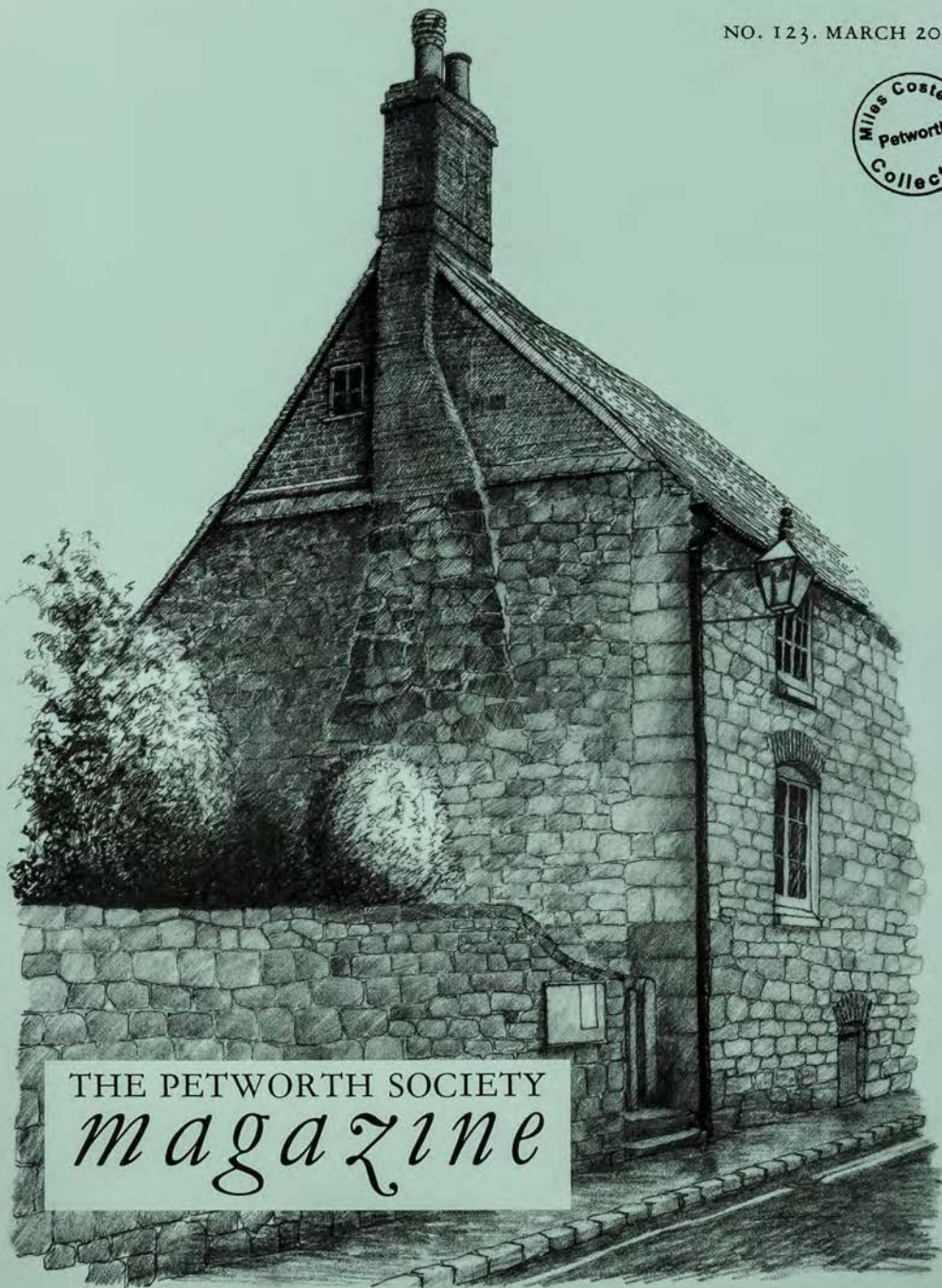


NO. 123. MARCH 2006



THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

*magazine*

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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:

### *Chairman*

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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

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### *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

*New cover from Jonathan as usual. Old subscription rates as usual – the latter's down to the Book Sale of course. We're still trying to come to terms with the extraordinary events of the 18th November.*

*The Town Band benefit concert brought the appeal to a triumphant conclusion with a total of £13,125. Obviously money will continue to trickle in over a period.*

*My apologies over the wayward caption opposite page 20 in the last Magazine. It should have read Nancy Cross with Beryl Speed about 1934. Fortunately both Nancy and Beryl seem very forgiving ladies. Sack the editor I say.*

*The loss of Jacqueline Golden just before Christmas will be deeply felt as will that of Pat Adams. Pat's links with the Society go back to the very beginnings. Her late husband Jimmy was our secretary in the 1970s. Valerie and Ray Hunt have taken over the Byworth round. Jacqueline is remembered in the article which follows. Another Petworth stalwart Bunty Musson (née Kerr) is remembered by Miles elsewhere in this Magazine.*

Peter 29<sup>th</sup> January 2006.

*Re Magazine 122, page 17 Jeremy Godwin writes:*

*"Old Shep's" lodgings. This sounds like the cottage just south of the junction of Hungers and Rotherbridge Lanes. Local tradition in Tillington says that when a lamp was set in its west window in the eaves, the smugglers knew the lanes were safe for their purposes. If the window was dark they melted into the scenery.*

## Christmas at 346

It's something I've done over the years, a quick trip up to the Museum on Christmas Day, sometimes before, sometimes after, lunch. It's almost as if the cottage is part of the family and would be hurt if it were left out. The parlour still has Ann Bradley's prize-winning Christmas window but from inside this is visible only from the back. Max's timer for the lights sits on the mat. The hidden heating is another anachronism - the winter cottage is warmer than it would have been in 1910, and, during the close season, it needs to be. Austerity for its own sake can be self-defeating. The range has gone for renovation and a new besom commands the empty space. No point in leaving it out in the cold and damp. The mangle too is away for restoration so there's another empty space outside. It's a sunny day, almost spring-like, but with the threat of hard weather to come. The usual quick look around. The darker recesses of the cellar, the spare stone hot-water bottle shining dimly in the gloom. Then up the stairs clasp the metal rail coning. It always reminds me of a childhood picture of Admiral Jellicoe on the Iron Duke in 1914 (no I wasn't around then). I try not to think of it, but every time I clasp the rail it comes to mind. Then briefly upstairs - even after ten years the figure of Mrs. Cummings still gives a slight frisson.

Spectacles by the bed in the next room. How easily suggestion leads to conjecture, conjecture to assumption. But did Mrs. Cummings really read books? Personally I rather doubt it, but everyone's free to make their own judgement. That's part of the Museum's mystique, that great grey area that you can fill in yourself. .... The familiar view down High Street from the attic window. Nothing's stirring on Christmas morning. Downstairs and out into the garden: the three mammoth wallflower plants that didn't flower last year and were left in. Against the new planting they seem huge. But will they withstand severe weather? That we shall see. Of the new bulbs there's not a sign - the Shakespeare tulips and the rest. The cinder path crackles reassuringly as it always does.

On the face of it everything is as it should be, but it isn't. There's a black-bordered notice on the gate and a spray of rosemary from the garden. It's a tribute to Jacqueline Golden, "Indefatigable curator and secretary of the Museum since its foundation."

While the original idea was Ann Bradley's and it was her persistence, and Lord Egremont's kind suggestion of a site, that gave the museum its initial impetus, Lewis and Jacqueline have been as much a part of the Museum in its first ten years as its very bricks and mortar. And Jacqueline's was a pervasive, but self-effacing presence, ever polite, ever patient, ever gently humorous. Very occasionally I'd be in the garden when she'd come up to collect the day's takings, quietly efficient as she always was. She never failed. Curator, secretary, stewards' co-ordinator and so much, much else, and that hint of a smile as she disappeared beneath an avalanche of, often all too irrelevant, Museum paperwork. Nothing too large for her to handle, nothing so small that it escaped her notice. And suddenly she was gone .....

Through the Thursday afternoon traffic, almost losing our way at Marylebone, then the long drive up the Finchley Road. Joan driving, Claudia in the front, myself in the back, maps at the ready trying to pinpoint our position. Then Golders Green in the half light, enclosed parking and the tea-room reserved for a previous party. The service is at 4.45. And it's the shortest day, already fading quickly in the enclosed memorial garden. The dim light still leaves the memorial tablets legible on the wall. The service book has a mix of English and square, pointed, Hebrew script. The 23<sup>rd</sup> psalm in either language, the rabbi switching periodically to Hebrew but without disturbing the flow of the service. The language of the angels retains the guttural consonants of a desert land and the boundaries of two great religions blur in the face of a common destiny. Rabbi Tarphon says, "The day is short and the task is great and the labourers are idle and the wage is abundant and the master of the house is urgent ....." He used to say, "It is not thy part to finish to task but thou art not free to desist from it." Or in Job's words: "The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." By no means without hope but these are matters for God alone.

And then the long evening drive through London to a full synagogue. The spoken service and the hushed reverence seem strangely at odds with the feverish life of the capital. Hours later, entering North Street at just past eleven o'clock seems almost to regress four hundred years - as if the concept of time hardly existed.

Rosemary for remembrance. "No one is indispensable." So they say. I wonder. There is an irony here. Jacqueline's unspoken request is that we strive for the impossible, to show that she was not indispensable. It will be difficult.

The Museum begins its second decade in sorrow. "It will be a busy year," as Jacqueline wrote in her Christmas card to me. Inevitably the tenth anniversary celebrations will be somewhat muted. It was not given to Jacqueline to finish the task. Perhaps, in the nature of things it's not a task that can be finished, but it is certainly not our part "to desist from it." The ancient rabbi had it exactly.

P.

There will be a commemoration of the Museum's first ten years in the Leconfield Hall in May - details on the activities sheet. I am not in a rush to appoint a new secretary, stewards' co-ordinator, and curator, assuming that these posts will now be separate. If anyone would like to discuss what is involved, please contact me. There is no reason why these jobs should be chores, a concept quite alien to the spirit of the Museum.

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## Bunty Musson nee Kerr 1912 - 2006

I feel it is important that we record the passing of a grand old lady who had not lived in Petworth for over fifty years but who retained over that long period a deep and unshakable fondness for the town, and who will be remembered with great affection by many older members of the society.

I am sure that Bunty Musson wouldn't mind if I said that she had a privileged upbringing, brought up at Culvercroft in Pound Street, daughter of the very popular Dr. Kerr, she moved in a circle that most locals could only aspire to and yet she remained quite down to earth. To me she was the very essence of middle class Petworth that would disappear with the coming of the Second World War. Despite, or perhaps because of her early advantages Bunty had an ability to transcend the social divides in Petworth and had friends in all walks of life. Visiting her at her home in Fernhurst I soon realised that Bunty knew just about everybody in an older Petworth and could talk in depth about everything that went on in the town between the wars. In fact on hindsight I now realise that during our talks we only really scratched the surface of her knowledge and as is so often the case it is now too late.

Bunty had an ability to drop into our conversations the names of long dead locals and would seem quite surprised that I could not possibly have known them. Of course I knew the names but Bunty would put flesh on their bones and speak with such enthusiasm and affection that I would leave her home at Fernhurst feeling that I was quite intimately acquainted with the ghosts of her childhood.

Bunty's funeral took place in the beautiful little church of St. Nicholas at Compton near Godalming. Her large family and numerous friends - which included a small contingent from Petworth - ensured that the church was full, and in a final symbol of her affection for the town where she grew up her family generously dedicated the retiring collection to The Petworth Society.

Recollections of Bunty's life in Petworth can be found in issues 93 and 104 of this magazine.

Miles Costello

## “It’s the job of the Clerk of the Market to be uneasy .....” Petworth Fair 2005

If idyllic is a word that can be applied in any sense to something as earthy as Petworth fair, it was an idyllic start. Large autumn leaves blown and drying in the Pound Street sunshine, a potentially disruptive skip in Market Square quickly set on one side. I could not remember a better day for setting up since 1985, nor a better forecast. Bright days and clear, cold nights. Perhaps in choosing November those inscrutable Saxon or early Norman founders were not so perverse after all. Another year, of course, I might think otherwise. Fred Harris is sitting out on a shop step in the sunshine, a rare luxury. “Very smooth”, says Robert. It must be the twenty-first fair since that first hesitant restoration. But it’s the job of the clerk of the Market to be uneasy, always uneasy. Uneasy until the fair’s finally pulled out and the Leconfield Hall key drops comfortably back on the mat at Trowels. Then that 363 day sinecure that goes with the job. Well I suppose there’s the closure order and all the work Keith does with the Hall back-up ....

Asleep or half-asleep 11.15pm. There’s a ring on the bell. It can happen. Revellers on their way down the road. But this is insistent. Robert, presumably, although I can’t imagine what he wants. But it’s not Robert: it’s my sister with Pericles the dog. “The fair’s on fire.” In more than thirty years of adventure high (and sometimes low) with the Petworth Society I have never heard words as sinister. Echoes perhaps of that famous night in 1923 when the town hall bells tolled for the great fire at Coultershaw Mill. The same desperate rush to get out. It’s bitterly cold. No need for the firebells: fire crews and police are here already but the Square is otherwise deserted. The Southdown Gallopers, the very incarnation of the fair are alight, the firemen seeking to reduce flame to smoke. Some are wearing breathing apparatus. Fortunately the fire had been spotted relatively early. There is an all-pervading smell of diesel. It would cling to my hands until the fair was long gone. Sporadic traffic is still making its way through the Cut but otherwise time, and everything else, stands still. The light green tilt, which had originally held back the flames, has disappeared and there are pieces of blackened fabric everywhere. At the very least the fire appears suspicious. Why the diesel? And stationary gallopers don’t spontaneously combust. That’s however, a matter for the trained investigator. It’s already past midnight and it’s going to be a very long night. Billy Benson arrives from Dorking, he’s heard the news on the radio. In any case the fairground network is already in stunned communication. The worst disaster for the Harris family in over a hundred years. Perhaps it’s only another showman like Billy who can say to Robert, “These things happen.” From an outsider such a comment would appear obscene. And at Petworth of all places. Apparent trivialities take on significance - or perhaps they don’t. Youths drawn to the incomers in the Square, moths to a lamp if you like. A perverted urge to force themselves into what must seem a charmed circle, or failing that, to destroy it. There’s always talk, a scuffle perhaps, but long experience suggests it’ll be no more than that. Talk of “yogging”, torching we might say, but talk’s cheap enough. The cap’s gone from the diesel on the back-

up truck. And this is a drama played out to a minimal audience - almost exclusively firemen and police.

The Harris family begin to arrive from Ashington to join Robert. To the layman the fire’s origin seems centred round a particular set of central panels, ornate, Victorian and irreplaceable. On a superficial view the horses appear largely to have survived. Water and diesel are flowing down the incline and round the Swan Corner gutter. There’s a “top hat” missing in the Cut. Some girls, talking on the seats to the west of the Leconfield Hall, had removed it because its clanking had disturbed their deliberations. It’s thrown down beside the telephone booth. They might have replaced it, but it’s probably not significant.



*Fire damage pictured on the day. A Harris family photograph.*

We’re still in the Square. Too much time to ponder the possible demise of a great tradition. While the Harris family do not seem to have been part of the early century fair, they were certainly at Petworth for Queen Victoria’s Diamond Jubilee in 1897. The present machine had been acquired second hand at the end of the 1914-1918 war ....

Robert’s on his own in the caravan. Half past two perhaps. It’s a very long night. Time hardly seems relevant. The door’s open and it’s bitterly cold. A lone candle gives a bleak light. What to say as representing a sleeping Petworth? There’s nothing I can say. The livelihood of several families at worst destroyed, at best threatened. Their lovingly preserved panels gone for ever. The mindless madness of a few moments weighed against the care of generations. As one of the brothers said, “There are times when you curse the roundabout and the sheer brutal hard work it involves but it’s a part of our life, almost like a living being.” Anger and bewilderment mingle like the diesel and water running down the slope. For myself,

I feel an irrational sense of guilt. In theory Petworth is perhaps the safest of all venues. Harris Brothers have been with us since the Society took on a fading fair in 1985. Not the best return for their loyalty. And what of the fair itself, that running sore on the corporate twenty-first century body of society with its obsessive pre-occupation with compensation, public liability, risk assessment, insurance and the rest. That threat to the smooth running of normal life, that scourge of indignant pre-closure motorists?

The morning comes in sombre. The smell of diesel hangs over the west side of the Square. Decisions to be made. To abandon the fair? But why surrender to the mindless minority? You can't. In any case the chairplanes are still here, while the other fairmen and the Petworth organisations are beginning to set up in the Hall. The Gallopers have officially been declared a "crime scene" with no one allowed beyond the blue police tape. A curious paradox on a day full of them. Forensic are expected and nothing can be done until they've cleared. And the closed circuit camera, has it held to one setting sufficiently long? Perhaps all was obscured by the tilt? Perhaps. The blackened pieces of tilt spread into the damp morning tarmac. With John Crocombe unavailable for this year's event, it falls to the Bognor Regis crier to announce the formal opening. Time to compare notes: it turns out that as a researcher he's struggling with that noted church court copyist whose late sixteenth century script has baffled so many over the years. Some undiagnosed disease like Parkinsons. Unsurprisingly we've both had recourse to Alison McCann for advice. I think even Alison has a hard time with his wildest excesses. As always in the early afternoon, the formal opening is for the few. You really need to open the fair when its halfway through. It's two o'clock; forensic have left and the blackened gallopers have been taken down and carted away, disconsolately, to Ashington. The last time we operated without them the wind had been so violent they couldn't be erected.

And where does the Petworth Society stand? It has a certain loyalty to Robert Harris and his brothers. It also needs to respond to the wave of public feeling in the town and far beyond it. It's idle to pretend that everyone likes the fair. They don't. They never have. A certain ambivalence must be part of the fair's tradition. On the other side, for some it's the quintessential Petworth event, a matter of childhood memory, or even a feeling back to a more robust, less sensitive age, a harsher, clearer air. Even a glorious two-finger salute at the modern ethos. A fund to help with the restoration seems our best policy. The Town Band and the Haslemere line-dancers donate their fees to the fledgling fund while the Society itself begin with a substantial donation. If at all practicable the Gallopers need to be restored. Our aim must be that Robert's words to me some fifteen years ago are as true this April as they were then.

"Our spirits rise when the spring comes, the days get longer, the first swallows are seen and the trees come into bud. We may be site-clearing, doing mechanical repairs at our Ashington base, or anything that will hold the firm together during the long winter months, but when spring comes we know we'll soon be on the road again." You may like Petworth fair, you may not like Petworth fair, you may look on the whole thing with complete indifference; but you may agree that in an increasingly standardised world the Harris travelling tradition is one that cannot be allowed to die.

P.

## A more than local response

*Contributions to the Fair Appeal came in from all over the country - not just locally. Many of course made no comment with their donation but members may be interested in a random selection from those who did. I have omitted the numerous and very scathing comments on the alleged arsonists. Whoever they may be they are undeserving of space in this Magazine.*



*Harris Brothers' Gallopers at Petworth in 1990. Photograph by Peter Hammond.*

Please find enclosed a cheque for £10 towards the big project. I would like to be part of the happy ending.

I am so sad for the Harris family as I know what enormous pride they took in their Carousel.

We're looking forward to our grandchildren going on them next year.

I read with some dismay in *World's Fair* the events concerning the Harris Brothers' Gallopers. I can only imagine the anguish the family are feeling, the ride is one of Britain's finest.

Please find enclosed a cheque for £10 to aid the Harris family restore their Gallopers. They are among the friendliest fair operators I have met and I regularly travel to fairs all over the country and beyond.

# VANDALISM AT PETWORTH FAIR

**You will be aware that the priceless hundred year old "Gallopers" roundabout owned by Robert Harris and his brothers was attacked by vandals in Petworth Market Square on the evening preceding the annual fair. Fire damage was severe.**

It is particularly distressing given that the Harris family have been coming to Petworth for over a hundred years. They were here for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897. Petworth Fair itself is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, street fairs in the south of England. Even in 1273, no man could remember the beginning of it.

In response to feeling widely expressed in the town, the Petworth Society, who organise the fair, are setting up a fund to help Harris Brothers, at least partially, to defray the very considerable cost of repair and restoration, so that, ideally at least, the family can operate again in the spring. The Petworth Society have already made a substantial donation, while Petworth Town Band will give a benefit concert in St. Mary's Church on February 4th.

Donations please to :-

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

Cheques should be made out to the "Petworth Society Fair Appeal"

**WE HOPE ALSO TO HAVE AT LEAST ONE COLLECTION BOX IN THE TOWN**

**PETER JERROME**  
Chairman  
The Petworth Society

*The original appeal poster. In a thoughtful touch, this one, originally on the Leconfield Hall outside notice board has been singed at the bottom.*

Very sad, I first went on that roundabout 88 years ago.

What a shocker. Disgusting.

Enclosed is a small donation toward restoring the Carousel. Do hope it will be possible. The fair has given so much enjoyment over the years to so many people, myself included.

I enclose a cheque for £50 for the Fair appeal. This amount was raised by having a raffle at a recent meeting of Sussex County Association of Change Ringers (Western Division).

We feel ashamed that this has happened in our town and we only wish we could give more to the fund. Our children are just getting to an age when they appreciate the fair and they had a lovely time this year. We hope that, as they grow they will have many years to enjoy this important date in the Petworth year - and hopefully one day bring new grandchildren to enjoy it too.

I was shocked and really upset to hear what happened to the Harris's Carousel .... you have a mammoth task to raise the money needed for the restoration and I hope you will be successful.

Thank you for your involvement.

We've always enjoyed the old Gallopers at Petworth Fair and other functions. How anyone can do such needless damage to such a historic old ride is beyond belief.

## Slow and painful in mid-January

Our first reaction to the events of 18<sup>th</sup> November was sheer devastation and disbelief. It was a low key Christmas for the family, the psychological effects not obvious immediately but taking their own time. Remember the whole family was still grieving the loss of our mother in September. To follow this with the greatest disaster to have befallen us in over hundred years must have its effect.

We were faced with an immediate problem: we were booked for the National Trust's Victorian Fair at Petworth House in mid-December and were without our roundabout. Trevor Williams from Detling near Maidstone had a similar machine and loaned it to us free of charge so that we could fulfil our commitment. It worked very well, but of course it was disappointing for us not to take our own equipment to Petworth House; after all John Harris had brought his steam roundabout to Petworth for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897. Hopefully we'll come another year. Incidentally Trevor Williams knows a thing or two about hooligan attacks himself.

We've had gifts of money and a great deal of help in kind, including labour, from showmen and fair enthusiasts. I suppose the roundabout suffered about 45% loss, the main concentration being on the superstructure of the centre trailer. This was significantly damaged, including the very ornate centre drum with the twelve antique mirrors and some very rare Victorian carving depicting the "Green Man" a pagan symbol of virility. It is only thanks to the prompt action of Petworth Fire Brigade that damage was not even more severe. They did a miraculous job. Their efficiency meant that we were able to recover four damaged

centre carved panels. These will enable us at least to copy, reproduce and rebuild and restore something of the ride's former glory. That said, of course, the loss of the originals is a tragedy and very hard to bear, while the cost of craftsmanship of such quality is high. This particular task will not be undertaken before we go back on the road and will probably cost as much (or more) as all our other restoration work. The lost cut glass bevelled mirrors will be difficult to source. Two or three have survived intact but another ten or so will need to be replaced. Hopefully quantity will bring down the unit expense.

The wooden understructure of the roundabout is largely destroyed but the burnt-out shell remains, enabling us to take exact measurements. The turntable of the trailer is significantly damaged, but is being restored in ash, taking its old form of a Sussex cart. This is a specialised job on which the carpenter is already working. It will be identical to its predecessor, replacing like with like. There is scorch damage on the galloping horses, not directly affected by the central fire but by falling pieces of flaming tilt. We haven't started on this yet. What we have already done is to redecorate the steps, refurbish inside and outside platform rods, paint and refurbish the platforms and refurbish supports. A new tilt has been ordered for spring and accessories to hang down and protect from the weather, also fourteen new "swifts" - spars to support the roundabout. We have been given oak and ash for the undercarriage by a sympathetic saw mill in Devon, among others.

And what is our attitude to Petworth? Basically the same as it has always been, the most electric night of the year. Despite this tragedy we need to look forward not back. The unthinkable can happen, even at somewhere like Petworth. Such things cannot be allowed to deter us. Our thoughts are with the vast majority of people who expect to see us as usual. In this second week of January, slowly and painfully we're turning the corner. Our usual work has had to be suspended and we're working round the clock. We've had enormous good will and a great deal of skilled volunteer help. We're still in shock but we'll be back.

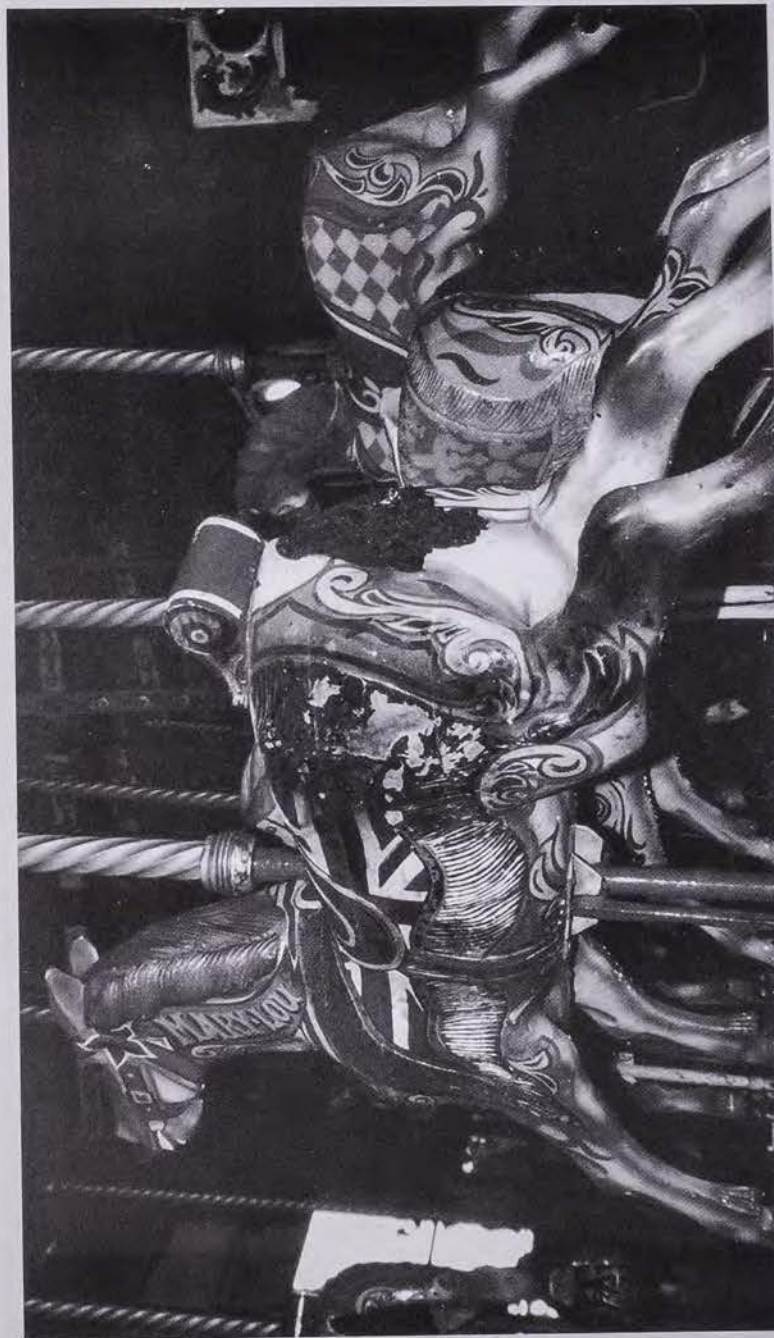
Robert Harris on the telephone

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## Conclusion – of a kind

I reproduce the programme for the Band Concert on January 28th and am writing this with the Magazine due to go to the printer almost immediately. St Mary's was full and admission and raffle raised £900 for the appeal. We were able to give Harris Brothers a Society cheque for £12,000 in addition to £1,125 already donated.

It's always a pleasure for us to work with the Town Band : the link between the two groups has been a close one from the very beginnings in 1974. Their organisation on this occasion was superb, taking over the admission and raffle while Debbie, Linda and Marian provided tea, using the impressive new facilities at the church. No light task given the numbers. Paddy Poste acted as M.C. while Lord Egremont, as a Society committee member, handed the cheque over to Robert Harris. Three Harris brothers were at the church, two



*Damage caused to Galloping Horses by falling pieces of blazing tilt, 18th November 2005. Photograph by Mr. J. Jones.*





*Robert and Ted Harris arriving at St Mary's for benefit concert with members of the Town Band, 28th January 2006.  
Photograph courtesy of Observer series.*

Petworth Town Band Concert 28<sup>th</sup> January 2006  
In Support of

## The Harris Family Galloper Restoration Fund

Musical Director – Paula Streeter

### Programme

<b>Bandology</b>	Arr. F. Wright
<b>Lion King</b>	Arr. F. Bernaerts
<b>Amparito Roca</b>	Arr. A. Winter
<b>Something Stupid – Cornet Duet</b>	Arr. A. Fernie
<b>Rondeau</b>	Purcell Arr. M. Hopkinson
<b>Musket Fife and Drum</b>	Arr. B. Hingley
<b>Standard of St George</b>	K. Alford
<b>Yesterday – Horn Solo</b>	R. Woodfield
<b>Floral Dance</b>	Arr. D. Broadbent
<b>1914 March</b>	Arr. G. Mackenzie

### Interval

<b>There's No Business Like Show Business</b>	Arr. B Fraser
<b>Candle In The Wind</b>	Arr. F. Bernaerts
<b>The Joker – Trombone Solo</b>	Arr. H. Moss
<b>Is this the way to Amarillo</b>	Arr. J. Ocean
<b>Trumpet Concerto in E flat 2<sup>nd</sup> Movement</b>	Haydn
<b>Trumpet Tune</b>	Purcell
<b>The Mission</b>	Arr. F. Bernaerts
<b>If Tomorrow Never Comes</b>	Arr. S. Cortland
<b>The Best of ABBA</b>	Arr. F. Bernaerts
<b>Sussex by the Sea</b>	W. Ward - Higgs

remaining on duty at the Ashington depot. Robert introduced a crucial figure on the restoration : Ian the carpenter. Lord Egremont spoke briefly of the antiquity of the fair and the sense of shame that Petworth has at such a thoughtless, mindless act being perpetrated in the town, perhaps the worst outrage in a thousand years of fair history.

The band were in triumphant form under Paula's easy but vigorous direction and while the money raised certainly doesn't solve all problems it does give the Harris family a base from which to operate and reason to look to the future, while the obvious sympathy and regret of so many Petworth people in general who came to St Mary's on a bitterly cold Saturday afternoon in January will go some way toward erasing the memory of that bleak November Saturday morning when in the early hours all seemed irretrievably lost.

P.

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## 'Bosun's Call'

Peter, our Chairman, opened the meeting by announcing the launch of an appeal to raise funds to help in restoring the Victorian 'gallopers' roundabout, seriously damaged by arsonists on the eve of the Fair, the previous Friday. He explained that since the Society revived the Fair in 1984, when it was in decline, the Harris brothers, owners of the ride, had been so much involved that it would have been impossible to carry on without them. People came from all over the country, just to ride on the 'gallopers' on Fair Day.

Referring to the appeal, he felt that the Harrises' future depended on the public response. £2,000 had already been received from organisations and the evening's raffle takings, as well as a proportion of the sales of CDs, would go into the fund.

It was 'Bosun's Call', Ken. Stephens and Fiona Murfitt, who presented a programme of folk songs, mainly with a maritime flavour, who generously donated £1 from each CD sold.

Versatile Ken., moving smoothly from accordion to 1887 concertina, harmonica and, briefly, spoons, as well as possessing a richly resonant voice, was partnered by Fiona, who captivated all with her songs as she accompanied herself on the guitar.

Throughout, there was banter and interesting stories about the experiences, thoughts and feelings of the men of the sea and the folk they left behind. The songs themselves provide an historical account of a way of life now gone, but for those unfamiliar with the folk-song scene, it was, perhaps, a surprise to learn that songs are still being written and sung, maintaining a valuable record for future generations.

The last song brought a poignant message for peace, inspired by village war memorials: "Go and read the names", but then there were three encores, including Peter's request for 'Roses of Picardy'.

KCT

## Secrets of the Black Chair

The speaker was Paul Champion, a veteran of many TV quiz shows, who recounted his experiences in front of the cameras and behind the scenes. He was in charge of the piano department at Harrod's when he took part in the Pyramid Game, partnered by Liza Goddard, in 1978.

There followed appearances as a competitor in Concentration, Runway, 15 to 1, the 64,000 Dollar Question – in which he won the top prize of £6,400 – and Mastermind.

Paul described the processes contestants went through on Mastermind from acceptance through the nine months of 'swotting up', to the recording itself. In his case, the question master was Magnus Magnusson, for whom he developed high regard and affection. Appropriately, the title of the music used in the opening sequence of each programme is "Approaching Menace". Such is the camaraderie which builds up between entrants that they have their own club, newsletter and reunions.

Correspondence from viewers inevitably follows appearances. After choosing the life of the late Kathleen Ferrier as his specialist subject, one of the letters Paul received was from her sister, which led to him writing the singer's biography and eventually becoming a full-time author and lecturer.

This was a most interesting evening, especially for seeing the TV excerpts projected on to the big screen.

KCT

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## A hundred years after a hundred years after Trafalgar

Well, Trafalgar didn't really come into it. It was Peter, giving the 14th Garland Memorial Lecture, who brought our photographs from around 1905, a hundred years after Trafalgar, depicting life in Petworth at a time no longer within living memory. Although we have a photographic record, possibly unequalled by any other small town, putting names to faces after 40 years or more is well nigh impossible and Peter stressed the importance of doing so with the more recent photographs we have.

The period covered by the programme preceded the Garland era. Many of the views and portraits had been recorded by Walter Kevis, whose huge stock of glass plate negatives had been rescued by George Garland on the point of being taken to the rubbish tip and which are now in the keeping of the County Records Office. The others came from the family albums of the well-to-do professionals, the clergy, lawyers, doctors, gentleman farmers, indulging in the new hobby of snapshot photography.

Today, transport, radio and television make it possible for us to experience national

celebrations at first hand. A century or less ago, communities still celebrated military victories and the anniversary or coronation of the monarch, but separately, locally. These occasions, together with Rectory Fetes and bazaars were organised with enthusiasm and in great detail by committees headed by Lord Leconfield or the church. His Lordship even chartered trains to take employees up to London to join with the wider world in celebrations. As for the church, a photograph of the Revd. Penrose's Bible Class, which must have been a hundred strong gave impressive insight into its influence on everyday life. A scene of estate workers lined up in their scores in the Market Square to welcome Lord and Lady Leconfield back from honeymoon was evidence of the dominating effect of the Estate over the town and its inhabitants. The Town Band made several appearances; no uniform in those days. And a sign of things to come, the travelling cinema, replacing the itinerant entertainers, such as puppeteers.

With his fund of memories and anecdotes, Peter made this an instructive, nostalgic and entertaining evening for the audience, whose expectation was well rewarded.

KCT

## Andy's 'Keep it Close' Walk. 30<sup>th</sup> October

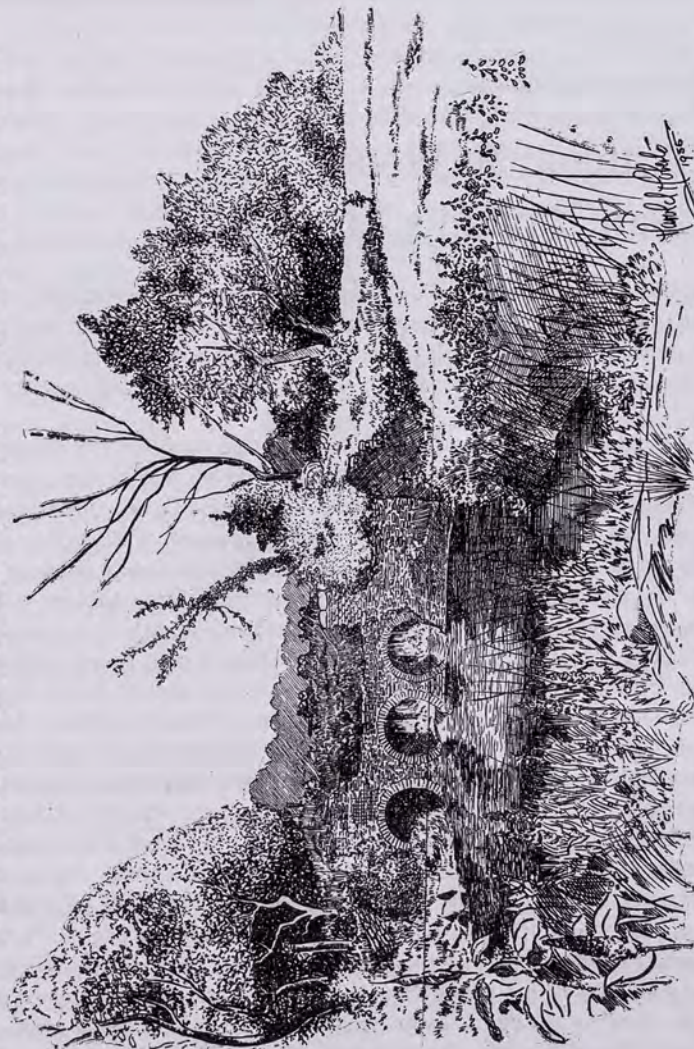
The weather threatening, the forecast alarming. What's new? Rumour has it that Andy's choice for the last walk of the season is Wisborough Green. Over the years I can't ever remember walking there. Right off the A272, almost opposite the church. I've driven past the lane hundreds of time, but never thought of exploring it. Orange yellow chestnut leaves, a sign of the season, the Scout hut on the left. The unsettled weather takes its toll, but it's still a very reasonable turnout. Robert, who has seen the poster in the town, has come up specially from the coast on his motor-bike, otherwise we're experienced veterans, canine and otherwise.

Down the lane to a scattering of houses, a pillar-box set in the wall, and a black timbered barn. The footpath runs on through a field with the green corn sprouting on either side. It's very mild and the sun shines on the shallow puddles. Then a bridge over the river, the sun playing on a few last dewberries. It's long past Michaelmas and the devil's spittle will be on them. Right to follow the still, green, water of the old canal, pondweed static on the surface. Certainly not the psalmist's still waters. The river runs quickly to our right. Is it the Arun? The flow seems in the wrong direction, unless we've lost our bearings completely. More likely it's the Rother. Boots and paws sink into the clay, the towpath would have been heavy work in the winter. We swing round with the canal. Is that Bedham in front of us under a grey sun?

We arrive at a restored lock. There are plans to reinstate the old canal and the new swingbridge is in operation. Black and white push bars will move the bridge and allow a boat to pass. Otherwise, of course, it's kept padlocked. We're somewhere between Adversane, Pallingham and Stopham - or so we think.

Left along a hedge-lined road and we can see Tullen's Tote rising solitary, far away to our right. We're coming round in a circle, skirting Lee Place Farm to come back on the original path. Eventually we can see the spire of Wisborough Green church ahead of us.

THE OLD LOCK; HARSFOLD FARM, WISBOROUGH GREEN



MR. Harold Roberts sends us this peep at a discarded Sussex lock. This old lock lies on the Arun in the parish of Wisborough Green about a mile from the village and close to Harsfold Farm. Though now falling to decay it was the scene of much activity in days gone by, when barges used to ply between Guildford and Littlehampton. The machinery above the canal crossing are the steel gears once used to lift the lock gates. Their wooden parts are in fragments on the bank.

*This Harold Robert's drawing appeared originally in the West Sussex Gazette in the 1950s.*

A cottage for sale. Rosemary and pampas grass in an autumn garden, milk bottles in a black plastic crate and a satellite dish on the roof. Somehow the rain's held off and it's still eerily mild. We'll be back in the light - just about. A good end to the season and an augury for the next. After nearly three decades Andy's shown there are still places we've never explored.

P.

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## "In a Uruguayan Wood" Book Sale thoughts - December

December and probably as good a show as we've had. Five years this January, Miles' idea not mine as I remind him periodically as we disappear yet again beneath an avalanche of paper. There's a lot of dross about; the essence being to ride through it and come out at the other end. So far we have. This month the "yellows"<sup>1</sup> flow over on to another table and there are more "reds" than usual.

But perhaps the dreaded "Christmas shopping" will take its toll of our clientele, or perhaps they'll fit their shopping around our monthly sale. Perhaps they're more interested in books than Christmas shopping. Certainly the queue down the Hall's east side looks about normal. And, once we're under way, the piles build up behind the counter much as they always do. It's very busy but with a slightly stuttering rhythm, sometimes there's an easier flow. A bias toward the "serious" rather than the "casual" buyer although I'd be hard put to define either term. Coins, and a few notes and cheques, drop into the Fair Appeal box: it must already be over the £8,000 mark but hopefully there's still a fair mileage left. It's very much a case of riding that initial feeling of revulsion. Could such a thing really happen? And in Petworth of all places? Well, it has. Someone buys a great heap of maps. It's that sort of day. Another day they'll hang on, go back in store to reappear, perhaps, in a year's time. Could be more, hardly less. It's certainly an odd morning, unpredictable. Some things you'd expect to be gone in that proverbial "first few seconds" survive the initial onslaught. That first edition Billy Bunter, no dust jacket, but otherwise "clean and bright", is certainly worth a few pounds. It survives for about forty minutes. And those two shorter O.E.D. find a home. Again no dust jackets. Worn, faded boards but perfectly serviceable. They won't be sold on, I think the buyer's going to use them himself. A glossy new *Allen Quartermain* among the Penguins. You'd think someone would have that, anything brand new in paperback hardly touches the ground. The huge stand of Penguins taking about half of the east side is concertinaed, rather like wrinkled socks. *La Princesse de Clèves* in Penguin Classics. I first read it when doing French at "A" level. One of those few books I reread from time to time, like *Le Grand*

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<sup>1</sup> Yellow labels indicate books at £1, red tickets £2. These are the "aristocrats" of the sale. Effectively everything else is 40p

*Meaulnes* or *The Waves*. A very select band, I suppose we all have one or two and everyone's selection will be different. George Garland told me once that C.E.M. Joad who sometimes stayed with the Garlands at South Grove could recite Jane Austen's *Emma* almost word for word. And he'd actually tested him out!

..... The time's ticking round to four o'clock. Jerky but still a good sale. It's appreciably busier year on year. The empty boxes under the table begin to throb with anticipation. Time for a quick look round - take out a few non-starters. Old school text books - what do you do about them? There seems to come a time when they're old enough to take on an interest of their own. There's a time too when they're just out of date, not wanted, harmful even. Junior Regional Geography,<sup>2</sup> the Americas, first published in 1914. Smart red cover, single name inside, nice black and white illustrations. But who would want it? Uruguay - "most of the land is an undulating plain, with woods in places, but chiefly covered in grass. On these grasslands vast herds of cattle are reared ....." It'll go back into stock.

Yes time's coming round to four o'clock. Once you begin packing up people come in, vaguely aggrieved that the sale is vanishing before their eyes. *Allen Quartermain's* one of the last books to go. A neat finish if you like. Time to put what's left back into stock. "My end is my beginning." Have I quoted T.S. Eliot correctly? In book sale terms it's true enough. The cycle begins again. The sale is merely the tip of an iceberg - I don't like the expression but it does sum it all up. Collecting, sorting and discarding. We look now to discard before rather than after. The yellows and reds need to come back to Trowels, John Crocombe and his trailer unloading in a darkening Pound Street. A few keep their status, the rest disappear into the anonymity of the 40p maelstrom. This time too we've had a lot brought in to the Hall itself on the day. They'll need to be sorted. Four o'clock and the December sale's history. You must look to the next one. Come to that, the Magazine's the same. Never look back, always forward. Rather like Orpheus, at least the looking back part. The next one must be better than the one before. It may not always work out but once you don't go for it, it's time to stop.

P.

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<sup>2</sup> J.B. Reynolds. Sixth Edition. A. and C. Black 1926

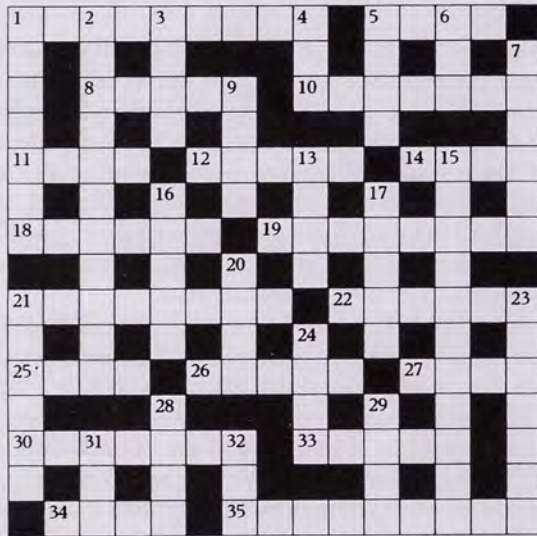
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## Crossword Solution 122

**Across** - 1 Merry Christmas, 8 Solar, 10 Ebernoe, 11 Ella, 12 Tenth, 14 Acer, 18 Sutton, 19 Altitude, 21 Proceeds, 22 Beaten, 25 Post, 26 Parry, 27 Brew, 30 Embarks, 33 Earth, 34 The End Of The War.

**Down** - 1 Mummings, 2 Resolutions, 3 Yule, 4 Ice, 5 Toes, 6 Ann, 7 Petrie, 9 Reel, 13 Till, 15 Coultershaw, 16 Power, 17 Miser, 20 Idea, 21 Puppet, 23 New Year, 24 Tree, 28 Brie, 29 Arch, 31 Bah, 32 Sod.

## Deborah's Crossword



### Across

- 1 Artist who famously described Petworth House as "that house of art" (9)  
 5 Once a hamlet in Tillington parish (4)  
 8 Saxon term for divisions of Sussex (5)  
 10 see 18 ac.  
 11 Covered in dust and cinders (4)  
 12 Mature sounding Petworth family who had a grocer's shop in Angel Street (5)  
 14 Permanent mark (4)  
 18 & 10 ac. Newly reopened areas of Petworth House (6,7)  
 19 You need a sovereign for such a state! (8)  
 21 They provide regular and varied entertainment for Society members (8)

- 22 Enemy returns to her for a formal expression meaning "of this" (6)  
 25 Badger's home (4)  
 26 Willow tree (5)  
 27 Khayam or Sharif (4)  
 30 Instrument associated with Hawaii and George Formby (7)  
 33 Final goodbye to our friends in Ranville? (5)  
 34 The first word in a fairy story (4)  
 35 One of the lesser known Petworth inns (3,6)

### Down

- 1 & 21 dn. Petworth place of interest celebrating 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary this year (7,6)  
 2 One route into Petworth (5,6)  
 3 Rams (4)

- 4 Sense of individuality (3)  
 5 Go through the evidence (4)  
 6 Curve (3)  
 7 Go this way and get lost (6)  
 9 Agricultural storage tower (4)  
 13 Rose is confused – looking for Love (4)  
 15 Egremont family's Cumbrian home and birthplace of Wordsworth (11)  
 16 Follower of Greek school of philosophy (5)  
 17 Auctioneer's hammer (5)

- 20 Gets 12 (4)  
 21 see 1 dn.  
 23 Mr. Cummings's occupation (7)  
 24 Greek goddess, protectress of wives and marriage (4)  
 28 Canadian troops' dog mascot, buried in Gog woods (4)  
 29 National emblem of Great Britain (4)  
 31 Keats composed an ode on a Grecian one (3)  
 32 One of Tolkien's tree-like creatures (3)  
*Apologies for omitting clue for 15 down in Dec. issue:-*  
 [Beam pump's 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary was celebrated here in July]

## Not Quite Roundabouts or Gasholders

I wonder if anybody recalls reading in the newspapers a couple of years ago about the chap who went about photographing roundabouts. No not the fairground type, the ones that you drive around. You probably had a good laugh about him just as many did about the other man who was determined to record and photograph every gasholder in the country.

Well may you have laughed at this latter fellow and his gasholders for in hardly a blink of an eye they have nearly all disappeared and most only survive in our memories or if we are lucky perhaps as the background in a photo of Great Uncle George tending his allotment in Gas Lane or even Station Road in Petworth. Anyway I don't pretend to be as enthusiastic or I hope as eccentric as either of those two fellows but I do like footbridges and in particular footbridges at places where the road floods. These are structures that have no real design qualities to them, bog architecture really, they aren't grand viaducts but they are functional. Probably designed by the local highway surveyor and built to his specifications and preferences each structure is peculiar to its location. Mostly unrecorded they have generally fallen victim to road widening, bridge repairs and neglect. Not wide enough to push a pram along and totally a no-go area as far as disabled access is concerned they are politically incorrect if it is possible for a bridge to be so described.

Often these walkways have become obsolete due to improvements in drainage and have been left to become derelict and fall down. However a few have survived and there are probably many more awaiting discovery. Lost in the nettles and brambles for much of the year they only reappear during the winter months as the undergrowth dies back. Two very good examples can be found nearby, one at Bridgefoot Kirdford and another not far away at Hoebridge on the road from Ebernoe to Balls Cross. Both of these structures are in reasonable condition but quite clearly little used and I know from my experience of working for the highway authority that they could quite easily fall victim to cutbacks in maintenance budgets and subsequently left to decay. Fortunately most modern footbridges are made from concrete or brick which obviously helps to preserve them however there must be many others which still have their original wooden decking and which are probably in need of urgent repair to bring them back into use.

The two examples that I have quoted are considerable structures of great length but there must be others that are quite short perhaps even less than a dozen feet long, these are the ones which will be most easily lost but equally the easiest to maintain. I hope to make a photographic record of all examples of this peculiar type of bridge in West Sussex and would welcome details of any known locations.

Miles Costello  
 01798 343227



Top: *Bridgegoot, Kirdford.*

Bottom: *Hoebidge, Ebernoe.*

## BILLETING SCHEME ATTACKED (1939)

Country places would be bombed, says Duncton Speaker

MRS. DE FONBLANQUE presided over a meeting at the Village Hall, Duncton, on Wednesday night when the matter of compulsory billeting was discussed by Mr. T. H. Story, of the United Ratepayers' Advisory Association.

Mr. Story said that four years ago or more the Government, in the event of war, had in hand a plan for evacuating what he called the "riotous element" from the cities and large towns, in order to help the police in such places. By such means it was expected that some three million school children, and three or four million adults would be evacuated.

### Rush To The Country

The speaker said that it was hardly natural for parents to willingly agree to be separated from their children in time of danger, and he suggested that in the event of an emergency arising one might expect a rush to the country. He emphasized that the Defence Authorities were seriously concerned about the matter of billeting people from the towns and cities on country folk in the small towns and villages in the event of another crisis. London and other large towns were provided with adequate defence measures, he said, and it did not seem logical to evacuate large parts of the population of such places to country places which would be more or less undefended. The object of enemy aircraft would be to destroy the morale of the people by means of air attacks, and one could not reasonably suppose that they would not be able to determine to which places refugees had been moved. How much more easily this destruction of morale could be accomplished by attacking some country place into which refugees had been evacuated, than by dropping bombs on some half empty city or town!

### Objections To Compulsion

Mr. Story emphasized that the anti-billeting campaign was not directed against the protection of children and adult refugees in case of emergency but merely against compulsory billeting. He maintained that camps, huts and cantons, which could be constructed so as to be invisible from the air, were the safest way of protecting the evacuated civilian population from the large towns. Under compulsory billeting people were being asked to receive into their homes strange children and people, thereby turning hitherto safe zones into unsafe ones.

Mr. Story pictured the country home under compulsory billeting in the event of war. The strangers in the home, many of whom did not like country life or country people, because country life or country people were foreign to them; the likelihood of country people having alien refugees billeted upon them whose lives would be even more apart from English country folks. Such a position would mean that the country housewife would cease to be a tenement holder in her own home. Under compulsory billeting there was no guarantee that one would have only children billeted upon one.

The speaker condemned the scheme as an un-British one, and pointed out its illegality, because the Petition of Right (1628), which was still the law of our country, expressly prohibits billeting of the kind proposed.

### Put Unemployed To Work

The speaker urged his audience to give their support to their local M.P. and their local councils in order to fight against any such scheme. Mr. Story pointed out that the Government were now providing shelters for the use of refugees in the event of emergency, and he argued that many more shelters should be provided. In times of peace these could be used for other purposes, and they would be ready and available in case of emergency.

Money could be better spent in setting the vast army of unemployed to work on such a scheme instead of paying out so much money to foreign countries for various purposes.

The speaker pointed out that the breaking up of family life could more easily be avoided by the establishment of such camps, than by billeting unfortunate refugees upon many people who would not want to have them, or be able to properly care for them. The establishment of such camps should be possible without any increase in rates or taxes at all.

In conclusion, Mr. Story asked: "What is the good of fighting dictatorship if one is going to tolerate dictatorial methods in one's own country?"

### Petition Of Right (1628)

The question time which followed Mr. Story's talk was of a somewhat stormy character, and after three dissentient members of the audience had strongly expressed their disapproval of his views they left the hall. Those remaining passed the following resolution:— We, being ratepayers and electors in the Petworth District express our concern and indignation at the Billeting Scheme. We remind our elected representatives that they were elected by us to carry out our wishes and not those of Whitehall officials, who wish to impose upon us a dangerous and unlawful scheme. We call attention to the fact that the Petition of Right 1628 is still the law of our country, and this law expressly prohibits billeting of the kind proposed under the Government's Compulsory Billeting Scheme. We demand that there shall be no compulsory billeting, and adequate alternative shelter and protection must be provided in the way of camps and shelters, without increasing rates and taxes. We instruct them to represent our wishes to the Rural District Council, and see to it that our will is obeyed. We promise them full support in every way so long as they carry out our wishes.

*This Garland report which appeared in the Sussex Weekly News in February 1939 is interesting for its insight into the tensions aroused in rural areas by government proposals for mass evacuation.*

## "Banana" sandwiches

I was eight when I came to Byworth as an evacuee. It wasn't my first such move, and, although I didn't know it then, it was not to be my last. I was probably at Byworth little more than a few months, but the impressions I have are vivid. When war seemed imminent in that long summer of 1939, my school had been sent to the Isle of Wight. We were soon withdrawn,

however, as there were fears of invasion and the island seemed vulnerable. Portsmouth had, by this time, been heavily bombed. Why I came to Byworth and why I was separated from my schoolmates I have no idea, but my mother and baby brother came too. We were not, however, in the same house but in adjoining ones. As far as I can remember my house was called Fairfield and I was put with Miss Ratcliffe and Miss Leigh-Pemberton, my brother and my mother being with the Lawson-Waltons next door and just down the lane. It wasn't in fact long before my mother and brother returned to Southsea leaving me on my own at Byworth. If my time after that was relatively short, it was long enough for me to join the local Brownies: I remember dancing round a large toadstool. Not at Petworth, I think, but in a small hut or hall near Byworth itself. Every day I walked, on my own, into Petworth to school. This was held in a grey stone building which I am sure is the present United Reformed Church in Golden Square. I remember the building standing on the corner of Damer's Bridge. On Saturdays I'd come into Petworth for country dancing - in another hall. You say it will have been the Iron Room (since demolished) in Market Square rather than the present Town Hall. I was in a small class, whether of local children or of evacuees I couldn't say. Probably I was hardly aware of the distinction. Certainly, without my school friends, I was very much on my own. The teacher seemed surprised that I was able to knit and I was soon set to teaching the girl next to me to cast on, cast off and the rest.

I'd have to say that my new "home" was something of a culture shock. Terra cotta tiles instead of cement on the floor was just one aspect. I'd come from a terraced house in Southsea but my two ladies lived in some style. The oak panelling was quite new to me, as was the stair carpet, so expensive that it was taken up for fear of it being damaged by incendiary bombs. And there was a housekeeper too: I had meals with her rather than with the ladies, and a gardener and a boy who came in Saturdays and was called the "boot-boy". The ladies were kindly enough in a rather distant way and could be strict. I was rather a shy child and certainly no trouble. I don't think, as maiden ladies, that they'd had much to do with young children. One of the rooms was a library, or, at least, it was filled with books and I was allowed a free run of that. The ladies did insist, however, that I read the *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Grimms Fairy Tales* - the latter scared the wits out of me. They also taught me to play patience. They'd probably been told or read of the importance of children being regular and I was given a good dose of senna pods every Friday evening - regardless.

The housekeeper I saw a lot of but unfortunately her name now escapes me. For school she'd make me up a sandwich lunch. Looking back I realise what an ingenious lady she must have been. The sandwiches were often imitations of something that was otherwise unobtainable. Perhaps she used some of Lord Woolton's wartime recipes, I don't know. Perhaps they were her own invention. One speciality was "banana" sandwiches, made with mashed parsnip flavoured with banana essence. It sounds terrible but actually was quite palatable. Another sandwich filling was mashed haricot beans and parsley.

The ladies, I always felt, were well-intentioned and anxious to do their duty. They had a pug dog which I hated but they loved. He'd sit on the wide landing window ledge and survey the road. Once I had a boil on my back. Instead of going to the doctors at Petworth as I might have expected I was taken straight to hospital in Worthing to have it lanced. I don't think the

ladies drove so it would have been a hire car. They did have someone to drive them occasionally. I can still picture the dressing of green oiled-silk.

My mother found the Lawson-Walton household rather more forthcoming. She was given the study as a sitting-room and a cot was provided for my little brother. Once I went to Stopham House where my cousins were staying, presumably I went on the bus. I remember being shown the boat-house.

Once my mother and brother had gone, I became very homesick and when a family member who had a car brought my mother up to see me it only made it worse. We had tea at the Four and Twenty Blackbird's on the corner of Church Street, the first time I had ever been out to tea. The cups were of cream china with a green border oversewn, as it seemed, at the edge. I then grew even more homesick and it was then only a matter of time before I went home.

Looking back, I suppose my time at Byworth gave me an insight into how other people lived. I never had to do a thing as regards helping in the house and the lovely pictures, the vases of flowers, the down cushions probably gave me an appreciation of such things that I might not otherwise have had. I suppose that evacuation was for me as much of a "culture-shock" as for anyone else but compared to many others no doubt I was very fortunate. From Byworth I would go with my school to Godalming.

Years later I was in Petworth and happened to mention Miss Ratcliffe to someone in an antique shop. He said she had passed away just months before. Visiting Byworth today Fairfield seems now to be called Quarry Hill.

June Prince (née Doige) was talking

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## Some Recollections of an Evacuee

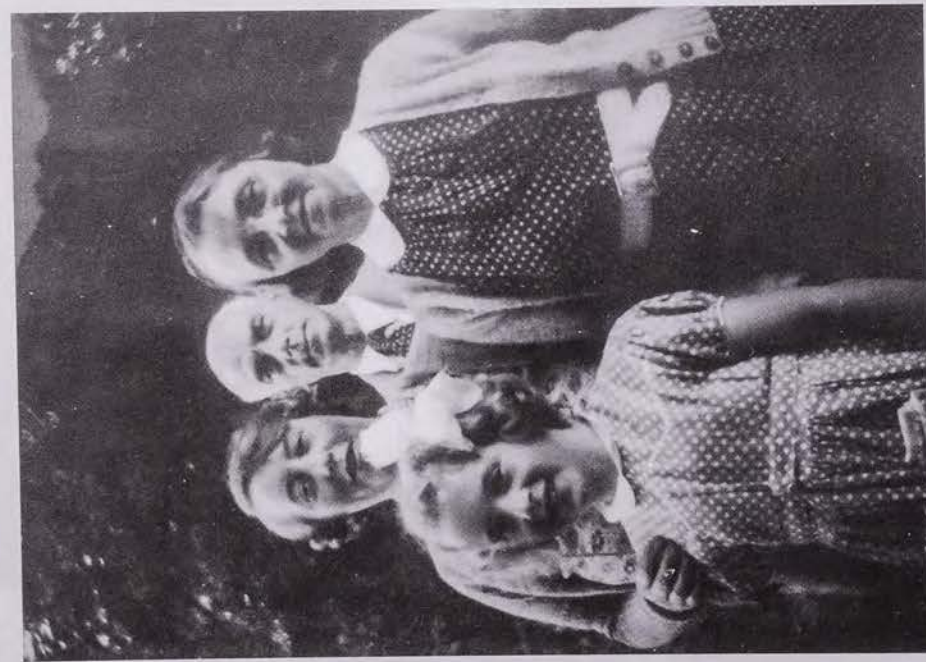
My first memory concerning the Second World War is being bundled onto a train at Peckham Rye Station in south London, with a lot of children I did not know, clutching my gas mask. We had practised using these horrible things and I suppose the reason for it all had been explained to me but I do not remember. It was September 1939 and I was seven years old. I was luckier than most because my parents were with me. As my father, Howard Phillips, was a teacher at The Oliver Goldsmith School in Peckham, he was allowed to take his family with him when the school was evacuated. The school that I had previously attended must have been sent elsewhere.

We arrived at a place called Billingshurst and were assembled in the front garden of a large house, to be selected by the people with whom we were to be billeted. It seemed a long wait but we were eventually rescued by Mr. and Mrs. Newsom. Perhaps, as Mrs. Newsom was a teacher at Billingshurst school, they had already agreed to accommodate a teacher plus wife or husband, but not a child as well. However, we went to live in their bungalow in Daux Avenue where they very kindly gave up two rooms for us and shared the use of the bathroom and kitchen. Their daughter, Joan, had joined the Land Army but came home on leave



North Street c1890. See "Rural District Council minutes."





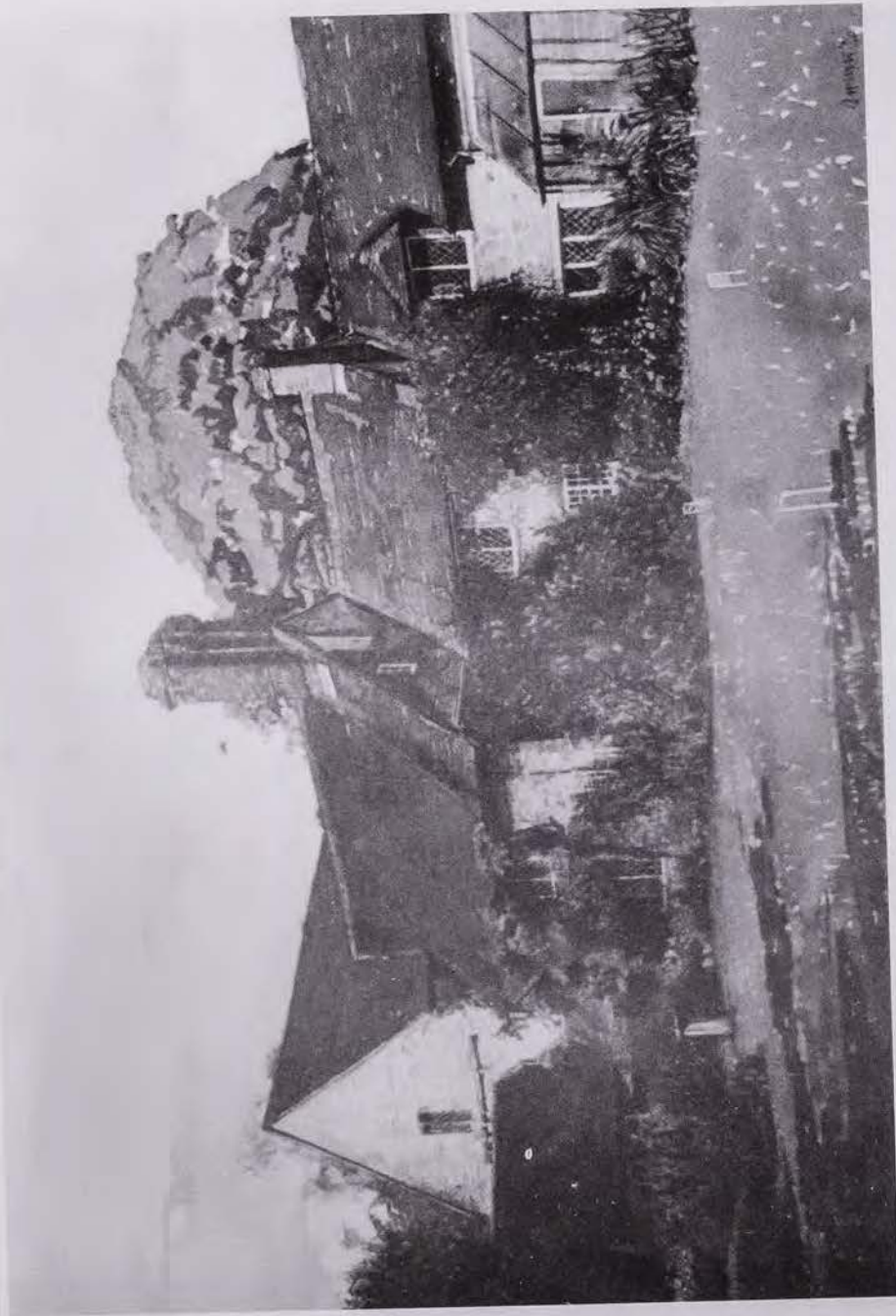
*Mr and Mrs Bell with Margaret and Gwen Phillips.  
Byworth 1941.*



*Margaret Phillips at Byworth 1943.  
See "Some recollections of an evacuee."*



*"The postman splashing through the floods at Stopham near Pulborough." Original Garland caption.  
The photograph was taken in 1933/4. "See "Petworth Post Office...."*



*A reminder of last summer. Mr Terence Mitman-Kearey made this drawing of Shulbrede after our visit last year. Black and white will not do justice to the colours of the original.*

occasionally. I was quite happy there and loved the cat, dog and chickens, but it must have been difficult for them. Another teacher and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Downes, with their daughters, Susan and Mary, were allocated a small bungalow not far away and we all become good friends.

All the children and teachers were somehow absorbed into Billingshurst School, where the headmaster was Dr. Morton. The church hall was used for P.E., country dancing, sewing and the knitting of socks, in very hard wool, for our soldiers.

My father was a handicrafts teacher (woodwork and technical drawing) but there were no suitable facilities in the school. He therefore taught general subjects, including nature study which led to an unfortunate incident concerning a holly twig. He and a group of the older pupils were collecting examples of leaves, berries etc. on a nature walk around the village, when they were approached by someone who accused my father of stealing holly from his hedge. He explained the circumstances but was never-the-less taken to court, where he defended himself and several children spoke up for him. I am not sure whether he was found not guilty or if the case was dismissed, but it was a very worrying time.

At Christmas, the teachers arranged some entertainments. My father and Mr. Downes played in "Box and Cox", a one-act operetta by Gilbert and Sullivan. It was very amusing.

My mother, Gwen, was required to take a Red Cross First Aid course in case of emergencies. She was a pharmacist and sometimes worked for Mr. Gillibrand, the village chemist.

Other memories include slipping through the ice on the pond in that very cold winter, dancing around the Maypole in the following spring, for the visit of Lady Reading and presenting her with a bouquet, eating an ice cream on Brighton beach while looking towards the barricade of barbed wire and of course, watching the dog-fights overhead when the Battle of Britain began.

Lady Reading founded the Women's Voluntary Service (WVS now RWVS), supervised the evacuation of children from London and the large cities and instigated many social services.

We began to hear stories of some children not being well looked after by their host families and of some local people having difficulties with their evacuees. As the expected bombing of cities had not really begun, some children were taken back home.

Later in 1940 the education authorities decided that a handicrafts teacher was needed in Petworth. We said "good-bye" to the Newsoms and Billingshurst and were moved into Gofts Cottage in nearby Byworth. The cottage belonged to Mrs. Gatehouse, whose daughter Nancy was away at school I think. It was the home of her chauffeur and his wife but as he was serving in the RAF, his wife was living in the "big house". Next door lived Mr. Harper, the gardener, with his wife and son. We thought that we were so lucky to have a whole cottage to ourselves, with a large garden - we soon began to "dig for victory". I acquired a cat and two rabbits from Mr. Harper, who bred them. I was quite surprised by the arrival of baby rabbits and my education in these matters was broadened further by watching a calf being born in the field next to our garden.

This was a whole new world to me and I loved it. With my mother or friends I went blackberrying and collected sweet chestnuts. In the spring I picked primroses, violets and



*Gwen, Margaret and Howard Phillips at Brighton in 1940.*

bluebells in the woods. We would play around the nearby stream and paddle in the cold water. Both my parents and I went for walks on the Downs and my father would take me for long cycle rides to places like Burton Park and even Bury.

One day I was taken to the stables at Petworth House to see the fox-hounds being fed - they were very friendly but boisterous. Another time, we heard the hunting horn from our garden and my father and I ran out to join the hunt on foot without telling my mother. She was very worried and not at all pleased when we eventually came home with the fox's brush. I hated seeing the hounds kill the fox and refused to be "blooded" as the youngest follower but one of the huntsmen insisted on giving us the brush. We kept it in a jar of preserving liquid for a time but I was not happy about it.

In Petworth itself I attended the school in East Street which had railings in front, now a private house I believe. The London girls, from Grove Vale School, were amalgamated here with the local girls while the boys had lessons in the "Iron Room", a building with a corrugated iron roof, somewhere near the Market Square. Once a week, my father taught woodwork in a school in Midhurst, under the stern eye of Miss Littlewood. In Petworth his classroom was the Old Forge, behind the Square, where work benches were set up on the cobbled floor. It, too, had a corrugated iron roof and buckets were placed around to catch the rain which dripped

through. There may have been a stove but it was very cold for the boys to work, and my father suffered with chilblains.

It was he who was teaching about a dozen of the older boys on the dreadful day that a bomb was dropped on the Boys's School in 1942. This was referred to by Joan Dench in the March edition of the Petworth Society Magazine, 2005. It must have been a terrible shock for her to lose her brother and for all the other families affected. The whole town was shocked and upset by this tragedy. I had not known that the Canadian soldiers were so involved in the rescue operation, but it was heartening to read that some had returned to Petworth after the war to attend memorial services. I can recall seeing them around the town and on manoeuvres in their tanks.

I, too, remember playing stoolball in Petworth Park - it seemed a long way to carry all the equipment, especially on a hot day. The incident of the Toronto Regiment playing their bagpipes was not familiar, but sometimes Lord Leconfield would be walking his dogs in the Park and would stop to watch us.

Mrs. Bell, a London teacher, who lived with her husband quite near us in Byworth, would collect a number of children from the village for the walk to school each morning. For some reason we did not always come home together but in fine weather several of us would walk back over the Sheepdowns.

I joined the Brownies but do not recollect our meeting place. Somehow we all managed to have the correct uniform, probably secondhand. As metal badges were not available, we wore red flock-covered cardboard ones in the shape of a V. On one occasion we "camped" at the home of Mrs. Lawson-Walton who I think was the District Commissioner. We slept on straw - filled palliasses in a barn or shed but I am not sure about the activities we took part in.

Many of the children in Byworth attended Sunday School in the little chapel or hall in the village. We used our sweet coupons in the village shop and I suppose my mother bought most of our food there too as it was a long walk into town. Despite the rationing we fared quite well because sometimes we could obtain milk and eggs from a nearby farm and our neighbour would supply us with a wild rabbit that he had caught. Fish was available but everyone had to queue up for their meat rations. We grew our own vegetables and I helped my mother to bottle any fruit that was in season, also to "put down" eggs in isinglass to preserve them.

We sometimes had friends or relatives to stay. My older cousin, Jean, who had developed T.B. was sent from Cardiff to the King Edward VII Memorial Hospital in Midhurst where we would visit her. She had to return there several times for treatment and stayed with us en route accompanied by an aunt. After the war she went back for an operation and has now reached the age of ninety.

People still travelled all over the country despite air raids and other difficulties. Occasionally my father would go up to London to check on our house, especially when the bombing really began in the autumn of 1940, leading on to "The Blitz". One day he arrived back with a removals van full of most of our furniture which he did not want to lose. Mrs. Gatehouse was not very pleased with this - neither was my mother because the cottage became overcrowded. However, he had brought his piano, which he loved to play and that enabled me to have music lessons with Miss Hill. She was the daughter of the chemist in whose shop

in East Street my mother worked from time to time.

In December 1940 my father, already in his fifties, had joined the Home Guard in which he served for four years. (I have his certificate). He took his duties very seriously, having to cycle back into Petworth after coming home from school for tea and changing into his uniform. This must have been very trying, especially in the winter.

Everybody had been worried about the threat of an invasion and listened avidly to the wireless news. My father put up a map on the kitchen wall on which he would plot the movements of armies with coloured drawing pins. The wireless reception was very poor in Byworth so we set up a very tall pole in the garden and attached an aerial to it. This became a favourite perch for a nightjar, which frightened me with its weird call.

My parents became great friends with Mr. and Mrs. Bell and with Miss Williams who taught some of the boys. We kept in touch with the Downes family in Billingshurst. Susan and Mary and I used to make exchange visits during the school holidays. These friendships continued after the war when we were all back in London. It is strange how selective one's memory can be – I cannot fully recall the names of my school friends apart from Ann Streeter. I assume that she was a young relative of Fred Streeter, the Petworth gardener and later

broadcaster, but I may be mistaken. There was another Phillips family living in the town – I think one of the girls was Pamela.

I was in Mrs. Bell's class in 1942/3. She had a bookcase full of books that we could borrow and this is where I discovered the school stories of Angela Brazil and others. At home I read books by Enid Blyton, Louisa M. Alcott and many of the William books. Mrs. Bell read *Jane Eyre* to us and this encouraged me to read more of the classics. In 1943 we sat the Scholarship Examination, later known as the "Eleven Plus". Ann and I both passed and I believe she was to go to Chichester Grammar School but my parents wanted to send me to Honor Oak Grammar School near our home in London. We therefore packed up all our belongings, including a cat and two rabbits and travelled back to London in a removals van sometime in the summer.

I did not really want to go - with the selfish attitude of a child, I had enjoyed living in Sussex in spite of the



Margaret Lovett (née Phillips) with Jane Lovett in 2005.

upheavals, blackout, rationing, air raids. With hindsight, of course, I realise how lucky we were to stay together as a family and how hard it must have been for many people.

We returned to a much – bombed London. Our house in East Dulwich was still there but because it was almost empty, it had been requisitioned and a homeless family was put in. Unfortunately they had left it in a shabby state but we gradually put it right again and carried on with our lives. My father and I started at new schools in September. Air raids continued and we sheltered under the stairs. The house lost some roof tiles, windows and an internal wall due to the strange effect of blast. Then the flying bombs began to arrive just after D-Day in 1944. They were quite eerie and frightening and I was packed off to our relatives in Cardiff until the war ended – but that is another story.

I still have a love of the Sussex countryside and have visited some of the places that I knew as a child, including Billingshurst, Midhurst, Horsham and the Downs. One summer in the 1970s, my husband, John, and I drove through Byworth and then enjoyed a visit to Petworth House. More recently we have walked around the town itself. It was interesting to try to recognise places in spite of the many changes. The number of antiques shops was astonishing but we bought a few prints by a local artist and had some tea at Lombard's Coffee Bar.

My visits evoked all these memories. In fact, memories of those momentous times will remain with people of my generation for ever.

Margaret Lovett (nee Phillips)

## The Petworth Post Office establishment book. 1910. A final look.

### POSTMASTER

Frederick William Hubbard from 27/06/1910

### SORTING CLERKS AND TELEGRAPHISTS MALE

William Ernest Cleaver

Wallace Oliver Harmsworth

Harry Cooper

### ASSISTANTS MALE

William Booker Pulborough

William Flanigan Pulborough (having left in April 1903)

Sydney Marsh

### ASSISTANTS FEMALE

Agnes Sarah Dangerfield Pulborough

### LEARNERS (Petworth)

Jack Merwood Waller

Alice Maud Harriet Hubbard to learn telegraphy

## LEARNERS (Petworth)

Winifred Edith Thear  
 Dorothy Francis Cooper  
 Dorothy Elsie Redman

## CLEANERS

		Hours	Wage			
Naval Pension	Samuel Batchelor	24	10/-	Pulborough	6-10	No Sundays Weekdays
	Wm. Herrington	30	12/6	Petworth	6-8	
					9-12	No Sundays

## TELEGRAPH MESSENGERS

Arthur Edwicker	Boy messenger	5/-	Grove Street, Petworth
Archibald Smith	" "	5/-	2 Station Villas, Pulborough
Ernest George Matthews	" "	5/-	North End Cottages, Petworth
Stuart Clement Herbert	" "	5/-	Lower Street, Pulborough
Frank Cecil Coles	" "	5/-	c/o Mrs Challen, Storrington

## STAMPS

From	Name	Address	Stamps to be purchased from
February 1905	Mrs Sarah Jane Munday	West Chiltington Broadford Bridge	West Chiltington
December 1905 Pulborough OR	Wm. Gilbert	Bexley Hill, Lodsworth	Lodsworth,
April 1910	Henry Cooper	The Common West Chiltington	West Chiltington

[I suppose this list might be termed "Establishment Staff". Ed.]

## Old roads through Petworth Park (continued)

Hungers Lane, at its junction with West Street in the Park, is a fine deep hollow-way about eight feet wide, between banks about six feet high, viewable at the gap in the wire fence where two causeways to the field on the west have been inserted into it. Northwards it continues, fenced on east, then curves north-west, the fence following its line but the hollow filled in, up to the top of Snow Hill where the gates are to the fields on the west; here stood the deer-larder house till c. 1975. North-west of here, the fence continues, and the road's hollow resumes; at the top of the slope behind the clump of tall old sweet chestnuts, above the foot of the Park to today's Upperton gate, the hollow is very clear. The road's users preferred the high, drier ground and to run straight if they could. Here it is close to the brink, and descends, clear to see at top, hard to see at foot, to the wet ground at Upperton Spring. At the north-east corner

of the first field south of this spring, the road is about nine feet wide, under a five feet high bank on west, two feet high bank on east (above the hill-drop). It passes to the east of two tall beeches close together on its descent; below is the jagged beech stump, a victim of the 1987 hurricane.

Until the Park wall was built in the 1770s, and the present high platform erected in late 20<sup>th</sup> century by Mr. Rawnsley, Canon Rawnsley's son, then of Park House, Upperton (his gift to the parish in return for loss of part of their approach to their watering-place was the insertion of Upperton Gate into the wall) the road crossed the spring's outflow, very possibly with stepping stones inserted (as now) and rose straight up the hill, despite the sharp gradient. The wall now runs in its hollow, here almost eight feet wide, this being the driest ground. At the bank's top, it turns sharp right; here it is almost eight feet wide, and runs north-north-east (its route reduced, its hollow landscaped out) to a fine hollow way descending the south end of the Butts hill-ridge (so-called from the use of the hollow beneath the ridge for a rifle-range in World War 2). For those unwilling or unable to climb the main road's gradient, a detour branches right, at today's cistern (stone-lidded) running on level, about four feet wide, east then north-east, then north through the present copse, emerging about eleven yards east of the copse's north-west gate, in a shallow hollow about five feet wide, heading north to the hollow-way's top. Just before the copse's south-west corner, look for a narrow notch on skyline - this is the detour's hollow. This is the sort of clue I looked for; a sharp eye and a trying-to-see what they'd have done helps deduce the route where visibly it is blank.

The road's hollow-way in this descent to the Butts valley-floor is about seven or eight feet wide; a deep hollow, running N.N.E. down; crossed near its foot by the later grassy drive with bank, up to the rim of Butts. Thence through anthills, to pass to the west of a reed bed and climb the north hill where it passes a ring of nine beeches, and an old tall battered sweet chestnut on east. Its hollow is faint, a notch on the skyline, just before the nine beeches. It then runs downhill, north, in the hill, into the modern copse, emerging as faint hollow about nine feet wide, and enters the Pheasant Copse about ten yards west of the wall's pair of buttresses, about 250 yards west of Shepherd's Lodge. West of this point, the Park wall curves north, two further buttresses on it.

Here we have this old road, heading north, to Northchapel, Guildford, or beyond; southwards it led to Rotherbridge, Dunton, and Chichester or Bognor and the coast. Until the Park wall came, a short road led from it to Upperton past the spring. Today's road from Upperton to Tillington is the replacement road for the old routes by then (1770s) emparked and closed; it hugs the Park Wall. Until the 1770s, the road from Sokenholes to Tillington ("Tillington Lane") led past the church and up a fine, deep broad hollow-way to Hungers Lane at the deer-larder and gates. This is still visible at its north end when the field gates are open onto the Park on Snow Hill. Park Terrace and Tillington Lodge for New Tillington (my name for it) were built to house the Leconfield workers (Tillington's houses till then comprised Rectory Lane only); Tillington Hill House has a date stone of 1794.

Until 1800, Hungers Lane was Petworth's main road to Chichester; but not this part north of the A272 (West Street having been emparked a century earlier).

The wider or deeper the road's hollow way, the busier the route. Hence my measuring

them. Allow for silting up with age (or, in the Park, landscaping). This article records three days' results of fieldwork: following, noticing, and deducing.

Jeremy Godwin.

## “The church clock was striking nine....”

I began working at Eagers, the Market Square drapers, in 1921. I was fourteen and had just left Duncton school. I had been born at Willow Cottage in the village, just next to the Cricketers. My maternal grandfather, Thomas Pescod, lived with us, while my uncle George Pescod kept the Cricketers for a time. Another brother, Fred at Graffham, did a local bakery round. I went to school by the time I was five but by that time we had already left Willow Cottage. I remember that from the cottage you went through a yard to a series of sheds, blacksmiths', wheelwrights' and carpenters', and tenanted by Mr. Reed and Mr. Ernie Court. By 1911 my father had taken a job as gardener to James Buchanan at Lavington Park. Up to then my father and his brother had operated as local carriers. I was the youngest of four children.

When I went to Duncton school, it catered for the village children from five years old through to fourteen, when they left. Miss Botting was the new teacher, replacing a Mr. Lindsey possibly after an interval. As was usual in village schools of the time, there was one room for younger children and another for those aged ten to fourteen.

The 1914-1918 war was not a happy time. My father was killed in 1917 and our house, Rose Cottage, just on the right before the sharp bend after the Cricketers, was a tied house. The Lavington Estate let us stay until the end of the war but of course it could not last. It was the gardener's cottage and we had to go. We all moved to Ivy Cottage, Duncton to live with my married sister. Mother had her own father still alive and living with us and a war pension of £2 a week. Fortunately there was a big garden but I did rather resent my brother Bill being out on his bicycle and my being told to go and dig potatoes! I'd walk to and fro to school and remember one day the thatched cottage at the entrance to Burton Park burning down. On the way to school it was there, on the way back it wasn't. The Petworth fire brigade came out with their horse-drawn appliance.

In the first war the conifers on Duncton Common were cut down, first by men, then, as more and more men up to forty years old were called up, there were girls in the forestry corps, about ten of them, living in a hut on Duncton Common. After the war Ernie Court, made the hut into a house. He had a strip of land some two acres in extent on the opposite side of the road from Duncton Common which he turned into an orchard. In a sense the war changed everything.

Duncton before the war and, for a time after it, was quiet. As children we could mark out the main road for hopscotch and play without fear of being disturbed. Dr. Beachcroft from Petworth had a car. It used to chug along at about 20 m.p.h. He charged two shillings and sixpence for a call and people used to say that each chug was a call and another two and sixpence. There were great inequalities in those days. I felt it was particularly hard for people

who lived in town houses without gardens. Garden produce was vital to a family like ours. There was no rationing as in 1939, and if you had the money you could get the food. If you hadn't you didn't.



*The Cricketers, Duncton a hundred years ago.*

When I was fourteen, as I've said, I went to work at Eagers, the drapers next to Austens in the Market Square at Petworth. I stayed there a good fifteen years until I married and went to Devon where my husband had a job as a gardener. I would not come back. When I first went to Eagers, Miss Childs was in charge of the downstairs shop, haberdashery and "sales through" - effectively orthodox retail. I had a commission of threepence in the pound on what I sold. No great sum when you consider that a packet of pins cost a penny. I had two and sixpence a week pension for my father's death and the arrangement with Eagers was that I worked the first year for commission only "while I was learning". Money was very tight indeed. I had an hour's lunch-break and brought sandwiches. Arch Knight, at the Lombard street bakers, had a room at the back where as long as you bought a cup of tea, you could eat your sandwiches. During the war as collector of tolls he'd put out a trestle table with a few loaves of bread and some cakes for sale. He said this was to keep the fair going. Oh and there were the fire bells in the town hall - even at Eagers we'd rush to the window to look. Everyone took note of the sound of the bells.

A notable part of the upstairs dressmaking trade involved Petworth House, the making and altering of uniforms and there were four staff on either floor. Miss Best was one, Miss Whittington another, the latter a very august personage. When Mrs Cownley the housekeeper appeared, I'd be told, "Run upstairs Miss Fuller and say Mrs. Cownley's in the shop." And

I'd run up the stairs, two at a time, through the millinery department to announce the arrival of Mrs. Cownley. "Oh, very well," the regal Miss Whittington would say, tugging at her skirts and patting her hair, before gliding lady-like down the stairs.

I started at nine o'clock with an hour for lunch, usually one to two. Lunch for staff was staggered: I remember Miss Childs used to have twelve thirty to one thirty. Another girl, Miss Ansell who worked at the International Stores and came from Balls Cross would sit with me at Knights the bakers and eat her sandwiches. After a while Miss Childs left the downstairs department, her father, a farmer, had died and the family moved away. Gradually I moved up the Eagers' ladder.

Hours, however, were as long as ever, nine to six Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, nine to seven Friday and eight Saturday. Wednesday was half day - nine to one. I loved playing stoolball, for Duncton or Burton Park. Those half-day Wednesdays I'd watch the clock, praying the shop wouldn't be too late closing. It was a strict rule that the shop door was never locked while a customer was in the shop.

How did I get into work? I simply biked in, from the time I started till the day I left. I remember one morning making desperately heavy weather against a strong north wind. I needed to get into the Square, go up New Street turn left, then left to put my bike into the shed at the back of Austens. Red-faced and hurried I got into the shop. The church clock was striking nine. "You're late," said Mr. Eager. I explained about the strong wind. "No excuses," he said. "Your place is behind this counter." Very occasionally if snow or ice were so bad that I couldn't cycle I'd walk as far as Petworth station and catch the horse bus into Petworth. They'd let me travel for twopence instead of the normal sixpence.

The two Eager brothers, Stan and Les, ran the shop while their sister Mary ran the house. Old Mrs. Eager died soon after I started, I have only a hazy recollection of her. Nothing stopped business. Well, I say that, there was Armistice Day. Mr. Eager would draw the blind down at the appropriate time and we'd stand for the two minutes' silence. Then up went the blind and it was back to normal. At mid-morning a tray of coffee was brought in - in tiny cups. What you could not do was drink it while you were serving. As often as not it would simply end up cold and not drunk.

Saturday night was special but it did make a terribly long day. The thinking was that late opening gave the country people time to walk into Petworth after the day's work. Remember there were no buses then. The first Brighton-Petworth bus in the early 1920s caused something of a sensation. Most shops operated the late Saturday opening and it was reasonable enough. But we didn't get away at eight. The last customers had to leave, then the displays had to be covered against dust - ribbons, laces, everything. Then the "boy" would come into sweep the shop and clean generally. There was a succession but Len Pannell I particularly remember.

And the journey back to Duncton. So often it would be dark going home. Of course, there was virtually no traffic. Rhoda Stonestreet worked in the dressmaking department. She didn't cycle into work but walked home to Halfway Bridge. I'd walk with her down to the Pound Corner, then she'd go off up the Tillington Road and I'd cycle home. I'd leave for work

about eight o'clock. I didn't think anything of it: many men didn't even have bicycles and simply walked to work. I'd never be home before 6.30, even 6.45 was comparatively early. I might occasionally have a puncture to mend. On dark evenings we might play whist or some other card game, the seven of us, or even sit round the piano and sing. My sister could play the piano. She was quite good. I could play but not as well as her. And it was quiet. If a motor car was heard in the distance we'd rush out to have a look.



*Duncton School and Church. An early century postcard now faded.*

As I gradually moved up in the Eagers' world, I bought my own mid-day lunch at Knight's the bakers, then I came to an arrangement with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kent, who lived in a house up the alleyway from Major Syer's, the Market Square tailor. Mrs. Kent did lunch for me five days a week at a shilling a day - not counting half-day Wednesday of course. That was my day for stoolball. I loved it. We went all over the place, always friendlies, there wasn't a league. Pulborough, Petworth, Fittleworth, Graffham, Midhurst, Roffey, Rowlands Castle - just a few of the places I remember. Major Courtauld from Burton Park lent us his flat-bottomed open-top lorry to travel to away matches. Just before I left Petworth in 1937 they started having mixed teams, with the men playing left-handed. I couldn't see the point of it - for me stoolball was always a woman's game.

One or two oddments. Fanny Knight's tiny sweetshop in Pound Street (now a Chinese takeaway), just a little room with a few jars of sweets and penny bars. Children only really. After the fair, Mr. Eager would say, "We must do the Christmas window now." Toys and Christmas things we didn't normally stock. Never before November 20<sup>th</sup>. And George

Garland, I remember him particularly with the motor-cycle and side-car, and the Station Road studio. He took my wedding photographs and gave me this framed photograph of Dunston Mill. It still hangs on my wall. Here it is. You'll see he's written on the back:

Wishing you life's two greatest treasures  
.... Good health and a happy married life  
And his signature.

And evacuees. Not just in Petworth of course. We had them in Devon as well. I had two brothers from London to look after. Two and a half years I looked after them. One day their father suddenly turned up. I didn't know him. "It's time you went to work and earned some money." The younger was still of no age to work and didn't want to go back, but he was very much influenced by his brother. I could only say, "I'll leave you three to sort it out" and left them. They decided to go. I saw them on the train and I never heard from them again.

Olive Larter was talking to the Editor.

There are classic accounts of Eagers by Rhoda Stonestreet (*PSM 66*) and Marjorie Alix (for the late 1930s) (*PSM 80*).

## Extracts From the Rural District Council Minutes (WSRO.RD/PW 1/1)

The following extracts are from the minute books of the Petworth Rural District Council. These books form part of an extensive archive of Petworth RDC material kept at the West Sussex Record Office at Chichester. The books are voluminous and really quite dull to say the very least, most entries simply referring to financial matters, elections, legislation and the minutiae of Victorian local government. There are however occasional details that are worthy of reproduction and which can give us an important insight into life in Petworth towards the end of the nineteenth century.

The RDC seems to be inordinately preoccupied with public health and highway maintenance which is naturally reflected in the extracts that I have chosen to replicate. Great advances had been made in medicine but rural health provision was still quite rudimentary as indicated by the reports of outbreaks of smallpox and diphtheria. The Council is certainly taking tentative steps aimed at preventing the spread of disease and the appointment of Mr Whitcomb to *flush the sewers* can be seen as a move in the right direction. Highway maintenance is seen as a huge expense and the Council is loath to adopt responsibility for poorly maintained roads until they are put into a reasonable condition by their owners whether private landowner or parish council.

While each individual minute appears to have no particular importance we must put them together to recognize that significant changes were taking place in the management of rural affairs. The days of the Parish Vestry and Churchwardens as providers of local

governance were over and for perhaps the first time professional expertise was being employed in the form of highway surveyors and medical officers. The days of the village gentry controlling affairs and running quite extensive local budgets were not quite over but times were certainly changing.

The extracts are reproduced in italics while the notes which accompany them are my own.

Miles Costello

### On Glebe Villas in North Street

March 4<sup>th</sup> 1895

*It is moved by Mr Watson that the clerk communicate with the Clerk to the County Council that the pavement in North Street is blocked up and the obstruction is dangerous and requesting him to arrange for the removal of the obstruction forthwith.*

No doubt the 'obstruction' was caused by the demolition of a row of derelict buildings and the construction of the present Glebe Villas on the site part of the way down North Street. Pedestrians would have had to walk into the highway and around the wooden fence which even today separates the road from the footpath and which was of some antiquity even in 1895. Mrs Holland the rector's wife was the driving force behind the work and it was her connections that enabled what was after all Glebe land to be redeveloped.



An early photograph of the derelict buildings in North Street that would shortly make way for Glebe Villas. As if to illustrate the condition of the footpath and perhaps the risk from the buildings themselves the rather spectral pedestrian in the foreground chooses to walk in the road. The 'street well' which is referred to in a later minute would have been situated towards the far end of the wooden fence.

See also main pictures.

### On the State of the Roads in the District

March 19<sup>th</sup> 1895

*'Report on the Condition of District Rds. In the 14 Parishes of the District'.*

*"Gentlemen, In submitting to you the following report on the condition of the roads in your*



district, together with a statement and estimated cost of putting the roads in a fairly good state of repair fit to be taken over and maintained by the Council, I have kept in view the general physical surroundings, and public use of the various roads. I have classified them to the best of my judgement, for the public advantage there are certain roads running through the district which are of advantage to the general public and should therefore be kept in good repair. These I have termed First Class Roads. Cross roads and lanes metalled I have termed Second Class, unmetalled roads and lane I have termed Third Class.

#### Conclusions

The roads on the northern side of Petworth are in better condition than on the south. This is due to the fact that the roads on the northern side are generally more open, viz, not so confined between high banks and hedges, and to the fact that better material is used, and in many cases better management, and to a fact of not the least importance that a steam roller has been used to some extent in the northern parishes. It might be used to greater advantage by coating greater lengths and well grouting them in, a very great deal of waste of materials and manual labour should then be saved.

#### Steam Roller

I would strongly advise the general use of a steam roller throughout the district as a saving to the ratepayers, to say nothing of the saving to those who use the roads for vehicular traffic. In my opinion it is positive cruelty to horses to have to travel over miles of loose stones. More especially I would point to Fox Hill in Petworth parish, now covered with loose stones, half of which will be simply wasted before they are consolidated. In reference to the different parishes, Barlavington, Burton, Bury and Coates and Sutton are the worst managed, not sufficient labour being used for siding and cleaning water tables &c. and very inferior material and inadequate quantities being used. The roads generally in Egdean and Fittleworth are also bad – more especially as they have plenty of good materials in the neighbourhood. Duncton, Petworth and the northern parishes are better but there is plenty of room for improvement in all of them.

George Lintott, Surveyor, Cranleigh

#### Measles at Plaistow

June 11<sup>th</sup> 1895

It was resolved that Plaistow school should be closed from the 4<sup>th</sup> to the 17<sup>th</sup> or any date as the medical officer shall direct in consequence of measles prevailing amongst the pupils.

#### A Dilapidated Workshop at Petworth

25<sup>th</sup> June 1895

The Clerk produces a letter from Mr. J.A. Redgrave Her Majesty's Inspector of Factories calling attention to the dilapidated and dirty condition of the workroom of George Nevatt, taylor of Petworth.

According to the Post Office directory for 1895 Nevatt was operating from a premises in East Street. By the turn of the century Bennett's Business Directory has Nevatt still trading in East Street but rather grandly described as 'Naval and Military Tailors, Drapers and Hatters'.

Clunn Lewis travelling poster c1911.  
See "The map of Ireland...."

ENTIRE CHANGE OF COMPANY THIS TOUR.

**CLUNN LEWIS**

UP-TO-DATE  
**VARIETIES**

New Fit-up, Scenery and Decorations.

ARTISTES:

**CLUNN LEWIS**  
Song Writer, Vocal Comedian & Solo Harpist. New Lead & Extension Songs.

**HARRY PASCO**  
Comedian and Musicalist. Latest successes - "The Kissing Cup" - "The Sign of the Cross" - "All should love him."

**ALICE WYNDHAM**  
Descriptive and Ballad Vocalist and Pianist.

**GERTIE DOUGLAS**  
Pretty and accomplished Character Impersonator and Dancer.

"Ye Acting Marionettes"  
Most Perfect travelling - Grand Minstrel Stage.  
Sung by Tom Green & Clunn Lewis. Dances by Madam Fanny.

**The Midget Mohawks**  
A troupe of Nigger Minstrels who DO perform out of London.

**FANTASTIC FANTOCCINNI**  
Clowns, Acrobats, Heathen Chinese, Fairy Dancers, Nondescripts.

**COMIC SKETCHES**  
"Which of the Two" and "Butler and Parlourmaid."

**CLUNN LEWIS & GERTIE DOUGLAS.**

Change of Performance Each Evening.

DOORS OPEN AT 7.30. COMMENCE AT 8.

Reserved Seats, 1/-; Second Seats, 6d.

Agent in Advance - HARRY PASCOE.  
Sole Proprietor - CLUNN LEWIS.  
NEW LONDON ADDRESS - 103 Asylum Road, Peckham, S.E.

Printed and Published by the Proprietor, 103 Asylum Road, Peckham, S.E.



Ellen Terry as "Fair Rosamund" in *Becket*. From Charles Hiatt: *Ellen Terry* (1899).  
See "The map of Ireland..."

### Improving the Pavement in Lombard Street

3<sup>rd</sup> September 1895

*Mr. Stanley moves that the pavement in Lombard Street to be taken up and relaid to the level of the street.*

It would appear that Mr. Stanley - who owned a wine and spirit business in the street - may have been unhappy with the recent construction of the raised pavement which ran as it does today the entire length of the east side of Lombard Street. Perhaps the reduction in the width of the street caused by the new pavement restricted deliveries to his property. Who knows? Whatever his argument may have been history has proved that he was unsuccessful in his motion.

### The Street Well in North Street

17<sup>th</sup> September 1895

*The clerk produces a letter from Mrs. Holland asking for the removal of the street well near the Wheatsheaf Inn, North Street. The matter is referred to the Parochial Committee.*

The position of the street well or 'tap' would clearly have had an effect on the work going on at the adjacent Glebe Villas site. Mrs. Holland planned to build the new houses much closer to the road than the derelict properties that formerly occupied the site and it seems quite likely that the 'tap' was in the way. Clearly unhappy with Mrs. Holland's request to remove the well altogether the council eventually agreed to allow her to reposition it at her cost from one side of the pavement to the other. Sadly the 'tap' has long since disappeared, however the spring that fed it still habitually rises in the cellar of the old Wheatsheaf Inn and an electric pump is required to prevent the cellar from flooding.

### Tenders for Steam Rolling

15<sup>th</sup> October 1895

*The clerk is directed to advertise for steam rolling in the whole district for 28 days.*

The Wokingham company of J.G. Foard are awarded the contract to roll the district roads at the princely sum of one shilling and sixpence a day.



A road gang working between Petworth and Tillington in 1903. GARLAND COLLECTION. The road roller belonged to the Yapton company of John Sparks and the three-man gang would spend long periods away from home living in a sleeping cabin which would be towed behind the roller. Sparks supplied steam machinery and road gangs on contracts to district councils all over Sussex and Hampshire.

### **Diphtheria at Fittleworth etc.**

4<sup>th</sup> February 1896

The Medical Officer of Health reports that the cases of diphtheria in Fittleworth village have ended satisfactorily.

The Medical Officer of Health brings a scheme for abating the nuisance at the old workhouse at Kirdford by a new tank which received the sanction of the Council.

### **A New House at Shurlands Corner etc.**

April 11<sup>th</sup> 1896

A certificate of the provision of a supply of wholesome water to a house called Shurlands in Wisborough Green parish recently erected by Mr Reginald Humphry is now sealed with the common seal of the Council.

No new properties could be occupied until a supply of fresh water was provided.

The Clerk is directed to make a claim of 10/- against Messrs Longley for damage to the road at Egdean.

A recurring theme in the minutes is the complaint that certain carriers and carters were damaging the district roads. It would appear that the over enthusiastic use of the skid to lock the wagon wheel when carrying heavy loads was generally to blame.

### **Footpath Repairs at Kirdford etc.**

28<sup>th</sup> April 1896

Mr Hunt's estimate of the expense of repairing the footpath leading to the cottages at Bridgefoot Kirdford amounting to £5 is produced. Mr Hunts estimate of £4.5.0 for the carpentering is accepted.

The footpath in question is probably the old clapper bridge, which still runs beside the lane.

### **Misplaced Boundary Markers**

18<sup>th</sup> August 1896

The Clerk produces a letter from the Ordnance Survey Office pointing out that certain boundary stones at Hoades Common, Oldham Hill and Frog Hole Farm are put up in positions which do not indicate the proper boundaries of the various parishes. The Surveyor of Highways is directed to have them removed to the proper places which correspond with the tithe map.

The district had been surveyed in 1875 by the O.S. however a revision was being prepared in 1896 and no doubt it was during this process that the irregularities were uncovered. It would be interesting to know if any of these boundary markers still survive.

### **Flusher of Sewers**

29<sup>th</sup> September 1896

The Parochial committee appoints Mr. Frederick Whitcomb to flush the sewers of the district at a salary of £6 per annum.

Mr. Whitcomb lived in Egremont Row and besides being a plumber and sanitary inspector he also held the position of Inspector of Nuisances for the rural district.

### **Diphtheria at Barlavington**

8<sup>th</sup> December 1896

The Clerk lays before the meeting a letter from Mr J. Bamford requesting payment of the sum

of £8.5.10. as compensation for the value of various articles of bedding and clothing belonging to Mrs Dobson and Mrs Bamford and which were destroyed by the Medical Officer in consequence of Mrs Bamford having suffered from Smallpox whilst residing at Crouch farm Barlavington. It was proposed that compensation of £6.15.0 be paid.

MC

## “The map of Ireland in his face.”

### In search of Clunn Lewis

“August 14<sup>th</sup>. Drove to Tenterden. Saw Clowes' marionettes.” So the actress Ellen Terry writing in her diary for 1890.<sup>1</sup> It appears that Sir Henry Irving, the actor manager and long standing friend and colleague of Miss Terry, had seen a playbill in a local shop window. Irving asked the proprietor what his takings were on a good night. On being told £5, Irving asked him if he would give a special afternoon show for that sum. The showman was delighted to oblige. Sir Henry, Miss Terry, her daughter Edy and Irving's dog sat in an empty tent and watched the show which they thought “both ingenious and clever.” The “proprietor” will be Thomas Clunn Lewis, an eccentric but well-beloved figure known as “the old Kent and Sussex showman.” While Sir Henry Irving would die early in the next century, Lewis' links with Miss Terry, if perhaps somewhat spasmodic, would continue until his death in 1923.

Relations with Miss Terry were not always so direct. Talking to a *Daily Chronicle* reporter in 1911<sup>2</sup> Clunn Lewis told the following anecdote: “.... I was playing near Winchelsea, where, you know, Miss Ellen Terry has a cottage. It was just before the production of Becket<sup>3</sup> and the sexton came to me one evening with a very mysterious air. ‘Could you tell me,’ said he, ‘if these theatrical people are really mad or not? There's the lady in the church banging herself about against one of the tombs and a tall gentleman marching up and down shouting at the top of his voice.’ It turned out that the tall gentleman was Sir Henry Irving who had taken the opportunity of an inspection of the old church to rehearse a scene from Becket in appropriate atmosphere.”

Over the years Petworth was a regular stop on the Lewis circuit. Talking to me in 1983<sup>4</sup>, not long before he died, Bill Ede could look back on Petworth before the 1914-1918 war. “When we lived in High Street ..... we had a man and his wife lodging with us for a week or

<sup>1</sup> Ellen Terry: *The Story of My Life* (1908 reprint 1982 page 237). Strictly speaking the marionettes must have been Middletons but there was much intermingling and confusion between marionette companies at this time. Clunn Lewis, for it is clearly he, was obviously still operating with a tent. Twenty years later he would write that he had given up “tenting”.

<sup>2</sup> *Daily Chronicle*: 20<sup>th</sup> February 1911

<sup>3</sup> For this see Ellen Terry (1982) p.204 but particularly Charles Hiatt: *Ellen Terry (1899)* pages 232-235

<sup>4</sup> PSM 34

so. They were travelling marionette players and used to do a show every night for the children." There is a strong probability that we have here a reference to Clunn Lewis, by 1911 one of the very last representatives of the old puppet theatre in England. Bill Ede was vague: he did not see the show himself, nor did he know where it was held. Given this vagueness, the fact that, with his wife ill, Lewis was travelling with his niece and a young "serio"<sup>5</sup> does not necessarily invalidate the identification. Certainly there can be no doubt of Lewis' familiarity with and affection for the town.

When ill here in 1909 no less a personage than Lord Leconfield himself seems to have arranged for the showman to be looked after. "We used to be very popular in Petworth and district," Lewis noted at the time, "but other times, other manners." By 1913 he had been on the road for 47 years and the constant peregrination from village to village was taking its toll.

Lewis' biography is decidedly sketchy, the standard text being the lone *Daily Chronicle* report of 1911. Of its nature the report reflects the demise of the travelling marionette player. There had been a time when Clunn Lewis had been reasonably prosperous, with savings at one time of some £700.<sup>6</sup> By 1909 he no longer "tented" and the *Chronicle* reporter two years later has him "now in a barn, now in an outhouse, now set up by the wayside green." In early days he and his wife had saved enough money to buy the famous Middleton puppets, and had a repertoire, allegedly, of some seventy plays. Now he was reduced to playing the old blood and thunder dramas wherever he could find an audience. Failing that, he would simply play his Irish harp for anyone who would listen. His plays were now *Maria Marten* or *The Murder in the Red Barn*, *Arden of Faversham* or *Jack Sheppard*: the audience "little crowds of children and smiling rustics." Some of the Middleton dolls were two hundred years old, notably Mother Shipton "who smokes a pipe as miraculously and effectively as she did in the days of Marlborough." The *Chronicle* reporter found Clunn Lewis "a grand old fellow, a regular Dickens character in his top-hat that has braved sunshine and storm and with the map of Ireland in his face betraying an ancestry from across St. George's channel."

Born at Ramsgate and brought up by his grandfather, Clunn Lewis had originally been intended for the Catholic priesthood and, as a young man, had known both Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Vaughan. The lure of the puppets however proved too much for his vocation. Already at the age of four he had been entranced by the puppet version of the *Maid and the Magpie*<sup>7</sup>, Mother Shipton making her usual appearance. Little did Lewis realise that one day he would buy the set-up he had just seen, including Mother Shipton herself.

It was his grandfather who taught the young puppeteer to play the harp and to paint scenery - both very useful skills in later life. First tentative steps were at Ramsgate, and a local inn, then at the Old Philharmonic in the town. He specialised in portraying old men. "I was pantaloons<sup>8</sup> at sixteen and I remember the clown was over sixty. He suffered martyrdom from

<sup>5</sup> *Daily Chronicle* as before. A serio is a (usually) comic actor or vocalist

<sup>6</sup> *Daily Chronicle* as before

<sup>7</sup> George Speaight: *The History of the English Puppet Theatre* (2<sup>nd</sup> Edition 1990) lists this play as being performed by puppets at Sunderland in 1859. As a stage play it had been performed as early as 1815.

<sup>8</sup> Writing in 1904 (*Highways and Byways in Sussex* page 91) E.V. Lucas describes just such a show seen in Petworth a few years previously.

Dolly Dramas, Farces and Varieties.



Funny Fantocinni! Harp Solos, &c., &c.

Presents the Original Middleton's Marionettes.

Established 200 Years.

Private Parties, School Treats and Bazaars  
attended.

FOR TERMS AND PARTICULARS ADDRESS:— 85, Union Street  
PLEASANT COTTAGE, Maidstone,  
WEST-MALLING, KENT.

*Clunn Lewis promotional leaflet about 1911.*

rheumatism and used to knock me about rather badly when in pain. But how happy I was." In his early days he had "many a time served Mass in the morning and performed blood-curdling dramas in the evening." Writing in 1913 Gertrude Robins claimed that Lewis belonged to a Catholic order of friars. Certainly he seems to have distributed literature on behalf of the Catholic Truth Society.

Clunn Lewis had his own views on the demise of the traditional travelling puppet theatre.<sup>9</sup> "To my mind, what began the mischief were the London exhibitions ....they took the villagers up to 'Lunnon' and they came back find our simple little shows dull and slow ...." The spread of "picture palaces" in the country towns had had much the same effect.

Asked for reminiscences of a life on the road, Clunn Lewis is surprisingly reticent, one standing for what must have been a host of such anecdotes. Perhaps the *Daily Chronicle* had something of a premium on column inches.

"We were playing '*The Bottle Imp*'<sup>10</sup> and a patron, well primed with beer, took a front seat and went to sleep. He was suddenly awakened, however, by our fine display of sheet lightning, not to mention tin-tray thunder and a strong smell of sulphur - we always believed in 'red fire' in those days. Straightaway '*The Bottle Imp*' flew out of the trap and the awakened sleeper caught sight of the marionette demon. Never shall I forget seeing him scramble over the seats and nearly break his neck down the steps. He thought his time had come." Cut down versions of stage plays were the staple diet of the travelling marionette player. "Many a time I've extemporised a play, reading a new plot in the afternoon and trusting to my mother wit with the puppets in the evening." By 1911 however, apart from a few old favourite melodramas, "what they want now is humour, the squib in the donkey's tail goes down better than blood."

An appeal for financial help to continue seems, belatedly, to have alerted an influential clique to the danger that with the demise of the travelling puppet show, and Clunn Lewis in particular, a crucial part of the English theatrical tradition was being lost. As a playwright, George Bernard Shaw felt himself to an extent threatened by the naturalism of new trends in theatrical and cinematograph presentation. He appears also have felt<sup>11</sup> that the new styles failed to make the imagination work in the way that the puppet, with his obvious artificiality, does. The puppet theatre was a valuable mentor for the acting profession as a whole. There was talk of Clunn Lewis, as the last of the travelling puppet showmen, presiding over a national puppet theatre, perhaps in Battersea Park. While their project does not seem to have got off the ground, such luminaries as Shaw, G.K. Chesterton, the author E. Nesbit, and Ellen Terry, with her son E. Gordon Craig, were able to have Lewis performing at the Children's Welfare Exhibition at Olympia in January 1913. Clunn Lewis put on 51 shows in eleven days and 2,500 paid for admission. While such support was gratifying, it did not lead to the

<sup>9</sup> *Daily Chronicle* as before

<sup>10</sup> A play by Richard Brinsley Peake, inspired by the *Arabian Nights*. John McCormick: *The Victorian Marionette Theatre* (2004) page 116 writes: "The play is a non-stop excuse for scenic effects and pyrotechnics and was enormously popular for that reason."

<sup>11</sup> cp. McCormick page 82

permanent base that Lewis' supporters advocated. A brochure of the time indicates that he remained very much at the beck and call of anyone who might wish to hire him.

To what extent war conditions and deteriorating health affected Lewis in the years 1914-1918 is not clear. A doggerel poem quoted in full by McCormick and now at the Musée de Gadagne in Lyon is dated 9.2.1916 and ascribed to one "Jonathan Stump." The subject is clearly Lewis. We reproduce here the first and last of several verses:

Who comes along the village way?  
With pipe and drum, in brave array  
While merry Motley decks his cart  
And makes a show to lift the heart?  
The children know, they hear the drum  
And from their playing corners come;  
Dick, Jack and Tom and little Nan  
All race to greet the puppet man!

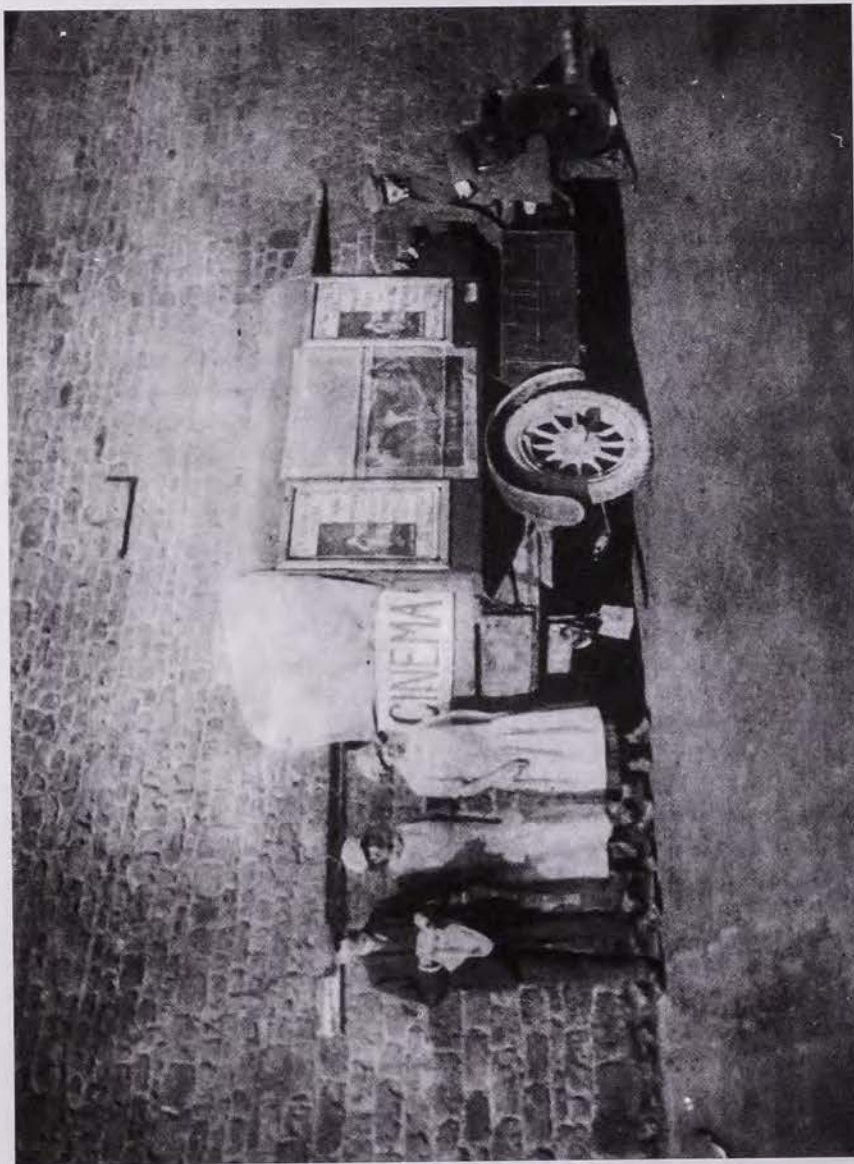
Jonathan Stump could see the demise of a long tradition as clearly as Shaw, Chesterton and Miss Terry. He concludes:

These were the old and palmy days  
Of simple joys and homely ways.  
The crowd had never learned to roam  
To plays in flick'ring monochrome  
And little boys had never seen  
The "penny dreadful" on the screen.<sup>12</sup>  
Lord of a worn-out caravan,  
You've quite forgotten, Puppet Man!  
But no! Shall it be said that we  
Have let our childhood mem'ries flee,  
And do not love the hand that gives  
The touch by which the puppet lives?  
Then let our heartiest applause  
Make innovators wisely pause  
Ere they old English pleasure ban:  
We love you *still*, old Puppet Man.

If we can assume that life was hard for Clunn Lewis during the war, at least his unlikely alliance with the older theatrical establishment seems to have continued. Even in 1913 Gertrude Robins writing in *Nash's Weekly* for August of that year had been an eye-witness of Shaw's reaction to Clunn Lewis' show:<sup>13</sup> "I have seen Mr. Shaw laugh till he almost cried with joy when the wicked marionette squire, with a wooden dagger, green velvet breeches, blue coat, and long, waving moustache roared in a voice of thunder to the unhappy Maria:

<sup>12</sup> These lines, of course, mirror Lewis' *Daily Chronicle* remarks of 1911

<sup>13</sup> The article is very short and except for this passage relies heavily on the *Daily Chronicle* feature of 1911



"And little boys had never seen The 'penny dreadful' on the screen." See "The Map of Ireland" The Whitcomb family from the Wheatsheaf Inn in North Street with a travelling cinema, possibly during the 1914-18 war.

'You are beneath me in the social scale! I cannot marry you, but no one else shall possess you. Therefore you must die! Aha!' No one believes that Mr. Shaw is really bloodthirsty, but as a little boy he was like the rest of us when children - bloodthirsty and romantic. And Clunn Lewis's art had made him feel very young again. His time-worn top-hat and cheery smile make the old man look like a real live Dickens character. With an invalid wife at home and the approach of this threescore-and-tenth anniversary, Clunn Lewis is enjoying the greatest surprise of his life. His show has suddenly achieved popularity with the leaders of the theatrical profession, and his audience, which for half a century were very 'gaping rustics,' now include the influential minority of thinkers and workers who do not often frequent the 'penny gaff'. So it is to be hoped that, after his long years of endeavour, the evening of his life is going to be spent amid a modest measure of comfort and the growing appreciation of those of us who respect the splendid character and enjoy the fine old flavour of his work and its peculiar merits so admirably set forth by Mr. George Bernard Shaw."

What is not entirely clear is Clunn Lewis' attitude toward his somewhat unlikely patrons. At the very least such violent shifts of audience may have been disconcerting. We may wonder too if Lewis was quite as unsophisticated as the literature suggests. It is a point to which we will need to return.

One last "hurrah" for the old Shaw, Chesterton, Ellen Terry axis is provided by the February 1921 issue of the theatrical magazine *The Chapbook*. Wholly written by E. Gordon Craig, Ellen Terry's theatrical designer son, it is a somewhat flamboyant defence of the puppet as an example for the modern actor, too easily prepared to conform to stereotype and abandon his art. While there is constant mention of Clunn Lewis, there is no hard information about him. E. Gordon Craig effectively uses him as a cipher for his own views on acting. The old cry for a permanent position in Battersea Park is reiterated however. "I want to see Mr. Lewis installed in a large and well equipt (sic) Puppet Play House in Battersea Park by next JUNE. June 1921."<sup>14</sup> Mr. John Burns, local M.P. and former Cabinet member, is to have particular responsibility for effecting this. As for Mr. Clunn Lewis, his address is "c/o Ellen Terry, 215 Kings Road, Chelsea." While no doubt this was a forwarding address, the link with Ellen Terry, if perhaps at times desultory, had endured for some three decades.

Clunn Lewis died in 1923. According to John McCormick<sup>15</sup> the old Middleton puppets were bought by the French collector Leopold d'Or from Lewis' second wife. Clearly the Battersea Park project came to nothing. The puppets were exhibited in 1939 and eventually came into the possession of the Musée de Gadagne at Lyon where they remain. Accompanying documentation appears largely to have been lost.

There is obviously much more to be said about Clunn Lewis. An article in the ephemeral puppet magazine *The Mask* for January 1913 would be a desideratum. It certainly seems as though the *Daily Chronicle* report, crucial as it is, may be heavily slanted toward portraying the twilight of the travelling puppeteer. It was, perhaps, not always so. At one time Lewis had been something of an impresario, not a wandering solo performer with a minimal back-up.

<sup>14</sup> Page 33

<sup>15</sup> Page 225

Two posters, one in the British Library Evanion Catalogue, one in private hands, suggest a certain prosperity. The former, from 1893, shows a youthful looking Clunn Lewis presiding over "the oldest travelling exhibition in England." It features, among other acts, Clunn Lewis, the Middleton Marionettes, Mrs. Clunn Lewis, serio-comic vocalist, Katie-Marie Clare, marionette manipulator and comic, Edith Celestine, vocalist and dancer, W. Middleton,<sup>16</sup> and the Italian fantoccini. Lewis can be contacted at 92 Queens Road, Peckham (next to the Marist Convent).

The second poster again suggests a certain degree of success. There is no mention of W. Middleton which may indicate a date after 1893. The artistes are quite different and Lewis gives his "new" address as 193 Asylum Road, Peckham. Harry Pasco is acting as agent for a new show of which Clunn Lewis is "sole proprietor". The company is a touring one with Clunn Lewis himself billed as song-writer, vocal comedian and solo harpist. He offers "new local and extempore songs". Harry Pasco, top of the supporting cast, comedian and elocutionist, offers his latest successes, "*The Kissing Cup*" and "*The Sign of the Cross*". "All should hear him" recommends the handbill. Alice Wyndham is ballad vocalist and pianist, Gertie Douglas character impersonator and dancer. The programme again features marionettes: "Ye Acting Marionettes" on their grand miniature stage, with costumes by Madam Pasco, and the fantastic Fantoccini "Clowns, acrobats, heathen Chinese, fairy dancers and nondescripts."<sup>17</sup> Clunn Lewis and Gertie Douglas join up for comic sketches "*Which of the two*," and, "*Butler and Parlourmaid*." Reserved seats are a shilling, second seats sixpence.

P.

<sup>16</sup> Middleton played the cornet and dulcimer (McCormick page 202)

<sup>17</sup> Trick figures, see Speaight page 236

## A Petworth Workhouse Diet of 1833

Bill of Fare for the Poorhouse.<sup>i</sup>

### Sunday

Breakfast: Gruel as much as they please.<sup>ii</sup>

Dinner: Meat pudding 10oz, or boiled pork or bacon 6oz. Bread 4oz, vegetables as much as they please.<sup>iii</sup>

Supper: Bread 7oz, cheese 2oz, or butter 1oz.

### Monday

Breakfast: As before.

Dinner: Soup 3lb 2oz.

Supper: Same as Sunday.

### Tuesday

Breakfast: As before.<sup>iv</sup>

Dinner: As Sunday.

Supper: As before.

### Wednesday

Breakfast: As before.

Dinner: Suet Pudding, 1lb vegetables.

Supper: As before.

### Thursday

Same as Sunday throughout.

### Friday

Breakfast: As before.

Dinner: Soup 3lb 2oz.

Supper: As before.

### Saturday

Breakfast: As before.

Dinner: Bread 9oz, cheese 2oz.

Supper: Bread 8oz, cheese 2oz.

n.b. If cake were given for supper instead of bread then the quantity to be 10oz. Beer during supper and dinner as much as they wish.<sup>v</sup>

Men who go out to work.<sup>vi</sup>

Breakfast: Bread 10oz, cheese 2oz.

Dinner: Same as breakfast.

Supper: Meat 7oz. Bread 5oz with hot meat, 8oz with cold meat. Vegetables with hot meat.

The meals to be at the following times.

Breakfast; 8 o'clock.

Dinner: 1 o'clock.

Supper: 6 o'clock.

Miles Costello

<sup>i</sup> WSRO PAR/149/12/1. Petworth Churchwardens minute book June 6th 1833.

<sup>ii</sup> It is unclear whether the gruel was made with milk or simply flour boiled in water with salt added for seasoning. Indeed this latter recipe was also recommended as the breakfast diet of prisoners in the Petworth House of Correction.

<sup>iii</sup> 'As much as they please', uncharacteristically generous perhaps, but any such signs of benevolence would disappear with the rigid uniformity introduced by the Poor Law Amendment Act (1834). Designed to rid the country of the huge disparity in conditions the act would improve the regime of the worst institutions while destroying any advances made in the better ones. From 1834 every inmate would have the right to have his food weighed in front of him but as in the case of poor Oliver Twist no expectation of receiving any additional rations.

<sup>iv</sup> 'As before' is a constant term used throughout the workhouse and penal systems and it would appear that the monotony of the diet rather than the quantity of the food was generally used as a deterrent.

<sup>v</sup> While beer was freely available to all inmates, spirits were strictly outlawed.

<sup>vi</sup> In setting the diet of working inmates the vestry had to balance the need to encourage the men to work and to keep them physically fit while at the same time ensuring that the inmates were not better fed than those parishioners not dependant upon poor relief.

## Where was Hungry Corner?

I am currently researching my family history and from this research so far, I have found in the 1851 census for Petworth, that my great great grandfather Henry Long, an agricultural labourer and his family, lived at an address given as Hungry Corner. It's an intriguing name and I am therefore trying to find out more about this address and location.

From the record in the census, Hungry Corner appears to be located between Gore Hill and Byworth. It's not clear if this refers to an actual property, or if it refers to a road or perhaps a farmstead. I believe this may have been two adjoining cottages as Henry's brother John and his family lived next door. (Another brother William and his wife Sarah, lived in Byworth).

Henry Long was born in 1806 in Petworth and was the son of John and Ann (nee Biggs). John Long appears to have originally come from Tillington. Henry married Mary Barnes in 1829 and I have traced seven children born to them between 1830, their daughter Mary, and 1845 when their son Benjamin was born. He was my great grandfather who subsequently moved to Croydon in the 1860's, married and raised his family there. Henry stayed in the Petworth area and in the 1881 census he is listed as a widower living in Pound Street.

So to put some 'flesh on the bones', any information anyone has on Hungry Corner or indeed the Long family itself would be very welcome. I will reply to all correspondence.

Philip Streeter 1 Teevan Close, Addiscombe, Croydon, Surrey CRO 6RR  
Email: philip.streeter@croydon.gov.uk

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## New Members

Mrs. Lucy Banting	24 Wyndham Road, Petworth.
Collette Broodbank	9 Edmonds House, Wyndham Road, Petworth.
Mrs. G. Hill	9 Lund House, Wyndham Road, Petworth.
Vera Jenner	Barnard's Farm, Halstead Road, Fordham, Colchester, CO6 3LL.
Mrs. Diana Knight	Uplands, Church Street, Bowerchalke, Salisbury, SP5 5BH.
Miss S. Mathee	4 Park Terrace, Tillington, Petworth, GU28 9AE.
Mrs. J. Prince	The Coach House, Prinsted, Emsworth, Hants., PO10 8HR.
Mrs. S. Stanford	Oakdene, Sandleheath, Fordingbridge, Hants., SP6 1TD.
The Revd. & Mrs. M. Till	Ryde House, Angel Street, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. N. Wheeler	Coppards, Middle Street, Petworth.
Dr. Bernard Woolford	Salem Heights, 3455 Salem Road, Locust Hill, Ontario, Canada, LOH 1J0.



