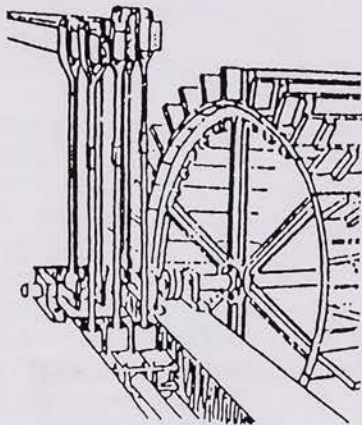
I don't have a dance card for Petworth between the wars. This from Apethorpe in Northamptonshire comes from 1909 and reflects very much a "stately home" ambience.

P.



1 WALTZ	13 WALTZ
2 WALTZ	14 WALTZ
3 POLKA	15 TWO-STEP
4 WALTZ	16 WALTZ
5 LANCERS	17 WALTZ
6 WALTZ	18 LANCERS
7 TWO-STEP	19 WALTZ
8 WALTZ	20 WALTZ
9 WALTZ	21 POLKA
10 POLKA	22 WALTZ
11 WALTZ	23 WALTZ
12 LANCERS	24 GALOP

Coultershaw Beam Pump



Water wheel driven pump installed in 1783 to supplement the water supply to Petworth House and town. Still working and capable of delivering a 'hogshead a minute.'

Located on the A285
1½ miles south of Petworth.

Open April – September, first and third Sundays and Bank Holiday Mondays 11 a.m. – 5 p.m.

Parties are welcome any time by arrangement. Phone the curator Robin Wilson on 01798 865 774.

Petworth Cottage Museum



Walk into a Leconfield Estate cottage as if it were 1910! We like to think the gaslit atmosphere at the home of Mrs Mary Cummings, seamstress at Petworth House is unique but decide for yourself.

Open April – October
Wednesdays to Sundays and
Bank Holidays 2 – 4.30 p.m.

Parties are welcome by
arrangement.

Admission £2.00.
346 High Street
Petworth
Telephone 01798 342100.

