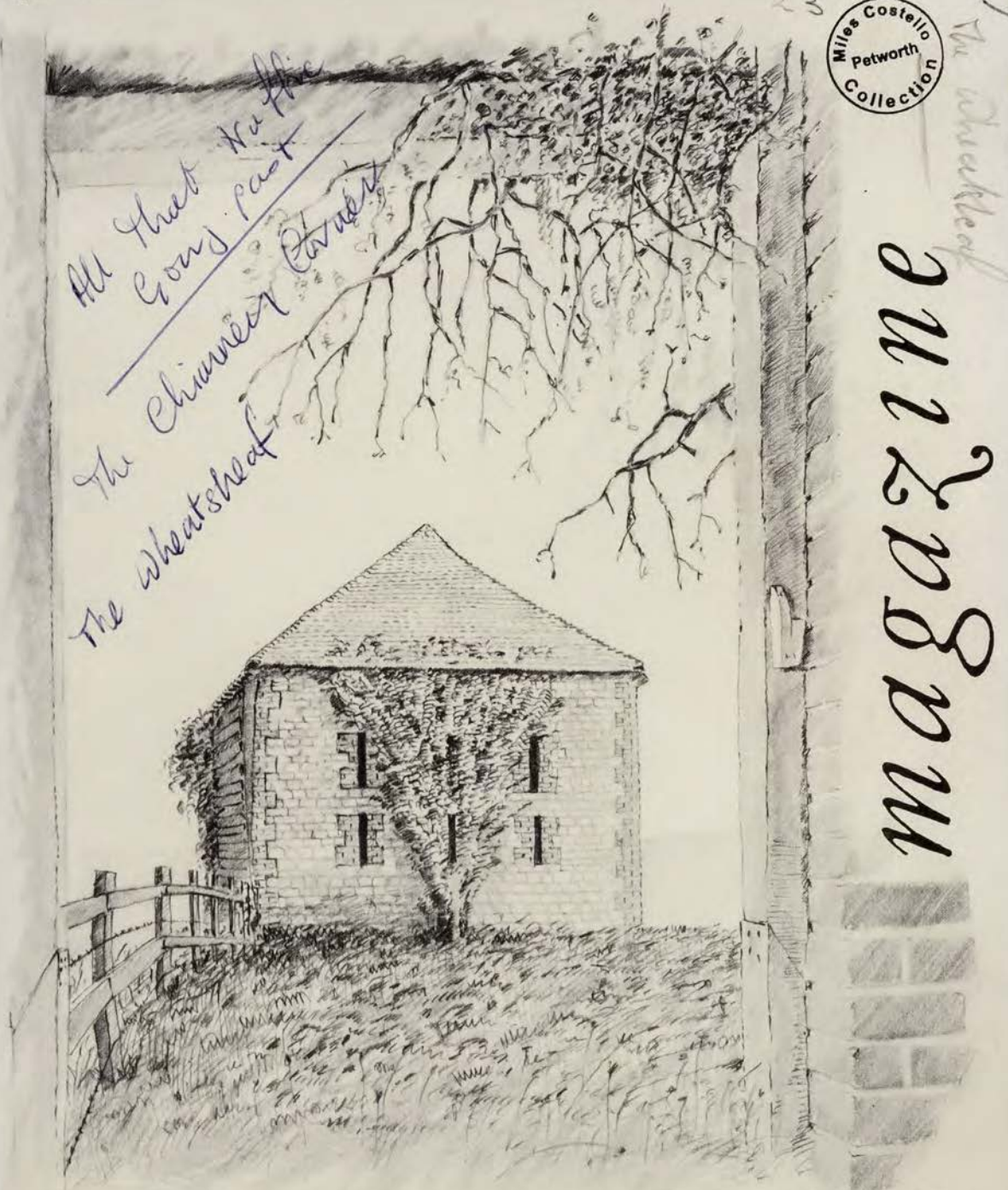


Miles Costello
Petworth
Collection

The Church of St. Andrew

All that traffic
Goes past

The Chimney
The Wheatstack



Magazine

Contents

- 2 Constitution and Officers
- 3 Chairman's Notes
- 4 Beating the Bounds – A Second Attempt
- 5 Where angels fear to tread
- 8 From Mafeking to Armistice Day
- 9 Petworth Fair 2001 – a farmer's view
- 10 Seasonal refreshment
- 11 'This time we've jigsaws and videos ..'
- 12 Partners in Petworth
- 13 Deborah's Crossword
- 14 Crossword Solution (Magazine 106)
- 14 Stewarding at 346
- 15 Chelsea in the parlour – with ringlets
- 17 Broad beans and spring cabbage
- 18 Old Rotherbridge Farm
- 19 The 4th Battalion Royal Sussex
- 19 Petworth Station remembered
- 20 A Sunday School lesson in 1912
- 23 A corner of Petworth Drawing by P. Burton 1976.
- 24 All that traffic going past
- 27 I see to connect her with lorgnettes
- 32 Perspectives on the 1930s (2)
- 36 Early days at Ifold (2)
- 40 The Chimney corner
- 44 New Members

Cover drawing by Jonathan Newdick.

It shows a landscape at Perryfields.

Cover design by Jonathan Newdick.

Printed by Midhurst and Petworth Printers, 11 Rothermead,
Petworth (tel. 342456) and Duck Lane, Midhurst (tel. 816321)

Published by the Petworth Society which is a registered Charity

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

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

Committee

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

Magazine distributors

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

Society Scrapbook

Mrs Pearl Godsmark

Coultershaw Beam Pump representatives

Mr S. Boakes, Mrs J. Gilhooly, Mr A Henderson, Mr T. Martin.

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

Jonathan's superb new cover sets an immaculate tone for a new year. Perryfields, as you will know, is on the river a little up from Rotherbridge.

I am able to announce no increase in subscriptions for this year. Subscriptions (and donations!) last year roughly met the cost of this Magazine. Donations are an enormous help in holding down subscription levels.

You may recall my musings "The mixture as before" in the last Magazine. Most of you got on with your Christmas and left me to mine : there are more important things than the Petworth Society's occasional bouts of self-questioning – spiritual indigestion you might call it. Having said that, this is Jubilee Year and an appropriate time to fire some new ideas at you. None have a profit-making motive. Some will be tried and quietly fall by the wayside, others, hopefully, will contribute to the Society's continuing repertoire. Here are our suggestions:

1) Visits. Two are planned initially; we have others in mind. They are attractive but both have a limitation on numbers and must be booked beforehand. Transport is not a problem : the usual own cars and lifts. We propose:

Sunday 28th April. Loxwood Canal Trip (2 hours). The Society will have the whole boat. Capacity 30. Cost £5. Leave Petworth Square for the Onslow Arms at 10 a.m. Please note this is a morning trip.

Sunday 16th June. Society visit to Shulbrede Priory at Lynchmere (courtesy of Mrs Ponsonby). I do not intend to anticipate this visit other than by drawing attention to Petworth's long historical association with the religious house at Shulbrede and the Shulbrede association with Sir Hubert Parry best known perhaps for his setting of Blake's Jerusalem. Cost £6 to include cream tea. Limit 34.

There is an order form for both events with this Magazine. Please don't hang back in case you "take someone else's place". All that happens in that case is that we end up with less than a full complement. These events are for members only. If you are a member and want to go, then go. Mr Henderson will return any cheques in excess of stated maximum numbers.

2) Tuesday 11th June. Golden Jubilee meal.

The Committee have in recent years enjoyed a meal together after Christmas, not always at the same venue, and this has been so successful that we would like to extend the idea to the membership in general. We have arranged an evening meal in the Audit Room at Petworth House. It will be preceded by an optional guided tour beginning at 6.15. Drinks will be served at 7.00 followed by the meal at 7.30. We have an excellent deal here. Details on separate sheet – maximum numbers 80, dress informal. Cost £12 per head.

Please note that the two outings and the meal will be self-financing but are not profit-making.

3) Walks.

Linda and David's Stag Park walk on the 17th March will follow traditional lines but the walk on May 5th will be rather different. Miles and Steve have been active in putting up parish

boundary posts beginning in Hungers Lane. While we have no intention of traversing the parish boundaries (!) the walk will seek to reflect the age-old spirit of Rogationtide; in medieval times a central season in the secular and religious year. The old banners, paper dragons and handbells may be absent on May 5th but we do hope to have some of the old spirit. More details on our posters and on the day. I don't know when Petworth last held such a walk, certainly the custom was renewed briefly during the 1914-1918 war. No doubt someone will remind me.

4) To celebrate the Queen's approaching Jubilee the Society proposes to provide an open public evening in the Leconfield Hall, on Tuesday May 23rd for a slide show depicting Petworth public celebrations from the wedding of Queen Victoria in 1840 up to the present day. Admission will be free, costs to be sustained by the Society. If there is sufficient demand the show will be repeated on Tuesday May 28th.

5) As you will see from "Where angels fear to tread..." October should see the publication of the first part of a Petworth history, a project not attempted since 1864. It seems appropriate to consider this as part of the Society's contribution to Jubilee year.

We do have some other ideas but these will do to go on with!

The Society is working closely with Lord Egremont and Petworth Parish Council to coordinate the town's Jubilee celebrations. The aim is to try to have something for everybody. More of this in the next Magazine which will appear early – in mid-May.

I am delighted to announce that the Society's four representatives on the governing body of the Coultershaw beam Pump are Mr S. Boakes, Mrs J. Gilhooly, Mr A. Henderson and Mr T. Martin. They will join the four Sussex Industrial Archaeology Society members to form a committee under the chairmanship of Mr Robin Wilson. Mr Henderson is Hon. Treasurer.

Two brief points in passing. I do not know at present when the Catherine Cookson television programme featuring 346 High Street will be shown. (See "Chelsea in the parlour"). I have no further information on Clunn Lewis (see Magazine 105, 106) but I am working on it.

Lastly you will note the late Mrs Lillian Hunt's contribution to this Magazine. It is part of a considerably larger work which Miles is hopeful of producing relatively soon. As an account of old Bedham and a forgotten way of life it is of the greatest value and interest. Technically too as an example of oral tradition it is important, the stories appearing as well-rounded units often vague on specific details, these being subsumed under the necessity of retaining the point of the story or "punchline". Well worth a close look.

Peter 20th January 2002

Beating the Bounds – A Second Attempt

Last spring we proudly announced the reintroduction at Petworth of the ancient Rogationtide custom of beating the parish bounds. A lengthy description of the ritual appeared in issue

103 and everything seemed to be in place for the first part of the parish boundary to be walked as part of a Petworth Society outing. Oak boundary markers were erected at either end of the ancient Hungers Lane, and as if to cement our plans to continue the custom into the following year a further two boundary posts were purchased. Then came that awful plague known as foot and mouth, of course we could never imagine then what effect it would have on the countryside, let alone the programme of the Petworth Society, anyway like all other rural pursuits our Rogationtide walk fell foul of the regulations and while the posts went up the walk never took place.

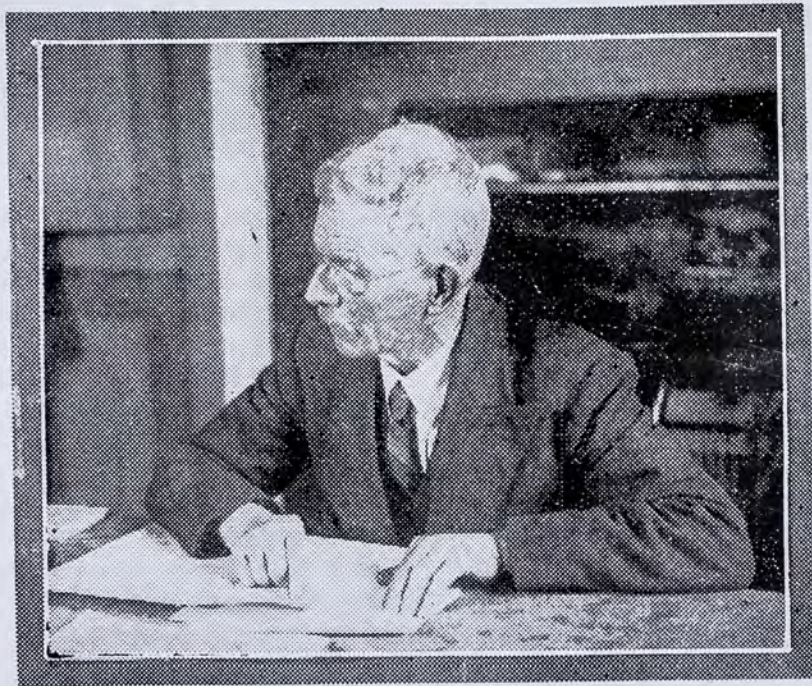
This May we hope to have another go at resurrecting this important ecclesiastical and secular tradition and with the help of the town band, who will see us off from the main car park, we will make our way up the Tillington Road to the 'New' Lodges where we will venture off into Hungers Lane and begin the perambulation proper. Not a particularly strenuous walk by Society standards it will nevertheless have a certain symbolic importance. Participants will be encouraged to beat the boundary markers as we make our way south towards the Rother, younger members will be expected to traverse the markers or perhaps to carve their initials into the oak thus ensuring their place in this age old custom. For those who were unaware of the southern parish boundaries the walk will add to their local knowledge and will certainly cover some territory not previously accessible to the Society. We look forward to as many members as possible turning out for this significant event which we hope will take its rightful place in the Society's calendar.

Miles Costello

Where angels fear to tread

I suppose it's a measure of our cybercafé world that those once popular newspaper features in which someone, conveniently disguised as "The Rambling Reporter" or suchlike visits a rural outpost like Petworth to report on the "natives", have largely disappeared. Presumably "natives" are much the same everywhere now. Visiting Petworth around Easter 1935, the Southern Weekly News reporter found much to interest him, not least Mr. McLachlan, long-time magistrates' clerk, whose "great hobby is delving into the history of old Petworth. Undoubtedly he is one of the foremost authorities in this and I spent a fascinating afternoon reading an old book and papers which he lent me." What did Mr. McLachlan know that we don't? What do we know that Mr. McLachlan didn't? Where are all these old papers now? Was the old book Arnold's 1864 history? I often wonder. Whatever Mr. McLachlan had or didn't have we can no longer know, and whatever he knew he didn't confide his thoughts to paper. What a waste!

THE PETWORTH HISTORIAN



Mr. A. P. McLachlan's hobby is delving into the history of old Petworth. He is an authority on his subject, too.

Somewhat earlier, C.J. Daintrey had been less reticent; he was an expert on the medieval Latin court rolls and was employed by the Lord Leconfield of the time on manorial court business. Daintrey produced four articles for the old *Sussex Express* in the early autumn of 1891, three of which are detailed and substantial. It has to be said that in general history Daintrey is a dangerous guide but he certainly knew his way round the rolls. His lordship seems to have been less than happy with certain aspects of Daintrey's enquiries while Daintrey's legal business was encountering problems. The articles abruptly ceased. Hugh, Lord Leconfield, produced some thought-provoking short notes for *St. Mary's Parish Magazine* in the mid-1950s and a book on the seventeenth century manor, while between the wars Mary Maxse wrote elegantly on several aspects of Petworth's past. G.H. Kenyon's pioneering enquiry into Petworth tradesmen's inventories remains a classic study. Later work is dominated by the three volume catalogue of Petworth House Archives, a monument of self-effacing scholarship.

G.H. Kenyon toyed with the idea of writing a history of Kirdford. No one was better fitted. He never did. Why? In a famous aside he wrote that if he did it and he did it properly, the very cost of the book would put it beyond the reach of those for whom it was intended.

If this is the case for Kirdford, what hope for Petworth? Kenyon certainly had a point, but his must be a counsel of despair.

To anyone like Mr. McLachlan who has had dealings with Petworth history over the years, there should come eventually a dilemma. No one has attempted to write a history of Petworth since Arnold in 1864 and, masterly as Arnold is, there is much he did not know, and, of course, could not possibly know. To emulate him, however, is a kind of arrogance, while not to do so is a kind of abdication. A serious difficulty is that Petworth has never been an island; from time to time the national influence of the Percy family will always draw Petworth, however, reluctantly, out of exclusion into the full glare of English history.

To venture into such a field demands a considered recklessness – but more, an obsession with avoiding the inessential. Any adequate treatment of Petworth House Archives must lead into a quagmire of details and alienate those for whom such a history is intended. On the other hand, if the historian overplays his hand and ignores too much, the whole enterprise is pointless. Balance is crucial. Put it another way: the historian is the eccentric driver of a train which must stop at certain mainline stations – Harry Hotspur, William James of Upperton, the “Wizard” Earl, but the driver is at liberty to call in at various country halts and branch stations along the way.

Such a history must, to an extent, be personal. It can't be done by a committee and it can't be exclusive. If someone produces another history next year that's all to the good. Our imaginary train must again stop at the mainline stations but it will call in at different country halts and branch stations. It will be a different journey. Someone else will think differently, have fresh ideas, pick up mistakes – even the meticulous Arnold made a few! The historian needs always to keep before him P.G. Wodehouse's reply when told that the title of his new book “*Summer Lightning*” had been used before. Wodehouse opined that he was not unduly concerned; he hoped that his book would find an honoured place in any selection of the best hundred books entitled *Summer Lightning*. The parallel for the Petworth historian is obvious.

So I've tried. The present book goes as far as 1660. Why? Simply because to have encompassed the whole story in one volume would have squeezed the latter chapters almost to nothing. A stop at 1660 gives pause for breath – half-time if you like. There are times when you feel like giving up, but the secret is to have enough “in the can” to make you go on because you can't waste the time you've already spent. It's a marathon where you could drop out after a mile and a half but certainly not after six miles. Most difficult chapter? That on Richard Montagu, Royalist rector, later bishop of Chichester and a real firecracker. “Much gall in his ink ...” someone said. Many see him as an integral factor in the events leading to the Civil War. Once again you can't separate Petworth and national history. Petworth rectory was a rich living. After a few months in Montagu's company I came rather to like him, although I have to say that few of his contemporaries took a similar view.

One last thought on Kenyon's dispiriting premise. We do have some help financially but if anyone has a trust fund and would like to contribute toward bringing down the cost of the book to make it more widely available please let me know. We're not talking commercial publishing here!

P.

The 11th Garland Memorial Lecture – Petworth, from Mafeking Day, 1900 to Armistice Day, 1918

It was a largely local audience that gathered to hear Peter, our Chairman, give this lecture, perpetuating the memory of George Garland, whose photographs look back at a rapidly changing world as well as recording the events of the 1920s up to the '60s.

The subject this year, however, portrayed a period before Garland, photographed by Walter Kevis and anonymous amateurs whose pictures have escaped consignment to the rubbish bin when removal or death brought the inevitable 'turn-out'. One had to be a native or a resident of some years standing at least to appreciate the full impact of the talk. Buildings have gone, lanes become highways, inns are now houses or banks, antiques dealers have moved into the premises of grocers, butchers, drapers and people, children as well as old folk, are no more. Their dress was different. They walked, cycled and used horse transport. Cars and tractors were rare in the first 20 years of the 20th century. Even the slides, supported by memories and anecdotes passed down by relatives and others and, as always, amusingly recounted by Peter, fail to convey fully the thoughts and attitudes of the people of the time, but, occasionally, letters come to light which give some insight. We shall be hearing more from the recently discovered correspondence between Catherine Knight and her doctor fiancé in India about everything happening in Petworth, where she was a leading member of the social order.

Strong patriotism is evident from the decorated streets on Mafeking Day. The influence of the Leconfield Estate was dominant, huge numbers of employees being turned out to greet Lord Leconfield and his bride after their wedding, formally paraded in order of status. His Lordship's hand, and pocket, were behind the Men's Improvement Society and in bringing top-flight entertainment to the town. One wonders what sort of a football team would be turned out by 'Strood and Egdean United' today, at the same time questioning what sort of team it was in 1910!

Preceding the Great war, there were regular manoeuvres of troops, even in peacetime. Today we seem only to notice overflying by Chinook helicopters and these are hardly times of peace. During the conflict there were teams of lady volunteers in sterile uniform packing medical equipment in Petworth House for despatch to the Front and wounded soldiers convalescing there and at Gore Hill. For just over an hour, we imagined ourselves, however inaccurately, in Petworth nearly 100 years ago.

KCT

Petworth Fair 2001 (A fairman's viewpoint)

Positive comments were forthcoming from one local resident pleased to welcome the charter fair back into the Market Square of the West Sussex town of Petworth. Charter fair is perhaps a misnomer as the fair can be dated back to 1189, possibly originating prior to that date and held these days by prescriptive rights. The Petworth Society actively resurrected the fair, held on November 20 each year, during the mid 1980s from which time the attendant showmen, both independent operators and Guild members have received the support of the local community.

Open from 3pm the showmen can catch a little trade as the children come out of school, but the main thrust is from around 6.30 for a couple of hours. The weather was kind this year, dry but cold, although at the last knockings a flurry of sleet cum snow was falling, sufficient to dampen the tilts for the pull down.

Support was surprisingly good this year, with fair day falling as it did on a Tuesday, the numbers being swelled by people making their way to or from the Leconfield Hall situated in the Market Square where a range of entertainment was on hand.

Causing a degree of intrigue was Lee Sherwood with his 'Guess your Age' gaff catcher on a first time visit, many of the local youngsters wanting to know the secret rather than have a go. Proving as popular as ever were the ChairPlanes of Harris Brothers, the central feature of the Market Square, with the cups and saucers and mixed toy juvenile of Billy Benson on hand for the younger participants. Alfie Penfold provided his tick a card dart stall toward the lower end of the square, while Philip Crecraft had his can can joint at the opposite side of the kiddies rides.

At the top of the square Brad Mitchell presented his lorry mounted pick in place of his 'Jungle Adventure'. Fun House more normally associated with the position. Wrapped against the cold, mum Christine Mitchell confided, while minding the pick, that she was celebrating a special birthday that very day. Brand Mitchell also provided his darts stall and mini striker. Standing back to the Leconfield Hall was the can can joint of Lauren and Chonne Drake, with the darts and bubbles hooplas of Billy Benson nearby.

In front of the Nat West bank Billy Benson also provided his ball in a bucket and rings over blocks, while members of the Castle family presented their gat guns. Near the entrance to the Leconfield Hall Julie Crecraft presented darts in her round stall, while tucked in by the hall was Billy Benson's 'Simply the Best' refreshment kiosk. Harris Brothers South Downs Galloping Horses stood in the road junction leading from the Market Square. The Gallopers are due to become well known nationwide with the forthcoming launch of the Corgi die cast model based on the ride, along with loose representations of the firm's transport, coach body AEC Matadors being in attendance at Petworth.

Held under the auspices of the Lord of The Manor, Lord Egremont, the fair continued up the hill from the Gallopers with Michelle Benson's hook a bag half round stall taking the place of husband Thomas's Jumbo cranes. Georgie Searle's colourful feed the ducks stood opposite his ring over bottle shooter, while closing off the fair was Georgie Freeman's large can can joint.

Seasonal Refreshment

What are the thoughts running through the minds of the Committee as another Christmas Evening approaches? Will we have to enforce the House Full notice? Will the wine run out? How will the new heated cabinet perform with the mince pies? We've had no contact with the entertainers – will they turn up? And will it snow, so that they can't get here, or can't get home afterwards? How do you satisfy the half of the audience who complain that the hall's too hot, while the other half are too cold? It's the first time we've had this group – how will they go down?

Well, Ros. has seen them and is enthusiastic. But there are other worries this year. We've managed to clash with the popular Christmas Concert by the Town Band and we know there will be divided loyalties. Suppose everyone goes to the concert? People have already given 'apologies for absence' for all sorts of reasons and others do so during the Book Sale earlier in the day – the best sale ever, says Peter, and it's local interest at this time of the year, not the casual visitors, so a tradition has been firmly established and that's encouraging.

Philip is going to stand in for Andy, who is on his way home from holiday. D.P. has a family commitment at Heathrow. D.P.! The performers will want stage lighting and he's the one with the key to all its mysteries.

By 7 o'clock people are beginning to drift in. There's the Midhurst contingent, always loyal. What are they missing in Midhurst? There's R.W.'s group, who later appear to have bought all the tickets in the raffle drum. The Vanguard Productions team has arrived, and with the Vice-Chairman and a lot of trial and error, get the stage lights on. The raked seating seems to be filling nicely, although the forty chairs on the level could do with more occupants. The players express approval, with the facilities as well as with the size of audience.

Peter speaks. There's a bit of barracking. A congenial atmosphere develops. The show starts – carols, Scrooge, Christmas songs by the decade from 1890 to 1990, some tap dancing, rock and roll, the Millennium Prayer. Scrooge mellows and emerges, finally – as Father Christmas!

So to the raffle and, in the words of the Chairman's publicity, 'seasonal refreshments'. People seem reluctant to go home. It's cold outside, but at least it's not snowing.

KCT

'This time we've jigsaws and videos.' The January book sale

The December book sale wildly exceeded expectation : we can hardly do the same this time. In other words January could be something of a trough. A certain amount depends on the disposition of the tables : we've probably more books out this time than last. The new stock's all out, of course, and report has it that the store's almost empty. Someone's left the light on in the Gents – no it's simply the late Friday afternoon sun. Taking out a few quick culls, setting out the massive fiction section down the centre, George Eliot rubbing shoulders with Danielle Steel and the Tempest. This time we've got jigsaws and videos : the 50p section is unusually strong but we haven't enough 'specials' to make up a £1 section. What there are go on the 50p table : someone will be pleased. For this table it's the usual fiction on the left, non-fiction on the right. The rest of the hall 25p. It's a lot of books, special sections for cooking, children, gardening and outsize non-fiction. Ordinary non-fiction is so diverse it's not worth the trouble of trying to categorise it. This month there's a kind of last-chance saloon on a table in the hallway, bundles of magazines or popular authors we're rather overdone with – a pile for 50p. Mass production authors probably fall in and out of favour relatively quickly. January will depend on local regular people, a few more with each sale. One assumes the visitor component will be absent.

As it turns out we're pleasantly surprised. Certainly we don't challenge December but even the dreaded "lunch-hour" potters on quite happily, while morning and afternoon are busy. Some six hundred or so books "rehomed", a lot of them survivors from bazaars or coffee mornings. Our advantage is that people coming into a book sale actually have books in mind. Sounds trite, but it's true, off for lunch, Miles guarding the shop, then taking the dog out. "The Chairman needs to preserve a certain distance – I suppose you could call it charisma." "Charisma? Some might call it skiving." Oh well

As usual, the new material is decimated while some veterans have left us. We venture a diffident, almost apologetic, cull. People still trying to get in at 4 o'clock. We start to pack the waiting platform boxes. The jigsaws and videos are all gone

Sunday a.m. The boxes going down to the store. Miles, Andy, Steve and myself. Phil was on yesterday. When shall we four meet again? In thunder lightning ... next month actually. Someone was looking for a Macbeth yesterday. Time to begin the monthly cycle of acquisitions. Most books will come in to Trowels and stay here till the sale. They don't come back when they leave here : it's either a new home or the store. Have you any for us? Miles (343227) or I (342562) will collect.

Peter

Partners in Petworth – the Society and Cottage combine in a new venture

It was probably only the prospect of a wet evening that saved us from having to put out the 'House Full' notice when the Society hosted a highly successful and enjoyable event with the Cottage Museum Trust and Friends, which had been suggested and arranged by Ann Bradley, whose original idea resulted in the establishment of the Museum.

The members of the Circle Eight Film Group describe themselves as 'professional amateurs' and certainly the cinematography and costumes in their Millennium Year production 'The Tales of the Pilgrims' Way' justified the claim.

Chaucer's Pilgrims' Way from London to Canterbury is well documented but it seems there is little historical evidence for one from Winchester to Canterbury, although the ancient footpaths along the North Downs could have been used and it was these that were followed by the Pilgrim Morris Men from Guildford in the film. Unsurprisingly, they made much of their patronage of the hostleries en route, leading the audience to wonder whether they would ever reach Becket's shrine, or whether indeed, they cared.

Along the way they unearthed tales that were interesting, amusing, amazing and shocking in equal measure. Some, like the story behind St. Swithun's Day and forty more of rain, are popular legends. Others, such as the Battle of Alton in the Civil War and the horse-drawn Surrey Iron Railway of 1801, are historical fact. Others again, were biographical accounts of the famous: Jane Austen at Chawton and finally, at Winchester, George Watts and his magnificent memorial chapel and gallery at Compton (visited by the Society some years ago, again at the instigation of Ann Bradley) and Churchill at Chartwell. Perhaps the most intriguing were the explanations, no doubt based on fact, but embroidered by the telling over the years, of, for example, Lady Tichborne's Dole, Mother Ludlam's Cauldron (Waverley Abbey), the trial of Christopher Slaughterford (Loseley Park), the Miller of Reigate Hill, the Baker and the Countless Stones (Kit's Coty), the Holy Rood of Boxley and Nell Cook's Revenge over Friar Thomas (Canterbury).

Having started with the murder of Thomas Becket, the film was brought to a moving conclusion with King Henry II making the pilgrimage to Canterbury to seek atonement for the terrible deed he had inspired. The credits rolled, revealing, if not a cast of thousands, nearly two hundred involved in the production, 27 years after its conception and four years in the making. It may not be long before the Circle Eight Film Group are invited back to screen another of their award-winning efforts.

KCT

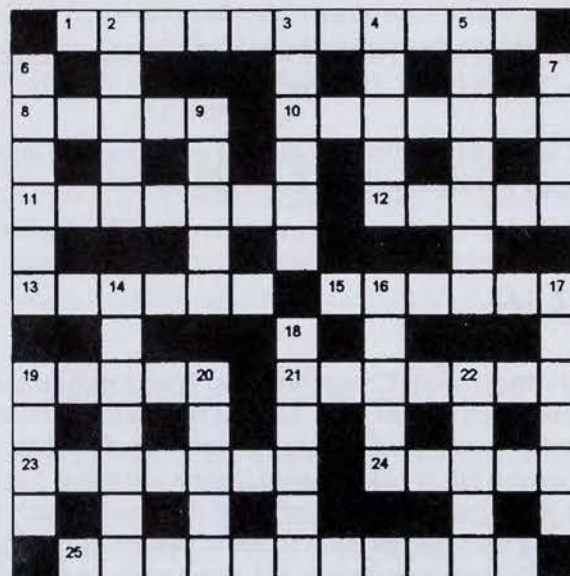


*Vanguard Productions at the Christmas Evening.
From a slide by Ian Godsmark.*



*Pound Street decorated for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee 1897.
Photograph courtesy of Mrs B. Calder, Aberdeen.*

Deborah's Crossword



Across

- 1 Site of ancient yew forest, which legend has it was planted by Druids (7,4)
 9 Genus of heath plant, varieties of which grow on downland (5)
 10 Wide, continuous stretch of land (7)
 11 Protective covering from knee to ankle, useful for walkers and farm workers (7)
 12 A member of culturally advanced race who left their mark in Sussex, notably at 15 ac. (5)
 13 Dialect word for

- “matted”, notably used of sheep’s wool (6)
 15 Downland village, famous for its archaeological remains (6)
 19 Usual shape of Bronze Age barrows (5)
 21 Heavenly like the voice one might expect to hear at 23 ac.! (7)
 23 Its “Shepherds’ Church” is said to be haunted by the song of a phantom choir boy (7)
 24 Aromatic downland herb ... (5)
 25 ... and some summer plants with blue-purple

blooms (11)

Down

- 2 Pretty village – the chosen place of retreat for Wells’ Invisible Man (5)
 3 Essential if you are planning a downland walk (6)
 4 Poisonous snake most commonly found on sheltered southern slopes (5)
 5 Chalk giant who dominates the downs at Wilmington (4,3)
 6 C20th Sussex poet – the “boy that sings on Duncton Hill” (6)
 7 Flowerless plant, and a species of moth found in chalky areas (4)
 9 Get up and climb the hill (5)
 14 Prehistoric downland site now a popular viewing point (7)
 16 Dialect name for horse hoe (5)
 17 Plant which can be used in salads (6)
 18 Beet – used as animal food (6)
 19 Country path used for horse travel (4)
 20 Furrow for sowing seeds (5)
 22 Geological stratum (5)

Crossword Solution (Magazine 106)

Solution

Across

7 Mistletoe, 8 River, 10 Startled, 11 Light, 12 Apse, 14 Nye, 15 Sled, 17 Valiant, 19 Soldier, 22 Obey, 23 Fox, 24 Kiss, 27 Wines, 29 Hot Punch, 31 Goose, 32 Pettifers

Down

1 Mitts, 2 Stir Up, 3 Peel, 4 Gooding, 5 Sing, 6 Gentlemen, 9 Blue, 13 Eon, 15 Sod, 16 Lambs Wool, 18 Ivy, 20 Oak, 21 Ox Cheek, 23 Fast, 25 Snuffs, 26 Scarf, 28 Nose, 30 Tits

Stewarding at 346

One afternoon a month I am a steward at the Petworth Cottage Museum. When I open the gate of 346 High Street and walk up the paved path past the water-butts and the mangle, I have an exciting feeling of stepping out of the 21st century and back to the beginning of the 20th. I pause at the door to look at the tiny garden full of old-fashioned flowers and herbs. Once inside I (and my fellow steward) put on the gas lights, hang out the washing, put a match to the fire of the "Petworth" coal-fired range and hide all the evidence of modern living. The grandfather clock strikes two, the "OPEN" sign is on the gate and we are ready for visitors.

This cottage, which belongs to the Leconfield Estate was lived in by Mary Cummings, a seamstress for Lord Leconfield's household from 1901 until 1930 and it is restored to look as it might have done in 1910. The model of Mary, working at her treadle sewing machine in the spare bedroom enables people to relate to an actual occupant. As Mary was an "out-worker" we are justified in displaying clothes which no one living in a cottage could have afforded – a child's travelling cape, elaborate beaded hat and lace-trimmed baby clothes.

Children are my special delight. Once they realise that Mrs. Cummings had no electricity they can start to make comparisons with their own lives. I show them Mrs. C's "washing machine" and as I talk them through wash-day from lighting the fire under the copper to hanging out the clothes with the "dolly-pegs" they become more and more willing to add their own comments. They enjoy listening to the Polyphon (musical box) but find it no substitute for television. Once they've been upstairs and seen the chamber pots and commode and have been told that the only toilet was the earth closet in the privy at the bottom of the garden ("how gross" said one boy) they are firmly in favour of the 21st century.

Not so adults. Most visitors over the age of 50 have an acute attack of nostalgia. They remember someone who had a stone sink and a wooden plate rack or a coal-fired range for all their cooking and heating. Flat irons, rag-rugs, tea-pot cosies and the chenille table-cloth all evoke memories for them. It is fascinating for me to listen to their stories and often gaps in my knowledge are filled.

Local visitors enjoy looking at the photographs including Petworth scenes of celebrations

for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897 – one of which shows Petworth Church with its tall spire. Two pictures on the stairs are of Petworth prison known for its harsh regime but fortunately closed in the late 1800s.

There is something to interest most people and if, on a wet day, there are few visitors my fellow steward and I can draw up our chairs to the fire (always alight when the museum is open) and enjoy a relaxed talk.

Daphne Wooldridge.

Have you ever thought of stewarding at the Cottage? Once a month, twice a year perhaps? All you really need is a liking for meeting different people. The museum is open Wednesday to Sunday from April to September. For more information please telephone Jacqueline Golden 01798 342320 or Peter Jerrome 01798 342562.

Chelsea in the parlour – with ringlets

8 o'clock in the morning at the Cottage Museum. The fire's slow to get going. It's firefighters and wood of course, ignoring the "pimps" in the grate. They're there for the visitors. No such luxury as firefighters for Mary Cummings, rather a more or less dextrous manipulation of the heavy black ironware. I suppose you'd take it for granted if you hadn't known anything else. One world coexisting with another, firefighters and pimps, and both about to collide with another quite different one, of busy young television assistants, almost invariably female, mobile phones, hired cars, rushes, super 8s and reconstruction filming. Whatever does it all mean? I've no idea. Just for the day Mrs. Cummings is a displaced person and the Cottage Museum becomes Catherine Cookson's childhood home, shown nationwide, imposed briefly on the national consciousness, then as is the nature of such things, as quickly forgotten. Yorkshire Television are here for a film on the author's life. These, the first scenes chronologically, are the last to be filmed. The rest is already in the can.

The Museum's done well this year – adult visits up in what is acknowledged to have been a dismal year, children up hugely, we're not quite sure why. The guide books have all gone and some alterations will be needed. Things to add: the gypsy pegs and flowers. The parlour clock's different of course, the big Red Riding Hood print now graces the attic and not the foot of the stairs. Things like that. And what of Field-Marshal Roberts of Kandahar rescued from the tip, who confronts anyone who succumbs to temptation and opens that inviting roof cupboard door on the attic stairs? I think we'll just leave that as a surprise.

It's 8.35, it's November 15th and next season seems an age away, and so, for that matter, do the film crew. No one has yet appeared out of the murk. 8.30am on location they'd said. The fire's spitting away happily now, the fair's just five days away, there's condensation on the brass door knob. Looking out at the yellow-green gooseberry leaves of a mild autumn

.....

Suddenly it's all action. The young Catherine Cookson, alias Chelsea, is here first,

complete with Penny the chaperone – or is Penny the driver? I'm not sure. They can't leave the car outside 346; they'll have to park in the library and see if the staff there will be accommodating. Nothing can be decided until the library opens at ten o'clock. By now there's a convoy of cars parked on the east side of High Street. They too will have to try their luck at the library. Everybody's busy, everybody has a job to do. Everyone's pleasant and, it appears, everyone's young, and everyone's on a mobile. Am I getting like Victor Meldrew? Very probably although he is rather more hirsute than I am. There's no messing about. The parlour table with its afternoon tea isn't spartan enough for C.C.'s early days. Jarrow was it? I don't know that much about C.C. Everything goes under the table, only the green chenille table cloth remains. Chelsea is already enthroned upstairs in a crowded bedroom. Is she warm enough? Just about: she's having her hair done, a hairdresser is part of the back-up team. Television has no time for the non-essential, everything is subsumed to the broadcast image. The sewing-room is ignored as too are the attic and cellar. Mrs. Cummings' bedroom doubles as a dressing-room. Chelsea's scenes are to be shot first. For some reason the water-butt is enveloped in polythene. There are wires trailing all over the brick path. I warn them to keep the fire stoked or they'll lose it – "The stewards' four o'clock syndrome" you might call that. I'm off. Back at 11.15

Mr Pitfield
 To Mrs Cummings

Making 2
 Sets of Window
 Valences 5-6

Account from Mary Cummings to Mr Pitfield for window valences – about 1910.

Chelsea's in the parlour now – with ringlets. The fire's holding up. The scullery's awash with wires and cameras. Upstairs, Michaela, (alias C.C.'s mother) is having her hair done in the style of 1910. The library have been most helpful about the parking: C.C., it appears, is their most borrowed author. Chelsea has gone down to Ann's for a warm. There's a huge shining foil screen outside the kitchen window to enhance the light. There's a scene where someone peers in at the window. Have we a basin that can be used for hand-washing? The one from the cellar leaks. Can we borrow the hard soap from the sink? Washing-up liquid lathers too easily and won't look right. By now Michaela's sitting in the parlour reading this week's Midhurst Observer with a hair-style of 1910, the hairdresser is reading a broadsheet. Waiting about is part of the job no doubt. It's warm in the parlour, but it won't be if they let the fire drift ... I make it up. Off again ...

It's late afternoon, they're still working. Darkness is falling fast. It's just as well we're out of season and the Museum's not opening tomorrow. Lace curtains temporarily up at the window. Ann sorted all that out with them. Wires everywhere. Back a little later

It's six o'clock and the vans are getting ready to go. It's dark, cold with a hint of fog. It's been a good day it seems. Thanks all round, a lovely venue, a fee for the Museum. Field-Marshall Roberts has had a quiet day, the fire's down to its embers and 346 is safe again in the keeping of Mary Cummings.

P.

Broad beans and spring cabbage

Phil Sadler writes:

As Petworth Fair Day is drawing near, I wonder how many gardeners sow broad beans on that day November 20th.

When I was a child that was the day the men sowed their broad beans.

Spring cabbage seed was sown on 25th July, Horn Fair Day. We used to walk to Ebernoe for Horn Fair, this year I was taken by car and enjoyed a delicious roll filled with tender lamb cooked by Ivan Wadey.

Seed potatoes were planted on Good Friday when I would go to church in the morning with the Sunday School children, then come home and mother would send me over to Knights the bakers to buy hot cross buns. Mother would fill two large bottles of tea, (no thermos flasks those days) and I would take them to the Sheepdowns allotments where my father and two brothers would be planting the seed potatoes. Petworth Fair Day was a real treat, I'd save my penny a week pocket money for weeks to spend at the fair, rides on the roundabouts and swinging boats and how I loved Mrs Hammonds home made ginger nuts, brandy snaps and peppermint humbugs. Dear old Andrew Smith with the coconut shies would be calling out, "Three shies a penny, every one's a good'un."

The caravans were parked outside our house in Lombard Street and the ladies would let me inside to see the lovely vases and ornaments, every single piece of brass shone brightly.

Old Rotherbridge Farm

Kath Vigar writes:

My father told me so many interesting stories of the time when we worked in the farmhouse at Rotherbridge and was also a carter's boy at that time. He was 12 years old so I'm going right back to 1896. Just fancy, dad used to walk from those old cottages in the middle of Upperton Hill (they are all modernised now) to Rotherbridge Farm. What stamina he must have had!



Kath Vigar with friends on the old three part bridge at Rotherbridge 1930's.

I'm sending you a snap Peter of me on the bridge with a friend and his small daughter. That was when it was in three parts – hated it.

Dad's job in the farmhouse was to clean all shoes, cutlery and windows. He then took his stint at general work around the farm. One funny story he told was a lady gave him lots of shoes to help with their large family, dad forgot to pair them up so the girls walked about in odd shoes. If the heels differed granddad chopped a piece off, very sad but to me hilarious.

Another story which still gives me the creeps, dad was walking up Hungers Lane to go home. It was dusk, and he heard a rustling coming towards him, there were hundreds of rats running towards him, he jumped up on the bank and the rats carried on scrambling over each other in their mad rush. Dad always said rats can smell water a mile away and were all making for the river. They must have collected from the farms around. I wonder if the rat population has depleted?

I remember in the field opposite the farmhouse was a natural spring on the hottest of days the water was stone cold.

The 4th Battalion Royal Sussex

Re Miles Costello's article in Magazine 106 concerning recruiting in August 1914 Mr Owen Bridger observes that there was a memorial plaque to the 4th battalion in the Tillington Road Armoury. The battalion had five companies and "D" company traditionally recruited in the Petworth – Midhurst area: it was territorial. Most of the Leconfield Estate workers would have been members. Despite the letter's apparent misgivings, "D" company must have recruited heavily in the area. They were at Gallipoli and then further east but they did not fight on the western front. Owen adds, "I wrote to Lord Egremont regarding the plaque several years ago and he gave permission for it to be removed to the Rousillon Barracks at Chichester, home of the Royal Military Police and it now occupies an honoured position over the stairway."

Incidentally, Owen believes that Jack Summersell's father who was a recruiting sergeant, lived in the Armoury and that Jack in fact was born there.

Petworth Station Remembered

Kath Vigar's recollections of Petworth Station made me realise how much the station has been involved with my life. Living, as I did, at Heath End, Petworth Station was part of our playground. We were friendly with the porters' and station master's children and were allowed to play on the railway line, no one seemed to worry about possible danger. We went up into the signal box to watch the signals being changed and a staff with metal rings around it was brought down from the signal box and passed to the guard on the train before he could continue his journey. Under the railway bridge was a spring which came through a pipe. The water from it had a taste that I can still remember.

We travelled to London frequently to stay with aunts and grandparents while from when I was four I went first to Petworth Infants School, then the Girls School in East Street, to begin with in a horse and cab and then in Mr Morais' laundulette. From the age of nine I travelled daily by train to Chichester High School. At first we could go right through via Midhurst, Cocking, Singleton and Lavant, but during my school years that part of the line was cut out and the journey from Midhurst to Chichester continued by bus.

In 1938 I joined my father at the Heath End garage and Petworth Station came back into my life. I was driving our taxi to pick up passengers and take them wherever they were going, Graffham, Sutton, Barlavington ... In 1942 I left Sussex to live in Lincoln where I have been ever since but Petworth Station remained a part of my life. I'd come back to visit my parents who were still at Heath End. It was a very tedious journey with around six changes. Finally the Pulborough-Midhurst rail link was closed. For my last train journey south I had to get on a bus at Pulborough for Petworth and then another at Petworth for Heath End. Then a car came into our lives and from the sixties onward Petworth Station was only glanced at over the bridge whilst out walking.

Finally we had no one at Heath End and wishing to stay in that area we spotted in a

brochure a Louise Rapley was running a B and B at Petworth Station. As my middle name is Louisa and she had my maiden name we were interested. We contacted her but had to wait until the second bedroom she was having built was completed.

When we finally arrived what nostalgia. The old waiting room was made into a large Lounge Diner. The staff area is the Rapleys' living quarters. When we were taken to the new en suite double bedroom by Mike Rapley I remarked that I did not seem to recognise that part of the station. Mike's reply was, "You wouldn't because it was the men's loos."

It was grand staying there. The line; a lawn. The embankment a terrace garden. The next time we went, there were tables on the platform for meals in good weather and other improvements.

Margaret Thimbleby

A Sunday School Lesson in 1912 – or Mr Knyvett chooses a difficult book

It is fair to say that Carey Knyvett was Florence Rapley's favourite curate. He would leave Petworth during the early part of the 1914–1918 war but it is more than probable that if Florence were well enough she would have continued to correspond with him. In later years Carey Knyvett would be Bishop of Selby but in 1912 he was at the very beginning of his career and the junior of two Petworth curates serving under Mr Penrose.

It would appear from the following letter, written to Mr Pitfield the churchwarden, that the curates did at least some of the Sunday School teaching and also that there were special books for Sunday School instruction, presumably diocesan. The letter indicates some of the potential difficulties facing an inexperienced curate and the enclosed lesson plan portrays the difference between Sunday School teaching then and now.

The Collect for the 2nd Sunday in Advent records:

Blessed Lord, who has caused all holy Scriptures to be written for our learning; Grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience, and comfort of thy holy Word, we may embrace, and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, which thou hast given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

Master Knyvett's letter runs:

Dear Mr Pitfield,

Dec 7

They tell that I chose too difficult a book for Sunday School, the children not taking to Jeremiah. Therefore the book has gone back. But between the departure of the old and the arrival of the new, I have drawn up a lesson on the Bible for tomorrow. This is quite inadequate, and but moderately cyclostyled, but I thought it might serve as a kind of guide. I enclose another lesson by Potter and Sherd, who are known to you.

My apologies for troubling you. Yours sincerely, Carey Knyvett.

The identity of Potter and Sherd is not clear, nor is this particular enclosure extant.

PETWORTH.
SUSSEX.

Dec. 7.

Dear Mr. Pitfield,

They tell me that I
chose too difficult a book for
Sunday School, the children
not taking to Jeremiah -
Therefore the book has gone back.
But between the departure of the
old arrival of the new, I have
drawn up a lesson on the
Bible for tomorrow. This is
quite inadequate, & but moderately
cyclostyled. but I thought it might
serve as a kind of guide.

Mr Knyvett writes to Mr Pitfield about the Sunday School. December 1912.

Mr Knyvett's lesson outline is as follows:

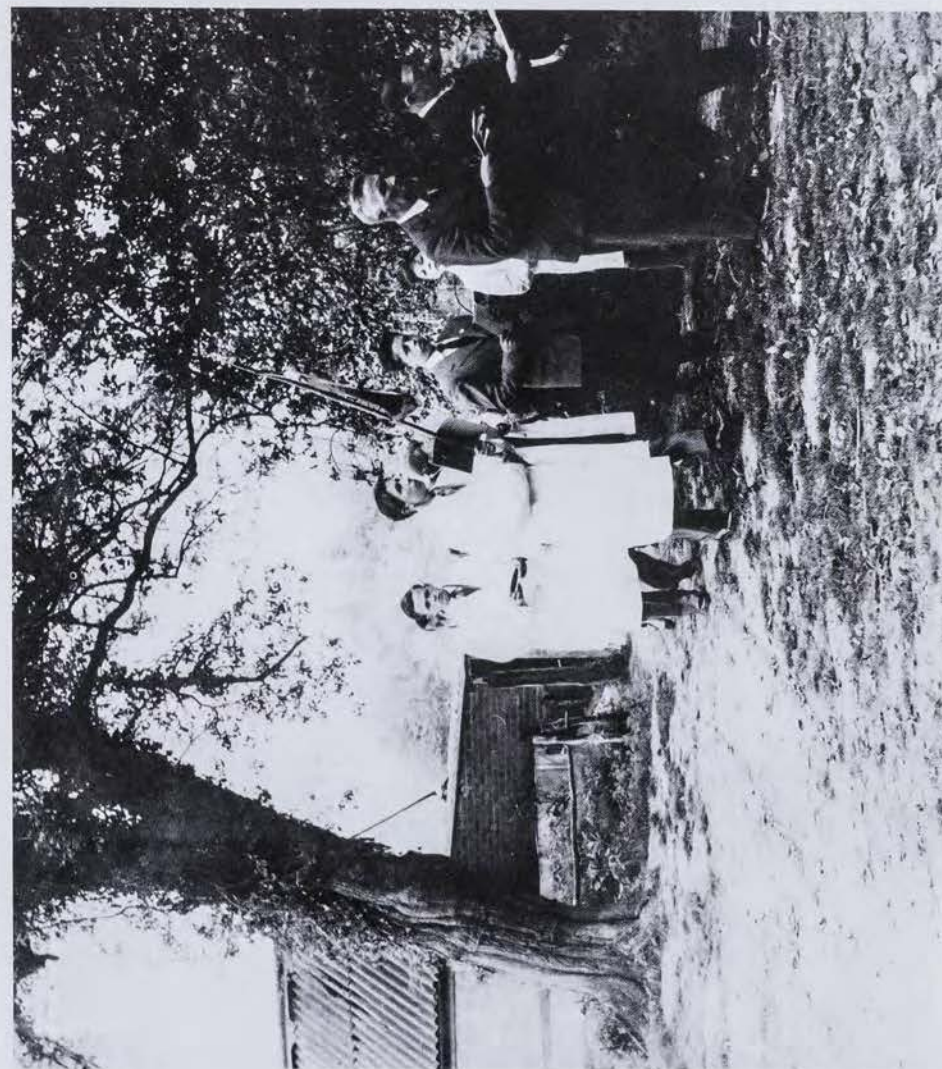
2nd Sunday in Advent The Bible

*Introduction: Ask for the Collect. Can they explain Scriptures (scribe, inscribe, writing).
Mark – digest (food meant to do good) comfort (strength given by thinking of Christ's suffering etc – embrace (welcome to our homes).*

- 1) *What are the Holy Scriptures?*
*Holy Bible. The Book. Two parts. O. and N.T.
Testament = will (of God) written before and after Christ's life on earth.
So Jesus knew O.T.
O.T. history. Law, Poetry, Prophecy.
N.T. history (5 books) Epistles (letters) Prophecy – call of God
Tell of the past (Israel From Egypt. Jesus Christ)
For example
of the present – warnings of the gospel
of the future – Matthew xxiv 42-46 patience, hope.*
- 2) *How did they come?*
*God told men to write it down compare Jeremiah
Disciples of their own accord when Jesus was gone compare helpers of St Paul. Few wrote. Valued highly and referred to, Persecutors destroyed them. Some left – collected, Kept safely – copied slowly (i) by hand (ii) in unknown tongue – God put it into mind of men to invent printing – very slow – few machines. The King said, "Every church a Bible." Chained like other books. Now everywhere compare Bibles for the Blind.*
- 3) *How to use? 2 Timothy iii 14 to end. Collect.
God's book to be used as God wishes. How does the Church use it?
(Lessons: Readings.) Read daily carefully – regularly (when young – then missed if discontinued when old).*

One wonders whether the children remembered Mr Knyvett's exhortations in later years – perhaps they remembered the curate himself rather than what he said. Florence Rapley's diary references to Carey Knyvett are to be found in *So Sweet as the Phlox Is* (1994).

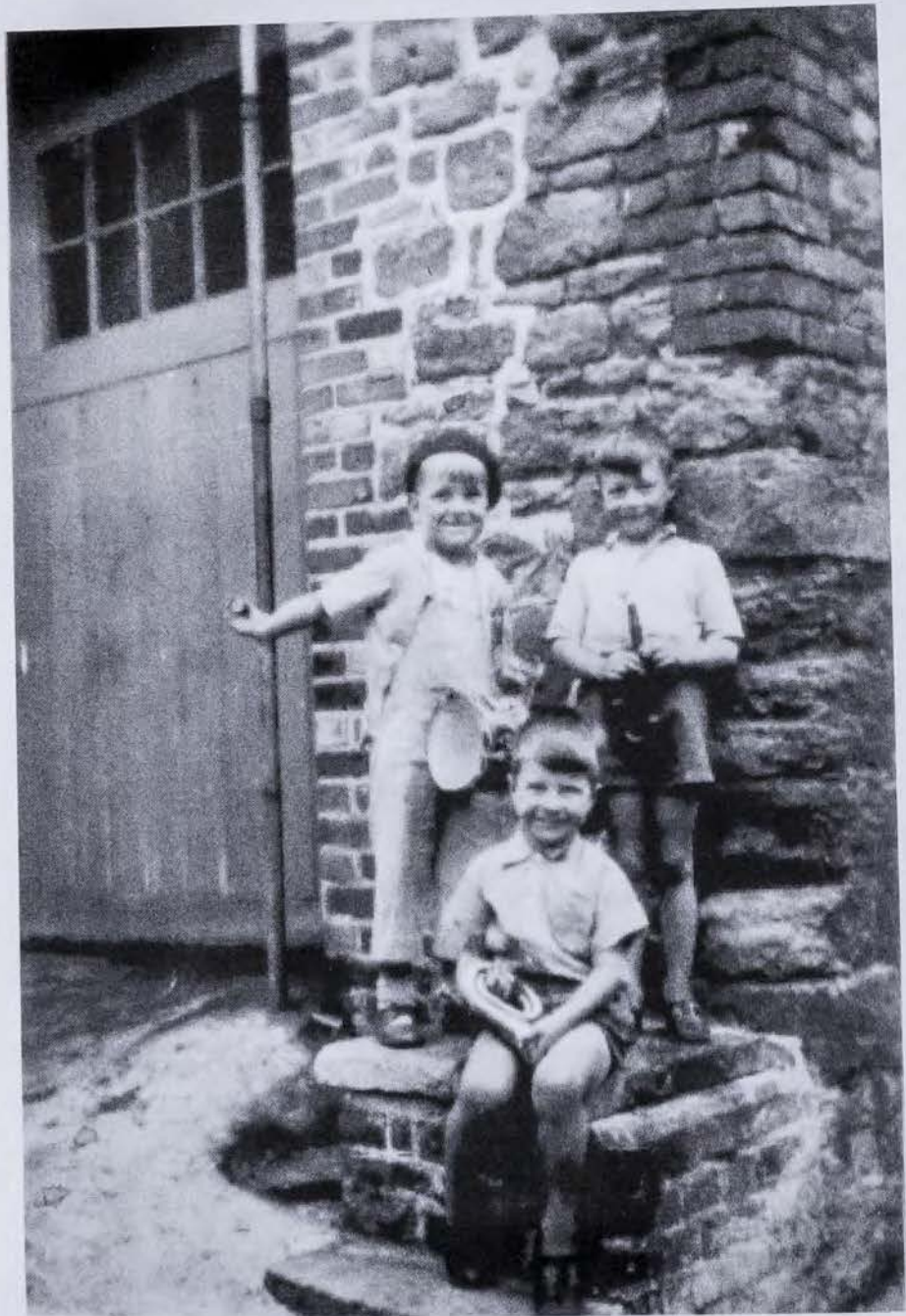
P.



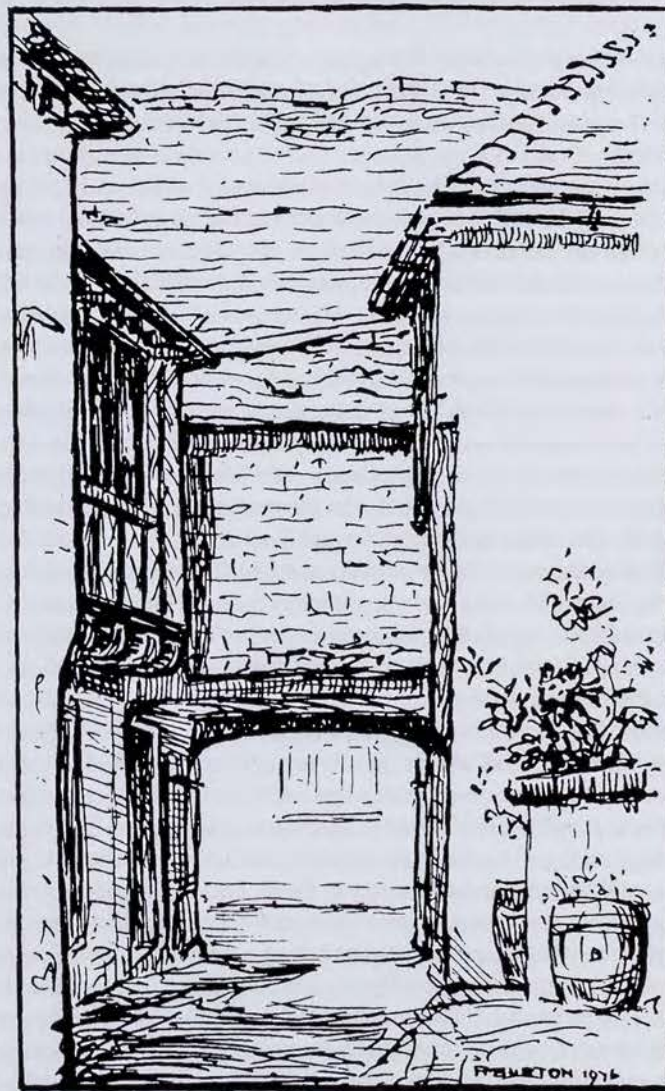
*Rogationtide at Ebernoe 1958. Photograph by George Garland.
See Chairman's notes.*



*Petworth Coronation Celebrations in 1953. Two scenes in Golden Square.
Photographs by George Garland.*



*Rob Pulling, Jim Taylor and Tommy Castle. See "I seem to connect her with lorgnettes ..."
Photograph courtesy of Jim Taylor.*



A corner of Petworth. Drawing by P. Burton 1976.

'All that traffic going past and nothing could stop.' Reminiscences of a Petworth Publican

I was born in North Street just up from Thompson's Hospital in what is now called Springfield House. My maternal grandfather was Reuben Hill and he only lived about a hundred yards further up the road from us. Reuben worked at the laundry in North Street and was well known in the town. Evidently Constance the dowager Lady Leconfield thought quite highly of my grandfather and she even mentions him in her recollections, which were published between the wars. Unfortunately I hardly remember Grandfather at all as he died when I was really quite young. Though my father worked at the hunt kennels I am not quite sure that he was really suited to this, you see he had taken an apprenticeship with a butcher at Forest Row and I guess that following service during the Great War he had had to take any job that came along.

Somehow or other Dad and his brother 'Jumb' became involved with a farmer called Alf Lerwill. He was a successful businessman, and had farms at Pallingham Quay and Toat, as well as a butcher's shop in the High Street at Petworth, and another at Wisborough Green. Anyway Dad and 'Jumb' somehow or other ended up as managers of the respective shops, Dad at Petworth and his brother at Wisborough Green. We lived above the High Street shop and so I was brought up in the trade and got to know the routine quite well. On Sundays the two brothers would go to the farms at Pallingham and Toat and select meat on the hoof for the coming week. If they had time they would do some ferreting and any rabbits they caught would end up in the shops. Monday was slaughter day for most butchers and it was a tradition for the shops to shut for the day. I don't think that I was bothered by the slaughtering of stock, you see it was a way of life in Petworth, and while our killing was done at the Wisborough Green premises there were plenty of other slaughterhouses in Petworth. Exactly what financial relationship Dad and his brother had with Lerwill is unclear though I understand that they took their salaries out of the takings, got free accommodation and passed the rest on to Lerwill, I suppose it was rather casual really and depended a good deal on trust.

During the war people were allowed to keep up to two pigs and in order to obtain meal for the animals they had to give up their bacon ration and agree that when the pigs were ready for slaughter one would be sold to the Ministry of Food. Dad as a trained butcher would often be called upon to kill pigs and he would travel around from cottage to cottage carrying on his trade. Once the pig was slaughtered it would be hung for a few days until Dad returned when he would cut the meat into pieces and finally salt it before taking it away to anybody who had the facilities to smoke the bacon. Following the smoking, which was always done with hazel and chestnut, the bacon would be returned to its owner and wrapped in muslin ready for storing. I'm not sure how Dad was paid though I remember that he would be given the sweetbreads, which were delicious.

When Mr Lerwill died his wife offered Dad and 'Jumb' the shops at a reasonable price. 'Jumb' bought his, Dad went into partnership with Bert Speed, and between them they bought the High Street shop. Sadly, Dad died in 1956 and Bert carried on the business for many years.

While all this was going on my future wife, her sister and their mother were being evacuated from London. Fate would have it that they all ended up with the Morley family at Halfway Bridge, Mr Morley owned the saw mill which is now Wests and his wife was the former Gladys Whitcomb whose family had run the Wheatsheaf pub in North Street for many years. Anyway Mrs Morley was very good to June and her family, even encouraging her to go to the convent at Midhurst rather than Lodsworth School because she felt that the education would be better. You see at Lodsworth the local children had to share the school with the evacuees and so they only got a half-day schooling each, and Mrs Morley didn't feel this was adequate.

Meanwhile I had left the Boys' School in North Street and was attending Midhurst Grammar School, I suppose that it was about this time that June and I met. June's father had continued working in London while the rest of the family were at Petworth. It was during the 'phoney war' that June's Mum and her sister went back to London for a while, however following the start of the doodlebug attacks they were forced to return once again to the Petworth area where they found lodgings with Mr and Mrs Whitcomb at the Wheatsheaf. Bob and Lucy Whitcomb were of course the parents of Gladys Morley who had been so kind to us at Halfway Bridge. Anyway, mother helped the Whitcombs in the pub and it wasn't long before June's father, who had been hurt in an accident at work, came down to Petworth, and the Fry family were at last reunited. Everything was rosy at the Wheatsheaf, and with old Bob Whitcomb suffering badly from gout it was apparent that Sid was more than useful around the place. In fact Sid got on so well that it wasn't very long before Bob introduced him to the brewery, which was then Friary, Holroyd and Healey's Ltd. Clearly Bob had very good reason for this.

I suppose Bob saw an opportunity to retire; after all he had been there for more than forty years, and in late 1942 or early 1943 Sid Fry and his family took over the Wheatsheaf. Things ticked over until 1950 when Sid and his wife decided to move to Aldershot where they took on the tenancy of The White Lion in Lower Farnham Road. June and I were still really very young, she was just 19 and I was 21 when I took on the licence of the Wheatsheaf. I was certainly the youngest licensee in the Petworth district.

Being so young we were very ambitious and were determined to make a go of the pub. The Wheatsheaf was certainly not the easiest of pubs to make a living at. No parking and consequently no passing trade to speak of. We got the occasional cyclist or walker and now and again a visitor to the town might pop in. Petworth House, now belonging to The National Trust, had been opened to the public and we hoped that this would help push up takings, of course then as now few visitors to the house actually ventured out into the town and those that did certainly didn't come down as far as our bit of North Street. We had tried providing food and afternoon teas to supplement our income but that was years before eating out at pubs became fashionable. We had room to put up nine paying guests and they would vary from passing commercial travellers to Goodwood racegoers. The price in those days for a good supper, a clean bed and a breakfast was 7s 6d, just over 37p in today's money! The upstairs of the pub was quite simple though comfortable. A very basic bathroom was the only facility although we provided water in wash stands for the guests and of course the ubiquitous

'gussunder' under the bed. No heating upstairs meant that hot water bottle filling was an essential last job on a winter's evening.

Being a tied house we were restricted as to which beers we could sell, though the brewery did let us buy our own cider and soft drinks and these would come from Pinks at Chichester. The Wheatsheaf had a particularly good cellar; it never flooded even though it had a natural spring running through it, goodness knows where the water ran away, but we just took it for granted that it did. Because of the spring the beer barrels were always cool even during the hottest summers. I suppose the only drawback was the size of the cellar; it was quite small which meant that we were restricted in size of barrel that we could take. We never had anything bigger than a kilderkin, which was 18 gallons, and quite often just had firkins, which were 9. Of course these were the days before the beer arrived in sealed kegs and it was not unusual for some publicans to have to 'fine' their own beer. For one reason or another the barrel had not settled, or had been overlooked at the brewery, and rather than go through all the rigmarole of sending it back it was easier to do it oneself. A metal spile would be hammered into the top of the barrel and a pint or so of beer drawn off. This beer would be mixed with isinglass and then returned to the barrel. The barrel was shaken to mix the finings with the beer and then left to settle for 48 hours or so, when it was later tapped the beer was invariably found to be clear.

We stayed at The Wheatsheaf for just four years and built up a nice local clientele though deep down we knew that we would not be able to expand the business. The Wheatsheaf was very limiting, for then as now there was really no room to park cars and we would often look out of the window towards the great wall of the Pleasure Grounds and see all of that traffic going past, and nothing could stop. A peculiarity of the pub was that unlike most local houses of that time the Wheatsheaf had no jug and bottle, not a great drawback you may think, however there were times when customers did not want to drink on the premises and simply came in with a container to be filled up. This was quite common at harvest time when farm workers would bring in their jugs or whatever and I would fill them with bitter or mild using a funnel. These off sales were an important source of income in those days. Of course we had our loyal regulars who would spend the whole evening with us though there were many others who would just call in for a pint having first stopped lower down North Street at the Trap before making their way up town to the Legion, or one of the other pubs. We had the Smiths and Carvers from Hampers Green, Mrs Smith would often sing with a piano accompaniment and when she stood to sing you could be sure that somebody would always cry "best of order" to quieten the pub. I seem to remember she was very fond of Irish songs. Charlie Peacock the builder and undertaker was a regular, we shared a surname but were not related. Charlie lived within spitting distance of the Wheatsheaf, just the other side of Thompson's Hospital about midway between the Trap and us. Peter Emmet was another regular he was very familiar with country ways and would often take me out mushrooming; he always knew where the best ones were growing at any given time. Of course we had my family from Limbo as regular customers, Dad's brothers Ted and Tom would come in though Uncle Harry didn't drink. Then of course there would be the Rowe boys from Church Lodge and 'Smudger' Smith who had been stationed down at the camp in Petworth Park and had more

or less adopted Petworth. The Stillwell family would often walk over from Tillington, while Ada and Charlie Stansmore with their son Noah came in from Haslingbourne. Other names which come to mind are Alf Ayling, Teddy Talman, Bert Nineham, Fred and Mrs Linkhorn, Fred and Mrs Mapston, the Whittington brothers, Bill Playfoot, Ted Barnes, 'Jimmer' standing and Frank Hamilton.

Yes we often felt that Petworth had more pubs than it needed but we always got on well with the other publicans. There was Mr Tunks at the Angel, Gerald and Ivy Humphries at The Queens Head in High Street, and the Knight family had the Tavern, nicknamed 'the Old Bun Shop', in The Square. I suppose that the Swan Hotel, owned by Trust Houses, was the premier establishment in Petworth; managers seemed to come and go quite regularly from the Swan, so we never got to know any of them well. Alf Browning had the Star, he was ex-army and very popular, the Star was considered to be a very well run house under Mr Browning. Alf's daughter was named Margaret and she eventually married Stan Brown whose father was chauffeur at Petworth House. Of course there was the Red Lion, which had long been in the hands of the pursers and then the Dean families. Last but not least there was the Trap, which is now The Stonemasons, Mr Martin was landlord there for years and many people will remember him as he only had one arm. I believe that his wife may have continued running it after his death; you see she was quite a bit younger than him.

As I mentioned earlier, June and I were very ambitious and we were offered the opportunity to train for management with Trust Houses. This was too good a chance to miss and in 1954 we decided to give up the Wheatsheaf and move on. Trust Houses were very good to us and they taught us how to run hotels as well as public houses.

Wally Thorn, whom many members of the Society will remember, took over from us at Petworth, he had been steward of the Working Men's Club in Totton and he was the last licensee of The Wheatsheaf, eventually moving on when the pub finally closed in 1959.

Ken and June Peacock were talking to Miles Costello

'I seem to connect her with lorgnettes ...'

My parents were living in Market Square when I was born, in the flat over Major Syer, the tailor's. It is now a dentist's surgery. My father had one of the rooms for an office and collected local taxes for the Inland Revenue. Although I was very young, he would occasionally take me on his country round, calling at different farms. Sometimes we'd be paid there and then, often however, we'd be asked to return the next week. How the tax was calculated I've no idea. I had a nursemaid, Frances Trangmar, I think she was the daughter of the signalman at Petworth Station; she was with us a couple of years and was about fifteen. I imagine she hadn't long left school then, but, of course, she seemed very grown up to me. One incident I particularly remember. There was an annual T.A. camp in Petworth Park and Frances, as a volunteer, had to lie down with her head bandaged, smothered in tomato ketchup. As a

toddler, I, not surprisingly, thought she was dead and cried and stormed until Frances persuaded me that she was all right after all. She left about 1034, to get married I believe. I think I'm right in saying that she lived in and went home at weekends. On occasion she'd wheel me in the pram down Station Road to see her parents who lived in the Old Station Yard behind the Railway Inn (now The Badger). I can half-see Mr Trangmar now, but it's a dim memory indeed. The girl who followed Frances didn't stay for long and I then had a much older local lady who was very strict and far less to my liking than Frances had been. It wasn't long though before I went to school. In 1937 Dad's job meant that he was transferred to Horsham so we had to leave Market Square. My mother who had been organist at St Mary's for many years, had of course to leave too, and she took up a similar position at Holy Trinity, Horsham.

My father had been born in 1900 and had lied about his age to join the Grenadier Guards during the 1914-1918 war. He went to France after training and the first time he went over the top was shot in the left knee. He was invalided out and dismissed the service, not because of his wound, but because he was still too young to serve! Like so many of his contemporaries, he never talked about the war, telling me what I have related just the once, at Horsham when I was being bathed. My Whitcomb uncles had also been in the 1914-1918 war, all as volunteers. They were a large family and some, like Arthur and Fred, I don't know about. My mother however told me odds and ends. My Uncle Frank who worked at the Market Square solicitors, had been in the Black Watch. He had been very badly injured by a grenade or anti-personnel shell which severely damaged his shoulder. My mother said that he only survived because Uncle Hubert, Clerk of the Works on the Leconfield Estate had been rejected for service as medically unfit and was working at the War Office as a civilian. Somehow he made arrangements to get Uncle Frank back to England for urgent treatment.



Members of the Whitcomb family. Pound Street 12th July 1922.

Whether at Petworth or Horsham we always spent Christmas Day at the Whitcomb family house in Pound Street. We never went anywhere else and even to entertain such an idea would have been unthinkable: the Whitcombs were a very close family. Granny Whitcomb was still alive then and four of the family still lived at home, Elsie, Mabel (Mab), Alice (Allie) and Reg. On Christmas Day the Town Band would play carols in the Market Square. Another annual event was Petworth Fair, falling on November 20th, my father's birthday. We could, of course watch it from our upstairs flat. I have a dim memory of a man with a 'Bill Sykes' hard hat coming into our flat – your photographs clearly identify him as Andrew Smith, but I didn't know who he was at that time. There had been an accident on one of the roundabouts and I imagine he came to us because Miss Pike, Matron of the Cottage Hospital, and a great friend of our family, was on the premises. As to the fair I remember rolling a penny down a slide and the bumper cars. Guy Fawkes night was another annual occasion; we always had a big bonfire in the garden at the back of the Pound Street house. There was also, I think, a public bonfire at Hampers Green. My Aunt Daisy was responsible for a children's Christmas entertainment in the old Iron Room at the back of the Westminster Bank. I was expected to appear, singing the Good Ship Lollipop. I was four and it's embarrassing to look back. I enjoyed the rehearsing but was terribly nervous when it came to performing.

Every Christmas the Whitcombs, who were a very musical family indeed, formed a Christmas quartet; Frank Whitcomb would be alto, Hubert bass, Reg tenor and my father, William Pulling, baritone. They all had fine voices. My mother, Gertie, would accompany. Elsie was a mezzo-soprano and could, I think, have been a professional singer. The 1914-1918 war put paid to any such ideas I'm afraid. I shouldn't perhaps give the impression that the quartet only performed at Christmas: they would compete in national championships and were a force to be reckoned with. They were South Coast champions, and I am told that they also featured on the radio, although I can't say I ever heard them. Mum was extremely well known locally for her choral work. She would always put on a big show in the Iron Room and this would attract well-known professional soloists. I had to go of course, but, being so young, I hated it. I'd have a different view now of course. One particular night I remember. Petworth Choral Society were performing (I think) Elijah and my mother, who was conducting, became so excited that she drove the baton right into her hand. My dad ran from the back of the choir to try to staunch the bleeding.

Even living at Horsham, as we were after 1937, we remained very aware of Petworth and of the family home in Pound Street. Often my father would bring us to Petworth in the car, but during the war I'd cycle over from Horsham, sometimes with friends. By this time I was at Collyers School. Up to the outbreak of war in 1939 the Whitcomb choir would always go to Petworth House on Christmas Eve. The Leconfields would have had guests to dinner, everyone then retired and Mum would have her choir singing carols. I was a soloist singing "How silently, how silently ..." how often I've sung that. At the end there was a kind of ritual. Lord Leconfield would be sitting in his chair and I'd have to go up to him. "Here you are young Robin" he'd say, put his hand into his waistcoat pocket, pull out a sovereign and give it to me. It was a lot of money then, but I never had it to spend, in fact I never saw it after that.

It may perhaps have been put into National Savings for me. At that time my mother ran several different choral societies simultaneously. I can think of Fittleworth and Storrington in addition to Petworth. It was nothing for her to go to the annual Leith Hill Music Festival with two or even more choral groups. I remember a big white building with a glass front, a large music hall and reluctantly hearing yet another rendition of "Jerusalem". Vaughan Williams, not knighted then, was the adjudicator, and it would be, I suppose, 1938. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday particularly my mother would be out, practices tended to be in the afternoons. There were Women's Institute choirs too then, again in the afternoon. Afternoon sessions tell you something of working habits in those days, don't they?

As choirmaster and organist at St Mary's in the early 1930s, Mum would bring the choir boys down to Pound Street once a year for a tea party. It would be November I think. I was invited although I was as yet too young to be in the choir. On this occasion everyone went on to the cinema, (still at the Pound then) to see Charlie Chaplin in the Gold Rush. The image of a funny little man eating his boot has stuck in my mind over the years. My first talkie was at the Ritz in Horsham, the Plainsman, with Gary Cooper. Mum and Gladys Morley used to play at the Pound Cinema to accompany the silent films; my guess is that Mum played when Gladys wasn't available, in other words that Aunt Gladys was the regular accompanist. Talking of entertainments, Mum, Dad and I were due to go up to London to see a play called "Where the Rainbow Ends" but we heard that King George V had died. We didn't go, in fact we never did.

I was particularly fond of Aunt Mabel (Mab) in Pound Street and she'd take me for walks in Petworth Park, going up the Tillington Road and in by the Cricket Lodge. Even today, the best part of seventy years later, going up the Tillington Road gives me a feeling of timelessness. We were in the Park, walking in the direction of the south front of Petworth House when the great iron ornamental gates were thrown open and suddenly Lady Leconfield came trotting through on a beautiful black hunter. She was riding side-saddle. It was a most impressive sight for anyone let alone a toddler. "Hello Mabel," she said. "Good afternoon, your Ladyship," my aunt replied. "And how's little Robin today?" I was very impressed. We were still, of course, living in Market Square then.

Mrs Counley, Lord Leconfield's housekeeper, was a great friend of Aunt Elsie and very often at the Pound Street house. I can remember being taken to tea at Mrs Counley's rooms in the House. She wore her hair in a cottage-loaf style, had a high-necked black dress and I seem to connect her with lorgnettes. That's my impression, but I may well be wrong. She wasn't particularly tall, but she was certainly an imposing figure.

Mr Allison and Mr Wilcox were water foreman and woods foreman respectively to Lord Leconfield and both lived in Pound Street, Mr Allison at York Cottage (now Moon Cottage) and Mr Wilcox at Magnolia. I probably went out with Mr Allison more often than I did with Mr Wilcox. Mr Allison had a decided accent which as a toddler I always thought was Scots, in fact it was Yorkshire. I imagine Aunt Elsie would arrange these impromptu excursions. One thing I particularly remember. We'd come back to York Cottage from some estate trip or other and Mr Allison would say, "Come on, young Robin, let's see what we can do..." He had hazel and Bakelite twigs for water divining and we'd walk down the passage between York Cottage

and Newlands. Mr Allison held the V-shaped twig" horizontally in front of him, exerting pressure with his thumbs on the sides of the "V". Of course he knew where the water was at York Cottage and when he approached a pipe the twig would start to tremble, then twist down. He couldn't control it if he tried. Try as I would though, I could never do it. Once I went out on the Northchapel Road. The farm worker had built two pig sheds immediately adjoining his cottage and, of course, put his pigs in them. Mr Allison had to tell him that what he had done was illegal and that he would have to dismantle the sheds and re-erect them at the bottom of the gardem. Mr Wilcox I remember with leather gaiters, pork pie hat and highly polished brown boots. He was very friendly with Aunt Elsie who worked in the Leconfield Estate Office. I'd go up there too and be given pen and pencil, paper and carbon paper. Captain Briggs, the agent, took it all in his bluff way. "Hello young Robin, what are you doing here?" and went on his way.

Aunt Elsie was a great gardener, but there was a certain coolness between her and Fred Streeter, the House gardener. She always made a point of not listening to his radio programme. She was an inveterate grower of tomatoes and would usually scoop the prize for tomatoes at the local show — her fruit really was a work of art. My Uncle Hubert who lived at Boxall House in East Street and was the Estate Clerk of Works, was a great gardener too and he and Elsie shared a rivalry over their chrysanthemums. Hubert also grew grapes in the East Street greenhouse. Even at Horsham, my mother grew roses. Once I had a terrible row with her and making some ghastly concoction with my chemistry set poured it at the roots of her rose bushes. Long after I'd forgotten what the row was about, my mother was saying in some bewilderment, "I don't know what I've done to get such marvellous blooms this year!" I kept quiet. Having said all that, I didn't keep the formula and wouldn't recommend pouring the contents of your chemistry set at the roots of your favourite plant!

Obviously my school experience at Petworth was relatively short as we moved to Horsham when I was seven. Miss Wootton was at the Infants School and also Miss McFarlane. I was very fond of "Miss Mac" who was tall with a beautiful broad Scots brogue. Sometimes she wore a tartan plaid skirt with a big safety pin. At Horsham I won a scholarship to Collyers. Being at Horsham I was not in the bombed school but I lost a number of exact contemporaries, mainly friends, but certainly acquaintances. One or two of the boys who were injured were taken to hospital in Horsham and I went to visit them.

The photograph reproduced as one of the main illustrations belongs to Jim Taylor whom I had the pleasure of meeting again when I revisited Petworth in October. I had not been here since the early 1960s, and I hadn't seen him, I suppose, for some sixty-five years. He has the pipes in the picture, I have the drum and the boy at the front with the bugle is Tommy Castle who was my best friend. His parents ran the garage on the corner of Market Square and Park Road that would later be Harwoods. I think they left Petworth about the time that we went to Horsham. I haven't seen Tommy since 1937, but Jim says he last saw him in 1950.

The Infants School in my time was where the Public Library is today and on the way home to Market Square I'd always linger at the forge, now a private house, savouring the smell as the horseshoe bit into the hoof. As you looked through the Dutch door the forge itself was on the right while the stalls for the horses were on the left.

I was often at Petworth during the war and often too helping my uncle, Tom Morley on his Selham farm. He had a fencing business (now Wests), a farm and a haulage business. I'd go round with the driver picking up milk from local farms to take to the Co-op collection point in Guildford. Toward the end of the war, Uncle Tom produced miles of chestnut fencing which was taken from Selham to the South Coast. It was to be lashed onto the front of tanks as they landed in France. The rope lashing would be cut and the fencing would then give the tanks immediate traction on stone, shingle or sand. I'd also work on the farm. I once went to Midhurst cinema with Petula Clark. We were both about twelve. As I remember she was visiting Lodsworth at the time and singing on Worker's Playtime – I may be wrong about this. By the early years of the war my father's job had taken him to the United States. We still came to Petworth for Christmas, Mum and I. Mum would take the quartet down to the Pheasant Copse, this time to sing carols for the Canadian troops. Later she did the same for the free Poles.

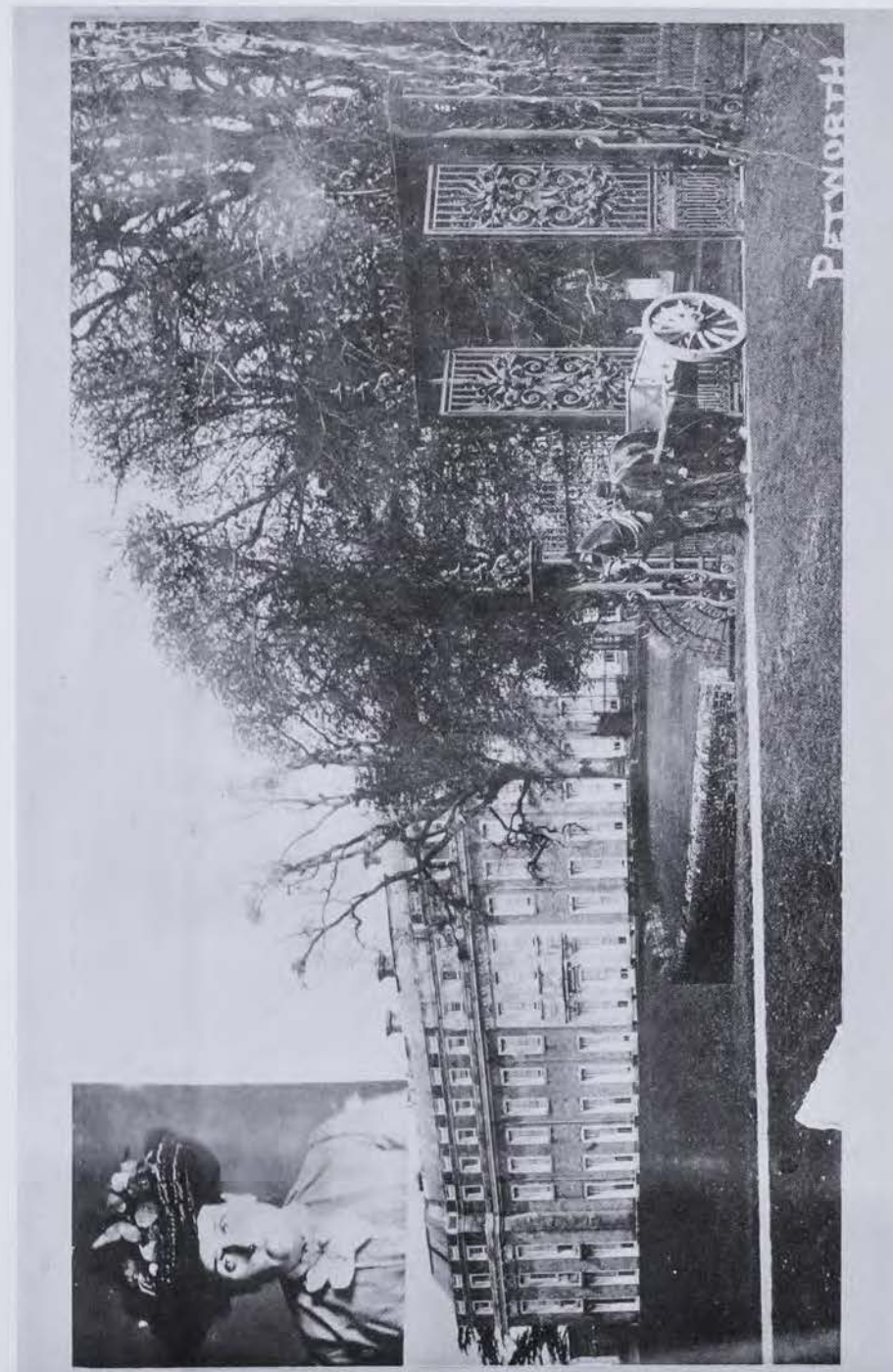
One last memory. I enlisted in the Royal Navy in 1946. When I was on home leave in Petworth in 1947 I was often round at Mrs Tunks' café in Golden Square (now Oak Apple Trading). There I became friendly with the steeplejacks who were taking down the steeple. They were down to just above the tower and I had a day or so demolishing the steeple. I did quite a fair bit although I wasn't actually paid for it. I had to report back to the Navy the following day.

I haven't been to Petworth, as I say, since the early sixties and I've spent a happy few days looking round. I was back in England for a squadron reunion. The estates to the south of the town surprised me, my basic recollection being of the fields and allotments I had known in the 1930s and 1940s. As anyone returning, I feel the loss of the intimate local shops and pubs I knew once. For all that, however, Petworth, remains a recognisable entity in a world of bewildering change. Horsham I did find difficult to come to terms with. I wonder whether I'll ever come back to Petworth again: Canada has been my home for nearly forty years, certainly, once having come back, I feel I can live at ease with my memories.

Rob Pulling was talking to the Editor

Perspectives on the 1930s (2)

We give a further selection of photographs by S.T. Jerome, long time manager of the Midland Bank in Golden Square. They offer once more a comparison with George Garland's work at the same time. Like the previous pictures they have been carefully printed by Mr Tim Austin of Bexhill and appear by courtesy of Mrs Mary Fraser. Regarding the picture of New Zealand troops in 1939 in the last Magazine (page 42) Mrs Fraser recalls that the armoured vehicle had broken down. It was part of a convoy and arrangements were being made to fix it "Mervyn", who was in charge went down for a quick snack to Mrs Jerome's at North Mead, remarking how good it was "just to sit down in someone's house." When Mrs Jerome was concerned that he might be left behind, he replied, "No chance of that, I'm the driver." Titles in inverted commas are original captions.



*This Kevis picture of the ornamental gates at Petworth House has the lady in the corner as an integral feature of the print. Is she perhaps one of the House staff?
Photograph courtesy of Mr A. Penfold.*



*Gathering "lent-lilies" - wild daffodils at Bedham about 1905.
A photograph by John Smith. See "You can't put an old head"*

1) "Cornfield, harvesting, Petworth 1934." Sheaves would be an everyday sight at the time, and this kind of scene is occasionally replicated by George Garland even after 1945. Precise location uncertain, possibly Langhurst Hill at Balls Cross.



2) "Tuning in 1936." A symbolic picture not really replicated by Garland. The sitter is not local : he lived at Petersfield.





3) "Coronation Day 1937." The Petworth fire brigade float appears in several Garland pictures taken on the day as also in other pictures taken by S.T. Jerome. This is Park Road looking down Pound Street.



4) Mary Jerome at the Gog lodges Christmas day 1938. Petworth church steeple just visible in the distance. St Mary's would sometimes be called "the cathedral of the Downs."

5) "Burton Mill in 1938." There is obvious Garland parallel to this picture.



6) "Sussex and County British Legion Rally at Eastbourne in 1938." S.T. Jerome had strong links with the Legion. It may be that he has here picked out the Petworth contingent. Possibly however he is looking for a general view.





7) "Floods at Stopham Bridge January 1939." Very much a Garland speciality too. The soft focus gives a rather impressionistic picture.

Early Days at Ifold

(2) Do you normally take your gun to the Onslow?

[Note: The following is excerpted from a tape made by Petworth Society member Geoff Philpott in 1990 as an appreciation of C.H. Bayley's 1988 book "Ifold, Loxwood and Plaistow, three forgotten border villages." It takes the rough form of a conversation with Miss Bayley whom Philpott had not been able to meet while in the area. The original tape runs for ninety minutes but I have edited and rearranged to give some feeling of chronological progression. The best commentary on the tape remains Miss Bayley's book particularly chapters 1-4. Geoff Philpott died not long after he returned to Australia. As he perhaps half-suspected, this was to be his last trip back to Loxwood. Ed.]

I expect you too were at Loxwood when war was declared. It was before there were radios in cars and we had heard in Loxwood without, perhaps, really realising the full consequences. When we arrived back in Thornton Heath that evening (it was, I think, a

Sunday), we heard from the radio that we had to collect gas masks from the nearest school. Schools were to be used as distribution depots. In fact, for the remaining weeks of autumn we continued coming down to Ifold but it wasn't long before Ericsson telephones, with whom I was by now serving my apprenticeship, sent me off to Scotland for a year. I didn't see Ifold for the whole of 1940. I came home in February 1941 and did two things. I bought a motor-cycle and as I was now eighteen I signed up for the Royal Navy. In 1943 I was discharged as physically unfit with asthma. It was an old problem by now and I was already looking toward the warmer drier climate of South Africa when the war ended. However, the war was still going on and I had been discharged.

I decided the best thing to do was to go to the hut at Ifold and live as far as I could on my wits. Initially, I was employed by Geoff Bristow at Plaistow. He had basically two jobs for me, sorting scrap metal (something of a speciality for him) and driving a tractor in the adjacent woodland where trees were being felled. One party of Italian P.O.Ws would fell the trees, another party would cut and stack cord wood. Large vehicles would take away the whole timber but I would move the cord wood. Being of a somewhat technical turn of mind I didn't find the work particularly fulfilling.



Ifold : an early 20th century postcard.

I heard of the existence of a secret research station on the Horsham-Guildford road. It was connected with Woolwich Arsenal. Someone in the Drive at Ifold worked there and I pressed him for information, but he was very cagey. No doubt he had to be. Eventually I wrote

to them and was given a job in the drawing office. Basically I was involved in two projects codenamed Persephone and Penelope, both exploring the extended use of cordite. The first involved a tank containing noxious gas strapped to the underbelly of an aircraft. It would be used against enemy troops. Obviously the gas itself could not be used experimentally so we substituted wintergreen oil because it had the same specific gravity. The tank or canister contained a coloured dye as well and aircraft flew low over the fields spraying the dyed wintergreen oil. Local people were employed to peg four inch square pieces of white card in the fields. After the aircraft had flown over and sprayed the mixture, we then retrieved the individually marked cards in sacks, took them back to the research station, and plotted the distribution of the oil. It was a messy business by any standard: "Persephone" was, for obvious reasons, popularly known as "the Flying Cow". "Penelope" was a scheme for using cordite to release the undercarriage on planes if the automatic system failed. I don't think it ever really came into operation.

Moving to the real world of war, I used to watch the daylight bombers, hundreds and hundreds it seemed, going out over Loxwood, still gaining altitude, an extraordinary sight and an extraordinary feeling. When hunting for rabbits in the local fields I would come across large amounts of foil, one side luminous, the other black. It was apparently intended to baffle radar although I was never entirely clear whether it was some defensive ploy by our side or it had been dropped by the enemy as a deterrent to our own radar. It wasn't a good idea in 1943 to ask too many questions.

As I say, I was living as best I could, to a large extent off the land. My diet seemed to consist largely of fish, eels, rabbits shot or snared and wild mushrooms, all fried in white fat supplied free by Mr. Sopp, the Loxwood butcher – not a diet that would be recommended today. I had a "Scooter" bicycle, one with heavy wheels and a motor which took me up to the Research Station. I'd trade my clothing coupons for petrol coupons to give me increased mileage. If I had to have other meat I'd buy it from Mr. Sopp.

A one-off addition to my diet came in a curious way – I caught a hedgehog on my fishing-line! It was in some ways a rather unhappy incident that reflected my own carelessness. I'd been fishing on the lake and lazily returned with a dead worm still on the hook. I didn't bother to take it off, which I certainly ought to have done. I simply propped the rod against the water tank outside the hut, left it there and went to bed.

When I went out in the morning I found that a hedgehog had taken the worm and got the hook embedded in its stomach. I had to kill the poor creature, feeling it was all very much down to my own fecklessness. Remembering the old folk stories about baking hedgehogs I decided to experiment. I dug in the garden for clay, made a small open fire, and covered the hedgehog with clay. I then let it cook in the embers. After a while I uncovered and found that bristles, skin and clay came off quite neatly leaving pure white flesh somewhat reminiscent of pork. It may be that that is where the "hog" part of the name comes from. Not expecting such an outcome, I hadn't gutted the carcass properly. Coming back in 1990 I was rather surprised to be told that you don't see many hedgehogs in the area now: certainly there were dozens of them in my time. I was told too that the situation was much the same with regard to birds like the chaffinch and the bullfinch but as an infrequent casual visitor I can't speak from experience.

During 1943 I used to repair radios in the area and do a little electrical work if I could find it. I remember being asked to repair one dear old lady's radio which, she said, simply refused to operate. In those days radios needed accumulators and high tension batteries. Radio was important as being effectively Ifold's only means of communication with the outside world. The battery seemed all right and the old lady explained that it was in fact a new one. I then found that the wires were too short and that to make up the old lady had connected with knitting wool, tying a piece of wool on each connection. There was, of course, no circuit. I didn't feel I could charge her for my expertise.

I was walking on the path through the fields, past an orchard (now no longer there I'm told) making my way to the Onslow Arms. I was stopped by two employees of the local landowner who asked me about the 4-10 shotgun I was carrying. "What are you doing?" "Going to the Onslow." "Do you normally take your gun to the Onslow?" They were two hefty fellows. They told me I was poaching (somewhat difficult to refute with any conviction) and confiscated the gun. I was furious, but there wasn't much I could do about it. Talking to my neighbour, Mr. Bass, he said he'd have a word with the local constable. As Mr. Bass had sold me the gun in the first place I think he felt a kind of responsibility. Eventually he told me that if I called in at the police station I could collect my gun. I don't know what strings he'd pulled, that was his business.

The Onslow was a great haunt in those days; Charles Smith was the landlord and his son Charlie, Eric Bass and I went about together. Sadly Charlie died very young. Cycling and motor-cycling were my means of getting about, but I remember coming from Thornton Heath one night without transport. I don't know why now. I'd taken the train from Croydon and came into Horsham Station where I found that there was no bus to Loxwood. I'd have to walk.

When I finally got to Loxwood I naturally took a short cut over the fields and had gone some distance. It was about ten o'clock and I was completely alone. I saw what I thought were fire-flies. I had seen them before in Southern Africa and was certain I'd seen them again. For half an hour I stalked them, still seeing them "glow" as the wind came and went in the night. I was quite upset when eventually I tracked the fire-flies down to find simply the embers of a fire.

On that same night I had been stopped by an American forces dispatch rider on an enormous Harley-Davidson motor-cycle. He asked me to point out the main road to Guildford. As he spoke he took off his Mac, one of those that were standard issue to American motor-cyclists. His face was jet black. It's a commentary on my own inexperience that when I heard him speak I was surprised to think that a black man should speak in a perfectly normal American accent. I had the curious notion that black and white Americans would somehow speak differently.

Loxwood Stores? Again I lived in blissful ignorance. We always called the people who ran the shop "Quakers" which they certainly were not. They were lovely people, I thought, and the smell that emanated from the shop was indefinable, not simply bread, an amalgam of all kinds of grocery.

In 1944 there were buzz bombs in Thornton Heath and my father who had lost a leg in the 1914-1918 war decided to get out of London and move to Loxwood. He sold Greenacre,

bought another section on the Plaistow Road but didn't do anything with it and ended up buying a small cottage in Loxwood just across the road from North Hall. I had gone overseas by this time. He lived there for some years and commuted daily to Croydon. Extraordinarily enough, I believe he used to go from Petworth Station, driving from Loxwood in his three-wheeler invalid carriage, one of those where you lie right back. One day he came a cropper on the hill from Plaistow into Loxwood, hurt his left arm, and had to give the journey up. He stayed at Loxwood for a number of years before returning to London – this time to Croydon.

Greenacre had been sold by my father to my brother's wife's parents, the Glovers, but they would later return to Croydon. The Besses, too, sold and moved on. I went to South Africa in 1944, stayed eleven years, then spent eleven years in Venezuela, another eleven in New Zealand before settling in Western Australia. My wife and I have been back to Loxwood several times over the years and this may be our last visit, although I hope not. For me the Drive is still as I remember it, I can still see in my mind's eye every pothole, every slight turn in the road.

One last memory of Loxwood, an uncharacteristically sombre one, perhaps the only such one that I have. My elder brother and his wife were staying at Ifold. It would be during the war. My brother's wife had a cerebral haemorrhage although, of course, we didn't realise. It was very late at night and my brother asked me to go into Loxwood to get the doctor. I walked in from Greenacre and got him out of bed. It was one o'clock in the morning. He said there was nothing he could do, we'd have to get an ambulance. No one in Ifold had a telephone of course, but I found one at the end of the road in Loxwood. The ambulance arrived at dawn. Ifold was a rural paradise but sometimes there was a price to pay.

[Concluded]

The Chimney corner

Many local people will remember Lilian Hunt from Hampers Green. A deep lady, a thinker, she enjoyed writing to newspapers on a multitude of issues and could be forthright in her views. Lilian's one great regret in her life was that having been born and brought up at Bedham she had been unable to avail herself of anything more than a simple village education. A constant thread which links all the following tales is her belief that her life may have been different had she had that precious education that Bedham School could not offer her. The following notes will, I hope, show Lilian in a slightly different light to that seen by most who knew her, one that was probably only witnessed by close members of her family.

From the early 1960's Lilian spent much of her time looking after her father George Elliott at the cottage at Bedham where she had been born. The two of them led a somewhat solitary life, she in her late middle years and George, born in 1870, rapidly approaching his century. Like the true Sussex folk whom they embodied, a good deal of their time was spent in arguing, story telling, chores and then more story telling. It seems that the one thing that kept the old man alive was his fondness for a good tale, and in his devoted daughter he had

a captive audience. While much of the narrative relates to her fathers' life, Lilian devotes an equal part to her own recollections, and through them we are able to catch a glimpse of life in a rapidly changing world. The author has one foot in the unchanging seclusion of Bedham, while the other is in the modern world of Hampers Green.

That the recollections and notes which Lilian laboriously recorded in well over 100 handwritten pages are of local importance is beyond doubt, for as a repository of local lore and anecdote they must surely compare with the highly regarded *Tales of Old Petworth*. Through the stories we have an unbroken link that on occasion stretches back to the very earliest years of the nineteenth century and to the time of the 'Frenchy' wars. Moreover the tales illustrate an ageless tradition of story telling, which even by the middle of that century was already dammed by the advance of universal literacy and the 'Boards schools'. Many of the stories are clearly intended to be cautionary, and though occasionally the moral seems to have been disguised or lost it is not difficult to appreciate the relevance that they would once have had to the unrefined mind of the Sussex labourer.

That the tales will stand the test of time is I believe beyond doubt and so make what you will of them, for there is simply nothing left to follow, and sadly the chimney corner has long been empty.

Miles Costello

You can't put an old head on young shoulders

How many times have I heard my parents say that when I was a child? *It's never too late to mend; charity begins at home; he who hesitates loses;* and, one which always seemed so contradictory on top of all that *look before you leap*. Not to mention all the superstitions that I have lapped up over the years, and which have for much of my life kept me scared stiff. Now thank God I have quite an old head on these shoulders and I can look around and wish I could explain to the younger generation how lucky they are to have such wonderful opportunities such as a fine education.

Chances were thin on the ground at Bedham in those years leading up to and during the Great War. Yes, we sisters and our brother had a lovely wild sort of life but no chance to pick or choose our careers as children. I wonder who actually moulds children's lives most, parents or teachers. If it is the latter, then mine was a wonderful old lady who we never really appreciated. Looking back all those years to the school in the woods I now realise what a little horror I was and how I smashed a slate and dashed home when she smacked my sister. How on my return teacher made me stand on a chair every playtime for a fortnight, with the torture only temporarily relieved by a visit from the Rector, but then just as long as he remained.

Since going back to Bedham to care for my old father I have gleaned lots of stories about him and his people, and where possible I have made notes. I have learned that the old saying, *It's no good getting old if you don't get artful*, is quite true, for a more artful baggage than my father surely never existed. Father seems to have an answer for everything. He makes me think of Bernard Thompson's "Uncle Jim" in "Love in Quiet Places", for my father's slogan which he was taught by an old man at a very early age *no good telling a lie if you don't stick to it*, has stood him in good stead, and though I love him dearly I know he can tell me a lie without so much as batting an eyelid. He always agrees that *the good die young* and I'm sure that he believes that.

This story, if ever it gets printed, will I feel certain, interest a lot of people that have met Father. Now he is coming up to ninety-three and spends most of his time huddled up in the chimney corner, mostly with an old rusty, once navy blue, rain coat, fastened across his chest, and flying like a large bat when he walks about his living room. He lives in his old trilby hat from the time he plods down the stairs until bedtime.

For the last eighteen months I have slept most nights in the old cottage at Bedham. I have one night a week off when a sister takes over, though during the bad winter I had not time off at all. Father talks of leaving the cottage before another winter arrives as the last thaw made me poorly and I had to have a fortnight away. When he talks of leaving it makes me feel so very sad, for I love Bedham and as the cottage belongs to a London gentleman I would not be able to remain there.

Little Wickers and Crimbourne

Father was born at Little Wickers near Petworth on 31st October 1871.¹ His mother, Emily, was a frail woman who had a dreadful time during childbirth and refused to have any more children. I never met my paternal grandmother for she died the year that I was born. When father was just nine months old his family moved to a cottage near Crimbourne where he caught a chill from the damp floors. The illness affected his legs and he was still unable to walk when he was four years old. I'm not sure how long they lived at Crimbourne but eventually they moved to Mants Cottage at Bedham where he still lives to this day.

Leg Irons

One day a gypsy woman called at the old cottage and she took one look at the little boy who couldn't walk and said to his mother, "You'll never rear that child, for he's got water on the brain". Grandfather would have none of this and decided to take him to Brighton to try and get his legs sorted out. The nearest railway station was Pulborough and Grandfather carried him the six miles on his shoulders. The little boy was fitted with leg irons and with two sticks to aid him he managed to get about until he was about seven years old, when for no apparent reason he started to improve, though he didn't grow very much. Both of his parents were tall people though of course that doesn't necessarily mean he should have been tall too. I myself have three short sisters, and Father had a short relative who, while being short could put a sack of wheat on the back of a horse without any trouble at all.

Grandfather Whittington

When my father was small, his grandfather on his mother's side lived with them at Bedham. He used to tell my father wonderful tales of days gone by, which in turn my father has told me, and I will do my best to put them down. It has been said that Father took after his grandfather except for one thing, and that is he hates gardening but his grandfather took a great pride in it and kept the garden at Mants in a wonderful condition. He was very cross when his son-in-law showed people over the garden on Sundays when they came for a drink of wine or cider, and let them think he did it. My grandmother loved pot plants, and I have inherited her love of them. My father says that she had hundreds of them and tended them with loving care. In winter she wore pattens, which were rings of iron with sides which one just slipped one's shoes in to. I think it must have been a very sensible way of getting around at Bedham

¹ Wickers. In Glasshouse Lane, near to the junction with the A272 at the top of Fox Hill.

in those days and they certainly helped keep your feet out of the mud. My father remembers his grandfather eating breakfast from a wooden bowl into which he cut up bread and about 2 ounces of butter, to this he added a good helping of sugar and finally he filled the bowl with boiling hot tea. He would beat it up well before eating it. I have been told that he was a great sufferer from indigestion and I'm not really surprised. The old man was what in those days was known as a 'come by chance', which means that he was illegitimate, and his father had to pay his mother 1-6d each week until he was seven years of age when his father was allowed to claim him. When the day came, the boy was in a copse with his grandfather. The old man refused to part with the boy, so they decided to fight for him and stripped down. After a mighty battle the old man emerged the winner and so the boy stayed with his grandfather. Had the result been different then the boy would have been sent to sea.

A hard man

An old woman who lived nearby had no children of her own and George would occasionally keep her company. She was a very hard working woman and went to great trouble in cooking. She would buy pigs chittlings, thoroughly clean them, fill them with Christmas pudding mixture and then boil them. When cold she would tie them up and hang them up the chimney, cutting a few off at a time when required. My father said that they were delicious. Another lady used to work really hard both in the house and also outside where she would dig the garden from end to end. Her husband would come home at night and say, "What you bin doin' with yersel all day, lookin' in the mirror to see yersel starve no doubt," he was a notoriously hard man.

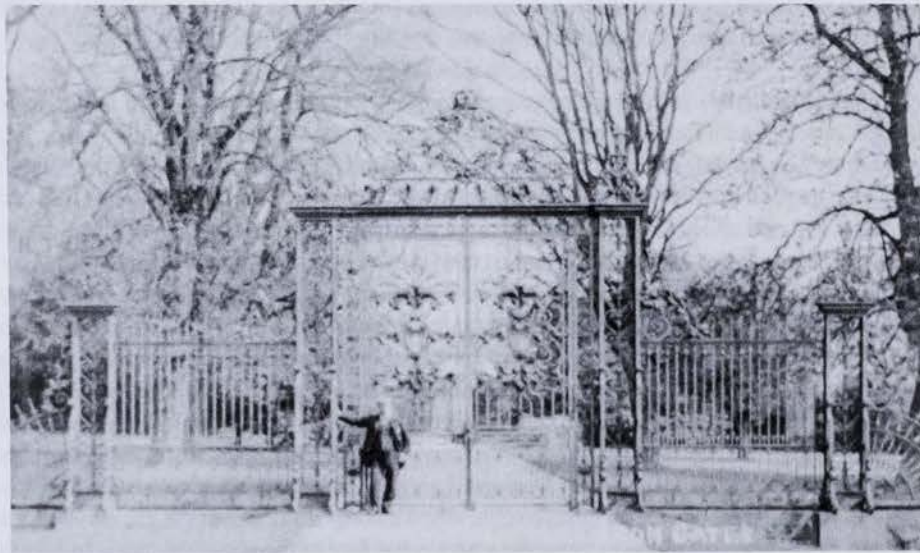
Father had a sister six years his senior but she didn't get on so well with the neighbours regarding food, and I don't think she got on with my father, for as children we didn't know that we'd got an aunt at all. I suspect her nose was put out of joint when he was born.

Mortified

Father had little formal education at Bedham, he was taught by old ladies in their cottages until Bedham School was built when he was about ten years old. I believe the school cum church was built by one of the Mitfords who owned a good deal of Bedham, Father tells me that the gentleman threw a wonderful party on the opening of the building. Life at Bedham was rather isolated and his leg irons all the more restricted Father, and it seems that there were mostly old people living there at the time. The neighbours were very kind to him and were forever giving him food as he had a tremendous appetite. If he'd just had a meal, and then went over to Potters Cottages, Mrs. Juggy Remnant who lived there and was a marvellous cook, would ask George if he'd had dinner, George would invariably say not, and have another good feed. I fancy he spent a good deal of time at Potters and as he got older he would help them in the garden. I suppose that an added attraction for George was that there was always plenty of wine on the go, which was right up his alley. Father was one day visiting the Remnants when one of the daughters came home for a holiday from her domestic job. She perched herself in the chimney corner and had just made herself comfortable when a wasp stung her in the groin. Well it was most unusual to see a bit of leg in those days and in her fear of the wasp she threw her dress up over her head and squealed, but remembered George Elliott was there and was mortified with shame. Her brother winked at George and you can be sure that he had a chuckle to himself.

New Members

Mrs. A. Boakes	4, Lund House, Wyndham Road, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. Dutton-Forshaw	Four Winds House, Grove Lane, Petworth, GU28 0BT.
Mrs. S. Harding	Wilmcote, Angel Street, Petworth, GU28 0BQ.
Lynette Humphrey	1, Grove Lane, Petworth, GU28 0BT.
Mr. D. Johnston	7, Garsons Road, Southbourne, Emsworth, Hants., PO10 8HH.
Mrs. S. McMaster	Sylvan House, Alton Road, Farnham, Surrey, GU10 5EL.
Mr. & Mrs. S. Mein	Ridge House, Station Road, Petworth, GU28 0ES.
Mrs. H. Nicholls	Brownings Wing, Kirdford, Billingshurst.
Mrs. M.J. Rainbow	8, Park Grove, Bromley, Kent, BR1 3HR.
Mr. J.I. Smith	Winter's Farm, Pulborough, RH20 1LB.
Elizabeth Steer	113, Pallance Road, Northwood, Isle of Wight, PO31 8LS.
Mr. & Mrs R. Tyler	26, Littlecote, Petworth, GU28 0EF.
Mr. D. Tyrell	Bank Flat, Queen Street, Stradbroke, Eye, Suffolk, IP21 5HZ.
Mr. R. Wakeford	350F, Cheery Orchard, Petworth, GU28 0BS.
Mr. & Mrs. R. Whitton	23, Littlecote, Petworth.
Lady Anita Wolseley	Garden Cottage, Park Road, Petworth, GU28 0DS.
Mrs. V. Woolford	8, Redcot, Three Gates, Haslemere, GU27 2LL.
Margaret Yeo	PO Box 1266, Matsapha, Swaziland.



Another view of the ornamental gates in Petworth Park.

