



Wetworth not Petworth  
Mr Pitt Rivers Motor Car  
Frothfold - Iron Pear  
Tree

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY  
*Magazine*

NO. III MARCH 2003

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Cover design by Jonathan Newdick. Photograph by George Garland.  
It shows a scene at Soanes Farm, Petworth in the 1930s.

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THE PETWORTH SOCIETY SUPPORTS THE  
LECONFIELD HALL  
PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM  
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:

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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

### *Committee*

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

### *Magazine distributors*

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### *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

Welcome to a new year and a new Magazine cover. This time Jonathan has worked from a classic Garland photograph from the late 1930s.

You will be pleased to learn that subscriptions remain as last year, although donations over and above are always welcome. The very successful book sales have everything to do with a stable subscription level as they do with the continuing quality of this Magazine. As you know we are always interested in your unwanted books.

We are ringing the changes on last year's innovations and introducing one or two more. One innovation this year is an occasional public lecture on a more specialised subject than the usual monthly meeting. We begin on March 19<sup>th</sup> with a talk on James Murray, for a time land agent to Colonel Wyndham in the 1840s but very much more than that. The lecture will be funded by Book Sale proceeds and could well signal a series of similar talks. Admission will be less than for normal monthly meetings and refreshment more spartan. There will be no raffle.

The Jubilee dinner was, as you know, a complete sell-out last year. We will repeat the event this year. Numbers are again limited to 88, so early application is probably imperative. We also give details of a Society visit to the Bluebell Railway and Sheffield Park Gardens, a July visit to Ditchling Museum and Village will be advertised in the June Magazine.

What else? The Book Sale draws visitors from all over the county and looks, for the present at least, a fixture. Miles' Rogation Walk was extremely well-attended last year and looks likely to attain the status of a tradition. A note on this year's event follows these thoughts. And don't forget Alison Neil on April 3rd as the sixth wife (of Henry VIII). No tickets but Alison always draws a full house.

Lastly Mrs Nellie Duncton was a hundred years old this month. The Society sent a card and a bouquet. How often have her inimitable recollections graced this Magazine!

Peter 24<sup>th</sup> January

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### SEE SEPARATE SHEETS FOR:

APRIL 27<sup>th</sup> SHEFFIELD PARK /  
BLUEBELL RAILWAY VISIT.

JUNE 23<sup>rd</sup> MIDSUMMER'S EVE DINNER  
PETWORTH HOUSE.



*Alison Neil is the sixth wife. Leconfield Hall April 3<sup>rd</sup>.*

## Beating the Parish Bounds

Sunday May 25<sup>th</sup> brings us round to yet another Rogation Sunday and the now more or less traditional Petworth Society 'Beating the Bounds' walk. Following last year's rather strenuous Hungers Lane 'stroll' we intend to take things a little easier and will perambulate the length of the parish boundary that is encompassed by the Petworth Park wall. This effectively begins at the New Lodge on the Tillington Road (opposite Hungers Lane and the Tillington Almshouses) and carries on across the Park past the Upper Ponds to the Beezlebug Oak just north of the Lower Pond at Hampers Green. The route is undulating but far from taxing, and in order to add some variety will be circulatory, the return being via Snow Hill. It is planned to put up temporary markers, to identify the parish boundary, which will be beaten as they are passed, and with the expected presence of a member of the clergy to make the usual Rogationtide blessing the walk will go some way to ensuring the continuation of an ancient ritual dating back many centuries.

Remember to bring along a stout stick with which to beat the bounds and to ward off the Tillington boys!

It is planned to meet in the car park at 2:15 p.m. For further information contact Miles Costello on 343227.

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## Swings and Roundabouts

The Harris family are celebrating 100 years of fairground operations out of the same base in Ashington and so it was that Robert Harris, of the fifth generation, came to speak to us just eight days before Fair Day, held on November 20<sup>th</sup> since before 1273. Robert said that the history of the Fair runs in parallel with the history of Petworth and he was proud to be part of that tradition.

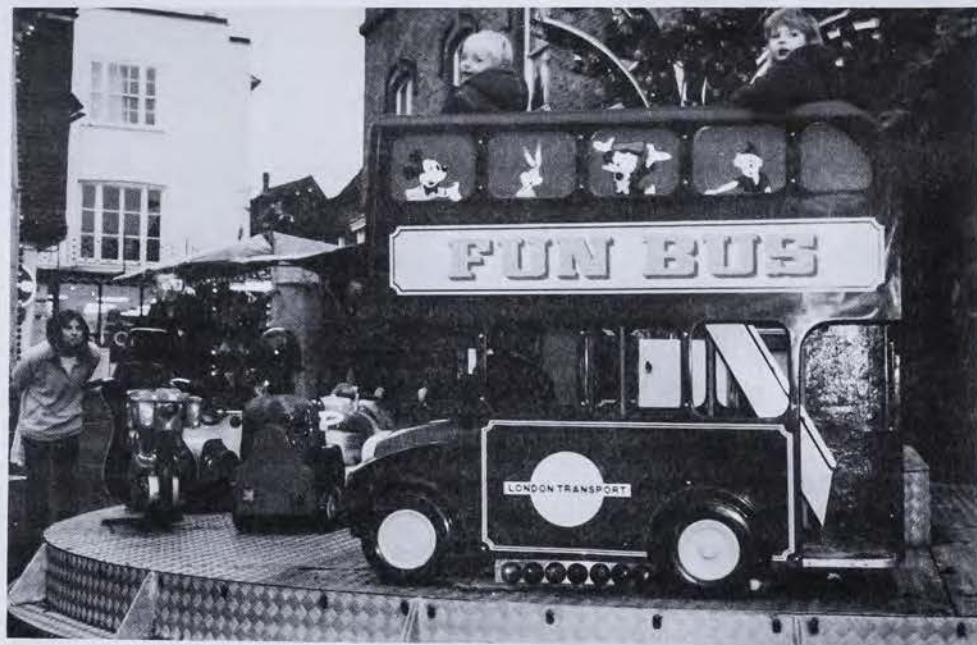
The pleasure side of fairs was always and essentially linked with the market aspect – sheep, horses, cattle and the hiring of labour – on what was often the one day's holiday in the year.

In 1833, Robert's great, great grandfather, a basket maker from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, came to Cuckfield, set up as a timber merchant and established the family fairground business with his five sons. Each of the brothers had his own roundabout.

The first roundabouts evolved from a training system for Italian knights, practising on revolving targets. The Italian name for the device 'carosella' gives us 'carousel'. These early machines were for the amusement of children and we saw an illustration dated 1805. Because there was no power source apart from the operator, they were of necessity quite small, but eventually a horse was harnessed alongside, making ten circuits per ride.

Later still, steam engines made roundabouts up to 50 feet in diameter possible. At first, the model horses were simply moved round and it is not known who first devised the overhead mechanism to produce the 'galloping' motion.

Meanwhile, switchbacks, originating in the Russian Steppes, chair-o-planes, from Germany and other, often highly dangerous rides were introduced.



*Petworth fair 2002. Photograph by Keith Sandall.*

We were shown scenes of fairs in many Sussex villages in the last 100 years, as well as photographs of the vehicles used for hauling the trailers and caravans: steam traction engines and war surplus vehicles are still in operation today, 50 years on.

In 1896, the number of trailers allowed to be towed by one vehicle was limited to three, plus a water carrier, a ruling still in force and jealously guarded by Robert.

The steam engines also drove electrical generators for lighting, replacing the dangerous naphtha flares, an accident with one having caused the death of one of the Harris' employees at Findon Sheep Fair.

Along with the many fascinating and amusing anecdotes he related, Robert showed himself to be a force to be reckoned with by authority as well as the rest of us who may not appreciate the value of tradition. Even last year, when Findon Sheep Fair was held over due to the Foot and Mouth Disease crisis, the fairground component was maintained in principle by the Harris brothers taking three poles on to the ground, while the Fair was declared open and then closed by Robert's grandson. This reminded members of the wartime effort by Mr Arch. Knight to keep Petworth Fair going by placing a 'stall' in the Square every November 20<sup>th</sup>.

Although it had been a longer meeting than usual, there were plenty of questions, to which Robert had sometimes surprising, but always common sense answers. He is a good friend to Petworth and we cannot overstate our indebtedness to him and his family for helping to maintain its unique place in history.

KCT

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## 'Encore!' Certainly the best of three times

Fans of the Gilt and Gaslight Theatre Company were looking forward to our Christmas entertainment, when they were billed to visit in their new guise as The Time of Our Lives Music Theatre with their new touring production 'The Best of Times and the Worst of Times' – and they were not disappointed with this, their third appearance in Petworth.

It was an evening of non-stop songs, dance and comedy. The seamless continuity combining the keyboard talents of Michael Roulston with orchestral backing was perfect, as was the inventive choreography of Robbie Bonar, who also surprised and delighted us with his convincing impersonations of the singers of the 1950s – 1980s. Chrissie Kiff's versatile voice also accurately recaptured memories of the female vocalists of the period. The costumes and props, notably a huge selection of wigs, added to the brilliance of the presentation and the producer, Dymna le Rasle, is to be congratulated on bringing together such a gifted and energetic team.

Although the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, one wished that there had been a greater representation of those who grew up in the '60s and '70s. They would have wallowed in the nostalgia of their (misspent?) youth.

When the group was last with us, their journey home ended at Fox Hill, which snow had made impassable. They spent the night with Peter and Marian and remembered their hospitality most warmly. Again, the night was extremely cold and snow had been forecast. One sensed a certain reluctance to set out for East London as the midnight hour approached!

KCT

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## Letters to the Editor

*1) Mrs Alison McCann writes from the West Sussex Record Office:*

Dear Peter,

I wondered if you might be able to help with an enquiry we have received, for which we have no information in our sources here. It concerns the Legion of Christian Reformers, who apparently existed only from November to December 1945, and whose headquarters were at Kingdom House, River, Tillington. They were supporters of Hitler and there was apparently (and not surprisingly!) a lot of local opposition to their presence. We do have some

names but none mean anything to me at all.

2) *Mrs P. Payne writes from Minehead re 'Turning the Trencher' mentioned by Kin Knight in writing to her fiancé in India, Magazine 110 page 36:*

The social in the Girl's Club Room. The game played was Turn the trencher – (Not trenches).

This must be a very old game because trenchers, wooden platters, were already being replaced by metal and earthenware in Elizabeth I's time but I played the game at a children's party in the 1930's.

Failing a trencher, a circular wooden bread board was used. That I know. I think, and I am sure you will have other letters on the subject, we all sat in a circle. Someone spun the trencher in the middle and I think called a name. That person had to get up and run round the circle and back to the place before the trencher fell or else pay a forfeit.

May I also use this letter to suggest whoever runs the bookstall keeps a lookout for books published 1920 – 1940 - odd, illustrated by A. Wyndham Payne. His work is now in the Victoria & Albert Museum. He was one of the Payne family of North Chapel, Balls Cross and Wisborough Green, blacksmiths, gun smiths, inn-keepers and it appears the women were notably pretty.

3) *Mrs Phill Sadler writes:*

Dear Peter

After reading in the Magazine the piece, Dog, Cat & Daisy, I wondered how many people have seen the china doll's face which is embedded in the Petworth Park wall in North Street.

When I was a child my parents used to take us to see it when we went for walks down that way. There weren't many cars, mostly horses and carts so it was easy to cross the road. My children have seen it but my great grandchildren ask me where it is, but as there is so much traffic these days they can't get across the road. It is in the wall nearly opposite Thompson's Hospital. I wonder which year that part of the wall was built and which workman put it there.

4) *From Mr Duncan Reynolds:*

Dear Peter

*Petworth Magazine No 110 December 2002. Page 15 – The Tame Robin*  
I knew Mr Ayles, he rented Providence Cottage from Wadey the Builders of Billingshurst. The cottage is midway between Andrews Hill and Adversane on the A25.

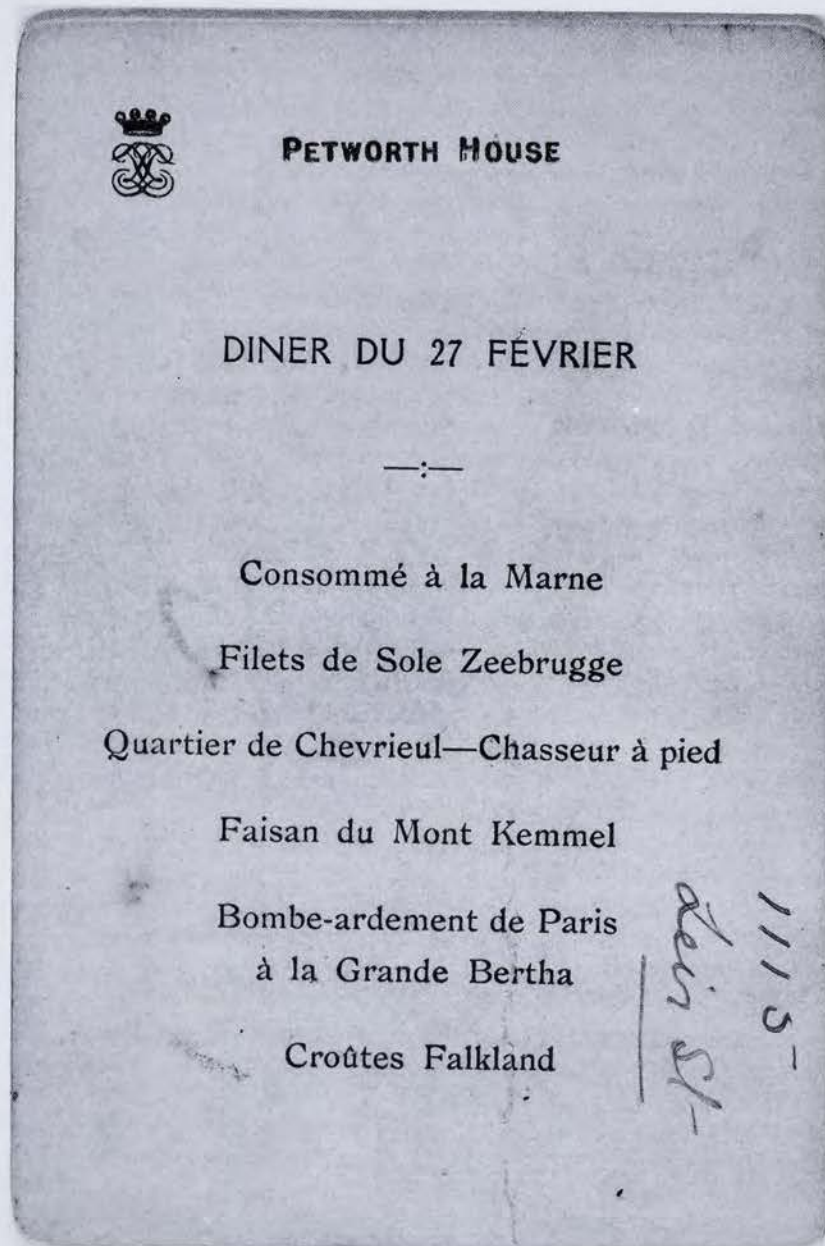
He used to stand in front of Rice Bros (now Budgen's) in the High Street beside his motor bike and sidecar (AA), saluting all AA members. He used to grow and smoke his own tobacco.

5) *Mr Bob Warrington writes:*

Dear Peter

About twelve years ago whilst touring the South Coast, I called in to my boyhood home and gave you an interview about my father when he was a Butler at Petworth House in the nineteen thirties.

In part of the interview I recalled the time when he laid the tables for a Military Dinner. On going through a lot of old papers I have come across the post card on which he had written the names and table placing of the guests and thought you might like it.



Menu  
Menu and guest list courtesy of Mr R Warrington.

58 for Dinner

Lord Leconfield	Lady Allenby	
Sir Henry Buller	Lady Brock	
Col. Thynne	Mrs Hanky	
Col. Gwynne	Mrs Nelson	
Lt. Com. Sgerton	Mrs Guy Cubitt	
Wing Com Mansell	Miss Barwell	
Rev V.P. Powell	Mrs Holderness	
Captain Diggle	Mrs Walter Burwell	
Sir Edward Ellington	Lady Doris Blacker	
Capt. Burwell	Mr Wyatt	
Brig Gen Brownlow	Lady Heath	
Col Hanky	Mrs Eric Smith	
Mr Nelson	Mr Sgerton	
Gen Sir Ivor Maxse	Mrs Clifton Brown	
Sir Osmond Brock	Lady Hailsham	
Capt. John Maxse	Mrs Brownlow	
Major Clarke	Mrs Scrimgeour	
Brig Gen Gore Anby	Miss Wyndham	
Lt. Col Wyatt	Mr Gore Anby	
Major Holderness	Mrs Goring	
Capt. Brand	Lady Maxse	
Viscount Hailsham	Lady Leconfield	
Kescount Allenby	Lady Hermione Buller	
Mr Goring	Mr Diggle	
Capt. Eric Smith	Lady Ferguson	

Admiral Sir H. Heath  
 Admiral Sir J. Ferguson  
 Col Rodolomachi  
 Brig Gen Osborn  
 Mrs Thynne  
 Lady Curcliffe  
 Mrs Mansell  
 Sir William Compton

Guest list for 58.

Menu and guest list courtesy of Mr R Warrington.

I realise it is too late to do anything about it but it just ties up the loose end of that story. In fact I have just realised that it is the menu my father used.

Note:

Bob Warrington refers to the article 'I want something special Warrington' in Magazine 61 page 28 - 32.

"A butler was an ingenious man and there were inevitably occasions when he needed to be. Perhaps my most vivid memory of Petworth House is of a visit by Army, Navy and R.A.F. Chiefs of Staff for a banquet. 'I want something special, Warrington', said his lordship firmly. 'Spare no expense'. (People still said things like that in those days!). My father sent out for a veritable armada of Dinky toys or the equivalent, military vehicles, ships and planes and acquired also two very large plate glass mirrors. These mirrors he laid out as a centre-piece to represent the sea with the Navy as the Senior Service on the mirrors and the Army to the right. The R.A.F. were on the left. I can't remember all the figures he had but I can still see the two or three dozen miniature battleships spread out on the shining 'sea'. The Army were set out on green cloth on a landscape 'flanked' with those trees you used to get with lead farmyard animals - military vehicles and men in khaki. I remember too a complete set of Life Guards on horseback formed up in a procession. For the R.A.F. Dad again had green cloth, this time to represent an aerodrome. Aircraft were dotted all around, even to one at the runway waiting to take off. The display had flowers and greenery dividing off the sections one from another. It was a huge success, his lordship was so pleased that he gave my father a tenner, a large sum in those days, and I believe the guests were so pleased they gave my father thirty or forty pound between them. As I have said a butler needed to be an ingenious man."

6) Mr Roy Daughtree writes:

Roy Daughtree,  
 Secretary,  
 Malvern Family History Group,  
 37 Tennyson Drive,  
 Malvern,  
 Worcs.  
 WR14 2TQ  
 Email: Daigjtree@btinternet  
 November 5, 2002

Dear Mr Thompson

I am a member of The Petworth Society and the Sussex Family History Group, as well as the Malvern Family History Group!

At odd times I try to help fellow members of the above Family History Groups find information about their ancestors and I have an interesting, if vague, story from a lady in Dorset who is seeking details of the family Edwards. She has sent me a photo, a poor copy of which is enclosed, of her great-uncle who is supposed to have been killed when he fell from his horse while in employment at Petworth. His name was George Edwards, and he is believed to be buried in Petworth. He was married and had two daughters. She does not know the date he died but his brother was born in 1856!



I realise this is all rather vague but is there someone in the Petworth Society who may be able to help? If this is outside the remit of the Society I shall then try the Sussex Family History Group. Some time ago Peter Jerrome helped me with my research concerning Walter Dawtrey and the death of his son, Hubert, in similar circumstances.

Yours sincerely  
Roy Daughtree

*George Edwards.*

7) *Marcia McIntyre writes:*

31 October 2002

Dear Mr Jerrome

I have been given your name by the Archivist at the West Sussex County Record Office as being the contact person for the Petworth Local History Society. I believe Petworth is a few miles from the smaller village of Kirdford.

I am trying to find out some details about a Sidney James Butcher, who was living at 'Killips House', Kirdford, West Sussex from about 1900 to 1909 when he died and was buried at Kirdford on 2 February, 1909. He is recorded in the Kirdford parish burial records as 'Sidney James Butcher of Killips, Kirdford', aged 70 years. He is listed on the 1901 English Census as living at Kirdford, aged 62 years and his occupation was 'Artist in Watercolour'. Sidney's wife Annie (who could be Sarah Ann Gregory) and his daughter, Winifred, aged 15 and Laurie Butcher, aged 11, (both born Croydon, Surrey) were also living with him in 1901.

Sidney Butcher had an obituary in the 4 February, 1909 edition (page 10) of the *West Sussex Gazette* which mentions that he was a Parish Councillor and a Parliamentary Agent for the Liberal Party.

Would you have any information on Sidney James Butcher, or his family? Would any descendents of Sidney be living anywhere in West Sussex? Possibly grandchildren or great-grandchildren of Winifred and/or Laurie?

Sidney, who was born Southwark, Surrey circa 1839, was married before and had 10 children from his first marriage, who were born at St Pancras and Finchley, London from 1856 until 1879. When living in London, Sidney's occupation was builder-surveyor-architect. He then apparently retired and moved to Kirdford about 1901 with his second family.

I wonder if the cottage 'Killips House' is still standing in Kirdford? If it is, is it still known as 'Killips House'? Who is the present owner? Sidney's descendents (from his first family) here in Australia have several paintings supposedly painted by Sidney. One painting is of an old fashioned English cottage which is inscribed on the back 'painted by S.J. Butcher, Killips House, where he lived'. It was not known where Killips House was, until Sidney and his second family were found on the 1901 Census.

Do you have any records of the Liberal Party in the Petworth-Kirdford area? I know that the Liberal Party was no longer in existence after World War I, but not much more about it. What would being a Parliamentary Agent for the Liberal Party entail? Do you have any records of St John the Baptist Church at Kirdford? I wonder if there would be any record of Sidney Butcher being a Parish Councillor. I wrote to the Rector at the church about four weeks ago, but have not yet received a reply.

I also wrote to a Geoffrey Butcher at Petworth, whose name I found on the British Telephone Directory on the Internet. He was the only Butcher listed in the Petworth-Kirdford area. I thought perhaps that he might be a descendent of Laurie Butcher, who was aged 11 in 1901. I received a very friendly letter back from Geoffrey, but unfortunately he seems to be no relation to Sidney James Butcher.

I enclose an international reply coupon for your reply, and I look forward to hearing from you.

**'Killip House', Kirdford, West Sussex, England**

This cottage is where Sidney James Butcher and his wife Annie (Sarah Ann Gregory?) and their two children, Winifred and Laurie, were living from about 1900 to at least 1909.

The photograph of a painting done by Sidney in possession of his great-grandaughter, Glenda Poulton of Queensland (grandaughter of Frederick Rupert Mortimer Butcher). The description of the painting is *painted by Sidney James Butcher, Killips House, where he lived.*

52 West Street  
Gundagai NSW 2722  
AUSTRALIA





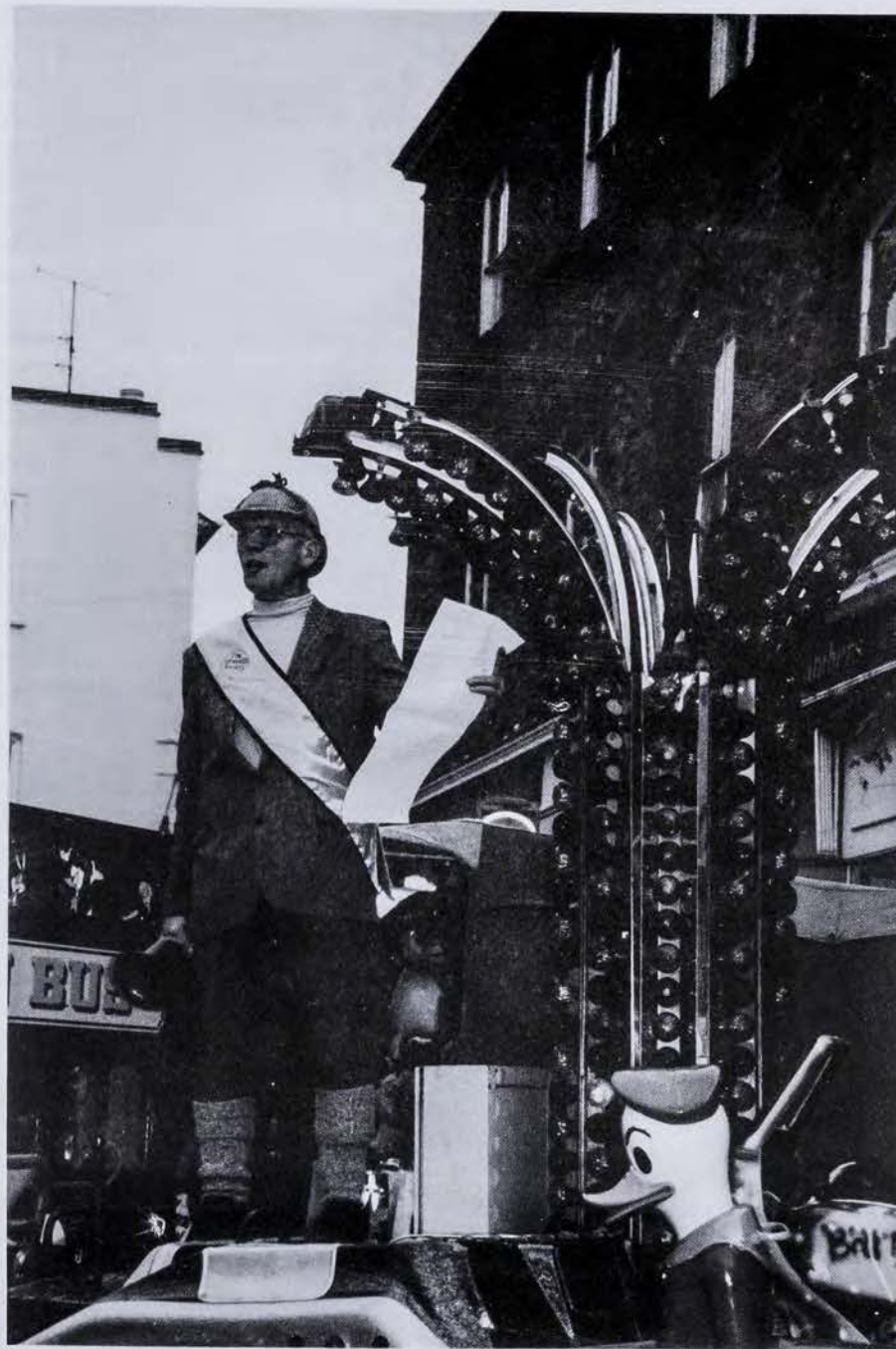
## Petworth Fair – One View

*Tuesday 19<sup>th</sup> November:*

There has been nothing in the newspaper to announce it, and, as it happens, there will be nothing in the newspaper to record it. Jane Hunt is on holiday. Should I be concerned? Should I have got on to Midhurst? I'm not sure. Everyone knows November 20<sup>th</sup> is Petworth Fair day: if they don't they won't come anyway. And one account of the fair is essentially the same as any other just as a picture of the fair can come from any year. It's not in essence a newsworthy event, simply that November 20<sup>th</sup> is different, unlike any other Petworth day but yet always the same ....

Hmm. Steve, the traffic warden, makes short work of the twelve o'clock closure, dealing good-humouredly with the usual grumbles. "It should be stopped" etc. The clerk of the market can hardly win. He's in trouble if the fair goes ahead and in even more trouble from the traditionalists if it doesn't. Insouciance is the word.

Fred Harris and his advance party are lifting the bollards in the Cut, then inserting the clunking rusty "top hats" to cover the holes. Water gushes out and, as usual, one of the bollards proves difficult. With the Square cleared Steve goes off back to Midhurst and it's all down to the fairmen. There's a new carpet in the Hall and tomorrow will give it a baptism of fire. "Couldn't it have been laid after the fair?" someone asks. I can't see the logic of this:



*The town crier opens Petworth fair. Photograph by Keith Sandall.*

# I Don't want to leave PETWORTH



© 1968 Fitchfield Series Copyright

Postcard courtesy of Mr and Mrs Christopher Knox. See "As it leaves me ..."

if the carpet's there, it has to do what it's there to do, it's as simple as that.

It's a dark afternoon, not a terribly good forecast for tomorrow. Someone's spilled a catering can of cooking oil in the Square. Robert Harris is clearing it up in case anyone slips on it. Quite why the task should fall to Robert I don't know. Later the somewhat elusive Robert is tracked down to his living caravan in the car park. Up the wooden stairs, the door like that of a train compartment and the seemingly endless supply of hot soup or stew, something like Elijah's cruse of oil. In the Hall Keith's battling with a forest of green tables. Does he need a hand? A guilty feeling of relief when he says, "No, I'd prefer to put it out myself." The Society's tombola is to be put out overnight. It's crucial as an anchor for what is effectively a Petworth "Village Day". The money's less important than the look and feel of the thing – setting a tone and a standard for the rest of the stalls. There's the usual solid support from the Petworth organisations. It's a good chance to advertise what you're doing at a minimal expense. And of course the fair does attract a very wide cross-section of people.

It's a fine night but cold. The refreshment van is too near the Hall entrance and will need to be moved slightly sideways. The Gallopers are going up; men are carrying the individual horses on their shoulders. There's a definite way of carrying them. Somehow one never thinks of the Gallopers as being something to be assembled individually, however often one sees it done. Well, whatever happens now it looks as they'll put up in the dry. In the hall the Scouts are working away with Father Christmas in the gallery upstairs while Aud. and Rita have the tickets ready to be taped on to the tombola prizes. A box with chocolate marshmallows is ready for children who don't win a prize.

*Wednesday 20<sup>th</sup> November, midday:*

The morning had threatened a wet fair but the weather is showing signs of clearing up. If it does, Wednesday will be an oasis in a very wet week indeed. Stallholders ask Keith and me to decide the name of the Teddy Bear and write it in the sealed envelope. Horace is a joint decision. If no one guesses correctly, then it's the nearest name to it. The entertainment will be a little short this year, half of the concluding duo is temporarily laid up, so it will be very much down to the Town Band. It's turned extremely mild. Will we get away with the weather once again? The downpour at nine o'clock on our first attempt at reviving the fair (- what seventeen years ago?) has passed into folk-lore. I seem to remember standing outside and watching the rain outlined in the lights as it slanted down across the front of the Hall. Perhaps November, after all, isn't such a crazy month for a fair. It's a dangerous thing to say and no doubt such a sentiment will come back to haunt me. People are setting up in earnest inside the Hall. Petworth Library with their books and framed prints .....

*Evening*

Keith says the Cloggers were particularly good this year. A good number of parents. It seems they're more likely to come on weekdays than on weekends. The tombola's going well. As for the fair itself, it's a very "young adult" catchment. An event "put on" however by people of a different generation. Most people in the Square probably aren't conscious of it being "put on" at all. It just happens. It's still mild and it seems very busy. The entertainment however finishes early in the Hall. People start to leave and this affects the downstairs stalls too, by a kind of chain reaction this affects the outside fair as well.. It shows

how crucial the Hall backup is, not a rival to the fair but a crucial part of it. All's done soon after nine, yet it's been a good fair and very busy for the brief period when it catches fire and everyone is there.



*"Keith says the Cloggers were particularly good this year."  
Leconfield Hall, 20th November 2002. Photograph by Keith Sandall*

The horses are being taken down from the Gallopers. Harris Brothers are making good time, they'll be away relatively early tonight. An Alsatian's tied up to the brass door handle of the Hall. The new carpet seems to have stood up well. The tombola remnants have been collected up, some for raffles, a few toys and ornaments can go through to next year.

The smaller stalls have packed up, their owners driving off into the night. Robert and Co will pick up litter in an empty Square. There must be nothing left to shoot at. The bollards are back in situ and the top hats in the Hall. Petworth Fair is over for another year.

P.

## Petworth Fair : Another View

The provision of a new attraction in the shape of R B Leisure's 'Indiana's Trail' Fun House, standing on Brad Mitchell's ground at the century's old Petworth fair, proved popular with the local teenagers, who along with a good number of family groups, gave the showmen a couple of hours of reasonable business.

For once Petworth fair was spared the cold and inclement weather that can so easily rob those attending of the chance of any takings. It was dry throughout, and the cold wind that can whistle round the side of the Leconfield Hall in the Market Square, focal point of the fair, was absent although as may be expected in mid November it turned chilly as the evening wore on.

Held by prescriptive rights, on the 20th of the month, the fair can be traced back to 1189 and is considered to be amongst one of the oldest in the country, if not the oldest. The title to the fair is held by Lord Egremont, Lord of The Manor, on whose behalf the Petworth Society administer the fair as his agents.

Featured earlier this year on the front row of the fair that is the vastness of 'Dorset', the Harris Brothers Chair-o-Planes were here in Petworth Market Square as usual as one of the two major rides in attendance. Also in their normal position, between the Leconfield Hall and the Nat West Bank, were the Harris Brothers 'Southdowns Galloping Horses' as the second of the major rides. At the top end of the Market Square, where the 'Jungle Adventure' Fun House of Brad Mitchell may normally be found was, as mentioned, R B Leisure's 'Indiana's Trail' on a first time visit here, while Brad's own Fun House is away being refurbished.

Providing rides for the younger visitors in the Market Square were the cups and saucers of Billy Benson alongside his mixed toys juvenile. The top corner of the Square found Philip Crecraft presenting a two in one stall, his regular can cans and as a new addition, hook a bag, with Brad Mitchell offering his rings and blocks side stall, and darts hoopla.

Standing alongside the Leconfield Hall a new attraction here was the basketball of Jane Drake, who also provided a pick hoopla, with Julie Crecraft presenting her darts hoopla. Ball in the Bucket and rings over blocks were presented by Billy Benson outside the bank with the Gat Guns of the Castle family close at hand.

Along the short street on the other side of the bank, standing just beyond the Gallopers were the half hoopla hook a bag of Michelle Benson, the 'Feed the Ducks' of Georgie Searle, with Georgie Freeman changing the format, presenting his mini Striker and across the street his trailer mounted crossbows.

Bringing a touch of the tradition autumnal 'fayre' to this particular ancient street fair, Brad Mitchell presented a final new attraction, a hot roasted chestnut barrow, while Billy Benson provided a selection of refreshments from his 'Simply the Best' kiosk.

This account, slightly modified, appeared in *World's Fair*, December 13<sup>th</sup> 2002.  
It was written by Peter Hammond.

## The Rev. William Cox D.D.

The Rev. Francis Cheynell, Puritan Rector (intruded) of Petworth in the 1650s, with the ear of Parliament since 1645 or before, was proverbial for his power in debate and controversy (P. Jerrome, *Petworth ... to 1660*, p. 176-177), but he was not the only polemicist in Petworth then!

In Tillington Church, on the south aisle wall, near the font, is a brass to the Rev. William Cox, D.D., in Latin, with his coat of arms at top. I translate it and give it here in full:

"Here lie the Remains of the truly Reverend gentleman William Cox, D.D., (of whom if you hear his name, you need ask nothing further about him), the most worthy Precentor of the Cathedral Church of the Trinity, Chichester, a champion of the true faith, who suffered insults for his rash loyalty to the King; who stepped down into the arena against Fisher, the fighter against Infant Baptism, in the Parish Church of Petworth in this County in the Year of our Salvation 1654 (a struggle worthy of record), and after a vigorous race came off as winner crowned in glory. He died on or about 15 February in the Year of the Christian Era 1658. Mary, his most faithful wife, 40 years his widow, who never remarried, died on 17 January 1697 and wished to be buried here in the hope of a better wedding."

By today's calendar, Dr. Cox died in 1659 and his widow in 1698. Until September 1751, New Year in England began on 25 March.

Tillington tradition says that Dr. Cox wished to be buried in Tillington, to escape yet another ranting sermon from Petworth's Puritan rector. Perhaps Fisher was Cheynell's guest.

Nearby in the south aisle is the brass to William Spencer, former Household Steward to Anthony, Viscount Montague, buried between his mother (died 1588/9) and his wife (died 1591/2); he died in 1593/4: "They Lived vertuouslye, dyed godly, and there soules rest nowe Quietlye, expectinge the joyes which God hath Prepared in heaven for them which love him."

Jeremy Godwin

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## 'Oh Harry, indeed you are mistaken....' Christmas Day at the Cottage Museum

I don't actually go to the Museum very often during the winter break. We close at the end of October and open again in April. We all look in from time to time. For me it's become a kind of self-imposed tradition to take a stroll up there on Christmas Day. This time it'll be a morning visit, as often as not it's in the afternoon. We had thought of putting up a Christmas Tree in the front window this year, but somehow it didn't quite happen – perhaps next year. It's sunny – quite a change after all the wet weather – and it's extremely mild. The muffled sound of the organ floats into Damer's Bridge. I pick up the cadence of a Christmas hymn without being quite able to say what it is.

It's warm in the Museum. The hidden storage heaters are doing an efficient if unacknowledged job. It all looks in very good order. This year we haven't shifted everything. The wooden gypsy flowers on the parlour table are laid on their side, the afternoon tea material has of course gone, the green chenille table cloth is effectively clear. The wooden protectors are in place on the stove but there is some orange rusting on the flue. Come March Max Bradley will be looking at that. A hint, but no more than a hint, of cobweb.

A quick look downstairs, the bicycle slumbers on. It always seems a little large for such a diminutive lady as Mrs. Cummings was, but ours is another kind of reality. We create our own mythology for 346 High Street in 1910. We have to. To put it crudely we've no reason to suppose that the real Mrs. Cummings ever rode a bicycle. Ethel Goatcher remembered her walking to Duncton and back. That curious tool for stamping down garden paths. I run up the stairs holding the metal rail. It always reminds me of a famous picture of Admiral Jellicoe (I think) at the Battle of Jutland in 1915. The more I try to erase the image, the more insistent it is. Incongruous it may be, but stop it if you can.

"Resting" plants in a very dry stone scullery sink. I suppose the plants are rather like actors, waiting for the new season. The Christmas sun lights the whole cottage but there would be other, greyer, days and I very much doubt whether the kitchen fanlight was there in 1910. Upstairs in the bedroom – a novel by Agnes Giberne. Did Mrs. C read novels? Perhaps she intended to and never got round to it. We all do it to some extent. I'm sure I recognise the name from Parish Magazine insets of 1915. A popular writer with a regular column on astronomy, I think. I can't imagine the Church magazine would run a feature of astrology in 1915. It's one of those novels of the time with decorated cover and frontispiece illustrations that were so often used as school prizes. Possibly they were produced with this in mind. Prize-giving is certainly the case here: "For Regularity and Progress at Park Lane Girls School Hornchurch July 1907." In 1910 it would have been effectively a new book. And how can you make a book that was almost new in 1910 look almost new in 2002? I suppose the short answer is that you can't. I open a page at random. "Oh, Harry indeed you are mistaken." Could you write that in a modern novel?

A peek into the upstairs roof cupboard. Does Field Marshall Roberts look a little crinkled? Probably not but it's best for the hero of Kabul to have a change of air. He can stand in the bedroom for a week or two. A look down a High Street plunged into a primeval quiet. One imagines it was thus in 1910. But was it? Horses and carts took their time. They also made a lot of noise, sufficient for straw to be placed in the road outside sick rooms. Eventually a red van chugs up the road, breaking the spell.

Time to go. A very wet garden despite the sunlight. Michaelmas daisies in desiccated bleached seedhead, lavender by the clothes post and hellebore by the gate. By the time we open it will have flowered and gone for another year.

And what of these random thoughts? I suppose in some future selection of the best hundred pieces about the museum on Christmas Day this might find an honoured place. Perhaps not. Or possibly this should be seen as a contribution toward a private mythology, a modern descant on an imagined life in 1910. We have the adrenaline of looking back and wondering at something we can never quite capture, those who lived then had what we seek

and "esteemed it not."

P.

We are always interested in finding new stewards for the museum. If you'd like to enquire please ring Jacqueline 342320 or Peter 342562.

## 'Aunt 'Em'

Whenever I pass Somerset Hospital in a car I always think of a lovely old lady who used to live there. When we lived in North Street Lodge almost opposite I often used to visit her. Before moving to Petworth she lived in Tillington. This would be about 1923, almost eighty years ago. I believe her husband was chauffeur to a Duke, (he died young), and they had one son. The son would be over 100 years old now.

I seem to remember going up stone steps worn in the middle as Aunt Em had a top flat. There was one room divided in the middle by an enormous curtain. The bedroom was behind the curtain. The bed seemed to me to be a kind of put-u-up, did they call them truckle beds or similar I'm not sure? It smelt strongly of moth balls, there was a small wash stand and I suppose as we all did in those days there was a po under the bed. The sitting room had a small fire of sorts, I suppose all cooking was done on that, how great the fire risk was in those days. My mother was very good to Aunt Em, she used to send over a pot of jam or at times some home made chutney. I wonder if candles were used in those days, I know Lord Leconfield had his own electricity. We had electric light in our Lodge. I wonder if Somerset Hospital had it, somehow I don't think so as I seem to remember a candle stick on the top of a cupboard at Aunt Em's. She was always enveloped in long black clothes and smelt strongly between moth balls and lavender water. She wore an enormous apron which enveloped her. This apron had an equally enormous pocket into which Aunt Em would delve and offer me a strong peppermint. It had no doubt been bought next door from 'Auntie Fanny' (Mrs Tyrell). The room was crowded with knickknacks, lovely ornaments no doubt worth a bomb now.

I believe Aunt Em had a pension of 4/= a week. Not a lot I know but quite a lot could be bought for that sum now. I remember going to the butcher's for my mother and buying 1/= worth (5 pence) of steak and kidney for a meat pudding for four.

As I write this it seems a bygone age which no doubt it is. Aunt Em was such a lovely 'grannie' lady with her long black skirt and her large apron she looked like what I call a proper 'grannie', with my modern way of dressing no-one can ever call me cuddly but I **do** love to cuddle my grandchildren and great grandchildren despite the fact that I'm not enveloped in a large white apron.

I've written all I remember about Aunt Em. Mrs White who was a resident in Somerset Hospital, a very sweet lady.

Kath Vigar

## Wetworth not Petworth

Some of the following thoughts that seem to be memories and which stick in my mind may not be memories at all and so the reader must err on the side of caution.

Derrick and I were evacuated down from Nunhead in Peckham at the very start of the war. We arrived at Pulborough station though neither of us can remember the journey from Pulborough to Petworth. At Petworth we were promptly issued with a postcard and pencil and instructed to write a short note informing our parents that we had arrived safely.

I was allocated to the Balchin family at Limbo Farm opposite the entrance to the Pheasant Copse. The Balchins had a son named Maurice who sadly died in the Boys' School bombing in 1942 and I believe that they may also have had a daughter though I can't remember her name now. Derrick meanwhile had been sent, together with another Nunhead evacuee named Roy Windley, to stay with a Mr Hitch at Byworth. Mr Hitch was a cowman on one of the Byworth farms, he was a big man, with one eye, and always wore leather boots and gaiters. There were few rules at Byworth and I don't suppose we would have taken much notice if there had been any more though Mr Hitch did lay down the law as far as his shotgun was concerned and woe betide any youngster who touched it.

Limbo Farm was a good way out of Petworth and my mother wasn't happy that I had to walk into Petworth each day to school and so before I had time to settle down I was moved to Goodsell's Garage, which stood at the corner of Park Road and Market Square. The garage was at the time on war work, manufacturing copper cooling pipes for some unknown and long forgotten purpose. There were four girls in the house, this really didn't suit me at all, and I soon asked if I could be moved. My next billet would be with Mrs Saunders in Station Road. Mrs Saunders had twin sons Hugh and Ron, who were older than me and were called up into the armed forces while I was staying there. I did not stay at Station Road long enough to get too comfortable because for one reason or another I was moved on yet again, this time to Pound Street where I was put up with Mrs Brash, whose husband was the son of the chip shop owner. Mr and Mrs Brash were I believe of Sunderland stock and had a son named John and a daughter named Gloria. I was with the Brashes for a long time and eventually came to be considered one of the family.

Meanwhile Derrick's mother had moved down from Nunhead, I suppose to escape the worst of the bombing, and she had managed to get a job at The Swan as a chambermaid cum waitress. Among the permanent residents at The Swan were Mrs Galsworthy sister of the late John Galsworthy the writer who had once lived at Bury House, and a Mr and Mrs Pearson. The latter was a large lady who for some reason had taken a shine to Derrick. On seeing the boy, who by this time had moved in with his mother at The Swan, Mrs Pearson would attempt to hug the defenceless lad close to her voluminous bosom. Derrick was horrified by this ordeal and would spend an inordinate amount of time and effort in avoiding the lady. Needless to say Derrick's efforts were invariably in vain and on discovery he would, once again, have to submit to the torture.

School at Petworth was initially with the local lads at the bottom of North Street,

however as the number of evacuees increased this became quite impractical and we were moved to the Iron Room up in the Square. Mr Mickleborough was headmaster, and there was also a Mr Allen and Miss Abbott, I also seem to remember a Miss Williams who I believe came from Portsmouth. There were three classes, which shared the Iron Room. The junior, intermediate and senior boys all had a quarter each with the toilets and cloakroom taking up the final corner of the room. If the Iron Room was needed for a function in the evening then all of the tables, chairs and blackboards had to be removed and stored away. I seem to remember some Canadian soldiers decorating the hall in preparation for a Christmas dance. Mr Mickleborough was a good man and very strong of character, he could command discipline throughout the school without ever using physical force and he never got cross but what he said went. He was fond of telling new children that they were not in Petworth but were in fact in Wetworth, this of course referred to the commonly held belief that it never seemed to stop raining here. I have a feeling that Mr Mickleborough lived at the Star Inn possibly lodging with the Browning family.

Just up the Tillington Road was the cinema and it was usual to go and see a film once a week. I happen to be the sort of person that remembers snippets of music and I was for years haunted by a piece that was often played during the interval at the cinema, well after some 60 years I have at last learnt that it was by Franz Schubert and is Moment Musical No.3 in F minor. I wonder if any other regular cinemagoers recall it. In later years the cinema had a tearoom at the side, and very sedate it was too. Sadly both the cinema and the tearoom have gone. I notice that the old fire station, which stood at the junction of Station and Tillington Roads, is no longer used; I believe that a badly driven tank once demolished the side wall of the building when it tried to turn the corner into Station Road.

There are quite a few changes to the Petworth that Derrick and I remember, Knights the Market Square bakers who used to serve us Iron Room boys during break time have gone, as have Tunks in the Golden Square. Search as we might we have not been able to find the swing bridge across the Rother which was reached by turning down a dark lane opposite one of the park lodges. The blacksmith's shop at the top of High Street has gone, though the water from the Virgin Mary Spring still tastes as sweet as it did when we were boys. The Market Square certainly does not seem as big as I remember it but then it wouldn't for we were only children. A great improvement is the big car park for without it the streets would be clogged with traffic, of course we have lost much of the character of the long, dark, damp alley that runs down to the bottom of Pound Street, though if it had remained the same as how I remember it with those towering walls then I don't suppose that many people would in this day and age feel comfortable using it.

I don't suppose that I really missed London, after all coming to Petworth was a wonderful adventure for us city boys. I certainly had a type of education that I could never have received in Peckham for where else would you learn to whistle through a blade of grass, make strange noises with a privet leaf, or discover the secret of making grass 'walk' up the palm of your hand. Only at Petworth could you run across the open fields all the way up to the Gog, then sit, and watch a grasshopper fight a spider. We learnt how to run a carrot along a wall in such a fashion that by the time that you got to school it was scraped quite clean and ready

to be eaten at break time. We were taught how to fish in the big lake in the Park and collect wild foxgloves for Mr Mickleborough, who sent them off to some mysterious place, most probably for the war effort; he would eventually receive payment and buy savings stamps for us children.

We couldn't have picked a worse day to revisit Petworth, it has really lived up to the name of Wetworth, but with Miles we have found the site of the old swing bridge; it really is a lovely place at the bottom of the lane. We have visited Byworth and seen the old cottage where Derrick stayed with Mr Hitch, I feel sure that Miss Gumbrell at the old shop would remember Derrick or at the least Mr Hitch but sadly she is not in, evidently the lure of the Over 60's Club has taken her into Petworth, perhaps another time.

Derrick Holland and Les Cridland were talking to Miles Costello and assisted by some written recollections made by Les.

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## In search of Parson Acon

In the early 1540s the travelling antiquarian John Leland visited Petworth and heard that 'a parson named Acon built the spire on the fine church tower in the town and was also responsible for making the good stone bridge called Rotherbridge' (see further PSM 85, pages 37-38, quoting from John Chandler's 1993 - English edition). Leland also notes that 'another parson', named Edmunds, brought water to the town. The Rev John Edmunds was Rector of Petworth from 1496/7 - 1531, but of the Rev Mr Acon there is no sign on the Petworth Rector's list.

P.A.L. Vine, in his book *'London's Lost Route to Midhurst: The Earl of Egremont's Navigation'* (1995; cited as 'Vine') states (page 72) that Rotherbridge was built by Parson Acon in the late 14th century. Andrew Harris (PSM 91, page 10) says that Petworth church tower was built in the 14th century; the spire was 185 feet high, of oak framework clad in lead; by 1630 it had warped and begun to lean; in 1800 it was removed. In that same year, as it happened, Acon's bridge was also removed; it had lasted well, though doubtless needing upkeep (all bridges do). Despite Leland's wording, what Acon did was rebuild, as Rotherbridge was the name of the local medieval Hundred that met there centuries before (it included Petworth and Tillington). The bridge was at the foot of the old Chichester road from Petworth and Tillington, via Hungers Lane, down the centre of which runs those two parishes' boundary, and via Kilsham Lane to Heath End in Duncton parish. Acon's bridge was of two arches, about fifteen feet upstream from the present footbridge, itself the successor of the 'Barrel Bridge', of pontoons, built in the 1890s as a footbridge, after the barges had ceased to use the Navigation. The Barrel Bridge fell victim to floods in the mid 20th century. The footings of Acon's bridge are still visible on the Duncton side (south bank of Rother) in winter, unless the river is in spate and muddy; they suggest that the bridge was about eight to ten feet wide, the width of many an ancient main or other road all over England. The Ordnance

Survey's 25-inch map, first edition (1875), in Vine, page 72, confirms this siting, and marks the Rotherbridge Wharf on the north bank, immediately east of the bridge-site, and the warehouse (still there, 2003, but now mostly roofless) is to the west of the old road (and bridge, when there). Hungers Lane looks impossibly narrow today to have been a vehicular road; but as late as c.1900 (photo by Walter Kevis in e.g. Vine p.71) its surface was level, firm, and about ten feet wide. Action of the weather soon reduced it to its present shape. It was levelled for vehicle use from Sokenholes Lane to Rotherbridge in 2002; by January 2003 it had returned to its old self after a very wet pair of months.

By 1798, Hungers Lane was part of the Petworth to Duncton Turnpike, and Rotherbridge was a toll-bridge for upkeep of the road. The Trustees (local gentlemen), of whom Lord Egremont was one, suspected that William Warren, the miller at Coultershaw, was treating friends to free crossing via the mill bridge rather than Rotherbridge. Lord Egremont offered to build a new stretch of road from Coultershaw (with new-built bridge and toll-house) to Heath End, meeting Kilsham Lane – itself leading from Rotherbridge. The requisite private Act (1800) declared Rotherbridge 'devious, narrow, and incommodious'. Its stone was re-used in Coultershaw Bridge and Toll-house, and also in repairs to Lodsbridge Wharf (1801) near Selham (Vine, pages 71-73; with photo of the Toll-house, built by 1802 and demolished in 1870s, doubtless at expiry of the turnpike trust as road-maintainer).

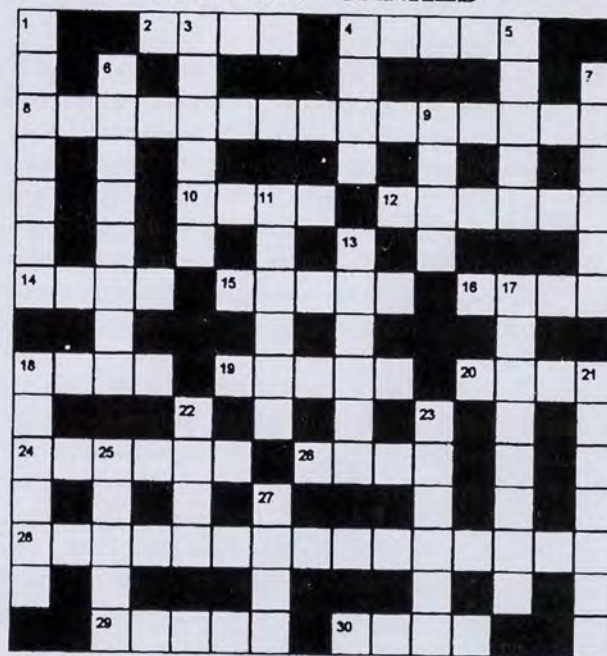
There were many more priests in medieval England than incumbents of parishes. Some were curates hired by absentee rectors or vicars; others were employed by rich individuals as personal chaplains or tutors, or by groups of laymen (guilds) to say prayers or Mass at one of the altars or chantries in the parish church; others lived hand-to-mouth, sleeping rough under hedges if need be, seeking a fee for a Mass here, a soul shriven there (these were known as 'hedge-priests').

Many a nobleman thought it unmanly to read or write; the clergy (clerks in Holy Orders) did so for them, occupying powerful positions as members of the Chancery or Exchequer staff, with rich pickings for those so inclined. Some, as in later centuries, might be rich at outset; others tagging onto the powerful, in hope of further advancement. Bridges and steeples cost large sums: Acon was rich, i.e. perhaps a retired official in the king's or some lord's service. His name, spelt 'Acon' by ear in Leland, suggests the local pronunciation of the north Cumberland surname 'Aiken' or 'Aitken'. Many a Cumbrian youth of promise came south via entry to the Church or the universities. Perhaps the Percies' residence (absentee or not) attracted him to Petworth; perhaps he settled here for other reasons; but plainly he wished to use his wealth in works of public good and uplift, a lofty spire for his adoptive parish church and a good strong bridge for his town's direct road to Chichester, seat of the bishop and place of the cathedral. He deserves recall, two centuries after his long-lived works were taken down.

Jeremy Godwin

## Deborah's Crossword

### RIVERS & CANALS



#### Across

- 2 Water bird (4)  
 4 Small river near Pulborough (5)  
 8 Nursed Una and our Ada until fit to be three Sussex rivers (4,4,3,4)  
 10 & 13dn. A pretty village where its namesake flows (4,6)  
 12 Native of Arundel and species of 30 (6)  
 14 Energetic dance to catch 30 maybe! (4)  
 15 Unpolluted (5)  
 16 Machinery for raising water levels (4)  
 18 If you get into this water

you're in big trouble (4)

- 19 Army that once guarded the Arun at Pulborough (5)  
 20 Heavy export moved from Sussex by barge (4)  
 24 River which joins the Arun at Hardham (6)  
 26 River which flows through Storrington (4)  
 28 Now a leisure facility, once a means of transporting coal (10,5)  
 29 Military canal in far east of Sussex (5)  
 30 12 ac. for example (4)

#### Down

- 1 (7) Village which was once an important port on the Adur (7)  
 3 Tree-lined waterways might be described thus (6)  
 4 Row badly and catch one (4)  
 5 Water levels vary where a river is this (5)  
 6 East Sussex river which joins the sea near Seven Sisters (8)  
 7 Rescue a creative person in a right muddle in 16 ac. (6)  
 9 Mud stirred up either side of the river produces banging sound (4)  
 11 These fish once lived in the River Ouse (6)  
 13 see 10ac.  
 17 Earl who funded construction of local navigations (8)  
 18 Moving by the shortest route (6)  
 21 Prolific plant in damp places which annoys (7)  
 22 Net as used by fishermen (4)  
 23 Attached to barge horses to enable them to tow (6)  
 25 & 27 Here's mist enveloping these two girls (5,4)

Solution in Magazine 112

## 'Collars will be worn on Sunday ....' A school visit to Petworth in 1920

School excursions have no doubt changed with the years; the general use of a family car making the relatively short-distance trip something rather less of an adventure than it once was. Present day school trips will often take in visits abroad, sometimes to places that eighty years ago would normally be visited only on war service, at least by the greater proportion of the population. Today's trips, too, reflecting the spread of co-education, will usually be mixed sex with a relatively high proportion of staff to pupil, and be attended by strict guidelines as to safety and, no doubt, a significant volume of paperwork. Given, too, contemporary time-table pressures, a fortnight would be a long time today, to say nothing of expense for parents finding money difficult but not prepared for their children to miss out on a chance offered to, and accepted by, other children.

Matters would have been rather different in June 1920, with the 1914-1918 war just eighteen months over and a victorious nation feeling more than a hint of a deflating post-war austerity. Insular Petworth, still very much the feudal citadel E.V. Lucas had written of in 1904, might almost be considered an exotic location for a school excursion. Certainly it will have seemed so for the pupils and four staff of Station Road L.C.C. School at Highbury in North London who made an educational visit to Petworth from Friday June 11<sup>th</sup> to Friday June 25<sup>th</sup> of that year. The only surviving evidence for the trip is an elaborate forty-four page work book, carefully duplicated, collated and stapled with an oil-cloth cover, a copy of which has recently been given to the Society by Mr. Vic Constable.

The party of 37 boys, all named, are under the control of the Head Master himself, Mr. G. Matthews, with Mr. J. Marchant as Master in Charge, Mr. E. Holway as Treasurer and Mr. S. Knight B.Sc. as "Housemaster". On the face of it Mr. Knight appears responsible not only for the content but also for the production of the work book, something similar in size to this present Magazine, and clearly lovingly worked on over a long period.

The party's Headquarters are to be the Lads' Institute in East Street, now an art gallery, but the boys are to be boarded out in private houses. They are divided into sections A, B, and C, two of twelve, one of thirteen, each with their own monitor. Eight boys are specifically designated as "rear-guards" and will perform their duties in rotation. At a guess their function would be to leave everything tidy and perhaps ensure, among other things, that hunting gates were shut on country visits. A party that left such gates open in Lord Leconfield's domain would soon attract unwelcome attention!

After a list of individual party members there follow some general instructions and exhortations. Clearly Station Road School, like other schools of the time, paid strict attention to order and was run, in theory as no doubt in practice, with an almost military precision. Pupils are to bring, packed in a bag or box, a second set of clothes, a change of socks or stockings, another pair of boots or slippers, a brush, comb, washing flannel and toothbrush, handkerchiefs, collars, nightdress and water bottle. They will carry, or wear, an overcoat or



*Belle Vue / Petworth Police Station 2002. Pencil drawing by Anthony Puttock.  
See "Mr Pitfield's motor car."*



# TIME TABLE

Subject to alteration.

Friday.	June 11 <sup>th</sup>	Arrival at Petworth.
Saturday.	" 12 <sup>th</sup>	Walks and Recreation.
Sunday.	" 13 <sup>th</sup>	A.M. Divine Service. P.M. Walks.
Monday.	" 14 <sup>th</sup>	Whole Day. River Common.
Tuesday.	" 15 <sup>th</sup>	Whole Day. Selham.
Wednesday.	" 16 <sup>th</sup>	A.M. Petworth Park. P.M. Recreation.
Thursday.	" 17 <sup>th</sup>	Whole Day. Condray.
Friday.	" 18 <sup>th</sup>	Whole Day. Burton and Lavington.
Saturday.	" 19 <sup>th</sup>	Walks and Recreation.
Sunday.	" 20 <sup>th</sup>	A.M. Divine Service P.M. Walks.
Monday.	" 21 <sup>st</sup>	Whole Day. Bedham.
Tuesday.	" 22 <sup>nd</sup>	Whole Day. Stopham and Pulborough.
Wednesday.	" 23 <sup>rd</sup>	A.M. River Rother. P.M. Recreation.
Thursday.	" 24 <sup>th</sup>	Whole Day. Sutton and the Downs.
Friday.	" 25 <sup>th</sup>	Return to Highbury.

Daily. 9.15 A.M. Assemble at Headquarters.  
 9.15 - 9.45 A.M. Inspection, Prayers, and Note books.  
 From 9.45 A.M. see Time Table above.

# PETWORTH

A quaint interesting town is Petworth, the history of which began before the time of William the Conqueror. It is built on a hill 4 miles north of the Downs and its history is linked with one of the greatest families of England, the Percies, Earls of Northumberland. The present owner is Lord Leconfield.

The greatest attraction to-day is Petworth House, built about the end of the 17<sup>th</sup> Century on the site of the old castle of the Percies. We may have the opportunity of seeing some of the contents of this wonderful treasure house, consisting of pictures by Van dyck (Chas I), Holbein (Hy VIII), Rubens, Velasquez and other world famous painters; carving by Grinling Gibbons the celebrated carver; statuary etc.

Turner the celebrated painter had a studio in Petworth House, several of his pictures in the National Gallery were painted at Petworth.

Petworth Church spire rising above the town is a landmark for miles around. The original church has been repaired and rebuilt, till little of the old work remains. There are still several objects of interest however - viz. a 14<sup>th</sup> century font; the oak screen with rood and loft; the chapel of St Thomas where lie the remains of the Percy family and some 11<sup>th</sup> Century brasses.

# FIFTY POUNDS Reward.

WHEREAS a BARLEY RICK, standing on the Farm of Mr. JOHN JUPP, at Codmer Hill, Pulborough, was wilfully set on Fire, in the Evening of Saturday, 20th September, last:

A Reward of

# FIFTY POUNDS

will be given, by the *Phœnix Fire Insurance Office*, by Mr. John Jupp, and the *Pulborough Prosecution Society*, to any Person or Persons, who will give Information to Mr. TYLER, Petworth; so as that the Offender or Offenders may be prosecuted to Conviction: and, if required, the Informers' Names will not be disclosed, unless in case of Prosecution.

22nd. October, 1832.

J. Phillips, Printer, Petworth.

Reward poster 1832. See "Consulting a cunning woman ..."

mackintosh, the school cap, a satchel containing the work book or "guide book" as it is properly called, and note-books, songs, pen, pencil and specimen box. "A dark blue jersey is the best and most comfortable garment for weekdays." Collars will be worn on Sunday. Pupils are to keep a list of what they have brought with them, enter the amount of pocket money they have, and keep an account every day. Leaving nothing to chance, Mr. Knight has a special page at the end in which these details are to be filled in. Interestingly there is no provision for Sunday expenditure! The three headings: balance, received and spent, would seem to indicate that pocket money was held by the staff and dispensed each day. Instructions on behaviour are to the front:

1. Give as little trouble as possible in the home where you stay.
2. Be helpful. Think of others first.
3. Make the best of everything.

Preliminaries out of the way, it is time for Mr. Knight, if it is he, as it certainly appears to be, to outline the programme for the fortnight. It is an ambitious one, taking in, initially, Geology, Geography, Natural History, Architecture and History. These headings encompass a consideration of rock formation, the various local clays, the chalk, rivers and springs, map reading and practical geography the flora of the different local habitats, including plants of hedge, wood and meadow, birds and even "animals seen on the daily walks." One would suppose that a majority of the boys would be seeing the countryside for the first time. "Architecture and history" take particular note of the local parish churches while domestic architecture runs the whole range from Cowdray Ruins to local cottages. In such a packed programme one may wonder how much time would be given to what Mr. Knight terms "local history." Carefully planned as it is, the timetable is "subject to alteration." No doubt the weather was as unpredictable in 1920 as it is now. Curiously, the main emphasis on the programme is not on Petworth itself, although there is one morning walk in Petworth Park, but on the villages and, of course, the surrounding countryside. There is no mention of transport and it may be that the pupils simply walked to the daily venue from East Street. Sunday is devoted to divine service in the morning and a local walk in the afternoon. Clearly, once the boys were up in the morning and had breakfast, their hosts would see nothing of them until evening. No doubt the hosts would provide an evening meal. Payment would presumably come from the school. On such matters the workbook is understandably silent. The daily routine was, at least in theory, inviolable. Assembly at Headquarters at 9.15, followed by inspection, prayers and checking of note-books. This would take until 9.45. The party would then depart for the day.

For most of these city children, even the train journey down would be a novel experience, while Petworth would be a new world. Mr. Knight carefully notes items to look out for on the train journey down from London Bridge: the rivers Wandle and Mole, Box Hill, sandstone cottages at Holmwood near Dorking, Horsham church with its broached spire, the Blue Coat school at Christ's Hospital. At Pulborough the boys would take the branch line to Petworth and Midhurst. Presumably they travelled on the regular service rather than a special train. Impeccable behaviour in public would no doubt be assumed.

A map of Petworth follows, a Petworth that in 1920 still lacked Hampers Green and

any development south of the Pound, to say nothing of Sheepdown. The "Union Workhouse" in clearly shown and was, of course, still functional. It would survive for another decade. "A quaint interesting town is Petworth, the history of which began before the time of William the Conqueror." The town is the ancestral home of the Percies, Earls of Northumberland, and the present owner is Lord Leconfield. During the trip it may even be possible for the boys to see some of the contents of the great house. "Petworth Church spire rising above the town is a landmark for miles around." A somewhat similar thumbnail sketch follows for Midhurst, paying especial attention to Cowdray, the Cowdray curse and the connection with Battle Abbey. Shorter pen sketches deal with Pulborough, Stopham and Selham respectively, with an emphasis on the parish churches. There follows a painstaking illustrated introduction to parish church architecture, Saxon, Norman, Gothic and Renaissance. Clearly the study would centre on these, while, no doubt, the buildings would offer a useful refuge if the weather turned wet. As regards the humbler local buildings: "Petworth and its district furnish many examples of the picturesque old English cottage with its half-timbered front, half-tiled roof, gable ends and latticed windows."

For geology Mr. Knight offers a map of the local soils and rock formations and a brief introduction to the world of fossils. "Petworth is built upon a sandy soil, known as the Lower Greensand." Practical geography offers instruction on setting a map i.e. "to place it so that each sign on the map is in direct line with the actual object it represents." He gives a method for estimating the width of a stream, also for finding directions by using a watch, and, conversely of telling the time by using a compass. Moving from practice to theory the Work Book explains in some detail the effect of rivers on the surrounding countryside, before switching once more to the practical with advice on estimating the velocity of a stream by throwing a stick into the middle, noting the exact time of entry, and arranging for someone to signal when it passes a given point further down the stream. "Then pace out the distance allowing 120 paces to 100 yards." Clearly this would be partly a team effort but with a majority of the group simply looking on.

There follows a lovingly crafted section on birds, including several illustrations, then an account of plant life, again illustrated, and relating plants to their preferred habitat. This is perhaps the longest section and possibly suggests Mr. Knight's real enthusiasm. No doubt the masters, certainly Mr. Knight, will have anticipated their fortnight away from the city quite as much as the boys. Mr. Knight's observations on trees follow the same rough pattern but are perhaps a little constricted by the demands of space; the work book's forty four pages are running out fast and there are matters of administration to be attended to. The work book concludes with musical notation for the communal singing of grace, a page for the daily accounting of pocket money and a table of daily marks given for conduct, tidiness and notebook. The boys' progress was going to be carefully monitored. In fact the surviving copy of the work book remains blank and was probably originally a complimentary copy, the others all returning with the school to North London.

Clearly a body of 37 boys and 4 masters would have made some impression on Petworth in 1920, certainly in the homes where they were boarded. Perhaps the headmaster stayed with his Petworth counterpart on the corner of Horsham Road, presumably, Mr. Wootton would

THE WAGTAIL has legs and wings well developed, lives mostly on the ground, runs instead of hopping and rarely perches; tail very long; plumage black, grey and white, or green and yellow. Its nest is built on or near the ground.



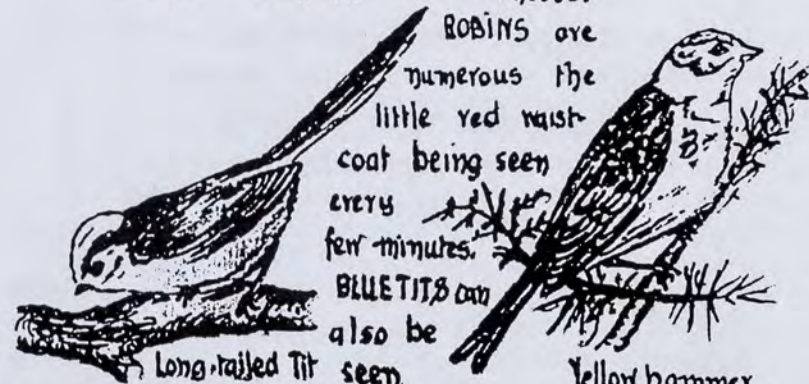
Wood pecker.

THE CHAFFINCH is very abundant and is recognised at once by the white bar markings on the wings.



Water Wagtail.

THE YELLOW BUNTING or YELLOW HAMMER is described by its name. Its peculiar cry reminds us of the words "little bit of bread and no cheese."



Long-tailed Tit

Yellow hammer.

Local birds.

Common  
Rush.

Rush and the Marsh Club  
Rush. In a good meadow,  
Grass will be the dominant  
plant and twenty or thirty  
species may be found in one  
meadow; Buttercups and Daisies  
together with Grasses and  
Clovers are the dominant  
plants in the meadow.

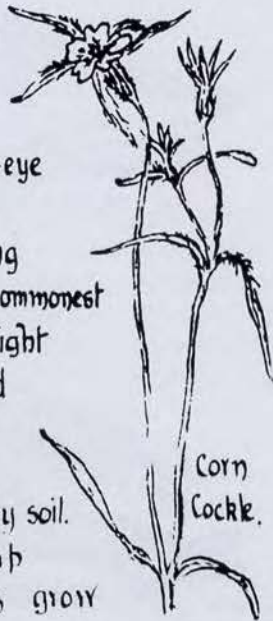
In moist meadows  
the bulbous and the  
creeping Buttercup  
are the two common kinds.

The small Daisy  
grows very close to the  
ground and flowers  
nearly the whole year  
round; the large Ox-eye  
Daisy flowers in June.

**TREES.** Great spreading  
Oaks are the commonest  
trees, and reach a height  
and girth and broad  
expanse, only to be  
seen in them when  
growing upon a heavy soil.

In the damp  
hollows Alders grow

*Local flowers.*

Black.  
Knapweed.Corn  
Cockle.

still be in charge at this time. It is unlikely that anyone now will have any recollection of the visit and unlikely perhaps that it will have left any account in the local newspapers. What strikes the reader now is the unbounded enthusiasm of it all. Here was an opportunity to see a countryside normally denied to masters and boys alike. It was an opportunity to be grasped with both hands. The masters exercised a control that would seem paternalistic today; the organisation has, as we have observed, much of the military about it.

In the absence of any other material a number of questions arise, all of them unanswerable. We can only speculate. One can imagine Mr. Knight hard at work on his labour of love on wintry evenings in North London, the work itself a pleasurable anticipation of his eagerly awaited summer fortnight – busman's holiday if you like, but far more than that. We hope that, in the event, the weather did not blight his vision of a rural paradise of bird, flower and tree. Perhaps in later years one or more of the boys kept links with the families with whom they had lodged, or returned to see again a district they had once studied so intensely if so briefly. There is no indication that the visit was an annual event and repeated. Why did the Station Road School come to Petworth? Was there some prior contact or did they simply stick a pin in the map and proceed from there? What about funding? Was this party of boys a kind of élite made up only of those boys whose parents could afford pocket money and whatever expenses the school required? Or even those boys whose parents could afford the change of clothes a fortnight away required? How did the school itself find the necessary funds – if for nothing else for the train fare to and from London Bridge or for recompensing the boys' Petworth hosts? As it stands this chance survival is its own witness to a stricter, more ordered, certainly more spartan, and as it now seems to us, more innocent age than this.

P.

## What's in a Name?

The article about Petworth place-names written by Miles Costello, which appeared in the June issue of the Magazine inspired me to write about the lost or little used names in Byworth.

Starting at the northern end where the Byworth Road joins the A283, in the days when there was a triangle of grass with a signpost in the centre of the road everyone knew it as Byworth Corner. Now the newer residents tend to call it the junction making it sound like a railway station. The signpost was removed early in the last war and the grass triangle a few years later along with a mature oak tree on the western edge of the road, a counterpart of the one still on the eastern side, this to make way for road widening. Just a few years later and the tree would have received a preservation order and the road would have had to bypass it. Byworth Corner is interesting historically because it was the site of the turnpike gate with the gatekeeper's cottage nearby. This cottage belonged to the Byworth tannery and was sold with the rest of the property when the tanyard closed in 1831. Bought by Lord Leconfield and in a bad condition the house was pulled down and all that remains today is a dried up well in the garden of The Hollies.

The road from Byworth Corner to the Welldiggers pub at Lowheath was always called New Road by my mother although it had never been new in her time as it was very early in the nineteenth century when it was laid down to commemorate the Battle of Waterloo.

From Byworth Corner a footpath which leads westwards between the fields over the stream to the Virgin Mary Spring and Petworth Sheepdowns was always known as Webster's Orchard, so-called after the large orchard which grew on the south side of the path and which was rented by the Webster family who used to have a greengrocers shop in East Street. This old name is now only used by my neighbours and myself who have lived in Byworth all our lives, as children we would corrupt names and Webster's Orchard became Webbies.

As we journey through Byworth we come to the Black Horse on the right hand side, opposite the public house is a road or driveway which leads up to Moss and Hatchetts, the old name for this area is The Yard evidently a reminder of the fact that it was once the site of the horse stables and yard of the old tannery, it is doubtful today if those residents whose properties border this way know the original name for it. We pass on down the road and as we approach the sharp left hand bend we come to the two rows of timber framed Wealden houses between which is another driveway, once a grass track and known for generations as The Spout. The cottages immediately before The Spout are now named April, Baytree and Cobblers but were once a single dwelling named Spout House which was the home of the master tanner. The name Spout comes from a spring of water at the back of the first cottage and the watercourse runs as freely today as it did four centuries ago when it supplied the large reservoir for the tannery. After the tannery closed, the reservoir eventually silted up and became a pond where local farmers would bring their horses and cattle to water. Of course this was before the days when Lord Leconfield gave Byworth its own private water supply and water troughs were put into the fields. Even today the owners on whose land the spring rises are not allowed to close it off, the residents of Byworth are to have access to it at all times to water their cattle. The pond was given the name Byworth Harbour even after it was drained early in the twentieth century, and the spring piped to the position it holds today, the name Byworth Harbour remained. This name spread beyond the confines of the village; for as a school child I would come home to dinner on the open top Southdown bus, my friend and I always rode on the top deck and when we got to Byworth Corner the conductor would shout up the stairs 'Byworth Harbour'.

There are two wartime stories about Byworth Harbour which should serve to illustrate the widespread use of the name and which may interest readers. As many will know my family had the village grocery shop and bakery in the village and at that time we did not sell cheese or bacon so we had our ration from Petworth shops, the bacon from Mrs Gordon Knight and the cheese from Olders, they were after all both bread customers of ours. Early in the war a stray German bomber dropped what was called a bread basket of incendiary bombs late one evening between Byworth and Petworth, the sight was quite spectacular and it became the taking point the next day. It so happened this was the day that Mother was to collect our cheese ration from Olders. Miss Older served her and of course spoke about the bombs and in all seriousness she said that one had fallen in Byworth Harbour, indeed one did and it missed by about two yards a stack of two hundred faggots which were stored outside our bakehouse,

fuel for the oven. There is no doubt that if the stack had caught it would have caused a very serious blaze indeed. On another occasion Fred Shoubridge the village baker was delivering bread in Angel Street when a local passed by on the other side of the road and called out 'Baker, what's in the Harbour this morning?' Fred replied, 'Only the Ark Royal and a couple of Cruisers'. Two ladies obviously not residents of Petworth were passing by and one was heard to say to the other, 'I had no idea that Petworth was so close to the sea'. The second lady replied 'I expect it is all hush hush, you know careless talk costs lives, they would not want the Germans to know where the British fleet is'.

Southward from The Spout the next bend in the road was The Elms after a row of elm trees on the left hand side of the road now long since gone, probably early victims of Dutch Elm disease. The house, now Barnsgate, was once called The Elms at least that is until a new façade was put on, prior to which the old name could be seen under the colour wash etched into the front wall of the house. Beside the house is a footpath leading to Lowheath Road and where the path came out onto the main road was a stone stile, a lovely almost unique structure which had a stone step either side and the top was a smooth slab, slightly rounded and about a foot wide, just right to sit on and rest. Old men from the village and the children in the school holidays would sit on the stile and watch the world go by. Not that much went by between the two wars, the odd horse and cart, a Southdown bus, one each way every hour between Petworth and Brighton, maybe the odd tradesman's van or lorry, not cars, for very few people had cars and those who did used them only for special journeys, not for anywhere that you could walk, so unlike today where people ride everywhere.

I remember one summer holiday as a child sitting on the stile with my friends and watching the army pass by. Every summer the army would camp in Petworth Park and go out on exercises. This day the men were marching past, packs on their backs, the officers on horseback, all in all a great sight, but what interested us most was the horse drawn field kitchen, with the pot steaming away cooking the troops next meal, it must have been stew.

The footpath on the other side of the road leading to the Gog was always known as the Middle Field, and was roughly halfway between Hospital Lane and Kingspit Lane. Back to Byworth Road and midway between Barnsgate and Hallgate on the left -hand side was Leconfield cottage number 376E where I was born and which is now called Apple Wood though I can't think why. The first owners of the cottage after the Leconfield Estate sold it called it Byworth Rew, appropriate but spelt quite wrong, for in this part of Sussex it is spelt Rue which means an open sided wood and comes from Byworth Rue which is the wood across the meadow in front of the house.

Opposite Hallgate Barn is a lane leading eastward to Lowheath and named The Hollow because in places it passes between high rocks. The name of this lane was corrupted by us children and became known as The Haller. Today most people even those who have lived in the village over fifty years call it Sandy Lane, my Grandfather said that this was an old Roman road though I have not been able to substantiate this. He may have thought so as Roman coins were found there. It was however a road from Lowheath to Petworth, the outline can still be quite plainly seen, crossing Byworth Road by Hallgate Barn, across the meadow known as Hop Gardens and down the slope and through the stream at its shallowest and widest point

before going up the slope to join the track at Spring Copse and over Petworth Sheepdowns to the lane that comes out at the top of Leith Hill and into Angel Street.

As Byworth Road passed Hallgate this section was always known as 'down the lanes', and past the old school, now a house, there is a lane known as the Cow Run and no doubt cows were once taken up and down this lane to the fields. The top part of this lane has been incorporated into the driveway of the house called Spring Copse though why it has been given that name I have no idea. After all Spring Copse is a good half-mile away, and cannot even be visible from any of the windows of the house, in fact the nearest copse is Bushey Heath just across the field.

If one was to walk down the Cow Run and through the gate at the western end there was a choice, left to Haslingbourne Lane and the water pumping station, from which, if it was going to rain, one could hear the noise of the pumps loud and clear from the village. If the walker took the path to the right across Cherry Meadow one would come to the Hunting Bridge over the stream and so called because it is a wide bridge with a gate at either end and so allowing the huntsmen to cross the stream safely. Sadly few people still know this name. On from the Cow Run we have the Mead on our right-hand side; this name is still thankfully not yet lost for the house there is named Upper Mead. Further along the road and opposite Gofts House was the pond, only quite small, it collected rainwater, which came off the road, but it is best remembered as a lovely place for gathering frogspawn.

Round the next bend on the right we have Hungers Farm Corner, yes a long way from Hungers Lane but that is a puzzle for another day, beside the house is a yard and farm buildings which were always called the Fattening Stalls, indeed in years gone by beasts were fattened up here before being slaughtered. I remember my mother telling me that when she was a child she was friends with one of the Parker girls who lived in the cottage, during the holidays Mother would go there to play, one favourite game was to round up a pig and get on its back and ride it through the pond that was then in the yard.

Opposite Fattening Stalls is a lane, three houses one side fields the other, and this was The Drawn. I don't know how it acquired the name unless it was because farm carts were drawn up it with horses, or maybe the hunt rode up it to make a draw in one of the copses surrounding the fields. We shall probably never know for this name has long since gone from everyday use and only remains in my memory.

We come to the crossroads and the end of Byworth proper but not quite the end of our names, for across the road towards Sutton we pass through Strood, just five houses and a farm. On the next bend before the road winds its way to High Hoes a grass track on the right is known as Byworth Hanger after, I believe, a bank of trees which stand there. Why Byworth Hanger when this is certainly Strood is unclear, perhaps the reason lies in the meadow at the end of the lane which for many years was an outlying portion of distant Barnsgate Farm which of course lies very much in Byworth.

Before we leave our old and lost names perhaps we can just look at a few of the village house names. Once Leconfield Estate cottages with numbers such as 373a, b, and c, or 376 a, e, f, were often unofficially called after their present or former residents, we had for instance Shellies, Hills, Jessies and Boozers to name but a few, sadly modern families rarely stay long enough in the village for their names to become synonymous with their properties.

When the Leconfield Estate sold off many of the cottages the speculators gave them names that had no meaning in the village, old tanyard workers cottages became Badger and Keepers. Cobblers and April Cottages were once part of Spout House. Many names belong to other houses and it must have been very confusing for the local postman to find Bakers some distance from what he knew as the old bakery and village shop. Sadly many of the former names are no longer used, most forgotten altogether, how long will others last when those who have lived in the village all of their lives are gone. Will anyone mind and will anyone really care?

Joy Gumbrell

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## Mr Pitfield's Car

Mr Pitfield was a big man both in physical stature as well as social standing. As the leading solicitor in the town, Unionist Party agent, social roundsman, and generally a person of some influence, Pitfield had to keep up appearances. Bellevue (now Petworth police Station) at the beginning of the twentieth century was home to Mr Pitfield, an impressive brick built house with a magnificent garden. It occupied a secluded site on what was then the southern fringe of Petworth, only the equally striking Red House, residence of Pitfield's affable neighbour Colonel Simpson, stood between Bellevue and the open country that sweeps away toward the South Downs.

I would have supposed that a gentleman in Mr Pitfield's position would have ridden a horse, certainly Bellevue had stables, though it would seem that he relied heavily on Henry Streeter the publican and fly operator to provide him with a carriage and driver should he wish to journey out of the town. As far as horse riding goes Mr Pitfield had no real need for it. He does not appear to have actively followed the hunt though he would certainly have attended the hunt ball in the quite recently rebuilt Swan Hotel.

We know that Pitfield had offices in Haslemere as well as in Petworth, and so some means of transport whether horse drawn or mechanical, hired or owned, was essential to his business, and with Henry Streeter charging twelve shillings and sixpence for the round trip to Haslemere it would certainly make good financial sense for Mr Pitfield to investigate any alternative means of transport.

Fortunately for us, Pitfield left a vast amount of material concerning every aspect of his life and among these papers is a unique collection detailing his purchase and subsequent ownership of a motorcar. Why Pitfield chose to take the rather extreme step into the world of motoring is unclear. Fragmentary and rather vague evidence suggests that he may have owned a motor bike in the years between 1912 and 1915. Perhaps it was this initial flirtation with the internal combustion engine that prompted his decision to buy a motorcar. Pitfield was no fool and was certainly not prone to making rash decisions, especially one that would involve a considerable amount of money.

What we do know is that in the autumn of 1915 Mr Pitfield became the proud owner

of a G.W.K. motorcar, registration number RD 3432. By 1915 motorcars were no longer the revolutionary beasts of just a decade earlier and even as early as 1910 we find Florence Rapley (Jerome: *So Sweet As The Phlox Is*) bemoaning the number of motors passing Heath End on their way to the Goodwood races, and as lasting evidence of the rapidly growing popularity of motoring during that decade we have the garage business, constructed in 1911, that still occupies the site opposite Mrs Rapley's cottage at Heath End and which until quite recently had borne her family name in its title.

Mr Pitfield, it would appear, did not use Rapley's Garage. It seems likely that he rarely journeyed south from the town, after all the car was principally for business use and so would take him to Haslemere and north out of the district. Petroleum for his use could be purchased from Austen & Co. which, situated conveniently next door to his offices in the Market Square, sold fuel in gallon cans that were stored in a pit at the rear of the shop, no doubt a lad would be dispatched to fill the car without Mr Pitfield ever having to leave the comfort of his office. Any journeys to Chichester would probably be made by train, the thought of tackling Dunton or Bury Hill in what he would come to consider to be a rather unreliable vehicle was probably quite too much for Mr Pitfield.

The period leading up to the Great War was an exciting time for motoring. Cars were still relatively basic and notoriously unreliable. Just to keep a vehicle roadworthy took a disproportionate amount of time, effort and money, and as such were really only a plaything of the wealthy. Few gentlemen would have dreamt of actually getting involved in the nuts and bolts side of motoring, after all one employed a chauffeur for that kind of thing. It would not be until after 1918 that the huge technical improvements and the resulting mass production forced upon the motor industry by war would allow the tradesmen and minor professionals to become part of the motoring revolution.

Jack Holloway (Petworth Society Magazine 50) recounts a story of the years before the Great War when his father worked as a chauffeur at Rudgwick. The recollection goes some way to illustrating the problems of pre-war motoring which no doubt Mr Pitfield himself experienced.

"He (Mr Holloway) was driving his employer's Sunbeam back through Guildford when the rear light blew out. My father continued his journey unawares. A car was then effectively a carriage without a horse, the driver virtually sitting out in the open. He had hardly got back to Rudgwick and taken off his wet clothes when there was a knock at the door: a policeman had cycled after from Guildford to issue him with a summons for driving through the town without a backlight. How did the constable know where to go? Well if anyone had a motor in those days, everyone knew about it for miles around. He used to drive the car from Rudgwick to Scotland, stopping at one particular hotel which had a charging apparatus for batteries. He'd change tyres on the way up, the roads being so rough that they demolished a set of tyres going halfway."

Besides Ripleys and Austens petrol suppliers were few and far between even as late as 1915. Ron Snelling of Kirdford Garage (Petworth Society Magazine 30) relates that when he got his first motorcar licence in 1910 there was only one other licence holder in the village, the chauffeur at Barkfold House. Clearly most of the trade, which Florence Rapley disliked so much, must have been passing through probably from Guildford or London.

Mr Pitfield's G.W.K. had been built at the company works at Datchet in Buckinghamshire, where between the years 1911 and 1914 over 1,000 cars were produced. With the outbreak of World War I government contracts forced a cut back in motor manufacture, though G.W.K. continued after the war in new premises at Maidenhead, finally ceasing production in 1926.

The particular G.W.K. that Mr Pitfield appears to have owned was the standard model that had a twin cylinder water-cooled, sideways mounted engine which sat behind the driver's seat. The vehicle was unusual in that it could boast, at least in theory, an infinitely variable gear, this was achieved by the contact of two flat wheels set at right angles to each other, the first disc or flywheel was attached to the end of the propeller shaft, while the second wheel or driven disc had a friction surface usually made of cork or compressed paper, the driven wheel was linked to the back axle via a shaft and could be slid sideways by way of a gear lever, across the face of the flywheel, a heavy spring ensuring that the two discs made contact. The gear ratio would depend upon how near the centre or periphery of the large flywheel that the two discs made contact.

While the system was brilliant in its simplicity there was one drawback, which Pitfield was clearly not alone in experiencing, this was the risk of flat spotting the friction material that covered the disc. Caused by the sudden engagement of the two discs with the engine running at a very high speed the result of the exceptional wear on the friction disc would often be a recurring beat as the flat spot momentarily lost contact with the surface of the flywheel. This flat spotting, while clearly a nuisance, could be easily rectified by the simple replacement of the friction surface.

Pitfield was certainly not a technical person and as proof there survives a considerable collection of letters and bills more or less chronicling the early mechanical history of the car. Bill Wareham recently recalled how as a trainee motor mechanic he would often be sent up to Angel Street to start the car for Mr Pitfield. The young apprentice was offered the incentive of a shilling tip if he could start the vehicle straight away; Bill recalls that the G.W.K. was a two seater with a dickey seat for an additional passenger. The original receipt for the car has survived which shows that the vehicle cost a total of £187.11s from G.W.K. agents The Sussex Cyclecar & Garage Co., of Grand Parade, Brighton. The cost, bearing in mind that this was a fairly basic vehicle even for those times, was not inconsiderable and would be the equivalent of almost £9,000 today.

Having taken delivery of the car in September 1915 Pitfield is almost immediately complaining about the vehicle. Clearly only the replies to Pitfield's complaints have survived however it is often possible to deduce the nature of the grievance from the quite detailed responses.

The Brighton suppliers of the G.W.K. are the first to experience Pitfield's dissatisfaction with the car and on 5<sup>th</sup> October they agree to send up their Mr Midgley to investigate a problem with the rear axle. Clearly Pitfield has also queried the guarantee period and the suppliers are quick to point out that while there is no written warranty there is an automatic six-month guarantee that takes effect on payment for the car. Perhaps this comment could have been an indication that Pitfield had not yet settled the invoice, who knows.

Petworth Society Activities Sheet



Spring Programme. Please keep for reference.

**WALKS:**

Sunday March 23<sup>rd</sup> : Nigel's Northchapel Opening Walk.  
Cars leave Car Park at 2.15. Northchapel Village Hall at 2.30  
Sunday May 25<sup>th</sup> : Petworth Society Rogation Sunday Walk.  
Cars leave Car Park at 2.15. See main Magazine page 5.

**PETWORTH SOCIETY BOOK SALES:** LECONFIELD HALL 10 – 4. See reverse.  
March 8<sup>th</sup>, April 5<sup>th</sup>, May 10<sup>th</sup>, June 14<sup>th</sup>. Admission free.

**MONTHLY MEETINGS:** LECONFIELD HALL 7.30. Refreshments, raffle.

Thursday March 13 <sup>th</sup> CHRIS HOWKINS The Dairymaid's Flora £2
--

Thursday April 3 <sup>rd</sup> ALISON NEIL portrays The Sixth Wife (of Henry VIII) £5
--

Tuesday May 27 <sup>th</sup> PHIL HOUNSHAM "Mountains, Ruins and Waterfalls" A vision of Southern Africa Slides £2 Preceded by A.G.M.
--

A very lively speaker indeed. Very much enjoyed last year. No slides.

Do we need to say anything?  
No advance tickets. Get there early!

Admission to A.G.M. only free.



INAUGURAL BOOK SALE LECTURE. See Chairman's notes.

WEDNESDAY MARCH 19<sup>th</sup> 7.30. LECONFIELD HALL. Admission £1.

**'One of that atrocious crew' : the many lives of Charles Murray.**

A talk by R.M. Healey

Charles Murray, though identified by local historians in and around Petworth as Lord Egremont's steward in the 1830s, has a more notorious reputation among historians of parliamentary reform as the Secretary and Solicitor of the Constitutional Association, a right-wing vigilante organisation hated and feared by radical publishers, booksellers, and their defenders in early 1820s London.

But to his credit, Murray was also, at one time, secretary of two associations of very different mien — the Friends of Foreigners in Distress and the National Vaccine Establishment, where he helped raise funds for Jenner's important research. This talk explores the extraordinary career of this Jekyll and Hyde character — from the dark alleys of fleet Street and Bridewell to the sweeping parkland of Petworth.

*Robin Healey is Visiting Research Fellow in the Department of History, University of Manchester.*

**MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S EVE DINNER**

June 23<sup>rd</sup>.

See separate sheet.

**SHEFFIELD PARK / BLUEBELL RAILWAY VISIT**

April 27<sup>th</sup>.

See separate sheet.

**NOW AVAILABLE:**

Peter Jerrome : Petworth : from the beginnings to 1660.

Part one of two. Large format. Hardback, dustcover, illustrated by Jonathan Newdick.

**ORDER FORM** — To the Window Press, Trowels, Pound Street, PETWORTH GU28 0DX.

Please supply \_\_\_\_\_ copy(ies) of "Petworth" at £29.95.

Name .....

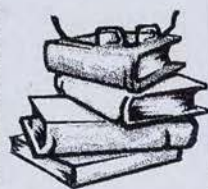
Address .....

I enclose cheque for £29.95 per copy. Cheques payable to Window Press.

Please add £3.15 if sent by post. Copies may be collected locally from Petworth Tourist Information Centre or direct from Peter at Trowels (342562).

Peter 15th February





# THE PETWORTH SOCIETY BOOK SALE NEWSLETTER

Books to donate? Ring Peter  
on 342562 or Miles on  
343227 We are always happy  
to collect books

Issue 1  
February 2003

## The Book Sales Go From Strength To Strength

The sales in 2002 have certainly been more successful than we had predicted. The income has enabled the Society to effectively freeze membership subscription rates for the foreseeable future and has given our editor a certain amount of flexibility when planning the size and content of the magazine.

Not only have the sales become an important additional source of revenue but they have also become an established part of the social agenda of the town. Subscriptions can be renewed, new members enlisted and lapsed ones are encouraged to rejoin. Many local residents have become regular supporters of the sales and uncustomary absences are certainly noticed.

Visitors to the town are always made welcome, and the Leconfield Hall has become an important stopping off point on the obligatory Petworth House / Cottage Museum tour and the lights of the Kevis and Garland rooms shine out across The Square offering a literary respite to the weary traveller.

Remember that every penny raised at the sales goes towards supporting The Petworth Society activities and projects throughout the year.

**Support the book sale  
by joining The  
Petworth Society**



April will soon be upon us and membership subscriptions due again. Remember that there are always facilities at the book sales to renew your subscriptions or for new members to join the Society.

*When I am dead, I hope it  
may be said;  
'His sins were scarlet, but  
his books were read.'*

Hilaire Belloc

**10 a.m. to 4 p.m.  
Admission Free**



**Books to donate?  
Ring Peter on 342562  
or Miles on 343227  
We are always happy  
to collect books**



### BOOK SALE CALENDAR 2003

January 11th

February 8th

March 8th

April 5th

May 10th

June 14th

July 12th

August 9th

September 6th

October 11th

November 8th

December 13th

Saturday

10 a.m.—4 p.m.

Free Admission

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## VISIT SHEFFIELD PARK AT BLUEBELL TIME – SUNDAY 27 APRIL

The first outing this year has been arranged for Sunday 27 April with a trip on the Bluebell Railway followed by a visit to Sheffield Park Garden which is owned by the National Trust.

To ease the travelling arrangements a coach (maximum seats 57) has been booked and will leave the main Petworth car park at 9.30am. Return to Petworth will be approximately 5.00 pm.

The train journey is from Sheffield Park through some delightful countryside to Kingscote which takes about 35 minutes each way. There is also a small museum and engine sheds which will be of interest to the enthusiast.

The coach will then take the party to Sheffield Park Garden which is only a short distance away. The landscape garden was laid out by 'Capability' Brown and in springtime there is a dramatic display of daffodils and bluebells. There is a restaurant or alternatively a picnic area which may be the best option on a busy day.

The discounted cost of the day will be £15 per person (non National Trust member) which includes all gratuities. If you are a member of the National Trust the cost will be £11.

Any members of the Society who live away from Petworth but wish to avail themselves of the discounted visit will be most welcome but need to inform the Treasurer of their intention as numbers have to be confirmed. The cost will be £10 but once again if you are a member of the National Trust the cost will be £6.

If you wish to go on this outing please complete the slip below and return it to the Treasurer by 1 April.

-----  
I am / am not a member of the National Trust (membership cards must be brought on the day).

I would like to attend the visit to Sheffield Park on 27 April and bring \_\_\_\_\_ guests and enclose £.....  
Cheques should be made payable to the Petworth Society.

Name .....

Address .....

-----  
This slip and cheque to be sent to AJ Henderson, 62 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth, GU28 0BX

## MIDSUMMER'S EVE DINNER – 23 JUNE 2003

Following the successful Jubilee dinner last year your committee has decided that the Society should celebrate Midsummer's Eve this year with another dinner in the Audit Room of Petworth House. It is not known at this time whether any arrangements can be made to view part of the House prior to the meal. Should this be possible, details will be circulated later.

Pre-meal drinks will be at 7.00 pm.

The menu is as follows:

Main course	Casserole of venison with fresh vegetables	(A)
	or	
	Chicken in a mushroom and white wine sauce	(B)
	or	
	Salmon en croute	(C)
	or	
	Vegetarian lentil bake	(D)
-----		
Dessert	Raspberry roulade	(E)
	or	
	Lemon syllabub	(F)
	or	
	Bread and butter pudding	(G)
-----		

The total cost will be £12-50 per head.

A maximum of 88 members can be accommodated in the Audit Room and if you would like to attend this function please complete the slip below and return it to the Treasurer. Acceptances will be on a first come basis.

-----  
I should like to attend the Midsummer's Eve dinner on 23 June 2003.

My/our main course selection(s) is                    A   B   C   D

My/our dessert selection is                            E   F   G

I should like to bring     guest (Maximum 1) and enclose £     . Cheques should be made payable to the Petworth Society.

Name .....

Address .....

-----  
This slip and cheque to be sent to AJ Henderson, 62 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth, GU28 0BX

PLEASE NOTE

The ENIGMA MACHINE at  
MIDHURST GRAMMAR SCHOOL  
on 15th FEBRUARY 2003  
at 5.45pm  
Tickets £20 each

**Codebreakers:**

An original ENIGMA machine will be on display at the lecture with slides to be given by Dr Mark Baldwin on Saturday, 15th February 2003, at 5.45 p.m. in the River Site Hall at Midhurst Grammar School. Dr Baldwin will tell the fascinating story of how the breaking of the German code shortened the last war by some two years. Proceeds will be in aid of urgent repairs to All Hallows Church, Tillington.

In order to secure your tickets (price £20 to include wine and canapés), please apply now to:

Lizzie Ring on 01798 861301,  
Bridge Thomas on 01798 861300, or  
Caroline McNeil on 01798 861410

TIME OF OUR LIVES MUSIC THEATRE  
(formerly Gilt and Gaslight)  
present

A Retro Musical Comedy Revue

**'The Best of Times'**  
& **'The Worst of Times?'** Austerity to Yuppies!

REMEMBERING THE 1950s TO THE 1980s:  
Rationing, Flower Power, the Three Day Week, 'Loadsamoney' and more!

A hilarious mix of Pop, Dance, Musical Theatre, Stand Up Comedy and Sketches.  
Writer and Director: Keith Myers  
Musical Director: Michael Roulston  
Producer: Dymphna le Rasle

"A brilliant evening of sheer entertainment"  
- The Kent Messenger

"Young company of versatile performers"  
- The Stage Newspaper

TUESDAY DECEMBER 10TH  
LECONFIELD HALL  
8.00 p.m.

Tickets £5. Seasonal refreshments.  
Raffle.

Sponsored by Wiseman Lee Solicitors of Wanstead, Walthamstow and East Ham 020 8215 1000

The Petworth Society  
Book Sale Calendar  
2003

January 11th  
February 8th  
March 8th  
April 5th  
May 10th  
June 14th  
July 12th  
August 9th  
September 6th  
October 11th  
November 8th  
December 13th

Petworth Society Activities Sheet



Winter/Spring Programme. Please keep for reference.

Walks begin again in March

**PLEASE NOTE. AS LAST YEAR WE HAVE ONE OR TWO FRESH IDEAS FOR THE NEW 2003-2004 SEASON. DETAILS IN MARCH.**

---

MONTHLY MEETINGS: Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m. Prices as stated.

Refreshments, Raffle.

- Tuesday December 10th [see overleaf] Time of Our Lives Music Theatre present "The Best of Times". A musical look at British Life and Culture 1950s to 1980s. £5. **N.B. Starts at 8 o'clock.**
- Thursday January 23rd Judi Darley : Chichester Harbour and its Conservation. £2.
- Wednesday February 12th Valerie Hewitt presents : "Jenny Lind – the Swedish Nightingale". Accompanied by Martin White. £4.
- Thursday March 13th Chris Howkins : The Dairymaid's Flora. £2.
- Thursday April 3rd Alison Neil portrays "The Sixth Wife" (of Henry VIII). £5.

---

**NEXT BOOK SALE SATURDAY DECEMBER 14TH LECONFIELD HALL 10 - 4**

**NOTICE BOARD**

TUESDAY DECEMBER 3rd PETWORTH HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY

presents

"POSTCARDS FROM AN OLDER PETWORTH"

A selection from the collection of Mr and Mrs Christopher Knox  
with Peter Jerrome

Open evening. Admission £2. Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m.

---

WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 11TH

LECONFIELD HALL 7.30 p.m.

Admission Free

PETER JERROME

PETWORTH FROM THE BEGINNINGS TO 1660

A NEW HISTORY OF PETWORTH SLIDES

ALL WELCOME

---

**COTTAGE MUSEUM EVENT**

**SATURDAY FEBRUARY 1ST**

**LECONFIELD HALL 7.30 p.m.**

**CIRCLE EIGHT FILMS**

**present**

**ALICE IN WONDERLAND**

**THE LIFE OF THE REV. MR. DODSON**

**with supporting film**

**Admission £5 Refreshments.**

**Proceeds to Museum Funds**



Annual Subscription March 2003 to February 2004

Subscriptions are now due and should be paid to

The Hon. Treasurer

Mr. A. Henderson,  
62 Sheepdown Drive,  
Petworth,  
West Sussex GU28 0BX

or at Leconfield Hall on Friday  
mornings 10.00 to 11.30 beginning on Friday 7th  
March.

Also at Book Sale 8th March.

**For the month of March only.**

Rates are:	Delivered locally	£ 9.00
	Postal	£11.00
	Overseas	£13.00

**Cheques payable to The Petworth Society.**

**It assists enormously if you pay promptly. Equally if you do not wish to renew your subscription it does help greatly if notice is given.**

I, .....

of .....

Postal Code.....enclose my subscription for 2003/2004£ .....

cash/cheque and (optional), I add..... toward the Magazine fund,

(delete if not applicable).

\* If you have already paid for 2003/2004, please ignore this reminder.

J Pitfield Esq.

Dr. to

27<sup>th</sup> Sep 1915.

Tel. 6996 Kemp Town.

# The Sussex Cyclecar & Garage Co., Limited.

District Agents for G.W.K. CYCLECARS. 539

District Agents for A.C. SOCIABLES and LIGHT CARS.

MOTOR  
ENGINEERS.

76 GRAND PARADE,  
BRIGHTON.

DE DION AND  
NAPIER EXPERTS.

To 1. Standard G.W.K. Light Car  
fitted with mechanical lubrication

183-15-

Less £10 Deposit

10 - - -

173 15

" Registration of car.

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" Supplying, painting & fitting  
two number plates

12 6

" 1.400.85 Seldam Cover & tube  
(fitted to spare wheel)

3 17 6

" Insurance.

8

" 2 galls petrol

2 0

" 2 galls lubricating oil.

2 0

£184 11

Sept 29th 1915

Received with thanks

for and on behalf of the

SUSSEX CYCLECAR & GARAGE CO.,

LIMITED.

£184 11 0

N<sup>o</sup>

Charles C. Edward



Manager.

only at Clients' risk.

Invoice for Mr Pitfield's G.W.K. Car. September 1915.



The iconography of the road : one of a series of photographs commissioned by the late Mr Gerard Marillier in 1963. New Street.



*The iconography of the road. Approaching Stopham Bridge in 1963.*

By the middle of November 1915 Pitfield is complaining about a defective wheel, and despite owning the car for less than two months the relationship between himself and Mr Frisby the G.W.K. secretary is already becoming quite tense. Frisby appears to make a move to placate Pitfield and points out that the company "Very much regrets the dissatisfaction that you are feeling, but we can assure you that we are desirous that all our users should have every satisfaction". Just two days later Frisby is writing that he is sorry to hear that Pitfield is once again in trouble. "If the carburettor is loose, as you state, we should suggest that you tighten it up." A clearly exasperated Frisby concludes his communication with an unexpectedly acidic remark, "Yours is not a mechanical breakdown, but is only caused through want of knowledge, and we regret that we have no man at the moment we can send down to instruct." This dispatch appears to be the end of the line for Mr Frisby as yet another communication of the 19<sup>th</sup> of November is taken up by Arthur Grice managing director, Grice who is the G in G.W.K. will have no more success than his hapless employee. The bone of contention is still the loose carburettor, and Pitfield is not prepared to let the matter drop. Grice accepts that the carburettor probably is loose and he will be happy to let Mr Pitfield know which nut to tighten to rectify the problem.

9<sup>th</sup> December 1915. Pitfield has sent Arthur Grice examples of dirt and debris, which he claimed, had got into the carburettor. Grice suggests that the larger particles could not get into the carburettor, as they are too heavy and would simply settle at the bottom of the petrol tank.

Feb. 11<sup>th</sup>, 1916. Pitfield appears to have flat-spotted the friction disc and has turned for assistance to John Poate a Midhurst engineer who politely points out that:

Perhaps you keep pressure on the left pedal, if so this would make the disc slip very quickly, I find that a great many people do this uncommonly.

Feb. 12<sup>th</sup>, 1916. Poate has visited Petworth and makes the following reports for Mr Pitfield.

Dear Sir,

I went over this afternoon to your car and found several flat spots were on the ring [friction disc] and turned it true. The flats were caused through running the engine and ring together without car moving, in other words it slipped, this is rather surprising as there were no signs of slipping when it took you and me up Shimmings Hill although owing to the new ring not having had much time to get a good face on, it probably got slack quickly, in fact I noticed that all the nuts required screwing up which points to shrinkage of the ring. It is quite necessary to adjust the friction wheel immediately it slips, I would have told you this but quite thought that you would have been instructed before.

I took the car out and found it climbed Shimmings Hill both ways with the greatest ease in top gear, also with your managing clerk up.

The managing clerk used as ballast during the Shimmings Hill trial would have been Pitfield's long suffering and loyal factotum Alfred Knight. Poate clearly feels that he has sorted out the problem with the friction ring and goes on to try to advise Pitfield on the best method of starting the car.

I had not the slightest trouble in starting it either hot or cold, the way is to flood [the] carburettor, switch on & start, then carefully hold throttle open & let engine



run smartly for a minute or so, this will use up surplus petrol & heat up engine, you should then get away at once otherwise engine will cool down & petrol will not vapourize.

Poate concludes his report:

On the whole I do not think that this is the right car for you. Petworth with all its corners is very trying for a friction drive; one is apt to injure it in getting away. A well-made 4 cylinder ordinary type of gear car would I believe suit you better.  
Yours Respectfully, J. Poate.

No more is heard of John Poate in the surviving correspondence. Perhaps the report was a little too blunt for Pitfield, certainly he did not take Poate's advice regarding the type of car suited for Petworth and in his determined quest for satisfaction he returns once again to the manufacturer.

6<sup>th</sup> May 1916. Pitfield is again corresponding with Arthur Grice of G.W.K. The problems, both real and imaginary, are varied and range from dry ball joints, a suggestion by Pitfield that the car was delivered to him fitted with a second-hand petrol tank, the usual problem of flat spotting the friction ring, trouble with starting, and an unknown complaint regarding the accelerator, to which Grice replies:

With regard to the acceleration pedal, this is so simple that we cannot see how your remarks can be taken seriously. We have some 1500 or more of these cars running, and we have never had – until your letter came to hand – our accelerator rods called into question.

15<sup>th</sup> May 1916. Still the unending problem with the friction ring continues. By this time Grice is clearly approaching the end of his tether. In an age of uncommon civility towards customers even he can no longer hold back from uttering a few home truths.

If you will not persist in driving the car right, do not blame the car.

This letter is the last in the series of surviving correspondence between Grice and Pitfield. Perhaps Mr Grice's thinly veiled sarcasm finally put an end to Pitfield's complaints, somehow I doubt it, and it seems more likely that the correspondence covering the continuing dispute is lost. We now have a gap of some four years to 1920; Pitfield has left Bellevue and moved into Hill Cottage in Angel Street and things seem to have settled down on the motoring scene. All of the remaining documents are bills and Pitfield seems to have shared his custom quite liberally among the relatively few motor engineers who served the area, for the next communication is from Green & Co., Motor & Cycle Engineers of the High Street, Haslemere, they are awaiting delivery of a set of ebonite leads which Pitfield has ordered. It is not surprising to find Pitfield dealing with a Haslemere engineer for of course he had offices in the town. Finally we have invoices from the Reliance Motor & Accesory Co., Pound Street, Petworth who through 1920 to 1922 were carrying out considerable overhauls on the vehicle.

How long after 1922 did Pitfield keep the G.W.K.? The service invoices would indicate that it was becoming increasingly costly to maintain the ageing vehicle. It would see that Bill Wareham was starting the car in about 1924 but was it the original G.W.K.? Bill reminds us that it had a dickey seat and certainly Pitfield appears to have paid the extra 5 guineas to have such a seat fitted. Perhaps Pitfield himself was not driving by this time, it is possible that he

had a chauffeur for among his documents is a blank driving licence renewal form; clearly never used, did he ever renew it?

Among the huge amount of Pitfield related material that has survived is an extraordinary four-page type written documents bearing the heading 'Various Points of Motor Car Cleaning'. Possibly reproduced from a manual or even sent down from the G.W.K. factory following one of Mr Pitfield's regular communications, the document gives amazingly comprehensive instructions on the care of motorcars. From detail of the instructions and the obviously time consuming tasks that it describes it would appear that the recipient of the advice would probably be a chauffeur rather than the owner of the car. I have taken short extracts from the manual with the intention of illustrating the general flavour of it.

#### Various Points on motor Car Cleaning

A Car requires different treatment to the ordinary carriage, but with the same care, remembering that with a horse drawn vehicle, the mud is lightly thrown on to it, with a motor car it is in some places violently thrown on and frequently has time to dry, and another stretch of mud gets applied, so that on a long run, it is in much the same condition to a well plastered ceiling which a builder describes as 'three coat work', the slight first coat provides a good grip to the others.

The tools required are a jack, leather, sponge, cotton waste, and a piece of soft material for polishing up the brass.

The car should be run on to brickwork or hard ground that will not splash up mud when wet and all the parts soaked with water.

The manual goes on to explain in considerable detail the method of cleaning and polishing the inside and out of the car.

The inside will only require light work, and a damp sponge over the cushions followed with the leather should finish this off, leaving only the engine and brass to see to. The lamps will be taken off for cleaning and taken apart as far as they can, oil containers &c. taken off. Of the many polishing pastes Shinio is as good as any, the great thing to look for in these things is one that will not have any bad after effect on the metal.

Finally the manual suggests to the cleaner that in order to preserve the wick on the tail lamp it is advisable to place a piece of rag or paper over it, this prevents dust or grime sticking to the oil and prevent the wick from being ignited.

The fate of the G.W.K. is unknown, it is quite possible that Pitfield continued his battle with the car into the 1930's until quite simply it was broken up at the end of its useful life, and after all Pitfield was not a sentimental man. Incidentally no records survive to indicate that he ever bought a replacement for the old car.

Finally, the following comments comes in a letter to me from Keith Shaw, a grandson of Arthur Grice and proud owner of one of the very few surviving G.W.K. cars. Dear Mr Costello ... I think that Mr Poate was correct, the G.W.K. was not suitable for town work with a constant stop start routine. A flat would become apparent very quickly to those of no mechanical aptitude. The G.W.K. initials became something of a joke in the motor trade and 'Goes with a knock' was a common euphemism. Of course the whole concept of driving a car

with friction transmission was to reduce the effort of changing gear. They were very popular with the ladies! ..... Sincere regards, Keith Shaw.

Miles Costello, with thanks to Keith Shaw

## ‘The men with laughter in their Hearts’

I have just been given a book to read and my word it has opened so many memories to me. There is a picture of Mr Brown who used to teach me at Tillington school, during the first World War I believe after Mr Stringer left, I believe he had two sons and a daughter. I also remember my mother and Mrs Brown joined the Tillington Women's Institute some when about 1920. Old Mr Hooker I knew very well. He lived in Upperton and I think worked at the Pitshill Estate when the Mitfords lived at Pithill House. I was only a little girl then so that is a good many years ago. The Wadey's shop at Upperton is mentioned. I spent many a happy hour with my friends Vi, Grace and Winnie. The Balchin brothers are mentioned. We used to spend holidays with Maurie and Dolly Balchin at Limbo Farm, I remember the drive up to the farm had a row of monkey puzzle trees on each side, truly a wonderful sight. The farmhouse was very old. What happy memories I have of those days.

There is also a picture of Mr Frank Whitney sheep dipping in the yard at Rotherbridge Farm in 1938. I believe he married Doris White. I believe years ago the Whitney's lived along the Midhurst Road, I know Frank used to go to Tillington school. I also knew Mr Greest the blacksmith. I remember Mr Bennett's farm at Coxland, as a matter of fact, we knew all the Bennetts. They lived in the lovely old house just before you get to the bottom of Tillington Hill, I remember a daughter named Lucy. We all used to go to Tillington church. I thank God for my memories I'm sure we were all more contented in those days. I loved Tillington church. The vicar was a Mr Goggs who had a son named Bernard. In this book *'The men with laughter in their Hearts'* is a lovely picture of Mrs White on page 10, second from right and I believe the first lady on my right is Miss Ede the warden. Funnily enough I've just written an article on my visiting Mrs White 'Aunt Em', when we lived at North Street Lodge in 1923. I also remember Mr Dick Carver, he used to go round with his pole and light all the gas lights, he often had his little daughter with him. This would be back in the 1920s.

Kath Vigar

## ‘As it leaves me ...’ Thoughts on the picture Postcard

It is always a pleasure to be invited to present a "postcard" evening for the Petworth Horticultural

Society featuring cards from the collection of Rosemary and Christopher Knox at Hangleton. I suppose it will be four or five years at least since we last did this and they have made some interesting additions to the collection since then. On this occasion after an afternoon's deciding what to show we have settled on 97. Fortunately Christopher is very much at home with the ultra-modern equipment that the Hall now boasts.

Postcards of Petworth, and, I would imagine, elsewhere, have risen dramatically in value in recent years and a good one can fetch anything up to £40, in rare cases perhaps, even more. While the modern coloured picture postcard still exists, it is very much a shadow of its former robust self. In their heyday from Edwardian times to the widespread use of the telephone, postcards were a crucial means of communication, not the optional extra they are today, and shorter and less formal than the letter. Now this role has been taken by the telephone or, more recently, the e-mail and the mobile. And the post was quick: Florence Rapley at Heath End had three posts a day winter and summer. A blank postcard is essentially just another picture, but a postcard with a legend on the reverse (or, occasionally) scrawled on the front, becomes a living thing, deserving that much-abused adjective "unique". There will not be another quite like it: each such postcard will be a fragment of life. The writer may be inarticulate, even doubtfully literate, but in that very circumscribed space on the reverse, usually just half, given the address on the right, he (or she) speaks to us over the years. The voice may be faint, the message obscure, reference may be made to people and family events now quite hidden from us, but here unmistakably are voices from a rather different world from our own.

Sometimes a writer or recipient is known or comes from a family well-known at least to an older Petworth. So in 1920 we find a view of the chancel in St. Mary's church and a note to a Miss Clarke in Horsham thanking her for her "congrats" on "M's" marriage in that very church. The writer is Mrs Beech from Kitchen Court and many will remember the long tenure of the Beech family there. A coloured picture of the reredos in Petworth church is for the late curate Mr. Eliot in July 1905. Eliot had left a few years before, and it is "a



Messrs B. Nevatt, Henry Whitcomb and Mr Eliot the curate in conversation. Petworth 1901.

remembrance from your old parish." The initials of the sender are "B.S." Many will remember the long sojourn of the Purser family at the Red Lion at the junction of New Street and Middle Street. An Edwardian card, clearly written from the Red Lion, comes from a child with all a child's uncertainty of spelling, and is to "Aunt Rosa" at Magham Down, Hailsham. "I hope you are well as it leaves me at present. We are soon going to brake up for our Easter Holiday. This is the photograph of our house ....." This, a quarter of a century later, comes from Mrs Wilcox, wife of the Leconfield Estate forester Augustin Wilcox, and is written to her daughter, at a convent school in Worthing:

"17<sup>th</sup> January 1928 To St. Mary's Westbrook, Worthing. Just rec. yours. Glad you are all right. I am sure Rev. Mother won't mind. Sorry she has been so poorly. She was over here one day, I believe. Kind love to her. Love from us all. Your Mother"

The Wilcox family were devout Roman Catholics.

Postcards can come of course also from non-Petworth residents visiting the town, or simply passing through to somewhere else. This to an address in Thornton Heath is postmarked 17<sup>th</sup> July 1907 from Portsmouth. The photograph is of Petworth church interior.

"Dear Mrs R. Just to let you see I am on my choir outing. So pleased you are coming on the 24<sup>th</sup>. From Georgie."

As well as carrying the quick message, picture postcards can also double as Christmas cards, so this from A.B. in North Street on December 21<sup>st</sup> 1905 to Miss Bates at the Laundry, Glenapp Castle, Ballantrae, Scotland:

"Dear A, Just a line hoping you are quite well this is the only I have by me now. Wishing you a very happy Xmas and a Bright New Year."

The front photograph is a group of Petworth Town Band. In a similar vein Cousin Arthur sends to Polly at New Year 1908. As he writes across the address space the card (of Shimmings Valley) was presumably enclosed in an envelope. After a few notes on family matters, he proceeds "We had May down on Monday evening as we had a whist drive. I suppose you know this view, they were sledging round there yesterday, it caused quite excitement (sic). There was a lot of people looking on. It was a very quiet Xmas here. I think it was quieter than ever, I don't think there was any carol singing going on in the place, and I expect we shall sing Auld Lang Syne out tonight. Hoping this will find you well."

This, from 18<sup>th</sup> August 1914, from A. Budd to an address in Sidlesham clearly reflects the impact of events in a wider world. The picture shows the new Swan Hotel in Saddlers Row.

"I arrived home alright after a lot of trouble about 10 o'clock last Wed. They left my luggage at Chi station and when I got to Petworth I had not got any only the little bag. Just had a letter from Will he is at Chatham but do not know how long for hope all are well."

Sometimes postcards illumine the most unfrequented places. So a picture of St. Anthony's Home for retired Catholic Clergy at Burton dated 1<sup>st</sup> September 1907 is sent from there to an address in Liverpool. The message suggests that the sender is taking a rest at Burton before returning to parish duties.

Children are often the senders of postcards and their postcards span the whole period of the postcards heyday as also the entire social spectrum. So Catherine Buchanan writes from

Lavington in 1906 to Captain Mott at Ampthill Grange in Bedfordshire with a picture of the entrance lodge at Lavington Park to thank him for postcards sent to her. Much later is a note from "Sheila" staying at the Clock House in Church Street. There is no date but the mention of ration books and the bright blue ink suggest perhaps the early 1940s. It reads:

"Dearest Mummy and Daddy, I am having a grand time here, though it is a wet day today. Yesterday was wonderful and the Downs were standing up like mts [mountains?] behind the little village. We were watching the old boys coming back from a day's shooting, crossing the square with a brace of pheasants over their shoulders. Yesterday we had red venesion (?) and we are having pheasant on Sunday. Hope you have found the ration books."

Perhaps the latest of all the postcards in the collection is a picture of the former St. Michael's School at Burton Park with a note from Jane to Sarah and Michael. "Here is a picture of St. Michael's and the window with a cross on it is the window of my dormetry (sic). You can just see the chute on the right hand side of the picture. Every time there is a fire or a fire practice we have to slide down it."

To end on a quirky note. A Georgian postcard showing the Cricketers and written by F.W. Stafford at the Mile House in Duncton in entirely in Spanish. The recipient is Private Bulton at the Queen's Hospital Froggnal, Sidcup, Kent. Neither name is Spanish but clearly there is a Spanish fiancée or girl friend. The two correspondents share a private joke, roughly translated as "It's good to be in the Cricketers' Arms but better to be in the arms of my señorita!" Clearly the young lady had been somewhat bewildered by a literal translation of the "Cricketers' Arms".

P.

With acknowledgement to Rosemary and Christopher Knox.

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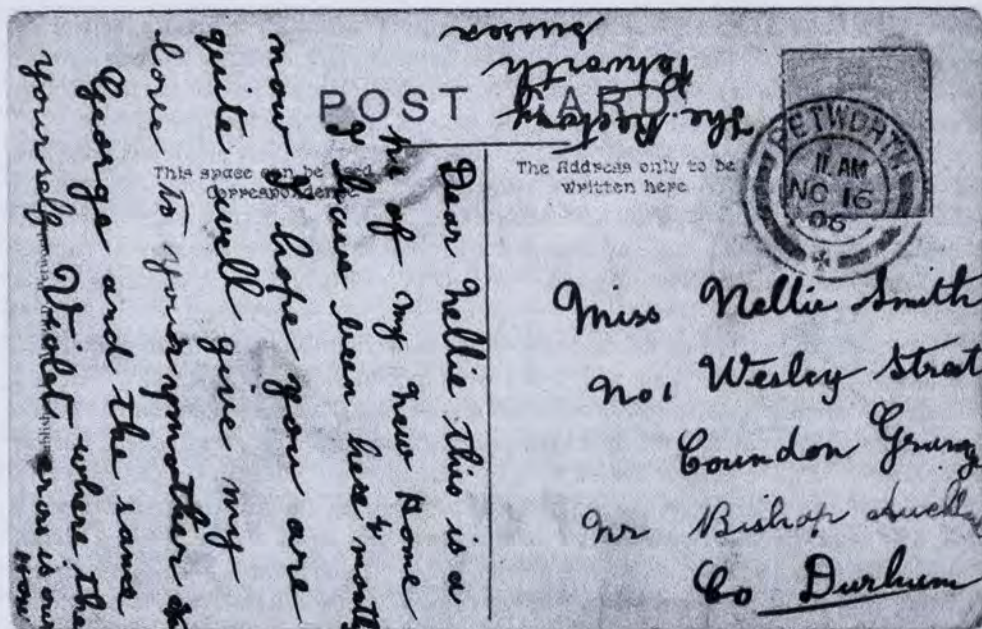
## Postscript:

*A postcard from 1906.*

*The view (not reproduced) is of the Rectory from the Gog.*

*Violet was presumably in service with Mr Penrose the newly instituted Rector who had removed to Petworth from Barnard Castle in Durham.*

*Courtesy of Graham Berry.*



## Frithfold and Iron Pear Tree

My very earliest memories are of the little cottages in Pipers Lane, the narrow road that wends its way from Northchapel to Kirdford and which in my youth was little more than a track. While my formative years were spent in Pipers Cottages my memories really stem from the age of ten when we moved the short way down the lane to the farmhouse at Frithfold. Dad was supposed to be the manager for Mr Wadey from Billingshurst who was the farm tenant, Frithfold being a Leconfield farm. I say that Dad was manager, however in reality he had to do just about every job on the farm and certainly never got the recognition that a manager should have. I spent most of my childhood at Frithfold, not a bad place to be brought up, though rather isolated.

Surprisingly Ebernoe was much closer to us than Northchapel and I went to the tiny school by the church on Ebernoe Common. I started when I was five and left when I was fourteen. I suppose that looking back we were taught to read and write and do our sums and that was about it. There were just two classes at Ebernoe, the juniors and the seniors, I can remember a few of the other pupils, there were Cecil and Ron Wadey, Cyril Poste, Jack and Jill – the Biggs twins, and their sister Rosemary, Fred and Harold Standing from Colhook Farm and Nancy and Dick Shotter from Colhook brickyard. John my elder brother also went to Ebernoe School and I believe that Norman my younger brother started there but then he went to Northchapel when the school closed in 1951.

There were generally two teachers at the school, Mrs Brown taught the juniors; her

husband was Walt Brown, who was a very good carpenter, and they lived on the Common. Mrs Bateson taught the top class and she lived in what we called 'the schoolhouse' down near Wassell Mill. She left for a few years and then came back again. I believe that their daughter Joyce may still live in that same house. I don't think that Mrs Brown was ever trained to teach, and she probably just came to help out and remained. When Mrs Bateson went away for a while a Miss Joel took her place, however she was not so popular and I must admit that I really didn't care for her much. I seem to remember that she once gave Cyril the ruler across his knuckles though I don't think that Mrs Brown or Mrs Bateson would have done that.

Ebernoe school never had a proper playground that children today would recognise, however the area around the school was quite clear of trees and shrubs then and we could play to our hearts' content in such a beautiful setting. We got our school milk from Willand out on the Common, the Holden brothers had the farm and two of us children would be sent each morning to fetch the milk in a big jug. On Sunday I would pump the organ in the little church next door to the school, Mrs Bateson our teacher played the organ while the Rev Royal would come out from Northchapel to conduct the service. At the end of the year Mr Chitty from High Buildings gave me an envelope containing £2, it was a lot of money for a young fellow in those days. I believe that Ephraim Holden from Willand rang the church bells on Sundays.

I recall one afternoon during the war when we were living at Frithfold, Mother and I were upstairs and Dad was in the dairy milking the cows. It was a very cloudy day and there were aeroplanes overhead, German bombers were being chased by British fighters. One of the bombers was hit and it came down in a field just across the road from the farmhouse, first there was just smoke then there was a huge explosion as the bombs detonated, we lost several windows and some ceiling came down, and we were really quite lucky for had it been closer we could easily have been killed. I think that a couple of the Germans baled out of the 'plane though I can't remember if they survived, I have a feeling that one may have been buried in Ebernoe churchyard though some people didn't agree with it at the time. The huge explosion attracted people from all over the place, even from as far away at Petworth they came to look at the huge hole. Once all of the fuss had died down Dad and I went over and looked at the crater, it was as if someone had dug a great hole and taken all of the dirt away.

I left Ebernoe School when I was 14, and I went straight to work for Mr Hugh Kenyon at Iron Pear Tree Farm. It was already an apple farm then and I believe that Mr Kenyon was one of the founders of Kirdford Growers. He was a very fair man and a good employer and did a lot of good around Kirdford. During the war Mr Kenyon joined the army and I believe that he ended up a Major though you wouldn't have known it for he was quite unassuming and would never expect to be known by his rank after the war.

When I first arrived at Iron Pear Tree there were just three other employees, the foreman was Fred Brook who had a cottage on the farm and Arthur Pannell who lived near the top of Fox Hill on the way to Petworth, his nickname was 'Kruger' though goodness knows how he came by it, perhaps there was some connection to the Boer War, I don't know. The other man was George Talman who was called up for the army shortly after I started work. I seem to recall that Mr Kenyon came from up North, perhaps Yorkshire, he had a sister but she died before him.

Life was busy on the farm and we grew three types of apple, there were Cox, which were the main crop, Worcester's, and King Pippins. I remember the King Pippins in particular for I never did get to like the taste of them. When we were picking the main crop we would bring in a dozen or so women to help, Jean Bland bringing some of them in her mini-bus taxi and others would make their own way. Jean was the daughter of Harry Bland who was landlord of the Stag Inn at Balls Cross. Iron Pear Tree was about 37 acres in total and we only grew apples, unlike some farms which also had soft fruits. All of the pruning was done by hand much as it is to this day on other farms, though of course the trees were much bigger than the modern ones and so every job was done off a ladder. We began pruning just as soon as the leaves were off, this would be sometime in late October and we would have to be finished by the time the sap began to rise in early March. There was a real art to pruning and you could recognise who did which tree just by looking at it. Of course the hardest time of year was during picking for it seemed to be an endless task of humping heavy apple trays about. We sprayed the trees for apple scab and codling moth as well as giving them a winter wash of tar oil that cleaned off the lichen. If the tree had canker then we would cut it out or if it was bad then the whole branch might have to come off, though that was a last resort.

Mr Kenyon was a gentleman farmer and did not often help with the manual work though he would occasionally do a bit of pruning. He gave up Iron Pear Tree in about 1974, he was well into his seventies by that time and really the apple business was not like it used to be, in fact the government eventually paid to have the apple trees grubbed up and that was the end of Iron Pear Tree as an apple grower.

George North was talking to Audrey Grimwood and Miles Costello.

## Consulting a 'cunning woman' Pulborough 1832

Writing in Magazine 22 Trudy Foley drew attention to the so-called Swing Riots, centring mainly on the South and East of England in the autumn of 1830. A combination of growing population, inflation, starvation wages, seasonal (and endemic) unemployment and repressive legislation had caused widespread unrest. William Cobbett in the spring of 1830 compared the situation to that in France just before the revolution in 1789. By summer there had been serious disturbances in Kent, spreading by late autumn across the county border into Sussex. Threshing machines were a special target for the rioters, but their particular trademark was incendiarism, accompanied by letters from the mythical but all too alarming "Captain Swing", the more alarming for his very elusiveness and intangibility. Trudy Foley tells the story of a "Swing" letter in Petworth and of Sarah Mitchell's attempt to fire her employer's house in East Street at the behest, or so she claimed, of a mysterious stranger who had instructed her in writing a Swing letter and given her an incendiary device.

The authorities were alarmed and had good reason to be: the disturbances would continue sporadically into the following years. It is in the nature of the case that information on the disturbances comes mainly from official records and is notably lacking in sympathy for the rioters themselves. Their thoughts and aspirations can only be painfully and tentatively reconstructed from sources that are basically hostile to them and dismissive of any ideals they may have had. Captain Swing's followers by their very numbers and the, often inarticulate, fury that drove them, were a force to be reckoned with. They had also a genuine grievance against an unequal and unsympathetic society. It was part and parcel of that grievance that they had few avenues in which to express their thoughts.

Feelings were still running high in 1832 as is indicated by the random survival of a poster and rough notes of evidence concerning an incendiary act at Pulborough in September of that year. The poster offers the huge sum of £50 for information leading to the conviction of the felon or felons responsible for firing a barley rick, the property of Mr. John Jupp, farmer, of Codmore Hill, Pulborough a month before. The Phoenix Fire Insurance Office, the Pulborough Prosecution Society and John Jupp himself are to contribute. Mr. Tyler, at Petworth, land agent to the Earl of Egremont, coordinates their efforts. Clearly the Earl himself, as always, has his finger on the pulse. The events of 1789 were not to reoccur in England's green and pleasant land. The sheer size of the reward offered is obviously intended to put a strain on class loyalties.

Investigations in these pre-forensic days and with the onus for prosecution on individual rather than community, seem to have taken a somewhat leisurely course.



*Codmore Hill, Pulborough. An Edwardian postcard.*

It was a good calendar month after the offence before the poster appears and another ten days before the surviving deposition was taken. One might think a greater sense of urgency might have been more productive.

The sole deponent is Esther Voice, clearly brought forward by the poster but perhaps troubled as much by a conflict of loyalties as attracted by the reward. She is disturbed by the persistent thought that she knows the identity of the culprit even if her evidence for such a serious accusation tends very much toward the circumstantial. The reward is clearly a factor, but possibly not an all-consuming one. Esther clearly is suffering an inner turmoil of her own, a battle between solidarity with her own folk, disapproval of the incendiary's contempt for the rule of law, and a growing fear that a failure to disclose the knowledge may lead her and her family into difficulty.

Esther, wife of William Voice, a blacksmith, looks back to that eventful 21<sup>st</sup> September. She recalls her husband returning home from work. Presumably it was evening. James Ayling and his wife Mary were in their garden adjoining the tenement and garden of the Pollard family. The two families were in conversation on the subject of incendiarism and William Voice joined in. His attitude was conservative. He "blamed such things and said 'twas very bad." Mary Pollard, however, took a different view: "Damn all such as take the farmer's parts." Mr. Pollard added that if it had not been for the fires the poor would have starved during the preceding winter.

On the Saturday night (the 22<sup>nd</sup>), Esther had spied the rick on fire and taken her little daughter to see the sight. Mary Pollard was there, laughing, and clearly delighted with the blaze. When Esther demurred and said it was too serious a matter for laughter, Mary replied, in answer to a question about her husband's whereabouts, that he was gone to "Martins at Mareshill" and had been left some twenty minutes. She repeated this three times. The suggestion appears to be that Mary was providing her husband with an alibi.

A few days later, with the local constable, one Lucas, making enquiries about the fire, Mary Pollard came to Esther, evidently in great distress and kept repeating that "she wished she was dead." Lucas was present at the time. After about an hour she went home. By the time William Voice came back at one o'clock, Mary was nowhere to be found. William had not seen her and neither had the constable. Why, asked Esther, had she been so distressed?

Some days later, and now about a fortnight after the fire, Mary Pollard was again at the Voices. The constable had been to her house, but on this occasion her husband was at home. Mary herself had gone home by the back way to avoid "lighting with" the constables; by this time apparently Lucas had some assistance. Esther now thought that the continued attentions of the constables were sufficient to account for Mary's previous distress.

On the day of the deposition (November 1<sup>st</sup>) Mary again came to Esther and asked her if she had seen the "pretty papers," meaning the reward posters. She asked Esther also if she thought it had been her that had fired the rick. Esther replied that she could think it was no one else. "Well then," Mary answered, "If I am guilty I must suffer." Clearly Esther's loyalties were very divided the more so as Mary insisted she accompany her to a "cunning woman" to find out "something" – presumably what an uncertain future held for her. The wise woman came quickly to the point: no doubt she had some local knowledge to complement whatever

other powers she possessed. If Mary did not mind (i.e. be careful of) the person next to her (Esther) would be too much for her and she would be sent over the water. The connotations of this were quite obvious.

Reverting to the night of the fire Esther recalled her husband kicking against something that looked like a firebrand. He had picked it up, quenched it, and found it to be the remains of a bundle of rags and matches. He gave it to John Jupp who told him that one of "her" girls, presumably Mary Pollard's, had worn a frock of that pattern. Esther felt that Jupp was a good man, and lamented the wrong done him. Such conduct by the poor simply harmed their own cause. Why had she not given her evidence before? She had been afraid of trouble from the Pollards, but the poster's promise of pre-trial anonymity had stiffened her resolve. Clearly, as we have seen, Esther has conflicting loyalties. While the £50 reward may be casting its own spell, the ties of a close community, the consequences for Mary Pollard and her family of a conviction, and Esther's obvious unease at this kind of behaviour all needed to be taken into account.

Inconclusive as it is, the fragment is particularly vivid and goes straight to the heart of certain problems inherent in any mass movement. Clearly there were different possible attitudes amongst the labourers and their families. William Voice is described as a blacksmith and possibly enjoyed a greater comfort than did the Pollards. It is not possible to say definitely. Certainly his attitude seems rather more measured. The visit to the cunning woman reflects the raw emotions of unsophisticated people under stress and infuses the episode with a sense of mystery and foreboding. Unfortunately no indication is given of the cunning woman's method of operating.

In fact it has not been possible to trace a prosecution. Perhaps the authorities felt the evidence too circumstantial to secure a conviction. A reward of the size offered might bring its own crop of perjured evidence. Possibly the injured parties felt it was simply better to let sleeping dogs lie and not to throw good money after bad. If, after all, Mary Pollard knew more than she was saying, they might reasonably expect her to err very much on the side of caution in future!

P.

Note: The Criminal Registers (HO27) at the Public Record Office list those tried at courts in England and Wales on a county-by-county basis. The registers list the names of those tried as well as the alleged crime and the sentence given. They also indicate the sessions at which they were tried. The Sussex sections for 1832 and 1833 (HO27/44 and HO27/46 respectively) contain nothing under Pollard, although they do note convictions for arson which was in some circumstances a capital offence.

## New Members

Mrs Dillon-Thistleton, Lurgashall Mill Farm, Lurgashall, GU28 9ER.  
Mr AC Hill, Selham House, Selham, Nr Petworth, GU28 0PS.  
Mrs B Hull, 1 Chestnut Gardens, Stamford, Lincs, PE9 2JY.  
Mrs E Strevens, 19 Orchard Close, Petworth, GU28 0SA.  
A Smith-Wyndham, 3 St Albans, Tekles Park, Camberley, Surrey, GU5 2LE.  
Mr & Mrs R Tabbner, 20 Meadow Way, Petworth, GU28 0ER.  
Mr H Kirkham, Garden House Antiques, Saddlers Row, Petworth.  
Mrs D Kirby, 25 Elmcroft Crescent, North Harrow, Middlesex, HA2 6HL.  
Mrs A Swinson, 6 Thorndyke Court, Westfield Park, Hatch End, Middlesex HA5 4JG.  
Miss N Foley, 12 Kent Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN4 9UE.  
Mr & Mrs P Brooks, 103 Stakes Road, Purbrook, Nr Portsmouth, Hants PO7 5NR.  
Mr & Mrs I McNeil, Orchard House, River, Petworth, GU28 9AX.  
Mr D Mott, Four Winds, Chichester Road, Midhurst.  
Dr & Mrs E Jenkins, Pikeshoot Cottage, Coultershaw, Petworth, GU28 0JE.  
Mr & Mrs R Welch, 1 Westside, Tillington.  
Dr A Brown, Hillside Cottage, Upperton, GU28 9BAQ.



*An older Byworth. See "What's in a name".*

