

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
Magazine



NO. 127. MARCH 2007



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Cover design by Jonathan Newdick, using two Gwenda Morgan engravings,
courtesy of John Randle, the Whittington Press.

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

Published by the Petworth Society which is a registered Charity

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY SUPPORTS THE
LECONFIELD HALL,
PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM
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 £15.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:

Chairman

Mr P.A. Jerrome MBE, Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth [STD 01798] (Tel. 342562) GU28 0DX

Vice Chairman

Mr K.C. Thompson, 18 Rothermead, Petworth (Tel. 342585) GU28 0EW

Hon. Treasurer

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

Committee

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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 year, new cover, Gwenda engraving, Jonathan design. Difficult to beat that combination. Slimmer Magazine? Not really. Just normal size – remember that December's included extra pages kindly donated by Fittleworth Evangelical Free Church. A particular feature of the present Magazine is the considerable response from members.

Some really excellent monthly meetings. We'll have a report on the Temperance evening reconstruction in the June issue and I may also expand on this theme then. Alison Neal's due with her show on March 1st. It won't be long before I'm ringing stewards to prepare the rota for the Cottage Museum. I can't sufficiently stress two things: firstly that we need a few more stewards; secondly that stewarding is enjoyable. Our regulars wouldn't go on year after year if they didn't enjoy stewarding. Give me a ring. I'll be happy to explain how it works.

Nothing from Miles in this issue. Inspiration dried up? Nothing so dramatic – just a change in work patterns. He'll be back, hopefully for the June issue, and, yes, he's still doing the Book Sale and everything else, if having a break from Committee duties.

I should mention the sudden passing of David Pollard, the first incumbent to die in office since Thomas Sockett in 1859. "Larger than life". I didn't see a great deal of David but the tag, if perhaps a little overplayed by now, had a certain justification. "Peter Jerrome, as I live and breathe", he once shouted to me across a busy Square. Somehow I can't see Leslie Yorke (whom I knew) or Valentine Powell (whom I didn't) doing that. Understatement has its place but it's not always the be-all and end-all. My abiding memory will be of that extraordinary "beating the bounds" walk last May. Perhaps the most abysmal afternoon I've encountered in thirty years of walks – and I've seen a few. "Surely we'll have to call it off?" "Ask David." Easier said than done, even to get out of the car was to offer a passable impression of King Lear. David was nonchalant. "Of course, we'll go." And we did. "Larger than life:" just occasionally cliché may be justified.

Subscriptions. After very considerable discussion we've decided to hold them again. The only exception is to raise the overseas subscription to £15 as this has been particularly supported from funds. Be under no illusion: the subscription is now heavily subsidised by the Book Sales. If they should stop there would be either a big subscription increase or a severely reduced Magazine. As a committee we've been more than fair with you. Be fair with us. Renew promptly, or be equally prompt if you don't wish to renew, and remember donations can be a sign of appreciation.

One final point, I'd like to mention two different sets of unsung heroes (and heroines). Firstly our Magazine distributors who do such a great job for us. Dilys Hounsham is giving up after many years and Angela Aziz has kindly agreed to take on the Sheepdown round. Thank you very much Dilys for your hard work.

A special mention too for those who come in to set up and take down the book sales. If you have been to one you will have some idea of the logistics. To close at three o'clock and be ready to tidy the Hall at 3.30 is incredible, but extra helpers are always welcome. Join a winning team?

Peter 19th January

Petworth. From 1660 to the present day

by Peter Jerrome

It is three and half years ago since I reviewed *Petworth From the beginnings to 1660*. In that review I said that I was looking forward to Petworth from 1660, and I am delighted to say the book has been worth waiting for. The companion book is bigger and better. It is bigger in that there are more pages, and better in that it will have wider appeal with such a wealth of information right up to the present time.

Of course, this book is more expensive than the last, but cost is a relative thing. Like the previous book it is beautifully printed, an asset to any coffee table. However, when compared to the number of cups of coffee you can buy in a restaurant for the same amount of money, then the book becomes a bargain. For at the end of the day, you have still got it to enjoy, and savour, unlike the cup of coffee.

Half of the book deals with the history of Petworth and its House from Algernon Percy and the Duke of Somerset to the beginning of the 20th century, while approximately the other half is the 20th century recollections as collected by Peter and others for the Petworth Society Magazine and other publications. This is not history I thought, but it is, which is a sobering thought, and we are part of it. For the history up to the 20th century, as a volunteer at Petworth House, I thought I was well versed, and for the twentieth century as a reader of the Petworth Society Magazine for the last 17 years, I thought I knew most of it. How wrong I was, for although I have probably read round the subject more widely than most, the book contains so much that is new and interesting to me.

Take the subject of the Duke of Somerset, for instance, the book gives the political background to his time, and illustrates what an important person he was in the country. However, he is still definitely the Proud Duke. Peter hasn't repeated all the anecdotes which have probably been exaggerated in the telling, but has stuck to three batches of correspondence from his staff to the Duke and vice-versa. The Duke seems extremely conversant, according to the times, with the care of horses, also the running of his estate, and getting the better of his tenants. But he is a more rounded character. When the agent is instructed to buy threescore sheep at Weyhill Fair, then the Duke writes to tell him that "My wife" would furnish the agent with the money!

Although the family at Petworth House is an influencing factor on the history of Petworth, they do not completely dominate the book. During the reign of the 3rd Earl in Georgian times, there is so much going on. It is the time of non-conformism in the Church, agricultural unrest with the Swing Riots, poverty with one solution being the Petworth Emigration Scheme. The House of correction is built in the town. There is too much to mention here but it is all in the book.

By the time we get to the beginning of the 20th century, life in the town still revolves round the big house. When the National Trust who were given the house in 1947, opened the kitchens in 1995, then an effort was made to get first hand accounts of the lives of the servants

in the twenties and the thirties. Most of these interviews appear in the Petworth Society Magazine which has now reached its 127th Edition. Other local people have all told what life was like, and many snippets from these articles also appear in the book.

I hope when you all get a chance to read this book, you will enjoy referring back to it after you have read it as much as I do. Hopefully we will all go on reading more and more in the Petworth Society Magazine as more comes to light.

Janet Austin

Despite the price the 300 individually numbered copies are disappearing. I do, however, need to sell all copies to recoup for further Window Press publications. The offer of Vols 1 and 2 together for £80 has been very popular. See reverse of Activities Sheet.

Peter

Book review – Deborah Evershed: From Hadfoldshern ... to Adversane

I suppose a book on Adversane was always going to have a personal appeal. Tradition is hazy now but a great-uncle farmed Hadfold until the mid-1930s. There he is in Kelly's 1907 Directory. Hadfold lay adjacent to the railway, as of course it still does, and constant care had to be taken that cattle did not stray on to the line, even in those more leisurely pre-electricity days. If it did, the farmer could expect "a long screed from London Bridge", the phrase survives from half overheard adult conversations in childhood. Add to this, slightly marginal connection, the fact that "Deborah Evershed" is a fairly transparent alias for our own Debbie Stevenson ... and yes, you can expect a little bias.

Hadfoldshern, as Debbie explains, is the old name for Adversane, the latter effectively a corruption, the older name still in regular use in the nineteenth century. The title may suggest a delving into remote antiquity, but this is not Debbie's aim: this is the story of a family. Given, however, the small size and initial isolation of the hamlet, centring around the Blacksmiths' Arms and the Malthouses, and brought to life once a year by the robustness of the fair, that history is essentially the history of Adversane itself. What Debbie has is a place-based family tradition that other families can only dream of. Clearly for the earlier history she has had to reimagine, taking seismic events in the tiny community around which to weave her story. The murder of a shepherd, a raid by the Excise, are set against known family details. What she does not do is sentimentalise. These were times of childhood and early adult mortality and the family were not immune. All too briefly we catch a glimpse of an Adversane that preceded the coming of the railway, when Billingshurst was still at a distance and the A29 a quiet track. These early chapters have a lively reimagining which reminded this reader at least of Tickner Edwardes' popular Sussex novels of the 1920s.

As the book progresses Debbie is able to sharpen her factual focus and the subtitle

'a hundred years of a Sussex family' very much comes into play. Here, illustrated with photographs, is a changing world seen through the experience of a particular family. This is a real Sussex book and the initial print is relatively low. I am delighted to have a copy (no, it's not a review copy, I bought mine!).

P.

Obtainable from South Grove Books, 3 South Grove, Petworth GU28 0ED at £9.99, please allow £1 for postage and packing. Telephone 343496.

From the Land of Lettuce to the Land of the Tiger?

Andrew Thompson is the Leconfield Estate's Rother Fisheries Bailiff, but the title belies the many facets of his job, which involves wildlife conservation and has links with the Nature Conservancy and the Environment Agency. These interests have taken him to the Indian State of Madhya Pradesh on two occasions, looking for tigers from the back of an elephant. This has led to his involvement with LifeForce Charitable Trust which is concerned with saving the tiger from extinction resulting from the spread of cultivation and industry, poaching for the Chinese tiger-bone, medicine trade and from the timber Mafia. The strategy is two-fold: protecting what remains by supporting the Forest Department and working towards sustainable co-existence with the forest by developing environmentally-friendly life-styles for the tribal peoples by providing alternative sources of income and energy, medical camps, health and hygiene workshops, equipment and training.

The tiger population has fallen from 40,000 in 1900 to 1,800 in 1972 and is now believed to be below that figure despite the establishment of 28 tiger reserves. Unfortunately these are often isolated 'islands' needing connecting corridors to encourage inter-breeding. Three sub-species remain out of the eight 100 years ago. Currently, the Trust is working to give tigers unrestricted access to 10,000 sq. km. of forest.

Andrew had been amazed by the diversity of the people, colour and caste, landscape and wildlife and this was reflected in the atmospheric photography which captivated the audience and inspired an unprecedented number of questions and interest which continued into refreshment time. The scenes of a wild elephant herd and of the tigers, alarmingly close, going about their daily business were particularly memorable.

Anon

More information about LifeForce can be found on www.lifeforceindia.com.

Editor's note: Our reporter was clearly anxious to avoid any accusation of bias!

The welcome return of the Time of Our Lives Music Theatre

We had been eagerly anticipating the return of Dympna le Rasle with a new season's trio of versatile and talented young professionals, especially as the withdrawal of grant aid last year had meant that the usual annual tour had not taken place.

This time, the show was entitled 'All the World's a Stage', in which the development of English theatre, starting with entertainments such as morris dancing and mummers' plays, was portrayed, moving on through Shakespeare, Restoration comedy, the Music Hall and Victorian melodrama up to the present day spectacular musicals.

Fast-moving, word-perfect, colourful costumes, quick changes behind the on-stage screen, every word clearly heard whether spoken or sung. How refreshing that no intrusive microphones were needed: powerful, tuneful voices, in solo or harmony, ensured everyone was able to appreciate the performances without straining or being deafened!

In the interval, a glass of wine, a mince pie and the seasonal raffle added to the social atmosphere. Come back soon, Dympna and the TOLMT!

KCT

"In the year of our Lord 1273"

This year's fair had, inevitably, to echo last year's; perhaps the fair, like the burned roundabout, had to reassert itself. There had never really been any question about the Harris brothers returning for the 21st fair since the restoration. A stray hooligan or two does not destroy the spirit of a thousand years.

To the casual eye the roundabout looks in good shape. The centre structure may hide wounds that still bleed but only for those who know. To all appearance everything is much as normal. This year the build-up is slower than usual. Many of the stall holders are in action elsewhere Sunday mornings. Robert Harris, however, is already sweeping the resilient leaves of a late autumn from the doormat in the Leconfield Hall.

The Sunday weather's good but with an uncertain forecast. A day's a long time in fair terms. By nine o'clock at night it's blowing a gale and the rain's lashing up against the window panes. John Crocombe's away for the day so the official opening will be down to me. I have the bell and the scroll but I'm not going to usurp the crier's yellow sash. I don't mind filling in but John Crocombe's inimitable.

It's Monday and coming up to three o'clock. The fragile weather's clearing again. Visitors are wandering through the fair, glimpsed through red striped awnings. Some people will come a hundred miles to Petworth Fair, others won't come a hundred yards. It's part of the fair's strength that it sits on a fault line. Perhaps its ability to polarise is a sign of its

continuing influence. I look at the scroll. "In the year 1273". Perhaps "In the year of our Lord 1273" might be better, the opening speech isn't set in stone. Or perhaps it's a religious affirmation and likely to offend. You can't be too careful these days. I'm going to try it anyway. Ten minutes to go.

I look across to the west side of the Hall. Greta's sitting on the seat, white hair, white stick. She's come over from Pulborough on the bus, listening for the traffic as she crosses the road. She's only missed three fairs in a long life. When she was a small child living over the Market Square chemists she would refuse to go to bed until the fair was over. Midnight in those days. Later, working in the solicitors in Market Square, she'd love to look down on the fair from the office windows. Not everyone shared her enthusiasm. Polarity isn't something new.

Time to open. It's three o'clock. "In the year of our Lord 1273" My first taste of town crying. Confidence quickly grows. I'm certainly no John Crocombe but I quite enjoy it. Greta's talking to Robert Harris. The roundabout hasn't started up yet but how about a special ride for Greta, she'll have to catch the bus back soon. Greta's up for it and Robert's sisters go round with her. Hopefully she will do the same for her hundredth birthday but that's not for a year or two yet.

Afternoons are always slow but I sense this will be a good fair. A long chat with Peter Hammond from *World's Fair*. In the Hall Jonathan Cann has a full house for Punch and Judy. The clogdancers are a well-drilled yellow explosion of sash and streamer. Early evening and the Hall's full. Changes to the Hall back-up? It's been twenty years and more - or perhaps, "If it works, don't mend it." We'll have to think.

The evening weather's mild, just the merest hint of rain in the air. The Square's very full, unusually so. In the Hall the Town Band have two late evening slots, but between the two have in mind to pay their own tribute to Harris brothers. The carousel is switched to slow, the band clamber on to the horses and the familiar strains of Sussex by the Sea fill the Square. Everyone stops. It's one of those quintessential moments that perhaps only Petworth can provide, like the Toronto Scottish veterans alighting from their coaches in 1985 or the midnight roar of a packed crowd as the millennium came in to the strains of an upbeat Auld Lang Syne. You can't savour the moment by report: you simply have to be there.

Petworth Fair and the Harris brothers are back in town.

P.

This article by Peter Hammond was written for Worlds Fair and is reprinted by permission.

Gallopers Return to Petworth Fair a Year On

Just to see the 'Southdowns Galloping Horses' standing alongside the Leconfield Hall, right in the centre of Petworth, a year on since they were allegedly attacked in the same location by arsonists brought joy to so many townfolk's hearts.

From the moment that the Harris Brothers pulled into the Square, the voice of support was unanimous, well wishers coming forward all day long. It was the people of Petworth who rallied around the showmen, shocked by what had happened in the midst of their ancient town.

The response from the Petworth Society, who administer the age old fair on behalf of Lord Egremont, Lord of the Manor, was quick, with pledges of support that realised £14,000 from the society, other organisations and individuals. Many other gestures of good will from across a wide area all helped to have the Gallopers up and running by early July, and here, on their triumphal return to Petworth, it was estimated that the work is around 75 per cent complete.

There was scarcely a dry eye to be found when the Petworth Town Band, who themselves had raised £1,000 from a benefit concert back in February, ascended the steps to play a selection of tunes from the platforms. Unsurprisingly, this move brought the whole fair to a halt for its duration, the gesture speaking volumes as to what many thought of those who perpetrated this attack.

News of the Gallopers return was given front page prominence in the 'Midhurst Observer' the week prior to the fair, where Chairman of the Petworth Society, Peter Jerrome, expressed his thoughts on the resurgence of the ride. A short distance from the Market Square, the 'Playhouse Gallery' displayed a model of the Gallopers along with a selection of transport representing that travelled by the Harris family.

Much of the work undertaken by the brothers, their friends and helpers is hidden from view, indicating how deep seated the fire had been, but here for all to see, the new centre drum was unveiled complete with its currently unetched mirrored glass.

This fair has been in existence since before 1189. Indeed, held by prescriptive rights under the guidance of the Leconfield Estate, it is generally considered to date back to Saxon times, thus making it the oldest known fair in the country.

Having by 1985 dwindled to a shadow of its former self, it was 20 years ago this year that the Petworth Society took over running the fair, which they continue to do to this day, in order to retain the ancient event unabated.

Since that first year of resurgence, Harris Bros have provided their chair-o-planes as a second major attraction that still attends while at the top of the Square, Brad Mitchell's 'The Jungle Adventure' has likewise been a long standing attraction.

Juvenile rides saw Billy Benson present his mixed toys and cups and saucers, while the Market Square and adjacent short side street was full of stalls and hooplas. Tucked in by the Gallopers was Charles Smith with his darts and pick, the inimitable David Weeks quick to step in to serve a customer. The other side of the Gallopers, Georgie Freeman presented his Basketball and Georgie Searle his trailer and lorry mounted 'Feed the Ducks' and Can Cans.

A large build up can can stall was positioned in front of the NatWest Bank presented by Luke Shufflebottom, while Mick Ridley kept Brad Mitchell's side ground warm with his shooter, Brad however still provided his rings over blocks hoopla. Two other hooplas saw Julie Crecraft presenting her hook a duck, while Philip Crecraft provided darts. Hook a bag was offered by Charlie Horsley and Gat Guns by Billy Benson.

Warming seasonal cheer could be obtained from William Bond with his Hot Chestnuts

and Roasted Marshmallows barrow, while more traditional fayre was served from Maryanne Benson's refreshment trailer. And from the Petworth Society, an evening of free entertainment provided in the Leconfield Hall marked this as a most memorable Petworth Fair.

Book sale thoughts - January

It's good to have a Gwenda Morgan cover again. Despite Gwenda's very considerable reputation, she wasn't particularly prolific and illustrated a relatively small number of books, twelve in all.¹ Four of these came from the celebrated Golden Cockerel Press and are all unlikely to show up at the book sale. Of the others, the two books by the local author Marjorie Hessel Tiltman, *A Little Place in the Country* (1944) and *The Birds began to Sing* (1952) both published by Hodder and Stoughton, do appear from time to time, the former rather more frequently than the latter. Rather less common is another Hodder book *We live in Alaska* by Constance Helmericks (1945), of interest now perhaps particularly because of Gwenda's engravings. A recent copy came in, no dust jacket - possibly there never was one - and faded boards. Given as a present for Christmas 1945 it is perhaps a unique example of Gwenda working from an author's photographs. Gwenda was very much Petworth-based and did not travel to Alaska and certainly not in wartime. From Seward where they were based Constance and Bud Helmericks travelled north to Anchorage whence they took the train north again to Fairbanks, before turning west to pick up the Yukon river. Their aim was to canoe through



Down the Yukon by Canoe.
Engraving by Gwenda Morgan.

one of the last great wildernesses before, with winter closing in, making a punishing portage across the tundra to join the Kuskokwim river and reach the far south-west trading post of Bethel. It was 1942 with the war beginning to bite into Alaska. Siberia was just across the Bering Strait. Reading the account, and it remains very readable, one can only wonder what changes sixty years and more will have wrought.

I suppose part of the continuing fascination of the book sale is its ability to surprise or turn one's thinking in an unexpected direction. It's that which

compensates for the dead weight of forgotten best-sellers, television spin-offs, ring-bound cookery courses and the rest. You just never quite know. Look at this double label from a popular novel of the fifties. The usual faded boards, browning pages, even the spine's flapping. It's going nowhere I'm afraid but, as it stands, it's a Petworth relic of a kind. Who now remembers that upstairs room at the Four and Twenty Blackbirds teashop, straddling the junction of Church Street and Lombard Street (it's now a carpet gallery)? My own memories have dulled with time. The restaurant/tea rooms and kitchen downstairs and the library upstairs. So often the tea-room crops up when visitors recall coming to Petworth - a visit to the Four and Twenty Blackbirds was almost de rigeur. I remember the lady who, working at Petworth House as a very homesick junior housemaid, decided to cheer herself up by having tea at the Blackbirds using a good part of her meagre wage in the process. The next day

she was hauled before the housekeeper and reprimanded for disporting herself in the public gaze. A very junior housemaid needed to keep a consciousness of her position.

I only knew Major Collins toward the very end. There was a lending library but he also supplied books to order. Quite a lot for local schools. As regards private customers. "It's all non-fiction," he said to me once. "I doubt if I sell half a dozen novels in a year." Originally the bookshop had been a kind of insurance to cover the slacker winter months but over the years, I suppose, it grew to have a certain independence. Eventually the couple moved to Cornwall. "A lot of people asked us out at the end," Major Collins confided, "but in business you have acquaintances rather than friends." And so the tearoom with its famous sign was no more, but the bookshop and the name moved down Lombard Street. Eventually it moved to the Arcade and retained the name. Another change and it became Methvens. The present book obviously made its way to the Cottage Hospital and from there into a wider world. Unfortunately it's not worth salvaging.

P.

**THE FOUR-AND-TWENTY
BLACKBIRDS
LENDING LIBRARY
PETWORTH
Sussex**

**THIS BOOK IS THE PROPERTY OF THE
FRIENDS OF THE PETWORTH COTTAGE
NURSING AND CONVALESCENT HOME.**

¹ See list in *The Wood-engravings of Gwenda Morgan* (Whittington Press 1985)

Christmas Day at the Cottage Museum

Arnold Bennett's Hilda Lessways didn't always see eye to eye with her mother. Hilda was looking to the dawn of a new era, her mother, more pragmatic, went to bed at night "in the placid expectancy of a very similar day on the morrow, and of an interminable succession of such days," something Hilda found at once "impossible and offensive." I would suppose that the Cottage Museum has its feet planted firmly in Mrs. Lessways' camp rather than her daughter's, celebrating no new era but that succession of similar days that Mrs. Lessways found so comforting. I find it comforting too. Going up to 346 on Christmas afternoon, there is no new era, all is reassuringly as it is, or was. Our visitors have seen enough of change, they want reassurance, they want to savour the minutiae of those "very similar" days. I suspect that Mary Cummings and Mrs. Lessways would have had a measure of agreement. Visitors too, if they return, as they so often do, want to see continuity rather than change, at most a minimum of diffident tinkering with what they have seen before.

Today, the spray of rosemary on the gate reminds of last year's sorrow. Is it already a year ago? The shortest day has indeed come and gone again. The garden's late summer indiscipline has been severely addressed and a few adventurous bulbs are already peering out. The wallflowers stand squat, solid and green. All orange this year. Inside the cottage all is as usual except for the candles left from the November/December special opening. Ann's Christmas window looking out on High Street is still in place. Sheltered in the scullery window and looking out on to the garden path is the familiar geranium with the white-bordered leaf and its companion the Christmas cactus, the last waiting its time like Jeremiah's rod of almond so long ago and so far away.

Bramleys and fir cones in the cellar half-light. It's not particularly cold today. Upstairs Mrs. Cummings still at her needlework. Not even Christmas Day off! In fact the Museum needs its winter sleep, hibernation almost, Red Riding Hood, Field-Marshal Roberts, the sewing magazines on the bed, the fading statice by the candle in the attic window. Perhaps Mrs. Cummings would look out of the window on just such a grey Christmas afternoon, on her own probably. Winters were colder then.

The High Street's deserted. To wait and watch until someone comes. But they don't. Eventually a slow-moving car breaks the spell. As I come down from the attic, Mrs. Cummings still gives me a start even after all these years.

It won't be long before I'm phoning the stewards again. We really could do with another half-dozen this year. Will the Shakespeare tulips come up again? By the time you read this, I'll know.

Down the road. Frank Loonat's old shop has changed hands. Frank minded the keys for us for years. In the High Street window there's a riot of gravelly subsoil and ripped out timber, a red "SALE" streamer carefully placed on top of the heap. All change. There's a time and place for Hilda's restlessness, a place too for the builder's gallows humour.

P.



Not a Garland "Snow" scene but a nativity picture from the 1950s.



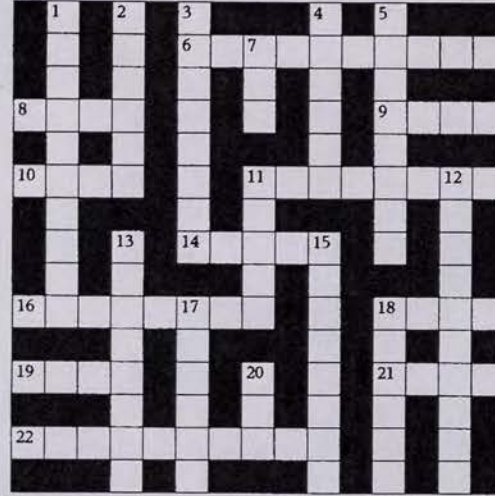
Petworth F.C. Easter Monday 1949

Back L-R Bill Barnes (Linesman), Fred Parrett (Linesman), Fred Pennicott, Bob Heather, Doug Pannell (Referee),

Jim Taylor, John Sadler, Henry Salisbury.

Front L-R Gordon Crook, Stan Brown, Reg. Hillyer, Davy Moore, "Ginger" Wallis, not known. Worked for Parish Council, lived in Tyrrell's Cottage, preferred rugby to soccer.

Deborah's Local Crossword



Across

6 Village which will be celebrating the bicentenary of 1dn this year (10)
 8 Cancel a correction (4)
 9 Lady Elizabeth Percy's first husband – a lord with an eye for the ladies? (4)
 10 Sacred image (4)
 11 Gathers in the crops – it is done the old-fashioned way in Heyshott (8)
 14 A member of 19 at 22 when Rustic entertainment is going on? (5)

16 Petworth is famous for the sale of these (8)
 18 Riders and hounds get together on Boxing Day (4)
 19 Dramatis personae (4)
 21 Old English term for a quarter of an acre (4)
 22 With a name reflecting England's past, it is a vital part of life in Graffham today (6,4)

Down

1 Feature of church tower at 6 ac – subject of a

Turner painting (5,5)
 2 & 4 Bruin got born again! Two parks in the Petworth district (6,6)
 3 The collection in Petworth Houses's North Gallery is an example of this (8)
 4 See 2
 5 He's a nice chap – and not at all addled! (1,4,3)
 7 A river halfway between Petworth and Midhurst (3)
 11 Serious walks – country round Petworth is ideal for these (5)
 12 A small number of velvety little individuals at the Selham pub! (5,5)
 13 A man in it – to keep things in good repair (8)
 15 Pretty village, west of Petworth, which has a bucolic name! (8)
 17 As one (6)
 18 A magical rhododendron wood at Lavington Common is named after this legendary enchanter (6)
 20 Noise you might expect to hear at 15 (3)

Solution to 126

Across

1 Ass, 3 Nutcracker, 8 Organ, 10 Wassail, 11 Iota, 12 Feast, 14 Idle, 18 Gospel, 19 Eatables, 21 Midnight, 22 Drinks, 25 Says, 26 Pavan, 27 Shoe, 30 Charade. 33 Steam, 34 The Snowman, 35 Sun

Down

1 Abiding, 2 Shortest Day, 3 Night, 4 Raw, 5 Cosy, 6 Eta, 7 Glee, 9 Noel, 13 Soap, 15 Dylan Thomas, 16 Genie, 17 Fairy, 20 Whoa, 23 Stephen, 24 Mass, 25 Sack, 28 Days, 29 Mean, 31 Ash, 32 Ego

Editor's Postbag

Mr Robin Ellks writes:

4 Chilcrofts Cottages, Kingsley Green, Haslemere GU27 3LS

Dear Peter,

I was very interested in the recollections of Ray Baker from Diddlesfold (PSM 126) and, in particular, his reference to the weekly provisions arriving in a trailer drawn by a Rolls Royce car. My father, Bob Ellks (deceased), was the driver of that outfit and, in school holidays, I often accompanied him on his grocery delivery rounds of the farms and cottages around Northchapel, Lurgashall and Ebernoe and I remember visiting Diddlesfold. Dad started his roundsman's job at Brown and Durants Northchapel Stores working for the Cokelers, about 1953, and when a Mr Jones took over the Grocery side of the business shortly thereafter they shared a passion for vintage vehicles and an unconventional (eccentric?) approach to business.

They jointly designed, and supervised the construction of, a mobile shop trailer to be towed by the vintage upright black Rolls Royce that Mr Jones purchased. The vehicle combination carried everything that Ronnie Barker's 'Arkwright' stocked, and more! The rear seats were stripped out to carry the trays of fresh bread and cakes, the drawbar of the trailer was racked to carry the paraffin cans for the Tilley lamps that were still in widespread use and the walk-in trailer was an Aladin's cave of goodies.

I remember him negotiating the narrow lanes and farm tracks and turning that unwieldy outfit around in impossible confines. I regret that the family has no photographic record of this superior precursor to Tesco's 'Shop and Drop' and wonder if any of your readers may have a record of it? To date, no-one has believed my story and, therefore, Ray's confirmation is reassuring.

The Stores Bakery produced the tastiest lardy rolls a selection of which Dad would deliver to the house on his rounds. These were always eagerly anticipated and, on the approach of the 'outfit' we children (4, later 5) used to cry "Mum, the 'Rolls' are here"!

After a Mr Price took over from Mr Jones the running costs of the Rolls became an issue and it was replaced by a conventional van. I don't remember anyone else driving the Rolls except Dad. I don't recall a "Mr Farnes" but our neighbour Mr Varnes (also a Cokeler) drove the Royal Mail van.

I'm sure that Ray will remember Dad who was also a great motorcycle enthusiast who, at that time, built his own motorcycle sidecar in our living room and serviced his bikes in the kitchen. The sidecar remained there for 3 years before we removed the window to extract it. Brother Trevor was also a cornet player with the Northchapel Band in the 50s and occasionally played with the Petworth Band.

Vera James sends this postcard of Messrs Todman's bread cart delivering a hundred years ago. Our long-suffering printer will do what he can with this picture but will probably be defeated by the lack of contrast.



Nancy Pilmoor writes from Mississauga, Ontario, Canada:

A few weeks ago I was looking for some photos and found this one. As I remember it the workmen were laying new pipes along London road and this truck pulled into our driveway then the driver came to the house to ask my mother if he could leave the lorry there for the night, as he was talking to my mother the whole thing went up in flames.

Yours sincerely,

Tony Penfold's photograph of the Minstrels (PSM 126) called forth a number of comments:

Oakdene, Sandleheath, Fordingbridge, Hampshire SP6 1TD

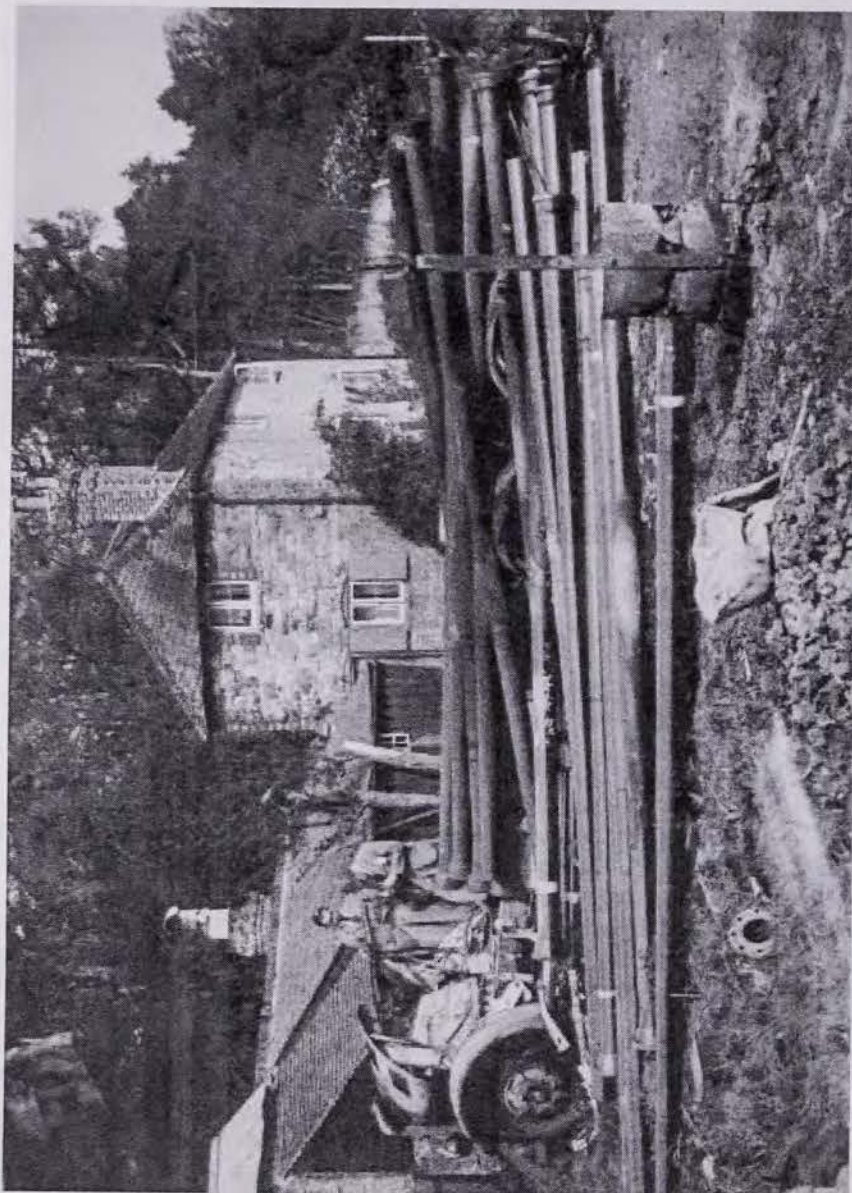
29th December 2006

Dear Mr Jerrome,

I was most interested in the photograph of the Black and White Minstrels, Page 12 of the December Petworth Society Magazine. My aunt, Brenda Knight is clearly visible third from the left at the front with the rest of the Petworth Orchestral Society.

Both Brenda and her younger brother Cecil (my father) took an active part in the musical life of Petworth. Cecil Knight's Dance Band was much in demand for dances, parties and weddings in the 1920's and his signature tune "I'm sitting on top of the world", was played with him sitting on top of the piano! Brenda, who gave piano lessons, was the Orchestral Society pianist and in 1935 became its secretary.

Lord Leconfield was the Society's Patron and there were several Vice-Presidents contributing 10/- each. The subscription for members was 2/- per session.



George Garland (right) with George Wardrop outside Adelaide Lodge on the London Road – the year is almost certainly 1938. See Nancy Pilmoor's letter.



Cecil Knight's Dance Band. Cecil third from right, late 1920s. Who are the other members?

By 1939, there were other things to think of – Brenda helping her mother with the paperwork that rationing entailed, getting her uniform and trimming for the Red Cross and sorting out who should billet the evacuees in Church Street, Lombard Street and East Street.

If you would be interested in more details of the Orchestral Society at that time, I could put together a short article.

Thank you so much for the Magazine. It brings back such happy memories of holidays with my grandmothers – Florence Knight of Petworth and Jane Smith of Sutton.

Yours sincerely,

Shirley Stanford (nee Knight)

[You will see that Mrs Stanford kindly made good her suggestion. An article on the Orchestral Society appears later in the Magazine. Ed.]

14th January 2007

Dear Peter

I was very interested in the photograph of the Petworth Black and White Minstrels in the December Magazine and sent in by Mr Tony Penfold. George Baxter gave me the same photograph many years ago and identified most of the members.

The four gentlemen at the back are, left to right, Owen Morgan, Dr Kerr, D Wakeford, M Eager. The front row are, left to right, Peters, H Streeter (in short trousers), G Dean, H Kirk, J Mayes, G Thayre. The Conductor is Muir (I think Percy), George Baxter, R Baxter, the easily recognised Bill Tate who for many years was manager of Austens and was a fine euphonium player with Petworth Town Band, Jack Baxter and Bert Dean.

The clown is H Sheal.

The Minstrels are hard to identify but among the group on the left are Sid Searson, Bob Sadler, Jack Clifford. I think the gentleman in the centre and Felix the Cat are the same and is Gus Pullen. The group of Minstrels on the right contain Tom Morley, Bill Clear, J Underhill, Arch Pullen and J Penfold at the end.

I believe Percy Muir conducted Petworth Town Band at some stage between the wars. I hope this is of some help Peter.

Kind Regards

John Grimwood M.B.E.

Haymarsh, Duncton, Petworth, West Sussex GU28 0JX
29th December 2006

Dear Mr Jerrome
PSM No126

My attention was caught by the photograph in issue No126 of the Petworth Minstrels sent in by Tony Penfold. My sister, Lena Saunders of Hampers Green, and I have studied my copy of the photo and can add a little more to the process of identification.

In the front row, fifth from the left, is my father who, at that time, was chauffeur to Lord Leconfield. We also believe that the standing figure, back row second left is possibly Dr Kerr and that the figure at the right hand end of the seated minstrels is my uncle, Jack Underhill, who was employed by Dr Kerr at the time.

My sister is also certain that the conductor is Charles Stevenson (who did marry Mrs Barber).

Yours sincerely
John Mayes

Audrey Grimwood has given me this poem, surviving in a browning newspaper cutting obviously some years old. While a magazine editor has to be careful with poetry I think we may make, in this case, an exception to the general rule. I trust however that we are not infringing Pat Davies' copyright! Ed.

Petworth, my home

Somewhere in the countryside, 'twixt city and the sea,
Lies snug, a real old town that means the world to me,
The tiny stone-built cottages, huddled together in pairs,
As if whispering some secret that only they can share,
And down a narrow, twisty street, almost hidden from your eyes,
There's a darling whitewashed cottage wherein my heart still lies.

This cottage was my house, this twisted town my home,
Foolish me, for I left it all across the world to roam,
So here I am across the world, seeking a new start,
Yet endlessly my mind returns to the place that has my heart,
And if there were such things as fairies, if wishes could come true,
I'd gladly change my new life to be back home with you,
But why of all God's places, should it make me feel this way?
I can offer no explanation unless perhaps to say that not
Unless you have been there, lived thee, laughed there, cried there, will you see,
Why of all the places in the world this one means so much to me,
And should you ever go there you too fall under its spell,
Remember me to this dear old town, for I loved it far too well.

Pat Davies

New Plymouth,
New Zealand.

40 Raglan Precinct, Town End, CATERHAM, Surrey CR3 5UG
28.12.2006.

Dear Peter,

May I add my appreciation for the content and presentation of the Petworth Magazine: it is always received with great pleasure.

At the risk of pointing out something which may have provoked an avalanche of letters already, the article by Jeremy Godwin on pp16-17 of the current issue should also have mentioned Tillington's link with Jane Austen!

Rev James Stanier Clarke in his capacity as Librarian to the Prince of Wales met Jane Austen at the Library at Carlton House in 1815. The meeting was followed by a letter from Miss Austen to Rev Clarke dated 15.11.1815 requesting confirmation that the forthcoming **Emma** could be dedicated to the Prince.

An exchange of correspondence follows in which Clarke, described as 'full of innocent self-admiration for his success in life and anxious that the rest of the world should appreciate it too', proposes outlines for future Jane Austen novels – rejected firmly but politely:

You are very very kind in your hints as to the sort of Composition which might recommend me at present & I am fully sensible that an Historical Romance founded on the House of Saxe Cobourg might be much more to the purpose of Profit or Popularity, than such pictures of domestic life in Country Villages as I deal in.... -No- I must keep to my own style & go on in my own way; And though I may never succeed again in that, I am convinced that I should totally fail in any other.

The correspondence between Jane Austen and Tillington's rector can be read in 'Jane Austen's Letters' Collected and Edited by Deirdre Le Faye (OUP) 1995.

Yours sincerely,
Roger Packham

Roger also sends this newspaper cutting. It is a very macabre case and we both wondered whether to omit it on these grounds. In the end as editor I felt it was a good corrective for any excessive nostalgia for the 'good old days.'

P

Sussex Agricultural Express
Tuesday, 13 May 1862

PETWORTH
FEARFUL CASE OF ATTEMPTED MURDER
AT PETWORTH

This town was thrown into a state of great excitement on Saturday night and Sunday morning last, as the news rapidly spread that a woman named Elizabeth Steer, wife of Thomas Steer, shoemaker, had made a deliberate attempt to murder her grandchild, a little girl named Jane Hill, aged about nine years, by cutting her throat. The following are the facts of the case. A few minutes before 12 o'clock on Saturday night, as P.C. Puttick was on duty in the market place, Mrs Steer came to him and said she had cut her grand-daughter's throat and asked him to accompany her to the house, which he did, and unfortunately found it to be too true, for entering the house she took up a common table knife with a blade nearly six inches in length, saying 'This is what I did it with.' She also said that her reason for doing it was to prevent it being ill used, and that she intended to have killed all three (referring to two younger children). On going upstairs, Thomas Steer, the husband, who was evidently under the influence of drink, was found lying asleep on the bed where the deed had apparently been committed as there was a deal of blood on the bed clothes. On the police entering he said 'What the --- do you want here?' and made use of another expression which it would be unwise to disclose until given in evidence. Superintendent Kemmish, who was on the spot almost immediately, found the child lying in a pool of blood on the floor at the foot of the bed, and on lifting her up found that her throat was cut in a frightful manner, the windpipe being completely severed. Every effort was made to stop the effusion of blood until the arrival of Dr Turner, Mr Stout and Mr Arnold, assistant to Dr Turner, when every aid that medical skill could suggest was rendered; scarcely a hope, however, remains of her recovery. The child was removed to the workhouse, and the woman and her husband taken into custody, and lodged at the police station. Whilst washing the unfortunate child in the evening she said that it would probably be the last time she should ever do so, showing that the deed was evidently pre-meditated. It is the opinion of some that she is insane, and her strange vagaries at Petworth House some few years since would tend to confirm that idea.

18-12-06

20 Littlecote, Petworth, GU28 0EF

Dear Peter

Your article in the last Society magazine concerning the Royal School of Needlework and its royal connections with Queen Victoria and Princess Helena Victoria reminded me of a story my late mother Ada Parvin used to tell me.

As a young girl, like so many others, she went into service working for the Misses Du Cane at Fittleworth House, one of these good ladies apparently had been a nursery maid at

court and as an elderly lady Princess Helena would come to stay and Mother used to take in her early morning tea.

Mother always recalled that her rather illustrious curls would also be laid out to perfection on her dressing table.

My mum was very happy there and never forgot those days.

Yours sincerely
Ann Durrant

Chester Terrace and the Trimmer family

From: "Steve Rapkins" <steve.rapkins@dublin.ie>

To: <stevensonguk@yahoo.co.uk>

Sent: 04 January 2007 16:15

Subject: Petworth history

Hello

I have obtained your contact details from The Petworth Cottage Museum website.

I am hoping that you might be able to help with information on the location of my ancestors - as listed on the 1901 Census. They were the Trimmer family and lived in Angel Street, Petworth at that time (but sometime afterwards moved to a cottage on the main road on the Petworth side of Tillington), and the entry does not, unsurprisingly, show exactly which house they lived in, BUT next door to their house was No. 1, Chester Terr - there were four buildings apparently in this terrace, and I was wondering whether you know (for, perhaps, somebody who is a local historian?) where exactly this was, since I can find no trace of this Terrace on the modern Royal Mail address/Postcode database. There is, however, a Montier Terrace which consists of four buildings, and this is in Angel Street. Do you happen to know whether this is the same terrace and that it has been re-named??

I was always led to believe that the location of the house was more or less directly opposite the location of The Angel Hotel - I saw the location, once, many years ago, but when I was there, there didn't seem to be any building opposite the hotel - only a small, no doubt private, car park, although it did look as if it may have been the location for a house or building at some time in the past, and which may have been demolished at some time.

Any help you might be able to provide would be much appreciated - I assume that you have some knowledge of old time Petworth.

Many thanks.

Steve

[Can anyone help with this?] Ed.

Regarding Ploughing Matches Mrs Nancy Smith sends us these two tantalising pieces from The Times:

The Times, 13th October 1796

"The ploughing matches which had lately taken place at Petworth were as follow (*sic*):

The first match was on Tuesday se'nnight between the ox team of Mr. BISHOPP of Westburton, and Mr. SALTER of Petworth; when the former, with four oxen in collars and

harness, ploughed in a masterly manner a measured acre in four hours and 23 minutes; and the latter with six oxen, yoked, in four hours and seven minutes; whereupon the Judges decided in favour of Mr. Salter.

The next day the above gentlemen ploughed another acre each, Mr. Bishopp with four oxen in collars and harness, against four of Mr. Salter's oxen, in short yokes and harness, which Mr. Bishopp's oxen completed (*sic*) in four hours and seven minutes, and Mr. Salter's in four hours and ten minutes. The Judges declared this match to have terminated in favour of Mr. Bishopp.

Experiments were afterwards made with two ploughs, drawn each by three horses, belonging to Thomas Edsaw Esq. of Fittleworth; when the first three horses ploughed their acre in two hours 50 minutes, and the other three horses in two hours and 54 minutes.

The novelty of the above matches drew together nearly all the professors and admirers of agriculture in the neighbourhood, who seemed each day highly gratified with the different modes of working the cattle; and who afterwards spent the evenings together with great friendship and hilarity."

-o0o-

The Times, 29th June, 1798

"Tuesday last being Petworth fair, the annual ploughing contest, for prizes given by the Earl of Egremont, took place in a field near his Lordship's mansion. Four ploughs started and the first prize was judged to be the Rev. NICHOLAS TURNER's Rotham swing plough with one pair of oxen, the driver eight years old...

(I presume this 'eight' refers to the age of the leading ox, and not to a juvenile ploughman)

"... The second prize was allotted to Mr. John SALTER for his one wheel plough (provisionally called undercheck) with four oxen. The unsuccessful candidates were Lord SOMERVILLE, President of the Board of Agriculture, who started his improved double furrow plough, which beat the Royal ploughs at Windsor; and Mr. CLAYTON of Petworth, with a plough on a construction similar to Mr. SALTER's and four remarkably fine Sussex oxen."

Petworth Orchestral Society

The photograph, Page 12 Petworth Society Magazine, Dec. '06 issue may be dark and blurred but there's no mistaking my aunt, Brenda Knight of East Street. She is sitting third from left with some of the founder members of the Petworth Orchestral Society.

The Orchestra was formed in 1935 with sixteen playing members, quite an achievement for a small town. Lord Leconfield had agreed to be the Society's Patron while the Rev. Provis, a cellist, was appointed President. Mr. Charles Stevenson was to be the Conductor and Miss Heard who came from Pulborough and played the violin became Leader of the Orchestra. The other musicians were Miss Hastings, Miss Leazel, Mr. Mayes, Miss Morgan, Mr. Mott, Mr. Muir, Miss Streeter, Mr. Henry Streeter and Mr. Thayre and were all violinists. Mr. Laidlaw played the viola, George Baxter the cornet, John Baxter the clarinet while Mrs. Austin was

at the piano. Members paid 2/- for each session and rehearsed at The Girls School, Petworth. The first session ran from 17th January to 2nd May when the Orchestra gave a concert – a free entertainment, but the retiring collection brought in £6-6s.

The second session fog underway on the 17th October 1935 but suffered a double blow as both Miss Hastings the secretary and Mrs. Austin the pianist had left the neighbourhood.

Brenda Knight stepped in and took on both these roles. That year the Orchestra supported the W.I. in a theatrical performance and concerts given by the Boys School. A second musical evening was held on 13th February 1936 in the Iron Room. The evening got off to a rousing start with the lively Washington Post march and the Boys Pipe Band played some of Handel's Water Music. There were solos by Miss Britt, Miss Lascelles and Mr. Stevenson and the concert finished with a Fantasia on Drinking Songs arranged by Finck.

The evening raised £5-14-1½ but the Society's finances were in a poor state with only 5/- left after all expenses had been paid. At the AGM 8th October 1936 it was decided that a number of distinguished people in the area should be asked to be Vice-Presidents, each contributing 10/- to the funds. Captain Shakerley-Ackers, Colonel Bradford and Mr. G. Ablett were pleased to accept but not Miss Edith Upton who, although greatly honoured, declared herself to be completely unmusical.

Throughout each session the Orchestra supported charitable events, carol services and harvest festivals. The Rev. Masefield wrote to thank them for playing in Hardham Church on the 29th September 1937 and apologised for the poor lighting in the chancel. On Coronation Sunday they played at Egdean Church in the afternoon and Petworth Church in the evening with Mr. Whatley at the organ. Brenda ordered music from Chappell & Co and J B Cramer & Co of New Bond Street, London and also hired scores and sheet music from Goodwin & Tab of Oxford Street. To put on a concert was quite a costly affair, the hire of the Iron Room being 10/- . Was there no piano there? Or was it not of the required standard? Whichever, it was necessary to move the piano from the Girls School and for that W.V. Roberts the carrier charged the Society 4/-. Another 12/- was spent having 200 programmes printed at M E Arnold although they were sold at 1d each. The music from Plymouth Hoe by John Ansell for small orchestra, piano accompaniment and conductors score amounted to 6/6. Other expenses were the fuel and light used at the Girls School during rehearsals, that was 5/- and 10/- for the services of the caretaker.

The 4th session only ran for half a season and the number of members had dwindled to nine, but they got together again in the Autumn of 1938 and carried out a full programme until the Spring of 1939. Brenda put the cash in hand into a box that had once contained Invincible Transparent Toilet Soap, ready for the expenses of the next session but by September war had been declared and the Orchestral Society did not re-convene. Brenda, as well as giving piano lessons was busy helping her mother Florence of J G Knight, the grocers, with the paperwork that rationing entailed, getting her uniform and nursing training for the Red Cross and sorting out where evacuees were to be billeted in Church Street, East Street and Lombard Street.

It would be more than 65 years before the Invincible Soap Box was opened again. Inside were 7 half crowns, 4 separate shillings and 4 sixpences – the funds of the Petworth Orchestral Society.

Shirley Stanford

Session III - Oct. 1936 - April 1937

Members + Subscriptions

Vice President	Cpt. A. K. King - Uekers	10	0
"	Mr. Bradford	10	0
"	Mr. G. Abbott	10	6
Member + President	Rev. Travis	2	0
"	Mr. G. Stevenson	2	0
+ Vice President	Miss J. Edmore	2	0
"	Miss J. Knight	2	0
"	Miss Beard	2	0
"	Mr. J. Saunders	2	0
"	Mr. H. Saunders	2	0
"	Mr. Hayre	2	0
"	Mr. Mayes Sen.	2	0
"	Mr. Mayes Jun.	2	0
"	Mr. Davcy	2	0
"	Mr. Laichlaw	2	0
"	Miss Saunders	2	0
"	Mr. Streeter	2	0
"	Mr. Kerr (sub.)	5	0
		3	0

April 1937

PETWORTH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY

PROGRAMME.

- Serenade for Strings and Piano Ferrais
- Drink to me only with thine eyes arr. Quilter
- Soloist—O love I from thy power } Samson & Saint
Softly awakes my heart } Delilah Saens
MISS A. W. YOUNG
Accompanist—MISS HEARD, L.R.A.M.
- Wedded Whimsies A Humorous Fantasy ... Allfrey
- Divertissement ... No. 2 in A Haydn
- Cello Solos ... MISS LASCELLES
Accompanist—MISS HEARD, L.R.A.M.
- Minuet from Overture to Bernice Handel
BOYS OF PETWORTH SCHOOL.
- I vow to thee my country Holst
BOYS OF PETWORTH SCHOOL.
- Pipe Music BOYS OF PETWORTH SCHOOL.
- Frolicsome Hare Hope
- Londonderry Air arr. Jacobson

God Save The King.

Leader MISS HEARD, L.R.A.M.

Conductor MR. STEVENSON

At the Piano MISS KNIGHT

A propos Frontline Upperton (magazine 126)

I knew Jesse Daniels well enough in the 1960s although not, of course, when he was A.R.P. warden at Upperton during the war. When I knew him he was working for Lady Pooley at Westbrook House, but he had a good knowledge of old Mitford days at Pitshill, particularly of the Mitford Estate cricket team. Jesse had played as a guest for them between the wars. In the early sixties I would take Jesse, Arthur Connor and Jim Stoner down to Hove to watch Sussex play and Jesse, would keep us entertained with stories of those days. He had a distinctive lisping delivery that tended to turn Jim Parks into Jim Sparks. He recalled Colonel Mitford saying, "Daniels. You're the best spin bowler in the whole area with your 'tweakers'.



Jesse Daniels during the 1914–1918 war.

You could spin out some top class batsmen." Arthur and Jim had both played against Jesse and confirmed this was no idle talk.

Jesse would tell us how the butler would bring the cricketers' tea down on a donkey cart, wearing the regulation top hat and tails. "Course boy," he would say, "when you played for aristocrats like that everything was done right." One day, he told us, he was in the famous old ground at Hove when John Langridge and Ted Bowley put on 490 runs for the first wicket. "I never did see a wicket fall that day." "How come, Jesse?" asked Arthur. "No, Arthur," Jesse replied, "I was lighting my pipe at the time." I can still see Arthur chuckling. You couldn't get one over on Jesse. "Sussex were a home grown team in those days. None of them blam foreigners." "What about Ranji and his nephew Dulipsinji?" enquired Jim Stoner. Jesse wasn't having any of that. "Ah, they wasn't foreigners, they was Hindian princes."

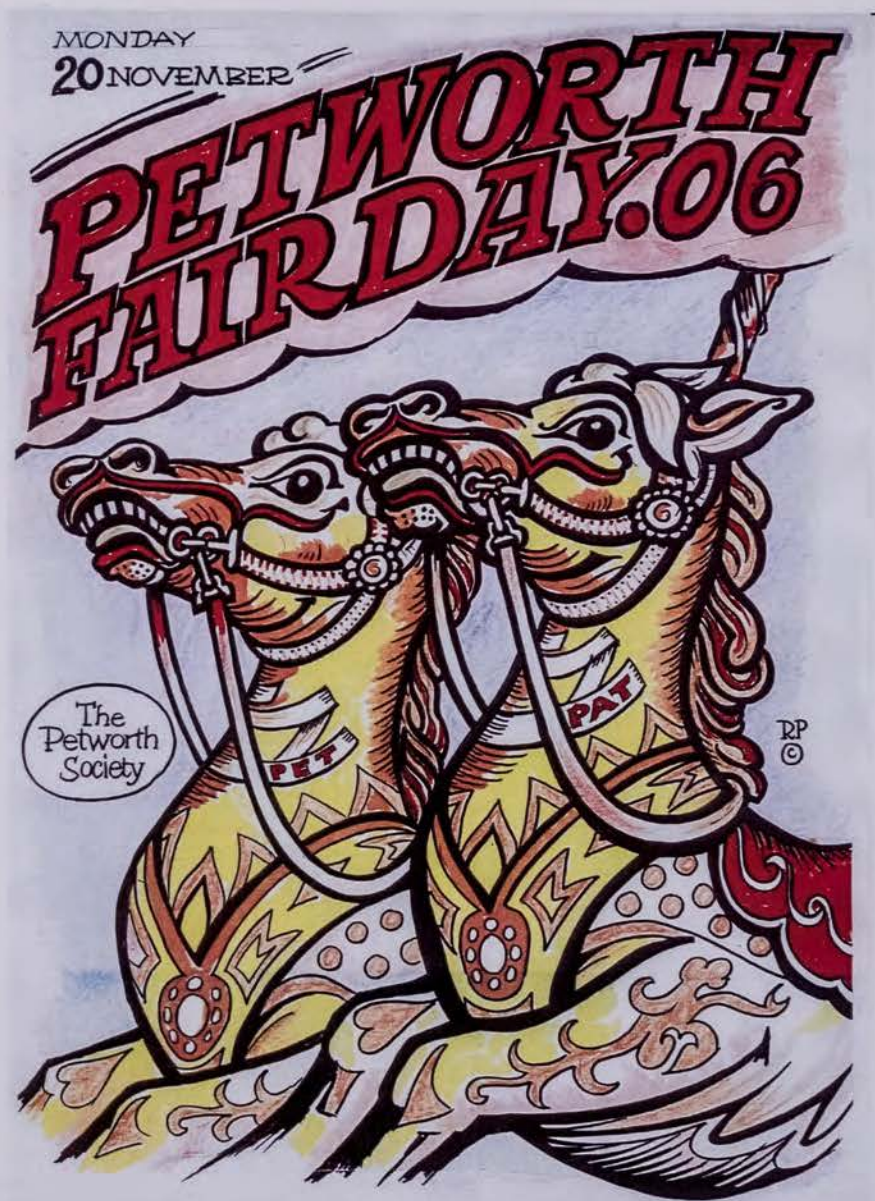
One day, delivering the mail,



"One of those quintessential moments". Petworth Town Band play "Sussex by the Sea" on the gallopers, Petworth Fair 2006. Copyright Photograph by Brian Gooding of Vintage Spirit Magazine. See "In the year of our Lord 1273".



*The unacceptable aping the inimitable. Official opening of Petworth Fair 2006.
John Crocombe was away on the day!
Copyright Photograph by Brian Gooding of Vintage Spirit Magazine. Robert Harris on right.*



Ron Pidgley's artwork for the 2006 Fair.



The long business of restoration. Progress by June 2006.

I passed Jesse carrying a large rice pudding carefully up the road from his cottage the six hundred yards to where he worked at Westbrook House. He was going to cook it in the big Aga while the family were on holiday. The next day I said to him, "Did you enjoy your rice pudding Jesse?" He hadn't. It appeared that the family had turned off the Aga before they'd gone away. "That means I've got to carry my rice pudding back down home and light my own Rayburn." I said to him, "If it's not too sloppy, I'll deliver it back home for you to cook on your Rayburn." Anyway next day the uncooked rice pudding came back to Hillside Cottage courtesy of the Royal Mail.

One day I was delivering the mail at Westbrook House when I was surprised to see Jesse behind a wall hiding in a large dustbin. He looked just like Top Cat hiding from Officer Dibble in the cartoon series. Every so often he'd lift the dustbin lid to look out. "Whatever's going on Jess?" I asked. He replied, "Some bigwig from Kew Gardens has come down to look at the famous grape vine that runs along the front of the house." It was rumoured to be one of the oldest and biggest in the country. Lady Pooley however had roundly informed Jesse that he looked too scruffy to pass as her head gardener and to keep out of the way until the coast was clear. "I'm not having any of that," said Jesse, "and that's why I'm keeping watch from the dustbin."

Mike Hubbard was talking to the Editor.



This postcard is believed to show Jesse Daniels leading the Bulmer's Shetland pony and cart down Pound Street on the way home. It will almost certainly be before 1914.

Jesse Daniels - Some biographical notes

Jesse Daniels was born in 1892 at the Monument, one of a family of nine, five girls and four boys. The family would later move further along the road to Jackson's Lake. Jesse was working for Mrs. Bulmer at Westbrook House, Upperton before the 1914-1918 war, quite possibly he went to work there on leaving school. He probably volunteered for the Army as he was in general service from 14th January 1915 to 1918 and from 1918 as a Lewis gunner. He left the Army in 1919. His peacetime occupation is given as "domestic gardener". He was with D. Company, 4th Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment and with the Regiment in Mesopotamia.

In 1919 he returned to Westbrook House until he retired, continuing to work there after retirement and walking up from Hillside at Upperton. When Mrs. Bulmer died Jesse went on for Sir Ernest Pooley. He had a fine voice and was a member of Tillington church choir for many years, Arch Gibson being tenor and Jesse bass baritone. He was also prominent in the Tillington Players over a period of years.

Note: Kelly's 1907 directory give "Mrs" Bulmer as at Westbrook House at that time.

P.

Two Pounds for Petworth

At the foot of Pound Street, just south of the junction with the Tillington road, is Petworth's main pound, on the west side of the road, a walled pen 25 feet square, built of the local greensand stone, and gated, for impounding any stray animals, releasable to owner on payment of set sum to lord of that manor (in practice, to its steward, usually a solicitor). Its walls are seven feet high, to deter break-outs by the animals.

Pound Street (in front of the pound, it has become Station Road) was known as Sowter Street in 1610 (Treswell's map), and by 1826 had become Mill Lane, as it leads to Coultershaw Mill. Indeed, until 1800, it only led to the Mill; the main Chichester road was by Rotherbridge, over Parson Acon's bridge. In 1826 it is named "Mill Lane otherwise Pound Street" (deed by Stoveld vendor, of the Trowell, there), which implies that the pound had not long been where it now is. Where was it before, if this is so? The usual place for a pound is on the edge of the village or town, where the fields or open country began, on a roadside there.

The other pound is in Petworth's other manor, that of the Rector; this included the Rectory and the Glebe fronting Bartons Lane (now the Bartons burial ground). Rectors often were lords of their own manors; e.g. in Cumberland, in Caldbeck and in Workington. The Rector's pound is at the foot of Bartons Lane fenced-off and gated, just before you come to the turnstiles into the Shimmings. Bartons Lane was the old Horsham Road.

For another pound in middle of road, see e.g. St. Giles in the Fields, at east end of Oxford Street, until the 18th century or after. It is shown on Rocque's Map of London, 1746.

Jeremy Godwin

Petworth Bandmasters since 1946

Percy Savage re-started the Petworth Town Band in 1946. He struggled to kindle an interest with a few battered instruments and some rather tattered music folders. In those early days George Baxter and Frank Sadler were a great help to Percy, they had both been band members before the war. Percy was a fine musician and had played with the Friary Band and the Royal Engineers. Percy was bandmaster until the mid 1950's when Bert Pratt took over, Percy stayed as an instrumentalist.

Bert Pratt was bandmaster from about 1955 on through the 1960's when the band went through a bad period with very poor attendance at rehearsals. Bert tried to keep interest going and worked hard to ensure the band had a future, if he had let the band pack up then, there would be no Petworth Town Band today. At one point in the early 60's, when Bert was feeling the strain I took over as Bandmaster/Secretary for a year, always supported by Bert.

In 1972 I heard that George Lunn had finished his time with the Royal Marines and had settled in Chichester working for the GPO. George had joined Petworth Town Band as a lad in 1946 at the same time as me and had soon after joined the Royal Marines boy service. In 1948 he became a Royal Marine and completed his full time there, ending up with bandmaster status. I contacted George and invited him to take charge of us, this he did for 2 years and with his professional ability, was able to put new life into the band. I always found that he was able to get you to play better than you thought you could. Unfortunately with the shift work with the GPO, after 2 years George found it was too difficult to continue.

Fred Standen took over as bandmaster in 1975, he had been a band member for many years and was a very versatile musician, able to play any of the brass band instruments as well as piano and piano accordion. I will always remember our evenings at Heyshott on bonfire night; the band used to lead the torchlight procession down through the village to the fire, then play a programme outside the Unicorn for about an hour, then after generous refreshments from the landlord, we used to go inside where Fred with his accordion, Denny Clements on trombone, Bill Sykes on fiddle and Jock Clarke on drums used to play music of all sorts for about 3 hours, fuelled with a continual flow of ale. It was Petworth Town Band's social event of the year.

Fred called a spade a spade but through all the years that he was Bandmaster, I never once saw him embarrass a member with lesser ability.

Tony Deacon became Bandmaster in the early 1980s, he was also Bandmaster at West Chiltington which could cause a few problems but it all worked out quite well and some of us used to go over and help them out and vice versa at times. In 1987 Tony resigned to concentrate on West Chiltington Band.

Barry Coles was Bandmaster 1987-1988. Barry had been in the army as a bandsman and was a fine cornet player, he organised some engagements including a concert at Lurgashall Village Hall. Unfortunately he had to pack up in 1988 through pressure of work.

Martyn Streeter became Bandmaster in 1989, a position that he still has to this day. Through all these years Martyn will have experienced quite a lot of changes in the band both

in the members who have joined and then moved away, the wonderful set of instruments that we now have, the uniforms and a band room that I am sure is envied by any other band in the south of England. I am sure Martyn would say that much of his work as Bandmaster has been made possible by the support of his wife Paula as Musical Director whose enthusiasm and spirit has helped so much to keep the band going. Also, for many years before Martyn became Bandmaster, he spent many many hours teaching youngsters to play and enjoy music and give them a start on what can be a wonderful hobby.

One person who should be mentioned along with these Bandmasters is Jimmy Young. Jim is a fine musician who joined the band when I did in 1946 and also played with Northchapel band and I think Haslemere band. Jim was always there to help the bandmaster. He was always willing to conduct at band rehearsals and at engagements, and often did, he filled the post of Deputy Bandmaster under several Bandmasters.

We now have Martyn and Paulas' sister-in-law, Sarah Thorp who helps out and lifts some of the load from Martyn and Paula by conducting at some rehearsals and engagements.

All of these bandmasters have had to work hard to hold together a group of amateur musicians (musicians can be temperamental) but I am sure that they all enjoyed passing on their knowledge of the joy which is music.

An old stalwart and committed member of the band for almost 50 years, Roy Randall, used to say when we were a bit worried about an approaching concert, "It'll be alright on the night" and it usually is.

John Grimwood M.B.E.

Memories in and around Petworth

Take a country area; fresh country air and the openness of the fields and woods. Then throw in a river, a mill and a local branch railway line and you have all the ingredients for childhood fun from when I born in Guildford in 1943 to when I left home at fifteen and a half to be an Air Force Boy Entrant.

My memories start from around the age of five, before then things were a little vague. Our cottage had a large garden which was divided up into a vegetable patch with a lawned area and a footpath down to the detached toilet at the bottom of the garden. Also there were pigsties with small fields around them; a large chicken shed with many hens and a rooster; a few turkeys; a very large shed for pig and chicken feed; a kennel for Spot the dog and finally a well.

The river flowing through a water meadow near to the bottom of our garden provided much fun for my playmates who used to visit, and also aunts and uncles who came down from London sometimes. A highlight of the visit would be to go down to Tumble Bay for a swim. This could be found over the far side of a meadow after passing over Coultershaw Bridge opposite Corralls coal yard. The river split into two a couple of hundred yards further up from our house, one section continued on past our house and after a hundred yards or so, going through the mill gates and the mill pond before rejoining just past the Petworth Station goods yard. The other section contained Tumble Bay and was a favourite spot for locals to swim.

There were two waterfalls. A smaller, stepped one, which you could sit on, was about three feet high going into a brick lined run before going over a drop of some six to eight feet to a pool below. The river at the top ran slow and was just right for a leisurely swim, but the mud squelched a bit underfoot though. Or, it was nice just to sit and watch the water cascading over both falls, as well as the daredevils who jumped off the high bank into the small pond and fast flowing water below. I think the Tumble Bay section provided a safeguard for floodwater to flow and also balanced out things when the mill had the gates closed and they were using the turbines to drive the mill.

My grandfather used to fish at the river and I joined him sometimes and helped to bring our catch back to the house where they were prepared for a meal. It seemed to be mostly eels, which for some reason did not die until sunset. When I got older I fished by myself but did not get much success, not like my grandfather had.

Playmates from Petworth also used to come and visit and, three or four of us would row upriver to explore. The rowing boat was kindly loaned to us by the owner of the mill who lived next door; he was a regimental, yet very kind, man. This opened up new boundaries when going up the river. The Rotherbridge swing bridge was the usual limit for me to go when playing out and about, and this was about a mile from where we lived. We used to row far past the bridge until the river became too narrow to go any further. We were deep in the heart of countryside maybe a couple of miles further than normal. We also used to go down to the waterfall and towards the mill and it was great doing all these things. We were grateful for the opportunity to do so.

One of my favourite treats as a boy was to be taken out for a trip on one of the mill lorries to deliver flour or pick up grain for making flour. We went as far afield as London, Southampton and Brighton. Some places were very large bakeries or in the case of Southampton, one of the big liners within the dockyard. On the trips I either helped by placing bags of flour at the tailgate using the two-wheeled sack cart or by taking bags of corn from the tailgate to the front of the lorry for stacking. This helped speed up the delivery or collection time. We would usually take a packed lunch with us, my grandfather's favourite was a hunk of bread and cheese, mine was usually bread and treacle, but sometimes I wanted the same as he did. Very often we would stop at a pub for refreshment on the way back. I was not allowed inside, as they were very strict in those days, a quick visit to the toilet though was usually in order. But I was more than happy with a lemonade and packet of crisps.

One time I was shown around the inside of the mill. It was quite noisy inside with many long belts driving wheels and large milling machines with rollers that ground the corn. A central escalator took bags to another level. They also sold small bags of plain or self-raising flour, which were probably distributed to shops.

I spent quite a bit of my time around the mill and millpond area, either fishing or watching the salmon trout jumping up at the water as it rushed through the gates at the back of the mill. You could almost reach out and touch them as they jumped by you; I think that they had more success jumping upstream via Tumble Bay. At the other side of the gates depending on how much they were opened, a whirlpool would form at the surface sucking anything down into the depths with an eerie gurgling sound. This was fascinating as again

you could reach out and touch it from the wooden walkway which spanned the river between the engine room and the mill. There wasn't always plenty of water as once or twice the river dried up almost completely with most of the riverbed showing. Then the engine room would be used to drive the mill, as the turbine would be inoperative.

Alongside the main river bridge was a second bridge, which traversed an old canal then unused for a very long time, maybe it was a short length used to bypass the mill when barges were in use long ago. The section of canal was too overgrown on the opposite side of the road to even attempt exploration there. The overseers of this area seemed to be the dragonflies, hornets and butterflies in abundance.

On Guy Fawkes night I can remember the torchlight procession which started from somewhere near the Mill area and finished at Hampers Green where there was a huge bonfire each year. My grandfather used to help make the torches before handing them out from the back of one of the lorries in the procession. The Mill also used to put a float in to the annual



gala day procession held at Petworth Park. Altogether it was a strangely fascinating area providing people of all ages with hours of enjoyment. An area I shall always remember well as a young lad.

My play-mates who came from around the Petworth area used to visit from time

to time and quite often we would just go off into the countryside which was all around us. We had bicycles and one popular area for us to go was the wood on the way to Graffham where there was a fairly large tree house just to the side of the country road. It was great to be able to climb up into it where we would just sit and talk about things in general which were paramount in boys' lives at that time.

On the way back we would usually stop at the sandpit near Rapleys Garage. This was an area reputed to be snake infested or was this a ploy to keep us away from an area considered dangerous? I cannot recollect seeing any snakes during our visits. Or, we would go down to the riverbank adjacent to the goods yard at Petworth Station. There we had a rope tied high

up in a tree and with a good run down the bank you were able to hang onto it and swing right out over the river and back to the bank. I remember one of my mates fell off when the rope snagged a small branch and unceremoniously fell into the river. We ribbed him before he cycled back to Petworth absolutely drenched, to change, but it was all taken in good heart.

Another favourite place to go was along the narrow wooded area between the farmer's field and the banks of the river Rother that led up the swing bridge about a mile up river. The Rother Bridge used to be solid and wooden for years before it was changed to a swing bridge. I had been warned by my dotting parents not to go on to the bridge, as it was dangerous. There were one or two loose slats of wood but otherwise it was swifty, but stable. The family used to go on it when we came to get watercress, which grew at the springs nearby. I suppose they were worried I might fall off into the river when out alone or with my mates. None of us, though, ever did fall off it!

The wooded area provided an abundance of trees to climb up and there was also an area near the riverbank, which had a small cliff to try climbing up as well. We usually took catapults and bows and arrows with us, which gave us the feeling of us being true adventurers. Once when out playing with mates I could hear this yodelling which I recognised as the sound my grandmother would make if she wanted me home for some reason. It used to carry for miles! An aunt and uncle from Fittleworth had turned up unexpectedly. Oh the embarrassment of having to break off from my mates and the adventure to return to the house for equally embarrassing aunt/uncle talk.

Burton Park was a large area off the centre of Duncton, which had a girls' school in it. There was also a pond, which was popular for nature walks when I was at the primary school. There was also a large lake further on past the girls' school. When I cycled back to Sutton after school I used to stop where the water passed under the track before it went over a large waterfall that was hidden from passers by. You were able to scramble down the side and pass beneath the waterfall through a small cave beneath the overhang where you could look from behind the falling water, you could also pass to the other side of the waterfall.

I used to wake up to the sound of the rooster giving his call at first light; cuckoo calls would echo across the countryside and many birds sang their beautiful songs. We would encourage birds to sing by rubbing a cork on a bottle to produce a song then wait for a reply. Nothing though could beat the nightingale for its beautiful melody. There were strangled caws of rooks and crows in the treetops and magpies, usually in pairs, walking around looking for treasures to take back to their nest.

Rabbits in nearby fields provided us with a meal as my grandfather used a snare to catch one occasionally. This was before the myxamatoxosis epidemic that killed so many of them. Foxes used to visit as we had many chickens in a large coop, some nights the hens would get agitated when one tried to get in. Usually someone went out with a light to frighten the fox off. However, a fox did succeed in gaining entry, to kill many of them. Very often a chicken would be killed to provide a meal or two, I did not know how this was done until one day at a fairly young age I rounded the shed only to see my grandfather holding a chicken to a wooden block before swiftly chopping off its head. Worse still upon putting it down, the headless chicken seemed to regain life and ran after me. What a fright and what a telling off

he got for not ensuring I was not around. My mother was not totally absorbed with country life, as once she got halfway through drawing a chicken before pushing it all back inside and taking it to someone else to complete the operation.

A new litter of pigs had matured for a while and a man came and helped my grandfather to castrate the pigs. I did not know then what was happening, all I was aware of was much squealing from the pigs as they were unceremoniously held upside down to have something cut from them and put in a bucket. I know now where the sweetbreads came from that I loved so much at the time.

Once a year a high-pitched sound could be heard in the distance signalling the approach of the otter hounds and hunters from downstream along the riverbanks. A flurry of activity ensued as locals followed them part way up river, but they moved very fast on foot criss-crossing the river and departing as quickly as they came.

I enjoyed the many visits to Littlehampton, which had the giant funfair and boating lake. Or Bognor with its smaller funfair and its boat trips out to sea. We always used to stop on the way home for fish and chips to eat in the car. A few times we went by the steam train from Petworth station via Pulborough. Later I used this train to travel to Midhurst when I went to school there.

A popular pastime as young teenagers was to build up your own dirt-tracking bike from parts found on the local amenity tip. We spent many an hour at local commons racing around the tracks. The Iron Room at Petworth had a youth club where we could play table tennis and do boxing. A lovely lady called Sylvia Beaufoy ran the club and later she provided a youth club centre at the closed down cinema, which was another place I had frequented many times before. Winter provided the opportunity to go sledging at the Sheep Downs where dozens enjoyed a good downfall of snow. And in the summer groups of us would take various food items and go well up into the hills and woods to have a barbeque.

Bob Johnson.

We are pleased to include this treatment of George Garland's work – reprinted from the *Brighton Argus* with permission.

George Garland in winter

DREAMING of a white Christmas? Well wrap up warm and join ANGELA WINTLE as she looks back at bleak midwinters in the Sussex countryside as seen through the lens of a remarkable Sussex photographer.

IN these days of climate change, when our midwinters are not so much bleak as wet, windy and sometimes rather warm, it's getting difficult to recall those old-fashioned Sussex winters when the ice crackled, earth was hard as iron - and there was a good chance Christmas would, indeed, be white.

In the countryside, it was a time when the wisest were toasting themselves in front of

sputtering log fires burning cheerfully in cottage inglenooks, while outside the fallow fields and muddy lanes sparkled in the cold moonlight and sheep huddled together for warmth. But some hardy souls did still venture outside, even when they didn't have to – and one was the distinguished Petworth-based photographer George Garland, who died in 1978. Driven, it seems, by a passionate desire to produce a unique photographic record of Sussex country life in all its guises and seasons, he travelled the county to collect a mighty archive of 70,000 negatives currently in the possession of the West Sussex Record Office at Chichester.

His legacy provides us with a remarkable pictorial panorama of the way we were when Sussex was still largely a rural county and the countryside was peopled by craftsmen following their ancient calling in just the way their forefathers had done.

No fair weather photographer, he. In fact, he was just as prepared to venture into wintry, frost-bound highways, byways and shivering village streets as he was to wander happily through a summer landscape.

He also took immense pains to record the great festivals of the year – including, of course, Christmas with its wealth of traditions and folklore.

Not surprisingly, therefore, Garland's work includes many atmospheric pictures capturing the spirit of past winters in rural Sussex – many recalling scenes from Christmas time in the Twenties and Thirties.

When Garland died, his will stipulated his collection should remain in Petworth – the pretty country town he called home for his entire life. And consequently, the priceless original glass negatives are stored at Petworth House, home of Lord Egremont, although access to the collection is through reference prints at the Record Office.

This year, the Record Office has mined its rich treasure of seasonal imagery and issued a number of Garland's pictures as Christmas cards. They depict scenes and characters of the time, including ancient Stopham Bridge under snow, an old-time Sussex shepherd showing off two Yuletide lambs, children delightedly awaiting Father Christmas at the foot of the inglenook, and carol singers swathed in balaclavas and woollen comforters.

So just who was George Garland and what motivated his restless creative energy and love for photographing a passing age?

Actually, he was a commercial and press photographer with a studio in Station Road, Petworth, where he performed bread-and-butter commissions such as portraits, family groups, wedding parties and local events.

It was a successful studio, but Garland, it seems, had his mind on rather less parochial subjects which would give full rein to his artistic impulses. Chief among them was the pleasure of photographing life in his beloved West Sussex countryside and the rural characters who still had their place within it – “the men with laughter in their hearts” as he affectionately described them.

Indeed, he frequently left his wife Sally and an assistant to manage the business while he took himself off into the country in search of rural romance.

Garland's closest friend, the Petworth historian Peter Jerrome, recalls the time the photographer was commissioned to take wedding pictures at Northchapel.

“On his way to the event, he noticed an old man leading a team of horses in a field and thought

that was a much more intriguing photo-opportunity. Indeed, he became so absorbed in the old man ploughing, he didn't catch up with the bridal party until it was halfway back to Petworth." Peter, who is chairman of the Petworth Society and Petworth Cottage Museum, has written extensively about his dear friend, whom he got to know well in his 20s. Indeed, he was the executor of Garland's will and inherited many of the photographer's "props", including his shepherd's crook and smock, billycock hat and rustic walking sticks.

"Garland was a poet in pictures. That's the crucial difference between him and many of his fellow photographers. The strength of his images lies in the spirit of them. It was in his awareness of what was passing and transient that his genius lay. He captured the varied but threatened world of the old ways of agriculture, or the dying rustic crafts, or the now extinct breed of Sussex characters".

But was Garland just the rural romanticist his pictures seem to indicate? Well, certainly he set out to produce an accurate and detailed record of fast-disappearing rural life. But at the same time, he fully understood – and was prepared to feed – the hunger for nostalgia so prevalent at that time.

"After the first war, newspapers and their readers hankered after the innocence of a lost world, a kind of Shangri La, that they felt had once existed," says Peter. "It was Garland's forte to reassure them that an older way of life had not been entirely jettisoned. They might not have wanted that older way of life, but they needed to know it existed somewhere if ever they should want it.

"In the midst of rural Sussex there were those who went on as they had always done, and Garland's journalistic instinct told him this vision was saleable."

And so it was that Garland produced an endless stream of photographs in which rustic characters, horses at work in solitary fields, local ploughing matches, woodland crafts, hunting scenes, village revels, garden parties, processions and sheep fairs were depicted in all their bucolic simplicity.

They were photographs not just intended for local consumption. Instead, he sought pictures likely to appeal to the fee-paying editors of national newspapers (the right image was worth 17s.6d) with their increasingly urban readership.

The shrewd Garland wasn't above posing some of his apparently spontaneous photographs to ensure all the correct period detail and atmosphere was captured. For instance, his celebrated picture of the Petworth town crier standing in snowy East Street looks authentic enough. Except it **wasn't** the town crier. True, there was a town crier – but it wasn't this man. Who was he? One of a band of willing accomplices who would pose for pictures to Garland's direction. Like Old Shep, for instance. Pictured as a typical Sussex shepherd, complete with smock and crook, he was clearly the genuine article. Or was he? Actually, he was a farm hand decked out to look the part.

But this free use of artistic licence shouldn't detract from Garland's contribution to our vision of the county's rural heritage. This was a time of rapid and irreversible change in the countryside. Garland was conscious of this and genuinely sought to create a detailed record of a disappearing way of life and centuries old rural skills.

For example, he would painstakingly photograph every stage of a country craft such as hurdle making or charcoal burning, sometimes taking 12 or more pictures often differing only minutely.

According to West Sussex Record Office archivist Alison McCann, who has particular responsibility for the Garland Collection, even the posed images have their value.

"Pictures of children peeping up the kitchen chimney to see if Father Christmas was coming give a rare glimpse of the interior of an estate cottage," she says.

"The collection is special because it records all aspects of life in the countryside at a time when it was changing rapidly with the introduction of mechanisation. He recorded every aspect of the agricultural year, throughout the seasons".

Alas, this meticulous artistic endeavour was not matched in the practical day-to-day management of his studio.

Peter recalls that much of Garland's equipment was held together with string and his cameras were never upgraded. "But he always got the results."

But perhaps more important is the condition of those historically-priceless negatives which form the archive.

As Alison points out: "George was a commercial photographer rushing to meet deadlines and not always careful about thoroughly processing his negatives. Unfortunately, when we came to catalogue the collection ten years ago we discovered some of the early negatives had started to deteriorate. There were chemical residues left on the glass plates and some of the images were blurred or peeling. They simply hadn't been processed very thoroughly."

Anxious to preserve this remarkable archive, the Record Office initiated a programme to create new negatives of the most historically valuable in the collection. And it's clearly an important job of work if public reaction to the Garland Christmas card collection is anything to go by.

Appropriately for this season of the year, that moving image of a shepherd and his lambs in a snowy Sussex field has struck a particular chord, proving so popular that a second print run was needed.

Clearly, that hunger for rural nostalgia is as strong today as it was when Garland and his ancient camera were busy at work in the Sussex countryside.

- A complete catalogue of the Garland Collection is available for consultation at the West Sussex Record Office in Chichester. It also holds reference prints of the entire collection. For further information, ring 01243 753602.
- Not Submitted Elsewhere by Peter Jerrome is published by the Window Press at £7.50. Ring 01798 342562.

* The Argus Appeal is celebrating 50 years of giving to those in need, To support this registered charity 1013647, please ring Elsa Gillio on 01273 544465.

Football focus - or lemons four pence

Of its very nature football has to be something of the moment. There may be a place for tradition but the present is all, and the past very much in the shadow of that present. A place for tradition? Well, Tony Penfold's team photograph (PSM 126) stirred a few memories. Fifty years on and the players are still easily identifiable: some you might see any day if you're out in the town. We include, with the main pictures, another team photograph. It's Easter Monday 1949, some seven years from the previous picture, but now the edge of memory is beginning to blur. You may say, "It doesn't matter very much." Quite probably it doesn't, but if you are too openly dismissive of a supposedly dead past there is a danger that you blunt the sharpness of its eternal partner - the future.

But what if you have a picture like the one below? Probably from about 1910, certainly before 1914. If these Petworth players were once recognisable, they aren't now. Arch Pullen from the Saddlers Row shoe shop is unmistakable but what of the others? Possibly someone can add a few more names. I can't personalise the picture but I do have two items that give a background of sorts, orphans of some long-forgotten clear-out. They are a minute book running from the AGM of 1906 almost, but not quite, to the outbreak of war, and a credit and debit book which does.



Petworth F.C. about 1910. Arch Pullen third from right. Mr McLachlan standing right, Sid Vincent kneeling right. In fact identifications by Henry Whitcomb can be found in PSM 56 page 21.

Petworth had a long tradition of football going back at least to the 1880s. They had won the Sussex Junior Cup in 1899 beating Rye at the Dripping Pan in Lewes.¹ 140 supporters had travelled by train and also in attendance were the Club's president, Lord Leconfield and vice-president the Rev. H.E. Jones. Halcyon days. By 1906 time had taken its toll of the team of 1899. J. Harvey Holden and Sid Vincent remained.

Finances throughout the period from 1906 were strained. Very early in the minute book the secretary is instructed to write to the Association complaining about the expenses for a referee coming from distance. Couldn't they find anyone nearer - and hence cheaper? Football was an expensive business even given that the club paid nothing for their ground. The West Sussex Junior League involved some travelling whereas the Sussex Junior Cup might well involve long journeys into East Sussex. For the latter there was limited compensation but it was limited. Income came largely from four sources: donations from local vice-presidents (usually a guinea), local tradesmen, members of the general public and players, 2/6^d was an average. A collection would be made at home matches, (in September 1912 Mr. Burdock would be paid for two new collecting boxes), while a successful cup run would generate not only enthusiasm but hard cash from an otherwise reluctant public. In 1911-12 these three sources (subscriptions £14, cup-related income £10, match collections £10), accounted for almost three quarters of incoming revenue. Crucial to the club's solvency was Mrs. Upton's annual pantomime, part of the profits from which traditionally went to the football club. The share for 1911-12 was more than usual, a princely £14-14-0. Mrs. Upton's contribution was, as often as not, the difference between working loss and working profit. The club had an annual dinner, largely self-financing, Mr. Willmer being paid 7/6^d (with free 2/6^d dinner ticket) "to preside at the piano" as the minute book has it. The dinner would be at the White Hart in High Street. Very occasionally there might be a fund-raising dance.

Perhaps with the triumph of 1899 still fairly fresh in the mind, the Sussex Junior Cup seems to have sparked an enthusiasm the more mundane West Sussex Junior League did not. Early on in the minute book the League was in such financial straits that Petworth played a special fundraising match to help save it from going under. The Junior Cup had four rounds to the semi-final

PETWORTH FOOTBALL CLUB.

GROUND:
PETWORTH PARK.

COLOURS:
RED & BLACK.

HON. SEC. :
S. VINCENT.

ANGEL STREET,
PETWORTH.

and Petworth almost invariably made some progress, although appearances in the semi-finals are the limit in the minute

book years. For a cup match at Warnham in 1908 a special train was mooted to carry team and supporters. Echoes of 1899 perhaps. But would supporters turn out in sufficient numbers to justify this? The town crier was paid a shilling to advertise the venture. On his success or otherwise the minute book is silent.

¹ See *Petworth Time out of Mind* (1982) page 117

Transport was a problem. For preference the team would travel by rail from Petworth station, picking up the main line at either Pulborough or Midhurst. Where the railway was not a realistic option the journey would be made in Henry Streeter's brake. Train journeys could involve bus travel at the other end: Wick being a case in point, the team taking a bus from the station at Littlehampton. Henry Streeter's brake could be problematic: after a formal complaint from Storrington about late arrival, Sid Vincent from the 1899 team, acting as club secretary, was instructed to write to the League committee pointing out that the Petworth team had been a mere fifteen minutes late and had had a ten mile journey. Henry Streeter, George Garland's stepfather, had a livery stable in East Street and was also licensee of the Railway Inn. He seems to have been far the most understanding of the club's creditors. In a bad year, his account, usually substantial, might be held over until next year.

There is a tradition that some of the Petworth players worked in London for H. J. Whitcomb's highly successful motor insurance company, and would travel down for matches.² Certainly it is quite obvious from the minute book that some players, George Wells among them, would come down for later round Junior Cup games but not for league games. Travelling expenses would be refunded. Clearly Wells was a quite exceptional player, but it appears from the minutes that this arrangement could be awkward. Already in 1906 a committee meeting was held especially to discuss Wells not playing in a match with Horsham II on November 17th. The secretary was instructed to write to Mr. Wells to the effect that the committee in no way wished to slight him, but being informed that he would not be at Petworth on that day, had selected another player. Clearly there had been a breakdown of communication. Wells was not the only "London" player and contact seems to have been maintained by telegram.

Where teams for league matches appear to have been selected with a minimum of fuss, cup matches would usually involve a special committee meeting and, in the early years, a relatively settled team: C. Steggles, W. Hill, A. Howard, C. Whittington, S. Vincent, A. Tiplady, C.F. Gibson, C. Bartlett, G. H. Moore, W. H. Barttelot and G. Wells. One meeting opened with a considerable discussion, the point being clear enough: should the team that played in the 1st and 2nd rounds of the cup be selected for the 3rd? Or should it be "the best team that we had"? Clearly either position had its partisans but it was the latter that prevailed. At the beginning of the 1907-8 season the secretary was instructed to ask Messrs. Barttelot, Hill and Wells whether they would be available to play for the club "in important matches". Rather later it was agreed that the team should not be advertised "until we heard whether the London players were available to play". In 1912, for a cup semi-final played at Eastbourne, G. Wells, H. Tullett and P. Lawrence were paid expenses to travel separately. It seems likely that the issue remained unresolved right up to 1914, at best ambivalent at worst divisive.

As we have seen finance was always difficult. At the AGM of August 27th 1909, John Pitfield in the chair, a meagre Town Hall attendance of some twenty was presented with a debit

² See Hugh Whitcomb in PSM 96



North Street from the Church Tower 1954. Photographer not known.



Petworth Rectory and the Gog from the Church Tower 1954. Photographer not known.

balance and an outstanding liability to the long-suffering Henry Streeter of some ten guineas. A very sizeable sum in 1909. After considerable discussion the balance sheet was approved but a proposal followed that "the club be continued on less expensive lines by joining the Wisborough Green and District League and playing friendly matches". Something of a counsel of despair for a town that had welcomed the returning cup winners in 1899, the more so as the Wisborough Green League, predominantly playing on Wednesdays, was itself about to implode. Would it be too bold to conjecture that the resignation of Mr. Barttelot, the secretary, owed something to this draconian course of action? It is impossible to say. The usual 1909-10 fixture cards were not printed. Whatever misgivings there may have been by the AGM of 1910 the financial position had been regularised and the club returned to normal competition.

Committee meetings were held at "HQ", the White Hart in High Street, John Harvey Holden, veteran of 1899, being the licensee. Team selection as in previous years was the province of a committee, itself elected. In practice selection procedure could range from the cursory to the fustian. In the latter case a formal vote might be taken for each position with a ballot in case of disagreement. No doubt the monthly committee meeting involved a beer or two. Mr. Barttelot's resignation led to a rash of short-lived secretaries, none staying very long, sometimes acting in tandem. In the season 1909-10 no secretary could be found and for a time no minuting record was kept. While the secretary's was a difficult post to fill, the hon. treasurer was traditionally the manager of the London and County bank, Mr. Stubbs taking over when Mr. Davies left.

By the AGM of 1st September 1911 an attendance of 35 at the Town Hall heard the acting secretary report that the team were mid-table in the West Sussex Junior League; very satisfactory considering what had gone before. He concluded on a somewhat less sanguine note, "The only fault to find of the club was the want of keenness and lack of appreciation by the players." Pick the bones out of that. In default of a regular secretary, the retiring joint secretaries would consent to continuing protem. At the next meeting the committee decided to enter a junior team in the Midhurst and District League; the old Wisborough Green League being by now completely defunct. Eventually the joint secretaries gave up and the record lapses for a while. The expense book shows, however, that Petworth again reached the semi-final of the Junior Cup, travelling to Eastbourne for a semi-final, apparently without success. G. Wells, A. Wells, H. Tullett and P. Lawrence were granted travel expenses, mainly it seems from London. Clearly the old Petworth/London axis remained and with it, no doubt, the old ambivalence.

Such relative success contributed to a more buoyant mood at the AGM of 1912 "practically roomful of supporters." Sid Vincent consented to taking up the secretarial duties once more on condition that a "collector" was appointed, presumably to chase up tardy subscriptions. Mr. Hunt agreed to do this. An anonymous donor cleared the season's debit with a cheque for £6-18-11 and the experiment with the Midhurst and District League was not repeated, the committee deciding only to enter the Midhurst and District Charity Cup. The two other competitions continued. A Junior Cup team from 1913-14 shows a few survivors from 1906 but also some new names: L. Ide, G. Fruin, A. Stoner, A. Tiplady, C. Bartlett,

G. Hill, D. Rapley, S. Eager, A. W. Collingbourne, A. G. Lucas and A. Whittington. As usual the London players were not called up for the earlier rounds. The secretary notes a committee decision, "If more than one player be proposed for any place in the team, they should be voted for by ballot." It was also proposed and seconded that the team should "not be advertised until we had heard whether the London players were available to play." The minute book ends with a note of the 8th December 1913. "A postcard was received from Bosham Football Club stating that they are unable to accept a guarantee to play here on December 27th 1913." While the expense book will run on until the outbreak of war, the voice of the minuting secretary is heard no more. Of the whereabouts of a succeeding minute book I know nothing.

While the names are little more than cyphers, the world of these footballers of a century ago has a certain fascination. It's not that theirs was a fairy tale world. It wasn't. Tempers could fray then as now even if yellow and red cards were something from an unimaginable future. Playing at Chichester against the 35th Regiment, G. H. Moore had received a blow on the face after the match. The matter was referred to the Association. Petworth were not always the injured party: in 1908 two players were dismissed in a match at Wick, A. Tiplady for striking an opponent, and J. H. Holden for arguing with the referee. [Once again the Association's disciplinary machine creaked into action, both players having to send contrite letters.

Some team names like St. Margaret's Athletic (Horsham), Carfax United and Horsham YMCA have probably not survived. Territorial names like Arundel, Amberley or Wick are virtually indestructible. Friendlies on bank holidays would bring to Petworth Park either service teams like HMS Jupiter, or teams from London like Norwood Athletic, Hampstead Ramblers or Tottenham Rangers. Petworth could have to offer a guarantee, usually a guinea towards travelling and Mr. Holden would provide a "meat tea". Very occasionally there would be a lighter side, a costume match or, in 1913, Navvies versus Suffragettes.

The minute book portrays a segment of Petworth Society a hundred years ago. For many the Football Club would be a simple irrelevance. All too often it is impossible to flesh up the dry bones of the Minute Book, such is the nature of minute books. The solid backbone of the committee, Messrs. Weeks, Letchford, R. Whitcomb, J. H. Holden and J. H. Pulling gave their time unstintingly, while the players tend to flit in and out of the picture. A clique if you like at the White Hart but they did give their time. Very much a man's world, no mention of a woman anywhere. Looking back we are conscious of 1914, looking forward they would have no such consciousness. On the 11th November 1911 the treasurer notes the expenditure of fourpence on lemons for a match with Midhurst. The mention of lemons is unique. In seven short but interminable years it would be the 11th November 1918.

P.

Receipts

Cash 4c

Collection at Match

Petworth v Hingy Royal Rifles

played Dec 5th 1915

In aid of the Royal Sussex

Tobacco fund

Sgt Lang's Box

Pir Booth's "

£ 5-8-8½

1-1-0

6-9-8½

Postscript. But is the date correct? The troops had left Petworth early in 1915. Perhaps it should be 1914.

Then and Now

The year is 1920. I am six years old. For some reason Madam Barry has closed her little school at Glengarriff, Lombard Street that I attend, early today so I am free to go with my mother as she does her weekend shopping this afternoon. My father does not like her to shop at the International Stores, not long since opened in the town as he feels that the local tradespeople should support one another. Consequently there are few shops in the town that my mother does not patronise at sometime or another. There is, however, one shop that we never visit and that is Mr. Snooks, the chemist. It is not that he and my parents have ever fallen out, or have any reason to dislike one another, but he is "The Opposition" and so must be ignored! He has a daughter of roughly my age but we never try to speak to one another!

My mother and I set out, she with quite a large basket and I with my very small trug. As we start up New Street we hear the squealing of pigs in the slaughter house over the wall. This does not disturb me as I am used to hearing them when playing in our small back yard, not grand enough to be called a garden.

We pass Mr. Golds' shop, so obviously a fish shop because of the fish emblazoned on its tiled front, and wave to Hilda sitting in the cash desk making up the books. My mother does not, today, want anything from Mrs. Gordon Knight's shop on the corner of New Street and East Street but I am sure that we will go there another day. Mrs. Knight is known to her friends as Flo and her assistants are Dollie Foard and Mr. Keen, generally known as "Sonny Jim", with one of the Baxter boys as the junior. It is a grocery shop and some pots and pans and similar articles, kept in a lockup shop in New Street, can also be bought there. Some things, like butter have to be kept in the cellar, in the cool, and I like to see "Sonny Jim" lift up the trap door and disappear to fetch things from there.

We cross to Angel Street to Mr. Charles Older's grocery shop, generally regarded as selling the best goods of all the grocers in the town. There we find Dora, one of Mr. Older's daughters, clad in her navy blue dress, with a stiff white collar, and the black apron that she always wears in the shop, behind one counter, and her father behind the other. "Dicker" Mitchell, their elderly assistant is also there, both men wearing white aprons. My mother sits down on one of the high chairs with small round seats in front of the counter and starts to give her order to Dora. It is nearly time to make the Christmas puddings so my mother buys dried fruits, measured out by Dora with a scoop, from the respective drawers, into little blue paper bags, deftly folded at the top when full, so that they are sealed. Tea is dealt with in the same way being taken from one of several large canisters behind the counter in which the various brands are contained. When it comes to biscuits we look through the glass lids fitted to the tins and make our choice before Dora weighs up into white paper bags the amounts my mother wants. We always have to buy Butter Puffs for my father, whilst Dora goes up some very steep stairs to the room above for some candles that my mother wants. Meanwhile Mr. Older begins serving her from his counter. Part of a side of bacon is held up for her approval before he starts cutting the rashers to a thickness chosen by her, on a hand operated slicer. Before cutting the cheese, with a wire, from a large block my mother is given a sliver to taste and express her approval. Dora returns with the candles and, my mother's order now being complete, Dora picks out one of the items with a flat surface and lists on it the price of each article, which she then totals and my mother pays up. The figures will be checked when the goods are delivered at home, later today, but it is most unlikely that there will be any mistake.

In the meantime I have been doing what many generations of children have done. In the middle of the shop is a metal pole, on a square base, rather like those that firemen slide down, which helps support the floor above, and it seems to draw children to stand with one foot on the base and one arm round the pole and swing round and round. It is how I always occupy myself in the shop. I am sure that those behind do not approve but nothing is ever said.

As we leave Mr. Older's shop we cross the road for my mother to have a little chat with "Pollie" Whitcomb as she sits, sewing in her tiny draper's shop. I cannot think that she ever makes a living there but I suppose it gives her something to do and she sees, and hears, from her friends who drop in, more of what is going on than she would at home with her mother in Cheery Row.

As we turn the corner from Angel Street to Middle Street I stop to gaze in the windows

of Mr. Morley's cycle shop, at the bicycles displayed. Mr. Morley is not there but Bert Yallop, working on one of the bikes, gives me a cheery wave.

We go into the next shop, a newsagents belonging to Mrs. Arnold, to get my mother's weekly magazine, *Home Chat*. I can carry that in my little trug. The younger daughter, Margery, serves in the shop, with Jess Short as her assistant. Mrs. Arnold does not serve but, as now, very often sits at the back of the shop to supervise. Long Em, as the elder daughter is usually called, because she is very tall, looks after the house and spends a great deal of time in church.

The next house belongs to Mr. & Mrs. J. Cragg, both cousins of my mother and she and I spend a lot of time there. He is a plumber with his workshop in Bartons Lane. The reason that I know Bert Yallop is that he has a workshop in the Cragg's garden and when Mother and Mrs. Cragg are talking I often go up to the workshop and watch Bert at work. He has a lathe, operated by a foot pedal on which I like to ride!

The next house is the one in which my grandmother spent the last years of her life, my mother living with her until my mother's marriage. I never knew "Grannie". She died before I was born.

We now cross the street to the shop on the corner with High Street, there to be greeted by a very rosy faced Mrs. Hazelman, standing behind a counter that has been scrubbed so often that it is getting worn away. Looking to the right it is possible to see her husband, Percy, working in his bakehouse. Our bread comes from there but we do not need to buy it from the shop. It is delivered by their roundsman on his bicycle, with a very large, deep basket in the front carrier. Today my mother wants some flour. This has been delivered to the shop in large sacks and Mr. or Mrs. Hazelman has then weighed it out into white paper bags with the name "P.E. Hazelman" printed on them. Here again they are neatly folded and tucked in at the top to make a perfect seal without using any kind of fixative. The flour goes into my mother's basket and, after a brief chat, we move on.

As we go down High Street we pass Mrs. Tiplady's grocery store. As nothing is wanted from there today we go on to Mr. Dean's fish shop. My mother talks to his daughter, Gladys, in the cash desk, as Mr. Dean prepares the fish. He looks straight at me as puts the knife into the fish and, without moving his lips, makes a squeaking noise. This is intended to make me think that the fish is crying, but he has done it so often that I know better! The fish is put into my basket to keep it away from the flour.

Our next call is to Mrs. Palmer's little shop at the bottom of High Street. Really the front room of her cottage, where she sells a few vegetables. My father grows most of what we need on his allotment off Back Lane (a twritten to the south of and parallel to High Street) but he has no fruit trees and we need some apples for a pudding. These can be put in my mother's basket and, after another little chat, we move on.

As we pass the Midland bank I look up to the first floor window. Mrs. Bromham and Vi Woolley live over the bank and I have been taken up, in the past, to see their parrot, Nelson. I can see him now, in his cage, near the window.

We go indoors to leave the goods already bought and find that Mrs. Scammell, of Bedham Farm, has made her weekly visit to our shop, and has left the usual round pat of

homemade butter with a sort of a crest impressed in the top, and some eggs. We always buy our butter and eggs from her.

None of the grocers sell milk and if we want extra that has to be obtained from Mrs. Collins' "Dairy" in East Street, our main supplier being Mrs. Cooper of Quarry Farm, for whom Jim Stoner delivers. He brings it daily in a brass churn contained in a little handcart.

As we set out again my mother takes her basket but I have tired of mine and leave it behind. We now go down Pound Street to Mr. William Payne's butcher's shop where my mother orders a leg of Canterbury lamb, some beef suet (for an apple pudding and for the Christmas pudding) and a rabbit. These will be delivered tomorrow morning. The rabbit is unskinned and will remain so until Mother is ready to cook it. She will then skin it and if the skin is returned to the butcher he will give us one penny, usually passed to me, for it.

We come out of Mr. Payne's shop and turn into Miss Fanny Knight's little sweet shop. She is, in fact, an aunt of my half brothers and sisters, being their late mother's sister, but is, of course, no relation to me. Although a very kind old lady, she is somewhat eccentric and cleanliness is not one of her virtues! That being the case my mother always insists that any sweets bought there must be pre-wrapped ones. This time I choose a bar of Sharp's Creamy Toffee which, when we get home, can be broken, with some heavy object, into a number of pieces.

As we come out into Pound Street my mother says that we will go to Mr. Sidney Letchford's shop, called Bacon & Co., and she will buy me some new bedroom slippers. Mr. Letchford used to be a neighbour of my father when they both lived, over their shops, in Church Street, but these properties were all pulled down in the early 1900s and the occupants had to move to other premises. In the shop I am fitted out with a very nice pair of slippers. They cost two shillings and eleven pence so I must take care of them but I expect that I shall outgrow them before they wear out.

We now return to the Market Square. I am allowed to stop for a few minutes to look at the toys and sweets displayed in the windows of Mr. George Pellett's shop, next to my father's, but I have no interest in Austens, the ironmongers, which comes next, and then we pass Mr. Snooks' shop with eyes averted. As we reach the solicitors' office, with the wisteria growing all over it, Mr. Pitfield comes down the steps. He is so very gentlemanly and he raises his hat (a bowler as usual) with such a flourish and bows so low to my mother as he says "Good afternoon" that he looks in danger of falling forward. Neither he nor I can foresee that, in ten year's time, I shall be a member of his staff and shall work in that office for 43 years.

We then turn into the next shop, a drapers, belonging to the brothers Leslie and Stanley (generally called Dickie) Eager. This was the shop to which my grandfather came from Warwickshire to become a partner with Mr. Harry Eager, father of the present owners; and the business was, at that time, known as Eager & Lewis. My grandfather had two sons but neither of them wished to follow him into the business. Today my mother buys some white tape, some white linen buttons (for use on pillow cases) and a reel of cotton. I did not hear him but I am quite sure that "Dickie" asked if he could send these things down, as he always does, no matter how small the purchase! He officiates on the right hand side counter in the shop, where haberdashery, materials, etc. are sold and Leslie deals with the sale of men's clothing on the other side. Ladies requiring clothing have to climb the rather steep stairs at the

back of the shop to the upper floor, where Winnie Wilcox measures and fits them out. Total cost of my mother's purchases is two shillings and three pence three farthings so she hands over half a crown and receives by way of change, two pennies and, in lieu of a farthing, a packet of pins.

A lot has been spent on me today, first the toffee, then the slippers, and now we go to Mr. Weaver's newsagents shop, at the bottom of Lombard Street, to get a "Rainbow", my weekly comic. I am quite happy to carry this. As Christmas is only a few weeks away my mother makes the usual arrangement with Mr. Weaver concerning cards. This means that tomorrow, Saturday, shortly before the shops close, someone from his shop will bring down to us two large albums, into which are slotted a selection of cards, all different, with their prices, penny, twopence, etc., marked in pencil on the back. On Sunday my parents will then go through the albums selecting a card for each intended recipient according to its picture and its wording, removing it from the book, until they have selected all that they need. Early on Monday morning the albums will be returned to Mr. Weaver and, at the same time, the selected cards will be taken to him so that he can add up the cost and be paid. When the cards are, later, written, care has to be taken to rub out the cost!

As we pass Mr. "Charlie" Bishop's shoe shop next door he is, as is so often the case, standing there in his leather apron and he gives us a cheery greeting. Mr. Earle, at his shop opposite, is much more reserved and merely says, politely, "Good afternoon".

I am glad that we do not go into Dollie Westwood's shop for any knitting wool today otherwise I will be expected, when back at home, to sit still for quite long periods, with my arms outstretched, holding a one ounce skein of wool, while my mother winds it into a ball ready for us. This is very boring especially if the wool is tangled and has to be straightened out.

Our final destination is "Fan" Knight's bakery shop, the business of Mr. Archibald Knight since the death of his father. He does the baking and his sister, Fanny, looks after the shop. Here we buy some lardy rolls at seven for sixpence. They are nice on their own but split open and spread with jam or potted paste they are even better.

Being a teetotal family we do not need to go further up Lombard Street to Godwins, the wine merchants, nor do we want anything from Mr. Boorer's butchers shop, so clearly defined with the picture of a bull in the tiles on the shop front. Had we gone right to the top of the street we should have seen the shop of Mr. Ernest Streeter, a friend of the family, where he sells jewellery in one part and antiques in the rest of the shop. His eldest daughter, Peggy, started helping in the shop in 1914 at the beginning of the war and is still there. In fact I should never be surprised if, one day, her father does not make her a partner and that she ultimately carries on the shop until she retires, she seems so happy in the work.

Today, we are not going round into East Street where we would pass the house, at the top of the street, in which my Lewis grandparents lived from the time of their marriage until my grandfather's death, and brought up two sons and three daughters. Seeing that must bring back happy childhood memories to my mother.

As it is we return home and my mother puts away the goods we have bought. Soon we shall have tea, with those lovely lardy rolls and all too soon after that it will be my bedtime.

The year is 2006. I leave you to calculate my present age.

I know very well that if I shopped in the town today none of the persons previously mentioned would be there. They were all adult, some elderly, when I was a young child, but where are the businesses that they carried on? In some cases the shops have gone altogether and are now part of dwellings. The only reverse of this is my grandparents' home which has changed from a private residence to business premises (Indian restaurant). Several of the shops previously mentioned now sell antiques and I think that, apart from my father's shop, the only shop in which the business is unchanged is the ironmongers, Austen & Co. In that case the shop is larger now incorporating Mr. Snooks' former shop. It is true that my father's shop is still a chemist, but it is no longer owned by a "local tradesman", but by a company. It does not now have any "opposition"! The solicitors' office too, is still the same, though it has undergone many changes of name from John Pitfield through to Anderson Longmore and Higham. "Weavers" is still a newsagent (the only one) but it now contains the post office as well.

Where my mother had the choice of, at least, 5 grocers, 3 greengrocers, 3 bakers, 3 drapers, 3 shoe shops, 5 butchers and 2 fish shops, the greater part of the foodstuffs would now be bought at the superstore and put in a plastic bag to be carried home - no question of its being delivered.

What a change in a town in one lifetime, albeit a long one. I am glad to have been alive and remember the pleasures of 1920.

Greta Stegges

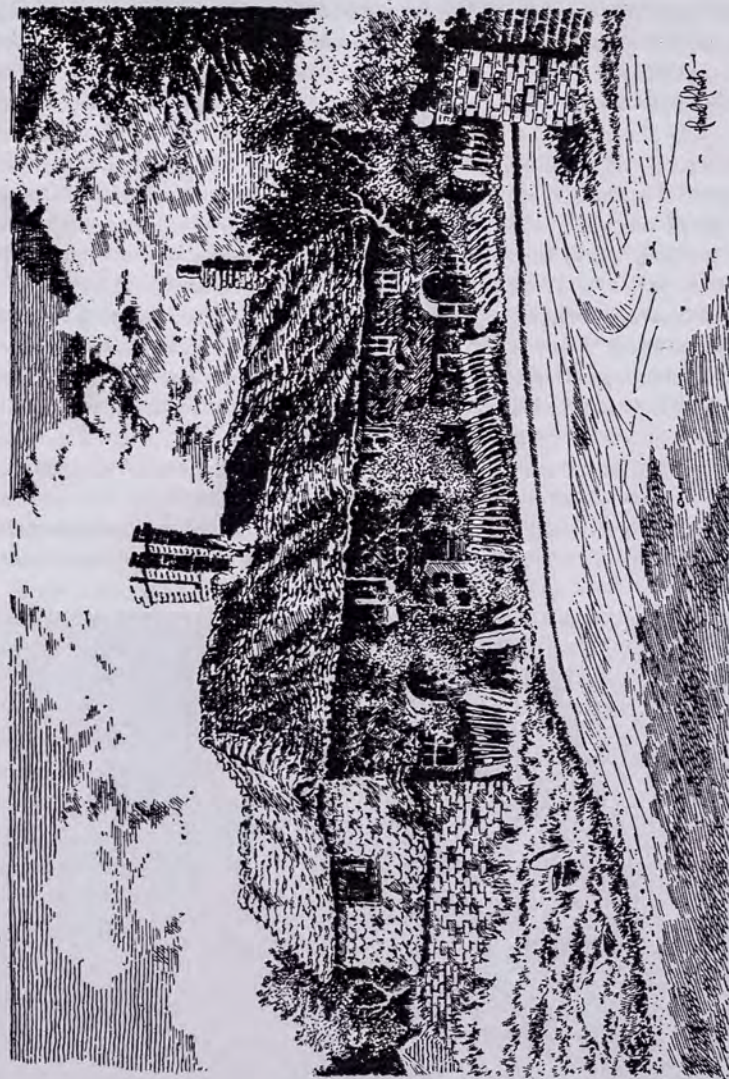
Mirrors

Those old-fashioned school story books from early last century still have their enthusiasts. Condition is important: good copies will disappear very quickly at the Book Sale. At most it will be the dreaded "reading copy" that remains at the close. The decorated covers are an attraction and, often enough, there's a school prize label inside the front cover. Do collectors read or simply collect? I don't know but I suspect the latter.

That far-off school world is, and always was, largely impervious to reality. Adventure and danger are certainly integral to that world but disaster taints only those who deserve it (or are expendable in the plot). The hero (or heroine) must emerge relatively unscathed. *Our fellows at St. Mark's*¹ looks at first sight a fairly predictable example of the genre. Red decorated boards, on the front three smiling boys armed with hockey sticks, oval ball and cricket bat respectively (no round leather ball here) while on the spine boys in trunks gather round a pool. Innocent days. A pencil inscription comes from 1924. Walter C. Rhoades seems to have been a consistent, if hardly prolific, writer of school stories.

¹ The book was originally published in 1891 (W.P. Nimmo, Edinburgh) and the present copy is a reprint by Sampson Low from 1924. It is a measure of the timeless world of the school story that three decades and the 1914-1918 war had not sapped the book of its immediacy.

OLD COTTAGES AT WISBOROUGH GREEN



In this sketch Mr. Harold Roberts has drawn a group of some of the oldest cottages in Wisborough Green. Their bricks and tiles have weathered to beautiful colours and their surface wrinkled with age like an old man's face.

This drawing by Harold Roberts first appeared in the *West Sussex Gazette*.

What deviates from the predictable however is chapter 11 "Petworth v Major Maule's Eleven". Is reality about to break in upon that ageless, enclosed and enchanted world represented by St. Mark's? Best to see what Master Rhoades has to say. The beginnings are steady enough. Grayson (surnames are very much to the fore here), the hero, is not only a fine scholar but a magnificent sportsman, excelling at the school's open mile. A new boy is rescued from a bully, a cheat is exposed in the school examinations, an unprepared piece of Aristophanes' Greek "floors" the top class. The plot receives a new impetus when term ends and Grayson, with three younger boys embarks on a walking tour in Surrey and Sussex. Boarding the train somewhere north of Mitcham, they abandon an initial plan to alight at Epsom and spend their first day exploring Box Hill before sleeping that night at Dorking. On to Guildford the next day and very early the next morning to Godalming.

"No dawdling, remember," said Grayson, as they started; 'we must reach Petworth tonight'. 'How far is it?' asked Arthur, whose inclinations were distinctly in favour of frequent rests. 'More than twenty-five miles', was the reply, 'and if we have a hasty lunch at Godalming, and can manage to reach Wisboro' Green before dinner, we shall just do it.'

Once at Wisborough Green, the boys ate a hearty meal "at a comfortable old-fashioned inn". "There was just time for a look at the cricket on the green to see if 'the yokels could show any form' as Jack somewhat contemptuously remarked".

If the boys had come to scoff, they remained to admire for the two teams astonished by their smartness in every department of the game:

"Look at the chap bowling this end, Grayson. "Breaks" both ways, and gets a good pace on, too. These Wisboro' Green chaps are a jolly good eleven and I shouldn't wonder if they couldn't beat us!"



Virgin Mary's Spring, Petworth.

"The shady path to St Mary's Spring" – a contemporary postcard.

Tearing themselves away from the game, they walk on. Eventually, "like a harbour beacon to a shipwrecked mariner came the steeple of Petworth Church, the welcome signal that their day's work was done, and right glad were the four weary lads to retire for the night"

"The next day was to be an easy one, and so they confined themselves to the neighbourhood, and to this prettiest of Sussex towns that nestles so peacefully in its cradle of hills.

They wandered through the fields to the twin towers, Gog and Magog, and found the shady path to St. Mary's Spring; they explored the park, with its swelling uplands crowned with woods, its lakes, and, more than all, its two cricket grounds"

Eventually, taking the Midhurst road, the party disappear into the interior and some somewhat improbable adventures ensue, Grayson renewing by coincidence an acquaintance with the wealthy, is slightly eccentric, Major Maule and his major-domo Sam, both of whose lives the hero had saved a year or so before. The upshot of this is that the four boys return to Petworth drafted into the major's team who are to play the Petworth club. The team consists of "the major himself; five friends of his who lived in the neighbourhood; Sam, who was a fast underhand bowler and a 'slogger' of remarkable power; and the four boys" A brake conveyed the team the relatively short distance to the ground.

'Here we are', said the major, flinging the reins to the coachman who was to "tool" the handsome pair again, 'and it looks as if the Petworth fellows are anxious to begin.'

The good old custom of commencing business at eleven, and working in three hours' play before lunch, still lingered in this sleepy Sussex town, and when they had deposited their bags in the tent by the side of the wall running round the "house" garden, the major informed them that he had lost the toss and that their opponents were going in"

While the account of the match is fairly standard and could describe a match anywhere, there are one or two distinctive features. The Petworth players remain anonymous. A "Petworth leviathan and one of the best in Sussex behind the sticks" is removed after slipping a catch to one of the boys but there are few further details. An exception is "Mr. Fisher" "the genial secretary of the club, who apparently knew every man, woman and child within a six-mile radius, and who was able to fire off jokes as fast as a Gatling gun can fire bullets" Mr. Fisher, clearly an old friend of the major, made a brisk thirty, the while blowing like a grampus, and Petworth were out for 165. At lunch the major's side was 27 for 3 wickets.

"The 'spread' provided in Petworth Park was something to be remembered, and the solemn manner in which some of the partakers thereof laid themselves out to do it justice was really wonderful. The boys, whose appetites, as they stated with pride, were not of the microscopic order, felt quite humbled as they gaped, awestruck, at the tremendous consuming capacity of some of the natives".

Behind on the first innings, the major's team had to remove Petworth cheaply in the second. It was to be Jack Hartley's hour, one of the four boys. "He had noticed, during the innings, that the Petworth team all indulged in a very effective but dangerous stroke, making a square leg hit off a ball pitching on the leg stump and he made for that stump accordingly". This ploy is successful.

Ninety to win and, before the Petworth team were on the field again, Sam and Grayson, "bareheaded, without pads, gloves or anything to hamper them, were standing at the wickets,

impatiently waiting for the first over". It would be a close thing, but, with much help from the boys, Major Maule's team win by eight wickets: such is the nature of school stories.

With this the Petworth interest ends. Further adventures take place, at sea, and particularly on the island of Sark, clearly familiar to the author. The format is that of the classic picaresque novel, a series of adventures loosely tied to a hero, and in this case bound together by a series of outrageous coincidences. The use of coincidence as a plot aid is so blatant that the characters give the impression of being pawns on a chess board.

To return to the Petworth scenes. Clearly we are ranging back long before 1924, and perhaps long before 1891. Walter Rhoades must have known Petworth and be, to however limited an extent, drawing on his own experience. But when? And is a character like Mr. Fisher, the secretary, however lightly sketched, drawn from the life? We cannot know. Even given the timeless character of the narrative, there are archaic features. Sam bowling "underhand" or Sam and Grayson "bareheaded, without pads, gloves, or anything to hamper them" standing waiting for their opponents at the wicket. Even without invoking modern health and safety concerns, cricket balls have always been hard and not to be trifled with. And how long since there were two cricket grounds in Petworth Park? Is Rhoades reflecting his own youthful days?

Overall, the Petworth passages give a curious sense of double vision. Here is the town seen through two different reflecting mirrors. First there is that inevitable distorting mirror that is our own individual awareness of the past. "Objective" we may think but it will be distorted by our own unconscious presuppositions. Rhoades puts on another filter, his own half real, half make-believe world, where schoolboys take on grown men, the hero scores the winning run, coincidence reigns supreme, the steeple of St. Mary's appears "like a harbour beacon to a shipwrecked mariner", and "this prettiest of Sussex towns that nestles so peacefully in its cradle of hills", retreats into a fairy tale, existing only in the imagination but with that special brand of intensity that is the prerogative of the fairy tale.

P.

New Members and rejoining

Ms. G. Hodgkins	300, North Street, Petworth, GU28 0DN.
Mr. H. Nicholls	Brownings, Kirdford, Billingshurst, West Sussex.
Mr. W. Plummer	58, Butts Meadow, Wisborough Green, RH14 0BU.
Mrs. C. Pope	6, Denhigh Road, Haslemere, GU27 3AP.
Mrs. P. Prentice	66, Parsonage Close, Rogate, Petersfield, GU31 5HL.
Mr. D. Rudwick	2, Wephurst Cottages, Wephurst Park, Wisborough Green, RH14 0AF.
Mr. & Mrs. N. Flynn	23, Hampers Green, Petworth, GU28 9NW.
Mrs. C. Hamilton	33, Littlecote, Petworth, GU28 0EF.
Mr. & Mrs. J. Heseltine	29, Wyndham Road, Petworth, GU28 0EG.
Mr. & Mrs. A. Howden	31, Thornton Road, Wimbledon, London SW19 4NG.
Mrs. E. Lambert	28, Sheepdown drive, Petworth, GU28 0BW.

